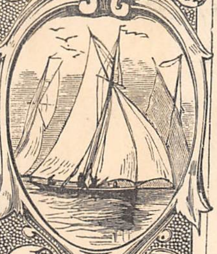
THE

BOYS OWN ANNUAL



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Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.

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"THE AIR THAT LED TO VICTORY."—By E. R. WHITE.

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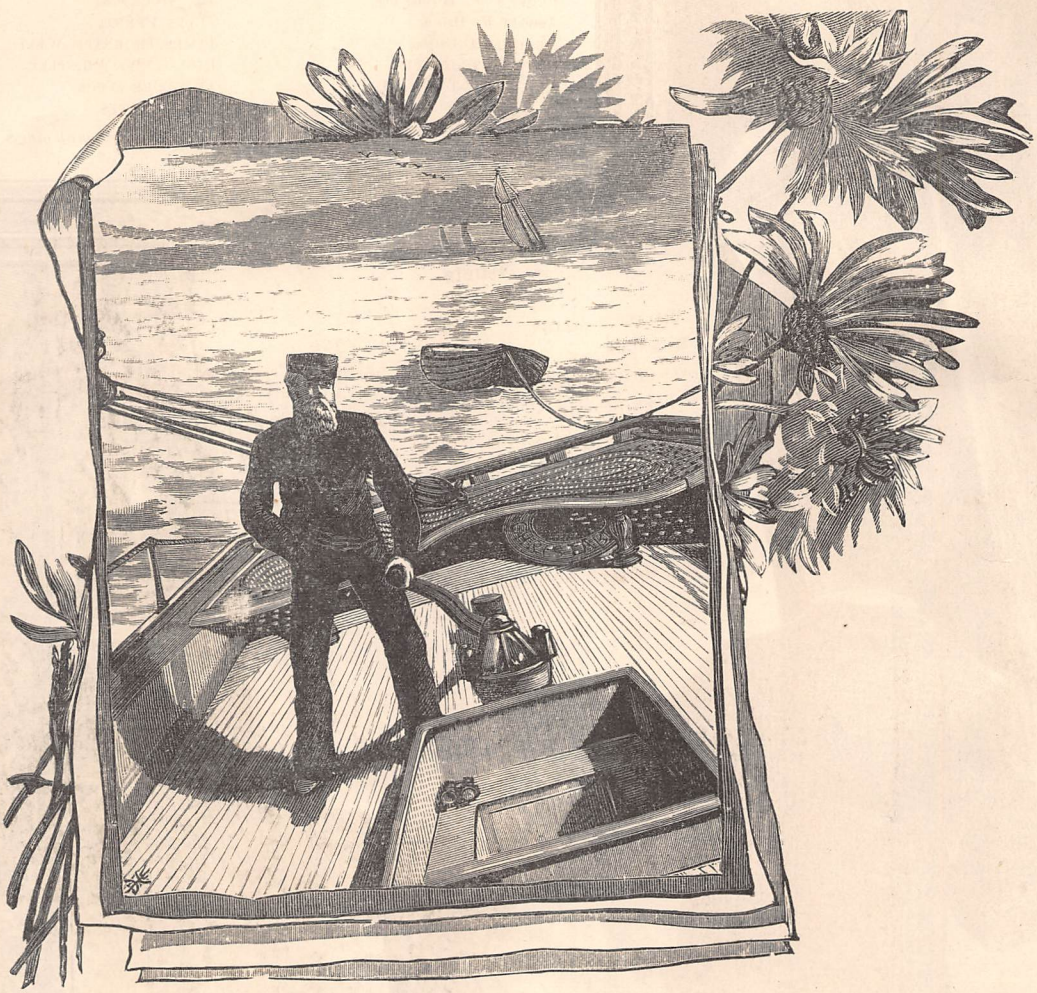


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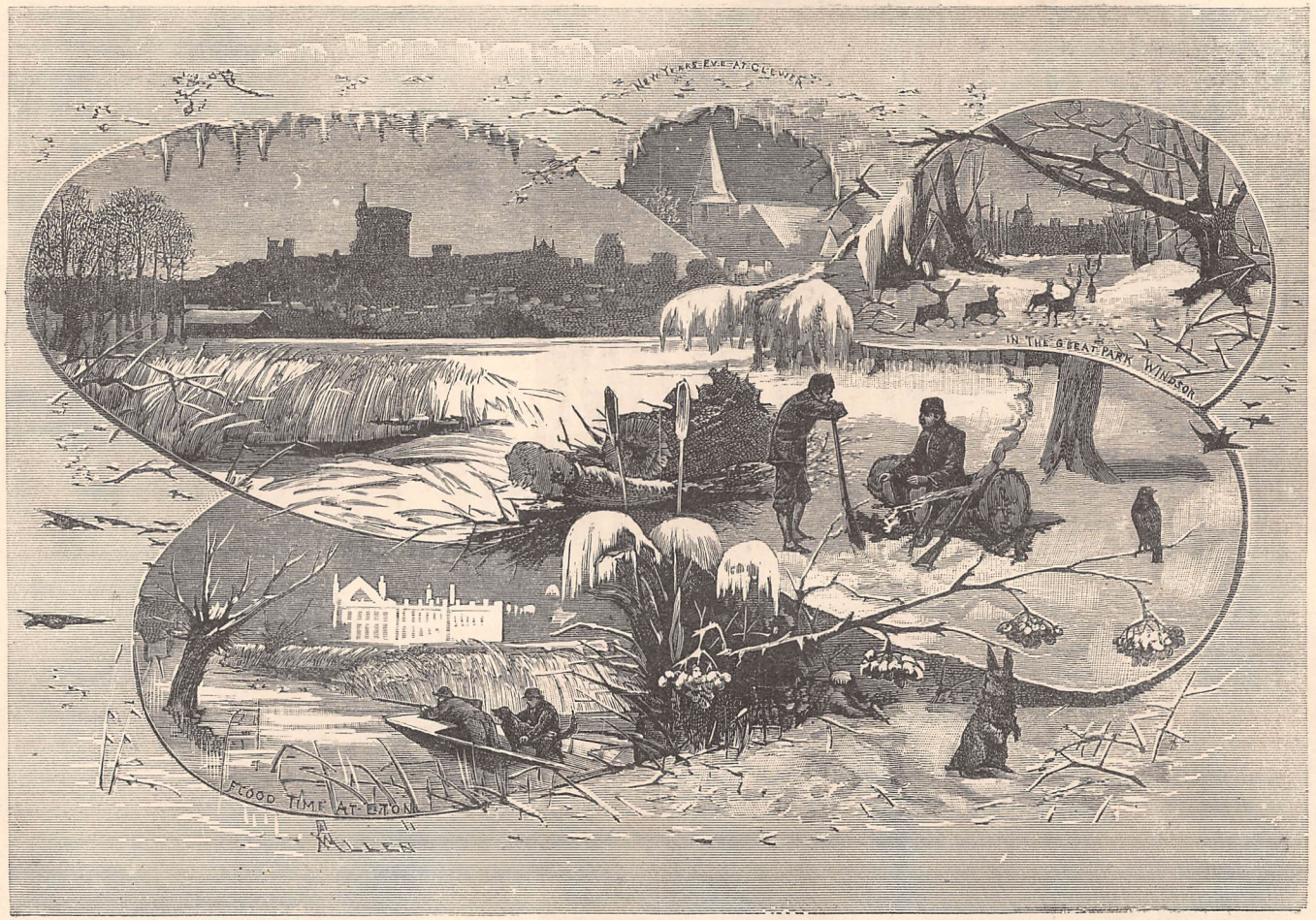

Footprints of Memory.

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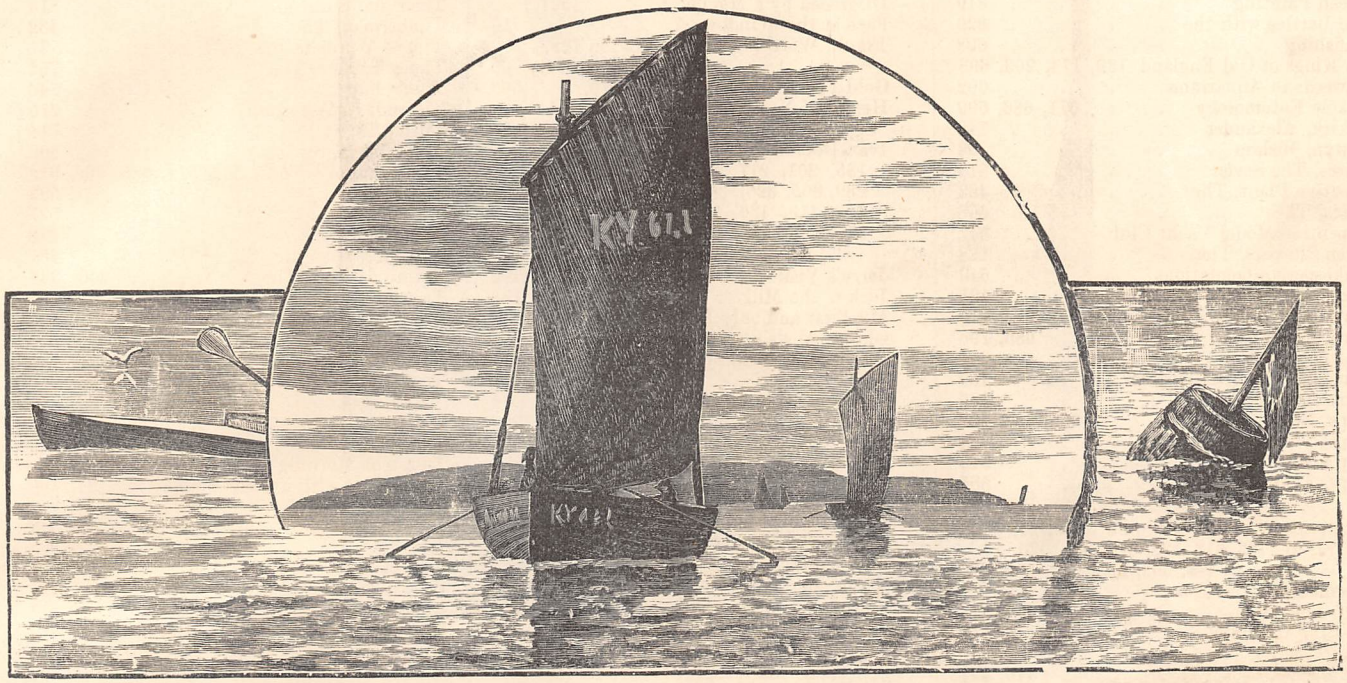

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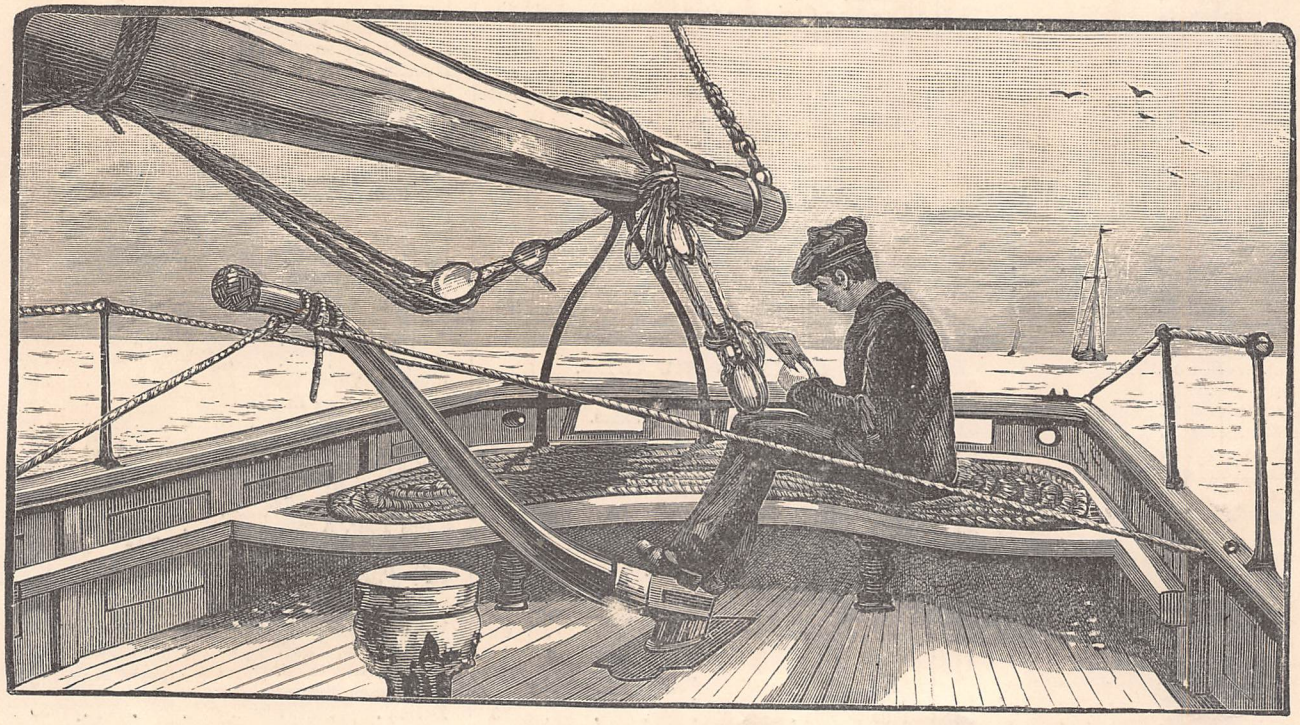

END OF VOL. VII.

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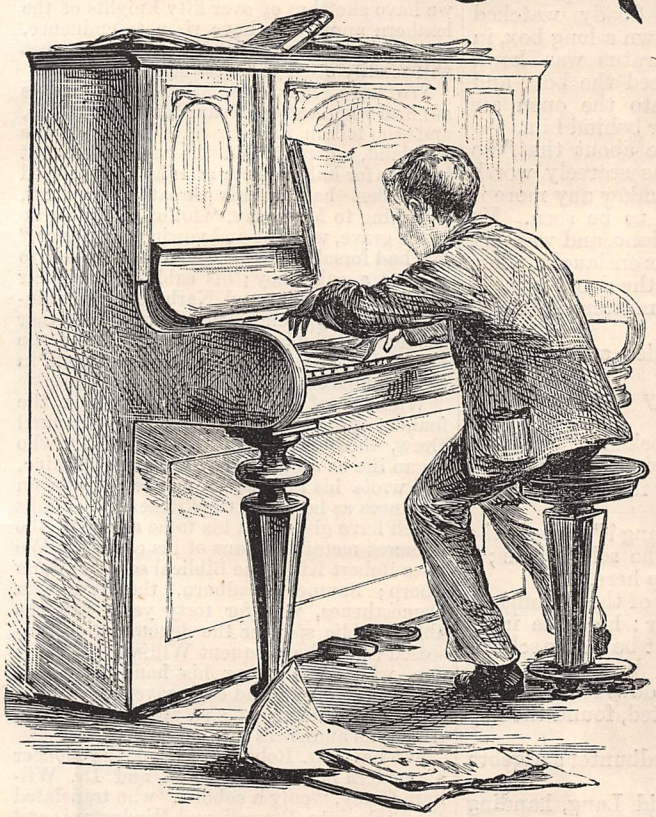
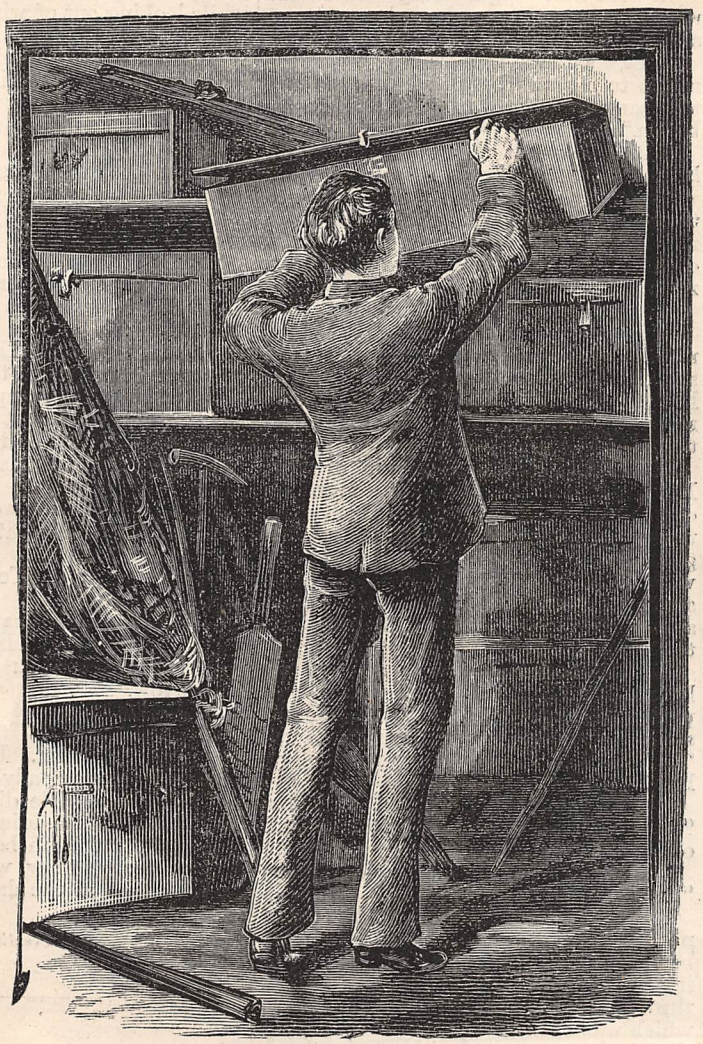
School of the World.





A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A HOT, drowsy afternoon, time 4.15 p.m. All the boys except the head form are out in the gravel playground, drilling under the martial eye of Sergeant Pocock. The happy boys who in virtue of their position are respited, are lounging about the house. They feel it is uncommonly hard they may not go into the grounds, but that they are forbidden to do. It would be extra torture for the amateur privates if they could see their companions lying

at ease in the shade whilst they were marching and counter marching in the broiling sun.

There is one exception to those who are respited: Soady is in the little second-floor class-room known as the music-room. Its furniture consists of the usual forms and cupboard with a piano in addition. There is no music-stool: the musician has to drag a form across the room and sit straddle-wise on it.

Up and down the old piano go Soady's thick fingers. He is practising scales and does not find it very amusing.

"One, two, three, four," he counts monotonously, as he travels from the jangling bass to the thin, wiry treble. He goes placidly on till he finds his "three, four" come where his "one, two" ought to be, then again he starts from the bottom A. Every now and then there is a hitch, as the third finger gets out of order or sticks close to the fourth. Soady finds his third finger singularly disobedient; it has a lack of independence. He pounds away perseveringly, but half wishes he were out in the playground with the school, even although there he must obey the strident-voiced sergeant, whose "Form fours! march!" he can every now and then hear through the open windows.

He is not the only one who finds his music a nuisance. There is Ferguson in the class-room below the music-room trying hard to get a nap.

"I wish that beggar Soady would shut up his everlasting scales," he mutters, angrily, to Lang, who is reading a story.

"Yes," assents the other, "he never seems to get any better: he makes just the same mistakes as he did when he began."

"And the worst of it is, one can't help listening for them," said Ferguson. "It's wearing my nerves out: he's a nuisance to the neighbourhood. And he's got no more idea of music than a cow. What on earth he learns for is more than I can make out."

There was a pause in the music.

"He's going to play Auld Lang Syne now," continued Ferguson. "I can't stand that, I'm going up to stop him: he's taken all the sleep out of me. I mean to cut the strings of that old rattle-trap one of these days."

As he predicted, the strain of Auld Lang Syne came floating through the open window; it was an arrangement in two parts and singularly irritating. Ferguson got up, and announcing that he was going to make "that young Mozart shut up," strode through the schoolroom, several of the boys there following him to see the fun.

There was not much to see. Soady heard footsteps up the stairs and promptly locked the door. When Ferguson kicked it the only response was "Auld Lang Syne" through the key-hole.

"You Soady there," shouted Ferguson, "if you don't shut up your row on that old domino box I'll—"

"You hook it," was the only response; "I'm practising."

The boys slowly tumbled down the narrow stairs again, feeling that they had been sold. Ferguson thought of storming Soady's stronghold by shying pebbles through the bottom part of the window, which was open; but it was too risky a shot to be attempted without great provocation. So he retreated in great wrath and curled himself up in a corner of the schoolroom, as far as possible from the instrument of torture overhead.

Soady after a time became tired. His fingers were sticky and would not work, so he left his perch to stretch his limbs. He strolled to the window and looked out. There was not much of an immediate view. He could see the "quad" of the three-sided quadrangle; over the wall on the south the trees were gently swaying, beyond them could be caught a glimpse of the distant hills. His gaze wandered back from them to the nearer objects.

At the farther corner of the "quad" was the coach-house, now turned into a store-room for all the miscellaneous effects of the boys which were too bulky to be stored in desks or boxes. Those who wished had boxes or lockers in this Rummage-room, as the disused coach-house was universally called. The upper form made but little use of it, as they had a sort of study of their own.

As Soady gazed idly out of his little window he saw Lang cross the quadrangle and open the door of the Rummage-room. He left it wide open after him. From curiosity Soady watched him. He only lifted down a long box, in which cricketing apparatus was kept, took out a ball, replaced the box, and came whistling out into the open air again, shutting the door behind him.

"Nothing remarkable about that," so Soady thought. It was scarcely worth while looking out of window any more if that was all that was to be seen. He sauntered back to his piano, and was just going to recommence his onslaught, when some one tried to open the door.

"No, you don't!" muttered Soady, starting his melody.

"Open the door!" cried an imperious voice.

In two strides Soady was across the room.

"What have you locked yourself in for?" asked Mr. Pickering.

"Didn't want to be interrupted, sir," was the reply.

"Have you seen Lang?" asked the master. "He isn't in the schoolroom; I thought he might be up here."

"I saw him come out of the Rummage-room a minute ago, sir; he came in at the big door, so he must be in the schoolroom now."

Mr. Pickering went downstairs again, and, as Soady anticipated, found the boy he was in search of.

"Lang, I want my Todhunter's Algebra that I lent you."

"Here it is, sir," said Lang, handing him the volume from his desk.

"Thank you. You can have it again to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Pickering left the room with the book under his arm. Lang settled down to read again as Soady began once more to practise. Little did either of them imagine that the brief interval during which the musician had listlessly gazed out of the window was the most important part of the day to at least one of them.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE COBBLER'S STALL TO FAME.

WHAT a wonderful number of distinguished men have worked in early life at the cobbler's stall! In Mr. W. E. Winks's interesting book on "Illustrious Shoemakers" we have sketches of over fifty knights of the leathern apron who have risen to eminence, and these by no means exhaust the list that will readily occur to lovers of biography.

We have, first, Kit Mings, the famous admiral who beat the Spanish and the Dutch, and who fell in the four days' battle off the Foreland, where he led the van and fought his ship for half an hour after he had received a musket ball in his throat. His crew, according to Macaulay, "followed his corpse to the grave, weeping and vowing vengeance." He had forsaken his shoemender's bench to become a cabin-boy; his cabin-boy was Sir John Narborough; and Narborough's cabin-boy was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the other cobbler lad who became an admiral, and the story of whose life we have already told in the columns of the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

We have, of course, good George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and Samuel Drew, the "self-taught Cornishman," who began life as a buddle-boy in a Cornish mine, and wrote his first books on the bellows on his knees as he sat by the kitchen fire—books which have given him his fame as one of the foremost metaphysicians of his country. We have Robert Kitto, the Biblical scholar; John Thorp; Samuel Bradburn, the Wesleyan Demosthenes, who for forty years was the ablest public speaker the denomination possessed; and the eloquent William Huntingdon, who after trying his hand as ostler, gardener, cobbler, and coalheaver, gave himself his own degree of s.s., and "fairly electrified his audiences into salvation."

We have Dr. Robert Morrison, the pioneer of modern missions in China, and Dr. William Carey, "only a cobbler," who translated the Bible into Bengali and Hindustani, and from Serampore laid the true foundation of the evangelisation of India.

We have James Lackington, the bookseller, the "Sutor ultra crepidam feliciter ansus," the shoemaker who happily abandoned his last, and William Gifford, the satirist, the first editor of the "Quarterly Review." We have Richard Castell, "ye cocke of Westminster," the real founder of the Bluecoat School; and Buch, the founder of the sons of St. Crispin. We have Jacob Boehmen, the mystic, the favourite of all deep thinkers; among the artists we have Capellini, Brizzio, and De Jong; among the politicians we have Thomas Cooper, George Odger, Thomas Hardy, and Henry Wilson of Natick; and among the poets we have Robert Bloomfield, the Suffolk lad who wrote the "Farmer's Boy," and J. G. Whittier; and among the minor stars Woodhouse, Bennet of Wood-

stock, Richard Savage, "the unfortunate;" Olivers, the hymn-writer; Blacket, the "son of sorrow;" Holcroft, the dramatist; Foster, Johnstone, Nichol, Deolin, and Gavin Wilson; Temperance O'Neill; Younger, the fly-fisher of St. Boswell's; and, earlier than all and greater than all, the indefatigable Hans Sachs, "the nightingale of the Reformation," who by the time he was fifty-two had written and published 4,275 songs, 208 comedies and tragedies, and over 1,700 tales, dialogues, and other pieces!

A truly dazzling array of names that it would be difficult to surpass from any other trade! And a capital book has Mr. Winks made! Among his sketches, however, there is none more pleasing than that of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler who did so much for the poor children of his native town, and of whom, as the real originator of ragged schools, we must here find space to give somewhat more lengthened mention.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie relates how he was first led to take an interest in ragged schools through an engraving of Pounds from a portrait by Sheaf, of Landport, who was also "an illustrious shoemaker."

It was at Chalmers's birthplace at Anstruther, described by him as "an old, obscure, decayed bough on the shore of the Firth of Forth." "Going on to the inn," he writes, "I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses, with their crooks, and tars in holiday attire, not very interesting. But above the chimney-piece there stood a large print more respectable than its neighbours, which a skipper, the captain of one of the few ships that trade between that town and England, had probably brought there. It represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees, the massive forehead and firm mouth expressing great determination of character, and below his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons round him. My curiosity was excited, and on the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the poor ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates and ladies and gentlemen to run the streets, had, like a good shepherd, gathered in the wretched outcasts; how he had brought them to God and the world, and how, while earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children."

This genuine philanthropist was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and was the son of a sawyer. At twelve years old he was apprenticed to a shipwright, and soon afterwards fell into a dry dock, broke his thigh, and lamed himself for life. Shipwright's work being now out of the question, he took up shoemaking—or rather shoemending, for, like nearly all Mr. Winks's "Illustrious Shoemakers," he never became very great at his craft, though, unlike most of them, he did not distinguish himself by forsaking it as soon as opportunity offered.

Pounds had a natural gift for teaching, and finding that by patience he could make his jays, starlings, canaries, and other pets do the most extraordinary things, resolved to turn his gift to some better purpose. He had a sailor-brother with a large family, and he offered to take one of his children to share his humble bachelor's home. The child was a cripple—his feet turned inwards as he walked, so that he had to lift one foot over the other, and Pounds out of old shoe-soles devised an apparatus which in time brought the feet round to their proper position.

When the boy was old enough to begin to read, Pounds set about teaching him, and, thinking he would get on better if he had a companion, he went out into the street and selected a poor little homeless fellow, who, in the frost and snow, was sheltering beneath a bay window. These were the two first pupils; and, taking pleasure in his task, Pounds gathered a few more together from the roadway, and the free school grew and grew until more than forty children were in the shop at a time.

The shop was not a large one; it was about six feet wide and six yards deep. In the centre sat the cobbler, "with his last or lapstone on his knee and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage—some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes, on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodation of a school, that the scene appeared to the observer from without to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces."

His school increased so much that he could not take all who came, and so he had to select his pupils. In doing this he had one invariable rule: he always made room for the poorest and most hopeless Arabs he could find, and was often seen following such on to the quay and tempting them with a roasted potato to come to learn. On fine days the school would run over into the street, and the better-behaved children sat crowding round the door outside. The books were second-hand ones, begged or bought cheap, and ordinary tradesmen's handbills. The writing materials were slates and pencils only; and yet with these humble tools the pupils were thoroughly well taught to read and write, and reckon as far as practice and proportion in arithmetic.

Pounds did not stop short at book-learning. The lads were instructed in tailoring and shoe-mending, and the girls were taught how to cook plain food and make the best of everything. Nothing that could render them happy and comfortable and fitted for their after-life did their master neglect. He made their playthings for them—balls, bats, cross-bows, shuttlecocks, kites, etc.—went out with them on holidays and played with them, got them gifts of tea and cake and many a treat. He remained a poor cobbler to the end of his days, and lived long enough to see them grow up and become useful and honourable members of society.

He clothed and fed them as well as taught them. In order to take them with him to worship on Sundays, he had in one corner of his room a bag filled with all sorts of clothes for girls and boys, which he had begged and mended, and from this mysterious bag he would on Sunday mornings bring forth decent-looking garments to replace the rags and tatters worn by his poor little pupils. On Saturdays he would go round to the baker's and buy bread for the children to eat on the Sunday, gathering it into his huge leather apron; and would often be seen, when his money had all been spent, standing still with a troubled look, searching in all his pockets for a few more coppers with which to buy another loaf.

During the last years of his life many a fine manly fellow—soldier, sailor, or mechanic—would turn in at the little old shop where the cobbler was still at work among the sea of faces, and thank him with tears in his eyes for rescuing him from starvation and giving him a chance in life. And when the good man died many were the pilgrimages made to his grave by those who, homeless and friendless, had found in him a friend.

He died while still at his work of mercy. On New Year's Day, 1839, in the little room in St. Mary Street, about thirty children were waiting for their teacher and wondering what had become of him. He came at last—a corpse borne in by strange men. He had been out to beg a few pence to buy copy-books for his school, and had fallen down senseless while pleading with a friend, and died a few minutes afterwards. The terror and grief of the children were pitiful as the form of their much-loved master was set in their midst, and when they were turned away they stood crying round the door because they were not allowed within. Day after day the younger ones came and looked about the room, and not finding their teacher went away disconsolate.

"I am a disciple of John Pounds," said Lord Shaftesbury at the opening of the Coffee Tavern at Portsmouth five years ago, and many others have been proud to confess their indebtedness to one of the most genuine, single-hearted well-doers that ever lived.

His epitaph is so brief and true that it is worth reproducing.

Erected by Friends
As a memorial of esteem and respect
for
JOHN POUNDS,
Who, while earning his livelihood
By mending shoes, gratuitously educated,
And, in part, clothed and fed,
Some hundreds of poor children.
He died suddenly
On the first of January, 1839,
Aged 72 years.

Thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee.

SKETCHES FOR LANTERN SLIDES.

THE

STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER I.—ONE FOR THE FRENCHMAN.

"Go on; I am listening."

"I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand."

"Alice?"

"Yes. My request seems to surprise you. Perhaps you will forgive me if I have some difficulty in understanding why it appears so strange. I am twenty-six years old; my name is Victor Cyprien; I am a mining engineer, and left the Polytechnic as second on the list. My family is honest and respected, if it is not rich. The French consul at Capetown can answer any questions about me you are likely to ask, and my friend Pharamond Barthes, the explorer, whom you—like everybody else in Griqualand—know right well, can add his testimony. I am here on a scientific mission in the name of the Academy of Sciences and the French Government. Last year I gained the Houdart prize at the Institute for my researches on the chemistry of the volcanic rocks of Auvergne. My paper on the diamantiferous basin of the Vaal, which is nearly finished, is sure of a good reception from the scientific world. When I started on my mission I was appointed Assistant-Professor at the Paris School of Mines, and I have already engaged my rooms on the third floor at No. 104 of the Rue Université. My appointments will, during the first year, bring me in two hundred pounds. That is hardly an El Dorado, I know, but with my private work I can nearly double it. My wants being few, I have enough to be happy on. And so, Mr. Watkins, I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand."

From the firm, decided tone of this little speech it was easy to see that Cyprien was accustomed to go straight to the point in what he did, and to speak his mind freely.

His looks did not belie his words. They were those of a young man habitually occupied in the abstrusest problems of science, and only giving to worldly vanities the time that was absolutely necessary. All about him showed an earnest and serious disposition, while his clear, keen glance proclaimed an untroubled conscience. He was by birth a Frenchman, but he spoke English as well as if he had lived all his life beneath the British flag.

Seated in his arm-chair, with his left leg thrust out on to a stool, and his elbow resting on the table, Mr. Watkins listened to Cyprien's speech and puffed away at his pipe. The old man wore white trousers, a blue linen jacket, and a yellow flannel shirt, and had neither waistcoat nor cravat. His huge felt hat seemed to be screwed on to his grey head, and shaded a face that was remarkably red and bloated. The red, bloated face was cut into by a bristly beard, and lighted up by two little grey eyes that spoke of anything but patience and good-nature.

As some excuse for Mr. Watkins, it may be mentioned that he was a terrible sufferer from the gout—hence his bandaged leg; and the gout in Africa, as elsewhere, is not calculated to soften the asperities of a man's character.

The scene is at Watkins Farm, in lat. 29° S., long. 25° E., on the western border of the Orange Free State, and nearly five hundred miles from Capetown. On the older maps the surrounding district bears the title of Griqualand, but for the last dozen years it has been better known as the Diamond Fields.

The parlour in which the interview is in progress is as remarkable for the luxury of some of its furniture as for the poverty of the rest. The floor is simply the natural earth, levelled and beaten flat, and this is covered here and there with thick carpets and precious furs. The walls are destitute of paper or paint, and yet they are decked with a magnificent candelabrum, and valuable weapons of various kinds hang side by side with gorgeous coloured lithographs in resplendent frames. A velvet sofa stands next to a plain deal table, such as is generally found in kitchens. Arm-chairs direct from Europe offer their arms in vain to Mr. Watkins, who is taking his ease in a solid construction of his own design. On the whole, however, the heap of objects of value, and the numerous furs—panther-skins, leopard-skins, giraffe-skins, and tiger-cat-skins—that cover nearly every article of furniture, give the room a certain air of barbarous wealth.

The ceiling shows that the house is not built in storeys; it can only boast of a ground floor. Like all the rest in the neighbourhood, its walls are of planks and clay, and its roof of corrugated iron.

It is obviously a new house. From its windows, to the right and left of it, can be seen five or six abandoned buildings of the same order of architecture, but of different ages, in various stages of decay. These are the mansions that Mr. Watkins has successively built, inhabited, and deserted as he built up his fortune, and now serve to mark the several steps of his progress to affluence.

That farthest off is a hut of sods. Next to it comes one with walls of clay. The third has walls of clay and wood. The fourth rejoices in a little zinc.

The group of buildings is situated on a gentle rise that commands the junction of the Vaal and the Modder, the two principal tributaries of the Orange. Around as far as the eye can see there stretches the bare and dreary-looking plain. The Veld, as this plain is called, has a reddish soil, dry, barren and dusty, with here and there at considerable intervals a straggling bush or a clump of thorn shrubs.

The total absence of trees is characteristic; and as there is no coal owing to the communication with the sea being so

difficult and lengthy, the only fuel for domestic purposes is that yielded by the sheep's droppings.

Through this dismal and monotonous plain there flow the two rivers with their banks so low and sloping that it is difficult to understand why the water does not break its bounds and flood the country.

Eastwards the horizon is cut by the distant outlines of two mountains, the Platberg and the Paardeberg, at whose base the dust and smoke and the little white spots of huts and tents denote a busy human colony.

It is in this Veld that the diamond mines are situated—Dutoit's Pan, New Rush, and perhaps the richest of all, Vandergaart Kopje. These dry diggings, as mines open to the sky are called, have since 1870 yielded about £16,000,000 in diamonds and precious stones. They are all close together, and can be distinctly seen with a good glass from the windows of Watkins Farm, about four miles away.

Farm, by-the-by, is rather a misnomer. There are no signs of cultivation in the neighbourhood. Like all the so-called farmers of this part of South Africa, Mr. Watkins is rather a master shepherd, an owner of flocks and herds, than an agriculturist.

But Mr. Watkins has not yet replied to the question put to him so clearly and politely by our hero. After giving himself three minutes for reflection, he decided to remove his pipe from his lips. Then he made the following observation, which would seem to be but very distantly connected with the subject at issue.

"I think we shall have a change in the weather! My gout never worried me more than it has done since this morning."

The young engineer frowned, and turned away his head for a moment. It was only by an effort that he concealed his disappointment.

"It might do you good if you were to give up your gin, Mr. Watkins," replied he, very drily, pointing to the jug on the table.

"Give up my gin! Well, that's a good 'un!" exclaimed the farmer. "Is it the gin that does it? Oh! I know what you are driving at. You mean the medicine the Lord Mayor was recommended when he had the gout. Whose was it? Abernethy's? 'If you want to be well, live on a shilling a day and earn it.' That's all very fine. But if you have to live on a shilling a day to be well, what's the use of making a fortune? Such rubbish is unworthy of a sensible man like you. So don't say any more about it. I'll do as I please. I'll eat well, drink well, and smoke a good pipe when I am worried. I have no other pleasure in this world, and you want me to give it up, do you?"

"It is a matter of no consequence," answered Cyprien; "I only dropped a hint that I thought might be of use to you. But let it pass, Mr. Watkins, if you please, and get back to the special object of my visit."

The farmer's flow of eloquence came to a sudden pause. He relapsed into silence and puffed away at his pipe.

And now the door opened, and a young lady entered carrying a glass on a salver.

And very charming she looked in her neat print dress and large white cap, such as is always worn by the ladies of the Veld. Aged about nineteen or twenty, with singularly clear complexion, fair silky hair, pure blue eyes, and gentle thoughtful face, she was quite a picture of health, grace, and good-nature.

"Good morning, Mr. Cyprien."

"Good morning, Miss Watkins!" answered Cyprien, rising and bowing.

"I saw you come in," said Alice, "and as I know you don't care for papa's horrible gin I have brought you some orangeade, which I hope you will find to your taste."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure."

"Of course it is! Now, what do you think my ostrich Dada gobbled up this morning? The ivory ball I darn the stockings on! Yes, my ivory ball; and it is of good size, as you know. Well, that greedy Dada swallowed it as if it had been a pill. I know he will give me serious trouble some day."

As she said this the laughing look in her eyes did not betray much alarm at the anticipated sorrow. In an instant, however, there was a change. With quick intuition she noticed the constraint that her father and Cyprien felt at her presence.

"I am an intruder, I see," she said. "I am sorry I should have interrupted you, particularly as I have no time to lose. I must study my sonata before I begin to look after the dinner. I am sure no one could complain of your talkativeness today, gentlemen. I leave you to your conspiracies."

She had reached the door, when she turned round and gravely said, as if the subject were of the deepest importance,

"When you wish to talk about oxygen, Mr. Cyprien, I am quite prepared for you. Three times have I read over the chemical lesson you gave me to learn, and 'the gaseous, colourless, scentless, and tasteless body' has no longer any secrets from me."

And with that Miss Watkins dropped a slight curtsey and disappeared like a meteor.

A moment later the notes of an excellent piano, heard from one of the rooms at some distance from the parlour, announced that the daughter of the house was engaged in her musical exercises.

"Well, Mr. Watkins," said Cyprien, reminded of his request by this apparition—if it had been possible for him to forget it—"will you give me an answer to the question I had the honour to ask you?"

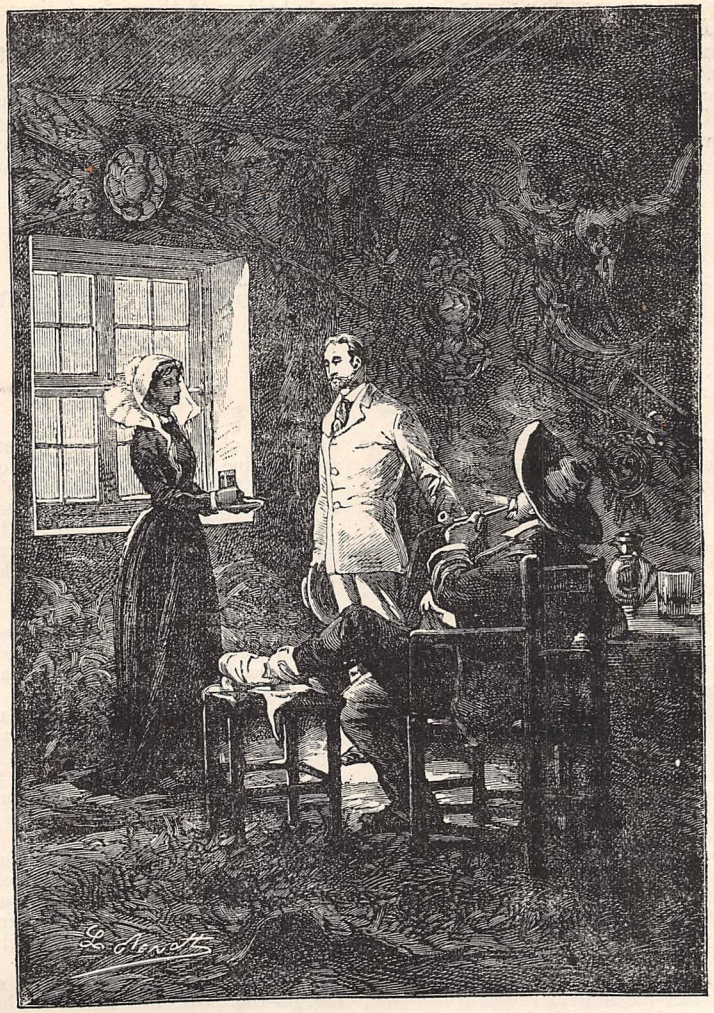
Mr. Watkins removed his pipe from the corner of his mouth, expectorated with great majesty, abruptly raised his head, and looked at the young man with the air of a grand inquisitor,

"Was it by chance that you spoke about this to her?"

"Spoke about what? to whom?"

"What you have been talking about now; my daughter."

"For whom do you take me, Mr. Wat-



"It is very kind of you, I am sure."

kins!" replied the young engineer, warmly. "I am a Frenchman, sir, and that is to say that without your consent I should never think of speaking to your daughter about marriage."

Mr. Watkins looked somewhat mollified, and his tongue seemed to move more freely.

"So much the better, my boy. I expected no less of you," answered he, in almost a cordial tone. "And now, as I can trust you, you will give me your word of honour never to speak of it in the future."

"And why, sir?"

"Because the marriage is impossible, and the best thing you can do is to drop all thoughts of it," continued the farmer. "Mr. Cyprien, you are an honest young fellow, a perfect gentleman, an excellent chemist, a distinguished professor, and have a brilliant future; I do not doubt it at all. But you will never have my daughter, and that because I have quite different plans for her."

"But, Mr. Watkins—"

"Say no more; it is useless," interrupted the farmer. "If you were an English duke you might convince me, but you are not even an English subject, and you have just told me with perfect frankness that you have no money! Look you here; do you seriously think that, educating Alice as I have done, giving her the best masters of Victoria and Bloemfontein, I had intended to send her, as soon as she was twenty, to Paris, on the third floor at No. 104 of the Roo University, to live with a man whose language I don't even understand? Just give that a thought, and put yourself in my place. Suppose you were John Watkins, farmer and proprietor of Vandergaart Kopje Mine, and I was Victor Cyprien, on a scientific mission to the Cape. Suppose that you here were seated in this chair smoking your pipe; suppose that you were I and I were you. Would you for a moment think of giving me your daughter in marriage?"

"Certainly I would, Mr. Watkins," replied Cyprien, "and without the slightest hesitation if I thought you were likely to make her happy."

"Oh! ah! Well, then, you would be wrong. You would act like a man unworthy of being the owner of Vandergaart Kopje, or rather you never would have been the owner of it! For do you think I only had to hold my hand out as it came by? Do you think I wanted neither sense nor energy when I found it out and made it my property. Well, Mr. Cyprien, the sense I showed in that affair I show and will show in every act of my life, and particularly in all that concerns my daughter. And so I say drop it. Alice will never be yours."

And at this triumphant conclusion Mr. Watkins tossed off his glass.

The young engineer was silent, and the old man continued,

"You Frenchmen are an astonishing lot! There is nothing very backward about you. You come here as if you had dropped from the moon into this out-of-the-way spot in Griqualand, call on a man who had never heard of you three months ago, and who has not set eyes on you a dozen times, and say to him, 'John Stapleton Watkins, you have a nice daughter, well educated, everywhere known as the pride of the place, and, what is anything but a drawback, the sole heiress of the richest diamond kopje in the world. I am Mr. Victor Cyprien, of Paris, an engineer with two hundred a year, and I should like you to give me your daughter, so that I can take her home and you can never hear of her for the future except by post or telegraph!' And you think that is quite natural? I think it is consummate impudence!"

Cyprien rose, looking very pale. He picked up his hat and prepared to leave.

"Yes, consummate impudence!" continued the farmer. "No gilded pills for me. I am an Englishman of the old sort, sir. I have been poorer than you—yes, much poorer. I have tried my hand at everything. I have been a cabin-boy on a merchant ship, a buffalo hunter in Dakota, a digger in Arizona, and a shepherd in the Transvaal. I have known heat and cold and hunger and trouble. For twenty years I earned my crust by the sweat of my brow. When I married Alice's mother we hadn't enough to feed a goat on. But I worked. I never lost courage. And now I am rich and intend to profit by the fruit of my labours. I am going to keep my daughter to nurse me, to look after my gout, and to give me some music in the evening when I am tired. If she ever marries she will marry here, and she will marry some fellow who lives here, a farmer or a digger like I am, and who will not talk to me of semi-starvation in a third floor in a country that I never had the slightest desire to go near. She will marry James Hilton or some fellow of that stamp. There will be no lack of offers."

Cyprien had already reached the door.

"No animosity, my boy; I wish you no harm. I shall always be glad to see you as a tenant and a friend. We have got some people coming to dinner this evening. Will you make one?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered Cyprien, coldly. "I have my letters to write for the mail."

And he left.

"One for the Frenchman!" chuckled Mr. Watkins.

(To be continued.)

Indoor Games and Amusements.

GO-BAN.

By Herr Meyer.

This game is of Japanese origin, and the name means Go = five, and Ban = board. It has, however, got gradually corrupted into "Go-bang," and thus it is now generally written.

In Japan it is played on a board of more than 300 squares, but in Europe on boards of sixty-four squares (as in chess and draughts), or on larger boards. The Japanese have schools for the study and practice of the game, and divide the players into nine classes. A late account says that at present there is no player of the highest (the ninth) class living; but one of the eighth class, named Murase (in German spelling pronounced Moo-räh-sey), is editing a periodical, in which he publishes the theory of the openings, actual games, problems, poems, etc.

This game of Go (or game of five) is in China called Ki (= Kee), and was invented there about 2,000 years B.C. It is therefore older than chess. It was introduced into Japan about 1,100 years ago, and was there brought to higher perfection.

It is played by two persons. In Japan they use more than a hundred men on each side. If played on the *chess-board*, then generally one plays with *twelve white men*, the other with *twelve black men*. The aim of each player is to get *five men in a line*—*i.e.*, five of his men close together in a straight line, either in row, a file, or a diagonal. In Japan each player tries to form a chain with his men around the others, etc.

The play is carried on thus:—The players decide as to first move; afterwards they begin alternately. The first player, say *White*, places a man on any of the sixty-four squares, then *Black* places a man on any of the remaining sixty-three squares; thereupon White puts down his second man on any unoccupied square, and so on until all the twenty-four men are placed. Now the moving begins. The first player moves one of his men to any of the *next* unoccupied squares, but must not leap over a man, and the second player proceeds in the same manner. So the play continues until one or the other succeeds in getting five men in a line.

Thus the play consists in *placing* and *moving*. If a player be not sufficiently attentive he can lose in the first part of the game. The moving may extend from 2 or 3 to any number, according to capacity of the players.

The game requires a great deal of watching, for the "Go," or "Five," can be made in any of four directions—horizontally, vertically, or on the right and left diagonals. There are eight lines for each of the two straight ways, and seven lines for each of the two diagonal ways; in all thirty lines. Four positions of the "five" are possible in a row or a file, and as many in each of the longest diagonals, whilst the shortest diagonal permits of only one position, so that the number of all positions is $4\times8+4\times8+2\,(4+3+3+2+2+1+1)=96$.

Many players prefer this game to draughts. It may also be played by four persons, taking partners as in "whist," when each player receives six men. Odds can be given in this game, a superior player having eleven against twelve men.

Whenever a player has three men in an open line the opponent must stop him, for should he get four, then the adversary could block him on only one end. This blocking, however, is not necessary if the second player can first make "five."

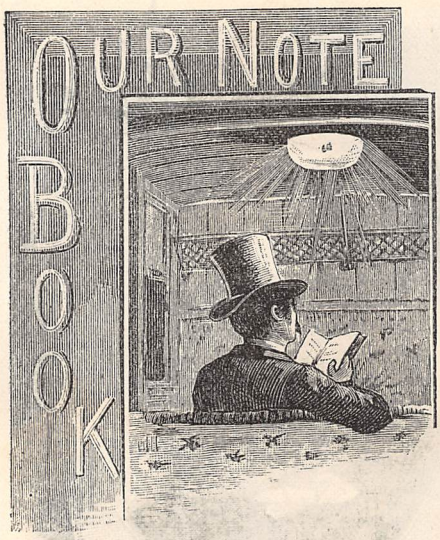
The student will learn the method of playing from the games we shall give with explanations. The system of description is the International Chess Notation, as will be shown on the frame of the diagram to follow. The letters in brackets after the moves will refer to the explanatory notes.

(To be continued.)

OUR CRICKETING GUESTS

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER.

Emrik & Binger, Chromolith. 15 Holborn Viaduct.
56 PATERNOSTER ROW. E.C. LONDON



Our Parrots.

R. Ward Tate writes to us from Baltrasna, Timaru, New Zealand, under date of July 7th:—"I beg to amend a statement made in the Boy's Own Paper, page 335, No. 267, Vol. VI. It is there stated that *Stringops habroptilus*, the owl parrot of the colonists and the kakapo of the Maoris, has displayed a partiality for eating flesh. This is quite erroneous. The kakapo feeds exclusively on vegetable matter, chiefly on the mosses which cover the prostrate tree-trunks. It cannot fly, although it has large wings. Its flesh is good to eat, something like beef, and for this reason it is hunted down with dogs.

"The bird that does eat flesh, or rather mutton-fat, is the kea, or mountain parrot (*Nestor notabilis*). Its carnivorous propensities were first noticed on Mr. Henry Campbell's sheep station at Wanaka (Otago). It is very inquisitive as well as being destructive. Hundreds of sheep are every year killed by this bird. It settles on the back of the sheep, and with its beak cuts its way through to the kidney-fat, the only part of the animal which it eats. This it tears out, mutilating the animal to such an extent that it generally dies in consequence. I may mention that the small green parrakeet (*Platycercus Novæ Zealandiæ*) has developed the same taste, though it does not go so far as killing the sheep. It only pecks off the fat when the carcass is hanging on the meat gallows."

Rowing Colours.

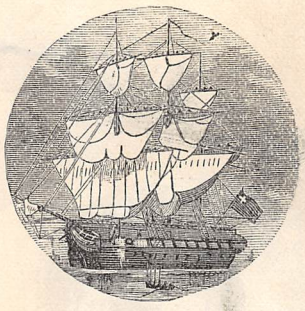
In the plate of rowing ribbons issued with the part for last September, and which took some time in preparation, the colours given as those of the Bedford Grammar School are the old colours of the Modern School. The present colours of the Bedford Modern School are black and red arranged diagonally; those of the Grammar School are dark-blue and white arranged horizontally.

We are indebted to Mr. H. T. Andrews, of Magdalen, for the official list of the colours of the Oxford colleges during the current year. Exeter has red on a black hat; Magdalen, scarlet with lilies in front; Corpus, blue edged with red; Brasenose, yellow on a black hat; Keble, red, white, and blue; Pembroke, white hat with red ribbon and red binding; Hertford, red and white; New, violet cap with thin stripe of orange at the seams; St. Catherine's, crimson centre with white border edged with dark blue; Trinity, blue and white; St. John's, broad blue-and-white ribbon with badge; Christ Church, blue ribbon with cardinal's hat; Lincoln, broad dark-blue edged with light blue; Worcester, black-and-white straw hat and broad pink ribbon; University, white hat trimmed and bound with blue ribbon; Balliol, white with blue and red arms; Queen's, carmine and brown; Wadham, light blue; Merton, white straw hat trimmed with a ribbon edged with red and a red cross; Oriel, two white stripes on a blue ground; Jesus, green and white and Prince of Wales's feathers.

This year's list of the Cambridge college colours gives:—St. Catherine's, claret with claret border; Cavendish, chocolate with blue border; Christ's, dark-blue with dark-blue-and-white border; Clare, black with yellow border; Corpus Christi, cherry with white border; Downing, black with magenta border; Emmanuel, cherry with blue border; Gonville and Caius, black with light-blue border; Jesus, white with red-and-black border; St. John's, scarlet with scarlet border; King's, white with violet border; Magdalene, indigo with lavender border; Pembroke, dark-blue with light-blue border; Peterhouse, blue with white border; Queen's, black with green border; Selwyn, crimson, with gold border; Sidney-Sussex, blue with red border; Trinity, First, dark-blue with dark-blue border; Trinity, Third, white with dark-blue border; Trinity Hall, white with black-and-white border; Non-Collegiate, dark-blue with old-gold border.

A Deaf and Dumb Boy.

At a public examination in a deaf and dumb asylum a minister was asked to test the children in their knowledge of religious truth. He asked a little boy "Who made the world?" writing the question on a black board. The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner then wrote, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" To this the answer was given also in words of the Bible, the boy's face beaming with intelligent joy, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question changed the boy's expression of countenance. "Never shall I forget," says the narrator, who witnessed the scene, "never shall I forget the look of quiet resignation on the boy's countenance as he wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"



OUR CRICKETING GUESTS.

(*See Coloured Plate.*)

Philadelphians.

1. W. C. Morgan.
2. J. A. Scott.
3. T. Robins.
4. E. W. Clark.
5. W. Brockie.
6. C. A. Newhall.
7. D. P. Stoever.
8. H. Brown.
9. W. C. Lowry.
10. J. B. Thayer.
11. R. S. Newhall.
12. H. MacNutt.
13. F. E. Brewster.
14. S. Law.

Australians.

15. W. L. Murdoch.
16. G. J. Bonnor.
17. W. Midwinter.
18. G. Alexander.
19. H. J. H. Scott.
20. G. Giffen.
21. F. R. Spofforth.
22. J. McC. Blackham.
23. P. S. McDonnell.
24. W. H. Cooper.
25. A. C. Bannerman.
26. G. E. Palmer.
27. H. F. Boyle.

Off we go!

"Are you ready?" Off we go,
Starting on our twelve months' race,
Not too fast, and not too slow,
We prefer a steady pace

For our object is to last
Fresh and merry to the end,
So that when the year is past
We may not have lost a friend.

Some have watched us run before,
Friends we made in days gone by;
They are with us now once more,
Time their friendship could not try.

Others too have gathered round,
Just to see how we can "move,"
And we trust they'll deem they've found
What will interesting prove.

We can't stop to make a speech,
Some would then proclaim us slow;
We just make a bow to each,
Greeting them, and—on we go.

Somerville Gibney.

HEADS OF OUR GREAT SCHOOLS.

1. Dr. Hornby, Eton.

2. Dr. Butler, Harrow.

3. Dr. Haig Brown, Charterhouse.

4. Dr. Abbott, City of London.

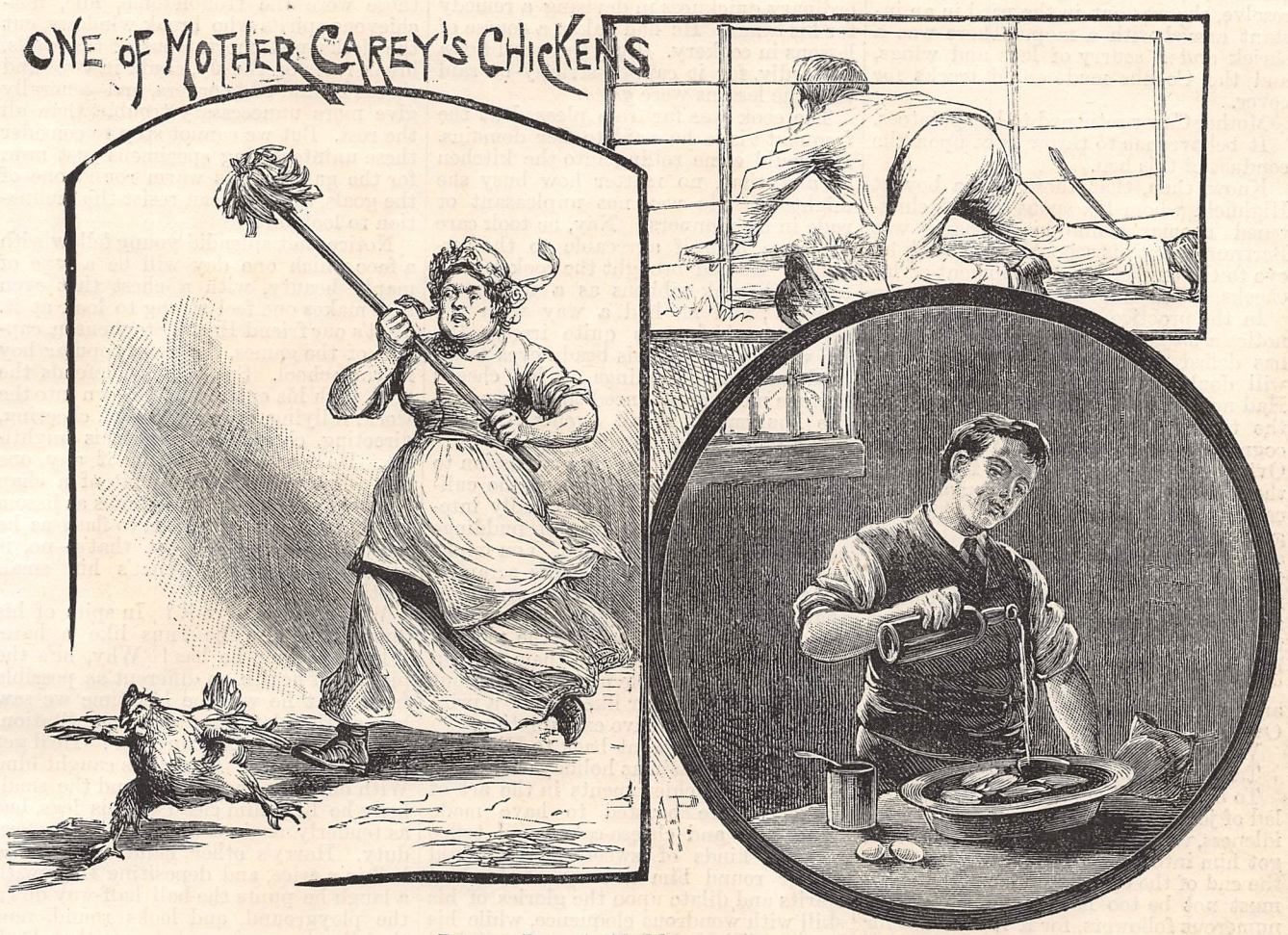
(To be continued.)

Our New Volume.

Ah, happy boys! You still are young,
You're standing on a lowly rung
Of life's long ladder; I was there
Some years ago, and had my share
Of all the grief and all the joy
Peculiar to the genus "boy."
Were I a boy again how strange
'Twould seem, for "all things suffer change."
'Tis hard to fancy how, at school,
When rainy days became the rule,
We kept things going, for you see,
The world then lacked its B. O. P.

All that is changed, and as we start
Our volume with the present part,
We're glad to know we add a joy
To life for many a British boy.
Lads! imitate the B. O. P.
Resolve to do your best to be
A joy to others, to avoid
What can't be harmlessly enjoyed.
To please, instruct, and guide our aim;
Determine yours shall be the same.

ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS



By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," "The White Rat," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck! cluck! CLUCK! cluck! cluck! cluck!"

From the noise the old Cochin China hen made you might have thought she was the very identical fowl which laid the golden eggs in the fable. She strutted this way and that, proclaiming her proud delight to the world in general, and to Mother Carey in particular, who was looking forward to a brood of chickens. It had been well if she had looked backward also—for she was at that moment engaged in boiling the potatoes for dinner, and, turning quickly round to peer out of window and see which of her hens was raising the triumphant hymn, she forgot all about the bucket of water, and she must needs kick it over in her excitement, thereby producing a small flood in the apartment. This disaster roused the old dame's wrath, and she gave an extra kick to the inoffensive bucket. The result was excruciating anguish to her great toe with the corn, and genuine cause for the old lady to howl in good earnest.

Mother Carey lived in a cottage adjoining the cricket-field at Highfield House. Her husband had formerly been head-gardener to Dr. Porchester; and now, having passed the time of life in which his energies were equal to the laborious requirements of that situation, he had relapsed into the less dignified position of knife-and-boot boy. As he naïvely expressed it, "I've a-been in service this fifty years, and I be only a b-u-oy after all!"

Mother Carey herself washed the socks of the young gentlemen and turned an honest penny by the produce of her poultry-yard. She had fair reason to be proud of her chickens. It was not that they were of choice extraction or imposing in numbers, for when all hands were piped at feeding time there was but an ill-assorted gathering of some twenty birds, of all shapes and sizes, from the gawky Cochin down to the dainty bantam. But by careful diet and treatment she prevailed upon them to give her a very respectable supply of eggs, and her spring chickens invariably fetched a good price, and were famous far and wide for the flavour and delicacy of their flesh.

Now, any one acquainted with the dame might have been struck by her countenance on this occasion. The habitual serenity of her face was replaced by a frown of unqualified dissatisfaction as she looked out of window and espied the old Cochin China hen craning her neck with vigorous efforts of intonation. It may have been the smarting corn on the dame's big toe; it may have been the mess of water on the floor of the kitchen. But probably the cause of her displeasure was otherwise.

That particular hen had lately developed a tendency towards deception highly to be censured in a bird of reputable character. For three days in succession that fowl had trumpeted forth the tidings of an egg laid. Yet, although Mother Carey searched high and low, she could not discover where the canny old fowl had concealed the treasure. She had looked in the copse, in the stable, in the wood-yard, in the barn, in the outhouse, in the peat-stack, in the straw-stack, and the haystack. In out-of-the-way nooks and corners had Mother Carey hunted, and all to no purpose.

There were eggs unlawfully hidden, and the henwife was justly indignant at the insolent deceit. She could not spend her day dodging the Cochin with incessant surveillance. Time was not long enough. She wished to trust her fowls—to teach them honesty and appeal to their sense of honour by treating them with confidence, and was this to be the return? Mother Carey gave a sniff and wiped her eye with a corner of her apron. It was only yesterday, when that gossiping old crony Mary Woostford called and recommended a strict watch to be set upon the movements of the culprit, that Mother C. had said, "I'd scorn the haction, marm!"

The proprietress of the poultry-yard was visibly irate against this member of her galaxy. The flash of her eye, the impetuosity of her step, betokened hot displeasure. She'd let the rascally old

fowl know, and suiting the action to the resolve, she was out in the yard in an instant armed with a mop. There was a shriek and a scurry of legs and wings, and the Cochin made rapid tracks for cover.

Mother Carey returned to her potatoes.

It behoves me to throw light upon the conduct of this hen.

Know, then, that there was a boy at Highfield whom his sponsors had christened Thomas, while his surname was Bertram. But his schoolfellows, with an eye to the exuberant development of his cheeks, called him "the Dumpling."

In the practice of nicknames we may notice a usage of classic antiquity which has defied the vicissitudes of time, and will doubtless continue to future ages. Had not Cicero's grandfather a wart on the top of his nose which got him the cognomen of "Chick-pea"? Was not Ovid conspicuous above his fellows for the size of that member, wherefore they called him "Nosey"? And the progenitor of the Scipios was doubtless tall and straight like a walking-stick. Among the celebrated "Graffiti" of Pompeii are numerous caricatures and inscriptions savouring strongly of this custom, so that if the Latin prose book is to be believed a boy named Caius was called "the Cow," and another with large eyes and a round face was known as "the Owl."

Where were we?

Talking of the Dumpling, sir.

To be sure. Well, he was a full-fleshed lad of jocund countenance and a turn for idleness, vanity, and mischief, which often got him into trouble, as it always will to the end of the chapter. But perhaps we must not be too hard upon his all-too-numerous followers, for if it was not for such boys there would be no need of schools to train and correct and drill them into shape. And if there were no schools there would be no holidays, and whatever should we do then?

Without further preamble, let me state at once that this Dumpling was simply and solely to blame for the hen's conduct which so grievously displeased Mother Carey. Yes; so prone was that youth to folly, that, not content with setting a bad example to himself and his companions, as though that were not enough, he must needs lead astray into unseemly conduct a Cochin China hen! And this is how it was.

The Christmas holidays were just over, and the Dumpling had found them hang heavy on his hands. Not being of literary tastes, he did not care for reading stories even of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Not having a taste for the fine arts, he would not practise his scales on the pianoforte nor amuse himself with a pencil or a paint-brush. Not caring for bodily exertion, he would not even join the merry company of sliders and skaters, though the ice was in superb condition for a whole fortnight. The obesity of his carcass prevented him joining with any pleasure in games, and if he was forced by the home authorities to go to a juvenile party he would sulk in a corner and throw a chill over the festal mirth which even the warmth of his red cheeks failed to dispel.

Seeing then that these things were so, the Dumpling had cast about in those holidays for some diversion which might be congenial to his degenerate tastes, and he had been successful. His brain, so inactive as a rule, had shown extraordinary quickness in devising a remedy for his *ennui*. He had taken a course of lessons in cookery. I use the word *taken* advisedly, for it cannot strictly be said that the lessons were *given*.

The cook was far from pleased at the frequent visits he paid to her domains. He would come rolling into the kitchen at any time, no matter how busy she might be. He was not unpleasant or rude in his manners. Nay, he took care to make himself agreeable to the servants. He had brought the cook a new cap with pink ribbons as a Christmas present; and he had a way with the servants which was quite irresistible. He would smile till his beady eyes twinkled and the dumplings on his cheeks became more pronounced than ever, and the housemaid, at all events, thought him a fine, handsome young fellow.

Thus he would often gain admission to the kitchen, and there inspect the culinary operations. He was specially interested in the manufacture of puddings and pies. Pie-crust he loved. You might see him with his pocket-knife scraping off the remnants of crisp brown flakes that fringed the margin of an emptied pie-dish. He would convey the morsels to his mouth and devour them with a voracity commendable in a prize pig, but not so in a boy never likely to be a prize boy in any competitive examination.

The Dumpling went back to Highfield after those Christmas holidays with fine stories of his achievements in the art of cookery. He boasted to have made mince-pies and cheese-cakes and toffee and all kinds of sweets. He would gather round him a bevy of kindred spirits and dilate upon the glories of his skill with wondrous eloquence, while his hearers licked their lips and smacked their chops, and feasted in imagination upon all the luxuries of Christmas.

"And then, you fellows, my mater one day wanted a trifle, and cook was busy, and I said I'd make it. So I got the eggs, and sugar, and sponge-cakes, and jam, and cream, and brandy, and sherry, and made such a splendid dish. The white of the eggs I flipped up into foam half a yard deep, and the strawberry jam at the bottom! Oh, it was crackey, I can tell you!"

"I should like some now, I know jolly well," said a very skinny, pale-faced boy, who looked as if he had never eaten a dinner of roast beef in his life. "I wish you'd make us one of your grand dishes, Dumpling, just to show what you can do."

"I'd make a trifle fast enough if I could only get the things; but how can a fellow get anything good at this beastly place?"

The Dumpling moved off without waiting for any one to answer his question. Most of the boys were playing football in the playground, for it was between 2 and 4 p.m. The gravel was in prime condition—hard and dry. The sun was bright, the air crisp and frosty, and of course the boys as a rule were making the most of it, playing up with that grand energy which is so delightful to watch. If boys would only throw the same determined vigour into their lessons we should have them all at the top of the class; the bottom would be No Man's Land—Ultima Thule, the other side of the Streams of Ocean.

Most of the boys were hard at play. Only a very few were loafing about, and those were the troublesome, idle, mischievous spirits who break windows, cut the desks, pick mortar out of the walls, break rules on the sly, skulk in twos and threes behind odd corners, and generally give more unnecessary trouble than all the rest. But we cannot stop to consider these uninteresting specimens just now, for the game waxes warm round one of the goals, and who can resist the inclination to look on?

Notice that splendid young fellow with a face which one day will be a type of manly beauty, with a chest that even now makes one feel strong to look at it. That's our friend Harry Stephenson, captain of the games, the most popular boy in the school. See how he defends the goal, with his entire soul thrown into the work, rallying his side around, cheering, directing, charging, shoving his mightiest. He'll ward off defeat if any one can. But, see, that little bit of a chap has hold of the ball, with limbs as lissom as a cat's. His legs seem to flash as he runs and dodges. Why, that's—no, it can't be—yes, it is—that's his small brother, Dickey!

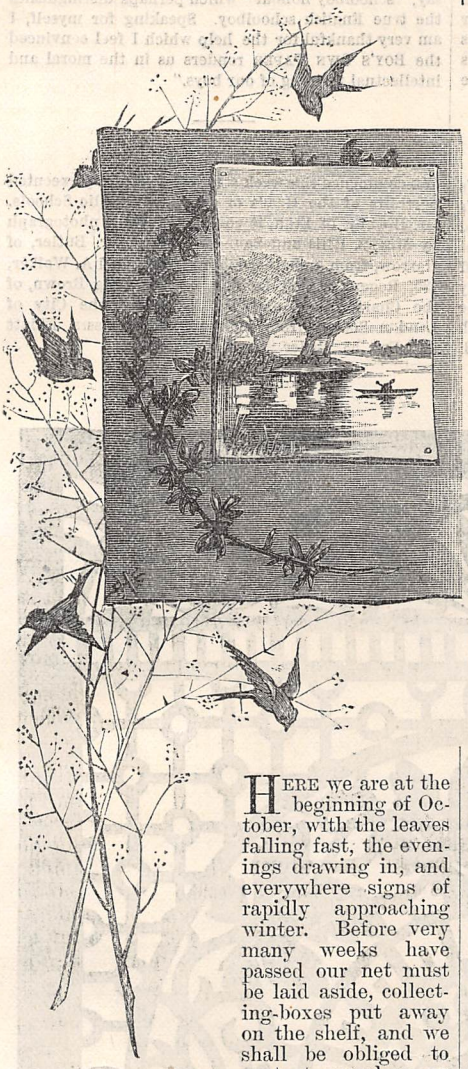
Who could believe it? In spite of his diminutive size he runs like a hare. What a colour he has! Why, he's the picture of health, as different as possible from what he was the last time we saw him on the platform at Ventnor Station. He's getting the ball through! He'll get a goal! Ah, no. Harry has caught him. With one arm encircled round the small body he lifts him clean off his legs, but as tenderly as is compatible with stern duty. Harry's other hand secures the ball in a trice, and depositing Dick with a laugh he punts the ball half-way down the playground, and looks round, now that the danger is past, to see that Dick is none the worse. God bless you, boys!

Hi! stop one moment, Master Puffy-cheeked Dumpling; don't go skulking out of the playground just yet. You want to get round that corner and steal off to the field to potter and loaf after some silly mischief. But do stay one moment and watch the game; for if you did, surely you could not choose but join in yourself, and perhaps dissolve some grains of superfluous fat, and raise in your unwieldy frame a glow of vigorous life which might prevent your yawning and lolling over the desk all through that Latin prose lesson which comes on at four o'clock. No, he has disappeared round the corner, and I have not the heart to follow him just now.

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING AT THE IVY.

By Theodore Wood.



Here we are at the beginning of October, with the leaves falling fast, the evenings drawing in, and everywhere signs of rapidly approaching winter. Before very many weeks have passed our net must be laid aside, collecting-boxes put away on the shelf, and we shall be obliged to content ourselves, as far as outdoor work is concerned, with digging for pupæ whenever our entomological ardour happens to burn.

Happily, however, things have not yet arrived at such a pass. We can still sally forth by day, provided that the wind and sun are in our favour, with a tolerable certainty of filling our boxes with more or less valuable captures. If we are favoured by fortune's smiles, perhaps, even a "Camberwell Beauty" or a "Queen of Spain" may reward us for our labours, while several stars of lesser magnitude may reasonably be expected to fall victims to our prowess.

Then, after darkness has set in, the treacle-pot is still far from unattractive, the gas-lamps will have many inquisitive visitors, and such flowers as those of the petunia may possibly lure a Convolvulus Hawk-moth or so on to destruction. But far more productive than any of these is the ivy, the blossoms of which are just now in their fullest luxuriance.

It is really a wonderful sight to see the myriads of insects which congregate upon the ivy-bloom both by day and by night. Sometimes the blossoms will be almost wholly concealed from view by hosts of Red Admirals, Peacocks, Tortoiseshells, Painted Ladies, and other sweet-loving butterflies, all of them so engrossed in sucking up the luscious juices that they may be taken between the finger and thumb before they are even aware of the presence of their captor. All the bees in the neighbourhood are sure to attend for business purposes, while wasps, hornets, flies, earwigs, bugs, beetles, and spiders occupy every attainable corner. No sooner does one visitor leave than his place is taken by a new-comer, not a break taking place in the constant succession of guests until either the weather changes, or the flowers, drained of the last drop of their sweet juices, wither away and lose their alluring properties.

By night the scene is much the same, excepting that the butterflies, who have a wholesome dread of late hours, retire from their posts shortly before sunset, and so make room for their more dissipated relatives, the night-flying moths. And these are by no means slow to take advantage of their opportunities, for, almost before the first shades of dusk have begun to appear, pioneers arrive from all directions, and before very long the stream of visitors is so incessant that the entomologist is irresistibly reminded of the oysters who so imprudently accepted the treacherous invitation of the Walrus and the Carpenter:

> "And thick and fast they came at last,
> And more, and more, and more."

The ivy is once more literally besieged with insects. Generosity and the allied virtues are at a discount, for "first come, first served" is the order of the day, and a late-comer can often find place only by ousting a smaller and weaker relative from the blossom upon the juices of which he was revelling. This, as a rule, he is by no means loth to do, and very amusing squabbles are sometimes the result.

Let us now suppose that our readers are bearing us company upon one of our ivy-searching expeditions. The evening is dull and misty, but warm withal; the moon is long past the full, and does not rise until very late, and there is a very slight south-westerly breeze, so that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon our selection of a favourable evening. In half an hour more it will be time to set to work, and as we have a mile and a half to walk before arriving at the happy hunting-grounds we deem it fully time to make a start.

Nets we carry, of course, for moths are cunning, and often allow themselves to drop to the ground as soon as the light from the lantern falls upon them. It is generally the good moths, somehow, which resort to such tactics, for the members of the common herd seem to be perfectly aware of their own exceeding worthlessness, and remain quietly in their places, regarding the collector with an impudent stare which is very amusing.

Equally, of course, our pockets bulge with pill-boxes of various sizes, some nested for the sake of compactness, and others ready for immediate use. Then there is the lantern, duly filled and trimmed, a box of matches, and a few odds and ends, such as pins, etc., in case of emergencies. Thus equipped, we commence our journey, and arrive at our destination just as dusk is beginning to set in.

And a splendid collecting-ground it is. A high wooden fence, nearly half a mile in length, which borders a well-timbered park, is covered from end to end with the most luxuriant of ivy, which just now is literally laden with blossom. Thick masses of the flowers hang within easy reach, and, the height of the fence notwithstanding, there are but few situations in which a moth could rest without being easily visible. Altogether, we could hardly find a more promising locality, and we begin our preparations for the evening's campaign with hope rising high in our breasts. For does not the rare Dotted Chestnut (*Dasycampa rubiginea*) occasionally visit the blossom of the ivy? And have not fortunate collectors met with even the Red-headed Chestnut (*Glæa erythrocephala*) itself, enjoying a convivial evening with its commoner kin?

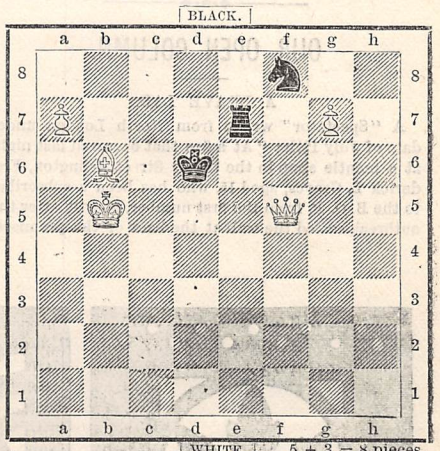
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

(Continued from vol. VI., page 822.)

Problem No. 85.

By Mrs. Sophie Schett.



5 + 3 = 8 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Blindfold Game.

This game was lately played between Messrs. Palmer and Meyer, who were walking in a park, without chess-board or men, and they merely told one another the moves. The game lasted one hour and ten minutes.

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4.	P—K 4.
2. Kt—Q B 3.	Kt—K B 3.
3. P—B 4.	P—Q 3.
4. Kt—B 3.	Kt—B 3.
5. B—Kt 5.	Q—K 2.
6. P—Q 3.	B—Q 2.
7. B × Kt.	B × B.
8. P—B 5.	P—K Kt 3.
9. Castles.	P × P.
10. B—Kt 5.	P—B 5.
11. B × Kt.	Q × B.
12. Kt—K 2.	R—K Kt sq.
13. R—B 2.	P—K R 4.
14. Kt—Q 2.	P—R 5.
15. Kt—K B sq.	P—R 6.
16. P—K Kt 3.	Q—R 5.
17. Q—K sq.	B—R 3.
18. K—R sq.	P × P.
19. Q Kt × P.	B—B 5.
20. P—B 4.	Castles.
21. P—R 4.	R—Kt 3.
22. Kt—K 2.	Q R—Kt sq.
23. K Kt—Kt 3.	R—Kt 4.
24. Kt × B.	P × Kt.
25. Kt—K 2.	Q—Kt 5.
26. Kt × P.	P—B 4.
27. Q—K B sq.	P × P.
28. Q × P.	P—K 6 (d. ch.)
29. R—Kt 2.	Q × Q.
30. Kt × Q.	R × R.
31. Any move.	R mates.

To Chess Correspondents.

J. S. and S. S.—Other correspondents agree with you that No. 81 is "one of the prettiest problems ever composed."

"Omega."—Your solution to No. 77 is correct, and it can also be solved by 1, B × P.

H. M. (Bath.)—Solution and remarks agreeable.

J. S.—Your suggestion that Petroff in our last game might have played 11,—Kt—B 4 (ch.). 12, K—B 4, B—K 6 (ch.). 13, K × Kt, Q × Kt (ch.), etc., would have led to inferior play.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A BRAVE LAD.

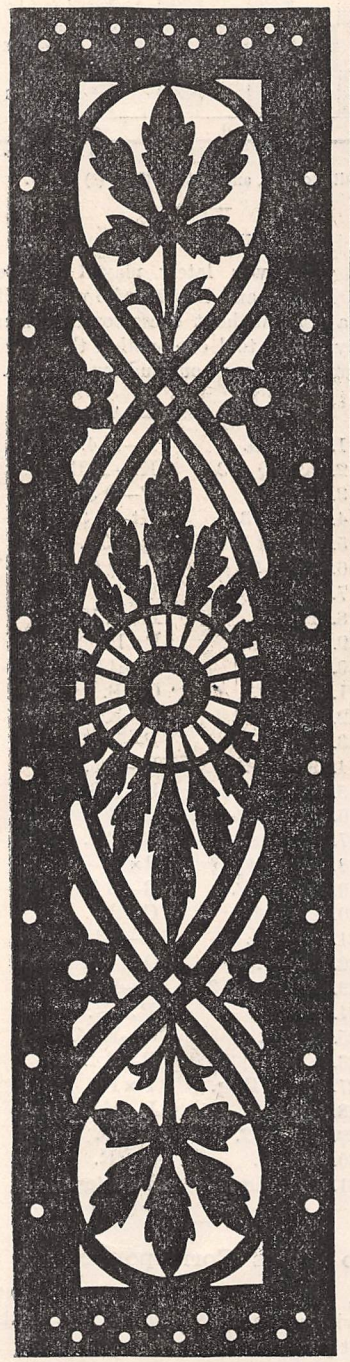
A "Spectator" writes from North London under date of July 19th: "At a fire that occurred last night at a mantle shop in the Upper Street, Islington, Frederick L. Graves, aged 15, who has been a subscriber to the B. O. P. from the first number, shortly after the outbreak scaled the wall at the back of the premises, and, climbing in at a window, succeeded in rescuing two children who were in bed, the room being filled with dense smoke, and, bringing them down in safety, handed them over the wall to a neighbour. He then returned to an upper room, where he found another child, but a fireman arriving he gave him into his care.' We are constantly receiving testimony of this kind, and need hardly say, therefore, how proud we are of "our boys."

WORDS OF CHEER.

The Rev. JOHN DEACON, head master of St. George's Grammar School, and Assistant-Curate at St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, South Africa, writes: "I need hardly bear testimony to the delight which your most valuable and instructive paper affords in this far-off land. My schoolboys—and I do not hesitate to say myself also—read it with unabated interest. The healthy tone of its writings, combined as they are with such manly and Christian lessons, are most useful, especially to South African boys, who, owing perhaps to the climate and other circumstances, lack to a certain extent that energy, application, and, I am sorry to say, 'schoolboy honour" which perhaps distinguishes the true English schoolboy. Speaking for myself, I am very thankful for the help which I feel convinced the BOY'S OWN PAPER renders us in the moral and intellectual training of our boys."

Our Portrait Gallery.

WE commence this week a series of carefully-executed portraits of the Heads of our great Public Schools. Dr. Hornby, of Eton, is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Eton; Dr. Butler, of Harrow, from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, London, W.; Dr. Haig Brown, of the Charterhouse, and Dr. Abbott, of the City of London School, from photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, London, W.



Back of Vol.

Side of Vol.

Original Fretwork Design for "Boy's Own Annual" Cover.

FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.

THERE are probably more eels caught in October in the United Kingdom than during any other month in the year. On the Itchen, even, it is not at all uncommon for the water-keepers to get a hundred-weight of these fish in the course of one dark and damp night in each net, and I myself have frequently done this on the same and other rivers. It is not, however, in reference to netting that I wish to speak now. This is also the best month for catching eels with a hook and line on dark nights—for being a nocturnal fish that is your best time.

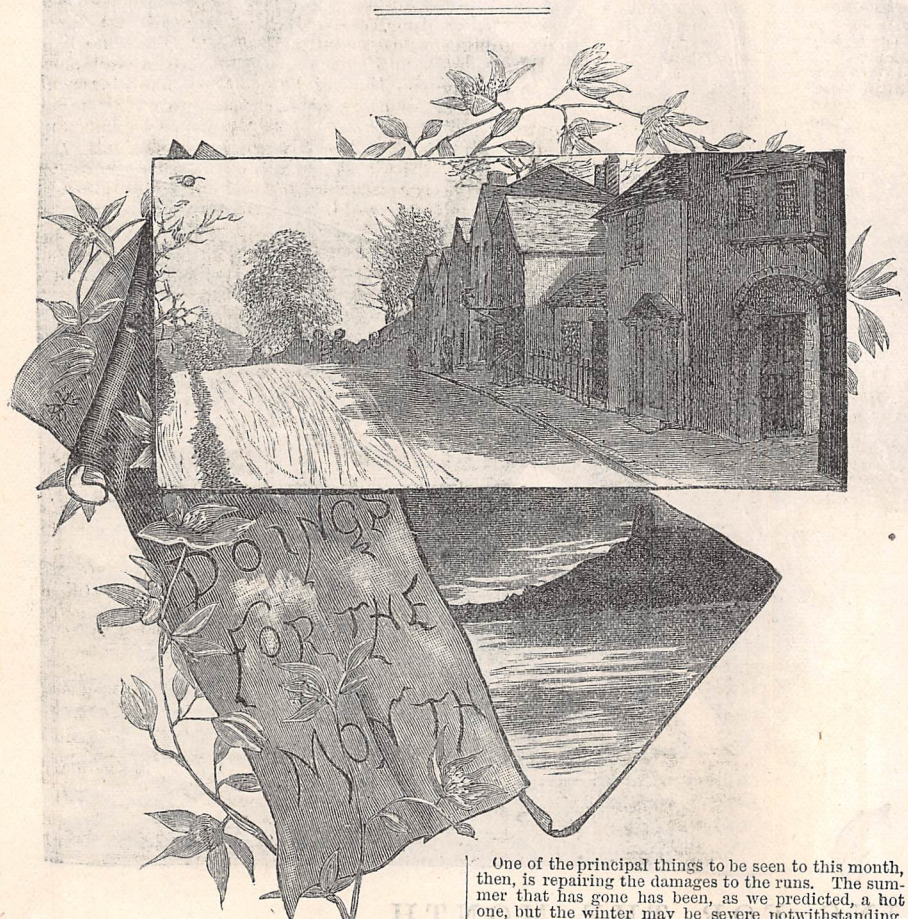
Fortunately, as the weather is frequently wet and rough, it is not at all necessary for you to be up, but you can retire, after setting your baits, till daylight. I now refer specially to eel-lining, and these are the materials. Procure a ball of long cord of the thickness of a crow-quill, some twine or water-cord—the latter is better, because stronger—and a hundred eyed eel-hooks. Soak both the cords in warm water, this removes the dressing which every new rope or cord invariably contains; then while wet stretch both out between nails as tightly as you can draw without actually straining them. When dry they are ready for use. The long cord can be cut up in lengths of about fifteen yards, and is to form the main line; the water-cord or twine is cut in two-feet lengths. Now tie your hooks with a secure knot to the two-feet lengths of string, and let a knot be also tied at the other end of each length, so that it may not become unravelled. Stretch your fifteen-yard lengths between posts, so that they hang clear of everything, and proceed to tie on your hook-lines at intervals of three feet, so that they drop at right angles to the main line. Worms well scoured will procure you most sport, for I do not think an eel ever passes by a lob-worm without taking it. To set the line a boat is best. A couple of bricks are necessary, one at each end, to sink it; and if you are not used to eel-lining and how to mark your spot of laying, a piece of twine must be attached to one brick, and a cork tied on, that it may mark the place where the line is as by a buoy. This is a good plan and saves trouble, though it occupies time, and is therefore not so useful to the professional fisherman, whose aim is to get as many lines in as possible before dark. One can by use pretty correctly remember the spot where the line lies; and the grapnel, which is made like a large triplet hook, soon brings up the line.

By-the-by, shall I tell you how to mark in your memory the exact position of a hole or swim in a large lake, or in fact on a river, though the method is not so much required because of the nearer approach of the banks? This is how. Suppose you are in the middle or thereabouts of the lake; your boat is stationary, or you must make it so. Now turn your face in one direction, and mentally notice two objects which stand on the bank one behind the other—say a tree and a church tower; let the tree be close to the bank and the church some distance; the only absolute necessity is that the tree is in a line with the church—*i.e.*, partly hides it in a straight line. Therefore, a line drawn from yourself would pass through the middle of the tree and church. Do you understand? If not, read this carefully over again. Now you do; very well! Having made the mental note I spoke of, turn exactly half round either right or left, and do precisely the same with two other objects on your left or right, which is most convenient. Now you have mastered a little bit of mathematics, of which you were, perhaps, hardly aware. A line drawn through these two sets of objects converges to a point exactly where you stand, and of course exactly over where you wish to come again. The application of it is very easy. You start next day, or a month hence, and get two of your objects in a line with you; all you have to do now is to advance or recede till the other two objects are also in a line with you, on your right or left, whichever it may be. This is how sea fishermen know their fishing grounds so accurately when fishing off shore.

To return to eel-fishing. There is another method or two for these fish, which is very effective, though the laying of lines is undoubtedly the best plan. First there is "sniggling." The usual process with worms is cruel, I therefore give another way of doing the same kind of fishing without pain to anything except the eel. Get the fresh entrails of any small animal, such as chicken, rabbit, etc., and whilst perfectly fresh

thread them on a line. The result will not be so good, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your bait is not alive and suffering. The same bait may be adapted to "bobbing" for eels. This "bobbing" consists of a needle tied or whipped on a string, so that it hangs crosswise; the end of this string is attached to your button, allowing a couple of yards or so to hang free between it and the needle. On the top of a stoutish stick tie a piece of stiff wire, curved into nearly a half-circle, and your apparatus is complete. Take your bait and thrust the needle into it, then place it on the top of the wire. Hold the line in your left hand and the rod in your right, and carefully search under large stones, in the cracks of camp-shedding, and other likely places for the eels. Presently you will feel a sharp snapping against the wire; slowly then withdraw it, leaving the bait with the eel; of course he has the needle as well, and after he has gorged it all you have to do is to pull steadily; the needle catches and gets crosswise in his throat, and out comes the eel on *terra firma*. Give ten minutes to gorge it. It is best to have a supply of needles ready, for the difficulty is to extract this curious fish-hook when it is once fixed without cutting off the fish's head. Of course "bobbing" is a daylight pastime, whilst sniggling can only be done at night; the finer the day for the former, and the stiller it is, the better for sport. The eel may be instantly killed by separating the back-bone just behind the head at the back.

There is yet another night dodge, which I confess I have never seen practised myself, though I have heard all particulars from those who have got good sport with it. It is called "clodding" for eels. A piece of red worsted is made up loosely like a ball, with a small piece of lead inside. A dark, still night is chosen, and sometimes it is a stream, and sometimes still water which is the chosen *locale*. If it is a stream, the "clodder" sits himself down by the edge, and, with the "clod" attached to a stout stick or rod, prepares for action. About three yards above him stands another, who holds a dark lantern, at which he lights little screws of paraffined paper, and pitches them on the stream. As the paper floats down the clodder follows it with his clod, or red worsted ball, and the eel coming up to see, bites viciously at this, and is instantly drawn out and thrown behind him to his boy, who, with a dark lantern also, and using a rough cloth in his hands, picks up the eel and throws it into a box. As many as twenty of a night are often secured like this, I have been told. Many a time have I speared eels with a barbed spear (shaped like a garden fork, with serrated tines close together) in the night, using a light, for fish are very fond of coming up to a light. "Burning the water" is the term used by salmon-poachers.



THE POULTRY RUN.—There are many advantages accruing to boys and others who make the keeping and breeding of the smaller kind of live stock a hobby, and some of these are pretty solid ones too. Not the least of them we think is the learning of business habits, that are sure to come in handy in after life. For without regularity, tact, and careful thought being brought to bear upon the study—and study it must be—not much good can be done. So the mind is instructed and trained, while at the same time it is kept amused. A little money is required to start the young farmers at first; this will readily be advanced, we should imagine, by fathers or relatives. It cannot be otherwise than a pleasure to them to be told of ways by which "our boys" can earn their own pocket-money.

The breeding of all animals is pleasurable employment, and hardly any home is too small to keep one or other of the kinds in. For where fowls or rabbits may not have room, pigeons might thrive, but failing these there is the lesser fry—canaries—and all may be made a source of profit to a greater or less extent. Every month brings its duties; it will be *our* duty, therefore, as heretofore, to supply our readers in brief but handy paragraphs, with just that information which will tend to keep them up to the mark in the knowledge that is desirable.

One of the principal things to be seen to this month, then, is repairing the damages to the runs. The summer that has gone has been, as we predicted, a hot one, but the winter may be severe notwithstanding, and nothing is more ruinous to fowls, or tends more to lessen egg production, than cold, wet, sloppy runs. For these not only put the birds out of form, but they breed disease. Take time by the forelock, then, and be prepared. To those who go in for the building of new poultry-houses we say, have them thoroughly comfortable and dry, even if they cost a little more at first. Beware also of overcrowding; do not be in too much of a hurry to stock. A few fowls of really good strain and stock, whether intended for egg or for meat produce, will be better than a barnful of ordinary kinds. Prepare now for fowl-showing, but never think of entering a bird unless it be at least worthy of notice. Therefore make yourself well up in the points and properties you take up.

Look out for cases of illness, and take them in hand at once. Warmth and a more generous diet will often be more beneficial to a sick fowl than even medicine. The old henwife's plan of taking it into the kitchen, rolling it in flannel before the fire, and feeding it on nourishing tit-bits, has many merits.

Diarrhœa is one of the diseases of the season. Treatment: Find out the cause, and remove it; it generally arises from cold, damp, and from sour unwholesome food. Give bone dust and chalk mixed with the meals, or boiled rice, oatmeal, and chalk, or three drops of chlorodyne three times a day made into a bolus with arrowroot or flour and a drop or two of milk.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—If everything has been in full swing during the summer, you ought to have a few birds worth showing. Take care of them, feed well, keep the whole loft clean, and beware of wet and draughts, especially if your birds are of the more delicate sorts. Some birds, such as pouters, require special training before they can stand any chance as show birds. They are penned, but not all day long. They are inclined to mope if kept constantly confined. The object is to get them to play up and look their boldest and prettiest. They should be quite familiar with you, and glad to see you without being too excited. The exact plan can hardly be described on paper, but will come to you naturally if you be really fond of the birds and take an interest in them. In preparing for shows, so far as the birds themselves are concerned, remember that while the judges expect to see them looking clean and healthy-like, that any tampering beforehand with plumage, or beak, or wattles, will be detected very soon at the show, and dealt with summarily. In fact, the bird will be disqualified, to the disgrace of his owner. There are special boxes and baskets made for the purpose of sending pigeons to shows in. If you be a novice, make a point of seeing some of the best of these, and get one or two made like them. Shows are advertised months beforehand in such papers as the "Exchange and Mart." If wishing to exhibit at them, all you have to do is to get the secretary's address and write for a schedule; you must then adhere most carefully to the rules in every single particular.

It is too soon to begin buying in birds for subsequent mating. Those who already have lofts must go on thinning, weeding out the worst birds for market or pot, and retaining only the requisite number of promising ones. Repairs must likewise be attended to against the coming bad weather. It is a good time now for such as wish to go in for the pigeon fancy to get up a loft. While keeping your loft perfectly clean, and using disinfectants judiciously, do not forget that you can taint the air even by these same disinfectants. In cleaning up beware of slop and damp.

THE AVIARY.—We hope that by means of the hints given by us from month to month last season, some of our boys will have succeeded in getting birds worthy of the show cages, and that they will take honours. Even a commended card is something to show that a boy has not been altogether idle. Get ready for shows then if you are one of the lucky boys; if not, wait and hope for better times another season. If your birds are not completely moulted, continue the cayenne feeding; after this it may be discontinued, though we question if this should be done quite all in a day without danger to the birds' constitution. We might go farther, and say it is a question whether cayenne feeding is natural at all, and not always injurious.

Keep your bird-cages very sweet and clean, and let there be abundance of fresh air in the rooms where the birds live, only take care in damp foggy days; open the windows then only in the middle of the day. Do not keep useless birds; and a canary that is not well up in points and properties *is* useless unless you desire a mere song-bird.

THE RABBITRY.—This is the month for making repairs in the places that contain live stock of all kinds, whether they live in house or hutch. Rabbits, we consider, are as a rule very much neglected in the matter of housing and internal comforts generally. Boys especially expect them to live continually in confinement, their prisons too small almost to turn in, their bedding a vile mass of corruption, and even food itself not given with regularity. If we remember what rabbits are in the wild state, free to rove over fields and through woods, in shade or in sunshine, and sleep at night in roomy, dry, but well-ventilated burrows, can we wonder much if, when all these conditions are quite reversed, they should fail to thrive, and suffer from skin and bowel complaints, and ailments of many other kinds fatal to parents; or, if they live, destructive to the constitutions of the offspring? We say to every boy who means to take rabbits as his hobby, consider what we have just said; let him arrange matters so that his little favourites may have fresh air, light and shade, as they feel inclined, exercise, and good food, and bedding sufficient to keep them warm and dry.

Make a collection of clean bedding on dry days now; it helps to keep down expense in winter, and makes the bunnies pay their way.

THE KENNEL.—"I'm going to keep a dog," we heard a boy say, "and any little box will do to make him a kennel." This was a great mistake. But we believe a large cask can be got cheap at the grocer's. No matter how big it is, so long as there is room to put it in. Get the end closed up, and make the hole at the side. Or, better still, have the end in the form of a door to open and close, but to fit so well that in bad weather it shall be free from draught. This will make a good kennel. But it must be regularly scrubbed and well-bedded. Have the chain as long as possible, and with two swivels on it. But do not get a dog of any kind unless you can afford the time to take him out twice a day for a good romp. He will benefit greatly by such exercise, and so will you.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Get your root crops out of the ground and stored, then planting greens of different sorts for winter use, and keeping down weeds, will occupy the time of the amateur gardener well this month. But there will also be bits of ground to be rough dug, so that the frost may kill weed seeds.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Study your ground, and determine all alterations of beds and borders, and sow flower seeds where you want them. The only advantage of planting out seedlings in early spring is that you may previously have had the ground occupied. Where space is no object sow the hardier seeds at once. They will stand the winter well. It is time now to get in your spring flowers.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Autumn flowers and evergreens, with a few hardy ferns, etc., must now be depended on to keep up a gay appearance.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

So great has been the interest shown by our readers in these competitions, that we intend not only to continue, but to increase their scope and attractions.

We start our competitions for the present volume with the following subjects, and shall announce many others, specially chosen to suit all classes of readers, as the volume progresses. We should like to repeat here what we have more than once stated, that where there may seem to be any doubt as to our exact meaning in the announcement of subjects, competitors will be quite safe in following their own judgment in the matter. Our one object in these competitions being to help our readers, they may be quite sure we should not allow any deserving worker to suffer because of any accidental misunderstanding. The general rules must, however, be strictly adhered to.

I.—Writing Competition.

As really good legible handwriting is becoming increasingly appreciated, especially in commercial life, our first competition shall test the skill of our readers in this direction. We offer, therefore, *Three Prizes*, of *One Guinea each*, for the best copy, in plain handwriting, of the 1st Psalm, from the Authorised Version. Competitors will be divided into three classes—the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 14; the Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24. *The last date for sending in is December 31st*, 1844.

II.—Illuminating Competition.

We offer *Three Prizes*, of *Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half*, and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of a Bible promise, which may be selected, at the option of the competitors, from either the Old or the New Testament. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors.

The last date for sending in is January 31st, 1885.

III. — Fretwork and Carving Competition.

So great was the interest shown in our previous Fretwork Competition, that we have determined to give further Prizes in connection with the subject. We now, therefore, offer *Three Prizes*, of *Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half*, and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best blotting-case or blotting-pad cover. The size, wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own choice, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators. The cover may be entirely fretwork, or carving—whether sunk or in relief—may be combined with it. The divisions as to age will be precisely the same as in the above Illuminating Competition; but *the last day for sending in will be February 29th.*

IV.—Music Competition.

Our last Music Competition was very successful, and we see no reason why this one should not be even more so. We offer, then, Prizes of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. VI.). There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24. *The last day for sending in is March 31st.*

It will thus be seen that we have selected subjects likely to afford all classes a fair chance—boys at home, and at schools; boys with leisure and opportunities, and boys who are already engaged in the sterner duties of life; boys to whom a preliminary outlay may be no great object, and boys who rarely have a shilling to spare. All the subjects are equally open to every reader within the age specified; so that any one boy may, if so disposed, try in all the competitions. We must invite, however, the most careful attention to the following

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No article of any kind sent in will be returned, whether accompanied by stamps or not—a rule rendered necessary by the immense number of readers who join in these competitions. To return in all cases would be next to impossible, and it is not fair to make exceptions. The best of the articles will, as hitherto, be sent to hospitals, training-ships, ragged-schools, and other useful public institutions, as a gift from the readers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. The result of each competition will be duly published in our columns, and no questions on the subject can be answered through the post.

2. The prize-winners may either receive the money itself, or the money value in such approved articles or books as they may select. In all cases money will be sent, unless we are otherwise instructed.

3. In addition to the prizes, handsome "Certificates of Merit," suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes.

4. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hands and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible.

5. All MSS. must have at the top of first page the *full name*, *address*, and *age* of sender, clearly and legibly written, thus:—

Name.....
Address .....
Age.....

In the case of the Illuminations, Carvings, etc., these same particulars should be written on a separate piece of paper, *which should also bear the certificate (see Rule 7)*, and must be *stitched* (not pinned) on the front top left-hand corner, or *gummed to the back.*

6. All the subjects are equally open to every competitor, but where any competitor may try for prizes in two or more of the subjects, he should be careful to see that in every case the particulars are *repeated according to these instructions with each separate article.*

7. All contributions should be certified by parent, clergyman, minister, teacher, employer, or other responsible person, as genuine unaided work. By this certificate we simply mean a letter, or even an endorsement under the competitor's name, thus:—"I hereby certify that the accompanying article is the unaided work of ——." Signed ——.

8. All letters or packets must be plainly marked *outside* "Prize Competition, Class —," and must be addressed to "The Editor, BOY'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London," carriage being, of course, prepaid.

Correspondence.

UBBS.—1. The oval or diamond-shaped boards hanging on the signal-boxes are used to show that the telegraph is in working order. 2. The capital R is the initial of recipe—take.

ANIMAL LOVER.—Clip off the matting, and keep the rabbit well and cleanly bedded. What you describe seems to be the Siberian rabbit, which has the dark points of the Himalayan and the long coat of the Angora.

TOBY.—1. Take the licence out in January early. Do not feed on the table scraps. 2. Steep the horns in a solution of carbolic acid and water, and next anoint inside with arsenical paste. Fill up with plaster-of-Paris if weight is no objection.

S. E. has a hedgehog, and does not know how to feed or tend it. He ought, for hoggie's sake, to have found out this before getting such a pet. The staple diet in captivity is stale bread and plenty of nice fresh milk. A good large plateful should be given every evening at dusk. Also garden worms, snails, etc. Put an armful of nice dry hay in a corner; it will roll itself up and sleep in this. In very cold weather the hedgehog sleeps day and night. In summer give it its liberty, like a cat.

G. E. M.—You say you have read our Poultry article with great interest, but yet you ask us how to feed and treat a fowl! We were most explicit on these points. Kindly refer back.

LOCO.—In 1882 the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control from accidents to trains was in the proportion of about one to forty millions, so that there is nothing wonderful in the low rate of railway accident insurance premiums.

E. C. (Kingston.)—Touch the swelling on the blackbird's back about every second day with tincture of iodine. You ought to have known how to feed and treat it before getting it. Perhaps a little lead ointment will do as well. Feed on ground oats made into a paste with *fresh* milk. Give snails, grubs, worms, shredded meat, and fruit, especially grocers' currants.

A LOVER AND KEEPER OF DUCKS.—You will find an article on ducks in No. 186, in the September part for 1882.

W. BAZLEY.—Dumb-bells should never be heavy; about two pounds per bell is quite sufficient for any age or constitution.

EMIGRANT.—1. You should learn from a teacher. 2. With gloves is the best way. 3. You will find how to waterproof lines and casts in Mr. Keene's Fishing Tackle articles. 4. A professional rabbit-trapper with a knowledge of farming would be almost sure of employment in the Australian colonies. 5. Any book will be sent you by a London publisher if you will prepay its cost and the postage.

D. M. S.—To make the ornaments confectioners put on cakes, soak gum-tragacanth in water until soft, and then mix it with powdered starch and refined sugar until it is thick enough. Mould the figure into shape, colour it, and varnish with white varnish. Never eat ornaments off confectionery; even the icing is not always wholesome.

F. ADDISON.—It need not necessarily be in Africa. Orange, the original one, in the Vaucluse, France, has 10,301 people; the American Orange, in New York State, is larger—it has 13,207. There is an Orange in Maryland, with 2,124 inhabitants; and another, a very thriving one, in New South Wales, with 2,701. There are seven Orange counties in the United States.

PEN.—1. See "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it," in the third volume. 2. To clean bottles throw in a few snippings of iron wire and shake them round with the warm soap lye or whatever you use. Soap lye is made by boiling together a handful of quicklime and a handful of common washing soda.

S. D.—Indelible paper is a queer expression, but we understand it to mean a paper so prepared that anything written on it can never be removed. One variety of such paper is made by dissolving some best Scotch glue with five per cent. its quantity of potassium cyanate and antimony sulphide, and passing the paper through it; another solution, a dilute one, of magnesium or copper sulphate is prepared, and in this the sheet is immersed. This paper cannot be tampered with without detection, for acids would colour the writing, and alkalies colour the surface, and erasing would show the white ground beneath the chemical coating.

C. L.—Counting from Ceres to Barbara, there are two hundred and thirty-four asteroids now known. You will find their names in Whitaker's Almanack. If you want to select a boat's name you could not do better than refer to a list of the asteroids.

SKIN-DRESSING.—From C. E. we have received two pieces of hareskin that would be a credit to any skin-dresser. The process he adopts is simply to make a thin paste by mixing a table-spoonful of plaster-of-Paris and water, and then thinly painting the skin over with it.

J. A.—In cases of failing eyesight consult an oculist at once. Delay is always dangerous in such matters.

K. NEEDWOOD. — There are about eighty miles of underground railway in Great Britain. There are tunnels beneath the Wear and Tyne, and at Whitehaven and Botallack the mines run under the sea. At Whitehaven the tunnel extends for a mile beneath the salt water.

VIXEN.—You can teach yourself water-colour painting up to a certain point, but it is almost imperative that you should have a few finishing lessons if you wish to excel.

JACK.—1. The spanker or driver. 2. A ship's courses are the sails that hang from the lowest yards. The foresail is the forecourse, the mainsail is the maincourse, and the crojack is the mizencourse. 3. "On a taut bowline" is as close to the wind as you can sail the ship; "on an easy bowline" is when she is a little freer, say almost on a reach. The bowlines are used to flatten and steady the weather-edge of the sails when the ship is beating to windward.

MEDICUS.—1. You cannot get stains out of ivory without dulling the polish. Sulphurous acid, chloride of lime, or chlorine will bleach it. 2. Not that we know of, but there is no reason why it should not be, if the weights were only lifted long enough.

J. HENRY.—1. The young swans on the Thames are hatched about May. You will often see the hen swan sailing about with the cygnets on her back while she is giving them their earliest swimming lessons. The brood is about half a dozen. The swan companies are the Dyers and Vintners, both of whose halls are on the bank of the river. The Royal birds have two diamonds, the Dyers' birds have one nick on the right side, the Vintners' birds have two nicks on each side—hence "the swan with two nicks," or "the swan with two necks." The number of birds allowed on the Thames is 610, of which the Crown has 500, the Dyers 65, and the Vintners 45. 2. Quite right then, but not now. The Thames Conservancy handed the Northfleet Light over to Trinity House in 1870.

T. WARNER.—Because it was in the summer time. In the winter the plumage of the ptarmigan is white; in the summer it is dark grey, with the breast and feather-tips rather light-coloured.

M. C. Y.—1. It is two hundred and twelve miles from Beachy Head to the Lizard, thirty from Beachy Head to Dungeness, thirteen from Dungeness to Folkestone. The Shambles light is off Portland, the Caskets off the Channel Islands, the Start is off Dartmouth, the Eddystone off Plymouth, the Longships off the Land's End. 2. Boys in the Navy can be bought off for £8 in their first year, but afterwards the cost of discharge is £12. If you anticipate being bought off don't go. The country will feel no richer for the gain of the £8, or poorer for your loss, and your parents could make better use of the money elsewhere. 3. Ripples are waves caused by a slight breeze, sometimes called a catspaw. White horses are small waves broken into white foam. Breakers and rollers are large broken waves in shallow water, or on reefs, rocks, and banks. Swell is the heaving sea. Ground-swell is the long heaving motion connected with a distant storm. Chopping or cross seas are short irregular waves caused by changing winds. Spindrift is the spray blown from the surface of the water by a heavy gale.

D. S.—1. Benzine dissolves all the oils, resins, gum-resins, varnishes, and fats. 2. The cheapest refrigerator is a hole in the ground. Wrap the ice up carefully in an old piece of flannel, and bury it as deep as you can. It will sometimes last underground for weeks in the hottest weather.

S. INDEN.—Blue and yellow make green, blue and red make purple, red and yellow make orange, and so on. You should experiment with the combinations before you begin to paint. We leave you to discover for yourself "the most polite way to offer a young lady your arm, and also how to gain consent to carry her umbrella." As a rule, gentlemen who borrow umbrellas are regarded with suspicion by the ladies.

WOODEN LEG.—The boot does not polish because it is too greasy. Give it a coat of heel-ball, or wet it thoroughly when on your foot, and dose it with castor-oil, tallow, or dubbin. As the wet dries out the oil soaks in.

SENOJ.—See our articles on netting in the second volume. You cast on a row of stitches the height you want and work longways from them, keeping the number the same throughout.

SION JAMES.—1. The best way to kill the cat is to take it to the nearest druggist and get him to give it a dose of prussic acid. 2. Perhaps Rickman or Freeman, but it depends on what architectural period you wish to go in for.

SAILOR.—1. Your only way to get poisonous drugs for experimental purposes is to apply to your doctor. 2. The prices of the Boyton suits are not quoted. A swimming belt will cost you from five shillings to ten. You can hardly call floating about in an india-rubber suit swimming.

CERES.—The highest jump is P. Davin's, 6ft. 2¾in., at Carrick-on-Suir, on July 5, 1880; the longest jump with a run is Lane's, 23ft. 1¼in., in 1874.

A. M.—You can always get the indexes sent to your address by forwarding us three-halfpence.

HUSSAR and SABRE.—The answer to all such questions is "Go and see." A stroll over Westminster Bridge would soon reveal to you a real, live recruiting-sergeant, and an application to the nearest post-office will provide you with full directions as to what to do. If you are ashamed of going for a soldier, don't go.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"BREAK off!" It came at last. What a change! Strict silence became loudest uproar, military discipline was turned into the wildest confusion.

"They clutch at each other wildly."

"Now, you young fat-chaps, I'll teach you to push against me when we are dressing!" shouts little Dexter to a chum of his with whom he is generally at daggers drawn.

"I didn't!" retorts Featherstone; "and if you touch me I'll be the death of you!"

They clutch at each other wildly and roll over into the dust, where they might have had their fill of struggling without interruption if Dickson, a big upper-school boy, had not stumbled over them.

"You little louts!" he began, but they did not wait to hear the rest, they scudded away to the field, where cricket was already begun.

"Bother the kids!" muttered Dickson, wiping off the dust from his trousers, "they're as bad as pups for getting in your way."

"Spoiled your new pants, Dicky?" inquired Lang, as he passed towards the field.

Dickson disdained to reply, though perhaps he would have done so if he had had a good retort ready.

The old sergeant disappeared through the gates; it would be three days before his burly form would again be seen. Drilling in August is—well, there is no word strong enough to meet the case without using one which might look like an exaggeration.

Dickson continued brushing his clothes till he felt he was himself again, and then walked slowly to a distant tree, beneath which he found Melhuish reclining lazily, apparently busy with a book.

"Hullo, Melhuish! What are you reading? Got something worth lending a fellow?"

"Yes, not bad; one of Marryat's."

"Marryat's?" cried a hearty voice, and the round face of Soady beamed on the pair. "Which is it?"

Melhuish handed him the volume, as the easiest way of answering.

"Why, it's the second volume!" exclaimed Soady; "and you told me yesterday you hadn't read the first!"

"Eh? — what?" asked Melhuish, quickly. "Why, so it is! I hadn't noticed it. I only just took it out of my pocket as you fellows came up."

"Why, you were reading it hard, I thought," persisted Soady.

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Melhuish, angrily.

"You needn't get waxy over it!" went on Soady, with good-natured obstinacy.

"Can't you leave a fellow alone?" asked Melhuish. "You are always poking your nose where you aren't wanted."

"I don't want to poke it where such a sweet-tempered chap as you are is trying to snap it off," retorted Soady, not very powerfully. "Good-bye, and I hope your temper will improve."

With which parting shot (a very good one in the shooter's opinion) Soady marched off to find a more congenial companion.

"What a sap he is!" remarked Dickson.

"An awful fool!" assented Melhuish. "I wish he wouldn't be always bothering round me."

"No, I don't know what we are coming to nowadays with fellows like him in the first form. Why, I remember when he came, and a precious little ass he was. I used to lick him once a week regularly."

"You don't do it now," said Melhuish, with a touch of sarcasm. Soady had grown big and strong; it would have taken Dickson more than he could manage to stand up and face his former victim. Fortunately for him, Soady was of a forgiving disposition, and had contented himself with giving his former tyrant a good licking, once for all.

"Heard anything of Fanshawe lately?" asked Dickson, by way of changing the subject.

"Not much; I saw him a good deal last holidays. He is in London, going in for law."

"In London? Lucky beggar! I wish I were."

"So do I," assented Melhuish. "He seems to be having a high time of it. When I get out of this hole I'm going up to London too, and 'twon't be my fault if I don't enjoy myself."

"This is a hole, and no mistake," said Dickson. "If a fellow dresses decently all the cads of the place make such a row about it one would think they had never seen a new coat in their lives. 'Tisn't like a regular public school; this half-and-half sort of place is worse than an ordinary private one. By-the-bye, I thought Fanshawe was going to Oxford?"

"So he was, but his father said he couldn't afford it. He's been losing money lately, I heard."

"Well, I don't know that 'tisn't better being in London than at college, where you've got those old proctors always down on you, and have to go to chapel, and all that sort of thing. That wouldn't suit Fanshawe much, would it?"

"Not by long chalks."

"I say," continued Dickson, "he went it down here his last half, didn't he? I heard that it was a narrow squeak that he wasn't expelled, only the Doctor didn't like to send away a big fellow who was going to leave at the end of the term. Did you hear anything about it?"

"Not much," said Melhuish.

"What did you hear?"

"Oh, never mind!"

"You might tell a fellow," persisted Dickson.

"Well, I heard he got hard up, and wrote home for a subscription to a testimonial to the Doctor that he said the school was getting up, and somehow it got round to the Doctor's ears. Old Fanshawe wrote to congratulate him, or something, and then there was a bust up sort of shine, you can guess. If it hadn't been for old Fanshawe promising to take him away at the end of the term, I don't know what wouldn't have happened."

"He was no end of a fellow!" said Dickson, admiringly; "that was a clever trick; now I should never have thought of it."

"Oh, he's clever enough for anything," said Melhuish. "I wish I had half his brains; he's passed the matriculation in honours since he left."

"Are you going up?"

Before Melhuish could answer, a small boy came up to them.

"Please, Melhuish and Dickson, you're wanted in the small class-room."

"Who wants us?"

"The Doctor wants all the first form."

"What's that for?" asked Dickson, wonderingly.

Melhuish swallowed a lump in his throat before he answered.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a black sheep in every flock; so in every school there is one boy pre-eminent in badness. Fortunately for St. Mary's College, the worst specimen it had known for some years had now left. Fanshawe was a boy in whom bad instincts had been nourished by his training, and who, from constant lack of moral fibre, had gradually deteriorated till by the time he was seventeen and left school for the world he was about as likely a specimen of a young scoundrel as could well be found.

But, although St. Mary's was now free from his presence, his influence was not yet dead. The seeds of evil which he had sown in not a few hearts were gradually bearing fruit. Amongst those who suffered most from him were Melhuish and Lang.

Melhuish offered a good field for evil influences, for he was inclined towards evil, and even without Fanshawe's direction would probably have turned out anything but well. Lang was of a better disposition; a good-natured boy, who under the leadership of a stronger mind than his own might have turned to either right or wrong. Unfortunately for him, the stronger mind with which circumstances brought him into contact was that of his tempter Fanshawe.

Hitherto, however, both boys had managed to sustain their characters fairly well, at least in the eyes of the authorities. Melhuish was known as a rather dangerous companion, but Lang was still favourably looked on, and with more reason. Since Fanshawe left he had to a certain degree "rehabilitated" himself, and, except that he was more prone to mischief than most boys of his age and standing, was regarded as an average specimen of the first form.

The two boys were to some extent chums still in virtue of their former intimacy with Fanshawe. But Lang was gradually drawing himself free from Melhuish, though he was beginning to recognise how hard it is to keep straight when an old companion in wrong-doing is constantly at hand.

Most of the boys with whom we have made acquaintance belonged to the first form now summoned by the Doctor. At St. Mary's the usual order of forms was not followed, but the first was the first, the second the second, and so on. Monitors were non-existent, but the first form were supposed to exercise an informal authority over the lower school, meaning the last three forms.

As the boys entered the house there was some discussion as to the meaning of the summons.

"I think it's a half-holiday," said Soady, decisively.

"Why don't you think it's a whole one?" suggested Dickson. "Would be just as easy for you and twice as pleasant."

"What do you think, old boy?" asked Lang of Ferguson.

"Can't think, it's too hot. Shall know in two minutes."

The Doctor was waiting for them in the small class-room.

"I'm sorry to call you all in such a beautiful afternoon," he began, "but it's about a matter which should be known at once. Simpson has reported to Mr. Smith, who of course informed me, that some money which he kept in his box in the Rummage-room has mysteriously disappeared. Now I am quite ready to believe it possible that Simpson has been spending more than he remembers, and that he is making a mistake, but he is so positive about it that I am obliged to mention it. He says the money was there when he went into school to-day, and when drill was over it was gone. Garland, you had to see that every one was at drill to-day: were there any absent?"

"No, sir," replied Garland, a tall, rather thin boy with deeply-cut features: a pleasant face, but not one that could be called handsome. He looked like a

boy that could be trusted implicitly, and so he was.

"Then you see," continued the Doctor, with a smile, "that one of you is implicated, it seems. No one could have gone to the Rummage-room during school or drill, and you were the only boys who were not drilling. By the way, none of you keep any boxes there, do you?"

There was a general murmur of "No, sir."

"I thought not. None of you went there during drill, I suppose, by any chance?"

A pause, but there was no reply. Soady's eyes were fixed on Lang, who was unconscious of them. He was undergoing a mental struggle. Before he had come to a decision the Doctor went on,

"You may as well keep your eyes open, and I think I shall advise Simpson and others of the lower school that they had better let me take care of any money they have beyond half-a-crown. You may let this matter be kept quiet, I have told Simpson not to mention it. But if anything comes to your ears you must let me know at once. No absurd feeling about honour must be allowed to stand in the way of the character of the school, unless you are prepared to admit that on the principle of 'Honour among thieves' you should be silent when you ought to speak out."

Various were the comments amongst the boys when the open air was reached again.

"What a storm in a teacup!" said Ferguson. "Doesn't the Doctor like to hear himself spout!"

"Little beast Simpson is," remarked Dickson, "to go and sneak about losing eighteenpence. I expect it's all nonsense, it's dropped out of his pocket."

"Yes, that's it," said Melhuish, the first time he had spoken since the summons came. He stopped suddenly now as if he had said too much.

"I hope it is," added Garland. "One hears of fellows stealing at schools, but we've never had a theft here yet, and I hope we shan't."

Lang did not join in the talk; he soon left the others and went to a quiet corner where he could lie undisturbed, a book in his hand to account for his wish to be alone.

He had undergone a temptation and had failed to conquer it. He felt he had dropped back an incalculable distance in his moral career. He had a mingled feeling of guilt and innocence. Of course he never took the money; he shrank from the thought; but then he had visited the Rummage-room during drill, the time when the money was stolen. When the Doctor asked if any of them had been there, the chief thought in his mind was that if it were known he had been there he would be thought the thief!

"I'm glad I didn't say anything," he said to himself. "Nobody knows I went in there, and if I had said I had it would have been impossible to prove that I didn't go to Simpson's box. Now no harm is done; I didn't take the money, so I'm not bound to get myself into a hole by bringing suspicion on myself."

However, he was not able to argue himself into satisfaction with himself, though he tried hard.

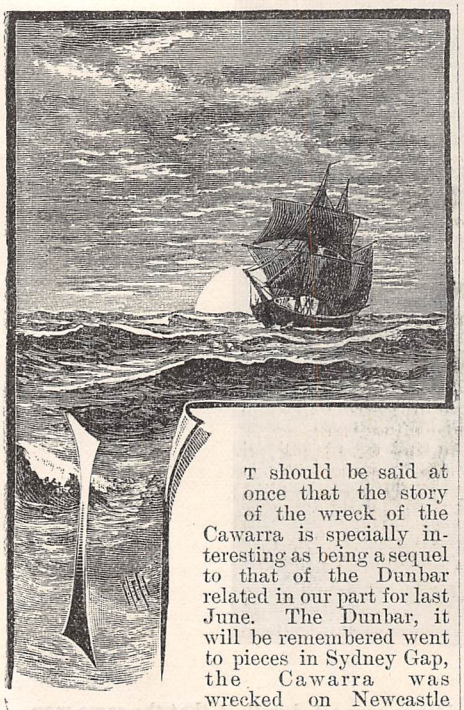
"Oh, confound it all!" he exclaimed at last; "I shouldn't have thought two straws about it last half, why on earth should I make such a fuss about it now? There isn't a fellow in the place who wouldn't have done just as I did, except perhaps Garland."

So he settled down for a quiet read till tea-time, which was rapidly approaching, feeling that his day had not been quite so satisfactory as he had anticipated.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE CAWARRA.



It should be said at once that the story of the wreck of the Cawarra is specially interesting as being a sequel to that of the Dunbar related in our part for last June. The Dunbar, it will be remembered went to pieces in Sydney Gap, the Cawarra was wrecked on Newcastle oyster-bed; and, by a singular fate, Johnson, the sole survivor of the famous clipper, proved to be the rescuer of the sole survivor of the ill-fated steamer.

The Cawarra belonged to the Australian Steam Navigation Company, and left Sydney on Wednesday, 11th of July, 1866, for Brisbane and Rockhampton. Her passengers and crew numbered sixty all told, and she was somewhat heavily laden, her deck cargo being considerable.

During the night there came on one of the severest gales ever known on the eastern coast of Australia. The storm grew so during the morning that the fury of the fearful sea has never yet been exceeded even in the Pacific. The waves came roaring into Broken Bay and Port Hunter like huge hills of foam, and lashed the shore with such force that the beach seemed to thrill beneath their blows.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the look-out at Newcastle Lighthouse signalled a steamer making for the port from the northward. The flag was run up warning her to stand off and keep out to sea, as it was too rough for any vessel to attempt to enter the harbour. Apparently the vessel did not see the flag, for on she came, and in about an hour had steamed close in. At last her crew became aware of the difficulty of their task, and attempted to return to the open. As the vessel wore to gain an offing she was recognised as the Cawarra.

Her effort was made too late. She could gain no headway against the sea, and slowly and surely was swept on to the bar. The engines were going full speed, but as the surge welled over her bulwarks her bow was seen to sink deeper and deeper, and cripple her power of steerage. For a few minutes the doomed ship drifted helplessly, and at three o'clock she struck.

The people were seen to be clustering on her poop and in her rigging. But the suspense was short. So violent were the waves that beat on her that in a quarter of an hour funnel and mainmast had gone over the side. Five minutes afterwards the foremast went, and before a quarter to four the Cawarra had vanished, and all that was left of her were the wreckage and the bodies that every now and then rolled over on the crests of the billows.

Owing to the violence of the gale, the pilots and most of the regular lifeboatmen were aboard the vessels in the harbour, fully employed in keeping them out of danger, and the lifeboat was not launched until the steamer had gone aground. When the boat felt the sea she was soon rendered useless, for a heavy wave came aboard and eight out of her fifteen oars were snapped off short.

Other boats, however, put out to the rescue, the first and foremost being the lighthouse dingy. Johnson, the Dunbar hero, was then employed in the lighthouse, and he and Hannell, the keeper's son, rowed off in the tiny craft to lend a helping hand. The terrific sea prevented the boats advancing very far, but the little dingy got out the farthest, and was soon among the wreckage.

At half-past five a man was being swept past her, when Johnson, leaning over the side, seized him and lifted him on board. The rescue was only just in time. The dingy returned; the apparently drowned man, then insensible, was put to bed, and in a few hours recovered. He was one of the crew—a Bristol man, F. V. Hedges, who had come to Sydney the year the Dunbar went down. He was the sole survivor of the Cawarra.

It seems that Captain Chatfield, finding the gale increasing, resolved to seek shelter in Port Stephens or Newcastle, and as he came westward chose the latter. The fore-staysail was hoisted, and blown to ribbons; the fore-trysail alone would stand. As the Cawarra neared Nobby's the danger of the entrance was perceived; and although a daringly-handled little schooner came flying in at the time—snapping her mainboom as she did so, and to it probably owing her safety—the steamer was brought head to wind.

The jib was set, but had hardly got home before it was "sent into slithereens," and the vessel broached to. The waves dashed on board and the water poured down the forehold, but as the fires were not put out, and the engines could be kept going, no signal of distress was hoisted. The crew retained their coolness to the last, and the captain gave no sign that he thought his ship in danger.

The Cawarra drifted out of the breakers into smooth water, and the deck cargo was thrown overboard. As she headed outwards she shipped another sea, and this quenched the fires. As soon as this happened some men got into the lifeboat and were immediately ordered out by the captain to make room for the women. Shortly afterwards orders were given to clear her away, but the

tackle jammed, and Hedges alone of those who remained in the boat scrambled on board again.

The ship was now aground. Hedges and others took to the rigging, the boats being all rendered useless. The masts were shaken out, and then she broke up. Hedges grasped a piece of the wreck, and changing from piece to piece until he found a plank big enough to support him in safety, was only washed off it to be picked up by Johnson.

From the shore the progress of the little dingy, as she rose and fell on the boiling sea, had been keenly watched. The news that a steamer was on the bar had brought the people down in crowds to the beach; and when the lifeboat returned disabled the excitement rose to fever pitch. All hope of saving the figures huddling on the ship seemed cut off. The "ancient mariners of the port" shook their heads, and at the same time chuckled with admiration as the tiny boat went out beyond the red buoy and advanced towards the breakers.

For the sea was dotted with the wreckage, and the frail timbers of the boat might be crushed in at any moment. Each time she disappeared in the wave-hollows among the floating fragments of the ship, the cry was raised, "She has gone!" And then, when she rose again to view, heaving up among the spray on the crest of some curving billow, the shouts that greeted her were mixed with the warning growls of the older hands, "She'll go next time, whether or no!" The crew, however, would not return empty-handed, and the perilous course was continued until the man was found.

The Cawarra broke up entirely, and the wind setting dead on the shore, nearly all that came from her was swept into the bay. The shipping in the port were dragging their anchors, and to the danger of grounding or fouling there was now added the by no means inconsiderable chance of being damaged by the floating timbers and cases.

All that night the storm continued. Just before darkness set in a few bodies had drifted into fairly smooth water and been picked up; but it was not until the return of the tide that they were found in any numbers. Many were the watchers during the darkness, but little came to their hands. The sea still raged furiously, and in the first dim light of the dawn it was found that a small coaster had also been blown on to the bar and was just in her last throes. The glasses had hardly been brought to bear upon her before the masts fell, the hull canted over—and she was gone!

The day was spent in the mournful task of seeking for the bodies and bearing them away for identification. One of the first found was that of the captain, to be followed soon afterwards by that of the second engineer, who had been standing by the side of Hedges in the main rigging when the sea rushed over them.

Of the regular crew of the Cawarra one besides Hedges did not go down with her. This was the steward, Newlands, who, having injured his foot, was left behind at Sydney, a fact worth recording from the singular coincidence connected with it that the same man had been steward of the Star of Australia, and, injuring his foot, had been left behind on the last trip of that ill-fated vessel when she went to pieces, with all lives lost but two.

Slowly the gale abated. The damage done all down the coast was very great, and of the many small craft afloat when it broke out but few were ever heard of again. The majestic strength of wind and wave has rarely been more appallingly shown, and the colonists of the eastern coast still refer with awe to the great storm of 1866, in which the Cawarra was overpowered by the sea.

"She has gone!"

Sketches at our Boy's Own Debating Society.

1. The President. 2. A Cool Member. 3. A Nervous Member. 4. The Member who says, "I have never in the whole course of my existence," etc.
5. An Enthusiastic Member. 6. A Thoughtful and a Thoughtless Member. 7. A Critical Member. 8. Some of the Visitors.

ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," "The White Rat," etc.

CHAPTER II.

The Dumpling was no more affected by his proximity to that game of football than is Nelson's statue by its proximity to those majestic lions in Trafalgar Square.

The fat boy strolled on with his hands in his pockets, whistling "Grandfather's Clock," and banging at everything he passed with an old cricket stump. He left his marks like the North American Indian threading a primeval forest. You could trace his progress everywhere. If Dr. Porchester had the railings painted in the holidays, the Dumpling's stump would register its trade-mark on them before he had been back half a day. Things sacred were no more safe against his vandalism than things profane. The spear-headed railings round the chapel were decapitated here and there by his destroying hand.

I think there must have been sad laxity of parental discipline at home. When his mother first brought him to school she had in a measure prepared Dr. Porchester for the worst. She had said, "I am afraid my boy is not very fond of his books; but he has a decided turn for mechanical pursuits. He is very clever at taking locks to pieces, and cutting things out with his pocket-knife. I hope he will have an opportunity of keeping up these tastes." The Doctor, with a twinkle of grim sarcasm, had replied, "Madam, I quite understand you, and I have no doubt your son will find the opportunity. But at Highfield we call these tastes *mischievous*, not *mechanical*, and do not as a rule encourage them."

The Dumpling sauntered on till he reached the confines of the cricket-field. He banged his stump not once nor twice upon the top wire of the fence, and watched the reverberating thrill pass down to the gate a hundred yards off. He then essayed to surmount the fence, putting one foot on the lowest wire, which bent to the ground, the other foot on the next wire, which gave in proportion. Then by a mighty effort he hoisted a leg over the top wire.

To get the other leg over required him for a moment to poise his unwieldy frame on a wabbling wire about one half-inch in diameter. This Blondin feat was beyond his powers. He lost his balance hopelessly and fell with irretrievable ruin, like a sack of Portland cement, on the same side of the fence from which he started.

Rendered furious by this failure, he got up and belaboured the wires with his club. A second attempt was then made on different principles. He stooped to conquer. Putting his head and arms and shoulders between the second and third wires, he tried to wriggle the hinder portion of his body through. But this also was a hopeless business. The upper wire was elevated to its full extent, the lower one depressed abnormally; but no amount of kicking and jerking would enable the broadest and most circumferential portion of his person to get through.

Once upon a time, in Oxford days, I heard a mouse in my cupboard purloining biscuits. I knew of the hole by which the thief gained access, and opened the door to expel him. Like his prototype in the fable, my intruder had eaten himself to repletion, and, foolish Troglodyte! he tried to escape by that same hole. He got half through, and remained helplessly stuck; and his ineffectual efforts for liberty were highly ludicrous.

Even so was it with the Dumpling, who only after grievous labour succeeded in extricating himself on the wrong side of the fence; baffled a second time, and exasperated into bellowing. He got up, and, like Achilles, shuffled off in mighty wrath to the gate; by which only available entrance he at last achieved his purpose.

There stood an ancient willow-tree in a remote corner of the field. Its trunk was hollowed out by time and decay into a cavernous recess, whereof the sides and ceiling were metamorphosed into touch-wood. Oftentimes, when the sun was shining brightly, would the Dumpling, like Prometheus, draw down fire from heaven with a burning-glass, and set this tree smoking and smouldering. He now bent his steps towards that goal, with what intent I know not.

He arrived on the sound side, and by force of habit began to worry the willow with some vigorous blows of the stump. The immediate result was a screaming and a clucking, and the precipitate flight of a Cochin China hen, the same bird which greeted us at the outset of this story.

The Dumpling jumped, and was on the point of hurling his club at the terrified bird. But he did not do that. He went round the tree and peered into the cavern, and there on a heap of touch-wood that had been scraped into the form of a rude nest he espied an egg reposing.

"Hullo," quoth he; "fresh eggs! Hi cockolorum!" by which cabalistic ejaculations he signified his appreciation of the discovery.

He knelt down and took up the egg, and whistled as he turned it round. It suggested a train of thought. The hen, meanwhile, recovered her scattered wits and came as near as she might venture to see what was going on, with pleadings of anxious expostulation that her property might not be pilfered or destroyed.

The Dumpling replaced the egg, and feeling in his pockets, drew forth some grains of Indian corn. With a "coopy, coopy, coop," to attract attention, he threw a few grains to the hen, which were eagerly devoured. By the aid of more corn he decoyed the bird back to the tree, and when once again she was installed in the cavern, he threw her a few more grains as a parting present, and withdrew, pondering many things in his heart, and soliloquising thus:

"Fresh eggs! I'd be able to get the other things, and just show that young ass Buffles that I can make a trifle."

The next day, at the same time, the Dumpling repaired to the willow-tree; and, after expelling the hen, found, to his delight, two eggs. Of these he selected one, and, depositing some corn by way of payment, he went off rejoicing. On three following days he repeated his tactics, only that on the last occasion he abstracted both eggs, thinking that five would be ample for the dish which was to confute the sceptic Buffles.

No wonder Mother Carey had been outwitted!

I said at the commencement of this tale that the Cochin China hen had been led into deceit by the Dumpling, and there were just grounds for the statement; for we have no reason to suppose that the bird was wilfully disposed to fraud; and, assuredly, had it not been for the fat boy's seductive allurements, she would never have returned to her cavern in the willow after the alarm of her sudden ejectment at the point of the Dumpling's club.

When the eggs were safely stowed away in his desk, the pilferer summoned a council of his boon companions and broached the subject so dear to his soul. He commanded Buffles and Grubbins and Stodge and Guzzling Jim to attend his presence one day at the quarter-hour between morning lessons.

"Look here, you chaps! I vote I make a jolly dish of trifle. I've got some fresh eggs, and if you'll help get the other things you shall all have some."

"Hurray, Dumpling!" said Stodge. "What do you want us to get?"

"Well, there's sponge-cakes and strawberry-jam, and butter and sugar, and sherry and brandy."

"I'll make young Talbot stump up a pot of jam," said Grubbins; "he's just had a hamper."

"And I'll spend twopence in sponge-cakes if Punchey brings them this afternoon," said Jim.

"And I'll ask the cook to give me some butter and sugar," said Stodge.

"All right, so far," said the Dumpling. "So you must get the brandy, Buffles. I think we might perhaps make beer do instead of sherry. I'll manage that; but we must have brandy; you can't make it fit to eat without brandy."

"How can I get it?" asked Buffles. "Shall I tell one of the day-boys to bring some?"

"No, you ass!" replied the chief. "You'd better not say a word to any one else. You must get Mrs. Towels to give you some; she has it for fellows when they're æger."

"Well, all serene!" said Buffles; "I'll have a try. Where shall you make it?"

"I haven't quite settled that, but I think in the wood-yard out by the stables. Fellows don't often come there."

It was the Dumpling's orders that all necessary supplies should be procured before evening, so that things should be in readiness for the next day. He also directed that the contributions should be

put in a dismantled tea-chest among the lumber of the wood-yard. Furthermore, to add dignity to the proceedings, he consolidated himself and followers into a Society of Friends, to be designated, "The Jolly Guzzlers." He was to be president; Guzzling Jim, whose soubriquet suggested the title, vice-president; Grubbins, treasurer. Stodge and Buffles had no distinguishing mark beyond the letters "M. J. G.," which they might append to their names in all epistolary communications with their superior officers.

The first meeting was fixed for the next day at 6.35 p.m., immediately after tea, in the dismal wood-yard, where, by the light of a dark lantern, they purposed consuming the dish of trifle, which the president announced he should be able to prepare in the wood-yard during the afternoon of the morrow.

The requisite ingredients were procured without any insuperable difficulty. Jim had been kept in for an imposition between two and three, and found all the sponge-cakes gone from Punchey's basket—only two stale currant-buns left. These he purchased and deposited in the tea-chest.

Buffles had been sore puzzled how to get round Mrs. Towels, the matron, for the brandy. I am thankful to say he would not tell a lie about it, and resolved to ask point-blank. Mrs. Towels was very kind and indulgent to the boys, and seldom had the heart to refuse them anything asked within the bounds of reason, and these bounds she set with a liberal regard for the queer ideas of boys.

So Buffles approached her with winning words and his most polite air. "Mrs. Towels, would you be so kind as to let me have just a little drop of brandy? I'm not going to drink it, but I want it very particularly. Please do!"

"Oh, my dear! whatever can you want brandy for? Oh! perhaps you want it to rub your chilblains;—a very good thing too, which I always recommend it myself. Yes; to be sure! I'll give you a bit of flannel. Now, Master Browne, don't you tease the cat, there's a dear young gentleman! Yes, Master Dawson, your cap is quite ready; I'll fetch it."

There were generally three or four boys in the matron's room requiring small attentions.

Mrs. Towels was going off to fetch the cap.

"The brandy, Mrs. Towels!"

"It's in the cupboard, my dear. You may take a little. Be sure you take the right bottle."

Buffles lost no time. He opened the cupboard and saw a phalanx of bottles of all sizes and shapes. He had a medicine-bottle and cork ready to hand. Three among the host were black wine-bottles. He uncorked one of these and applied his nose—not quite sure. Poured a little into his vial—not the right colour. Tossed it into the fire. Buffles tried another. Oh, yes; that was brandy all right. He filled the vial and departed.

Alas! for the frailty of human judgment! This fluid which Buffles fondly supposed to be brandy was nothing else than the most abominable of pharmaceutical concoctions. It was the stuff known as "House Mixture," supplied by the school physician, and dispensed by the matron to boys suffering from a bilious attack.

Off hurried the deluded Buffles to the wood-yard, and found Grubbins just returning from the same errand. The others had all deposited their contributions, and the president was informed with due ceremony. He had borrowed a large earthenware dish of Mrs. Carey.

It was now 2.45 p.m.; there was a clear hour in which to prepare the trifle before school. The Dumpling would not allow any member of the club to assist in the culinary operations. In solemn and solitary silence he took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, arranged the messes in order, and went at it with the no-mistakey air of a professional in the confectioner's craft.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

"You must not leave Montreal without first shooting the Rapids."

So said every one whom I knew in Montreal, as my visit to that picturesque old city was drawing to an unwelcome close; and as "what every one says must be right," I determined for once in a way to take advice.

Although vessels, even of the enormous draught of some of the Transatlantic liners, find ready anchorage and wharfage at the Port of Montreal, the city is situated at the very head of the (naturally) navigable waters of the mighty St. Lawrence.

About nine miles above Montreal is the little village of Lachine, and midway between the two extend for some five miles the far-famed Lachine Rapids, the longest, the swiftest, and the most dangerous on the St. Lawrence. A series of very fine locks permit vessels of certain limited draught to ascend and descend between Montreal and the navigable water above Lachine, but at certain times of the year many of the steamers prefer, on their downward trip, to "shoot the Rapids," and so effect a considerable saving both in time and in canal tolls.

To meet one of these steamers at Lachine, and run the Rapids in her to Montreal, is one of the favourite amusements of the tourist and visitor.

The village of Lachine in itself has little to recommend it to the traveller beyond its lovely situation on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. It is said to owe its name to the early French explorers of Canada, who were firmly convinced, when they had surmounted the Rapids on their voyage up the St. Lawrence, that they had discovered a new and direct route to Asia. On beholding the vast fertile plain extending back from the river's banks, they loudly exclaimed "La Chine! La Chine!" believing that they had arrived in China. But if not very attractive in itself, the ride to Lachine by rail is very pretty, and the high-road is one of the favourite drives of the Montrealers.

The best time of the year to shoot the Rapids is in the late spring. After the long winter the thawed snow and ice swell the volume of the river considerably, and the height and the speed of the Rapids are proportionately increased. Indeed the feat is very hazardous, and sometimes even impossible, in the late summer and autumn, especially after a dry hot season, when the water is too low to permit a large boat to pass down in safety.

Having finally fixed upon a day for the adventure, one lovely morning in the latter end of May I took train from Montreal, and in about half an hour arrived at Lachine. A very short time sufficed to explore the village, and as the steamer by which I intended to return was not timed to leave Lachine until evening, I took a boat and was rowed across the river to the celebrated village of Canghnawaga. This settlement is peopled entirely by full-blooded but civilised Indians. They have schools, churches, shops, and every other feature of the white man's village, including unhappily the tavern. They farm and raise some stock, but the greatest part of their income is derived from the sale of curious knickknacks which they manufacture in endless variety. Embroidered moccasins, tobacco pouches, cigar cases, and countless trifles in woven grass, carved wood, and birch bark, find a ready sale in large quantities amongst the numerous tourists who visit the settlement. The chief of the tribe is the proprietor of a grocery and general shop, in the parlour behind which he receives and entertains visitors in princely style.

Another very profitable source of income to the Indians is the piloting of the vessels which shoot the Rapids.

The channel is so narrow and tortuous, and the risks so great, that few white men will venture to run a boat down. But the Indian pilot, to whom every foot of the river is familiar, takes charge of the wheel with the utmost confidence; a confidence, it is only fair to say, which is very rarely misplaced.

After a pleasant chat with various members of the tribe, I was preparing to recross the river, but on learning that I intended to shoot the Rapids, the chief very courteously offered to put me on board the steamer in his own canoe, adding that he himself was engaged to pilot the steamer down. Although I had imbibed a very wholesome dread of the frail brown-papery-looking birch-bark canoe, which does duty as a boat universally on the upper waters, I accepted his kind offer, and shortly afterwards, seeing the smoke of the approaching steamer in the distance, we put off.

In the bow of the canoe knelt a stalwart, handsome young brave, wielding with great vigour and dexterity a short, broad-headed, single-bladed paddle. In the stern knelt the chief, also plying a paddle, and between them I, the passenger, crouched in a sort of Turkish cross-legged fashion on the bottom of the canoe.

Under the energetic strokes of the Indians a very short time sufficed to send the canoe across the river (which is here over a mile broad), and just as we reached the landing the steamer, slackening her speed, drew up to the wharf. I scrambled on board, nearly

upsetting the canoe as I did so, followed by the chief, who, with a nod to the captain, at once stepped aft and took the wheel. Following the instructions I had received, I made my way to the very prow of the vessel and awaited developments.

For the first few minutes nothing very striking occurred, save that as the steamer swung out into the current her speed rapidly increased, but after traversing rather more than a mile, as she turned a bend in the river, there lay the Rapids right in front of us.

With a speed already terrific, but always increasing, the boat dashed on. The first intimation I received that we had entered the Rapids was a heavy shower of spray as she dashed into the foaming, seething flood. Then all my energies were required to hold on to a friendly rope and hope for the best.

With racehorse, nay, with express-train, speed, the gallant boat plunged through the rushing torrent. At times her prow far out of the water and her keel shining in the sun. Again, a sudden shiver and a plunge as her bow buried itself in the waves and the stern in turn stood high. And all the time her huge paddles thrashing the foaming, raging river into even more maddened fury.

The rate at which the river flows down the Rapids has been estimated at about forty-five to fifty miles per hour. The steamer, in order to have some steerage-way upon her, that she may be obedient to her helm, must go still faster than the current, so the average rate for those five miles of Rapids cannot be much under a mile a minute.

About halfway down the river is divided into two branches by a green and tree-covered islet. One side of this islet consists of a huge mass of jagged rock, and for this rock the pilot held the steamer right head on. Involuntarily I let go the rope by which I was holding, and gathered myself together for a spring the moment she touched; it seemed as if all hope was gone.

Driving at terrific speed through such raging water it did not seem possible that any human power could avert the apparently impending calamity.

We were within twenty yards of the rock. Already one could see the mosses and lichens which clad its crannies, when, with a sudden wrenching swoop, like a swallow on the wing, the good boat spun round, her paddles revolving at racing speed, and with the dart of an arrow she shot across the river.

The Indian Pilot.

So close did she pass that the overhanging boughs of the island trees brushed her paddle-boxes as she dashed by.

It seemed a very near touch, but the only practicable chance through the middle Rapids is the direct course we took. Should the helmsman lose his nerve at the critical moment, should the boat refuse to answer her helm, or the engines to act in accordance with the pilot's orders, nothing but absolute destruction can result. But the calm self-possession of the Indian pilot, the unceasing watchfulness and implicit obedience of the steamer's hands, and the careful supervision all her parts regularly receive, bring the vessel through in entire safety nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand.

After the islet reach is passed, although the dangers are by no means over, to the inexperienced eye all seems comparatively plain sailing. The landsman, fortunately for himself, cannot see the cruel submerged rocks, with their jagged edges ready to tear the whole bottom from the stoutest-built boat, and the swift cross currents, powerful enough to drag the strongest steamer from her course, hurl her into the foaming breakers above the rocky reefs, and dash her into a million pieces.

But to the trained eye of the pilot all these are as clear and evident as the steamer's deck. With never-relaxing vigilance his gaze is fixed ahead on signs and guiding marks known only to himself.

Backwards and forwards, with never ceasing motion, turns the great wheel, its spokes grasped firmly in his sinewy copper-coloured hands. Constantly sounding, too, is the engine-room signal bell, conveying his instructions to the men in charge of the engines.

And beautifully the boat behaves. Darting hither and thither in obedience to her helm, she threads the mazy lines of rocks and currents, always on the very edge of destruction, but always, just when it seems all hope is gone, shooting back into safety.

However, at the speed we have come at, even five miles of Rapids must soon be passed. Now the steamer's speed is perceptibly slackening, and as we glide under the grand Victoria Bridge—the wonderful tube (only some sixty yards short of two miles in length) which the celebrated Robert Stephenson designed and built across the St. Lawrence at a cost of about £1,300,000—into the calm but still swift current of the lower river, we look at our watches.

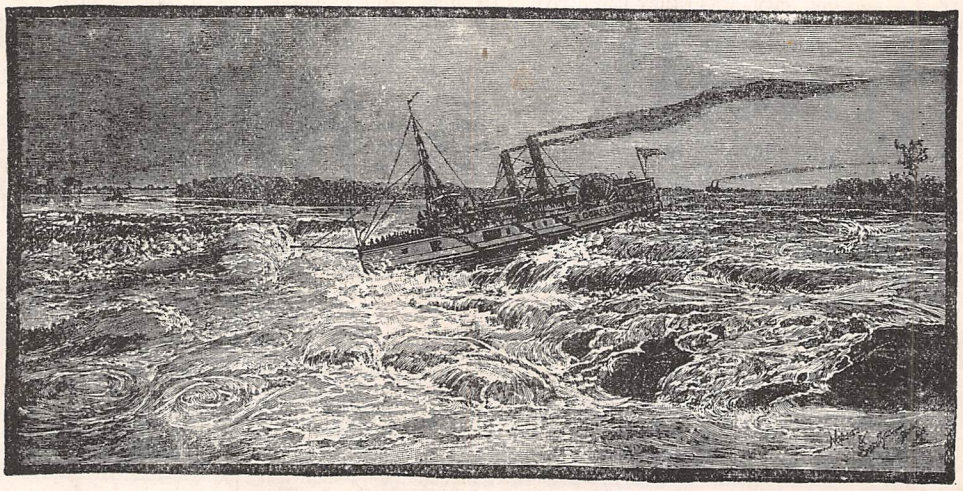
"What! Only twelve minutes from Lachine! Why, it seemed hours. Hours certainly we hung dead stern on to that great island rock!"

But no; in twelve minutes we have run down about eight miles; three of them at rapid speed certainly, but five of them in not much more than five minutes!

The remaining mile to the steamer's wharf is done at a much more leisurely rate, and as she swings steadily in to the landing-place, amid all the noise and bustle of passengers preparing to land, I hear the captain heave a deep sigh of relief.

I don't wonder either.

C. M.



Shooting the Rapids.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

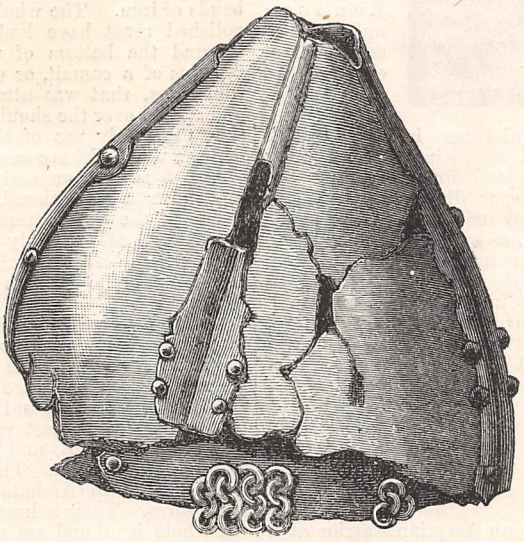


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

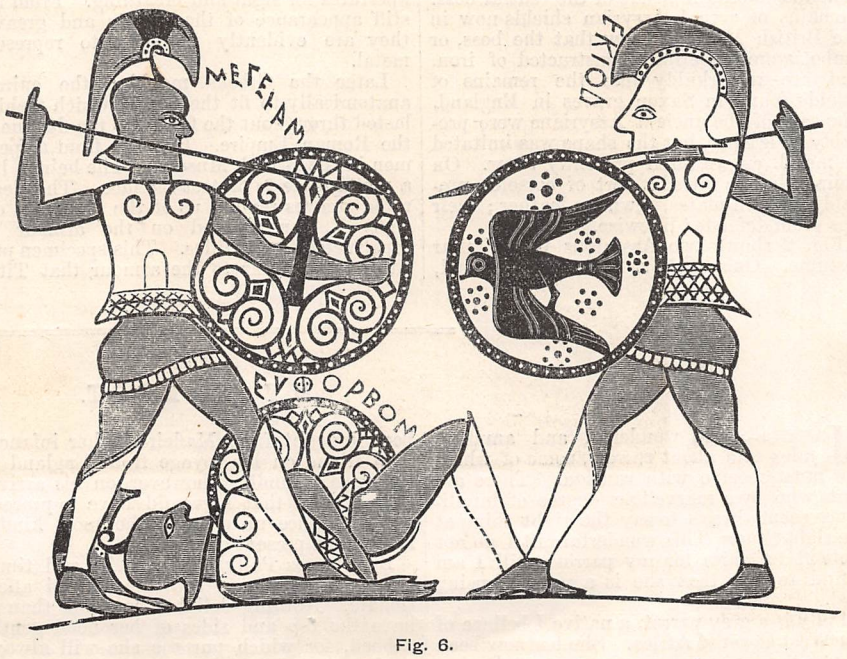


Fig. 6.

1. Assyrian warrior at a triumphal entry into a conquered city.
2. Assyrian warrior shooting behind a portable pavis.
3. Assyrian slinger.
4. Assyrian helmet.
5. Ancient Roman warrior.
6. Combat between Menelaos and Hektor over the wounded Euphorbos.

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.—*See p. 25.*

By John Sachs.

PURPOSE, at the suggestion of our Editor, giving a brief but thoroughly trustworthy description of the different kinds of armour used in times past.

We commenced our pleasant task by obtaining permission from the Secretary of State to sketch examples in the Tower of London; and we also selected and engraved from the specimens, manuscripts, and sculptures in the British Museum, as well as gathered from other authentic English and foreign sources, the facts which we hope will at once entertain and instruct our boy readers the world over.

In remote times, as man felt the danger to life from the club, pointed stick, arrows from the bow, and missiles from the sling, he, in self-defence, according to his resources and means, invented coverings for the head and body proof against these weapons. We have, of course, all read the eleventh chapter of Genesis and thirteenth verse, which shows that the Israelites were acquainted with the bow at a very early period, and probably used shields and some kind of defensive armour. We can see what they were like from the ancient Egyptian paintings and sculptures.

Fig. 1 represents an Assyrian warrior at a triumphal entry after the conquest of a city. He is holding up a shield, the handle of which is across the inside of the central boss. Remains of actual Assyrian shields now in the British Museum show that the boss, or umbo, were sometimes constructed of iron, and are remarkably like the remains of shields found in Saxon graves in England. The caps of the ancient Assyrians were probably of leather, but the shape was imitated in metal, as we shall presently show. On their bodies is fitted a sort of corselet, probably of horn-plates, sewn on leather; their legs seem defended likewise.

Fig. 2 shows two Assyrians in a similar costume. One holds a spear in one hand, and in the other a tall shield, which is curved at the top for the purpose of glancing off arrows and missiles. Behind this defence the front figure is shooting upwards with a bow and arrow.

Fig. 3 also represents a slinger in military habit, but he has a strap over his shoulder for carrying a receptacle for stones. These sculptures date about the period of the prophet Daniel, and probably illustrate the arms and armour of a century previous.

In 1 Sam. chap. xvii., we have an early example of a battle decided by single combat. Goliath is described as having a helmet of brass, being armed with a coat of mail of heavy weight, greaves of brass or bronze upon his legs, and a target or gorget between his shoulders, the staff of his spear being like a weaver's beam, and one bearing a shield going before him. Well, Fig. 4 is copied from the actual remains of an Assyrian helmet found at Kojoungik, and preserved at the British Museum. The pattern is like the caps on the soldiers above illustrated. This helmet is of bronze, further strengthened with bands of iron. The whole when bright and polished must have had a brilliant effect. Around the bottom of the helmet are the remains of a camail, or cape, constructed of iron rings, that was attached to the helmet and spread over the shoulders. This example shows the early use of chain-mail, of which defence we shall have more to say.

Fig. 5 is from an early Roman example, and shows a transitional, or mixture of two fashions, the cap pattern giving place to a crested helmet, the body-dress similar to the Assyrians, which was called by the Romans Lorica, but the greaves to the legs are of bronze.

As the art of working in metals was developed, the cuirass was made in two pieces only. An early example (Fig. 6) can be seen on a Greek earthenware plate exhibited in the British Museum, and is supposed to date 600 B.C. The subject represents a combat between Menelaos and Hektor over the wounded Euphorbos. These Homeric names are inscribed in Archaic Greek letters over the figures. Their helmets are made to cover the whole head and are curved at the back for the convenience of holding the head upwards; a mask pattern is on the front with apertures for sight and breathing. From the stiff appearance of the cuirass and greaves they are evidently intended to represent metal.

Later the Greeks moulded the cuirass anatomically to fit the figure, which fashion lasted throughout the Greek to the decline of the Roman Empire. Fig. 7 is from a specimen in the British Museum. The helmet has a metal piece to protect the face. The decorated greaves remind us of the elaborate designs Vulcan worked on the armour he constructed for Achilles. This specimen probably was similar to the armour that Titus wore before Jerusalem, where he twice saved an entire Roman legion when in jeopardy by his courage and skill in arms. He must have been quick in his sight and ready, for Josephus relates that once Titus went to view the city of Jerusalem without taking

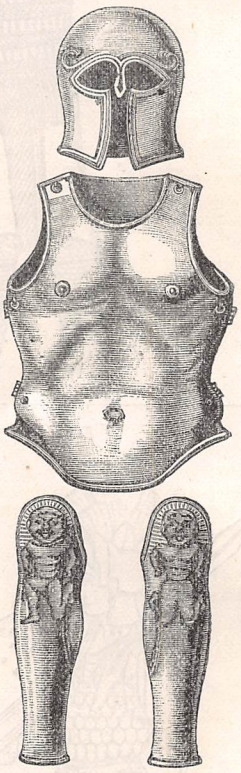


Fig. 7.

the precaution of wearing armour. He was observed by the Jews, who shot darts at him which he diverted with his sword.

The coming of an armed man (Prov. vi. 11) must have been a terror in those days. This was the armour that the Apostle Paul bore in his mind when he wrote in his Epistle to the Ephesians, vi. 13 to 17, "Wherefore take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breast-plate of righteousness; and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

(To be continued.)

MY PARROT.

MANY are the wonderful and amusing tales told about parrots, some of which one must receive with caution. There are birds who by a marvellous degree of intelligence seem always to say the right thing at the right time. This wonderful gift I do not pretend to claim for my parrot; still I am bound to say that she is a most amusing bird.

Polly is a grey parrot, a native I believe of the West Coast of Africa. She has now been in my possession about three years, having been brought from Madeira in her infancy, by a friend on his voyage from England to the Cape. Finding, however, on his arrival in Capetown that he would have to proceed some distance up country, he most kindly made me a present of the bird.

By degrees Polly lost her wild and timid nature, and is now most tame and affectionate. Nothing delights her more than to have the top and sides of her head gently rubbed, for which purpose she will always come to one side of her cage, and seems absolutely to *thrill* with delight under the operation, turning her head in every direction and pecking gently at my fingers. At one time she was very fond of screaming out, "Scratchy pole," which she had learnt from me, and always seemed to associate with this head-rubbing. I often now do the same thing under her wings, for which purpose she will always raise them, and gently peck my fingers the while. She also allows me to take her out of the cage, and will climb to my shoulder and place her beak against my

cheek and lips in a most affectionate manner. I might still describe many of her interesting and amusing tricks, but will tell you instead a little about her talking powers.

Of course the ABC of this branch of her education was (as it is in the case of so many *human* parrots) admiration of *self*. "Polly," "Pretty Polly," "Pretty birdie," "Dear old birdie," and so on. All these she will repeat in every imaginable tone of voice. I remember one morning about twelve months ago I came downstairs from my room and was reading the morning paper just inside the hall door, Miss Polly being in her cage outside on the stoep. While reading I heard as I thought the voice of Doctor C. (the gentleman of the house) speaking to Polly as I had often heard him: I therefore looked round the corner with the intention of wishing him good morning, but to my surprise Polly was the only individual there, and she it was who had so exactly imitated my friend's voice. This gentleman is now dead, but I still often hear Polly praising herself in precisely the same tone of voice. At the same house we had a lemur, or Madagascar cat, which, though a very pretty little creature, was not only treacherous in its temper, but also possessed a most atrocious voice, very much like that of a cat in a bad temper. This, I am sorry to say, Polly at once picked up, and seemed to irritate the lemur exceedingly by her mockery of it. She also imitated very naturally the yelping of a small dog. I am glad to say she seems to have forgotten the lemur's melodious cry, though she still occasionally mews and barks very naturally.

After I left the friends with whom I was staying I took private rooms, and here Miss Polly was a very pleasant companion, especially at my lonely meals. She seemed quite to look forward to evening, when I always let her out and allowed her to stand on the top of her cage close to me. Here she had literally a "bird's-eye" view of the table and its contents, and sometimes, if I put her within reasonable distance, would stretch out one leg to its utmost extent, and by aid of claws and beak obtain a footing on the table, when she seemed to imagine that everything was her peculiar property, though the milk-jug was the object of her more *special* attention. I always gave her some bread and milk when I had finished my own meal, and directly she saw me preparing it and heard me say, "Is this for Polly?" down she would walk from her exalted position, enter the door, and wait anxiously for me to fill her tin. During this time I taught her several sentences, such as "You donkey," which she ever after seemed to delight in calling *me*, laying special emphasis on the quadruped's name. She would then indignantly scream to be released from captivity, "Let me *out*," "*You* let me *out*," or would all at once appear very anxious to dispense with your company altogether, shouting out, "Get *away*," "You get *away*."

I have now left these rooms, and am living with an old friend whom I knew well in the dear old home country. Between us Polly's education proceeds rapidly. Mr. H. is fond of attempting to pull Polly's red tail, of which she is very vain, and it is most ludicrous to see her skip about in her cage in order to escape the indignity. It occurred to me on seeing this to teach her the sentence, "You let my tail alone!" which she is now never tired of repeating in the most emphatic manner, though I must say it is always when no one is thinking of attempting such a thing. The stress she lays upon the word *tail* is most amusing. "Let my *tail* alone! You let my *tail* alone!"

At one time she very much hated a stick, especially if one attempted to poke her with it, when she would scream most indignantly. She now, however, is so accustomed to it that she will even allow it to be rested on her back, or her head to be rubbed with it. I think, as a rule, it is very unwise to tease, because it is liable to make the bird treacherous and bad-tempered, but no teasing seems to have such an effect on my parrot. Indeed, she appears rather to enjoy it than otherwise. She is now while I am writing screaming out the inquiry, "Who are you?" and persists in doing so though I have constantly told her that "I am the owner of a very noisy bird."

The chief times for displaying her conversational powers are early in the morning, about three in the afternoon, and at sunset; indeed, such a noise does she make that my friend has nicknamed her "the old chatterbox," of which title she so much approves that she is never weary of repeating it.

One more amusing point I must mention, and that is that she appears at times to *confuse* her sentences, or stop in the *middle*, as if uncertain whether she was correct in her statement. For example, I have heard her confuse the two sentences, "You donkey!" and "Dear old Polly!" in this way: "You—dear old Polly!" or again, having repeated the vowels (for she has commenced her alphabet), she will end by calling you a donkey, thus, "A-e-i-o-u—donkey!" She will also at times omit a syllable or word altogether, making the sentence sound very ludicrous. For instance, "You donkey!" is sometimes "You *donk* . . .!" "You let my *tail* alone!" is "You let *my* . . . alone!" and so on.

It is most amusing also to listen to her when talking to herself, which if no one is near she occasionally does, in a kind of *confidential* tone which it is impossible to make anything of, but which reminds one of the common "Punch" call. Her whistling powers are also very remarkable, the tones being exceedingly rich and varied, and sometimes in the evening, when I open my room-door and the light from the lamp streams on to her cage, there is a preliminary flutter of her wings, a low kind of amused chuckle, and she then breaks out into a whistle such as I have described, generally ending up when the door is shut with a low-toned and confidential "Polly!"

In conclusion, I need hardly say that the above sketch is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, nor though I have been told by others of many more accomplishments possessed by Polly, I have been careful to relate nothing which I have not heard or seen myself. Polly is certainly a most amusing and affectionate bird, but I do not, as I said before, claim for her anything but a degree of intelligence (if we may so call it) greater perhaps than that possessed by the majority of parrots, and, as I have often told my pupils, nearly equal to that of many boys I know. As to the best way of teaching parrots to talk, I perfectly agree with a statement I read in the BOY'S OWN PAPER some time ago. Try and gain the bird's affection by kindness, and always taking care to feed it yourself. Just one word before I end, on a question about which there seems to be a great diversity of opinion, "Is it a good thing to give parrots water?" I never do so myself, though I always give her bread moistened with milk morning and evening and a few mealies (known to you as Indian corn or maize) at midday. Of course I also give her fruit when possible. Grapes, of which in season there are plenty at 1s. 6d. per bushel basket, she is particularly fond of.

As regards the water question, an old lady who had a parrot nearly twenty years assured me that she never gave her any water at all.

Capetown, South Africa. J. D.

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER II.—TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

WHAT most humiliated the young engineer in the answer he received from Mr. Watkins was the fact that, in spite of the rudeness in which it was couched, the decision was not unreasonable. When he came to think matters over he was surprised at himself for not having seen the farmer's very obvious objections.

But the fact is, that up till then he had never dreamt of the difference of fortune, race, and education between the young lady and himself. Accustomed for the last five or six years to regard minerals merely from their scientific point of view, diamonds were in his eyes but specimens of carbon adapted for exhibition in the museum of the School of Mines. In France he had moved in quite a different social circle from what he did here, and he had quite lost sight of the commercial value of the rich mine possessed by the farmer. The thought that there was a difference in station between the daughter of the owner of Vandergaart Kopje and himself had never entered his head.

The sharp reprimand he had received from Watkins awoke him from his illusion. Cyprien had too much sense not to appreciate the farmer's reasons, and too much honesty to be angry at a decision which he admitted was, in the main, a just one.

But the blow was none the less severe, and now that he had to give up Alice he found how dear she had become to him in those three months. For only three months had elapsed since his arrival in Griqualand.

How far off it all seemed!

Landing with his friend Pharamond Barthes—an old schoolfellow who had come out to South Africa on his third hunting and exploring expedition—he had separated from him at the Cape. Barthes started for Basutoland to engage an escort; Cyprien secured a seat in the

heavy, lumbering, fourteen-horse waggon —the stage-coach of the Veld—and set out for the Diamond Fields.

Five or six huge cases—a complete chemical and mineralogical laboratory, from which he was very loth to part—formed the luggage of the youthful scientist; but the coach only allowed a hundredweight of luggage to each passenger, and he had consequently been obliged to entrust his precious cases to the tender mercies of a bullock cart.

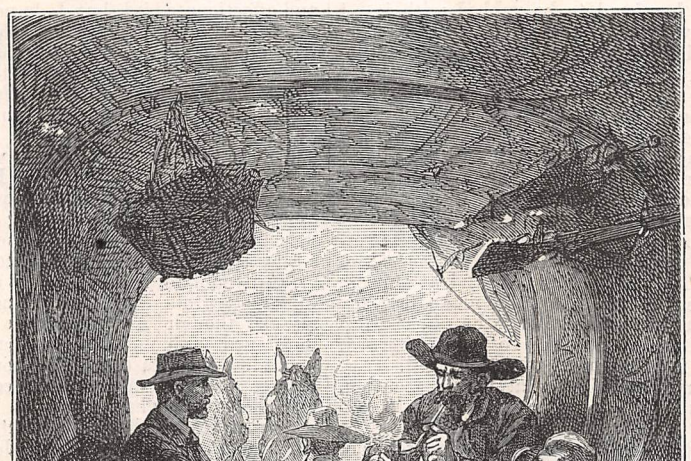
The "coach" held twelve passengers. It was covered with a canvas tilt, and had four enormous wheels constantly wet from crossing the fords. The horses, which were occasionally replaced by mules, were harnessed in pairs, and driven by two coachmen seated side by side on the front bench. One held the reins while the other manipulated a tremendously long bamboo whip, not unlike a huge fishing-rod, and used it to guide the horses as well as to urge them on.

The road goes by Beaufort, a pleasant little place at the foot of the Nieuwveld Mountains, across the hills to Victoria, then to Hopetown on the Orange, and thence to Kimberley and the principal diamond centres, which are but a few miles away from it.

It is a wearying, monotonous journey across the Veld, and takes from eight to nine days. The landscape is most miserable—red plains, scattered stones like moraine rubbish on the surface, and grey rock cropping out from below, half-starved-looking bushes, and here and there a stunted sickly plant. At long intervals a few dilapidated farms doing duty for inns. The hospitality of these inns is somewhat rudimentary. The "good accommodation for man and beast" comprises neither a bed for the man nor litter for the beast, and the provisions are tinned ones that have gone the round of the world, and sell at the buyer's risk for their weight in gold.

There being nothing for the horses at the farms, the teams are unharnessed and allowed to wander about in search of their own food. They have to be caught again before a start can be made, and the loss of time thus occasioned may be imagined.

Great is the jolting of the primitive coach along the still more primitive roads. The seats are the lids of the wooden lockers which hold the light luggage of the passengers, and on them for a week or more their possessors go thump-jump like so many forge hammers as the waggon rolls along. Impossible to read, impossible to sleep, nay, even impossible to talk!



"One of the most popular jokes of this personage."

Cyprien's fellow-travellers were fairly representative of the floating population peculiar to gold and diamond fields. There was an ungainly Neapolitan, with long black hair, a face like parchment, and a pair of glittering treacherous-looking eyes, who said his name was Annibale Pantalacci; a Portuguese Jew named Nathan, an expert in diamonds, who kept himself quiet in a corner and looked upon humanity like a philosopher; a tall collier, Thomas Steel, with a red beard and broad shoulders, who had left his native Lancashire to try his fortune in Griqualand; a German, Herr Fredel, who spoke like an oracle and knew everything about diamonds and diamond digging—in theory; a thin-lipped Yankee, who reckoned to open a canteen and persuade the miners to waste their hard-earned wealth; a farmer from the Hartz; a Boer from the Orange Free State; an ivory trader on his way to Namaqua Land; two Transvaal colonists; and a Chinaman named Li—like every other Chinaman—made up the most heterogeneous, noisy, and disorderly company in which it was ever given to a man to find himself.

At first Cyprien was amused, but not for long. There was only Steel with his massive strength and loud laughter, and Li with his gentle catlike ways, in whom he continued to take the slightest interest. To the Neapolitan, with his spiteful buffooneries, he felt the strongest aversion.

One of the most popular jokes of this personage consisted in his tying on to the Chinaman's pigtail, whenever he got an opportunity, a collection of miscellaneous objects, such as bundles of greens, cabbage-stalks, a cow's tail, and a horse's bladebone, picked up on the road.

The Chinaman unconcernedly removed the articles from his appendage, and neither by word, look, nor gesture showed that he considered the pleasantry beyond the bounds of propriety. His yellow face and little almond eyes were as unalterably placid as if he were quite a stranger to what was passing around him. In fact it seemed as though he understood not a word of all that was spoken in this Noah's Ark bound north for Griqualand.

And Annibale Pantalacci, in his broken English, was profuse in his very vulgar witticisms on the same subject, and kept the travellers in a roar of laughter. What made the laugh all the longer was that the Boers invariably took some time to see the joke, and burst out noisily about three minutes after everybody else.

Cyprien at last became indignant at the dead set thus made against the unfortunate Li, and told Pantalacci that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The Neapolitan would probably have made some insolent rejoinder, but a word from Steel put a sudden check on him.

"No," said the Lancashire man, regretting that he had laughed with the others, "it isn't fair play to keep on like that at a chap who doesn't even understand your lingo."

Here the matter dropped for a time. But a few minutes after Cyprien was surprised to see the quietly ironical look of thanks with which the Chinaman regarded him, and which made him think that Li knew rather more English than he gave him credit for.

But it was in vain that at the next halt he tried to engage the Chinaman in conversation. Li remained mute and impassible. Henceforward the young engineer looked upon him as an enigma whose key might be found with perseverance, and made a constant study of the smooth yellow face, the mouth like a sword-cut opening on to the row of very white teeth, the short broad nose, the

large forehead, and the slanting eyes always cast down as if to hide the latent malice in their look.

"Bound north for Griqualand."

What age was Li? Fifteen or sixty? Impossible to say. If his teeth, his eyes, and his hair black as soot, made him look quite young, the wrinkles in his forehead, his cheeks, and even round his mouth, gave him the appearance of an old man. He was short and of slight active build, and seemed to be rather a good sort of fellow than otherwise.

Was he rich or poor? Another dubious question! His grey trousers, yellow blouse, plaited string hat, felt-soled shoes, and stockings of immaculate whiteness, might have belonged to a mandarin of the first class or to a man of the people.

His luggage consisted of a solitary red box with an address in black ink,

"H. Li,

"From Canton to the Cape."

The Chinaman was the very pattern of neatness, never smoked, nor drank anything but water, and took advantage of every halt to carefully shave his head.

Cyprien found he could make nothing of him, and soon gave him up as a mystery.

(To be continued.)

AN EVENING AT THE IVY.

By Theodore Wood.

PART II.

With such pleasant recollections thronging into our memory, the lantern is lighted, a supply of boxes placed ready to hand, and our companion takes the net, which is to be held beneath the blossoms under examination in order that the designs of the artful ones may be frustrated. Cautiously and hopefully the light is turned on to the nearest flower, just in time to see one of the beautiful *Xanthia* moths, which had been fluttering over the blossom, take hurriedly to flight. No matter, however; he had only been experimenting, and is sure to return before very long, for he must be unusually strong-minded if he is able to resist the seductions of the fragrant bloom.

Only an inch or two farther away is a specimen of the Red-line Quaker (*Orthosia lota*), resting side by side with an Angle-shades (*Phlogophora meticulosa*). Both insects are busily engaged, and are so absorbed in their occupation that the glare of the lamplight is not sufficient to check their repast for a single moment. Nor does the Angle-shades deign to move even when his companion is pill-boxed, seeming to feel that he himself is far too common an insect to be at all likely to share a similar fate. We do not abuse his confidence, and leave him still in the hearty enjoyment of his repast.

A couple of earwigs are hard at work upon an adjacent flower, and keep constantly shifting their position, as though to ascertain by the most satisfactory test—that of personal experience—the very best position for extracting the sweet juices. Hard by the two explorers is a large spider, evidently upon the look-out for victims, for he, at all events, is not likely to be contented with a vegetarian diet, even though the banquet consist of veritable nectar. Perhaps he will try conclusions with one of the earwigs, in which case a very sharp little battle will probably be the result.

Upon the very next blossom is another of the *Xanthias*, a splendid specimen of the Pink-barred Sallow (*X. silago*), perhaps the most exquisite species of this beautiful genus, with its orange wings traversed by markings of richest purple. One rapid movement of the finger and thumb and his fate is sealed, a second pill-box being immediately handed to us by our companion, in readiness for another victim.

Here is a shocking example of the evils of intemperance in the form of a belated butterfly, which, either unable or unwilling to leave the tempting repast at the approach of darkness, is now in a hopelessly maudlin condition, inert and sluggish, and falling helplessly to the ground when we forcibly remove him from his perch. Well, he must take his chance, but it will be odd indeed if some wandering toad, or other untiring foe of the insect race, does not snap him up before he has slept off the effects of his debauch.

Common moths are in plenty, for darkness has now fairly set in, and new visitors arrive in a constant and unbroken stream. All around us are dusky forms flitting to and fro, now dimly outlined against the sky, and now visible only by reason of the refulgent lustre of their eyes, which look like so many minute globes of liquid fire as they reflect back the light of the lantern. Almost every blossom, too, is tenanted by one or more occupants, and the overcrowding upon certain favoured sprigs of bloom is sometimes quite amusing to witness.

Here is something worth having at last in the shape of a magnificent specimen of the Pearly Underwing (*Agrotis saucia*), a large and somewhat clumsy insect about the size of the common Yellow Underwing. This is by no means a common species, and we are very pleased when he is safely installed in a commodious pill-box, and transferred to the coat-pocket set apart for captures.

There are plenty of such common things as Chestnuts (*Glœa*), Yellow-line Quakers (*Orthosia macilenta*), Angle-shades, and so on, diversified every now and then by a *Xanthia* or a delicate Marbled Carpet (*Cidaria russata*). Here and there, too, is a Sword-grass (*Calocampa exoleta*), looking, as the Rev. Joseph Green happily puts it, not unlike a sausage, while Yellow Underwings (*Triphœna*), Small Square-spots (*Noctua rubi*), Lunar Underwings (*Anchocelis lunosa*), Beaded Chestnuts (*A. pistacina*), and various others, are occasionally met with. We get a nice series of the Brown-spot Pinion (*A. litura*) also, as well as several beautiful specimens of the Green-brindled Crescent (*Miselia oxyacanthæ*), which are very welcome to replace the damaged examples at present in our collection.

With all these captures, our store of empty pill-boxes is fast decreasing, and we are obliged to pass by many insects which we should otherwise have taken in order to leave room for any occasional rarity with which we may be fortunate enough to meet. Well is it for us that we did so, as it shortly turns out, for a beautiful specimen of the Orange Upper-wing (*Hoporina croceago*) is discovered intent upon making the best use

of his time at a peculiarly luxuriant blossom. Now we find the advantage of insisting that the net shall always be held in readiness beneath every blossom as it is examined, for our friend *crocecago* drops as soon as the lantern light is turned upon him, and is intercepted and pill-boxed as rapidly as though he had allowed himself to be captured in the ordinary manner. This is a prize indeed, being by far the best insect with which we have met this evening, and as it is a new species to our collection we are greatly elated in consequence. Hopes of further specimens urge us on to further exertions; but these hopes, alas! are doomed not to be realised.

Another intoxicated butterfly is detected before we leave, and shares the same fate as his predecessor. One or two bees and wasps, too, we find in the same condition of hopeless drunkenness, with but just sufficient strength remaining to cling feebly to their footholds. Some of the moths, too, which were earller visitants than their comrades, and have consequently enjoyed greater opportunities for tippling, are beginning to show pretty evident signs of having absorbed as much as is good for them, for no amount of touching and poking will cause them to take to flight, or even to fall to the ground. Two or three more of these find their way into our boxes, but one of which now remains empty, and this we reserve in case of meeting with something while on our homeward way.

And so, after a couple of hours or so of pleasant and exciting work, we bid farewell to the ivy, and set out upon our return journey. We have seen no Dotted or Red-headed Chestnuts, it is true, but we have got *crocecago*, as well as several lesser raritics, and have therefore no cause to feel discontented. And, long ere we reach home, we resolve that before the season is over we will try our luck again, and see whether we cannot do still better while enjoying another evening at the ivy.

AMONG THE BLACKS;

OR, STRANGER THAN FICTION.

the few cases of white men abandoning civilisation to live for a time among the Australian Blacks, none is more interesting than that of the shipwrecked cabin-boy, Narcisse Pellatier.

Pellatier was the son of a shoemaker at Saint Gilles, near Bordeaux, and, in 1858, was cabin-boy of the Saint Paul, a French vessel then on a voyage from China to Australia with three hundred and fifty Chinese emigrants. All went well with the Saint Paul until she was off the south-east of New Guinea, when, as she was passing through the Louisiade Archipelago she struck on a reef and became a total wreck. Fortunately no life was lost and all got safely to shore.

The boats, however, were insufficient to carry more than the crew, and the captain, feeling uneasy at remaining on an island liable to be swooped down upon at any time by a band of reputed cannibals, resolved to leave his passengers behind him and take his crew to the Australian coast. The unfortunate Chinese were consequently abandoned, and the boats started on their six-hundred-mile sail.

The natives of the archipelago did not belie their reputation. They soon discovered the Chinese and made them prisoners, and then proceeded to feed upon them. In the most deliberate manner they killed off the Celestials two at a time, and out of the three hundred and fifty no less than three hundred and thirty-four had furnished forth the cannibal banquet when the sixteen survivors were discovered by a passing vessel, and rescued from their horrible fate.

Meanwhile the boats of the Saint Paul had successfully crossed to the mainland, and reached First Red Rocky Point, a little south of Cape Direction on the Cape York Peninsula. Here, after a short stay, the captain abandoned Pellatier, as he had abandoned the Chinamen, and put to sea to make his way down the coast. The selfish Frenchmen were never heard of again; a storm came on, and the boats were probably swamped.

The Blacks at Cape Direction found the boy asleep. Seeing he was hungry they gave him food, were kind to him, and took him off with them to their huts. With them he lived for seventeen years, fishing, hunting, and fighting with the neighbouring tribes.

He was discovered on 11th April, 1875, by the crew of the John Bell, pearl schooner, then at anchor off Night Island. He was quite naked, his body had darkened to a rich brown-red, his skin was glazed, and his breast was tattooed with scarifications as thick as a pencil, and in the lobe of his right ear was a piece of wood half an inch thick and four inches long. Of his tattoo scars he was very proud; they had been made with pieces of quartz, and in order to get the relief the lips of the cuts had been raised by constant pinching during the healing process.

He was very loth to leave the Makadamas—such is the name of the tribe in that part of Northern Queensland—and they were very sorry to lose him. He had retained his knowledge of reading and writing, could count up to a hundred, and drew excellent sketches of the animals he had hunted during his long spell of savagery. At first, he said, his thoughts often reverted to his father and mother and the home he had left, but as the years rolled by all such ideas faded from his mind, and he became thoroughly identified in thought and action with the aboriginals. Sudden as was the change to civilisation, he bore it with equanimity, and returned to France, where, according to the latest advices, he is still alive.

Another famous instance of life with the Blacks is that of William Buckley, "the Wild White Man of the Australian Bush," who died in Hobart in 1856. Buckley had been one of the conspirators to assassinate the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar. He was transported in 1803, and went to Australia in the fleet under Governor Collins, the first sent out to settle Port Philip. On the 27th of December of that year Buckley and several of the other convicts escaped, and Collins had in consequence to abandon the settlement. Buckley lived with the Blacks for thirty-two years, and when found in 1835 by the first permanent settlers, had almost forgotten his language, and was in every respect a savage. In a short time, however, he became fairly re-civilised, if we may use such a term, and became a native interpreter. One result of his savage life was a great increase in his height, his stature in his later days being no less than six feet five inches.

Another famous case is that of James Davies, the Scotch blacksmith, who was transported in the Minstrel in 1824. He had been sent up to Moreton Bay, and absconded with a companion from Captain Logan's exploring party. His companion was killed for desecrating the graves of the natives, but Davies ingratiated himself with one of the tribes and lived with them for fourteen years, returning to civilisation in 1842.

Morrill was seventeen years with the savages. He was one of the crew of the barque Peruvian, of Dundee, which on the 8th of March, 1846, when commanded by Captain Pitkelly, on a voyage from China to Sydney, was wrecked on the Horseshoe Reef near Port Denison. The crew, twenty-two all told, escaped on a raft, and drifted about for forty-two days. Their sufferings were fearful, and only seven men survived to be washed ashore near Cape Cleveland. Of these, six shortly afterwards died, and Morrill was left alone. He joined the Blacks, and in January, 1863, made himself known to some North Queensland stockmen, by whom he was rescued. He did not long survive his release, and died at Port Denison, near which he had been wrecked, in October, 1865.

The discovery of the Brisbane River is due to another case of living with the aboriginals. On March 21st, 1823, Thomas Pamphlet, with three companions, Thompson, Parsons, and Finnegan, left Sydney in a coaster for Illawarra. They were blown out to sea by a sudden storm. On the sixteenth day Thompson died raving mad for want of water, and on the twenty-fourth they reached land. Thinking they were to the south of Sydney, they journeyed northward, and made their way to Moreton Bay, where, Parsons having died, Pamphlet and Finnegan spent five months with the natives. They were discovered by Oxley, in the Mermaid, on November 29th, 1823, and to him they gave the information as to the Brisbane.

This Mermaid was the Government cutter whose last crew met with such a succession of disasters on the 29th of October, 1829, when, under the command of Captain Nolbrow, she was wrecked in Torres Straits. All on board were saved on the rock, and three days afterwards the Swiftsure, from Tasmania, under Captain Johnson, took them off. Three days after that the Swiftsure was wrecked, and the two crews were, after a few days had elapsed, picked up by the Governor Ready. Strange to relate, on May 18th the Governor Ready was wrecked, and the three crews betook themselves to the boats, to be picked up by the Comet. Their chain of misfortune was still incomplete, for in a few days the Comet was wrecked, and the four crews were saved by the Jupiter. Even this was not the end of their adventures, for the Jupiter came to grief at the entrance of Port Raffles Harbour, and the five crews had to get to land in boats. Perhaps the strangest thing of all was that not a life was lost in all these perils, and that all the five crews reached home safe and sound. The wreck of the Mermaid is almost worthy of a place amongst "The Great Shipwrecks of the World."

GO-BAN.

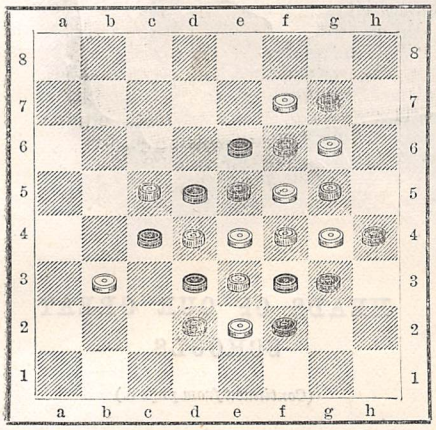
By Herr Meyer.

(*Continued from page 6.*)

The following two games were played on the 11th of last January between G. W. S. and H. F. L. M. :—

White.	Black.
1. d 4.	d 5.
2. e 4.	e 5 (*i*).
3. f 4.	c 4 (*j*).
4. f 5.	e 6.
5. f 7 (*k*).	f 6.
6. g 6.	d 3.
7. g 4.	h 4.
8. g 5.	g 3.
9. e 3.	d 2.
10. c 5.	f 2 (*l*).
11. e 2.	f 3 (*m*).
12. b 3.	g 7 (*n*).

The men are now placed as shown in this diagram:—



Now the moving begins:—

13. b 3 c 3.	f 2 e 1 (*o*).
14. e 2 f 2.	d 5 c 6.
15. f 2 e 2 (*p*).	e 1 d 1.
16. c 5 d 5.	d 1 c 2.
17. d 5 c 5.	c 2 b 3.
18. f 7 e 7.	e 5 d 5.
19. e 7 f 7.	d 2 c 2 (*q*).
20. e 2 d 2.	g 7 h 6.
21. c 3 b 2.	c 2 c 1 (*r*).
22. g 6 g 7.	f 6 g 6.
23. g 5 f 6.	e 6 e 7.
24. g 7 f 8 = five.	

Notes.

(*i*) Experience has shown that it is best to occupy the central squares, for the men then have the greatest freedom of action.

(*j*) This move is necessary, for if Black had placed the man on c 5, White would have won by placing his next man on c 4 or g 4.

(*k*) He must block the line a 2 g 8, just as well as Black must now block the f file.

(*l*) The last six moves were all forced for Black.

(*m*) A weak move, which places the black men awkwardly. He would have done better to place it on b 3 in order to force the last white man to go to a 2, and then Black could have placed his last on c 3, and try to make a "five" in the a 5 e 1 or the a 6 f 1 or the c file.

(*n*) Necessary, for if placed on b 6 or a 5, White would have won thus:—g 6 g 7, f 6 g 6, g 5 f 6, followed by g 7 f 8.

(*o*) Endeavouring to bring this man to the other side of the board.

(*p*) He is afraid of e 1 e 2.

(*q*) A bad move, for although he can block at h 6, he can afterwards not stop the g or f file. Black should have tried to move from c 6 to a 2.

(*r*) Must. White now wins easily, even if e 6 stood on e 7, for g 6 g 7, e 7 f 8, f 7 g 8, f 6 g 6, f 4 e 5, g 6 f 6 (else f 5 f 6), f 5 g 6.

(*To be continued.*)

Taxidermist.—The parts with the Museum in, and the plate of British Birds, are still in print. Back numbers and parts are always sold at the same prices as the current ones.

Enquirer.—1. You can get a chin-rest from Hart or Withers, of Wardour Street, or any violin sellers. A pocket-handkerchief doubled up under the coat will make your shoulder higher, and give you a firmer grip of the instrument without affecting the tone. 2. We have no experience of wire firsts.

Lex.—Bedford's "Guide to the Preliminary Examination," price three shillings, can be had from most law booksellers. It is published by Stevens.

An Old Subscriber.—"My Friend Smith" will probably be published in due course in the "Boy's Own Bookshelf," but it will not be issued for some time.

J. W. Scadding.—If you coat the drawing with collodion it will not smear.

W. J. Price.—1. The "Encyclopædic Dictionary" is a very full one of the ordinary type; the dictionary of the Philological Society is a work that has taken years to organise, and will take years to finish. It is of a different stamp from the other, and its publication forms an epoch in our literature; but it is quite beyond your requirements. There are to be six volumes, each of six parts, and each part will cost twelve shillings and sixpence. 2. The address is London.

Cherry Ripe.—1. There is an Arequipa in Peru, with a population of 35,000. There is a volcano and a department of the same name in the same country. 2. For the Highland clans see our article in the part for March, 1883.

Inquirer.—The "Nautical Almanac" is published by Mr John Murray, 50, Albemarle Street It costs half-a-crown. It is always issued for the year in advance.

Oliver.—1. The lower masts in clippers and steamers are now nearly always of iron or steel. 2. Of course, a yacht could be fitted with iron masts. Why not? They are lighter and stronger than wood. They are not solid, but tubular.

E. Brunetti.—The press of general correspondence prevents our answering without considerable delay. Your best course would be to advertise in one of the popular scientific papers, such as "Science Gossip," "Science Notes," "Science Monthly," etc.

South Sea Islanders.—Scrape the cocoa-nut shells with glass, sandpaper them, and give them a coat of pale oak varnish.

T. G. C.—Two very different substances. Magnesite is carbonate of magnesia, colour white or greyish, with black markings; magnetite is protoxide of iron, colour black. Magnetite is the lodestone. The most powerful natural magnets come from masses in Siberia, Sweden, Elba, and the Harz. In New Zealand there is a magnetic iron sand.

Jumbo.—If you put the rose leaves into a glass bottle or jar, and fill it up with glycerine, the glycerine will extract the perfume, and give you something from which you can distil it.

Pharamond.—1. A remarkable display of fatuousness. The indiarubber cement has been known for years, and is used by the gallon every day. Try again. You have got as far as the jelly, now get as far as the glue. You can substitute benzine or bisulphide of carbon if you please. 2. Just as you would a dog.

Craven.—Your best plan would be to join the German Gymnastic Society. Apply to the secretary. The Gymnasium is in Pancras Road, N.W.

Hobby.—1. You will find the information in Walch's "Tasmanian Almanac," which costs half-a-crown, and is obtainable from the Tasmanian Emigration Offices at 79½, Gracechurch Street. 2. Try Pringle's "Live Stock of the Farm," published by Blackwood and Co.; Youatt's "Complete Grazier," published by Lockwood and Co.; or Ormsby's "Cattle Feeding," published by Sampson Low and Co.

Tripper.—A reference to the directory would have given you the addresses of several wholesale dealers in photographic views. You are most likely to find what you want at Spooner's, in the Strand; Mansell's, in Oxford Street; or the Berlin Photographic Society, in Rathbone Place.

F. C. S.—Yes. Nitrogen has been solidified. The method adopted was to compress it, cool it in boiling oxygen, and allow it to expand a little. It then solidifies, and falls like snow in crystals. The temperature of boiling oxygen is 136° C.

B. P. L.—Hadleigh Castle is on the north bank of the Thames, at the back of the Chapman Lighthouse. It is opposite Cooling Castle, and with it formed the first line of defence on the Thames. It was built by Hubert de Burgh in the reign of Henry III. The nearest station is Benfleet, or perhaps Leigh. The ruins are extensive, and several storeys of the main towers are still standing.

Crank and Chain.—All such information can be obtained from the cycling newspapers. We can hardly fill our columns with information that would be useful only to so few. Among the dangerous hills for cyclists that we have heard of are Hunton and Westerham, in Kent; Hedson, in Buckinghamshire; Birdlip, Charlton Kings, Stanway, and Broadway, in Gloucestershire; Cain's Hill, near Hambleton; and Horn's Hill, near Soberton; Bury and West Harting Hills, near Arundel; and Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. A list of all such hills can be obtained from the Cyclists' Touring Club, who are gradually putting up notice-boards on the roads leading to them.

Jonah.—It is officially stated that an ordinary copy of the "Times" recently counted up contained 311,450 words. The printed surface takes up about seven square yards. The three hundred thousand words are said to be about as many as the poems of Homer and Milton make when added together.

Little Toy-maker.—The red is cochineal, but you can stain any wood with aniline dyes, such as Judson's.

E. Poulden.—Use the Willesden paper just as if it were thin wood; instructions as to building in wood will apply to it, with the difference that you are dealing with much wider surfaces. See our articles on boat-building.

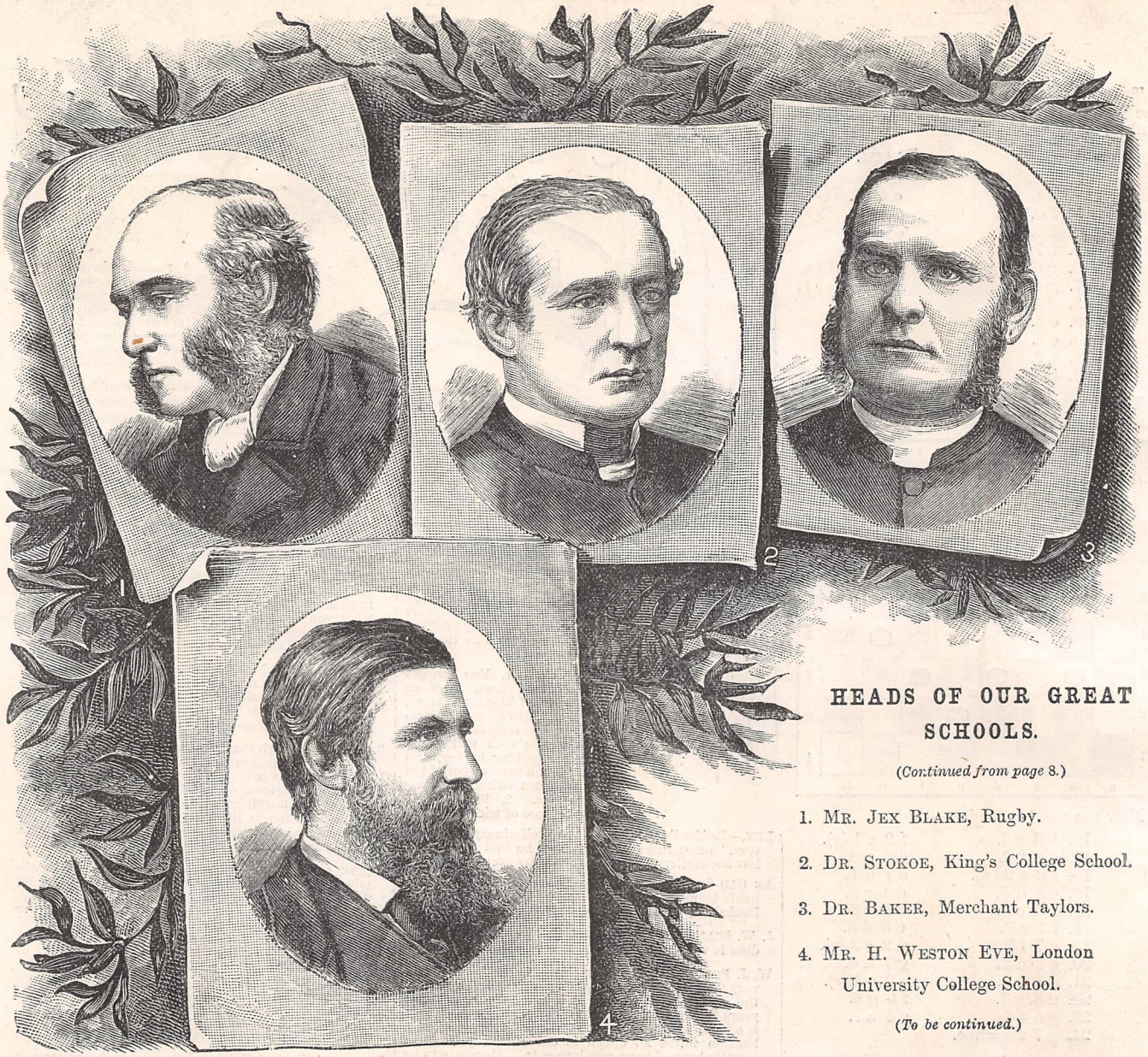
Presteign.—1. Boats only require a licence when they ply for hire. 2. It is one of the old sports, of which so many were in vogue on Shrove Tuesday. Much was made of them, owing to their being prohibited during Lent. 3. Hands anywhere. You must stop the fall with your head if you cannot do so with your body.

Ragged Robin.—The "expectation of life" of a puppy dog is about ten years.

C. W.—1. America was first found in historic times by Eric the Red, but of course it must have been known to man before then, or man would not have been found there when the "discoverers" arrived. 2. Yes, there are still Indians in America, but they are decreasing in numbers. There is a district specially reserved for Indian habitation.

Fiery Beacon.—Vol. I. costs six shillings, all the others cost seven shillings and sixpence. 2. Several excellent insect hunting grounds are in Surrey.

C. William.—Transparencies are painted on stretched muslin which has been sized with gilder's size or gelatine. The size will slacken the muslin, and you must stretch it and size it again till you get it right.



HEADS OF OUR GREAT SCHOOLS.

(*Continued from page* 8.)

1. Mr. Jex Blake, Rugby.
2. Dr. Stokoe, King's College School.
3. Dr. Baker, Merchant Taylors.
4. Mr. H. Weston Eve, London University College School.

(*To be continued.*)

Incredulous. — You mean the "electric salad"—with which, however, we are not practically acquainted. The directions were—"Immerse the mustard and cress seed in dilute oxymuriatic acid for two or three days, and then sow it in a very light soil; place over it a metallic cover, bring that in connection with an electric machine, and the plants will be ready for gathering in a few minutes." Why not try the experiment for yourself?

Connecting-rod.—It is best to use a spirit-lamp for moveable models, and an air-burner for those that are stationary. Keep a string on your model during the trial-trip in case it should sink.

W. Wilson.—The ordinary graph mixture is one pound of gelatine, or one pound and a half of Scotch glue, soaked in water till it becomes flaccid, and then melted in a water-bath with six pounds of common glycerine, the heat being maintained for a few hours to drive off all excess of water. A water-bath is an ordinary gluepot, or any contrivance in which a jacket of water prevents the vessel containing your mixture from coming in direct contact with the fire. We have given several recipes in back numbers for graph composition. Here is one more. Twenty-six parts of water, fifteen of sulphate of barytes, six of gelatine, six of sugar, and thirty-six of glycerine. The ink is one part of aniline colours in seven parts of water and one of alcohol.

G. A. W.—Our competitions are open to every boy reader throughout the world.

Westimentum.—1. Read "The Cricket Bat, and how to make it," in our fifth volume. 2. See the Cricket articles in the third volume. 3. Consult the advertisements on wrapper.

I. S. S.—To clean a small flue you might try burning a piece of zinc on the fire. The fumes will completely clear away the soot.

W. D. A.—There is no necessity to give yourself so much trouble in chipping out the glass. Give the putty a thick coat of soft-soap and leave it on for a day. It will soften so that you can easily cut it with your knife.

A. B.—1. Yes, there are forgeries of coins, but any one can copy a crest. 2 Buy one of our monthly parts and consult the advertisements on the wrapper. 3. The arms are borne on the shield; the crest comes over them.

Finem.—You will find most of the information you want as to places of interest round London in the threepenny Saturday Half-Holiday Guide, published by Bemrose, of the Old Bailey. Ward and Lock and other publishers have "Greater London" guide-books, which would help you. An excellent map of the district was given away by Messrs. Cassell and Co. in their "Greater London."

The Spider and Copying Ink.—You will find a good "graph" mixture in No. 188, in September part for 1882; and in No. 205, in January part for 1883. Why not buy an index?

S. Y. L.—1. To whiten your skeleton and clean away the fatty emanations and disagreeable odour, rest the bones upon strips of zinc placed about an inch above the bottom of a glass jar, and fill it up with spirits of turpentine. The turpentine acts as an oxydising agent, and the product of the combustion is an acid liquor, which sinks to the bottom. 2. The "Boy's Own Museum" began in No. 91, and finished in No. 103.

A. Bovey.—You will find technical treatises upon canals in the price-lists of either Lockwood and Co., of Stationers' Hall Court, or Spon, of Charing Cross.

F. Bainborrow.—The articles on "Signals at Sea" was in the November part for 1882.

G. A. R.—1. Wash the oilcloth clean with lukewarm water, using a large soft woollen cloth, dry it thoroughly with another soft cloth, and then polish it with milk, or a weak solution of beeswax and turpentine. Never use hot water, or soap, or a hard rag, or brush, or anything that will rub the paint off the pattern. 2. Paint on woodwork is best cleaned by a solution of a half-ounce of glue and a bit of soft soap as big as a walnut in three pints of warm water. Use a whitewash brush, and rinse with cold water and a wash-leather.

Our Portrait Gallery.

(*Continued from page* 8.)

The portraits of the Heads of our Great Schools given in this week's number were engraved from photographs, as follows:—Mr. Jex Blake, of Rugby, from a photograph by Mr. C. Whetton, High Street, Rugby; Rev. Dr. Stokoe, of King's College School, from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, London; Dr. Baker, of Merchant Taylors, from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside, London; and Mr. Eve, of University College School, from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford Street, London, W.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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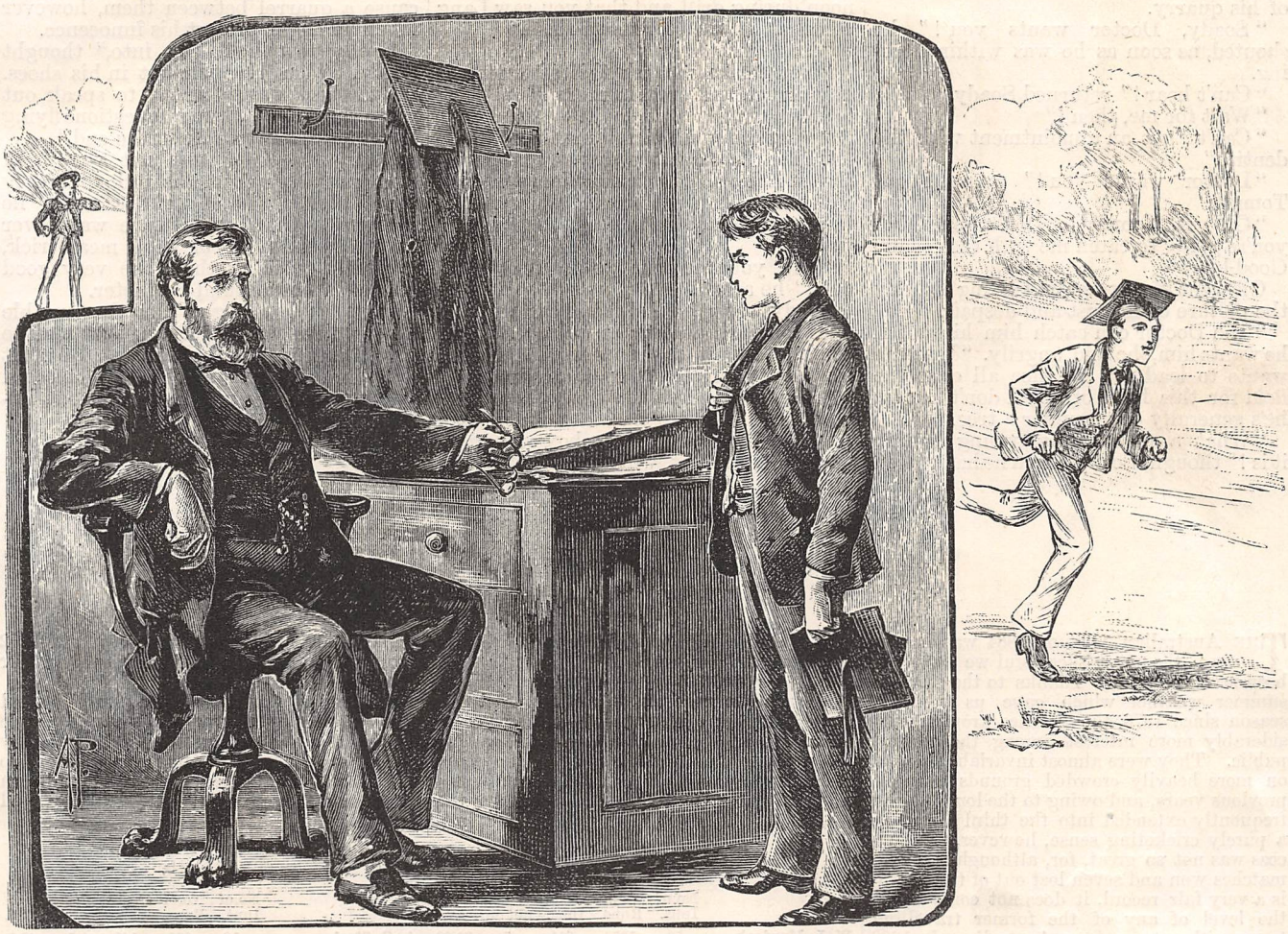
SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER IV.



"Why have you been so long coming?"

Soady was in a quandary. To a boy of such a communicative turn of mind it was absolute penance to have to be silent, and now he had a secret hidden in his breast which he was bursting to reveal.

"'I'll see Lang," he said to himself, "and find out if he did go to the Rummage-room. But there! I know he did, so what's the good of asking? Why didn't he tell the Doctor? I know he didn't take anything."

At this moment Tommy appeared. Tommy was Soady's great friend, a youngster of the lower school who had been put in Soady's charge by his parents, who knew something of him at home. Soady made Tommy his confidant and chum, and a queer pair they were. Tommy's surname was Scott, but as Soady always called him by his Christian name, the school followed suit.

It was a sore trial to Soady to think that here was Tommy, and yet he must not breathe a word to him.

"I'll walk away," thought Soady. "Perhaps he hasn't seen me; he'll think it rum if I don't stop if I see him, and if I do I shall tell him all about it, as safe as a gun."

So Soady turned away and walked in the opposite direction. But Tommy was not to be done.

"Hi! Soady!" he yelled.

But Soady was deaf to the voice of the charmer.

"Stop, you!" Tommy shouted; "I want you!"

"Catch me, Tommy!" shouted back Soady, who could not pretend to be deaf any longer. He ran off at a good pace, leaving Tommy panting in the rear.

"Stop!" he shouted, but in vain. Tommy was not cut out by nature for progress, so in a minute or so he subsided, Soady being far out of reach.

"What an ass he is!" soliloquised Tommy. "Won't I get into a shine, too! Here's Pickering sent me out to tell Soady the Doctor wants to see him, and I can't get near him! What possessed him to run away like that!"

When he had recovered his wind, off went Tommy again, soon catching sight of his quarry.

"Soady, Doctor wants you!" he shouted, as soon as he was within hearing.

"Can't hear!" returned Soady.

"Wait for me, then!"

"Can't! got an appointment with the dentist."

"Doctor wants you!" pumped out Tommy.

"Oh yes, Tommy! Don't you think you're going to catch me with that chaff! Good-bye!"

Off went Soady again, leaving Tommy the picture of disgust and despair.

"The Doctor can catch him himself if he wants him," he said, angrily. "What he wants to lead me a dance all over the field for this kind of day I don't know; he's generally down under a tree."

"What a persevering young beggar it is!" thought Soady, when he had placed a good distance between himself and his pursuer; "that's the worst of chumming up with the little 'uns, they never leave you alone."

"Soady!" cried a voice in the distance, then another took up the cry.

"They seem to want me more than usual," thought Soady. "What's the row?" he shouted back.

"Doctor wants you!" was the reply.

For a moment Soady thought that this too was a hoax, but as he recognised Garland as one of the shouters the truth flashed across his mind. What a dolt he had made of himself! Tommy must have been sent out to fetch him.

He made very good time across the field, and reached the house panting. He had not recovered his breath by the time he reached the Doctor.

Mr. Pickering was there too. It struck Soady suddenly why he was wanted.

"Soady," said the Doctor, "why have you been so long coming? I sent for you nearly ten minutes ago."

"I was at the back of the field, sir, all alone."

The point was not pressed; fortunately for him, more important matters took its place.

"Mr. Pickering has just told me that you were in the music-room this afternoon during drill, and that you saw Lang come out of the Rummage-room."

"Yes, sir."

"You heard me ask this afternoon if any of you had been in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not tell me then?"

"I hadn't been there, sir; and I thought that if Lang had, it was for him to say so."

It was a straightforward answer, and the Doctor made no attempt to argue the point.

"Did you see him go in and come out?" he asked.

Soady was glad he could answer this question with a clear conscience. Anything he might say now would serve to clear Lang, instead of implicate him.

"Yes, sir; he left the door wide open; he wasn't in there half a minute. He took a ball out of the long box and came out again straight, whistling."

Soady thought the last detail ought to tell, and so it did.

"You saw him the whole time?"

"Yes, sir, I was standing at the window."

As he said it he perceived he had let himself in for a reproof for wasting his time when he was supposed to be practising, but the opening was not taken advantage of by the Doctor.

"You can go," said the Doctor. "Lang does not know you saw him?"

"No, sir."

"Tell him to come to me, and don't mention the reason I want to see him."

Soady hesitated at the door, and then turned round.

"Please, sir, would you much mind if some one else told Lang you wanted him? He doesn't know I saw him, and I'd a great deal sooner he didn't if you don't mind."

The Doctor looked surprised.

"Very well; perhaps it might cause unpleasantness between you. I suppose you boys have the old ideas about sneaking. I will send some one else for Lang, and not mention you at all."

Soady was thankful, for he liked Lang, and was greatly afraid that if it got to his ears that he had told the Doctor of his visit to the Rummage-room it would cause a quarrel between them, however much he might protest his innocence.

"Jolly row he'll get into," thought Soady. "I'm glad I'm not in his shoes. It's the best way, after all, to speak out when there are awkward questions flying about; it saves trouble in the end."

Soady's motives were not very high ones, to judge from his talk, but they were higher than perhaps even he imagined. At all events, he was never known to tell a lie or do a mean trick, and traits such as these are very good indications of a sound character.

Next to his regret for the trouble Lang was in was his sorrow that for the present he must avoid Tommy. He must let at least a night go by before he could safely meet his young chum without letting out his secret.

(To be continued.)

OUR CRICKETING GUESTS.

(See the Coloured Plate.)

THE Australian visit of 1884 was in one sense the most successful we have yet been favoured with. Thanks to the glorious summer weather which gave us the best season since 1876, the matches aroused considerably more interest among the general public. They were almost invariably played on more heavily crowded grounds than in previous years, and owing to the long scoring frequently extended into the third day. In a purely cricketing sense, however, the success was not so great, for, although eighteen matches won and seven lost out of thirty-two is a very fair record, it does not come up to the level of any of the former travelling teams either to or from Australia. In 1882 thirty-eight matches were played and only four were lost, in 1880 thirty-seven matches were played and only four lost, and in 1878 only seven matches were lost out of forty-seven, as against the seven out of thirty-two of the current year. Figures, however, do not prove everything. In cricket relative calibre should never be overlooked. The 1378 matches were in most cases against teams greatly inferior in reputation to those against which the colonists had this year to contend, and although such matches as those against Liverpool and Leicestershire preclude the tour from being looked upon as exclusively first-class, yet its record is really better than that of 1878. All the same, it is by the statistics that the team will in future be judged, and these show unmistakably, all that has been said to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Australians of 1884 had gone off their 1880 and 1882 form, and did not reach the level of our champion county.

The relative merit of the English and Australian players can be seen at a glance by the tables of averages that follow side by side. One gives the batting averages of the Australians, the other that of the thirteen Englishmen who most frequently played against them.

AUSTRALIA.

	No. of Inns.	No. of Runs.	Most in Inns.	Times not out.	Av.
W. L. Murdoch	50	1378	211	5	30.28
P. S. McDonnell	54	1225	103	2	23.29
H. J. H. Scott	51	973	102	8	22.27
G. Giffen	51	1052	113	1	21.2
A. C. Bannerman	52	961	94	2	19.11
G. J. Bonnor	52	937	95*	3	19.6
W. Midwinter	46	800	67	4	19.2
J. M'C. Blackham	43	690	69	3	17.10
G. E. Palmer	47	493	68*	10	13.12
F. R. Spofforth	46	488	54	6	12.8
W. H. Cooper	9	33	8*	6	11
H. F. Boyle	38	262	48	14	10.22
G. Alexander	5	20	10*	1	5

ENGLAND.

	No. of Inns.	No. of Runs.	Most in Inns.	Times not out.	Av.
A. G. Steel	16	635	148	1	42.5
Scotton	8	294	134	1	42
W. G. Grace	17	577	116*	2	38.7
Barnes	12	377	105	0	31.5
Barlow	15	336	101	3	28
T. C. O'Brien	11	268	92	0	24.4
W. W. Read	12	284	117	0	23.8
Lord Harris	13	214	60	1	17.10
A. P. Lucas	11	173	28	1	17.3
Shrewsbury	14	223	43	1	17.2
Ulyett	13	219	76	0	16.11
Hon. A. Lyttelton	9	111	37	0	12.3
Peate	13	74	19	6	10.4

* Signifies not out.

And from these it appears that whereas the highest Australian average was 30 and the lowest 5, the highest English average was 42 and the lowest 10; and whereas the general average of the Australians comes out at 17, that of the Englishmen amounts to 25! Thus far as regards batting only; in bowling, however, the result is still more unexpected. Compare the averages of the eight Australian bowlers with that of the men who oftenest bowled against them.

AUSTRALIA.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
F. R. Spofforth..	1561 ..	646 ..	2608 ..	211 ..	12.76
G. E. Palmer....	1230.1..	452 ..	2121 ..	127 ..	16.89
H. F. Boyle	720 ..	289 ..	1132 ..	67 ..	16.60
G. Giffen.....	827.3..	284 ..	1623 ..	82 ..	19.65
W. Midwinter ..	268.2..	116 ..	440 ..	15 ..	29.5
G. J. Bonnor	95 ..	25 ..	219 ..	6 ..	36.3
W. H. Cooper ..	136 ..	26 ..	325 ..	7 ..	46.3
H. J. H. Scott ..	56 ..	9 ..	157 ..	5 ..	52.1

ENGLAND.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
Attewell	287 ..	171 ..	292 ..	31 ..	9.13
Peate.....	421.2..	185 ..	631 ..	45 ..	14.1
S. Christopherson ..	260.1..	126 ..	416 ..	26 ..	16
Barlow	284.3..	139 ..	414 ..	24 ..	17.6
Ulyett	266.1..	130 ..	415 ..	20 ..	20.15
W. G. Grace	390.2..	131 ..	514 ..	24 ..	21.10
Barnes	202 ..	103 ..	280 ..	11 ..	25.5
A. G. Steel	282.3..	88 ..	603 ..	22 ..	27.9

Here again the best English average is a long way better than the Australian, and the worst Australian is a long way worse than the English; while the general average of the Australians works out at 29, whereas that of the Englishmen is below 19!

Murdoch holds premier position amongst the batsmen, his average being only just a trifle under what it was in 1882. His chief effort was his great innings against England at the Oval, when he totalled 211—the same number of runs as Spofforth took wickets during the tour—and which proved his greatest score in England, except his 286 against Sussex in 1882. The English-born McDonnell comes next with 1,225 runs for 23, a great advance from the 17 of 1882, and the only advance in the team. The third place is held by Scott, who was new to English cricket; Giffen, the best all-round man in the team, coming fourth with 1,052 runs for 21, while all below him secure less than 20. In bowling Spofforth for the first time heads the averages, although his record 12·76 is the worst he has obtained in England. Palmer has 16 as against 11 in 1880 and 12 in 1882; Boyle has also 16 as against 10 in 1878, 7 in 1880, and 11 in 1882; Giffen has 19, and all below him exceed the 20. Before we dismiss the individual performances we may note that five scores over a hundred were made for the visitors—two by Murdoch, the 211 already noted and 132 against Cambridge University, and one each by Giffen, McDonnell, and Scott, for 113, 103, and 102, against Lancashire, England, and England respectively. Here, again, however, the luck went against them, for to their five the Englishmen scored twelve—three being made by Dr. W. G. Grace, one for 116 not out for Gloucestershire, one for 107 for the Gentlemen, and one for 101 for M.C.C. and Ground; two by Mr. A. G. Steel, one of 148 for England and one for 134 for M.C.C. and Ground; and one each by Barlow for the North, by Barnes for M.C.C. and Ground, by Mr. Brain for Gloucestershire, by Phillips for Sussex, by Mr. Read for England, by Scotton at Huddersfield, and by Mr. Wyatt for Sussex. Of ciphers of another sort, the Australians are credited with sixty-nine duck's eggs—Spofforth claiming eleven of them—and amongst them were three pairs of spectacles, one each for Bonnor, Boyle, and Blackham. The bowling drawbacks were also unusually high, the no-balls amounting to twenty-seven—Spofforth claiming fourteen of them—and the wides amounting to thirteen.

Of the eleven representative matches, five were won—the two against the Players, the two against the South, and one against the Gentlemen; two against England were drawn; and four—one against England, one against the Gentlemen, and two against the as yet undefeated North—were lost. Of the twenty-one other matches, thirteen were won, five were drawn—only one, however, in favour of the Colonists—and three—those against M.C.C. and Ground, Kent, and Oxford University—were lost. The scores in each case are given in full in the following table of the

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Matches played, 32; won, 18; lost, 7; drawn, 7.

May 12 and 13, at Sheffield Park, Sussex, v. Lord Sheffield's Eleven.—The Australians, 212. Lord Sheffield's Eleven, first innings, 86; second innings, 120. The Australians won by an innings and six runs.

May 15, 16, and 17, at Oxford, v. Oxford University.—The Australians, first innings, 148; second innings, 168. Oxford University, first innings, 209; second innings, 110 for three wickets. Oxford University won by seven wickets.

May 19 and 20, at Kennington Oval, v. Surrey.—The Australians, first innings, 195; second innings, 48 for two wickets. Surrey, first innings, 97; second innings, 144. The Australians won by eight wickets.

May 22 and 23, at Lord's, v. M.C.C. and Ground.—The Australians, first innings, 184; second innings, 182. M.C.C. and Ground, 481. The M.C.C. and Ground won by an innings and 115 runs.

May 26, at Birmingham, v. an England Eleven.—The Australians, first innings, 76; second innings, 33 for six wickets. The England Eleven, first innings, 82; second innings, 26. The Australians won by four wickets.

May 29, 30, and 31, at Lord's, v. the Gentlemen of England.—The Australians, first innings, 135; second innings, 269. Gentlemen of England, first innings, 277; second innings, 129 for six wickets. Gentlemen of England won by four wickets.

June 2 and 3, at Derby, v. Derbyshire.—The Australians, 273. Derbyshire, first innings, 106; second innings, 127. The Australians won by an innings and 40 runs.

June 5, 6, and 7, at Manchester, v. Lancashire.—The Australians, first innings, 174; second innings, 315. Lancashire, first innings, 195; drawn owing to rain.

June 9 and 10, at Bradford, v. Yorkshire.—The Australians, first innings, 60; second innings, 68 for seven wickets. Yorkshire, first innings, 55; second innings, 72. The Australians won by three wickets.

June 12, 13, and 14, at Nottingham, v. Nottinghamshire.—The Australians, first innings, 131; second innings, 179 for seven wickets. Nottinghamshire, first innings, 170; second innings, 138. The Australians won by three wickets.

June 16, 17, and 18, at Cambridge, v. Cambridge University.—The Australians, 378. Cambridge University, first innings, 204; second innings, 93. The Australians won by an innings and 81 runs.

June 19 and 20, at Manchester, v. the North of England.—The Australians, first innings, 91; second innings, 107. The North of England, 220. The North of England won by an innings and 22 runs.

June 23 and 24, at Liverpool, v. Liverpool and District.—The Australians, first innings, 140; second innings, 128 for nine wickets. Liverpool and District, first innings, 213; second innings, 54. The Australians won by one wicket.

June 26, 27, and 28, at Kennington Oval, v. the Gentlemen of England.—The Australians, first innings, 229; second innings, 219. The Gentlemen of England, first innings, 261; second innings, 141. The Australians won by 46 runs.

June 30, July 1 and 2, at Sheffield, v. the Players of England. The Australians, first innings, 189; second innings, 178 for four wickets. The Players of England, first innings, 230; second innings, 134. The Australians won by six wickets.

July 3, 4, and 5, at Huddersfield, v. an England Eleven.—The Australians, first innings, 175; second innings, 124 for seven wickets. The England Eleven, 453. Drawn, owing to rain.

July 10, 11, and 12, at Manchester, v. England.—Australia, first innings, 182. England, first innings, 95; second innings, 180 for nine wickets. Drawn.

July 14 and 15, at Leicester, v. Leicestershire.—The Australians, first innings, 175; second innings, 33 for no wicket. Leicestershire, first innings, 143; second innings, 64. The Australians won by ten wickets.

July 17 and 18, at Lord's, v. Middlesex.—The Australians, 188. Middlesex, first innings, 53; second innings, 106. The Australians won by an innings and 29 runs.

July 21, 22, and 23, at Lord's, v. England.—Australia, first innings, 229; second innings, 145. England, 379. England won by an innings and five runs.

July 24, 25, and 26, at Brighton, v. Sussex.—The Australians, first innings, 309; second innings, 144. Sussex, first innings, 396; second innings, 25 for four wickets. Drawn.

July 31 and August 1, at Kennington Oval, v. the Players of England.—The Australians, first innings, 151; second innings, 28 for one wicket. The Players of England, first innings, 107; second innings, 71. The Australians won by nine wickets.

August 4, 5, and 6, at Canterbury, v. Kent.—The Australians, first innings, 177; second innings, 109. Kent, first innings, 169; second innings, 213. Kent won by 96 runs.

August 7, 8, and 9, at Clifton, v. Gloucestershire.—The Australians, 314. Gloucestershire, first innings, 301; second innings, 230 for two wickets. Drawn.

August 11, 12, and 13, at Kennington Oval, v. England.—Australia, 551. England, first innings, 346; second innings, 85 for two wickets. Drawn.

August 18, 19, and 20, at Cheltenham, v. Gloucestershire.—The Australians, 402. Gloucestershire, first innings, 183; second innings, 83. The Australians won by an innings and 136 runs.

August 21, 22, and 23, at Nottingham, v. Nottinghamshire.—The Australians, first innings, 265; second innings, 141. Nottinghamshire, first innings, 273; second innings, 15 for one wicket. Drawn.

August 25, 26, and 27, at Brighton, v. Cambridge University Past and Present.—The Australians, first innings, 190; second innings, 180. Cambridge University Past and Present, first innings, 135; second innings, 93. The Australians won by 142 runs.

August 28 and 29, at Gravesend, v. the South of England.—The Australians, 358. The South of England, first innings, 178; second innings, 73. The Australians won by an innings and 107 runs.

September 1, 2, and 3, at Nottingham, v. the North of England. The Australians, first innings, 100; second innings, 76. The North of England, first innings, 91; second innings, 255. The North of England won by 170 runs.

September 4, 5, and 6, at Scarborough, v. I Zingari.—The Australians, first innings, 223; second innings, 139 for two wickets. I Zingari, first innings, 229; second innings, 140. Australians won by eight wickets.

September 10 and 11, at Kennington Oval, v. South of England.—The Australians, 163. South of England, first innings, 56; second innings, 102. The Australians won by an innings and five runs.

(To be continued.)

OUR HOME FORCES.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

WHAT ho! our own home forces—
Just seven soldiers strong,
With Harry Holt their captain,
And Frank his aide-de-camp.
They thunder forth their orders
With such a martial air,
The miller at his doorway
Looks up to smile and stare.

Philip's their standard-bearer,
The drummer-boy is Jack;
At flourishing the drum-sticks
He has the prettiest knack.
There never was a drummer,
Since first the art began,
Could beat like Johnny Armstrong
So brave a rataplan.

Heads up, eyes front, and forward,
Along the sunny street;
The smooth old stones re-echo
The trampling of their feet.
With what a patriot ardour
Each loyal bosom glows;
They're ready at this moment
To meet their country's foes.

They're sorry that they live in
Such piping times of peace,
When nought more warlike meets them
Than old Dame Dawson's geese.
Oh! blithe and merry England
Is safe for evermore,
While she has trusty soldiers
Like these to guard her shore!

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER II.—TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS (*continued*).

THE days went by and the miles were slowly rolled off. Sometimes the horses would cover the ground in fine style, at others it seemed impossible to move them. Little by little the journey was completed, and one fine day the coach reached Hopetown. Another stage and Kimberley was passed. Then a few wooden huts appeared on the horizon.

It was New Rush.

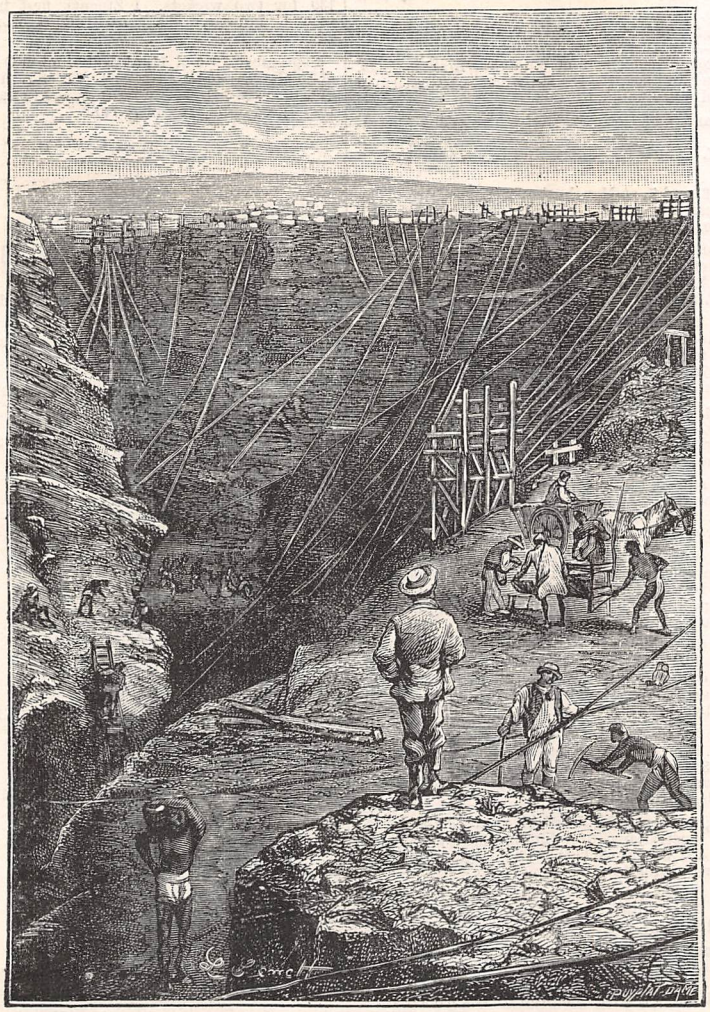
There the diggers' camp differed but little from the temporary towns which spring from the ground as if by enchantment in all new countries—wooden huts of no great size and roughly built, a few tents, a dozen coffee bars or canteens, an alhambra or dancing saloon, several "stores," and the usual johnny-all-sorts shops.

In the shops were clothes and furniture, boots and glasses, books and saddles, weapons and drapery, brushes and brooms, blankets and cigars, green vegetables and patent medicines, wheel ploughs and toilet soaps, hair combs and condensed milk, frying-pans and cheap lithographs—everything, in short, but buyers.

For the whole population of the camp was now at work at the mine, which is about a quarter of a mile from New Rush.

Cyprien, like the other fresh arrivals, hastened off thither, while dinner was being got ready at the Continental Hotel.

It was about six o'clock in the afternoon. Already the sun had begun to veil the horizon in a thin cloud of gold. Once again the engineer noticed the enormous apparent diameter assumed by the sun as well as the moon in these latitudes, a phenomenon of which no sufficient explanation has yet been advanced—the said diameter being about double as large as in Europe.



New Rush.

But a spectacle of much greater novelty for Cyprien awaited him at the Kopje, that is to say, at the diamond diggings.

Before the opening of the works the site of the mine was an elliptical knoll, the only elevation in a plain as level as the sea. But now an immense gap with sloping sides, a sort of circus, oval in form and about forty yards across, had taken the place of the hill. The surface was cut up into three or four hundred "claims" or concessions, each thirty-one feet long.

The ground, consisting chiefly of reddish sand and gravel, was being excavated by pickaxe and spade and sent to the surface. Thence it was taken to the sorting tables to be washed, crushed, sifted, and finally examined with extreme care to see if it contained any of the precious stones.

The claims, having been excavated independently of each other, formed ditches of varying depths. Some went down for a hundred yards or more, others for thirty, twenty, or even fifteen. To give room for working and intercommunication, each holder is officially required to leave untouched on one of the sides of his claim a space of seven feet. This space, with that left by his neighbour, serves as a sort of gangway or embankment flush with the original level of the ground. On it joists are placed so as to overhang the claims for about a yard on each side, and by this means sufficient width is obtained to allow a couple of carts to pass abreast.

Unfortunately for the solidity of this hanging way and the safety of the miners, the holders of the claims gradually work in as the wall goes down, and as in some cases the depth is two or three hundred feet, the result is that the partition becomes a reversed pyramid standing on its apex. The consequences can be guessed. The walls fall in, particularly during the rainy season, when owing to the abrupt changes of temperature the surface is seamed with cracks and the sides split off along them. Nevertheless the periodic recurrence of these disasters has no effect on the miners, and they persist in excavating their claims up to the very farthest limit of the dividing line.

As Cyprien approached the mine he could see nothing but the carts moving about on the hanging roads, but when he had got near enough to peer into the depths of the curious quarry he beheld a busy crowd of diggers of every nation, every colour, and every costume at work in the claims. Negroes and whites, Europeans and Africans, Mongols and Celts—most of them in a state of seminudity, or wearing cotton drawers, flannel shirts, and straw hats decked in many instances with ostrich plumes.

All were engaged in transferring the soil into leather buckets and sending them to the bank along wire ropes by means of cowskin halliards working over drums of open woodwork. There the buckets were emptied into the carts and

then sent down to the bottom of the claim to be returned with a fresh load.

These long iron ropes stretched diagonally across the rectangular chasms give a peculiar look to all dry diggings or diamond mines, and resemble the threads of a gigantic spider's web whose weaving has been suddenly interrupted.

For some time Cyprien amused himself with contemplating this human ant-hill. Then he returned to New Rush, where the dinner-bell rang almost immediately after his arrival. There during the evening he had the pleasure of hearing of the wonderful finds that had been made, of miners poor as Job suddenly becoming rich men by finding a solitary diamond, of others ever down on their luck, of the greed of the brokers, of the dishonesty of the Kaffirs employed in the mines who stole the best stones, and of many other technical matters. The talk was of nothing but diamonds, carats, and hundreds of pounds.

Every one seemed the picture of misery, and instead of the happy digger noisily calling for his champagne to wet his luck, there were a dozen lanky long-faced fellows drinking nothing but small beer.

Occasionally a stone would be passed round the table to be weighed, examined, valued, and returned to its owner's belt. That dull greyish pebble, with no more sparkle than a fragment of quartz rolled in a torrent, was a diamond in its gangue!

At night the coffee bars filled, and the same conversation, the same discussion which had occupied the dinner-hour, began again.

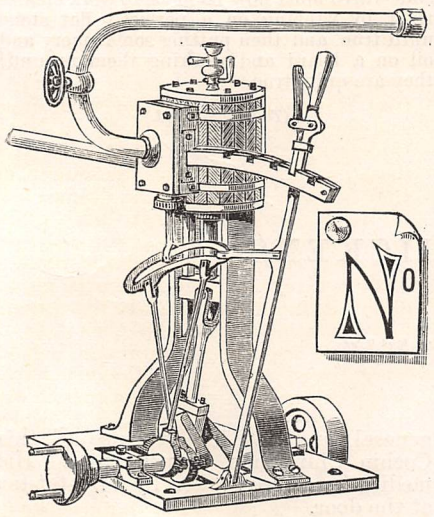
Cyprien went to bed early in the tent next to the hotel which had been assigned to him. There he soon fell asleep, despite the noise of a ball in the open air among the Kaffir diggers close by, and the piercing brays of a B-flat cornet from a neighbouring dancing saloon in which the whites were amusing themselves with a few energetic lessons in choregraphy.

(To be continued.)

Transferring the soil into leather buckets.

THE "BOY'S OWN" MODEL LAUNCH ENGINE.

By H. F. Hobden.



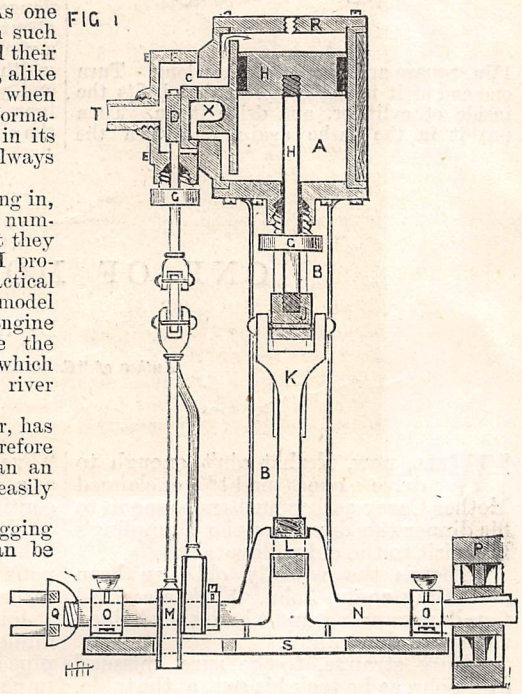
doubt many admirers of the ever-popular Boy's Own Paper have commenced ere now building a marine engine for themselves, or have had serious thoughts of doing so, since reading the interesting illustrated articles on the subject by Mr. Chasemore that appeared in the last volume. As one who has had considerable experience in such matters, I am sure they could not spend their spare time in a more profitable manner, alike as regards the value of the engine when made, and the amount of practical information they can pick up whilst employed in its construction—information that will always be useful to them in after life.

Now that the long evenings are setting in, and knowing too that there are a large number of boys who like to make the best they can of anything they take in hand, I propose in this article to give a few practical hints showing how to build a perfect model of an inverted-cylinder direct-action engine with link-motion reversing gear, like the sketch at the beginning of this paper, which represents a type in daily use on the river and sea.

Such a model, having a fixed cylinder, has not the friction of other types, and therefore it gives more power, size for size, than an oscillating engine, and does not get so easily out of order.

I will give, too, instructions as to rigging up the pumps, so that the engine can be conveniently worked for any length of time required; and will supplement this with a sketch of an injector for filling the boiler, an arrangement that saves a great deal of friction in the engine.

FIG 1



And now to my pleasant task.

You must of course have a lathe, which I will therefore suppose you to possess; but should there not be a slide-rest to it you must get the cylinder bored by a professional turner, for which he will charge about two shillings, according to the size of your castings.

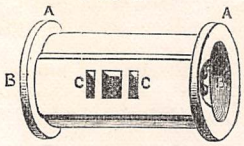
Let me first briefly explain the action of the steam in the engine by a diagram (Fig. 1).

The cylinder A is bolted into the standard, B; the ports or steam-passages are shown at C; and the slide-valve that allows the steam to pass alternately to each side of the piston is marked D, in its case F. G G are the stuffing-boxes, which have to be packed with lamp-cotton greased to make them steam-tight. H is the piston, with its rod finishing in a crosshead J, which is cut with a groove to slide up and down the standards to guide it and prevent the piston-rod being bent out of shape. K shows the connecting-rod, attached at its lower end to the crank L. M is one of the excentrics working the slide-valve. N is the main shaft, resting on the plummer blocks O O, having a heavy fly-wheel at P and the coupler at Q. R is the top cylinder plate, drilled to screw in the grease-cock, of which I will presently give a drawing on an enlarged scale. S is the bed-plate, T the steam-supply, and X the exhaust.

You will observe that the steam is coming in at the top of the cylinder, through the top port, as shown by the arrow, pressing the piston down and allowing the waste steam that has already raised the piston to escape through the lower port, and so into the exhaust. By that time the slide-valve is raised (by the excentric) sufficiently to cut the steam off from the top port, which by that means is in its turn put in communication with the exhaust, and allows the steam to pass out of the top part of the cylinder, whilst it admits it to the lower portion, and so on alternately.

And now to the practical work. After having the cylinder bored, as already mentioned, get a piece of oak or other hard wood

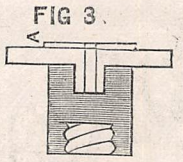
FIG 2



1½in. square and about 6 inches long. Turn one end of it in the lathe, so that it fits the inside of cylinder, and drive it on. Then put it in the lathe again, and turn the flanges A (Fig. 2) down, and be very careful that they are quite true and square.

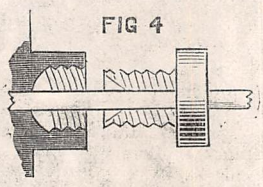
The top and bottom cylinder-covers, with the stuffing-box, come next. Screw a piece of hard wood on the end of your lathe mandrel, turn it down to about a quarter of an inch less in diameter than the flanges of your cylinder, make a small hole for the stuffing-box to be driven in, as in Fig. 3. You can

FIG 3.



now turn the edge and side—that next the cylinder. The projecting part A is to be the exact size of the diameter of cylinder. When this is done, take it out and place it in another chuck, and drill and turn the stuffing-box out, and screw it to receive the gland (Fig. 4).

FIG 4

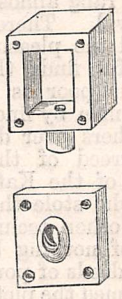


Now chuck the top cover and turn it down to size. The piston is a casting, and has to be turned in the lathe to fit the cylinder, and a groove run round it to hold the greased cotton to make it steam-tight. Whilst in the lathe drill a hole in the centre, and tap it to receive the piston-rod, which you can make out of steel wire. Then pass one end through the stuffing-box on cylinder-cover and screw it on the crosshead J (Fig. 1), having first filed it up quite square and true and finished it off with emery. Now take the standards B (Fig. 1), and finish them up with a file in the same way, and be careful that the insides forming the guides for crossheads are quite true. We can now make the lagging for cylinder. Get a piece of mahogany the length of the outside circumference of cylinder and the width of the distance between flanges of same. Then plane it down to about an eighth of an inch and score it with a penknife every eighth of an inch down its width; it will then bend round the cylinder, and you can fasten it on by a couple of brass bands, screwing the ends down near the slide-valve case.

We will next tackle the steam-ports in the cylinder BB (Fig. 2). They are simply two holes drilled side by side until they reach the openings CC (Fig. 2) in the casting; they must not be drilled any farther.

Now place the ends on cylinder and drill through them so as to screw them on to the flanges. The slide-valve case is a casting with separate lid (Fig. 5), and has to be faced up

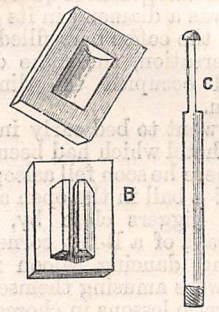
FIG 5



with a file, and four holes drilled through the lid and corners to screw on to the cylinder face. The boss on lid must now be drilled and tapped for steam-pipe to be screwed in.

The slide-valve itself is like Fig. 6, has a

FIG 6



hollow cast in its face, and a small projection on the back (B), which you must make a narrow groove in with a saw, and file the end of the valve-rod down to fit it, as shown at C, Fig. 6.

The face of the cylinder and also of the slide-valve must now be made to work steam-tight by rubbing on a perfectly flat stone until true, and then putting some emery and oil on a board and working them up until they are quite true.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," "The White Rat," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, now, if that ain't enough to drive one mad!" exclaimed Mother Carey as her husband came in to his dinner the day after the Dumpling's last visit to the old willow-tree.

"There's the rascally old hen been a-cackling again, John. She's a-cackled four days running, and where she's hidden the eggs I don't know."

"Very strange, to be sure, missus," said John as he took his seat at the table. "I've seen her with the rest, as innocent as a babe, a score of times, and how she continues to bamboozle us I can't say."

"It's a myth and a tragical story, John, and I can't make out the pros and poffs of it," rejoined his wife, who was rather proud of her power of language.

John now turned his attention to dinner, and when it was over he lit his pipe and sat down in the chimney corner to ponder on the vagaries of poultry in general, and the impertinence of this Cochin China hen in particular. His meditations were broken by a rat-tat-tat at the door.

The Dumpling rolled in.

"I say, Mother Carey, could you lend me a dish? Do. I'll take care not to break it. Oh, I say! what a nice smell of dinner! Wish you had invited me. 'Xpect you had something better than everlasting beef and stickjaw. Hullo!

John, I'll bring you back some baccy next term; better than that old cabbage stuff you're smoking there."

"Thank you, sir. Mother, lend Master Bertram a dish."

The Dumpling looked round the kitchen, and espied a large yellow earthenware basin.

"That's the very thing, mother. I'll take great care of it."

"Well, sir, mind you bring it back."

"All right; thanks."

The Dumpling went off with it. As soon as he was outside the cottage-door he put the dish on his head and his cap on the top, and made for the wood-yard, whistling as he went, his trusty club "dealing destruction's devastating doom" along the path wherever anything capable of receiving damage presented itself within range.

And so we find him, as we left him at the close of the last chapter, with jacket off, succinct and expedite for the important task before him.

He worked away with zeal, and his eyes sparkled as he mixed the brandy and beer with the yolks of the eggs, and flogged up the whites with a wisp of an old broom. He was tempted to taste the mixture—but no; by a powerful effort he restrained his appetite, for he wished to inform his boon companions that he hadn't had one mouthful unfairly, thereby to raise himself still further in their estimation.

The dainty dish was at last finished to his satisfaction, and certainly presented a pleasing appearance. The strawberry-jam, with the rich sauce, looked rapturously inviting under the snowy mountain which towered so majestically above it.

The Dumpling eyed his masterpiece with a soft approving smile, and turned his head sideways right and left to contemplate the dish in all its aspects, and there was a sense of unqualified complaisance in his heart.

The bell for changing boots at length broke harshly on his ear, and reluctantly consigning the trifle to the recesses of the old tea-chest, he rolled down his sleeves, put on his jacket, and joggled off to the house.

It was not to be expected that much work was to be got out of him that afternoon. His intellect was absorbed in one line of thought, and no allurements of Euclid or Colenso could avail to draw it in another direction. The circles in the figures looked liked dishes, and he sighed for the hours to fly.

Though time waits for no man, its moments often linger unpleasantly for boys, and it seemed an age to the Dumpling before the opportunity arrived for displaying the triumph of his skill to his admiring clients. However the hands of the clock did at last point to half-past six. Tea was finished. Each member of the secret society had purloined a mug and spoon in accordance with the directions of the president; and each, at wide intervals apart, like the Platæans in their sortie during the famous siege, prepared to wend his way to the trysting-place appointed for the orgies.

It was a clear frosty evening. A full moon rode triumphant in the sky. The Jolly Guzzlers had to be careful in picking their way under shadows of walls and trees, for boys were not supposed to be out after tea, and many windows overlooked the ways to the wood-yard.

Buffles was first to arrive, having performed his journey without danger.

Stodge had started next, but was delayed on the road, for at the outset, while scurrying across a moonlit space, he had heard a window open and a voice which no boy could mistake had called out, "Hullo! who's that?"

Stodge decided that such a question was not worth answering, and had dived into the shadows of a laurel clump, where he crouched for a while before making a dash across some more open ground.

The voice was indeed that of Doctor Porchester, who had been talking to old Carey about putting some hay-ropes round some exposed water-pipes to prevent them bursting by the frost. The Doctor had gone to the window of his study to make meteorological observations as to the probability of severe cold that night, and his eagle eye had espied the form of a boy flitting past.

And so the window had been opened, and the words uttered in a severe tone.

Not receiving any answer, and being aware that the suspicious form had vanished into darkness, the Doctor had said to his trusty servant, "John, just go and see who that was, and what mischief he's up to, and don't forget the pipe that supplies the fountain."

Now, old Carey was good at woodcraft, and knew well enough how to stalk a boy. He had already made his own private observations, being naturally of an inquisitive nature, and anxious in this instance to ascertain the object for which his yellow dish had been borrowed. He had taken a sly peep out of his cottage window, and watched the Dumpling enter the wood-yard, and when he went to fetch the boots that afternoon he visited the yard and just "prospected" a bit, and it did not need much ingenuity to discover the dish. Old Carey opened his eyes, and said, "Who'd a' thought it?" and indulged a long, low, chuckling laugh as he surveyed the confection, for truly it presented a most enticing aspect, and he could not but admire the culinary skill displayed.

Therefore, when the Doctor bade him go forth upon his errand, old Carey put two and two together, and, having discovered that they made four, he laid his plans accordingly. Proceeding by a route apparently contrary to all rules of warfare, being distinctly in an opposite direction to that of the enemy, John Carey went down the playground and into the field. He even walked to the extreme end, turned half-left, and skirted the wall, which manœuvre brought him under the massive shadow of some ancient ilex-trees. Turning half-left once more, he swiftly stepped out the distance intervening between himself and the vicinity of the wood-yard.

By this masterly stratagem he reached a long red-tiled and ancient stable flanking the yard. Noiselessly opening a door at the farther end, he entered, and passing along, he posted himself opposite a window looking into the yard, a pane of which was broken. Kneeling down at that spot he could not only see all that went on in the wood-yard, but also hear every word that might be spoken by any persons present therein, being himself meanwhile in safe concealment. To him, then, I am indebted for the information contained in the remainder of this chapter.

He saw Buffles and Stodge seated on two stumps of trees, holding converse together.

"I say, Buffles, I had a terrible shave of being caught. Old Poco saw me from his study window and halloaed out, 'Who's that?' I was in an awful funk, and dodged behind the laurels. He couldn't have seen who I was."

"What an ass you were to go that way!"

"Well, Dumpling told us to go different ways, and none of you fellows would dare to go through the garden. I'm not half such an ass as you."

"Yes you are. Dumpling says you're the greatest ass in the school. Hark! here comes some one."

The door of the wood-yard was cautiously opened, and in stole Grubbins. Guzzling Jim soon followed.

"Hullo, you fellows; it's all right. The President will be here in a jiff. I saw him start. He's coming down the playground."

A minute more and the President's heavy tread was heard outside.

The four subordinates rose to receive him, each with mug and spoon in hand.

Now nothing could have been easier than for the Dumpling to open the door and come in like the other boys had done. But his waggish nature prompted a more difficult method. I remember, at a circus, seeing a clown take up one of those paper hoops through which a fairy equestrian had just bounded. The clown held it out and jumped into it; and in order again to extricate himself he went through a series of the most difficult and ludicrous movements, twisting himself into inconceivable attitudes; whereas, had he been so minded, he might have stepped out as easily as he stepped in.

Some such clownish intention evidently filled the Dumpling's mind. For with prodigious exertion he climbed to the top of the black boarding that formed the barrier of the wood-yard, and reared his gigantic form into prominent view. There he sat grinning.

"Hullo, you chaps; you're all here, I see. Now let me show you an acrobatic performance, just to whet your appetites."

There was an old tree leaning against the fence, amid a heap of faggots, a broken-down wheelbarrow, a wooden tub for catching rain-water, and a nondescript accumulation of lumber.

The Dumpling, after some difficulty, elevated himself on a fork of this tree. Standing on one leg he kicked out the other and set the whole fence vibrating and cracking as he executed a wild untutored ballet, whistling a few bars of quaint melody. This was interrupted by occasional grunts needful to preserve his balance. He then essayed to descend the tree. The footing was precarious, and the Dumpling slipped. Nay, more—he fell beyond all recovery. He subsided gracefully backwards into the wooden tub. He was most effectually jammed into this tub; his legs projecting below the knee, his arms above the shoulder. Luckily there was no water in the tub.

"Here, just come and help me out, and don't stand there gaping like a lot of idiots."

The faithful four flew to the rescue. They seized each a leg or an arm, and pulled four different ways, "but not all the king's horses, not all the king's men, could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

"Shove us over, can't you? What puny imps you are!"

They shoved their mightiest, and succeeded in converting him, for the time as it were, into a gigantic tortoise. If only a cast could have been taken of him in that position, a model might have been executed fit to take its place among the antediluvian animals at the Crystal Palace.

The Dumpling eventually crawled out of his shell.

Half the interval between tea and preparation was thus fruitlessly expended. It behoved them not further to waste the precious moments.

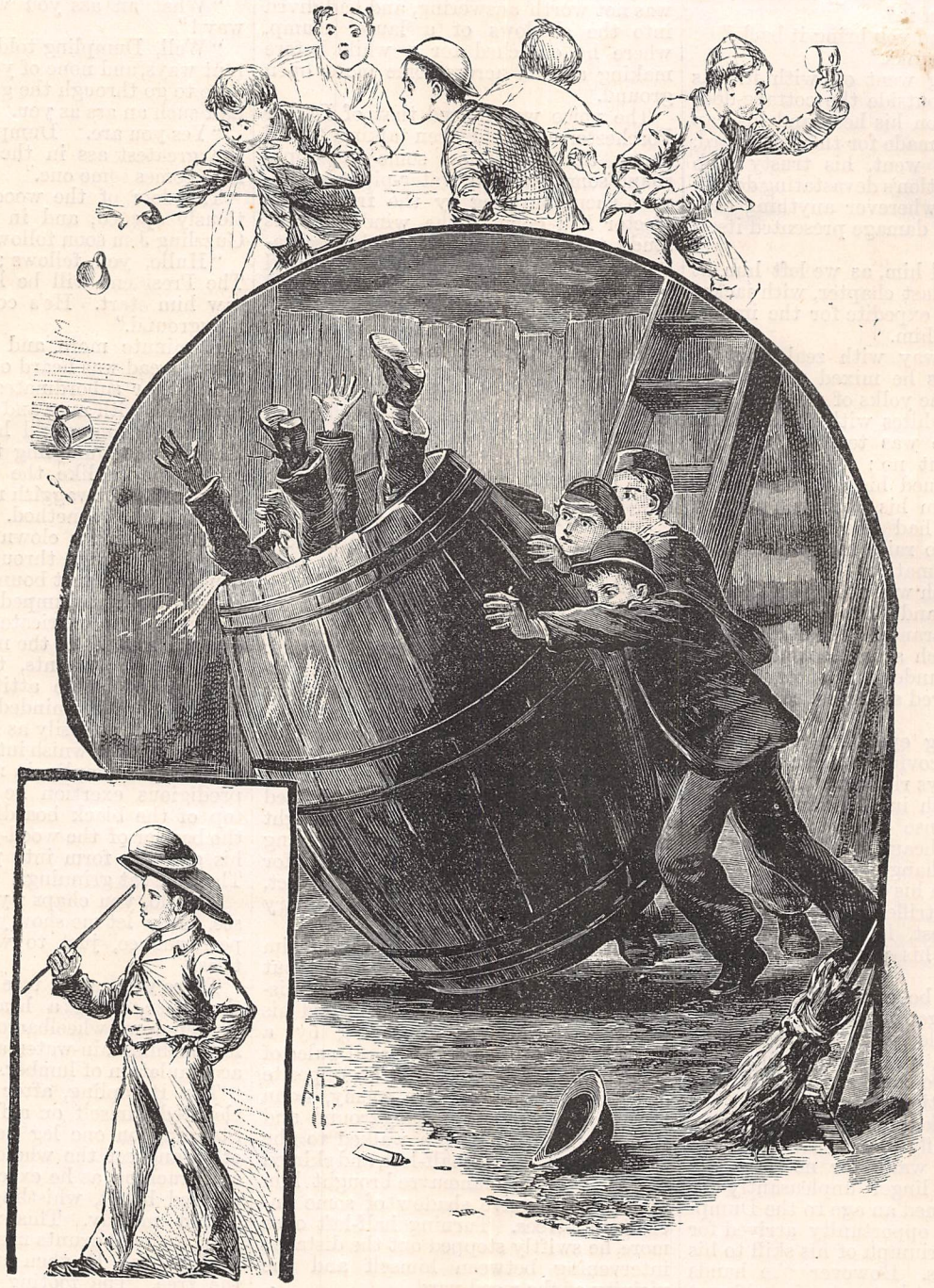
"Now then," said the Dumpling as he smoothed his ruffled plumes, "don't play the fool any more. Let us see what the trifle is like. I haven't tasted a mouthful myself for fear you should think me greedy."

A murmur of approbation greeted this magnanimous declaration. The trifle was brought forth from its hiding-place, and as the moonlight fell upon its snow-white substance, the eyes of the Jolly Guzzlers flashed with delight.

The Dumpling placed the dish on an extemporised table, and invited his friends to hold out their mugs, which he liberally filled in succession. When all were helped, he gave the word for the commencement of the feast. Simultaneously the four spoons were dipped into the four mugs. Not even yet would the high-souled Dumpling himself partake of the food. He would enjoy the delight of his guests ere his own lips touched the sweet confection.

Daintily they began to sip the superincumbent foam, which melted like nectar in their mouths. Then they came to the more solid composition and its rich sauce. Into this dived the four spoons, and portions were conveyed to the four mouths.

Then with a fourfold groan of amazement and abhorrence, with a spluttering of disgust, heads were turned aside, mugs were dropped, spoons were dashed to the ground, signals of undisguised distress were rampant, exclamations arose: "Oh, what beastly stuff! Ugh! it's poison." The banquet collapsed, and from the recesses of the old stable there issued a prolonged chuckling laugh, as though some hidden spectre were rejoicing at the discomfiture.



"Ugh! it's poison!"

(To be continued.)

GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

GALTON, ANDERSSON, AND DU CHAILLU.

LIVINGSTONE'S discovery of Lake Ngami in 1849 led to Galton's attempt to reach the lake from the west in 1850. In this he surveyed the Swakop, penetrated into Damara and Namaqua Lands, ascended Mount Erongo, and was eventually turned back by Nangoro, the fat king of the Ovampos, owing to his objection to being countercharmed by that famous monarch. The Ovampos have a superstition that persons they eat with can charm away their lives, and, writes Mr. Galton, "Nangoro, when a young man, being a person of considerable imagination, framed a countercharm for his own particular use. This, being of course taken up by the court, is at present the fashion of the whole of Ovampoland, and it was to it that I personally objected. The stranger sits down, closes his eyes, and raises his face to heaven. Then the Ovampo initiator takes some water into his mouth, gargles it well, and, standing over his victim, delivers it full in his face." The ceremony not having been performed, the expedition was viewed with suspicion, and, instead of being allowed to proceed as promised, was ordered out of the country, and retreated to Walfisch Bay, from whence it had started. The ground covered was quite new, and the observations made were numerous and valuable. The hunting adventures with the larger game were frequent and exciting. In fact—except perhaps Du Chaillu's, which will occupy us farther on—there is no book on African travel affording more interest to the general reader than "The Explorer in South Africa."

Some of the lion stories are particularly good. One—that of the narrow escape of the servant—is worth quoting:

"Hans was riding old Frieschland, the most useful ox I had, when he saw something dusky by the side of a camelthorn-tree, two hundred yards off. This was a lion, that rose and walked towards him. Hans had his gun in his gun-bag by the side of his saddle, and rode on; for there is no use in provoking hostilities single-handed with a lion unless some object has to be gained by it, as every sportsman at last acknowledges. The coolest hand and the best shot are never safe. After the lion had walked some twenty or thirty yards the ox either saw or smelt him, and became furious. Hans had enough to do to keep his seat, for a powerful long-horned ox tossing his head about and plunging wildly is a most awkward hack for the best of jockeys. The lion galloped up. He and Hans were side by side. The lion made his spring, and one heavy paw came on the nape of the ox's neck and rolled him over; the other clutched at Hans's arm, and tore the sleeve of his shirt to ribbons, but did not wound him; and there they all three lay. Hans, though he was thrown upon his gun, contrived to wriggle it out, the lion snarling and clutching at him all the time. But for all that, he put both bullets into the beast's body, who dropped, then turned round, and limped bleeding away into the recesses of a broad, thick cover, and there died."

A Namaqua Mission Station.

The adventures of two other members of the expedition were of a different class:

"This man's nose was seized by a hyena while he was asleep on his back—very unpleasant, and an excellent story to frighten children with. I could hardly believe it until a case occurred—quite *à propos*. An old bushwoman, who encamped under the lee of a few sticks and reeds that she had bent together, after the custom of those people, was sleeping coiled up close round the fire, with her lank feet straggling out in the dark, when a hyena who was prowling about in the early morning laid hold of her heel, and pulled her bodily half out of the hut. Her howls alarmed the hyena, who quitted his hold, and she hobbled up the next morning to us for plasters and bandages. The very next night the old lady slept in the same fashion as before, and the hyena came in the same way, and tugged at her heel. The poor creature was in a sad state, and I and one of Mr. Hahn's men sat up the next night to watch for the animal. I squatted in the shade of her house; my companion covered a side path, and the woman occupied her hut as a bait. It was a grand idea, that of baiting with an old woman. The hyena came along the side path, and there received his quietus."

Galton returned to the Cape from Walfisch Bay, but Andersson, who had been collecting with him, resolved to stay and wander about Namaqualand. Here he spent some time, and then sailing for the Cape, made another attempt on Ngami from thence. He was successful, and with Bechuana assistance arrived there in May, 1853.

He navigated the lake and also the River Teoge for a short distance, but the native opposition proved too strong for him to go very far. Since then, however, Ngami has been reached by Green, Wilson, Wahlberg, and others, and circumnavigated and surveyed by Chapman, who went backwards and forwards many times between it and Walfisch Bay. In 1859 Andersson started on an expedition to discover the Cunene, that narrow, shallow, crocodile-haunted stream, the largest on the Atlantic south of the Coanza, which is now generally held to be our northern frontier on the west coast, and hence the dispute with Germany as to the annexation of Angra Pequena considerably to the south of it.

The explorer's perils and adventures were remarkable. He and Green built a hunting lodge in Ovampoland, and took part in the Damara-Namaqua wars. He was severely wounded in one of the battles, and was only just rescued in time by his gallant companion.

The Cunene, however, was his object, and to the Cunene he had resolved to go. As

soon as he recovered from his wounds, although he was crippled for life, he started for the mysterious river, and, falling in with a Swede named Ericsson, the two journeyed northwards in an ox-cart. They reached Ovakuambe, and got a boat and a native escort, but soon afterwards the natives persuaded themselves that Andersson was dying, and all fled. The two men pressed on alone, and eventually reached the river they sought. Slowly they made their way back, and at Ovakuambe, in July, 1867, Andersson died.

Meanwhile Du Chaillu had been at work on the west coast farther north, and in the course of his extraordinary adventures had explored the country of the Ogoway and Fernan Vaz—since so fully described by Mr. R. N. B. Walker—found the gorilla, and lived with the cannibal Fans and the pigmy tribe of Obongos.

Du Chaillu—of American birth, but French descent—was born in 1835, so that when he began his exploring career in 1856 he was hardly one-and-twenty. Having arranged for an escort with a chief named Mbango, he started for the Muni. His adventures were not long in coming. On the way a large canoe was sighted. In it Mbango recognised one of his defaulting debtors, and to it he gave chase. Gradually the chase was overhauled, and then Mbango sent his canoe alongside his debtor's much larger vessel, and a dreadful hand-to-hand fight took place in order to balance the accounts. Several prisoners were taken by the pursuing creditor, and then, having got security for his bill, he expressed himself satisfied and the combat ceased, after revealing to the full the curious nature of some of the West African commercial forms.

Farther up the river Du Chaillu came on the track of the gorillas in the damaged sugar-cane. He started in pursuit, and, cautiously creeping through the bushes, at last caught sight of four of them speeding along on their hind legs, with heads forward and bodies bent, like hairy men running for their lives. Later on he was brought face to face with the king of the African forest, who glared upon the intruder from the depths of his deep-grey eyes, and then, beating his fists on his breast, rushed forward to throttle the explorer as he fired and shot him dead. Gorilla-shooting is, however, ticklish work. On one occasion one of the men missed his mark, and the angry animal seized the gun and bent it up, and gave the man such a knock-down blow that he shortly afterwards died. Another man had the muzzle of his gun seized by the gorilla as he was about to fire, but, holding tight, keeping cool, and watching his opportunity, had the good fortune to shoot his foe. The gorilla stories told by Du Chaillu were numerous, and by many people were disbelieved. In fact, his statements as to the existence of such an animal were met with a storm of incredulity, and so he went back to fetch a live specimen to prove his case. Nowadays, however, no animal is better known than the gorilla, and the statements as to its height and strength have received all confirmation.

The day after first seeing the gorillas Du Chaillu, when wandering alone, ran up against a Fan warrior and his wife. The astonishment was mutual. The Fans, with their black teeth filed to points, stood open-mouthed with astonishment at "the sight"—the first white man they had ever seen or heard of—while the white man looked on aghast at the first cannibals he had come across. The first thing he saw when he entered the village—all fenced about with human and gorilla skulls ornamenting the palisades—was a woman running along with a man's thigh fresh roasted from the fire, taking home the family dinner with as much unconcern as a working man's wife in our own country takes home the leg of mutton and baked potatoes from the baker's shop. Outside the hut in which he took up his lodging was a pile of human ribs, leg-bones, arm-bones, etc. !

With the Fans, now better known as the Mpangwes, the explorer spent some time. To impress them with his power he had at the outset shot two swallows on the wing. For firearms were then unknown to them, their weapons being spears, small poisoned arrows shot from a crossbow so strong that it had to be strung with both feet and hands, and a deadly pointed throwing-axe so whirled as to pierce the enemy's brain.

The King of the Fans—always excepting his horrible cannibalism—proved a fine fellow, and Du Chaillu soon won his favour. He presented him, amongst other things, with a looking-glass. Great was his majesty's delight. "His countenance beamed with joy. I never saw such astonishment as he exhibited when I held the looking-glass before his face. At first he did not know what to make of it, and did not want to take the glass, till Mbéné told him that he had one. He put his tongue out, and saw it reflected in the glass. Then he shut one eye and made faces, then he showed his hands before the looking-glass—one finger—two fingers—three fingers. He became speechless, and with all I had given him he went away as happy as a king; and every inch a (savage) king he was."

With the Fans Du Chaillu went on hunting expeditions, one of which, against a herd of elephants, he thus describes:—"The forest is full of rough, strong climbing plants, some bigger than a man's thigh, many as large as the ropes in the rigging of a ship. These creepers the natives twist together, and after working very hard succeed in making a huge fence or obstruction, not sufficient to hold the elephant, but strong enough to check him in his flight till the hunters can have time to kill him. Seeing that the men were careful in avoiding a certain place, I looked down on the ground, and saw nothing. Then, looking up, I saw an immense piece of wood suspended by the wild creepers, high in the air, and fixed in it at intervals I saw several large, heavy, sharp-pointed pieces of iron pointing downward. The rope that holds up this contrivance is so arranged that the elephant cannot help touching it if he passes underneath. Then the harrow is loosed, and falls with tremendous force on his back; the iron points pierce his body, and the piece of wood in falling generally breaks his spine.

"I also saw in places large, deep ditches, intended as pitfalls for the elephant. When he runs away or roams around at night he often falls into these pits, and that is the end of him, for in falling he generally breaks his legs. Sometimes when the natives go and visit the pit they have made they find nothing but the bones of the elephant and his ivory tusks."

The Fans surrounded the herd, and with wild cries drove them towards the traps. Soon they reached the tangles. "What an extraordinary sight lay before me ! I could distinguish one elephant, enraged, terrified, tearing at everything with his trunk and feet, but all in vain ! The tough creepers of the barrier in no instance gave way before him. Spear after spear was thrown at him. The Fans were everywhere, especially up in the trees, where they were out of reach of the elephant. The huge animal began to look like a gigantic porcupine, he was stuck so full of spears. Poor infuriated beast ! I thought he was crazy. Every spear that wounded him made him more furious. He had just dropped down when I came close to him, and, to end his sufferings, shot him through the ear."

Travelling in Africa is not an unmixed pleasure, to judge from the explorer's story of crossing a certain mangrove swamp on the roots which projected over the water's edge, and which lay from two to three feet apart at irregular distances. "It seemed a desperate venture, but they set out, jumping like monkeys from place to place, and I followed, expecting every minute to fall in between and stick in the mud, perhaps to be attacked by some noxious reptile whose rest my fall would disturb. I had to take off my shoes, whose thick soles made me more likely to slip. I gave all my baggage and guns and pistols to the men, and then commenced a journey whose like I hope never to take again. We were an hour in getting across—an hour of continual hops and jumps. In the midst of it all a man behind me flopped into the mud, calling out, 'Omemba !' in a frightful voice. Now 'Omemba' means 'snake.' The poor fellow had put his hand on an enormous black snake, and, feeling its cold slimy scales, let go his hold and fell through. All hands immediately began to run faster than before, and to shout and make all kinds of noises to frighten the serpent. But the animal also took fright, and began to crawl away among the branches as fast as he could. Unfortunately his fright led him directly towards some of us, and a general panic now ensued, everybody running as fast as he could to get out of the way of danger."

Space may perhaps be found for another even more exciting snake story, which tells how the traveller, on retiring to rest and fastening the door, caught sight of a python's glittering scales beneath his bed. For a minute or so he stood motionless and considered.

"If the snake were to uncoil itself and move about, it might perhaps take a spring and wind itself about me, quietly squeeze me to death, and then swallow me as he would a gazelle ! These were not comforting thoughts. I was afraid to cry out for fear of disturbing the snake, which appeared to be asleep. Besides, no one could get in, as I had barricaded the only entrance, so I went quietly and unfastened the door. When everything was ready for a safe retreat I said to myself, 'I had better try to kill it.' Then, looking for my guns, I saw, to my horror, that they were set against the wall at the back of the bed, so that the snake was between me and them. After watching the snake intently, and thinking what to do, I resolved to get my gun. So, keeping the door at my rear open in readiness for a speedy retreat at the first sign of life in the snake, I approached on tiptoe, and in the twinkling of an eye grasped the gun, which was heavily loaded with large shot. With it in my hand I went towards the reptile, and, fairly placing the muzzle against it, I fired, and then ran out of the house as fast as I could. At the noise of the gun there was a rush of negroes from all sides to know what was the matter. They thought some one had shot a man and run into my house to hide himself; so they all rushed into it, helter-skelter. But they rushed out just as fast on finding a great snake writhing about on the floor. Some had trodden on it and been frightened out of their wits. They roared and shouted, but no one appeared disposed to enter the house again; so I went in cautiously myself. By the dim light of the torch I saw its body had been cut in two, and both ends were flapping about the floor. At first I thought these two ends were two snakes, but as soon as I perceived my mistake I gave a heavy blow with a stick on the head of the horrible creature, and finished it. Then I saw it disgorge a duck—a whole duck, and such a long duck. It looked like an enormous long feathered sausage. After eating the duck the snake had thought my bedroom just the place for him to go to sleep in and digest his meal. He was a python, and measured eighteen feet."

And here this article must end. In 1863 Du Chaillu was at work exploring the Camma country with the intention of making his way across Africa to the Nile. He had reached the east of Ashango Land, when a gun carried by one of the party went off accidentally and killed a native. Instantly his companions were up and ready for battle. In vain Du Chaillu explained; for just as there seemed hope of peace a woman rushed out of one of the huts and shrieked that her hus-

band had been killed by the same bullet. A general attack was made on the expedition, and, fighting for his life, the explorer had to retreat. At last a river was crossed; beyond it his pursuers did not come, and the coast was reached in peace.

The King of the African Forest.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

New Swimming Bath at the Polytechnic.

The opening of a fine swimming bath at the old Polytechnic adds one more good feature to this already remarkable institution. As most persons are aware, this popular establishment in its old familiar form was finally closed two or three years ago, and within a very short period afterwards was started on an entirely new career of usefulness, under the style of the "Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute;" and as an indication of the success that has attended it in this new form, it is said that there are at the present moment over 2,000 applicants waiting to be elected members, and there were last year upwards of 5,500 students in connection with it. This is hardly to be wondered at, for the whole of this extensive building has been transformed almost past recognition, and is now virtually a most efficient technical college, and a social club of quite a luxurious character. The great hall in which the diving bell was the most conspicuous feature has been converted into a fine gymnasium, replete with everything requisite for a thorough course of athletics, and adjacent to this is the new swimming bath. This new feature of the place, like all the rest of the establishment, is due to the generosity of Mr. Quintin Hogg, who has expended upon this bath and a large apartment over the centre of it something like £8,500. The walls are all of glazed tiles, and the actual tank is seventy-six feet long and thirty feet wide, the depth of water ranging from four to six feet. There is a handsome gallery running round the tank, and below are commodious dressing-boxes. Provision is also made for preserving the water at a uniform temperature. There are larger baths than this in the metropolis, but on the whole it may be doubted whether a more complete and handsome establishment of the kind exists anywhere in the kingdom.

A Bicycle Feat.

"Round the World on a Bicycle" is the title of a book which may be expected before many years are over, unless an untimely spill, or some other casualty, should mar the ambition of Mr. Thomas Stevens, a young Englishman who has already crossed the American continent on his bicycle. He started from San Francisco on the 22nd of April, and reached Chicago on July 4th, after a run of forty-two days from the Pacific to the Great Lakes. His time averaged fifty miles a day; his only luggage consisted of a waterproof hat, and when crossing the Rocky Mountains he was sometimes without food for twenty-four hours at a stretch. When last we heard of him he was in this country preparing for a ride across Europe. He hoped to reach Constantinople by Christmas, and then devote 1885 to a run across Asia. It may interest bicyclists to know that Mr. Stevens rides a fifty-inch machine. Even if he only rides across two continents he will have done enough for fame. Asia at present and for many years to come will probably be bicycle-proof. Even in some parts of Europe it would be hardly safe for Mr. Stevens to pursue his adventurous tour. He does not include Russia in his programme, and he does well, if we may judge from the sensation the first bicycle made the other day on a community of Russian villagers. They had come out in the cool of the evening for their usual chat in the market-place, and were so startled at the sight of the noiseless approach of a wheeled steed mounted by a youth from St. Petersburg, that in the wildest panic they all rushed into their cottages and barricaded doors and windows. The innocent cause of such disturbance soon found out that, although in the Nevski Prospect the road is smooth enough for bicyclists, this is by no means the case among the country folks, and that he must either leave his "self-runner" at St. Petersburg, or take his board and lodging with him when making excursions into the country. The villagers will at present have nothing to do with the wheelman!

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By John Sachs.

CHAPTER II.

THE small rings of iron already mentioned seem to have been early utilised as a protection against arrows. They were interlaced in the form of what we call chain mail, and sewn on a leather tunic.

The chain mail on the Assyrian helmet (Fig. 4), besides other fragments found at Koyunjik, show that this nation was acquainted with this defence. Virgil, in his epic poem of Æneid, mentions two sorts of chain mail. In a lay of the eighth century a coat of mail of triple links is spoken of as a liberal gift. Then a description of the appearance of Charlemagne and his staff has been given by a monk who wrote towards the close of the ninth century and shows the traditional effect of the appearance of Charlemagne in his armour, an abstract of which is as follows:—"First came engines of war, with large bodies of soldiers and body-guards, that knew no repose. As the Emperor drew nearer and nearer, the gleam of arms shone upon the people, and then appeared Charles himself, that man of steel, with his head encased in a helmet of steel, his hands garnished with gauntlets of steel, his heart of steel, and his shoulders of marble protected by a cuirass of steel, and his left hand armed with a lance of steel, which he held aloft in the air; for his right hand was kept continually on the hilt of his invincible sword; the outside of his thighs was encircled with plates of steel; his boots and his buckler were of steel. All those who went before the monarch, all those who marched at his side, all those who followed, had armour of the like, as their means permitted. The fields and the highways were covered with steel, the points of steel reflecting the rays of the sun."

The ancient Britons, at the time of the invasion by Julius Cæsar, stripped to fight; but they had shields, bronze weapons, and chariots to which cutting weapons were fixed.

An ancient British gorget of pure gold, preserved in the British Museum, may have been for defence as well as ornament. Of the Saxon arms we have actual specimens found in their graves, illustrations in their missals, and the important Bayeux tapestry. The latter is a piece of needlework, measuring 214 feet in length and 20 inches in height, that was executed at the Court of William I., under the superintendence of his queen, Matilda, who may have worked at it personally. The illustrations record the various historical incidents in the Norman Conquest. A copy, about full size, can be seen in the North Court of South Kensington Museum; a smaller copy can be seen in the Westminster Chapter House, and in most public libraries.

Here is the figure of William the Norman (Fig. 8), copied from this tapestry. He wears a conical cap with a band at the side and a broad rim at the bottom, to which is attached a nose-piece; his body is covered with an armour of some kind of chain mail; in his hand he carries a mace or club; he is mounted on a horse of a red colour.

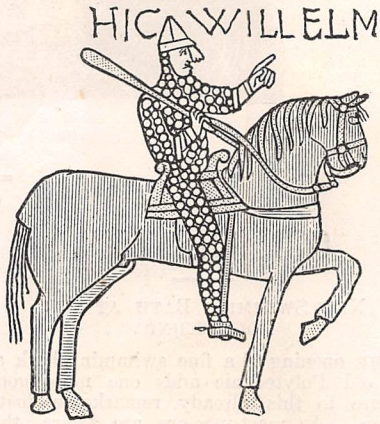


Fig. 8.

William the Conqueror, from the Bayeux Tapestry.

In another part of the work William is seen giving Harold arms. Harold is represented already in chain armour, and William is putting the iron cap on Harold, holding it by the nasal piece.

In yet another part of the tapestry "armour-bearers" are seen carrying the chain armour on lances. This chain armour was called by them "byrnie." The Early English laws of Gula were passed in the middle of the eighth century, and required every man who possessed six marks in addition to his clothes to furnish himself with a red shield, a spear, and an axe or sword. He who was worth twelve marks was to have an iron cap also, and he who was worth eighteen marks a byrnie in addition.

(To be continued.)

STRANGER THAN FICTION;

OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY HEROISM AND PERIL.

THE MARTYRED BISHOP.

THE boyhood of Bishop Patteson, as told in his letters from school—all of which nearly, from the first in round childish hand to the firmer writing of his college days, have been preserved—was a singularly happy one. The son of the eminent judge, Sir John Patteson, and connected with the Coleridges through his mother, he was fortunate in finding relations in high places throughout his life. His first school was at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, near which lived his uncle and grandparents. From here the letters tell of much cricket, riding, and running races, in which Patteson would seem to have taken great interest, and he certainly took immense interest in "the fireworks on the fifth," to judge from the delight with which he speaks of them. Of the time devoted to his lessons he made, however, excellent use.

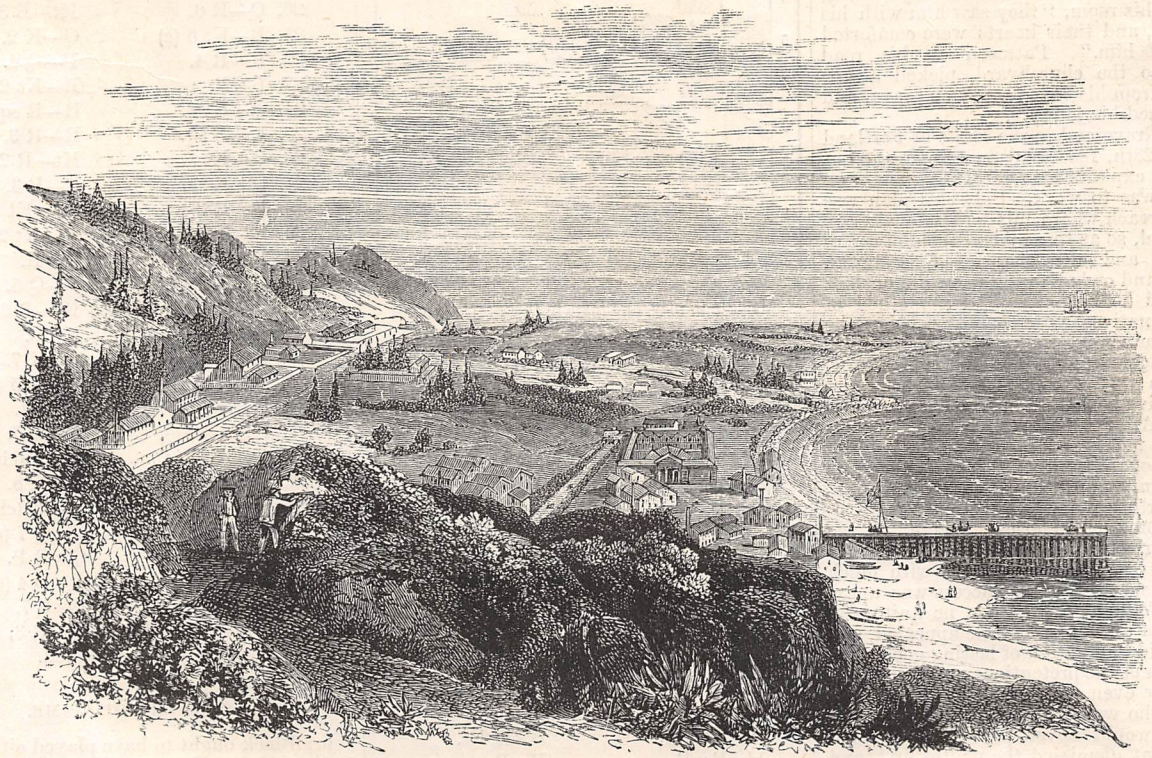
He went to Eton in his eleventh year—he had been born in April, 1827—and was placed in the lower remove of the fourth form and boarded in the house of his uncle, Edward Coleridge. The same year he writes home how at the Montem, when the Queen was going to Salt Hill, he was crowded against the wheels of her carriage, and would have been forced under them had not her Majesty caught hold of his hand and held him up as she moved along. Later on we get a description of Windsor Fair—to which the boys a few years afterwards were forbidden to go—where three of his schoolfellows were arrested for noisy conduct, and rescued by four hundred and fifty others in a regular free fight, in which rotten eggs and crackers were vigorously used. These are but foils, however, to a praiseworthy work. Later on comes a charming letter: "Rejoice! I was sent up for good yesterday at eleven o'clock school. I do not know what copy of verses for yet, but directly I do I will send you a copy. Goodford"—the late lamented provost—"when I took my ticket to be signed (for I was obliged to get Goodford, Abraham, and my tutor to sign it), said, 'I will sign it most willingly,' and then kept on stroking my hand and said, 'I congratulate you most heartily and am very glad of it.' I am the only one who is sent up."

Patteson.

At sixteen he was in the upper fifth, and, not having neglected his cricket, found a place in the eleven, and became captain before he left. While in the position of one of the cricket leaders of the school an event occurred in which his true character shone forth unmistakably. A custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs at the annual cricket and boating dinner given by the eleven and the eight at the hotel at Slough, and Patteson, who was one of the entertainers, gave notice before it took place that he was not going to allow anything of the sort while he was there. All went well for a few minutes after the dinner was over, and then one of the boys began to sing some objectionable ditty. "If that does not stop," shouted Patteson, "I shall leave the room." No notice was taken of this, and so he, with three or four other brave lads, rose and went away. He then sent word to the captain that unless an apology was offered he would leave the eleven. After some hesitation the apology was forthcoming, and he remained.

He was one of the best cricketers that Eton ever brought to Lord's. In his first year, 1843, the College lost by twenty runs, but in the second it won by an innings and sixty-nine, a victory chiefly due to Patteson, who went in first and made fifty by steady play such as thoroughly broke the back of the bowling. In the Winchester match the same year, which looked like another runaway win for the Light Blues, Ridding, the Wykehamist captain, now Bishop of Southwell, played so splendidly with all the luck against him that the Etonians were in despair, and only won by twenty-seven, saving the match by adopting a suggestion of Patteson's as to a change in the bowling. In 1845, memorable for the tie-match with Winchester, Harrow was defeated by an innings and one hundred and seventy-four runs, making only thirty-two and fifty-five to Eton's two hundred and sixty-one. At Oxford Patteson, finding it would take him too much away from his studies, did not continue his cricket, although invited to do so to represent his University.

For he had then thoroughly entered upon his preparation for the Church. His college career was a satisfactory one, and he became a Fellow of Merton. To finish his education he travelled a good deal on the Continent, studied Hebrew at Dresden, and became a thorough German scholar. Already he had developed that facility in acquiring languages



Norfolk Island.

which was to be of so much value to him later on. In 1853 he was ordained, and became curate of Alfington. In two years' time he resigned the appointment and devoted himself to missionary work.

As far back as 1841, when in his fourteenth year, he had been much impressed by a sermon from Bishop Selwyn, who was then in this country on a visit from New Zealand. The bishop, on the other hand, was favourably impressed with him, and even asked that "Coley"—such was his nickname, his Christian names were James Coleridge—should be given him when old enough to help him in his enterprise in the islands of the Pacific.

No wonder that the bishop found Patteson an enthusiastic admirer. No man had a larger measure of that magnetic influence which wins the minds and hearts of men. As has been well said by Mr. Gladstone in the "Quarterly Review," with regard to the influence of this interview on Patteson's future life, "Of a commanding presence, of frank and manly character, distinguished both in mental and bodily pursuits, and universally beloved, he was, as it were, reflected in his young friend, as to all their points; and in quitting a career of prosperity and promise, already well begun at home, for the charge of an unformed church in an unformed colony at the Antipodes, it had been the bishop's happy lot to lift the standard of self-sacrifice to a more conspicuous and a more generally felt and acknowledged elevation than it had heretofore reached among us. But we feel confident that a Selwyn claims and can claim no higher honour than to have had a Patteson for his pupil."

It was not without much anxious thought that Patteson resolved to give up his prospects at home and go out with the bishop, and the parting from his father and sisters cost him many a pang. Of the last farewells his biographer, Miss Charlotte Yonge, has given us a picture speaking eloquently to all by the thorough genuineness of the home life it reveals. To avoid unnecessary fuss he resolved to walk to the coach that would take him on to Cullompton, the nearest railway station. The last kisses were exchanged at the door, and the sisters watched him out of sight. Turning round they found that their father had left them. Silently looking for him in his room, "they saw him with his little Bible, and their hearts were comforted concerning him." Patteson on his road turned into the churchyard, picked a few primroses from his loved mother's grave, and then resumed his journey.

He left Gravesend in the Duke of Portland on March 28th, 1855, and on the voyage out the bishop explained to him the system on which he was to work. Selwyn's plan was never to preach where missions had already been started, so as to avoid all semblance of opposition and all chance of sectarian jealousy; and owing to the wide dimensions of his field he had organised a method of educating natives as teachers, as being the fittest instruments for appealing successfully to the islanders. At St. John's, near Auckland, there was a college established, and thither native boys were brought to train and instruct. After a time the college was removed to a more favourable site at Norfolk Island, famous as the abode of the descendants of the Bounty mutineers, and thence it received a further move to a more central position on Mota, or Sugarloaf, Island, in the Banks Archipelago.

Patteson entered on his work with much quiet enthusiasm, and his success was unexampled. Without any parade he quite won the hearts of those to whom he appealed, and laid the solid foundation of lasting good. He had a horror of the pretentious and theatrical, would never even speak on religious matters to a man who was sick unless the man was alone, and would never preach to a mixed audience, but dismissed the whites first, and then alone with the islanders would speak straight to their hearts with words of such sweetness and quiet power as always proved effective. Teaching rather than preaching, however, was what he specially aimed at; to work with as well as for his flock was his ambition. The acquisition of the many languages spoken in the different islands, which would have been so difficult a task for an ordinary man, came easily to him. Before he died he had printed thirteen elementary grammars and three vocabularies!

And in mere manual work he was not behindhand. As he himself said, "Many trades need not be attempted, but every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook." And with regard to his labours in these capacities the old Maori's sagacious remark that "Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him, while pig-gentleman never worked," may profitably be borne in mind.

In 1861 he was consecrated Bishop of Melanesia. Lady Martin, who was present, describes the ceremony as "altogether a wonderful scene; the three consecrating bishops all such noble-looking men, the goodly company of clergy, and Hohua's fine intelligent brown face among them, and then the long line of island boys and of St. Stephen's native teachers and their wives, were living testimonials of mission work."

For ten years he was unresting in his toil for the good of his diocese. Voyage after voyage he made, cruising from island to island. First he had been in Selwyn's schooner the Undine, then he had a long cruise in the Sea Breeze, and when he met with his death he was in the Southern Cross.

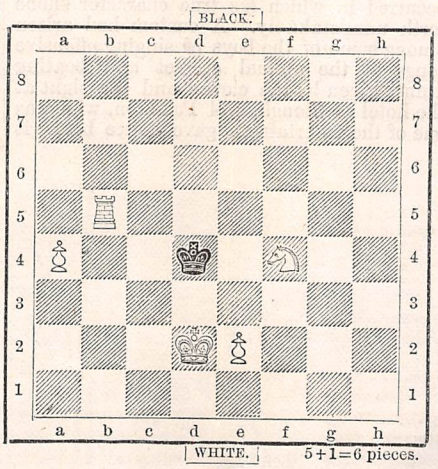
The tragedy occurred at Nukapu on 20th September, 1871. The Southern Cross was feeling her way up to the island, and was stopped by the reef, over which the blue waves were curling in the bright sunshine. A boat was lowered, which, after some distance had been traversed, was met by four native canoes, the man in one of which invited the bishop to join them. As he had found that confidence was generally gained when he landed in this way, he left the ship's boat and in the canoe crossed the reef and was taken ashore. He was never seen alive again. After an interval the canoe came drifting back, apparently empty, but as it passed the boat the sailors found to their horror that the bishop's body was on its floor. He had been murdered by the natives in revenge for the atrocities of the kidnappers, who in the "thief ships" and "snatch-snatch" ships, as the natives call them, feed the coolie trade.

In him the Gospel lost one of its truest and noblest preachers and the world one of its best of men. "As he taught," wrote Tagalana, translated by Mr. Codrington, "he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know. He did not despise any one, or reject any one with scorn. Whether it were a white or a black person, he taught them all as one, and he loved them all alike."

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Problem No. 86.



5+1=6 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Consultation Game.

Opening: Fianchetto.

Played in May, 1884, Messrs. S. S. and J. S. consulting together against Mr. H. M.

White: S. and S.	Black: H. M.
1. P—K 4.	P—K Kt 3.
2. P—Q 4.	B—Kt 2.
3. Kt—K B 3.	P—Kt 3.
4. B—Q B 4.	B—Kt 2.
5. Kt—B 3.	P—K 3.
6. B—B 4.	P—Q B 4 (*a*).
7. Kt—Q Kt 5.	K—B sq.
8. B—Q 6 (ch.).	Kt—K 2.
9. Kt—B 7.	B × K P.
10. Kt × R.	B × Q Kt.
11. P × P.	B × P.
12. R—Q Kt sq.	B—B 6 (ch.).
13. K—K 2.	Kt—B 3.
14. Q—Q 3.	B—B 3.
15. K R—Q sq.	P × P.
16. R—Kt 3 (*b*).	K—Kt 2.
17. B × B P.	Kt—R 4.
18. R—R 3.	Kt × B.
19. Q × Kt.	P—Q R 4.
20. Q—R 6.	Kt—B 3.
21. B—Kt 6 (*c*)	Q—K 2.
22. R—R 4.	P—Q 4.
23. B × P.	B—Kt 2.
24. Q—Kt 6.	R—R sq.
25. K—B sq.	R—R 3.
26. Q—Kt 5.	Kt—R 2.
27. Q—Kt 3.	B—B 3.
28. R—R 3.	Kt—Kt 4.
29. B—Kt 4.	Q—Kt 2.
30. R × R.	Q × R.
31. K—Kt sq.	P—Q 5.
32. P—Q R 4.	Kt—B 6.
33. B × Kt (*d*).	P × B.
34. R—R sq.	Q—K 7.
35. P—R 5.	B—K 5 (*e*).
36. P—R 6.	B × Kt.
37. P × B.	B—Q 5.
38. Q—Kt 7 (*f*).	B × P (ch.).
39. K—R sq. (*g*).	B—K 8.
40. R × B.	Q × R (ch.).
41. K—Kt 2.	Q—Q 7 (ch.).
42. K—R 3.	Q × B P.
43. P—R 7.	Q—B 4 (ch.).
44. K—Kt 2.	P—B 7.
45. Q—Kt 2 (ch.).	K—R 3,

and White resigned.

Notes on the Game.

(*a*) Black ought to have played either P to Q 3 or Kt to K 2, as White's next move

shows, which threatens check in two places, and the capture of the B or the R.

(*b*) White would not have gained the Q P by taking the Kt, because the K would have taken the B.

(*c*) The struggle for the R's P becomes interesting.

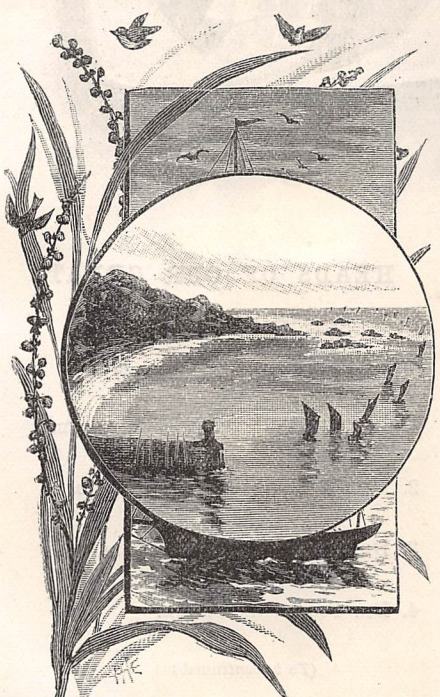
(*d*) If 33, Kt × P, then B × Kt. 34, R × B, Kt—K 7 (ch.), and Kt × R.

(*e*) Black did well by waiting to take the Kt, and let the P go to R 6.

(*f*) The defence of R to K B sq. would have been the safer one, whereupon the Q would have taken the R's P.

(*g*) If K—Kt 2, then B—K 8 (d. ch.). 40, K—R 3, Q—B 8 (ch.). 41, K—Kt 4, Q—B 5 (ch.), etc.

Correspondence.



B. A. G.—There is a "very large stock of magic lanterns and slides and lenses and fittings" at Hughes's, 82, Mortimer Road, De Beauvoir Square, N., but ordinary opticians have enough for you to choose from.

CHEQUER.—The British Chess Association law as to a pawn taken in passing is No. XII. It reads: "Should a player be left with no other move than to take a pawn in passing, he shall be bound to play that move." The rule as to queening a pawn follows: "When a pawn has reached the eighth square the player has the option of selecting a piece, whether such piece has been previously lost or not, whose name and powers it shall then assume, or of deciding that it shall remain a pawn."

SIRIUS.—1. The line is correct; to pass a line afar from another line is to send it off at right angles. 2. If you know that Saturn is in Taurus, and you find in Taurus a large star that is not shown or mentioned in maps of fixed stars, it is reasonable to suppose that the unknown can be no other than Saturn. It is not customary to show the planets in maps of the constellations.

SCHIO.—The Schio Liao is a paste made in China, and consists of fifty-four parts of powdered lime, six parts of powdered alum, and forty parts of fresh blood, mixed up together in a homogeneous mass. It will fasten stone, porcelain, or any hard substance.

KIRKCALDY.—1. If you are healthy, opening your eyes under water will not hurt you. 2. In very smooth water a paddle steamer would perhaps be the fastest, but under all other circumstances the screw would win. 3. Jules Verne was born in 1828. 4. There is no difference.

C. P.—Buy the second volume, and read the treatise on cricket that it contains.

GANNET.—You can buy marine glue at a penny a stick at nearly all indiarubber shops. You make it by melting indiarubber in naphtha, and adding twice as much shellac. There is another glue made by dissolving twenty grains of indiarubber in two fluid ounces of chloroform, adding four drachms of powdered mastic, and letting the mixture macerate for a week. It must be kept cool and well-corked.

H. R. WASHINGTON.—1. Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded at the decisive battle at Alexandria on January 21, 1801, when the French were driven out of Egypt. He died seven days afterwards on board the admiral's flagship. 2. There would be the same range of excellence amongst the boys, no matter at what age the limit was put.

W. HARRISON.—Try Loomis's "Practical Astronomy," published by Sampson Low and Co.; Chambers's "Practical Astronomy," published by the Clarendon Press; Admiral Smyth's "Celestial Cycle;" "Herschel's Manual," etc., all standard works, obtainable through any bookseller.

THE WOULD-BE SAILOR.—1. According to some authorities, the first ironclad was the Merrimac, used by the Confederates in the American War. The Monitor turret-ship is of the same date, but Captain Cowper Coles was prior to Captain Ericsson. It is in fact the old story, the "first" inventor can never be mentioned without an earlier one putting in a claim. 2. Buy "Under the Red Ensign, or How to go to Sea," price one shilling, from any nautical bookseller.

PICKWICK.—The only satisfactory way of procuring a skeleton is by maceration, which is odoriferous but sure. The ant method is all very well, but in the first place you have to find the hill, and in the second you have to provide against the body being removed by some other agency.

A TAKER OF THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER."—For fowl dealers consult the advertisements in the "Exchange and Mart," or the catalogue of some poultry show.

BASINGSTOKE and Others.—It would be of no interest whatever for us to fill our columns with the elementary geography of our native land. If you want to know the road from one place to another buy a map; if you do not understand a map buy a geography and learn.

I. W.—For instructions in the management of calves consult some dairy manual, or apply to some agricultural newspaper. Since writing this it has occurred to us that perhaps you mean the calves on your legs. If so, we are unable to tell you how to "grow them." We believe that their abnormal development is a trade secret, never communicated previous to the assumption of the plush!

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Cover the clothes-basket with American cloth, or tarpaulin, or oiled canvas, or macintosh. Either will do for a coracle. Learn to swim before you trust yourself inside it! Even a proper coracle is a most crazy craft.

PAT.—What do you mean by "accidentally"? Where is the umpire to draw the line? If the ball is touched by the hands the penalty must be enforced.

PEET.—The title-page, index, and plates of the fourth and fifth volumes cost one shilling and eightpence per packet. They are in stock.

M. LONG.—1. Read Croll's "Glacial Period." 2. Crinoids are still existent. See the Challenger reports. 3. No. The sunsets began before the eruption. 4. The only magazine is the Geological, published by Trübner and Co.

H. H.—See the "Thrones of the Ice King" in the fifth volume. The Alert was presented to the United States Government.

A. RICKARDS.—The articles on "Fishing Tackle and how to make it" began in No. 105, and ended in No. 135, in Vol. III.

NESTOR.—They are not initials. A E I (pronounced A I) is Greek for "for ever."

BRITON.—Guides to Army Examinations are published by Stanford, of Charing Cross. The age is from seventeen to twenty.

KING'S COUNTY.—1. Answered over and over again. The number on the last copy will tell you. Count back. 2. Both subjects have been exhaustively treated. See indexes. 3. Certainly not. Our columns are much too valuable to serve as refuges for amateur discussions on political squabbles.

H. K. HOLDEN.—1. The equinoctial gales take place at the equinoxes, Lady Day and Michaelmas, and last over a few days. 2. Yes. There is, perhaps, no disease that is not now curable in its early stages. It is only a question of taking it in time.

S. H. HARE.—You will find an article on "My Flagstaff, and how I rigged it" in No. 86, in the October part for 1880.

H. S.—If you want to go for a sailor apply at the Mercantile Marine Office at Liverpool. No ships go to Fleetwood.

REDFEATHER.—The egg articles were in the second volume. Read them.

MILITARY CIVILIAN.—The only way we can suggest for you to increase your growth to army height is to emigrate to Australia. It often happens that lads who have apparently stopped growing in this country take a fresh start under the sun of the Antipodes.

WOULD-BE CHEMIST.—1. The articles on "Pharaoh's Serpents" was in the May part for 1881. 2. We cannot here describe the manufacture of whisky. 3. You will become a naturalist more rapidly by leaving off the whisky.

ATHLETE.—There is only one satisfactory way of cleaning wash-leather articles, and that is to take them to pieces, clean the leather, and make them up again.

A WEE TROUT.—1. There is no good fly-fishing near London, and it would be useless to recommend any place under such circumstances. 2. No.

W. H.—We have reprinted, and all the volumes are again in print at the published price of six shillings for the first and seven shillings and sixpence for the others.

A. V. TIERNEY.—Messrs. Hachette, of King William Street, Strand, are French publishers and agents, and you could get the books you require by applying to them.

CAPTAIN NEMO.—Our knowledge of the mails is derived entirely from the Postal Guide, and that you can get yourself at any post-office, price sixpence.

A LOVER OF THE SEA.—In nearly every seaport town there is a nautical warehouse where such books are sold. The Science and Art Department hold examinations in Navigation. Apply to South Kensington for particulars. Messrs. Norie and Wilson, of the Minories; Potter, of the Poultry, and others, will forward you catalogues if applied to.

BOB.—"Ora pro me" means simply "Pray for me."

CLERK.—Nor are you likely to. What interest do you think it would be to our readers to be informed "what percentage your writing would be allowed at an examination"? Such questions are promptly consigned to the waste-paper basket, as they will eventually be answered by others—examiners, to wit.

YOUNG ENQUIRER.—1. Leave it alone. 2. The frosting on the cards is made by coating them with gum, and sprinkling them with powdered glass.

DARDANUS.—For all particulars as to the movements of ships apply to Lloyd's, Royal Exchange, London. You will always be told if any particular ship has arrived or been heard of. Send a stamped envelope.

LT. METTON.—You should get an indiarubber stamp, and mark your pigeons on one of the wing feathers. This is the method adopted by the flying clubs.

B. REECE.—One of the principal depôts for American fretwork machinery is at Churchill's, in Sun Street, Finsbury. Their catalogues are sent on application.

W. H. STYLES.—The coloured plate of the Viking Victory refers to the story of Sigvald.

TEDDY.—1. The theory is an accepted fact, and the literature on the subject no longer worthy of notice. 2. The articles on Dogs were in the second volume.

EYES AS SHARP AS A NEEDLE.—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's offices are at 186, Strand, London, and it is there that you should apply for information, and not at obscure country platforms. The mistake in the date appears in only a part of our edition. We cannot give any "rules for the cricket season," as the season would prefer making its own.

DAMON.—1. See our article on the last football season. The club you mention does not even reach second-class form. 2. Yes.

ATHLETE.—Give your shoes a good coat of dubbin, or, when they are wet, dose them well with castor-oil or Russian tallow.

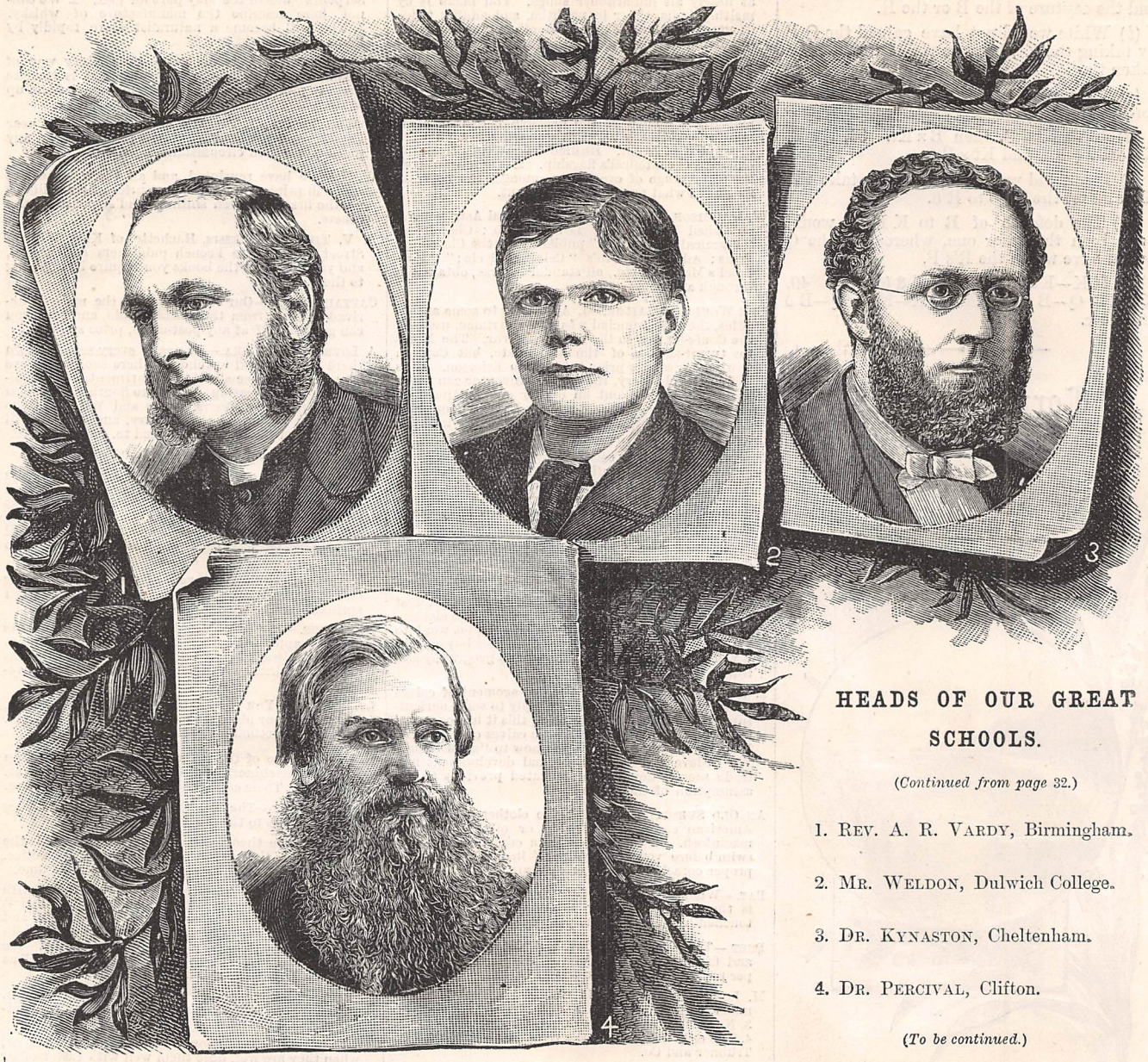
CYCLER.—The Cyclists' Accident Insurance Corporation is at 15, Coleman Street, E.C. The annual premium for machines under £20 in value is twelve shillings and sixpence, for those under £30 it is fifteen shillings. Apply to the secretary for particulars.

CLIPPER LAD.—The America was ninety-five feet on deck from stem to stern, eighty feet keel, and twenty-three feet amidships. She drew eleven feet of water in sailing trim. Her masts were seventy-nine feet six, and eighty-one feet long. Her main-gaff was twenty-six feet, her main-boom fifty-eight feet, her bowsprit thirty-two feet. She was built of white oak, locust wood, cedar, chestnut, and heckmatack, and the frame was strengthened with diagonal iron braces four feet apart. Her cutwater was a prolongation of herself, and had no false wood. She was painted lead-colour.

STUDENT.—1. No question of rightful heirship can arise when elected by the people. 2. See the Almanach de Gotha. 3. All foreign governments have the right to open private letters.

J. MORRIS.—1. Better pronounce the name as spelt. The earl's family pronounce it Cooper, but there is no proof that the poet did so. 2. The locals make one syllable of the "mare," but it should properly have two. Call it Weston, and evade the difficulty.

ANXIOUS BILL.—We see no reason why you should not tell your father that you have been saving money out of what he has given you for food. At the same time we think that the amount he allows you is not excessive for the purpose he states, and that to save out of it is to run very close to the line where wise thrift ends and short-sighted avarice begins. Your fear at the result shows that you are very much of the same opinion. Better good health than a deep purse.



HEADS OF OUR GREAT SCHOOLS.

(*Continued from page* 32.)

1. Rev. A. R. Vardy, Birmingham.
2. Mr. Weldon, Dulwich College.
3. Dr. Kynaston, Cheltenham.
4. Dr. Percival, Clifton.

(*To be continued.*)

Spider.—The reason of the failure is either that the lamp is not strong enough, or the lens is not in focus. A feeble colza-oil lamp is of no use; you must have a very bright light, which you might perhaps obtain easiest by having it in a lantern outside.

J. R. L.—Write to Bible Society's House, Victoria Street, Blackfriars, London.

G. H. L.—Give your skylark a good cage, open in front only, with a bend in it; no perches, but a nice green turf in the bend in front. Feed on bread-crumb, with a little crushed hemp-seed, and give also table scraps. Draggle the crumbs with milk.

E. W. Gowing.—No; give slugs, and in winter a little finely-minced fresh meat. We think it is the ordinary thrush from your description, though probably oddly marked.

E. T.—Weakness of constitution alone caused the death of your young birds. You probably also made the mistake of breeding too early in the season.

G. H. R.—Get ordinary green tea, and make an infusion about the colour of brandy. Use this when cold as a lotion, twice or thrice a day, pouring about a teaspoonful into each ear, and retaining it for a minute. Give the dog a dose of castor-oil once a week, and let him have well-mashed boiled greens in his food thrice a week.

James D.—1. Too long to insert. See our papers on poultry. 2. You can only prepare fowls for show by proper attention months beforehand to their feeding and health, and by keeping them apart from other fowls that might destroy their plumage. All trimming or clipping is illegal, and can easily be detected.

Dogimus.—Five grains of powdered alum to an ounce of water make a very handy eye-lotion for dogs.

T. Hamlet.—Your fowls died of inflammation, but of what kind only a post-mortem could have revealed.

H. W. H.—You must feed the canary more plainly, but we fear you can do little else. It is asthma, and nearly always fatal. Put saffron in the water, and give three drops of castor-oil, warm—not hot—twice a week.

E. J. Toby.—"Gapes" is a disease caused by worms that infest the throat. Treatment is most unsatisfactory, but it can be prevented by clean, wholesome food, and perfect attention to dryness and cleanliness of yard and run.

Boarhound.—Give him Spratt's biscuits, also some of the cod-liver-oil cakes sold by the same firm. He will need no other medicine.

Reindeer.—Your cat is a Persian.

A Constant Reader.—But it *must* be your fault. If your fowls go like that they either have unclean water, bad feeding, or are kept in a damp or dirty condition. Use a little sulphur ointment to the bare places. Do they get exercise and sunshine?

Narcissus.—There is no difference between the size of house and tree sparrow's eggs; if any, the latter have it. Buy the monthly part, price sixpence, and consult the plate.

A Beginner.—Certainly the fungus is a disease in fishes, caused by overcrowding as much as anything else. But you must clear out your whole place and begin again at the beginning. Put in only wholesome fish, and let the water be purified by vegetation, and have occasional sunlight.

Skylark.—Six questions all of a lump! It would take a naturalist an hour to answer them all orally. The wren isn't the tomtit, and there couldn't be a cheap book on birds. The number you inquire after is sixpence.

Pattern Maker.—You will find a good deal about turning in the "Amateur Mechanic" and in "Lathework," by Paul Hasluck. You would find a good many references in the index numbers of "Amateur Work."

C. D. Vide.—1. Stop the rape. I suppose you mean a canary, though you don't say so. 2. Your sister is right.

Ulic.—Well, then, in mercy sake, let the poor squirrel go. It will never be tame, though it may get broken-spirited and quiet.

Stoneycroft.—All such things are tokens. Coins have the monarch's head.

Our Portrait Gallery.

(*Continued from page* 32.)

In continuing the portraits of the Heads of our Great Schools, we have engraved the four in this week's number from photographs as follows:—Dr. Vardy, of Birmingham, from a photograph by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. Weldon, of Dulwich College, from a photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, Regent Street, London, W.; Rev. Herbert Kynaston, D D., of Cheltenham, from a photograph by the County of Gloucester Studio, Cheltenham; Dr. Percival, of Clifton, from a photograph by M. Guttenberg, Clifton.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER V.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the unpleasantness of Lang's sensations as he obeyed the Doctor's summons. What could he be wanted for except about that wretched visit to the Rummage-room?

Could Mr. Pickering have seen him coming out of it? He did not think that was possible.

"Hush!" whispered Tommy, "you'll wake them."

Very rarely had he seen the Doctor looking so angry as on this occasion. A boy notices anxiously a master's mood when he is concerned in its results.

"You were in the Rummage-room this afternoon, Lang," began Dr. Fellowes, abruptly.

Lang looked down guiltily.

"Why did you not say so an hour ago when I asked who had been there?"

"I didn't like to, sir; I was afraid you might think I had something to do with the disappearance of Simpson's money."

"Do you think I shall consider it less likely now that I find you have concealed your visit there and tried to deceive me?"

"I only took a ball out of the box," protested Lang. "I haven't any notion which is Simpson's box even. I never touched a thing whilst I was in there."

He spoke angrily, with a sense of injustice. Dr. Fellowes smiled sternly.

"Had you not better wait till you are accused before you assert your innocence so warmly? I have only accused you of deceiving me about your visit to the room. As it happens, I know on excellent evidence that you went there, and, fortunately for you, you were watched the whole time you were there. I don't think you guilty of anything worse than an attempt at deception, and of that you cannot clear yourself, can you?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. I call your conduct cowardly. You must have been doubtful of your own character, or you would not have hesitated to own everything when I asked. The result of it is that, as by accident I was able to discover what you thought you had concealed, you have shaken my faith in you. I had hoped that you were reforming this half; you know I had grave cause to be dissatisfied with you. This episode has not tended to confirm me in my hopes. You will write out the first six odes of the second book of Horace, with translations of the first three. You may go."

Lang obeyed. The tea-bell had rung, and some of his form were wondering where he was. He didn't feel much inclined for tea, but he determined to brave the whole affair out. The Doctor had been unjust; of that he was sure. It was no good trying to keep straight if something were always happening to pull him back again. Why should he care? It was a lot of trouble to work hard and keep out of mischief; it was much better fun to take things easy and chance the result.

"Hullo, old man, what's up?" asked Ferguson as Lang took his seat. "The Doctor seems to have a fancy to-day for interviewing us; he's beginning to appreciate the delights of our conversation at last."

"Not much," returned Lang, with a laugh. "One can never get a word in edgeways when he's begun to speak. He's like Tennyson's Brook—goes on for ever."

"Quoting Tennyson!" exclaimed Dickson. "Have you been reading him up in order to make us feel small?"

"I say, Soady," continued Ferguson, "what on earth did the Doctor want you for? Is he going to persuade you to play 'Auld Lang Syne' to Mrs. Fellowes?"

"No, he isn't," replied Soady; "I don't know it quite perfectly yet."

There was a small roar at this, which was said with perfect gravity. Soady hoped that it would turn the talk from a topic which he wished to avoid, but his manœuvre failed.

"Then what did he want?" persisted Dickson.

"Never you mind," replied Soady, mysteriously. "I didn't bother you about it last time he sent for you."

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country, for it was notorious that the last time Dickson had visited the Doctor it was to expiate an offence by corporal punishment. Dickson was still very sore on the subject, and looked daggers at Soady, whose round, good-natured face expressed an utter want of malice.

No one else seemed inclined to question them, so the talk drifted round to other subjects. But Lang had been an eager listener to what was said. He had not known of Soady's interview with the Doctor. It flashed across his mind at once that he had seen him go into the Rummage-room and had told the Doctor.

"The wretched sneak!" he said to himself; "if I don't pay him out for this!"

Soady glanced down the table and saw the appealing face of Tommy turned towards him. Since he came to St. Mary's Tommy had never spent so long a time without speaking to his friend, and the world now seemed blank to him. A funny little chap he was, rather pitied and looked down upon by his companions, but in one thing at least he far outshone them all—his loyalty to his friend. Soady had been very kind to him, and there was nothing Tommy would not have done in return. And now his friend had avoided him ever since the beginning of afternoon school, had interviewed the Doctor (a most tremendous event) and never said a word about it since. Tommy was upset; he had no one to confide his trouble to; he became utterly miserable.

Soady caught his appealing glance and resolved to see him some time during the evening and put matters straight. But directly tea was over preparation began; then Soady had to go to the first-form room to attend a cricket committee, and poor Tommy had no chance of speaking to him. He thought his friend was still avoiding him on purpose.

This would never do. Tommy resolved to write a letter to him. "Dear Soady,—I don't know why you are angry with me, but I'm very sorry. If I've done anything wrong you can lick me if you'll be friends again. Tommy."

The question then arose how to get this conveyed to its destination. Soady would not come out of the first-form room again before bed-time, and their bedrooms were a tremendous distance apart; in different wings of the building, in fact.

He caught sight of Dickson returning to the schoolroom for a book. Plucking up his courage he went up to him.

"Please, Dickson, would you mind giving this to Soady?"

He held out his note timidly.

"All right," said Dickson, pocketing it. Tommy was for a time relieved in heart, but how miserable he would have been had he known that Dickson forgot all about his precious epistle, and happening to want a spill to light another jet of gas with, drew from his pocket the first piece of paper he put his hand on and lit it. That piece of paper was Tommy's note.

CHAPTER VI.

BED-TIME came, and Soady had given no sign of his existence. Tommy was in despair. What had he done to be treated so heartlessly.

There was plenty of noise and confusion in going upstairs and undressing, and even Tommy could not fail to take a passing interest in Featherstone's latest trick of arranging Simpson's basin of water so that it fell over directly it was touched. But when the gas was out and the boys gradually dropped off to sleep his misery returned: the silence of the night only made his loneliness the more oppressive.

It may seem a trifling cause for misery to those of you who are full of life and spirits, who have plenty of friends and a lot of enemies to keep things lively for you; but picture yourself in Tommy's place, fresh from home, knowing no one but his one friend, and then finding that one friend prove faithless.

Tommy could stand it no longer. He tried to cry himself to sleep, but failed. At last a desperate resolve came into his mind: why should he not make an excursion to Soady's room and see him for a minute? He knew the way well enough; there was quite enough moonlight for him to find it; every one was asleep long ago; he had nothing to do but open the doors carefully and not make a noise. Besides, most of the doors were open, for the night was hot.

Why hadn't he thought of it before? He listened a moment for any sound, but all was silent. He crept out of bed and made straight for the door. A slight push, and he was in the passage.

Along the passage, and then, after a turn to the right and six steps down, was a corridor leading to the other wing. The third door along the corridor was Soady's room.

So far he reached without the slightest misadventure; but the door of No. 8 creaked, and he stopped suddenly.

No noise! He pushed it a little farther, it creaked again. But Tommy was bolder now; he sidled into the room and crouched behind a bed.

There lay Soady and three other boys, all unconscious of their midnight visitor.

Tommy crept up to his friend's bed side and gradually put his hand into his. He waited anxiously for him to open his eyes. He did at last, and there stood Tommy by his side, with his finger on his lips.

"Why, Tommy!" exclaimed Soady; "what's the row?"

"Hush!" whispered Tommy; "you'll wake them."

"All right!" returned Soady, in a low voice. "What's the matter? Are you ill? You'll catch cold out there; come in here with me."

Tommy crept into the bed, and, hiding his head beneath the clothes, burst into a fit of crying.

"Hey, gently, Tommy! you'll break a blood-vessel! Who's been licking you? I'll teach him!"

"'Tisn't that," said Tommy; "I thought you were angry with me."

"And you're crying about that? Why, Tommy, what put that into your head?"

"You ran away from me, and you haven't spoken to me, and I sent you a

letter, and you never answered it, and I couldn't bear it any more," sobbed Tommy.

"There, never mind; it's all a mistake, I never had your letter," said Soady.

He let him have his cry out, thinking that perhaps he had not been wise in keeping the youngster so much out of the company of those of his own age. What would he do when he was left alone at the end of the half?

However for the present the kindest thing was to disabuse his mind of the idea that he was offended with him, so Soady told him all about the interview with the Doctor, under a pledge of secrecy which he knew Tommy would never break.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tommy, at last. "I thought I heard some one!"

Apparently it was a false alarm, but it brought to their minds the fact that it was quite time Tommy went back to bed. He crept out, and, first satisfying himself that every one was asleep, stole out of the room.

He did not notice that Melhuish was watching him out of the corner of his eye, still less did he or Soady guess that Melhuish had been an interested listener to the whole of the secret history of the Doctor's investigation of the robbery.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," "The White Rat," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

The banquet was indeed a failure. Its immediate effect on the Dumpling was to make him unusually irascible, and his club was employed the next day to the no small tribulation of sundry small boys. Crestfallen and humiliated in the eyes of the guzzling fraternity, he felt that his prestige as a confectioner had suffered irretrievable disgrace. He had to brook the satirical smile of Stodge, the gruesome gibes of Grubbins, the banter of Buffles, and the jeers of Guzling Jim. And he was conscious that they discussed the trifle with language more than a trifle derogatory to his dignity.

It was clear that the Dumpling had considerably lost caste by the late failure. He could not count upon the allegiance of his followers. The existence of the club hovered on a very precarious tenure. Created with the object of providing from time to time a dainty repast for its members, it had signally failed at the outset, and all confidence in future successes was as unsubstantial as the froth of beaten eggs.

The Dumpling meditated upon these things the afternoon following his ill-starred feast, as he sauntered aimlessly about the field. He looked at the hollow in the old willow-tree. No sign of a hen's domestic details; the nest was no more; the wandering winds had made havoc of its substance. The Dumpling hummed an air and banged the tree with his club. No rustle of wings, no scuttling of legs, no agitated cluck sounded in response. The echoing wall gave back the stroke, and that was all.

The fat boy sighed as he moved off in the direction of the hen-yard. He had a few grains of Indian corn in his pocket. History often repeats itself. He leant over the railing and called the attention of the poultry by the "Coop, coop!" that brings to their minds the remembrance of feeding-time. A general clamour of voices ensued; the young birds bustled up, the old ones jerked their heads and peered about, and comported themselves with the dignity befitting old birds who were not to be caught by chaff. The Dumpling threw in two grains, for which there was a flurry and scuffle. The old Cochin China hen was there, but, being somewhat stiff in the legs, she was nowhere in the race for the prize.

The Dumpling watched their manœuvres, and as he watched he pondered. For full three minutes he stood in the attitude of one absorbed in thought. An idea seemed to strike him, for he struck a mighty blow with his club upon the paling. Then thought took action.

His last grain of corn was carefully bored through with a nail. He then took from his pocket a coil of string, one end of which he fastened securely to the grain of corn. The other end was made into a loop and slipped over one of the buttons whereby his nether garments were braced. He then watched for the near approach of the particular hen, and threw the grain to her under the lowest rail. She flew upon the spoil, mindful, no doubt, of similar delicacies erewhile enjoyed. She swallowed it with a gulp and cackle of satisfaction.

The Dumpling then turned his broad back on the poultry-yard to cross the field in the direction of the willow.

Now the doctor's garden was separated from the field by a terrace, with a broad flight of steps leading up and down. On this terrace the Doctor and his sister would often take a stroll for the benefit of their health. It so happened that they appeared upon the scene just as the Dumpling's stout form was crossing the field. There was nothing suspicious in his progress, but something very unusual soon attracted the Doctor's attention.

"Look, Rachel, at that strange fowl! Whatever can it be up to? It must have gone mad! Did you ever see a more extraordinary performance?"

It was indeed strange! There was the Cochin China hen, with outstretched neck and ruffled plumage, proceeding rapidly across the field, tumbling at times, then revolving like a spoon-bait; scuffling and flapping, and uttering shrill cries of alarm and distress.

Miss Porchester put up her glasses as she lowered her topsail—a blue parasol.

"Why, John, the bird must be bewitched! I will go at once and see Mrs. Carey about it."

The lady marched off to the cottage.

The Doctor, in his broad-brimmed hat, stood, with spectacled nose and hands behind him, gazing at this infatuated fowl, and the more he gazed the more astonished did he become.

The bird had now disappeared behind the willow-tree. It was curious that, with all his experience of boys and their vagaries, the Doctor did not suspect the Dumpling of any complicity in the bird's eccentric movements. It never occurred to him to imagine such a coincidence. He had been a zealous fisherman in his younger days, and loved dearly to cast a fly upon the dimpling stickles of a fair-flowing stream. Often had he played a fine trout, and exulted in landing it after a difficult contest. But the notion of playing a Cochin China hen with a kite-line had never entered his head, and the idea was altogether so incongruous that the learned man might be excused for failing to entertain it.

So the Doctor turned aside to saunter beneath the trees until his sister returned.

She was absent about ten minutes, for Mother Carey was of a talkative disposition, and made the most of every opportunity for gossip. It was not often that she got the chance of conversation with Miss Porchester: she therefore improved the occasion, and gave that lady a history of the fortunes of her hen-yard during the last few months. She dilated upon the deceitfulness of that hen. Beyond doubt, the bird had for some time past been ailing with softening of the brain, which had developed that tendency to fraud, and had at last culminated in pronounced mania.

"There can't be no shadow of doubt of it, ma'am. The bird's gone stark staring mad. When I lived at the farm years ago, before I married John, we had a sheep took in the same way. And you never, how the poor beast behaved! If he wanted to walk across this room, say, he'd turn over on his back and kick, and get up and tumble forward, and roll and writhe until it made one cry to watch the innocent creature's struggles. And at last father had him killed, and wouldn't let no one eat him, but just buried him in the orchard out of harm's way. And that's what it is with the hen. I knew there was something wrong, for I never see a fowl practise such deceit, as I says to Mrs. Woostford when she come in and says to me, says she, 'Mrs. Carey, why don't you watch that fowl?' and I said, 'I'd scorn the haction, ma'am!' Them's the words I used, Miss, as I might be standing here, and as you might be she, and I had the mop in my hand, and—"

Miss Porchester might have stood there till now, with no prospect of the dame's concluding her speech; but the lady was fain to stem the torrent of words, and so she interrupted it with the remark, "Ah, yes! Well, I suppose it is so. But you had better go and look after the bird, and perhaps you ought to kill it. Good afternoon."

So soon as she was gone Mother Carey put on her bonnet and went out to reconnoitre. She could trace the fowl's progress over the dewy grass, and followed it to the willow-tree. But there the tracks ceased. There were only the marks of a boy's footsteps, and Mother Carey could in no wise connect the fowl's vagaries with any boy.

She therefore returned baffled a second time in her attempt to solve the mystery of her bird's behaviour, in much the same frame of mind as she was when first introduced to the reader. Furthermore, the damp grass had produced an irritability in the corn on her big toe.

Where was the hen meanwhile?

She was still alive, and that is saying a good deal, for the toils of inexorable fate were closing around her: and her life had hung by a thread, not to say a twine cord, before ever we have reached this point in the narrative.

For it must be stated that the Dumpling had left no stone unturned to explain the cause of his failure in the trifle. He had ransacked his brains to find some satisfactory clue to the mystery. He only wished he had tasted the ingredients before using them. After all the bragging about his skill in the art of cookery, to be thus degraded beyond all recovery in the eyes of his admirers! Oh, if he could only find out how the trifle had proved such an abomination! It could not have been the buns or the brandy; the beer could not have made such a difference; the jam was Crosse and Blackwell's; it must have been the eggs! Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? One of the eggs must have been ADDLED! That explained it all.

Thus pondered the Dumpling, and as the idea flashed upon his mind he brought down his club with a sounding "thwack" upon the paling of the hen-yard, sending the whole flock into a stampede.

"Hang the old hen!" quoth he. "I'll teach her to lay addled eggs!"

And then his brain, so subtle in devising mischief, suggested that quaint stratagem to capture the offending fowl. On reaching the shelter of the willow he had drawn in the line. He had clutched and pinioned the feathered biped. He had fitted a noose of twine round her neck; he had passed the twine over a branch of the tree. He was on the point of exacting lynch law, when a glance at the terrace had revealed the Doctor standing with intent gaze directed towards the spot. Vengeance must be delayed for the present.

Disconnecting the halter, severing the twine that protruded from the bird's beak, tying his handkerchief round her head, the Dumpling had hustled the hen under his jacket. He had watched till the Doctor left the terrace, and then he had ambled off at his best pace to the wood-yard, and hidden the gagged fowl in the old tea-chest, to await execution at a more convenient time.

Sad indeed was the position of the unhappy bird. With legs tied fast and wings compressed by durance vile, with head, as it were, in a bag, she lay bewildered in darkness; and if a hen is capable of thought, truly her meditations must have been full of dismal forebodings. By dint of extreme exertion she was, however, able to move her beak and inflate her lungs to a certain extent, by which means she managed to squeeze out a few disjointed sepulchral squeaks. Her powers increased by practice, and when John Carey passed through the yard on his way to the boot-house he paused as the faint cries of distress fell on his ear.

Deliverance from that cruel bondage was the prompt result. The fetters were loosed, the handkerchief removed, and, after a shake or two, the old hen trotted after her liberator back to Mother Carey's yard, little the worse for her adventure, save that a sensation akin to violent indigestion probably agitated her intestinal regions.

John Carey showed more intelligence than the wiser heads in interpreting the matter. He waited till school was over, and then waylaid the Doctor, to whom he communicated a detailed account of what he had witnessed the evening before, and gave it as his conviction that Master Bertram had treated the fowl with cruelty and insult.

The Dumpling was sent for, and received a long and impressive lecture from the Doctor and a portentous imposition in the shape of twenty propositions of Euclid, to be learnt and repeated within a week, under penalty of chastisement by default. He was also forbidden to enter the field without a master.

There is reason to believe that the fraternity of the Jolly Guzzlers enjoyed, like the fabled butterfly, but an ephemeral existence, and that the Dumpling did not again attempt to gain influence over his companions at Highfield House by any performances in the art of confectionery.

(THE END.)

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

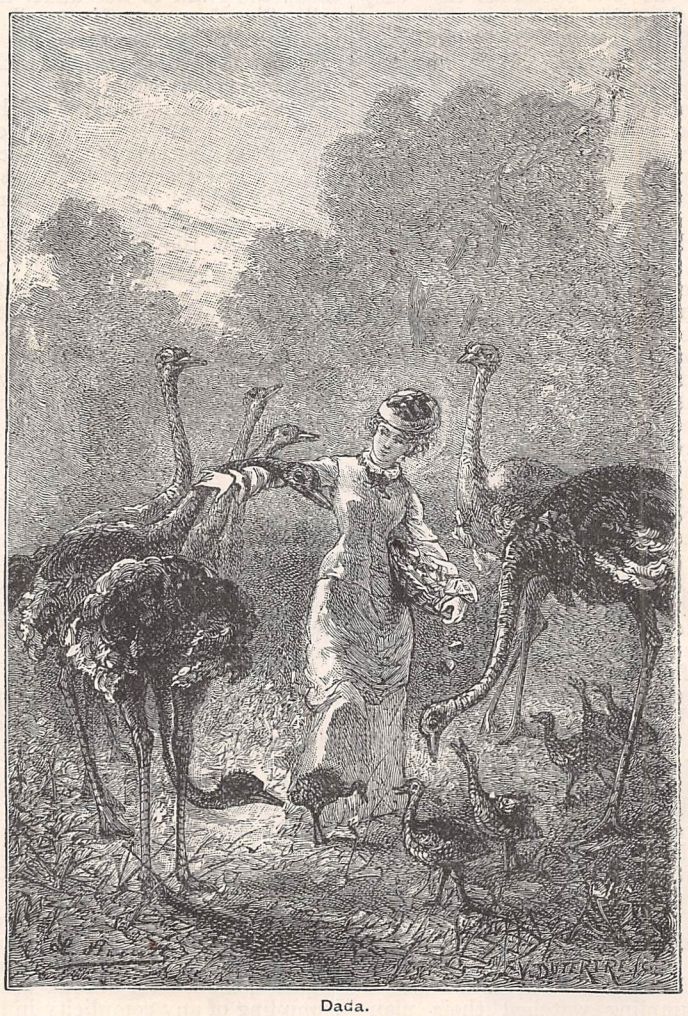
A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER III.—A LITTLE SCIENCE.

To his honour be it said, the young engineer had not come to Griqualand to spend his time in an atmosphere of greed, drunkenness, and tobacco smoke. His object was to make sundry topographical and geological surveys of certain parts of the country, to collect specimens of the rocks and diamantiferous gravels, and to conduct a few delicate analyses on the spot. His first care,



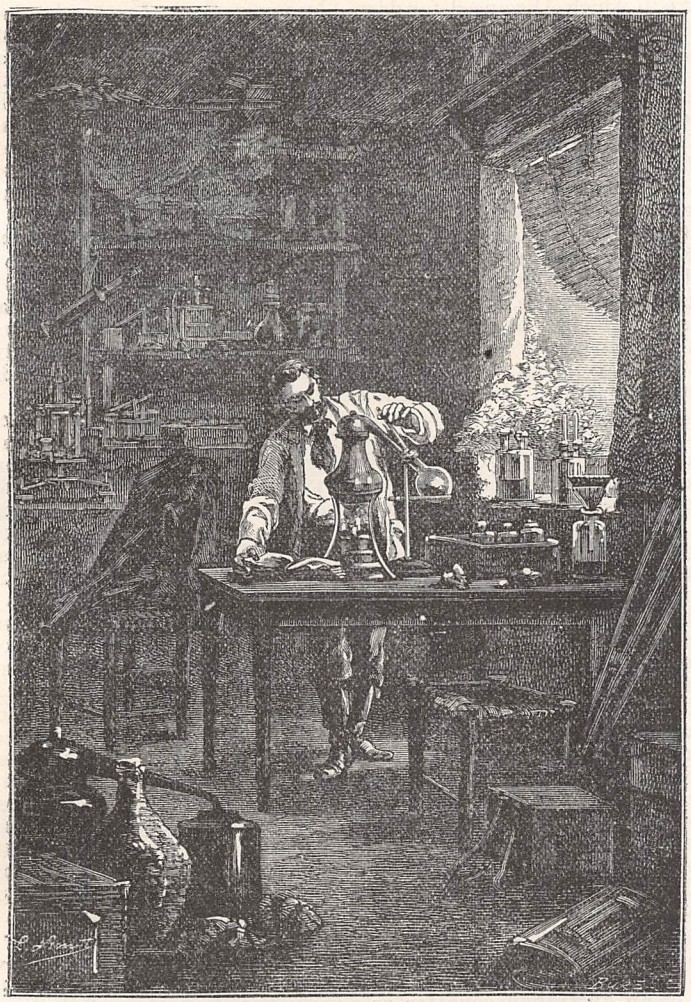
Dada.

therefore, was to procure a quiet dwelling-place, where he could set up his laboratory, and which would serve as the centre of his explorations in the mining districts.

The knoll on which Watkins Farm was situated soon attracted his attention as a site particularly favourable for his work, far enough away to suffer but little from the noisy proximity of the camp, and at the same time within an hour's walk of the farthest kopjes, for the diamond field is not more than ten miles in circumference. And so it happened that in the course of a single afternoon he had selected one of the houses abandoned by Mr. Watkins, agreed to take it, and installed himself therein. The farmer was most agreeable. At heart he was thoroughly tired of being alone, and highly pleased to find a young man anxious to take up his quarters close by, and break into the wearisome monotony.

But if Mr. Watkins expected to find in his tenant a mere table companion or a partner in his assaults on the gin bottle, he was very much mistaken. Almost before he had taken up his quarters with his retorts, furnaces, and reagents, almost before the chief articles of his laboratory had arrived, he was out on his geological excursions. Coming home in the evening nearly knocked up with fatigue, with rock specimens in his vasculum, in his satchel, in his pockets, and even in his hat, he had much more inclination to go to sleep than to listen to the sub-fossil yarns of Mr. Watkins. Besides, he smoked very little, and drank much less; and take him altogether he was hardly the jolly companion that the farmer had anticipated.

Nevertheless, Cyprien was so straightforward and considerate, so simple in his manner and speech, so well informed and so modest, that it was impossible to meet him frequently without liking him. And



Cyprien at work.

Mr. Watkins soon held him in more respect than any other man he knew.

"If he only knew how to drink! But what are you to do with a man who will not touch the least drop of gin?"

Thus did the farmer conclude his frequent disquisition on his tenant's merits.

Miss Watkins, for her part, found herself suddenly placed on a footing of unrestrained friendship with the young scientist. Finding in him a distinction of manner, an intellectual superiority which she had hardly met with before in her usual circle, she had taken advantage of the unexpected opportunity to complete experimentally the varied chemical knowledge she had obtained by reading scientific works.

The young engineer's laboratory, with its strange-looking apparatus, interested her greatly. She was above all things anxious to learn what she could about the nature of the diamond, that precious stone which played so important a part in the conversation and commerce of the country. In fact Alice had almost come to look upon the gem as a worthless pebble. Cyprien, she could not but see, held much the same opinion on the subject as she did, and this community of sentiment had had no little influence on the friendship which speedily grew up between them. We may say without fear of contradiction that these two were alone in Griqualand in thinking that the sole object of life did *not* consist in finding, cutting, and selling the little stones so keenly coveted among the nations of the earth.

"The diamond," said Cyprien to her on one occasion, "is only pure carbon. It is a fragment of crystallised coal; nothing more. You can burn it like a lump of coke, and it was its property of combustion that first led to the knowledge of its real nature. Newton, who observed so many things, noticed that the diamond refracted light more than any other transparent body; and as he knew that this property belonged to most combustibles, he, with his usual boldness, deduced from the fact the conclusion that the diamond ought to be combustible. And experience proved that he was right."

"But, Mr. Cyprien, if the diamond is only carbon, why does it fetch such a price?" asked Alice.

"Because of its rarity," answered Cyprien, "and because it has only as yet been found in small quantities. For a long time it came only from India, Brazil, and Borneo. And surely you can remember, when you were about seven or eight years old, how it was first discovered in South Africa."

"Oh, yes! I remember!" said Miss Watkins. "Everybody seemed to go mad in Griqualand! There was nothing to be seen but people with pickaxes and shovels prospecting all over the place, changing the courses of the streams to examine their beds, and dreaming and speaking of nothing but diamonds. Young as I was, I can assure you that I was quite weary of it at times. But you say that the diamond is dear because it is rare. Is that its only merit?"

"Not entirely. Its transparency, its brilliancy when it has been cut so as to refract the light, even the difficulty of this cutting, and its extreme hardness, make it a very interesting body for the scientist, and, I should add, very useful in the arts. You know it can only be polished with its own dust, and that it is its peculiar hardness which has caused it to be used for many years for rock-boring purposes. Without its help not only would it be very difficult to work in glass and other hard substances, but the boring of tunnels, mine-galleries, and deep wells would be much more difficult."

"I understand now," said Alice, who began to have a slight respect for the poor diamonds she had hitherto so despised. "But, Mr. Cyprien, this carbon of which you say the diamond is composed in a crystalline state—that is right, isn't it?—this carbon, what is it?"

"A simple body, not a metal, and one of the most widely-distributed bodies in nature," answered Cyprien. "All organic matter without exception possesses it. Wood, meat, bread, vegetables, etc., all have it among their constituents!"

"How strange!" said Miss Watkins. "To think that those bushes, the grass, the tree, the flesh of my ostrich Dada, and my own, and yours, Mr. Cyprien, are all partly made of carbon—like dia-

monds! Is everything carbon in this world?"

"Well, some people have been suspecting something of the sort for a considerable time. And contemporary science is making rapid advances towards some such solution. That is to say, the tendency is to reduce the number of simple bodies and prove many of the old elements to be mere compounds. The spectroscope has lately thrown quite a new light on chemistry, and the sixty-two substances classed hitherto as elements would seem to be but forms of one—hydrogen perhaps—under different electric, dynamic, and calorific forms."

"Oh! you frighten me, Mr. Cyprien, with your long words," said Miss Watkins. "Let us only talk about carbon. Why do not you chemists crystallise it as you did the sulphur in those pretty needles the other day? It would be so much more convenient, surely, than having to dig among the rocks to find it."

"People have often tried to do so," replied Cyprien, "and attempted the manufacture of diamonds by the crystallisation of pure carbon, and to a certain extent have succeeded. Despretz in 1883, and quite recently in England another experimenter, have produced diamond dust by employing a strong electric current in vacuo to act on carbon cylinders free from mineral substances and prepared with sugar-candy. But up to the present the problem has not met with solution that would bring it into trade. Notwithstanding, it may be only a question of time. Any day, perhaps at this very moment, the method of making diamonds may be discovered."

It was thus they talked as they strolled along the sandy terrace which extended by the farm, or, seated under the verandah, watched the stars twinkling in the southern sky.

Sometimes Alice would leave the engineer and return to the house, at others she would take him to visit her flock of ostriches, kept in an enclosure at the foot of the knoll on which Watkins Farm was situated. Their small white heads craning over their black bodies, and the bunches of yellowish feathers ornamenting their wings and tails, interested the young lady, who for a year or more had kept quite a poultry-yard full of the giants.

Ostriches are very seldom tamed, and the Cape farmers leave them in a half wild state, parked in an enclosure of vast extent, surrounded by wire fencing like that in many countries running alongside the railroad. There they live all the year round in a captivity they know not of, feeding on what they can find, and seeking quiet corners wherein to deposit their eggs, which very strict laws protect against marauders. It is only at moulting time, when they throw off the feathers so much in request by the ladies of Europe, that the beaters drive them into a series of enclosures, diminishing in size, until the birds can be easily seized and made to give up their plumage.

This industry has been thriving at the Cape for many years. Every ostrich reduced to slavery brings to his proprietor without further expense a revenue of from eight to twelve pounds, nothing very extraordinary when it is remembered that a large feather of good quality will fetch from two to three pounds, and that even the medium and smallest feathers are of considerable value.

But it was only for her private amusement that Miss Watkins had made pets of a dozen of these huge birds. It pleased her to see them with their eggs, and come up with their chickens to be fed as if they were fowls or turkeys. Cyprien often accompanied her to the ostrich yard, and amused himself by stroking the best-looking of the lot, a certain black-headed ostrich with golden eyes—that very Dada who had swallowed the ivory ball which Alice used for darning on.

Little by little there had grown up in Cyprien a feeling of much depth and tenderness towards the young lady. He had persuaded himself that never would he find a companion more simple-hearted, more intelligent, more amiable, or more accomplished in every way to share his life of labour and meditation. In fact, Miss Watkins, having lost her mother very early, had been obliged to take charge of her father's house, and was an accomplished housewife, at the same time as a true woman of the world. It was this curious mixture of perfect refinement and attractive simplicity that made her so charming. Having none of the silly scruples of so many of the young ladies of Europe, she was never afraid of soiling her white hands in the paste for the pudding, or of superintending the dinner, or keeping the linen in proper repair. And all this did not hinder her from playing Beethoven's sonatas as well as, and perhaps better, than most people, from speaking two or three languages, from taking pleasure in reading, from appreciating the masterpieces in literature, and finally from being eminently successful at the little weekly assemblies among the rich farmers of the district.

And ladies of high education were not so few as at first might be supposed. In the Transvaal, as in America and Australia, and in all new countries where the hard work of civilisation falls on the men, intellectual culture is almost the exclusive monopoly of the women, and it frequently is the case that in general knowledge and artistic refinement they are the superiors of their husbands and sons. It has happened to many a traveller to discover, not without surprise, in a wife of an Australian squatter or a miner of the Far West, a musical talent of high order associated with profound literary and scientific knowledge. In the Orange Free State, where the education of the girls has for years been the same as that of the boys, and where the girls stay longest at school, this contrast is everywhere most marked. The man is the bread-winner, and, as his share, takes the toil and danger incident to a life in the open air; the woman takes the domestic cares and cultivates the arts and letters, which her husband despises or neglects.

And sometimes a flower of beauty blossoms in the desert, as in this case of Farmer Watkins's daughter.

Cyprien had said all this to himself, and, as he always went straight to the mark, he had no hesitation in making his request.

Alas! great was the fall in his hopes. For the first time he saw the almost impassable gulf which separated him from Alice, and heavy was his heart as he returned from the decisive interview. But he was not the man to give up to despair. He was resolved to fight his way in the world, and in his work he had a sure solace for his grief.

Taking his seat at the small table, he finished, in a quick firm hand, the long confidential letter which he had begun in the morning to his revered master, Mr. J——, member of the Academy of Sciences, and titular professor at the School of Mines.

"One thing," he wrote, "I thought better not to put in my official memoir, because it is as yet only a hypothesis, and that is, the opinion I have been led by my geological researches to entertain on the subject of the diamond's formation. Neither the hypothesis that assumes it to be of volcanic origin nor that which attributes its appearance in the beds to violent disturbances satisfies me any more than it does you, my dear master, and I need not repeat the reasons which led us to abandon it. The formation of the diamond in situ by the action of fire is likewise too vague an explanation to satisfy me. What was the nature of this fire? and why did it not affect the limestones of all kinds which are invariably met with in diamantiferous deposits? The idea seems to me quite childish, and on a par with the theories of the vortices and hooked atoms.

"The only explanation which satisfies me, if not entirely, at least in a certain degree, is that of the transportation by water of the gem's elements and the subsequent formation of the crystal in position. I have been much struck with the peculiar outline, almost identical in all cases, of the different beds which I have noted and measured with great care. All more or less are in the general form of a basin, or rather, considering the shape of the overlying strata, that of a hunting-flask on its side. This appears to have been a reservoir of from thirty to forty thousand cubic yards in extent, in which there has been a deposit of sandy conglomerate, of mud, and of alluvial earth laid down on the older rocks. This character is very marked at Vandergaart Kopje, one of the most recently discovered of the diggings, and which belongs, by the way, to the owner of the house in which I am writing.

"When a liquid containing bodies in suspension is poured into a cup, what happens? The bodies arrange themselves at the bottom of the cup or round its sides. That is exactly what has happened in this kopje. It is at the bottom and in the centre of the basin as well as round the outer edges that the diamonds are met with. And this is so well understood that the claims between rapidly fall to a lower value, while the central concessions or those bordering on the boundary enormously increase as soon as the shape of the deposit is made out.

"Besides, several circumstances that you find mentioned in my memoir tend to show the formation of the crystal in position rather than its transport thither in a perfect state. To mention only two or three, diamonds are nearly always found in groups of the same kind and colour, which would hardly be the case had they been formed afar and brought thither by a torrent. Frequently two are found together, united but detachable at the least blow. How could they have resisted the grinding and jarring if brought down by water? Again, the larger diamonds are always found under the shelter of a rock, which seems to show that the influence of the rock—its radiation is heat, if nothing else—has helped on the crystallisation.

It is rare—very rare—that large and small diamonds are found together. Whenever a large specimen is discovered it is almost always isolated. It is as if all the adamantine elements in the depression had been concentrated into a single crystal under the influence of special causes.

"These and many other reasons urge me to think that the diamond is formed in position, and that the elements of crystallisation were brought down to the spot by water.

"But whence came the waters which bore down the organic detritus destined to be formed into diamonds? This I have not yet been able to determine in spite of my careful study of the district.

"The determination, however, may prove of some value. If we can find the route taken by the streams, why should we not in tracing it up arrive at the starting-point whence came the diamonds? and there we should doubtless find them in large numbers compared to that in the beds at present worked. It would be a complete demonstration of my theory, and one that I should be very glad to make. But it will not be my lot to do so, as I have nearly completed the period for which I was sent out. I have been more successful in my analysis of the rocks—" and the young engineer, continuing his story, plunged into technical details, which, though doubtless of much interest to himself and his correspondent, are hardly likely to please the uninitiated reader.

As soon as he had finished his long letter, Cyprien extinguished his lamp, stretched himself in his hammock, and slept the sleep of the just.

Work had driven out grief—at least, for an hour or so—but a pleasing vision haunted the young student's dream, and seemed to whisper that there yet was hope.

(To be continued.)

OUR CRICKETING GUESTS.

(Continued from page 35.)

One of the most noticeable events of the Australian tour was the match with the M.C.C. and Ground, when the club score showed three individual amounts of over a hundred—those of Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. G. Steele, and Barnes—one of 72, that of Mr. T. C. O'Brien, and, reaching the large total of 481, proved able to win the match by an innings and 105 runs, and satisfactorily wipe out the memory of their fluky defeat in 1878. The curious one-day match at Birmingham, in which such small scores were made, was also of some interest as being an almost exact reproduction of the famous M.C.C. encounter of six years ago. Following the Aston Park meeting came the expected defeats of Derbyshire and Lancashire, and the well-fought contests with Yorkshire and Notts, each won by three wickets—results, particularly in the latter case, due to exceptional good fortune. The decisive victory over Cambridge was balanced by the equally decisive defeat by the North; and then came the Liverpool match, in which fortune certainly did not smile upon the visitors, and in which the resistance, as later on at Huddersfield, was out of all proportion to the paper strength of the team. The return match with the Gentlemen at the Oval was distinguished by the collapse of the English tail and the really fine play of the Australians; that against the so-called Players of England—with Notts standing out—by Spofforth's great feat of capturing thirteen wickets for 123 runs. The Huddersfield mystery followed, and then came the first meeting between England and Australia in the swamp at Manchester. Leicestershire and Middlesex proved easy victims to their visitors, and then came the great match of the tour—the only played-out encounter between England and Australia—in which the Australians, with everything in their favour, were easily defeated. After only just escaping an unexpected beating at the hands of Sussex, the team returned to London to triumph over a very weak eleven of Players at the Oval, and they then started for Canterbury, to experience a surprise in the shape of a defeat from the men of Kent. The Clifton fixture with Gloucestershire followed, and, the weather being perfect, the scoring proved too heavy to allow the match being played out, the same fate awaiting the England match at the Oval, in which Murdoch made 211, McDonnell 103, and Scott 102, and the total reached 551, the second highest score obtained by the Australian team in England. In this match every member of the England eleven was tried as a bowler, and one man—Dr. W. G. Grace—filled in succession every place in the field. The last wickets fell with the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton bowling and the champion keeping wicket! In the first innings of England there occurred, to the surprise of both fielders and spectators, that very rare event in a first-class match, a palpable error on the part of an umpire in a "run out" decision. The next match was against Gloucestershire at Cheltenham, and the western county were decisively beaten; and then came the second Nottingham encounter, luckily drawn by the Australians when going heavily against them. Cambridge University were then met and duly triumphed over; then a team hardly worthy of the name of the South of England were beaten at Gravesend, then the North of England gained another victory at Nottingham; then followed the usual foregone conclusion with the Zingari, and then, with a decisive defeat of a very poor eleven of Southerners at the Oval, the long season terminated—a season carried out throughout with wonderful pluck and endurance, and one that will not soon be forgotten in cricket history.

In another sphere the visit of the Philadelphians was even more successful than that of the Australians, and promises to be at least as productive of good for the game. The programme arranged for the Americans by the secretary of the M.C.C. was not a very ambitious one, but it was got through with singular smoothness, and the record of eight wins, four losses, and five draws is a sufficient proof of the accuracy with which he gauged the form of the visitors. The round began on June 2nd with the drawn match against Dublin University; then followed the defeat of the Irish Gentlemen by six wickets. Edinburgh was then visited, and the Scottish Gentlemen gained a five-wickets victory; a draw followed at Scarborough, and then came the trial match with the M.C.C. at Lord's, when owing to an accident the team were not seen at their full strength and were easily defeated. The "Cheshire Gentlemen" were then defeated at Stockport, the "Leicestershire Gentlemen" at Leicester, and the "Gloucestershire Gentlemen" at Cheltenham after the "Hampshire Gentlemen" had scored successfully at Southampton. A draw followed against the Lansdown Club and a win against the Castleton at Rochdale. The "Gentlemen of Liverpool" were then defeated by 4 runs, the "Gentlemen of Northumberland" by 96 runs, and the "Gentlemen of Derbyshire" drawn against. The Americans then beat the "Gentlemen of Surrey," and were beaten by the "Gentlemen of Sussex" and the "Gentlemen of Kent," and with the drawn match against the Services at Portsmouth the visit terminated.

Four centuries were made during its continuance—two by W. P. Stoever, one at Stockport, one at Scarborough; one was made by W. Brockie at Scarborough; and another, the highest of the tour, by the captain, R. S. Newhall, against the Gentlemen of Cheshire.

The general batting average of the team was 18, the general bowling average 21. We append the detailed return:—

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Times not out.	Total runs.	Most in an Inn.	Aver.
Newhall, R. S.	29	2	836	126	32.5
Scott, J. A.	30	2	851	93	30.3
Thayer, J. B.	20	1	817	93	28.5
Stoever, D. P.	18	1	357	106	20.6
Brockie, W.	22	3	369	113*	19.4
M'Nutt, H.	21	6	279	75*	18.9
Law, S.	26	4	385	55	17.2
Brewster, F. E.	24	0	411	70	17.3
Fox, H. M.	11	2	129	24	14.3
Clark, E. W.	24	2	290	46	13.4
Morgan, W. C.	25	1	290	59	12.2
Newhall, C. A.	18	1	198	48	11.2
Brown, H.	14	2	121	43	10.1
Lowry, W. C.	26	9	105	14	6.3

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Inns.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wk's.	Av.
Lowry, W. C.	30	688.1	192	1399	110	12.7
Fox, H. M.	7	125	47	202	15	13.7
M'Nutt, H.	23	400.2	198	587	39	15.2
Clark, E. W.	18	221.1	96	369	21	17.12
Newhall, C. A.	17	380.2	168	688	36	19.4
Thayer, J. B.	17	217	71	469	22	21.7
Brewster, F. E.	17	279 1	115	508	22	23.2
Law, S.	21	265 3	127	446	15	29.11
Stoever, W. P.	10	110.3	47	217	5	43.2

Some of the results of these two visits are already apparent. An invitation has arrived for a gentlemen team to visit America, and a team of thirteen professionals, consisting of Shaw, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Flowers, Scotton, and Attewell of Notts, Ulyett, Bates, Hunter and Peel of Yorkshire, Briggs of Lancashire, Read of Surrey, and James Lillywhite of Sussex, are now on the seas in the Orient on their way to Australia, and are due at Adelaide on the 1st of November.

WHEN autumn tints the trees with gold
And leaves fall fluttering from above,
When noons are warm and midnights cold,
And shortened days show summer's done,

Then is the time to seek the fields
Where late the heaped-up sheaves were seen,
The stubbly land still kindly yields
An aftermath to those who glean.

Dame Nature now fulfils the pledge
She gave the world when yet 'twas Spring;
See where on every bush and hedge
The berries on their slim stalks swing.

Nor will your search for nuts be vain—
Why, then, return to smoky town?
Though summer days are on the wane,
Wait till the leaves have *all* dropped down.

GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS

BURTON, SPEKE, AND GRANT.

Captain J. H. Speke.

WITH Du Chaillu we bid farewell for a time to the west coast of Africa, and betake us to the east, where, in 1854, Captain Burton made his famous journey to Harar. Few more daring things have been done by this extraordinary man than the dash into Somali Land with which he began his African career. Somali Land stretches along that strip of coast between Abyssinia and Cape Guardafui, facing Aden and looking to the north; and at Zeyla, in the western corner, Burton landed on 29th November.

Harar—the ancient metropolis of a once mighty race, the only permanent settlement in Eastern Africa, the renowned seat of Moslem learning, a walled city of stone houses, possessing its independent chief, its peculiar population, its unknown language, and its own coinage, the emporium of the coffee trade, the headquarters of slavery, and the birthplace of the Kat-plant (*Catha edulis*), the chewing of which gives so many of the Arabs their hilarity and wakefulness—was his goal. Captain J. H. Speke, of Victoria fame, who had been collecting in Thibet, was associated with him in this exploring enterprise, and devoted his attention to the Wady Nogal. Burton's description of his march is, of course, splendid reading. At Gudnigaras he came up with a whole tribe on the move. It consisted of a hundred and fifty spearmen with their wives and children. With them went two hundred cows, seven hundred camels, and eleven or twelve thousand sheep and goats. The sick were carried on the camels with their legs sticking out from the hide coverings, and the household goods were packed on dromedaries, and led along by young girls followed by the mothers carrying the babies, and helped in doing so by the little ones.

With this party he travelled for a short time, and then "the old man who knows knowledge," as the women called him—he can speak nine-and-twenty languages—struck off for Harar through the tangled aloes, ragged thorn, and prim-looking poison-trees, the "wabas," from which the Somali poison their darts and arrows. He made his way up the Halimalah valley, whose surface glistens with flakes of mica and pebbles of quartz, and where grow the thorny jujube-tree with whose burning branches the women smoke their hair, and the still more spiky kedi, whose thorns yield the Bedouins their hatchet-handles. He crossed the Marai plateau, where he found the villagers keeping harvest-home, and at last came in sight of the three grey minarets of Harar—the Timbuctoo, or Timbuktu as it is now the fashion to spell it, of the East. His interview with the Amir has its parallel with that of Vambery with the Khan of Samarkand, the danger in each case in penetrating into a stronghold of Mohammedan fanaticism being enormous. Burton, however, notwithstanding that he heard the people in the streets whispering that he had been ordered to be killed, escaped unscathed, as he did from Mecca in 1853, where, disguised as a Moslem, he made his dangerous pilgrimage to the Kaaba.

Leaving Harar, which is a city of great age—having been founded in the seventh century by the Arab invaders who built up the Zeyla empire—and inhabited by a distinct race of its own, who speak a tongue unintelligible to all but its citizens, he journeyed back to the coast, to Kurayat and on to Aden. The next year, in company with Speke, who had been unsuccessful up the Nogal, and two other officers, he returned to Berberah. Here, at three o'clock in the morning of the 9th of April, the Somali broke into the camp, murdered Lieutenant Stroyan in cold blood, and attacked the other three. In the gloom of the morning a terrible fight took place. Burton was armed with a sabre only, and with this he cut down his assailants, while Speke and Herne fought one on each side of him. Together the three forced their way with safety, though Speke was felled by a blow on the chest, and escaped only after being speared several times, once clean through his right leg.

And now begins the most famous chapter in African exploration—the discovery of the great lakes. Livingstone, in 1849, had discovered Ngami, a narrow sheet about fifty miles long and of little importance in the physical geography. About seven years afterwards one of the German missionaries had from the slopes of Kilimanjaro caught sight of a large sheet of water to the west. This was the first ascent of the great African mountain to solve whose mystery Mr. H. H. Johnston, of Congo fame, has now set out. Kilimanjaro rises to nearly twenty thousand feet, and forms the highest peak in equatorial Africa, though Kenia and the almost mythic Doenyo Ngai may nearly equal it.

To explore this inland sea reported by the missionary, Captain Burton, who had been through the Crimean War as chief of the staff to General Beatson, started in 1857. His second in command was Captain Speke. Reaching Zanzibar, and finding the season then unsuitable for a journey into the interior, they occupied themselves for some time in exploring the adjacent coast districts. In June they started, and of course this, the first organised exploring expedition from Zanzibar, met with immense difficulties. They made their way over the mountains to Ugogo, and entered the Land of the Moon at Razeh.

Burton was stricken with the palsy, Speke with ophthalmia; but still they pressed on, determined to reach the mysterious water of which rumours confirmed the existence. At last, on 13th February, 1858, from rising ground the natives showed them—or rather him, for Speke could not see—a silver streak in the distance, and told them it was the long-sought lake. Writes Captain Burton:

"I gazed in dismay; the remains of my blindness, the veil of trees, and a broad ray of sunshine illuminating but one reach of the lake, had shrunk its fair proportions; but advancing a few yards the whole scene burst upon my view, filling me with admiration, wonder, and delight. Nothing in sooth could be more picturesque than this first view of Tanganyika Lake as it lay in the lap of the hills in the gorgeous tropical sunshine, its clear waters gleaming against a background of steel-coloured mountains."

As long as from Aberdeen to Dover, and thirty miles across, the dimensions of the lake exceeded all their anticipations. Soon they reached Ujiji, the first Europeans to enter that now well-known town, and then they endeavoured to get afloat on the inland sea. The native chiefs, however, were anything but willing to oblige them. Speke crossed to Ukaranga to buy a boat for exploring purposes, but his mission was in vain. At last they procured two crazy canoes, and in them, on 10th April, they embarked and sailed to Uvira, visiting every bay in search of the outlet of the Nile, whose headwater they then supposed the lake to be.

They found no trace of the Nile, and began their return journey to Razeh, whence, while Burton remained to arrange his notes, Speke was sent northwards in search of another large inland sea of which they had heard. Speke hurried on, and on 30th July, 1858, caught a glimpse of an estuary, and four days afterwards, ascending a hill just after dawn, found gleaming before him, with its surface just tinged by the rising sun, that vast sheet of water we now know as the Victoria Nyanza, a worthy rival to Superior, with a bosom large enough for all Scotland to float in. Speke returned to Burton with the news, and the travellers, finding it impossible to thoroughly explore the new lake in their crippled condition, and not feeling quite satisfied of its importance in the Nile problem, struck their camp and made for home.

Speke was soon back on the old track, but Burton, having been appointed consul at Fernando Po, set to work on the west coast. He explored all the way from the Gambia to Saint Paul de Loanda, he penetrated to Abeokuta, ascended the Camaroons, made his way to Benin city, found the cannibal Fans of Du Chaillu, and identified them as the Mpangwe, went up the Congo to the falls of Yellala, surveyed the Elephant Mountains and the whole line of lagoons between Lagos and the Volta, and wound up with a three months' mission to King Yelele in the endeavour to persuade that barbarous monarch of Dahomey to modify the sanguinary customs of his race.

Speke's expedition was to survey the Victoria Lake, and to prove his contention that it was the true headwater of the Nile. With him, as second in command, went Captain (now Colonel) J. A. Grant. The explorers made their way out to Mozambique, and left there in the Brisk for Zanzibar. The very next day a slaver was sighted, and an exciting

chase ensued. The slaver was captured. She proved to be the Sunny South, alias the Manuela, and out of her was taken the nice little cargo of five hundred and forty-four slaves.

The chronicle of the expedition is somewhat monotonous. Nothing of much excitement occurred, the struggle throughout was one against wearisome delay and disheartening greed. The various monarchs through whose territories the explorers passed vied with each other in their extortions. Kazeh was the first point to which they made, and again Speke found himself in that strip of fertility between the fives where grow all the necessaries of life, and which everywhere throughout the world is bounded by the desert band that shuts off the torrid from the temperate zones.

They reached the borders of the lake, and met the first king at all worthy of the name in Rumanika, the Monarch of Karague. While they were with him he behaved like a courteous gentleman, was quite satisfied with the presents offered, and even checked one of his ministers when he hinted that he should so like a gun. His majesty was delighted at a Jumping Jack Captain Grant made for his children, and wished to have one life-size. When pressed for a list of the presents he would like in the future, he gave them in the following order: an American clock with a face like a man's to roll its eyes at every beat of the pendulum, a Jack-in-the-box, a milk-pot, a carriage and horses, and a railway!

At Rumanika's court Christmas, 1861, was spent, and in February, 1862, the expedition reached King Mtesa at Uganda. Here a long stay was made. Speke taught the king to shoot, and rose in high favour; and it was only by explaining the advantages of opening out the northern road for trade that he was suffered to depart from that well-governed kingdom — for, for an African kingdom, Uganda is really kept in excellent order.

To coast along the lake, and so find the Nile's outlet, was not permitted them, and the explorers had to be content with marching parallel with the shore, and being brought round to view from below the Ripon falls, where the river issues. Following the river for a short distance, they struck off from the bend, making their way with much difficulty through Kamrasi's country, passed in latitude 3½ the tree marked with the name of Miani (the Venetian who till then had been farthest up the Nile, and claimed that he had cut his name in latitude 2), reached Gondokoro, and rushed into the arms of Samuel Baker, who was on his way to the south in search of them.

Fully satisfied that they had discovered the headwater of the Nile, they reached home. It was left to Baker to show that the solution was not so simple as they had imagined, and that by leaving the river at the bend they had missed one of the chief features in the mystery, and left unseen another lake with an area of over six thousand square miles, of which their river was the feeder.

STRANGER THAN FICTION;

OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY HEROISM AND PERIL.

THE BISHOP OF THE ANTIPODES.

Bishop Selwyn.

CHIEF among missionaries in the permanent success which attended his labours ranks Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Lichfield. A man of many gifts, of boundless energy, and brilliant accomplishments, he is amongst the most conspicuous servants of the Gospel in these modern days. From boyhood to old age Selwyn's character was the same; everything that came to his hand he could do, and do right well. His flock considered he was a born missionary; his clergy spoke of him as a pattern bishop; the soldiers held that he would make a first-rate general, and the sailors—well, the opinion of the sailors is best expressed by the saying of an old sea captain—"It is enough to make a man a Christian to see the bishop handle a craft!"

He was born at Hampstead in 1809, the son of Selwyn, the famous lawyer, who was the law tutor of the late Prince Consort. He was one of three brothers, all of whom rose to eminence—one became Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, another Member of Parliament for his University and Lord Justice of Appeal, and the other, George Augustus, was the subject of this sketch.

After a short stay at a private school he was sent to Eton, where he boarded in the same house with Mr. Gladstone He had a most distinguished career. Clever, handsome, and athletic, he carried all before him, and out of school and in school won golden opinions. In boating, swimming, and cricketing he had no superior, and his influence was always used for good. Among the boys of his division of the school he effectually put down profane language, and in many other ways did much for his fellows. He left Eton for Oxford, and his success at work and play went with him. He rowed in the first University Boatrace—that at Henley, when Oxford won easily. In one of his letters, in speaking of this contest, he says:—"I was in the race of 1829. The great benefit of our rowing was that we were—by rule, if not by inclination—habitually temperate; and I suppose all medical men will agree that little danger can arise from strong exercise in youth if the body is always kept in a fit state. Active exercise, combined with strict and regular habits, had, I think, a most beneficial effect upon the constitution, and certainly enabled Bishop Tyrrell and myself, on horseback and foot in Australia and New Zealand, to make very long journeys without inconvenience. My advice to all young men is, in two sentences—Be temperate in all things, and *Incumbite remis*—bend to your oars."

He came out highest but one in the classical tripos, and after gaining his Fellowship settled at Eton as a private tutor. In a few years' time he was appointed to New Zealand as its first bishop. The see had been offered to his elder brother, the professor, who had declined it, and the offer had come next to him.

He was the very man for the position. He realised at once the nature of the country to which he was going, and prepared accordingly. On his voyage out in the Tomatin he made himself master of seamanship and navigation, and obtained a working acquaintance with the Maori language. He began his career as he intended to go on. The Tomatin got into Auckland Harbour at midnight; at sunrise the bishop was up and off to land, steering the boat, and the first thing the natives saw of their bishop was his wading through the surf, dragging his own boat to the shore. He called on the Chief Justice; the household was asleep, and so he pushed his card under the door, went for a stroll, and returned for breakfast. On the Sunday a fresh surprise awaited the New Zealanders—the bishop read the prayers in Maori, and preached in the native tongue!

"That's the sort of man we want!" said Captain Hobson, the Governor, and "the sort of man" he really proved to be.

To do any good as a bishop, he saw at once that he must become personally acquainted with those who were in his charge, and so a few days after his arrival he was off on a two-thousand-miles' tour, by sea and land, during which he visited every clergyman and catechist in the colony. After an absence of six months he returned, and before the year was out he was away again.

Of his adventures during these expeditions New Zealand annals are full. No matter what the emergency might be, the bishop was equal to it. When the rivers were flooded and dangerous he swam them with his clothes in a bundle on his back, and his watch and pedometer in a waterproof belt round his waist. As he himself said, he was so much in the water that he was fully qualified to be "Bishop of Bath and Wells!" He could rough it with anybody. On one occasion he was refused admission to a house, and told to take his night's lodging in a pigsty. He cleaned it out, cut his own fern, and lay down to sleep as calmly as if it had been the usual episcopal bedroom. Nothing came amiss to him. He had to be at a certain place at a certain time, and there he was. One of the most famous anecdotes tells how he once returned to Auckland and passed over the site he had chosen for his cathedral with his clothes almost in rags, with his shoes

worn to shreds and tied on to his feet with the leaves of New Zealand flax.

All whom he met felt the charm of his presence; the bishop was always the leader of men that the bishop was expected to be. His "palace" was a cottage built of scoria blocks, and even there he took his share of the roughest settler's work, from cleaning the knives upwards. It is even told how he set to work in his shirt-sleeves and spent a day or so repairing the road. And when the war came he was a nurse and a surgeon as well as a pastor, and carried off the wounded in the thick of the fire.

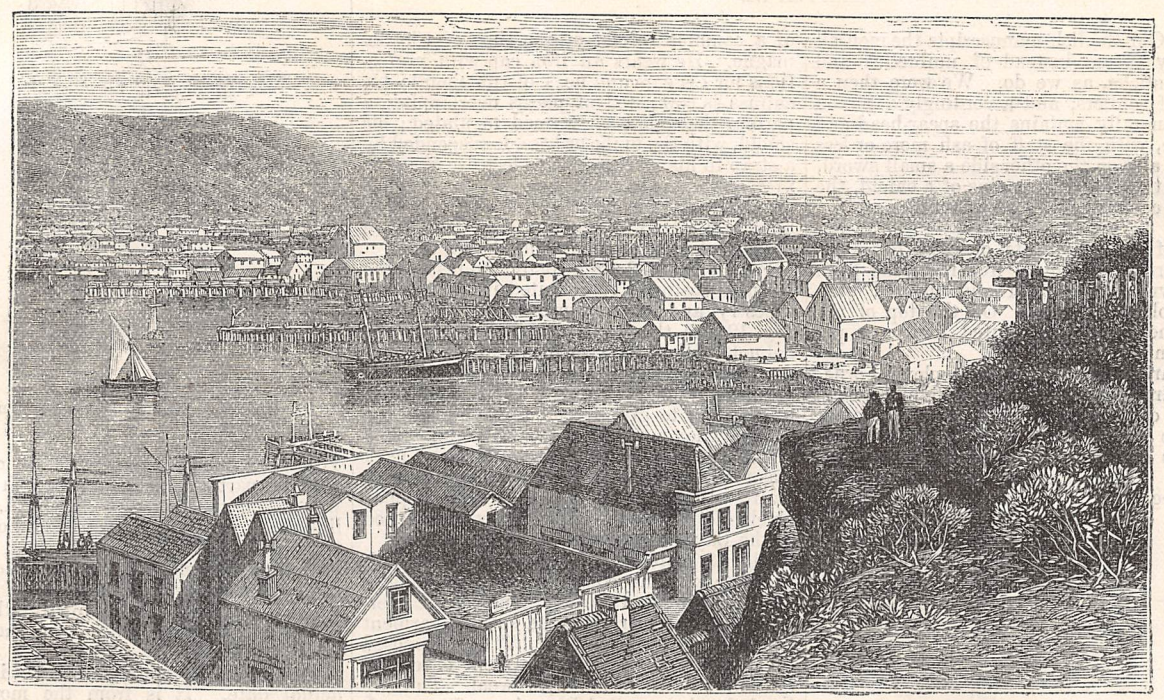
After seven years of this miscellaneous toil he had reduced his diocese into proper working order, and could devote his attention to the Polynesian Islands, over which a mistake in his patent—giving him an extra sixteen degrees of latitude—had made him supreme. In his twenty-ton schooner, Undine, he started for the Islands in 1848, and in her took a voyage of three thousand miles. In 1849 he had another cruise, and brought back with him five little children, who were the forerunners of the native clergy of Melanesia; and the same year he went away to Erromango, in company with the Sydney racing yacht Phantom. He was a born seaman, and knew instinctively the humouring that a ship required. One captain of a brig admiringly relates how, on a certain Sunday, when the bishop was on board, his grace noticed in the middle of the service that the vessel was not doing her best on the tack she was on, and, giving the master mariner a look, stopped before the Communion till the men had put her about, and all had hastened aft to resume their attention. Once, at New Caledonia, the schooner ran aground, and the officers of a French man-of-war were astounded to see the Bishop, as no diver was handy, coolly strip to his jersey and trousers and jump overboard to look up what damage had been done. No wonder that when, next day, the bishop dined with them the gallant Frenchmen sent him away with a salute of eleven guns!

During the first ten years of his episcopate he was most unpopular in Wellington, though later on there was no place where he was more highly esteemed. Landing late in the evening in a little dingey, he heard two men on the beach talking about his schooner, and one of them asked, "What's that schooner that has come in this evening?" to which the other replied, "Oh! that old fool the bishop's." Just then the dingey grounded on the shore, and, rubbing his hands and chuckling, he jumped out of the boat, saying, "Yes, and here's the old fool himself."

One of those who served under him has given the following graphic description of his methods during his eighth voyage:—

"Have you any notion of the way in which he conducts his missionary work? Perhaps you fancy that, like St. Augustine landing at Ramsgate, he marches up chanting Litanies in procession. If he did he would probably be killed before he had gone a hundred yards, for there is no Queen Bertha there to have prepared the men's minds and hearts for the Gospel. In due time, may be, he will chant his Litany and Te Deum there. But on first invading the land, or lagoon, he has to make a favourable impression on the people's minds by presents and by letting them see that he has not come to trade. This he does by leaving his boat ten or twenty yards from the reef, where some hundred people are standing and shouting. He then plunges into the water, arranging no end of presents on his back, which he has been showing to their astounded eyes out of the boat. He probably has learnt from some stray canoe or a neighbouring island the name of the chief. He calls out his name; he steps forward; the bishop hands him a tomahawk, and holds out his hand for the chief's bow and arrows. By this Glaucus and Diomedes process he wins golden opinions, at all events. The old chief, with innate chivalry, sends the tomahawk to the rear to show that he is safe, and may place confidence in him. The bishop pats the children on the head, and gives them fish-hooks and red tape, for there is an enormous demand for red tape in these islands. Probably then the bishop has some 'tame elephant' with him—a black boy from some other island—and he has clothed him and taught him to read or the like, and he brings forward this specimen and sample, and tries to make them understand he wants some of their boys to treat in like manner. The bishop gets as many names written down as he can and picks up as many words as he can, establishes a friendly relation, and exchanges calico for yams, perhaps, or cocoa-nuts, and after a while swims off to his boat. Next year he will go and call out the names of his old friends, get two or three on board, and induce them to take a trip with him while he goes to the neighbouring islands. So he learns their language enough to tell them what he has come for. He returns and lands his guests, with full instructions to tell the people his objects; and the third voyage he finds plenty ready to come off to New Zealand or any other place where he fixes his headquarters."

It is still told round the camp-fires how, during Cameron's New Zealand War, the bishop every Sunday rode from camp to camp to conduct his eight services, and how the officers used to wait for the smoke of the rifle and the "ping" of the bullet as the crowds of Maori marksmen tried to bring him down while he ran the gauntlet of fire that duty required. With the Maoris, however, he was always popular, and multitudes would follow him when no one else could lead them.



Wellington, New Zealand.

Whether it was preaching to them in their own tongue and guiding them to the Saviour, or calming their excited political passions with a sensible speech ending with

Ka tangi te ririoriro,
Kei te ahi au tamariki!

—the native "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!"—he was always listened to with attention and always won hearts; and when, in 1867, he was called to leave New Zealand, and, in spite of his remonstrances, promoted to the diocese of Lichfield, great was the grief of those he left behind. As was well said at the time—

He has toiled, he has tussled, with nature and savage,
When which was the wilder 'twas hard to decide,
Spite of Maori's musket, and hurricane's ravage,
The tight Southern Cross has still braved time and tide;
When lawn sleeves and silk apron had turned with a shiver
From the current that roared 'twixt his business and him,
If no boat could be come at, he breasted the river,
And woe to his chaplain who craned at a swim!
Long, long the warm Maori hearts that so loved him
May watch and may wait for his crossing again—
He has sowed the good seed there, his Master has moved him
To his work among savages this side the main.

In the "Black Country," darker than ever New Zealand,
Mid worse ills than heathenism's worst can combine,
He must strive with the savages reared in our free land,
To toil, drink, and die, round the forge and the mine.

And toil he did, and successfully too; but Lichfield is not as romantic as New Zealand, and, as space is running out, we must leave the record of his doings in his old English diocese to some future occasion. In 1867 he took the see; in 1878 he died.

One of the last phrases spoken during his unconsciousness was, "Who is seeing to that work?" and with that phrase we end our notice of the great bishop of the Antipodes.

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By John Sachs.

CHAPTER III.

In the Old English manuscripts the men all carry spears instead of umbrellas and walking-sticks, as we do. We were then a nation of soldiers, and accordingly a Saxon grave generally contains the spear-head and its ferule, with the staff of ash more or less decayed, and on the other side a small sword, between the legs the remains of a shield, the umbo or central boss, and sometimes an iron cap.

One of these helmets or caps has been found formed of ribs of iron radiating from the crown of the head and covered with narrow plates of horn. On the top of the crown there was represented in iron a pig with bronze eyes.

The early illuminators were splendid ornamental draughtsmen, but poor figure artists, as you can see in our next illustration, which is copied from a Vulgate Bible of the date 1170, and represents David and Goliath. The giant has the helmet with nasal-piece similar to that of William in Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

David and Goliath.

Our page illustrations are, with one exception, from the Artillery Museum at Paris, formed in 1877. They are selections of restored ancient military costumes mounted on models. Fig. 10 is supposed to be the habit of a common soldier of the time of Charlemagne. He wears an iron cap with protections for his ears and neck of this metal; his cuirass is composed of plates overlapping, a pattern that has been termed tegulated; his shield, with the umbo or boss, is suspended by a strap to his neck; and his legs are wrapped in woollen bands reaching down to the sandal. The boots of this period were often made of horsehair. Of Charlemagne's staff we have already given a more striking description.

Figs. 11 and 12 are attempts to restore the Norman costumes represented in the Bayeux tapestry and other works of that period. Fig. 12 has the nasal piece attached to the helmet. His byrnie consists of rings of metal sewn on to a leather tunic or hauberk. This garment is lengthy, and is partly divided at the bottom to give freedom of action to the legs. The custom of wearing the shield attached to a guige or strap around the neck was for liberty of action when using the long sword with both hands. The round-topped shield of this period is abundantly represented in the Bayeux tapestry.

Fig. 13 represents a Norman knight with the long kite-shaped shield similar to effigies in the Temple Church, London. Underneath the hauberk can be seen a garment embroidered at the bottom. This is supposed to be the "haqueton," a garment of leather quilted on the inside with wool. The cap is of the shape called Phrygian. The nasal-piece to the helmet disappears about 1150, probably from the convenient hold it gave to the enemy. The fact of King Stephen being made prisoner by a knight who held him by the helmet probably hastened an improvement. Here is the story: King Stephen suddenly attacking the castle of Leicester, then held by the Earl of Gloucester for the Empress Maud. Stephen had sat down before it. The earl endeavoured to surprise him by a rapid movement across the River Trent, which forced the king to a battle. Always ready for deeds of valour, Stephen and his knights attempted to convert the attack into a succession of single combats, but their adversaries threw away their lances and advanced sword in hand. The king was seen dealing death on every side of him with his battle-axe, until at last a stone struck him on the head and he fell to the ground stunned; a knight sprang upon him, seized him by the helmet, and shouted, "Hither! Hither! I have got the king!" a circumstance that decided the fate of the encounter, and for a time the destiny of the monarch.

In the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and John, sculptured monumental effigies and brasses inlaid in stone slabs valuably illustrate the armour of the times. We find the face unprotected for some years. The chain mail is either drawn over the head, as in Fig. 15, or a sort of helm like an iron pot is used to protect it. Fig. 14 is from the effigy of Geoffrey de Magnaville Earl of Essex, existing at the Temple Church, London. The figure has the curious bucket-shaped helm; he is clothed in mail, over which is a white tunic called "cyclas," which was worn over the metal mail to avert the heat of the sun. On the shield is seen an early example of heraldry. On a lozenge diaper are displayed two inverted chevrons, over which is an escarbuncle. The sollerets are "pointed" at the toes; also notice that the spurs have a single prick without rowels, a fashion peculiar to this period. Geoffrey de Magnaville was Hereditary Constable of the

Fig. 14.

Geoffrey de Magnaville, Temple Church.

Tower of London in Henry the Second's reign. He took part against Stephen with Matilda, was taken prisoner and ransomed. For his liberty he gave up the Tower of London and the Castles of Pleshey and Walden in Essex. In acknowledgment of certain endowments he received the habit of the Order of Templars when dying, and this is probably the reason of his effigy being placed in the Temple Church.

Fig. 15 is interesting because it has an actual date. It is from the monumental brass of Sir John d'Aubernon, A.D. 1277, at Cobham Church, Surrey. The head is covered with chain-mail connected with the hauberk. Notice the knees are relieved from the strain and grating of chain mail by "genouillères," or plates of steel, which is another transition to plate armour. The figure supports inside his right arm a flag called in Norman-French "Gonfalon," on which is painted a chevron. On the left side is a smaller shield than the kite-shaped one. It assimilates in form to the bottom of a flat-iron. This class of shield is indicated by the name of "heater-shaped." It bears a chevron, and this cognisance is also emblazoned on the small shield above.

Between the reigns of Henry I. and Edward I. a barrel-shaped helmet was used, which covered the head. It had cross insertions for sight and breathing (Figs. 16, 17, and 18). Other garments were used by those who could not afford chain mail. Some were of wamberg or leather quilted with wool; others of haqueton or buckskin fitted with cotton (Fig. 17). These were also worn under the mail by persons of distinction. In the latter case the garments were embroidered at the bottom with ornamental designs in silver and gold. Fig. 18 illustrates the costume of a Knight Templar. The last three examples give varieties of the curious barrel-shaped helmet of the period.

(To be continued.)

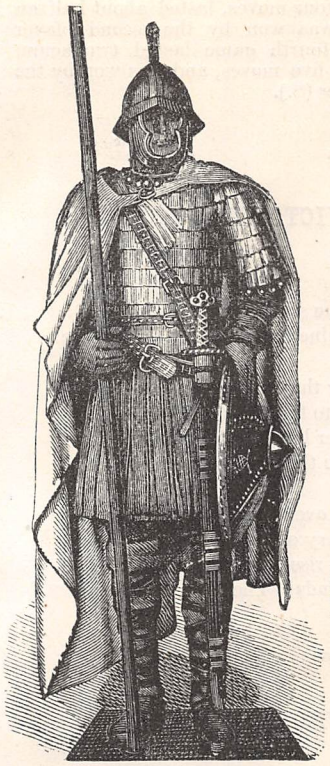


Fig. 10.

800–827.—Egbert.

Fig. 11.

978–1016.—Ethelred II.

Fig. 12.

1042–1100.—Edward the Confessor, Harold II., William I. and II.

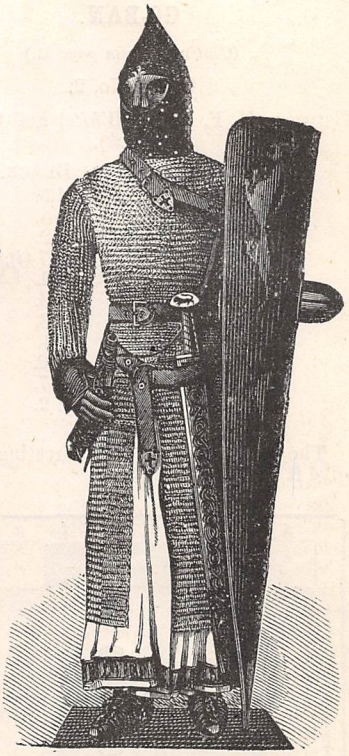


Fig. 13.

1100–1135.—Henry I.

Fig. 15.

1277.—Sir John d'Aubernon.

Fig. 16.

1189–1216.—Richard I. and John and Henry.

Fig. 17.

1216–1272.—Henry III.

Fig. 18.

1272–1327.—Edward I. and II.

GO-BAN.

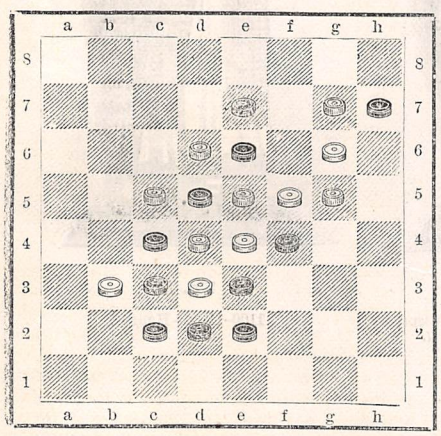
(*Continued from page* 31.)

GAME No. 2,

Between H. F. L. M. (*White*) and G. W. S. (*Black*).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. e 4.	d 5.
2. d 3.	c 4.
3. f 5.	c 2.
4. g 6.	h 7 (*i*).
5. e 5.	e 6.
6. b 3.	e 3.
7. d 4.	c 3.
8. c 5.	f 4.
9. d 6.	d 2.
10. g 5.	e 7.
11. g 7.	e 2.

The position is now so interesting that we give it on a diagram.



It appears at first sight that White might now place his last man on h 8 and win. Black would then be obliged to place his last man on f 6. White would continue f 5 g 4, and Black must answer h 7 g 8, and White would now win with e 5 f 5, followed by h 8 h 7, if Black could not play e 7 f 7 and come first in making "five" in the diagonal a 2 g 8. To prevent these "five" of Black, White would have to play g 7 f 7 (instead of e 5 f 5), and then Black could win easily by c 3 b 2, followed by e 3 f 2. White therefore must place his last man so that he can at once stop the approaching line of "five" in the second row. He might place it on f 2, but does better to put it on g 3, and thus compel the last black man to go to g 4. Therefore the game went on thus:

12.	g 3.	g 4.

All the men are now well placed, and *the moving* can begin.

13.	g 7 f 7.	e 3 f 2.
14.	b 3 b 2.	f 4 f 3.
15.	g 3 g 2.	f 2 g 3.
16.	g 5 f 4.	g 3 h 4.
17.	g 6 h 5 (*j*).	g 4 g 5.
18.	g 2 g 3 (*k*).	d 5 c 6.
19.	h 5 g 4 (*l*).	f 3 g 2.
20.	g 4 f 3.	e 6 f 6.
21.	f 7 e 8.	e 7 e 6 (*m*).
22.	e 8 d 7 (*n*).	e 6 d 5.
23.	d 7 c 7 = five.	

NOTES.

(*i*) These two moves of Black were compulsory.

(*j*) Must, because he cannot stop the line at d 1.

(*k*) White now threatens to win by c 5 c 6 and on to c 7.

(*l*) A good move to go on to h 2.

(*m*) He ought to have played c 6 d 7, then the game might have proceeded thus: e 8 d 8, d 7 c 7; e 4 d 5, e 7 d 7; d 6 c 6, c 4 b 5; d 3 c 4, h 4 g 4; c 5 b 4, any; e 5 e 4 = five.

(*n*) There are now two lines for White, and only one can be stopped.

The third game between these two players had twenty-four moves, lasted about half an hour, and was won by the second player (M.). The fourth game lasted two hours, had seventy-five moves, and was won by the second player (S.).

"THE AIR THAT LED TO VICTORY."

(*See the Coloured Plate.*)

LONG coat, cocked hat, and scars aver
The time-worn Chelsea pensioner;
His fife from out his breast he draws,
Amidst his comrades' grave applause.

Ah! when that ancient fife was new
What spirit-stirring airs he blew!
They knew them well, those war-worn men;
Their hair had not grown silver then.

And as they listen they can hear
The tramp of horses drawing near,
Can see the steel-clad line advance,
The sunshine flashing from each lance.

They hear the stirring trumpet-blast,
The time to fight has come at last!
Their eager hands are on the rein,
Once more they dash across the plain.

The air is over; then there comes
The memory of muffled drums;
Unbidden rise the silent tears
When sounds "The British Grenadiers."

THE "BOY'S OWN" MODEL LAUNCH ENGINE.

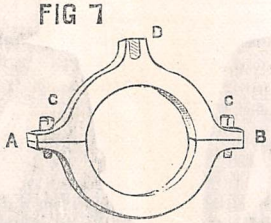
BY H. F. HOBDEN.

PART II.

THE excentrics may now receive attention. They will require to be chucked twice, and the true centre marked. Do not drill it out yet, as the hole for the crank-shaft must not be in the centre, but half the travel of the slide-valve from the centre. For instance, if the valve travelled one inch you would have to drill hole for shaft half an inch out of true centre of excentric.

The straps (Fig. 7) have to be turned quite

FIG 7

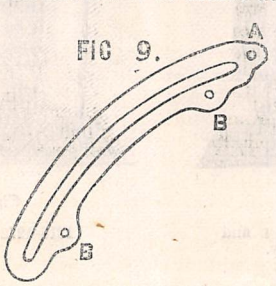


true to the size of the groove on excentrics, then taken out of lathe and cut through line

FIG 8

A B with a fine saw and screwed together at C C. A hole has now to be drilled at D and

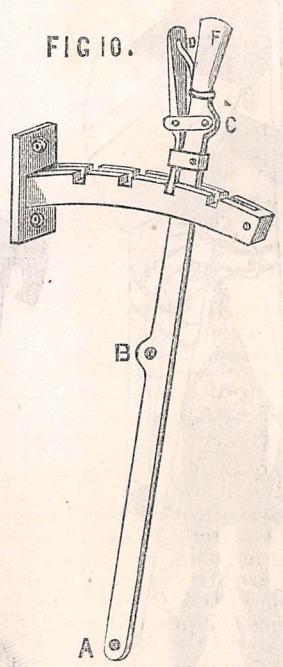
FIG 9.



tapped for the excentric rods to be screwed into, one of which will have to be bent like Fig. 8, so as to allow it to work on to the quadrant. It is the neatest way to key the excentrics on to the shaft with a small steel wedge.

The quadrant (Fig. 9) is of brass, and will have to be finished up with a file and emery, and the holes A B B drilled through. The shaft ought to be turned up in the lathe as

FIG 10.



well as the fly-wheel and coupler, with a slight groove sunk in where the plummer blocks support it, so as to take the thrust. The bed-plate you have already been told how to cut out in a former paper, as well as the plummer blocks and coupler.

The reversing quadrant with the lever attached I have shown at Fig. 10. It is best cut out of brass. The notches are cut with a

small file after the two pieces have been brazed together with a small piece an eighth of an inch thick between either end. It is then screwed on to the slide-valve case.

The lever is drilled at A, B, and C with small holes, and can be made of flat steel wire; A is for a pin to work into a joint or hinge on bed-plate. B is attached to the hole A (Fig. 9) by a small length of brass rod, so as to work easily. Cut with a slot at each end and then drilled like Fig. 11.

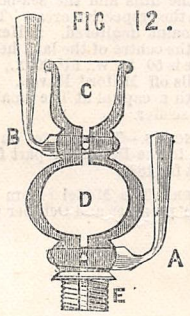
FIG 11.

The small spring D (Fig. 10) is to keep the ratchet down in place, and is best made from a watch-spring, and the handle F is turned out of some brass wire.

The different-size drills you will require can be easily made from various steel knitting-needles warmed, filed up to shape, and then tempered to a light-straw colour.

We now come to the grease or oil cocks, which I have mentioned before. They can be bought ready finished at most model shops, but for those who like to make everything for themselves this is the way to proceed. Fig. 12 is a section showing interior

FIG 12.

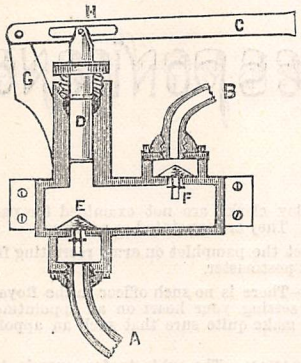


oil chamber that allows the cylinder to be oiled without stopping the engine by turning off cock A and opening cock B, then filling with oil; then shutting B and opening A allows the oil to descend into the cylinder and lubricate the surface.

Now for the method. Chuck a piece of brass wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter in the lathe, and turn up to external shape; then turn out cup C and drill through from end to end with fine drill; then enlarge chamber D with small bent graver, and take out of lathe and drill through at right angles to previous hole at A and B with larger drill; then put plugs of brass wire in and fit them with emery and oil; rivet over one end, and the other turn up into a handle. Then turn them in straight line with the oil-cup, and drill through with the small drill again. Tap the end E, and screw into cylinder cover, when it is finished.

To keep the boiler full of water as the fire empties it by driving it off in steam, the usual thing is to use a force-pump worked by an excentric on shaft; but, as the friction is excessive, it takes a great deal of power away from a model. It is best, therefore, to work it by a hand lever, and the pump may be screwed on to the side of boat, the suction A (Fig. 13) being led through the boat's side and riveted over, and the supply B brazed into lower part of boiler. C is the lever, and D the plunger, which must be quite true, and turned up in the lathe; likewise the valves E and F and the stuffing-box tapped and drilled. It is best to work it up from a casting, and the outside smooth down with an old file. The projection G will then have to be drilled and the lever pivoted through,

FIG 13.



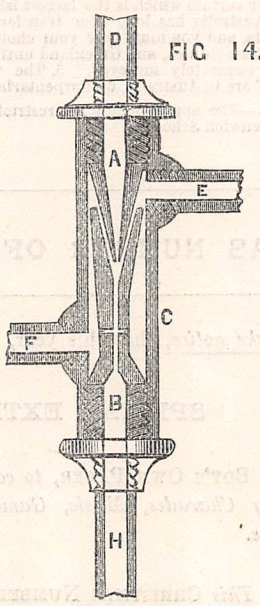
having first cut a slot at H to allow the lever to rise and fall.

I will now describe a method of making an injector, or machine for filling the boiler with water by the power of the steam alone, and not in connection with the engine.

The injector was an accidental discovery by a Mr. Gifford, and has now become a universal favourite on board both large and small craft, as it works splendidly without affecting the engine. So you can run the boiler up with water whilst the engine is at rest in harbour or otherwise. And another great advantage over pumps is that the steam, being mixed with the water, raises it in temperature to nearly boiling-point, and so is a great saving in fuel.

Fig. 14 is a section of the instrument as fit

FIG 14.



for model work, and if you will follow these instructions carefully it will act well.

It consists of three parts—the cone A, the cone B, and the casing C. The steam is admitted at D and the water at E, the waste water overflows at F, and the hot steam and water is projected with great force into the boiler through the pipe H, which should be led to the bottom of boiler well below low-water mark, and it is quite imperative that the steam-pipe should come from top of boiler so as to get plenty of dry steam, and must not be tapped on to any other pipe.

The injector can be fastened to side of boat by brass band and screws, and the water-supply pipe brought through the side and riveted as in the case with the pump. The injector will lift water several inches, but it always works better if the water can flow into it freely.

Now we will set to work at it. Take a piece of brass rod and chuck it in the lathe and turn two cones the shape of A and B (Fig. 15). Take them off the lathe and drill A through as far as practicable, and finish with a small rhymer, having first made a small hole right through not larger than a knitting-needle; then tap the port C with an internal screw to take the steam-pipe, and turn a screw on the outside at D.

Now, with the rhymer bore out the conical hollow at E in B, and tap it outside at F and inside at G, in the same manner as the former cone; then drill a small hole right through from end to end, and a smaller one at right angles to the other right through at H. This communicates with the overflow, and takes off the water not carried into the boiler.

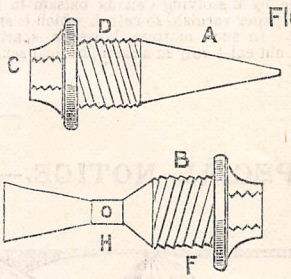
Next take a piece of brass tubing five-eighths of an inch in diameter and turn a screw at each end inside (Fig. 16). The

FIG 16.

screws turned on the outside of the cones must be the correct size to fit these; then drill a hole at A and screw in a small tube for water-supply with tap; then drill another at B for the waste water to escape by. Finally, screw in the cone A (Fig. 15) and attach it to the boiler by a pipe, and the nearer the boiler the better, as if the steam condenses before reaching the injector it will stop working. The steam-pipe must of course have a tap to cut off steam when not required.

We must now screw in the lower cone B (Fig. 15) until there is an annular space

FIG 15



between the two cones not exceeding a sixteenth of an inch. Then screw in the small pipe at G (Fig. 15), and attach the other end into the boiler below the water-line, where it must have a stop-valve to prevent the water returning.

To start the injector, turn on the water-tap until it runs out of the overflow freely. Then turn on the steam full power, and the overflow will cease, or nearly so. Should it still drip at the overflow, reduce the water-supply by the tap accordingly.

It requires carefulness and patience to make an injector, but when done, and working properly, there are few boys with a mechanical turn of mind who would not think themselves well repaid in watching and controlling its mimic action. They would then have an engine fit to show to their most critical friends, and one they might well be proud of; and I shall be content if I have helped in any way to contribute to their happiness.

(THE END.)

ORILLIA.—Your suggestion that the letters N.B. after an address should be confined to letters intended for New Brunswick, Canada, is an excellent one. There is no real necessity for Scotch letters to be so distinguished, as the large towns are too well known to require it, and the name of the county is always given in the case of the villages.

HERCULES.—1. Strictly speaking, a clipper ship is one with a clipper bow. 2. Cannot say, but the number of guns has nothing to do with it. It is the calibre of the guns you should look at. 3. You can get a cover for the "Boy's Own Annual" from any bookseller by ordering it, or you can get it better through your bookbinder, who requires it to bind the volume. 4. Yachts used to carry guns and fire them off at all hours in a most irritating way; but the practice has fortunately gone out of fashion, and a signal-cannon only is now carried. 5. "Our Holiday Tramp" was in the second volume.

T. S.—The best plan is to get the catalogue of some nautical bookseller. There are several published cruises of smaller craft, such as those of the Osprey, Silver Cloud, Procyon, Orion, and Falcon.

AMATEUR VIOLINIST.—Nearly all the good violin makers and dealers live in Soho. You must choose for yourself. There are frequent sales of musical instruments in Leicester Square and Covent Garden, for notices of which you must scan the daily papers.

H. S. BRIANT.—It is about as impossible for us to reply to correspondents by letter as you would doubtless find it to enter the Navy as lieutenant. It is very kind of you to wish to volunteer, but the authorities prefer specially trained officers, who have passed their examination as cadets in their thirteenth year, and to whom they have taught navigation in their own way.

A. WITHINGTON.—Water-colour drawings should remain unvarnished. The only varnish permissible is one made by dissolving Canada balsam in turpentine, or a paper varnish, so called, which is specially prepared. In such matters, however, sparkle and shine should exist only in a metaphorical sense.

NOEL.—Boy clerks are not examined for particular offices. They are appointed as required.

H. G.—Get the pamphlet on army recruiting from the nearest postmaster.

W. G. C.—There is no such officer in the Royal Navy. Before setting your heart on an appointment you should make quite sure that such an appointment exists.

F. WILBRAHAM.—The subjects for examination are advertised in the newspapers, and a list can at all times be had from the Civil Service Commissioners.

INGOLPH.—Such an institution would be an orphan asylum, and appear in the list in the London Directory or elsewhere.

H. J. EDRE.—1. The Lifeboat Fund has been closed for some considerable time. The boats are placed and at work, and we have nothing more to do with them. 2. Wear woollen socks, loose boots, and keep your feet warm. 3. No.

ODO.—1. Just stretch the skins on a board hair downwards, and tack them on. Give them two or three doings over with the strongest solution of alum you can make, and rub well and scrape till soft. 2. Feed white mice on canary seed only, and give little water. They do not smell so if kept thus.

STUDENT.—1. The "Black Stream" is the Japan current, so called from its deep blue colour. The "Cold Wall" is the boundary line of the Gulf Stream. 2. The best book on the people of the Congo is H. H. Johnston's "Up the Congo to Bolobo." 3. The Copts are generally taken to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. 4. It is not known for certain which is the largest island on the globe. Australia has long been transferred to the continents, and you must take your choice between Borneo, New Guinea, and Greenland until they have all been accurately surveyed. 5. The "Plains of Promise" are in Australia, up Carpentaria way.

F. BONNER.—The appointments are restricted to boys from Greenwich School.

A. B. C.—Take the violin to a connoisseur. If it is genuine it is worth something considerable. There is no better maker, but the instrument belongs to his first period. An Anton. Strad. is not met with every day.

TIMOTHEUS.—1. Get the directions with the process, and see for yourself. 2. Not less than eight glasses are required to form the octave, but had you experimented with tumblers and water you would have found out the secret. The more water you put in the glass the higher the note it gives forth. The fingers or corks are best dipped in powdered sugar or some mucilage, so as to cling slightly to the glass.

REGINALD.—"From Powder Monkey to Admiral" was in the first volume, price six shillings. Messrs. De la Rue and Co. are the makers of the anti-stylograph.

E. D. J.—1. We only give a coloured plate with the weekly number once a year, and that on the first week in October. 2. You must choose for yourself. Messrs. Baker, Cary, Browning, Steward, Ladd, etc., are all well-known opticians.

SOUTH AFRICA.—1. Competitors send in from Australia, and that takes even longer. 2. The cash is now always given; never the value unless by special request of the winner. 3. London is so large that it is divided into districts, each of which is practically a post town by itself, and to it the letters go direct. E.C. are the initials of Eastern Central, W.C. of Western Central, E. of Eastern, W. of Western, N. of Northern, N.W. of North-Western, S.E. of South-Eastern, and S.W. of South-Western.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Refer to No. 202. You will there find the easiest way of skeletonising leaves fully described.

EQUARIA.—You will find articles on the Aquarium, if that is what you mean, in the July and August parts for 1880.

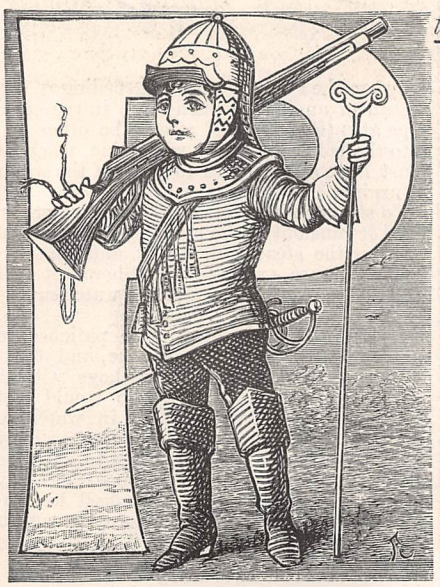
C. CHANDLER.—Forty-four miles is almost too much for a boy to walk in a day. You could probably get a map at the railway bookstall; if not, write to Stanford, Charing Cross, for catalogue, and state the district you wish the map to comprise.

J. SMITH.—1. A highly ingenious theory, but you have forgotten that it is impossible to give all the pros and cons in school books, and that the statements in them are only substantially correct. For instance, the earth is not exactly an oblate spheroid, but only an irregular approach to one, and the measurements of a degree have all been found to vary. The amount of the flattening differs on the opposite sides of the globe. You might also have remembered that the hills and the sea-bed must make a difference in the respective areas. The general fact, however, remains unaltered. 2. Here again London is not quite the centre of the land hemisphere. The actual centre is 50° 30′ W., 51° 30′ N., or a little south of The Smalls off Milford Haven. An "Universal Empire," with a capital at The Smalls, might afford scope to the scoffer.

EGBERTUS MINORUS.—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the December part for 1882 and the January part for 1883.

A WELL-WISHER.—The Model Steam Engine articles were in the September and October parts for 1881.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER."



lease to take notice, that this year, as last, we shall issue a

SPECIAL EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

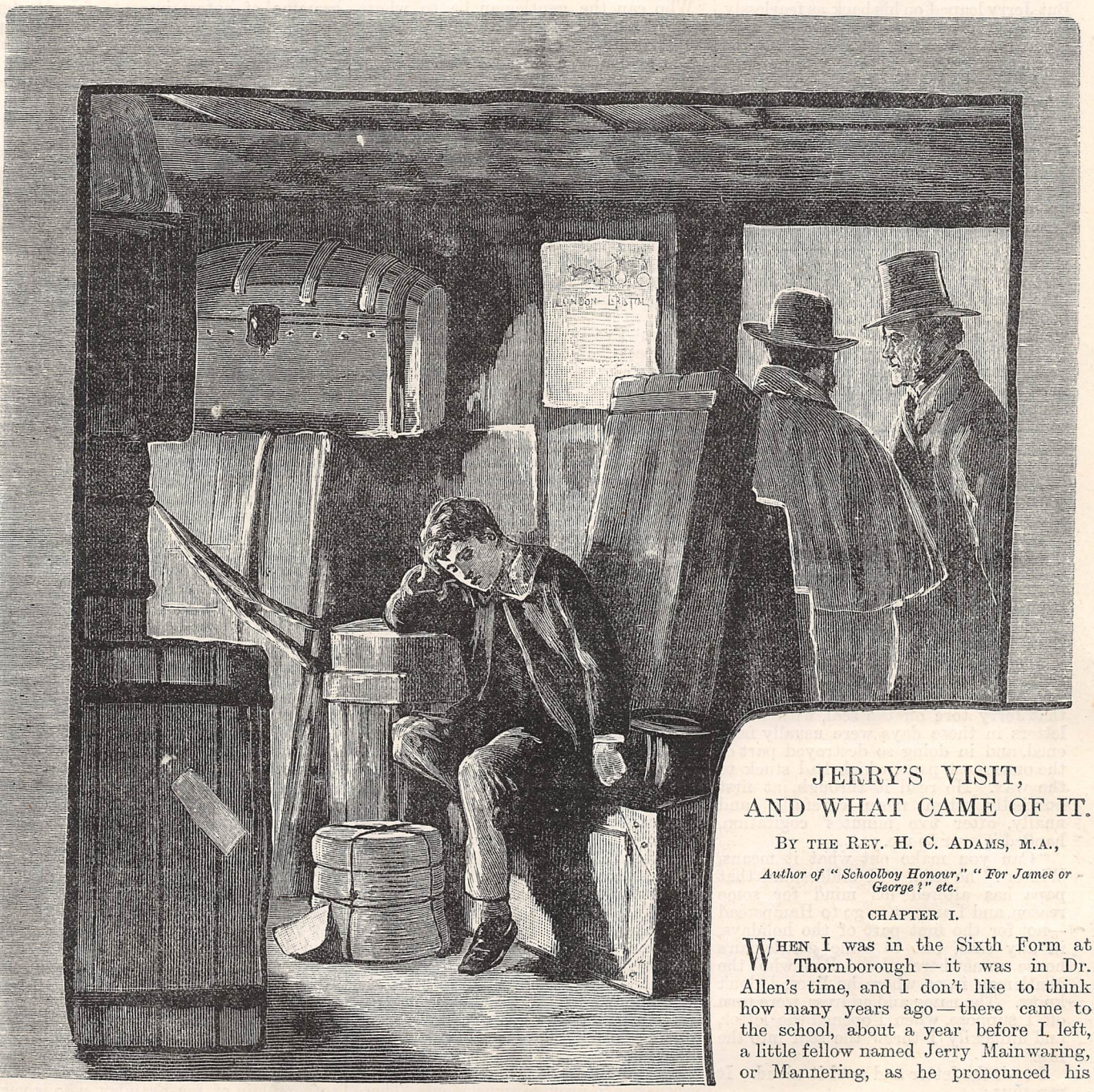
of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, *to consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Acting Charades, Music, Games, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best Artists.*

This CHRISTMAS NUMBER *will be issued with the December Part of the "Boy's Own," and will cost 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy.*

As it is intended to print only a limited number, and it will be impossible to reprint, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE, *by which means they will of course obtain precedence over the ordinary purchaser. It may be remembered that readers who failed to do this in regard to our last Christmas Number, found themselves unable to obtain it; and the very same thing is of course not at all unlikely to occur in regard to* THIS YEAR'S NUMBER, *which will not be included in the bound volume.*

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 303.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884. Price One Penny.



"Leaning his head on his hand he fell fast asleep."

JERRY'S VISIT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.,

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "For James or George?" etc.

CHAPTER I.

When I was in the Sixth Form at Thornborough — it was in Dr. Allen's time, and I don't like to think how many years ago — there came to the school, about a year before I left, a little fellow named Jerry Mainwaring, or Mannering, as he pronounced his

name. He was not more than ten years old, and consequently was almost the youngest boy in the school. But he soon made his way and became a prime favourite among us. He happened to sleep in my room, and was therefore my fag; and before the end of the half I had got to like him so much that I asked him to pass a fortnight of the summer holidays at my father's house, where he so took every one's fancy that we wouldn't let him go under a month. He had curly brown hair and a pair of merry black eyes, and was as sweet-tempered as he was handsome. He had plenty of pluck too. It was a sight to see him skim up into a high elm after a bird's nest, or leap our pony over Whalley Brook. We had had some scruple about letting him ride Sandy Bean; for Sandy, though he had plenty of go in him, was cross-tempered and given to bolt with the bit between his teeth, and none of my younger brothers were fond of mounting him. But Jerry leaped on his back as fearlessly as though he and Sandy had known each other for years, and the brute was as docile as a dog with him. My father was so delighted that he would have given him the pony, only there was no place where Jerry could keep it.

Well, it was about the middle of the third week in December, and the school was on the point of breaking up. The half-year's marks had been summed up and the prizes determined. To-morrow was speech day and packing-up day too, and on the next morning we were all free to depart.

It was my last half, so that I had to take away not only my clothes, but my books, my cricket-bats, fishing-rods, writing-desk, pictures—everything that I had been collecting during my five years' stay at Thornborough. Jerry had been helping me, and it was getting near supper-time, when a letter was handed to him which had come by the evening post.

"From my father!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the address. "What can have made him write again, I wonder? I heard from him only the day before yesterday."

You must remember those were not the days of the penny post and of halfpenny postcards. A letter to Thornborough from London cost ninepence, and though Mr. Mainwaring was not more penurious than his neighbours, he would not be likely to write twice in three days unless there was some special reason for it. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that Jerry tore off the seal, with which letters in those days were usually fastened, and in doing so destroyed part of the outermost page, which had stuck to the wax. He read it through, at first hurriedly, then more carefully, and finally, after five minutes' cogitation, handed it over to me.

"Can you make out what it means, Winter?" he said. "I understand that papa has altered his mind for some reason, and I am not to go to Hampstead—not for the first part of the holidays, in any case, but to some gentleman's house somewhere else. But who the gentleman is, or where he lives, I don't know. The name and address were torn off, I suppose, when I opened the letter, and unluckily I threw the seal into the fire."

I took the letter and read it aloud. It ran thus:

"Belvidere House, Hampstead,
"Dec. 17, 18—.

"My dear Jerry,—I am sorry to tell you that I shall be unable to have you here during the holidays—during the first part of them, at all events. But my f * * * *, who resides, as I dare say you have heard me say, at Netherby * * * * * ford, has promised to receive you. He is an elderly man and a widower, but he is exceedingly kind to boys, and from his near connection with me will be particularly cordial to you. His servant will come to meet you on the 19th, the day after to-morrow, at the White Horse Cellar, where the coach stops. I have no time to write any more, as I am very busy.—Your affectionate father, "JEREMIAH MAINWARING."

"Well, Jerry," I said when I had finished reading, "what is it that you want to know?"

"Oh, several things," he answered. "Who can the gentleman be to whose house I am to go? What is his name?"

"That is torn off," I answered. "But he is evidently a very near connection. Have you a grandfather or an uncle living?"

"My grandfather is living," said Jerry; "that is, my mother's father, you know, not papa's. He is living—at least I never heard of his death."

"Ha! and where does he live?"

"I don't quite know, but I fancy at some place ten or twelve miles out of London. He was in business, I believe, but has retired."

"Ay; Ilford or Dartford, I dare say. Depend upon it, that is where you are to go."

"But I've never seen anything of grandpapa," objected Jerry.

"No, why should you?" I urged, for having taken up a theory I liked to maintain it. "You have been very little at home, you know, and I dare say that is the reason why your father wishes you to go there now, to make your grandfather's acquaintance."

"But in that case he'd go to grandpapa too," persisted Jerry, "and it's plain he isn't going there."

I could not deny that there was something in this argument. I had learned a good deal of Mr. Mainwaring's history from Jerry and other sources. He was a literary man, on the staff of the "Daily Argus," one of the leading London papers, and had worked hard to gain the position he occupied. His father, a clergyman with small means, had been able to render him very little help, and his wife brought him only a few hundreds as her portion. When she died, some seven years after their marriage, Mr. Mainwaring had given up his house and gone into lodgings. His boy, then a little more than six years old, was sent to a preparatory school at Parson's Green, and four years afterwards to Thornborough.

But, though living in lodgings at Hampstead, Mr. Mainwaring contrived to make the holidays pass very pleasantly for his boy. Sometimes they were asked to pass a week or a fortnight of the summer at Twickenham or Chertsey; sometimes he would take the boy to Margate, coming down for the Sundays, and leaving him under the charge of his old nurse, who had pleaded earnestly to be allowed to remain with her master as his servant-of-all-work. During the winter it was easier to provide amusements. There was Exeter Change, and Astley's, and endless exhibitions of one kind or another, as well as Christmas parties, concerts, and other entertainments. Mr. Mainwaring had many friends, and they were all pleased to have Jerry for their guest.

On the present occasion I knew that Mr. Mainwaring had been more than usually anxious to ensure a pleasant holiday for his boy, for he had written to me urging me to stay a day or two in London on my way homeward and partake in the festivities he had arranged. It struck me as strange that he should all of a sudden have altered his purposes and, what was odder still, assigned no reason for doing so.

But the truth was he *could* not assign his reason for declining to receive his son. It was a secret to be told to no one. On the evening of the 16th of December, as he was engaged with his servant Dorothy in drawing up the programme of entertainments for Master Jerry's benefit, there came a hurried rap at the door, and Mr. Hardy, the editor of the "Daily Argus," entered the room.

"A word with you, Mainwaring—alone," he said.

Dorothy withdrew, and the editor went on:

"There is something brewing in Madrid—some plot of Buonaparte's. It is necessary that we should find out what it is."

"There are always rumours of that kind in circulation," said Mr. Mainwaring. "Some people seem to pass their lives in fabricating them."

"This is no fabrication," returned Mr. Hardy. "We have clear evidence that some political intrigue of no common magnitude is in operation. Some one must go to Madrid and learn the truth."

"And you want me to go, I suppose?" said Mr. Mainwaring.

"Yes, you are the man, the only man competent for the task. You know Madrid well, speak Spanish like a native, and have many friends in the city."

"But—" began Mr. Mainwaring.

"But there is no danger," interposed Mr. Hardy—"not what is to be called danger. Of course, if the French ambassador heard of your presence in Madrid and its purpose, you might run some risk of imprisonment or detention. But that would be the worst, and even that is not likely. You would go first to Lisbon, and then as an accredited agent from a mercantile house there to their correspondents at Madrid. There is no risk, believe me, and the pay will be unusually good."

"Well, if you make a point of it I must go, but how soon do you want me to start?"

"To-morrow; the Lisbon packet sails from the docks at two in the afternoon."

"To-morrow! Oh, that is too short notice. I cannot."

"Why? You only want clothes for a fortnight. The passports are already signed, and here is the Portuguese and Spanish money you will require."

"You take my breath away, Hardy. And there is my son, who is coming home the day after to-morrow for his holidays! No, really—"

"That has been thought of," broke in Mr. Hardy. "Our friend and fellow-labourer, Framley—he lives at Stratford, you know—he offers to entertain your boy till your return. He'll have nothing to complain of, for Framley, who is very

fond of boys, has a large Christmas party of them staying in his house, and there will be feasting and merrymaking without end."

"Well, Framley is a capital fellow, that is certain, and what must be must. I'll write to Jerry, then, at once, and tell him of the change. He'll think it odd, but that, I suppose, doesn't much matter."

"Not much," said the editor, with a laugh, as he took his leave.

Well, of course neither Jerry nor I had any suspicion of the cause of Mr. Mainwaring's absence, and after exhausting our ingenuity in all manner of conjectures—for the grandfather theory found little favour in Jerry's eyes—we gave it up, and addressed our attention to more practical matters connected with the affair.

"He says a servant is to meet the coach at the White Horse Cellar, but which coach is he to meet? There are two, you know," said Jerry.

"Yes, there is the Highflyer, which starts at six in the morning; that gets in about one o'clock, doesn't it?"

"I believe so; indeed I'm sure of it, for I went by it last summer. And there's the Eclipse, which sets out at ten and reaches London at five. By which of these am I to go? I have been by both."

"Doesn't your father say? No, he doesn't. Well, then, I suppose you can take your choice."

"In that case I shall go by the Eclipse," said Jerry. "It was pleasant enough going by the Highflyer last summer; but it's another sort of thing turning out on a bitter winter morning two hours before daylight. That is settled, then; I'll go and secure my place by the Eclipse."

The next morning, accordingly, Master Jerry, having made a comfortable breakfast and secured a front seat on the Eclipse, was conveyed up to London, where he arrived an hour or so after dark. He looked anxiously round him as the coach drew up in front of the famous hostelry of those days in quest of the servant who was to be his escort to the house of his, as yet unknown, host. No one coming forward, he descended from his seat, and having caused his portmanteau to be carried into the office, demanded of the bookkeeper whether anybody had called to inquire after "Mr. Mainwaring." A public schoolboy, however small, never condescends to the title "Master."

"Mr. Mannering," repeated the bookkeeper. "Oh, yes, there was a man—a gentleman's servant he looked—he came to meet the Highflyer, and asked whether Mr. Mannering had come by it. He seemed surprised at not finding him. He said he would call again. You had better go and wait in the inner office. I am going away for an hour now myself."

Jerry complied. The weather was cold and the wind sharp. He took refuge in a corner near the fire, where he was sheltered by a pile of boxes. Half an hour passed, and Jerry began to get very hungry, as well as very uncomfortable. He dared not go away to get any food for fear the messenger should return during his absence, and go away for good and all, in which case he did not know what would become of him. He read the bills and advertisements pasted against the walls until he knew them almost by heart; and at last, leaning his head upon his hand, he fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile two persons had entered the office and looked hastily round it, as though they expected to see someone waiting there for them. One of the two was a tall man, dressed in black, with spectacles, and having a shrewd, but somewhat sarcastic, expression of countenance. The other also wore a sad-coloured suit. He appeared highly respectable, but was plainly inferior in rank to his companion, and looked like a gentleman's upper servant.

"This is strange, Hampson," said the taller of the two. "Are you sure Mr. Jerome was to come to this house and at this time?"

"He was certainly to come to this house, Mr. Fenwick," answered Hampson. "The White Horse Cellar was the place named, and there is no other White Horse Cellar in London."

"Not that I ever heard of, certainly," said Mr. Fenwick. "And the time, are you sure about that?"

"I am not so certain of that," answered Hampson. "I don't think any precise time was named, but considering that he has no great distance to come, I made sure he would be here before this. But perhaps they will not allow him to come after all."

"Not allow him!" repeated the other. "Who will not allow him?"

"I was thinking of Mrs. Mannering, his mother, sir."

"Mrs. Mannering! she is not likely to forbid him, surely? She would hardly refuse anything that was likely to be advantageous to him. But this invitation to Netherby Park is the thing of all others most likely to promote his interests. And there is ten thousand a year at stake, remember."

"Well, I do not feel quite so sure, Mr. Fenwick."

"Not sure of what? Of her devotion to the boy's interests, do you mean?"

"No, sir; not that. But she may feel that some apology is due to her before she lets the boy go. Just think, Mr. Fenwick, what wrongs have been done her, what insults heaped upon her."

"True," returned Mr. Fenwick. "Sir Jerome is a hasty man, and cares little what he says when his passion is roused. And it was roused to the utmost by his son's marriage. During all the thirty years that I have known him, I have never seen any fit of passion like the one which came over him when he heard of Captain Mannering's marriage."

"So I have heard, sir, though I was away from the Park when it took place. But I never understood why it made him so angry. Miss Hartley was a lady by birth and education, and, I have been told, much admired."

"That is all true. But in the first place Sir Jerome had made an agreement with his neighbour, Mr. Woodrowe, that his eldest son should marry Miss Woodrowe—Lady Ashleigh that is—who was the heiress of his property, and in the next there was an old quarrel with the Hartleys. He fancied, among other things, that the old vicar, that's dead now, had attacked him in the pulpit. He chose also to believe—what I am sure was quite untrue—that Mr. Hartley threw his daughter as much as possible in the captain's way, in order that the match might annoy him."

"And he would never forgive the captain, sir, would he?"

"Never," returned Mr. Fenwick. "When the captain's regiment was ordered to Holland to join the Duke of York's army, we tried to make up the quarrel, and urged Sir Jerome at least to take leave of his son before he sailed. But he wouldn't, and when the news of Mr. Jerome's death at Walcheren came, he never showed any sign of grief. What he may have felt I can't say, but he showed no feeling. It is a great wonder, I must say, that he has ever been induced to see this lad, though I am afraid no good will come of it when he does see him."

"It has been Miss Rosalie's doing, sir—mainly her doing, that is," said Hampson. "Sir Jerome has been getting very feeble for a long time past, and more dependent upon her every day. She watched her opportunity, and one day remarked to him that she was afraid the house was very dull and dreary, and she wished there was more to enliven it. 'Ay,' he said—I happened to be in the room, and heard it—'if I had some grandchildren, as Woodrowe has, to play about in the lawns and shrubberies, and fill up the vacant places at the table, it would be a little more cheerful.'

"'You have some grandchildren,' she ventured to say.

"'Yes, but Henry's children are mere babies; the twins are not two years old and the baby not six months. They are too young for companionship with me. Woodrowe's grandchild is a fine lad of eleven or twelve, rides out with his grandfather, and carries his gun already, I'm told. Woodrowe quite dotes on him. He was here two days ago, and could talk of nothing else.'

"Then Miss Rosalie ventured to say, 'You have a grandson, sir, very nearly the same age as Horace Ashleigh.'

"She was going on, but he burst in with one of his furious attacks. 'No, Rose, I have no grandson of that age. The boy you speak of is a Hartley, not a Mannering. I have nothing to do with him or his. When his father married that woman he ceased to be my son. Don't talk to me of him.' Then he fell back in his chair quite exhausted. Miss Rosalie said nothing more, but presently Sir Jerome added, 'And from all I hear the boy is a genuine Hartley, without a drop of the Mannering blood in him—a whey-faced, sickly little milksop that can't even run about like other boys, but sits moping over his book by the fire all day. I don't want him here. He'd remind me of his mother too much to please me. Don't mention his name to me again, do you hear?' 'Very well, sir,' says Miss Rosalie, and that was all that passed. *Is* the boy very like his mother's family, do you know, sir?"

"I have never seen him," replied Mr. Fenwick, "but from what I have heard I think it likely that he is. The Hartleys, you know, were never a very hardy race. But what I have heard has been chiefly from Mr. Henry Mannering, and he is not very likely to speak well of them."

"No, sir, nor they of him, if it be true, as I am afraid it is, that Sir Jerome has made a will disinheriting his eldest son's family, and leaving the whole property to Mr. Henry."

"Yes, that's true enough, Hampson. I did all I could to dissuade him from making the will, and he nearly quarrelled with me about it. I should not speak of it, but he himself has made it quite notorious by mentioning it to his friends.

There may be a chance of his altering it now, though."

"How so, sir? I should be glad enough to think that. I was always fond of the captain, who was as true a gentleman as ever lived, and his wife is a sweet lady. But Sir Jerome isn't apt to change his mind."

"True; but as men feel themselves failing, they sometimes get compunctious, and Sir Jerome has sent to me for the will. One of my clerks took it down last week. I can't think what he can want with it, unless he means to add a codicil to it, or alter it."

"That was last week, was it, sir?" asked Hampson.

"Yes. I got the letter on Saturday, I think, and Stephens went down with the will to the Park the same day. Why do you ask?"

"I wanted to know whether that was before his last attack. That occurred on Thursday last. He had been out in his chair on the terrace, and, I suppose, stayed too long. He had more than once refused to go in; but he had hardly got back into his easy-chair when he fell out of it, in a fit of some kind. It was a long time before we could bring him round; and on the Friday he told Miss Rosalie to write to Mrs. Mannering, and ask her to send her boy for a fortnight's visit to Netherby Park."

"Which Miss Mannering was ready enough to do, I imagine?" said Mr. Fenwick.

"Well, no sir I don't think she was," replied Hampson. "She asked her father whether he felt well enough to receive a visitor, and whether he had not better ask Dr. Staines about it. I think she was afraid that the boy's appearance and behaviour would irritate Sir Jerome, and make him more unwilling to cancel his will than he was already, but Sir Jerome wouldn't have it. 'Staines be hanged,' he cried, 'I shall have who I like here! You have been plaguing me about doing justice to this boy for ever so long, and now I am going to do justice; and to do that I must see what he is like with my own eyes. I'm not going to take a lot of other people's palaver for gospel. Write at once, Rose, to Willborough; do you hear?' She did write, and the answer came that Jerome should be sent up on Wednesday by the coach to the White Horse Cellar, where somebody must be sent to meet him. Accordingly Miss Rosalie this morning ordered me to take the carriage and bring her nephew down from London."

"I am afraid you will not be able to fulfil her orders," said Fenwick. "It is nearly six o'clock—indeed it is more, it is a quarter-past six. We have been talking here for a good three-quarters of an hour. There may be a later coach from Willborough, but I scarcely think it. But here is the bookkeeper at last; he has been to his supper, I suppose. Can you tell us," he continued, addressing the new comer, "anything of a young gentleman who was to come up by coach, and be met here this afternoon?"

"A young gent about eleven or twelve years old?" inquired the man.

"Yes, about that age."

"There is, or was, just such an one," said the bookkeeper. "He came in just as I was leaving. I sent him into the inner office out of the cold, and there he is now. I can see him in the corner there by the fire. Hallo, sir!" he added, stepping into the inner office, and giving Jerry a shake, "here are two gentlemen wanting you."

Jerry roused himself from his slumber, and came out to meet his visitors, who looked at him in evident surprise.

"Is your name Mannering?" asked Mr. Fenwick, presently.

"Yes, sir. I am Jerry Mainwaring," answered the boy. "Have you come to meet me? I expected some one, but I thought he must have forgotten me."

"We have been here three-quarters of an hour," said Mr. Fenwick, "but we did not know you were in the inner room. This is Mr. Hampson," he continued, "your grandfather's house-steward, who will take you down with him to Netherby."

"All right, sir. I *am* going to my grandfather, then, as Winter said," he thought. "That is my box," he added, aloud, pointing to a trunk with the initials "J. M." marked on it in brass nails. "Is there a coach down to Netherby, or have you a gig here, or what?"

"Your grandfather has sent his carriage for you, Mr. Jerome," said Hampson, somewhat stiffly. "I will order the footman to put your trunk on the box beside him. We had better set off at once, as it is late, and your aunt may get anxious. We must wish good-night to Mr. Fenwick, and then we will go."

Jerry shook hands with the tall gentleman, and stepped into the carriage, the appearance of which, as well as of the liveries of the servants, somewhat bewildered him. Mr. Hampson followed, and then they drove off.

"Odd, this," he thought. "I never knew my grandfather kept his carriage, and two livery servants, and a house-steward. I fancied he was rather poorly off. But I have no objection, I'm sure. And this fellow—Hampson, didn't the tall chap say his name was?—he looks a tremendous swell; but if he's my grandfather's servant, I suppose he'll be civil, at all events. I say," he said, aloud, "can you tell me how my grandfather is, Mr. Hampson?"

"He is a little better, Mr. Jerome—"

"I am always called Jerry," interrupted the boy—"please call me so."

"I should not like to take such a liberty, sir," said the steward, "and Sir Jerome would not approve it either. But, as I was saying, your grandfather is a little better; but of course you are aware that he is in a most anxious state, and the doctors speak very doubtfully of his rallying."

"Dear me," said Jerry, "I'm afraid I shall be very much in the way if he is so ill. I don't think my father would have liked—"

"Do not make yourself uneasy, sir. I knew your father well, and am quite sure, if he knew all, he would quite approve of your visit under present circumstances."

"It must be all right," thought Jerry, "if I am going to my grandfather's house, and this man knows my father. But who on earth can Sir Jerome be, and what can he be to me? And I think he said something about my aunt just before we started. Who's she, I wonder? I never heard of her before. I should like to know something about her too. How is my aunt, Mr. Hampson?" he continued.

"Miss Mannering is very well, sir, and very anxious to see you. It has been a subject of great regret to her that hitherto she has never met you."

"That is very kind of her, I am sure," said Jerry. "I wonder why I have never seen her. I don't know what there was to prevent it."

"I perceive, sir," said Hampson, in a tone of reserve, "that you have not been made acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of your visit to Netherby Park. It would hardly be proper, therefore, for me to speak of them. You will learn them, no doubt, on your arrival from Miss Mannering herself."

He relapsed into silence, and Jerry made no further attempt to obtain information. The carriage had by this time cleared not only the city itself, but the long straggling rows of houses and cottages which succeeded to the streets. They were now travelling over the open country, and the light from the lamps fell on he hedgerows and trees and fields, varied every now and then by a roadside inn or a country village. They must have gone, he reckoned, more than ten miles before they paused for a minute or two in front of two high stone pillars, flanking a massive iron gate, with an Elizabethan lodge adjoining. A woman came out of the latter and opened the gate, when the carriage resumed its way. Jerry sat in ever-increasing wonder as they drove through a spacious park with clumps of large trees overshadowing broad stretches of turf, varied by glimpses of ornamental water. Presently they entered a stately avenue of beech-trees, at the end of which appeared an ancient Elizabethan house, surrounded by terraces and gardens. The footman alighted and rang a bell, when the door was almost immediately opened, and a servant out of livery appeared.

"Has Master Mannering arrived?" was his inquiry, and it being answered in the affirmative, he added, "He is to go up to Miss Mannering's room immediately. She and Mr. Henry are waiting for him there. You are to go with him, Mr. Hampson."

"Mr. Henry!" exclaimed Mr. Hampson. "Is he here, Hawkins?"

"Came two hours ago," was the answer; "and he ain't here for any good either," he added, in a low tone, which only Hampson and himself could hear.

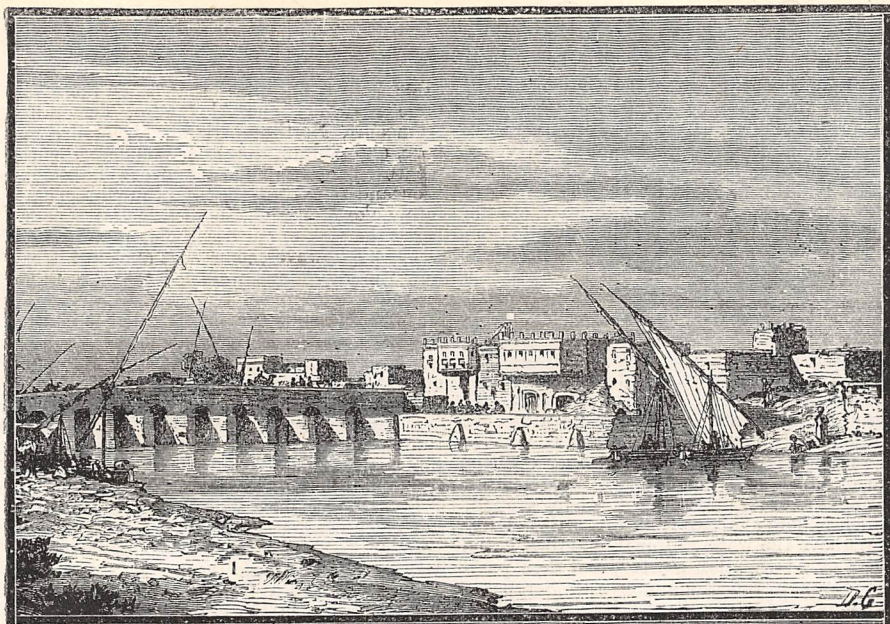
(To be continued.)

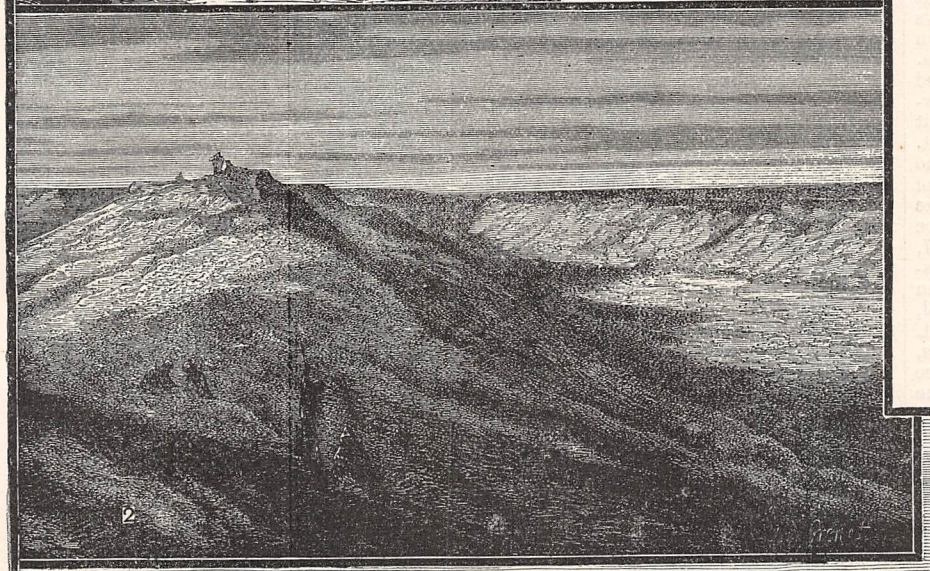
THE GREAT CANALS.

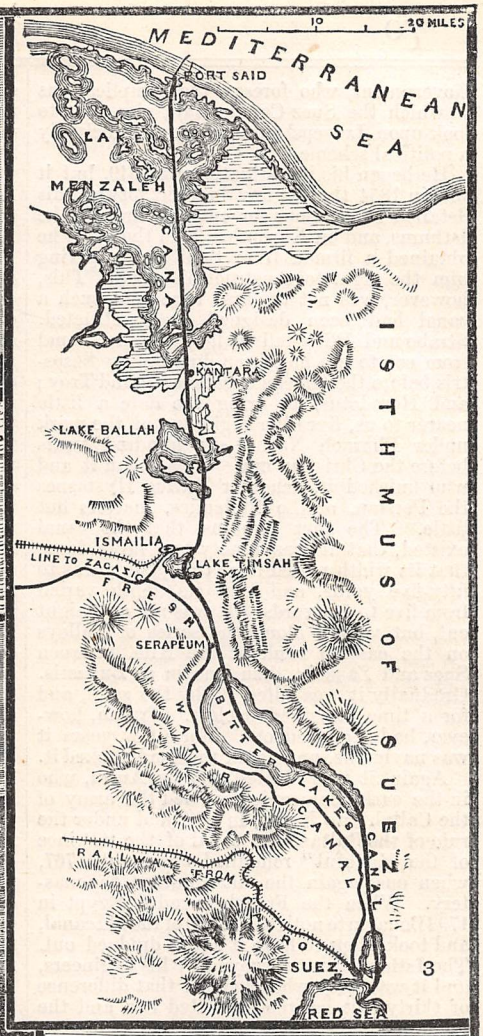
I.—SUEZ.

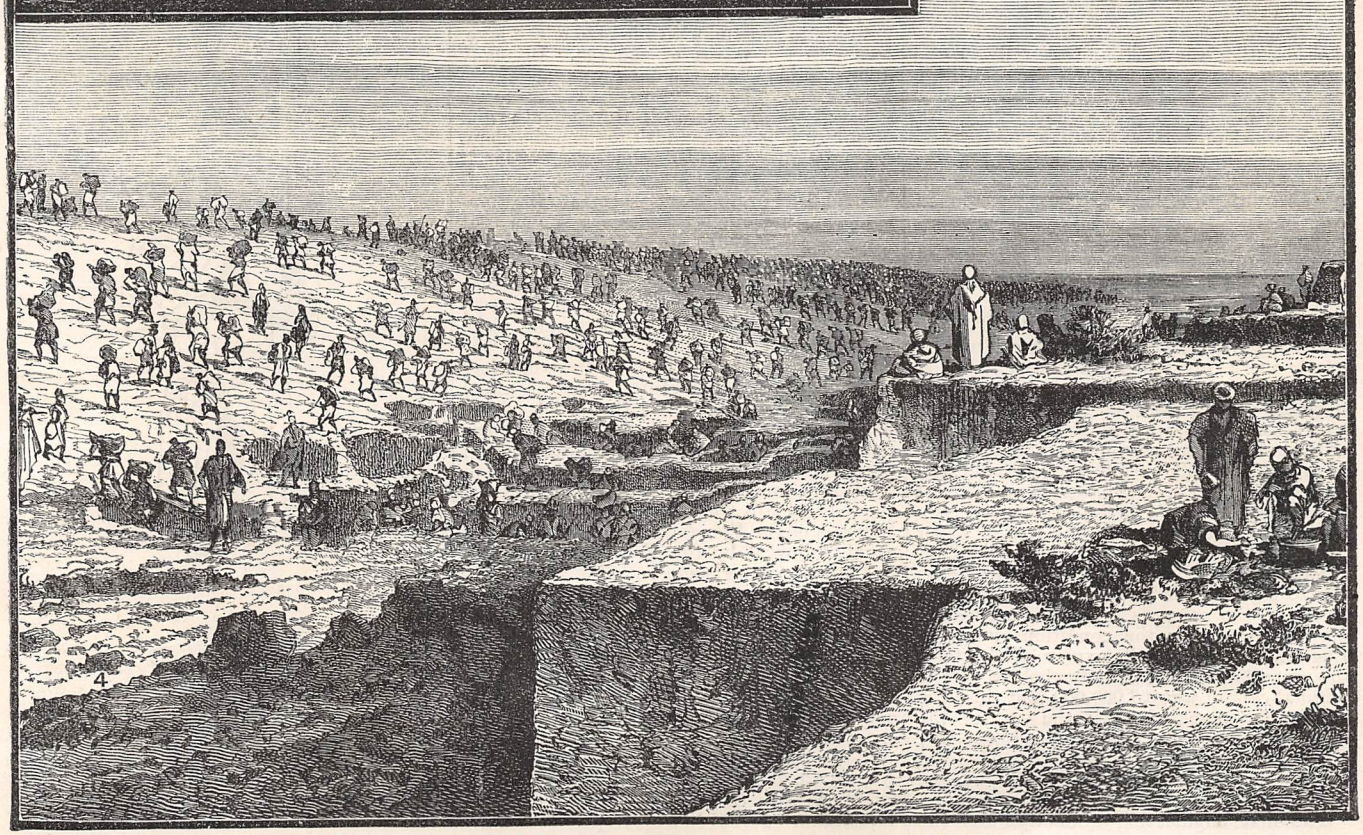
The world owes much of its advance during these later years to the improvement in the means of communication between its distant countries; and among those who have done most to facilitate commerce by shortening its roads there is not at present a more famous man than the projector of the modern Suez Canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

He was born at Versailles in November, 1805. His father and grandfather were in the French diplomatic service, and he is, or was, a diplomatist by profession. He began his official life when he was twenty-one years of age in the French Consulate at Lisbon, and for the next four-and-twenty years continued in the employ of his country. He went to Tunis in 1828, and to Cairo in 1833, remaining there for five years, and gaining that thorough acquaintance with things Egyptian which he afterwards turned to such good account. Subsequently he held appointments at Rotterdam, Malaga, Barcelona, Madrid, Berne, and Rome. His diplomatic experience was thus very varied. His missions were nearly always successful, and it was the knowledge of his previous career that caused the British









The Suez Canal.

1. Zagazig, on the Fresh Water Canal. 2. The old Canal. 3. Map of the Canal. 4. Fellaheen at work cutting the Canal.

Government, who foresaw the complications to which the Suez Canal would give rise, to look upon Lesseps' great work as principally a political scheme.

He began his investigations in 1849, but it was in 1854 that he first brought forward his detailed suggestions for cutting through the Isthmus, and on November 30 in that year he obtained a firman from Saïd Pasha giving him the right to construct his canal. This, however, was not the first time that such a canal had been designed or constructed. Strabo and Pliny tell us how the first canal from sea to sea had been dug out by Sesostris before the Greeks encamped round Troy; and Herodotus, to bring the date a little nearer to us, fixes the beginning of the work under Pharaoh Necho six hundred years before the Christian era. Who began it and who finished it, whether Darius Hystaspes the Persian, or the Ptolemies, matters but little. The fact remains that the canal existed, that it was ninety-two miles long, that its width varied from thirty-six yards to fifty-five yards, and that its depth varied from five to ten yards. It was not a straight cut, but wound along the series of valleys on the eastern bank of the Nile, between Suez and Zagazig, then known as Bubastis. Gradually it was silted up by the sand, and for a time remained useless. Trajan, however, had it cleared out. For a few years it was navigable, and again the sand choked it.

Again it was cleared out by Amru, who in the early Saracenic days led the army of the Caliph into Egypt, in 639, and under the rule of the Sultans the canal of the "Prince of the Faithful" remained open until 767, when once again the silt obtained the mastery. When the French invaded Egypt in 1798 Bonaparte noticed the bed of the old canal, and took steps to have it again dredged out. The Isthmus was surveyed by his engineers, and it was they who reported that difference of thirty feet between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean which was so often quoted as rendering the unlocked canal impossible, and which was found not to exist when in 1847 Robert Stephenson, Talabot, and Nigrelli made the international survey on behalf of England, France, and Austria. These three engineers had been specially sent to report on the means of communication across the Isthmus. There were two schemes under consideration, the canal and the railway, and the triumvirate, on business grounds, reported in favour of the latter. De Lesseps took the matter up where they had left it, but instead of cutting a canal obliquely to the Nile, as they had proposed and as the ancients had done, his plan was to go straight across country and have artificial harbours at each end.

The difficulties in digging the canal were small compared to those in floating the company. There was the report of the engineers giving preference to the railway, there was the avowed opposition of the Turkish Government, and there was the coldness of nearly every Government of Europe, who followed the lead of Great Britain, and looked upon the project as being, like that of Napoleon I., a daring political manœuvre on the part of the patriotic and accomplished diplomatist. It was not till 1859 that the company got fairly under way. The Viceroy took two-fifths of the shares, the rest being principally subscribed for in France, and for a rent of 15 per cent. on the earnings the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal de Suez" received a lease of the land for ninety-nine years—as many years as the canal is miles in length—the lease being under the conditions usual in England, so that at the expiry of the term the property reverts to the freeholder. The original capital was £8,000,000, but this was afterwards increased until the cost of the work may be set down as £19,000,000, plus whatever may be looked upon as the value of the additional lands lent by the Khedive and the forced labour of his people.

The first engineering difficulty was the supply of fresh water for the army of workmen, as along the line of the canal there were no springs or streams. This necessitated the formation of the freshwater canal, forty feet wide and nine feet deep, from Ismailia, on Lake Timsah, to Zagazig, and thence along the bed of the ancient waterway of the "Prince of the Faithful" to Suez; while from Port Saïd to Ismailia there was laid an aqueduct of iron pipes.

The drink difficulty having been disposed of, the cutting of the ship canal began. This starts from the Mediterranean at Port Saïd, and after passing through the shallow lagoon of Lake Menzaleh, where it has a depth of six-and-twenty feet, runs for eleven miles through an elevated plateau some fifteen to thirty feet above sea-level until it reaches the lake of Abu Ballah. Another spell of eleven miles takes the canal to Lake Timsah through another cutting in the rising ground, which is here at times from seventy to eighty feet above the water. For three miles is the shore of Abu Ballah skirted, and then passing through the Toussoum and Serapeum cuttings, the stream runs into the Bitter Lakes. These Bitter Lakes—the most difficult part of the line, by-the-bye, the bed along them having had to be scooped out with the steam-dredges—extend for some four-and-twenty miles, and then thirteen miles of the Chalouf plateau had to be cut through before the twelve miles of level plain round Suez could be reached.

The construction of the harbours was a very tedious task. That at Port Saïd was formed by two converging breakwaters, built of immense blocks of cement, each block weighing two-and-twenty tons, and consisting each of two parts of desert sand and one part of French lime. The blocks are not laid in masonry, but thrown down anyhow, and form rough breakwaters, of which one, the western, is much the longest. The alluvial deposits brought along the shore by the drift of the current due to the north-west wind, are stopped by the ridge of stone, and the mouth of the harbour, for the present at least, is kept free.

It is difficult to say which section of the line gave the engineer the most anxiety. Perhaps that through Lake Menzaleh afforded as much as any, for here the workmen had not only to contend with the mud of the lake, but with the waves of the sea. In many other sections also the task was most embarrassing. The steam dredges had to be kept constantly at work throughout; and even now it is no easy task to keep the channel from silting up. Into the Guise cutting it is calculated that forty thousand cubic yards of sand drift every year; while into the Serapeum cutting observations have shown that there is an annual drift of two hundred and seventy thousand.

The sluices were first opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on March 25, 1869, but the formal opening did not take place until November 16, fifteen years after the firman for the construction of the work had been obtained. One of the greatest naval displays of modern times then took place. Nearly every nation in the world was represented in the harbour of Port Saïd; and, amid the blessings and prayers of Christian and Mohammedan—from separate platforms erected specially for the different creeds—the Empress of the French led the way down the canal, followed by the Emperor of Austria and other great personages.

At first the canal was little used, but now the amount of shipping that passes through is so great that it is not large enough for the traffic. Out of every ten ships that use it, eight are under the British flag; and it was the importance of the canal as one of the main roads to India which led to the purchase of the Khedive's shares by this country, and to our intervention in Egypt, which on August 19, 1882, brought into it the six-and-twenty vessels that formed Lord Wolseley's expedition. Not even at the opening did the canal hold a finer fleet than when the seven huge ironclads—the Alexandra, Téméraire, Agincourt, Northumberland, Minotaur, Superb, and Sultan, totalling amongst them a measurement tonnage of over sixty-eight thousand tons—led the nineteen "troopers" into Lake Menzaleh, those same "troopers" being the pick of our ocean-going mail-boats. It is now, however, somewhat ancient history how the Egyptians were led to believe that Aboukir was to be bombarded, and were surprised to find the fleet, with Sir Garnet Wolseley on the Salamis, Admiral Seymour on the Helicon, and the Duke of Connaught on the Orient, steam past Port Saïd and round into the canal on their way to Ismailia—a surprise by no means diminished when they found that Admiral Hewett had simultaneously seized the southern outlet, and that from end to end the canal was lost to them.

By sailing vessels the route by the canal is not much used, but with steamers it is very popular. The saving in the distances to Indian and Chinese ports is very great. From Plymouth to Bombay by the Cape, the steamer route is 10,417 miles; the route by the canal shows a saving of 4,417 miles! To Galle, 10,160 by the Cape, there is a saving of 3,661 miles; to Calcutta, 11,300 by the Cape, the saving is the same; to Singapore, 11,490 by the Cape, there is a saving of 3,480 miles; to Hong Kong, 12,930 by the Cape, to Shanghai, 13,730 by the Cape, and to Yokohama, 14,490 by the Cape, there is in each case a similar saving of 3,480 miles. In the Australian routes the savings are much smaller. From Plymouth to Melbourne is 11,890 miles by the Cape, and 11,039 by the canal, thus showing a saving of only 851 miles; to Sydney, by the Cape, is 12,440 miles, by the canal it is 11,590; to Wellington, by the Cape, is 13,360 miles, by the canal it is 12,510—back by the Horn it is only 11,670. These are *exclusively* steamer distances; the distances traversed by sailing vessels are in all cases greater, sometimes by as much as 2,000 miles, but, for reasons already given, these need not be taken into account.

(To be continued.)

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

Fig. 19.

Knight with ailettes, vambrace, and rerebrace.

PLATES of metal to relieve the muscular obstruction and grating of chain-armour were gradually introduced in this country in

Fig. 20.
1327–1350.—Edward III.

Fig. 21.
1350–1364.—Edward III.

Fig. 22.
1350–1364.—Edward III.

Fig. 23.
1350–1364.—Edward III.

Fig. 24.
1364–1380.—Edward III. and Richard II.

Fig. 25.
End of Fourteenth Century.
Richard II.

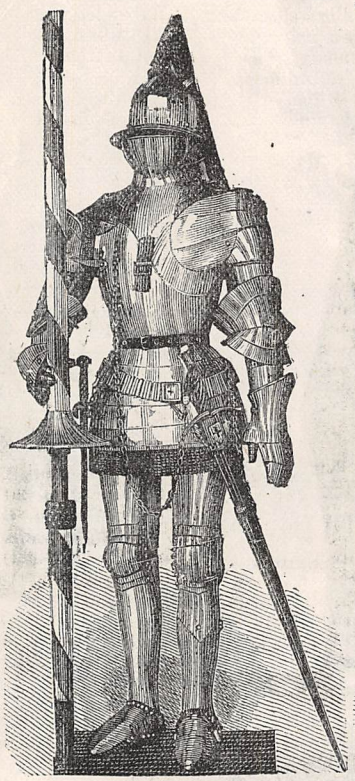


Fig. 26.
1380–1422.—Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V.

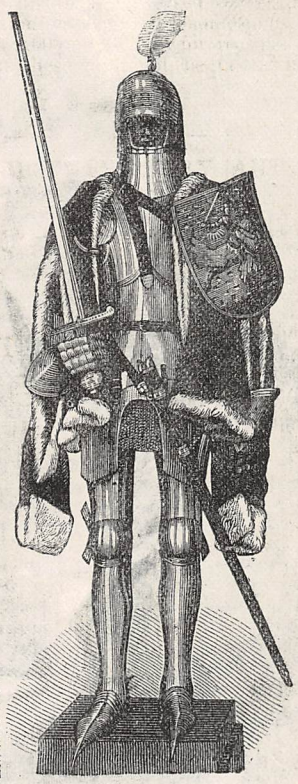


Fig. 27.
1422–1461.—Henry VI.

the reign of Edward I. Fig. 19 is from the effigy formerly in Gorleston Church, Suffolk, and represents a knight of the Bacon family, whose cognizance is depicted on the shield.

It illustrates an interesting example of the transition from chain-mail to plate-armour. Notice on the right arm from the shoulder to elbow is a plate called the vambrace; also on the inside of the arm from the pit to the wrist is another plate called the rerebrace; over the elbow is a cap called conuiere; on the top of the arm and the inside of the elbow are two circular plates called roundels, invented to protect the joints of the arm when the chain-mail was removed from underneath to give greater freedom of action. This brass also exhibits a curious fashion in armour, which lasted for many years—that of having little wings or ailettes of metal attached to the shoulders. These were worn both in battle and in the lists, and were generally emblazoned with a cognizance. In our cut the cross of St. George is depicted on them.

The reigns of Richard I. and John exhibited for the first time heraldic cognizances, fixed designs being appropriated by individual families. They were emblazoned on the gonfancon, or little flag on the shield; also on the jupon, which was a tight-fitting tunic, hence the term "coat-of-arms." Edward the Black Prince's tunic, emblazoned with the arms of England and France, is still hanging over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, as probably you may have seen.

The cyclas during fighting would obviously get slashed and torn to ribands, and present an appearance of which the knights would be proud, as showing they had been in action. The heraldic artists of the period designed these torn clothes into mantling and lambrequin, of which Fig. 22 is a fancy-dress example. The helmet takes the form of the salade, of which we have more to say.

Now approaches the interesting period of plate-armour. From the description already given of Charlemagne and his staff, the wealthy seem to have had even then part plate-armour. The invention of entire suits of this armour appeared in Italy about the year 1315, and the fashion spread gradually to England. The arms and legs, as we have shown, had the first plate-armour. Then a helmet that covers the head succeeded the iron cap.

Fig. 23 shows in the helmet an opening turning on a hinge called aventaile; the body is covered with a mascled or pourpoint pattern; and the shoulders, elbows, knees, and boots are of plate-armour.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VII.

"Tommy could see the first was a boy, the second a man."

TOMMY was another boy again; the load was off his heart, he felt as if he did not care what might happen now. And before long something did happen.

He had nearly reached the corner of the corridor when he heard a door in the distance creak.

His heart gave a jump; he had not thought of danger on his way to Soady's room, he was too full of his trouble. But now he was alive to the slightest sound.

He backed into a doorway, crouched down, and waited. Perhaps it might be robbers; perhaps the Doctor or some master has found his empty bed and was looking for him.

Something white appeared round the corner. Tommy's heart almost stood still. Then following the white figure came a black one. In the dim light Tommy could see that the first was a boy, the second a man. The odd thing was that neither seemed to take any notice of him; from where he crouched he could have touched them as they passed, but they went steadily on. Not that Tommy had any idea of touching them, he was much too frightened.

Directly they passed him he bolted for his room. He forgot all about making a noise now, and as he took a flying leap into bed he woke two or three sleepers. At the same time there was a strange sound in the distant corridor, then came silence.

"What's the row?" asked Featherstone, sleepily. "Are they having a bolster match?"

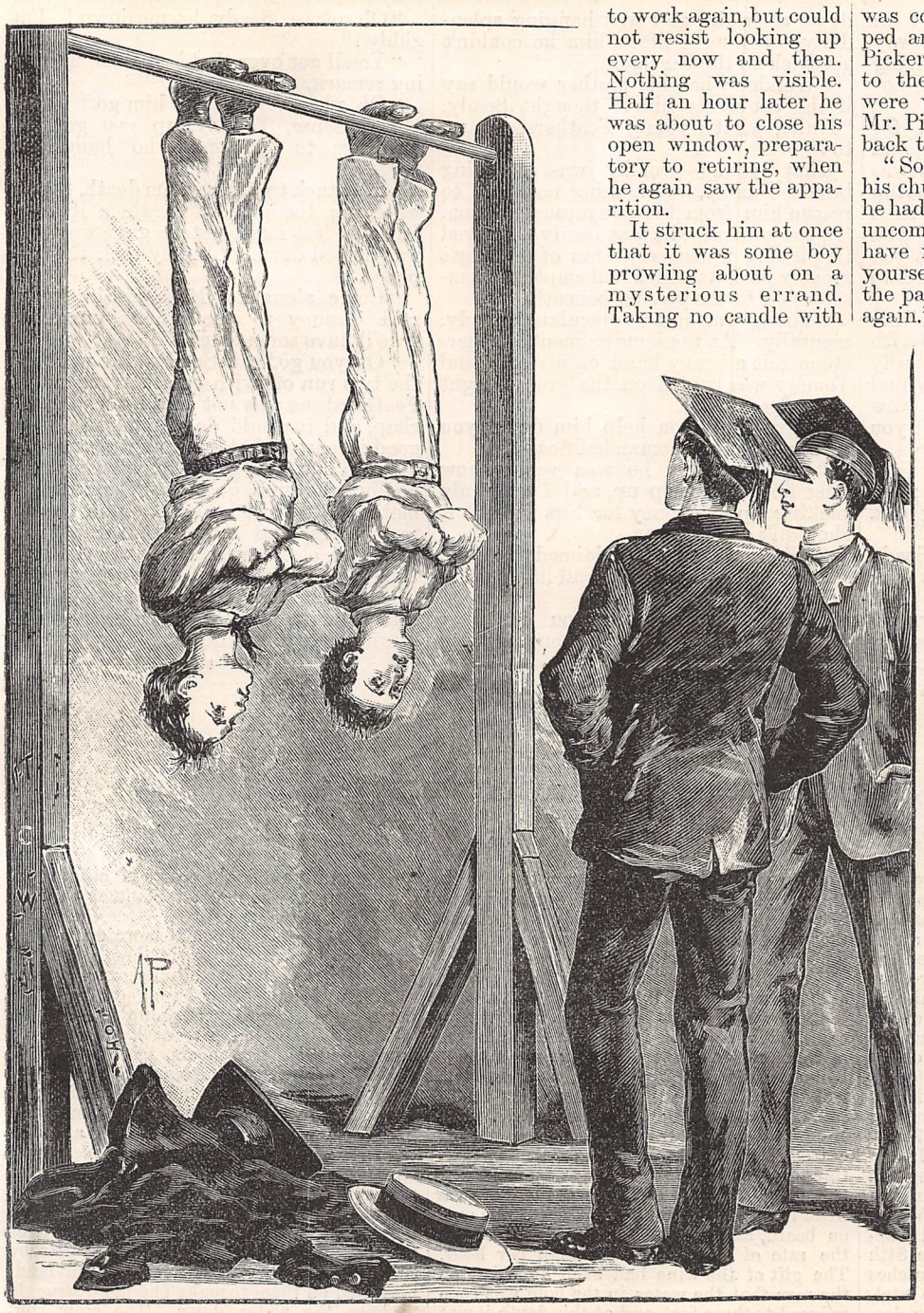
"It's a ghost!" said Tommy.

"Whose, you young idiot? Why, where's Simpson?"

Simpson's bed was empty, but his absence was not long unaccounted for. There was a sound of feet outside, and in a minute or so Simpson appeared, with nothing on but his trousers and night-shirt. Accompanying him were Mr. Pickering and Melhuish.

"Now go to sleep all of you," said the master. "Thanks, Melhuish, I needn't keep you out of bed. Good night."

"Hullo, Simpson! Where have you been?" inquired Featherstone.



"They stuck to it like grim death."

"Been trying to find my money," was the sleepy reply.

"What money, you young Crœsus?"

"Never you mind," returned Simpson, who now remembered the Doctor's caution to keep his tongue still.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE mysteries of the night were cleared up next morning. It seems that Mr. Pickering, who had a bedroom on the farther side of the quad, happened to be sitting up late that night, hard at work on an edition of Juvenal that he hoped some day to publish. Happening to glance up for a moment, he fancied he saw a figure cross a window of the opposite wing.

He watched for a minute, but there was no reappearance. He settled down to work again, but could not resist looking up every now and then. Nothing was visible. Half an hour later he was about to close his open window, preparatory to retiring, when he again saw the apparition.

It struck him at once that it was some boy prowling about on a mysterious errand. Taking no candle with him and kicking his boots off, Mr. Pickering rapidly ran down the corridors, and then hid in a half-open doorway.

He had not to wait long. A boy came slowly walking along, so naturally and unconsciously that it was easy to guess that he was walking in his sleep. Mr. Pickering followed him to see where he was going, for he at once recognised the boy as Simpson, the loss of whose money had occasioned the excitement of the previous day. Mr. Pickering knew the strange things often done by somnambulists, and how they totally forgot what they had done when asleep, so he felt some curiosity to see whether Simpson was about to hide some more money and then announce next day he had lost it.

But the master's curiosity was not destined to be satisfied. Not long after he had passed the spot where Tommy was concealed, Simpson hesitated, stopped and would have fallen had not Mr. Pickering caught him. The noise brought to the door Melhuish and Soady, who were wide awake, and Melhuish helped Mr. Pickering to take the mystified boy back to his room.

"So, my young Tommy," said Soady to his chum, to whom he was recounting all he had heard about it, "you see you had an uncommonly close shave last night. If you have many more such shaves you'll cut yourself. So don't you go cutting about the passages in the middle of the night again."

"All right; I won't," said Tommy. "So they think Simpson stole his own money, do they?"

"Don't know; the Doctor seems to think so, from all I can hear. Oh, here's a nuisance! if this isn't Lang coming! You run away, Tommy, and practise for the athletic sports. If you don't pull off something I shall take it out of you."

It was indeed Lang who was approaching, and if ever a boy's look betrayed his anger his did now.

"Soady, you're a beastly sneak!" he began. "You told the Doctor that I was in the Rummage-room yesterday."

"You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head if you want me to take any notice of what you're saying," retorted Soady.

"A civil tongue! It's easy enough for you to talk. You think that because you're the bigger and could lick me that I'm going to let you do what you like, but I shan't. I tell you you're a beast of a sneak, and you can make what you like of it."

Soady hesitated for a moment. He felt inclined to prove to Lang he was correct in one particular, at all events, that he could lick him if they had a fight. But at this moment Garland passed close by, and, hearing the row, stopped to see what was the matter. Soady, on seeing him, dropped his hands. He felt it would be a mean action to lick Lang for what he had said in ignorance of the truth, and he could not do a mean action with Garland looking on.

"I say, Garland, come here!" he cried.

Garland walked up. "What do you want?"

"Lang here has been slanging me because he says I told the Doctor he had been to the Rummage-room lately. I didn't tell the Doctor; Mr. Pickering did."

Soady proceeded to explain how the mistake had arisen.

"That's clear enough," said Garland. "I can't see that any blame attaches to you. What do you want me to do?"

"Tell Lang what he ought to do now that he has been slanging me without any reason."

Garland looked at Lang for a moment.

"I don't think that's necessary," he said, quietly. "I'm quite sure Lang knows the right thing to do as well as I do."

There was a slight emphasis laid on the "knows." Garland walked away now, thinking it would be easier for Lang to apologise if a third person were not present.

Lang's better nature triumphed for once; he told Soady he was sorry, and asked him to let it all drop. Soady was only too delighted; he hated having rows with fellows because it was "such a lot of trouble to remember that you had quarrelled with a chap, and if you hacked him at football he was sure to think you did it on purpose."

"Tell you what, Lang," he said, "nobody thinks you had anything to do with that business, of course, but the best way of satisfying everybody will be to find out who did take Simpson's cash. Now you leave it to me, I'll find out, don't you fear."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"I've got my eye on some one; I'll let you know if I find anything out. Don't you tell any one."

With this superfluous remark Soady ran off to find Tommy and consult with him.

Tommy was discovered in the gymnasium hanging by his toes from a rather high horizontal bar. He had let himself down all right, and was hanging splendidly, but for the life of him he couldn't get back to the bar again.

"Wonder what his mother would say if she could see him?" thought Soady. "Hullo, what's young Featherstone up to?"

That young worthy was standing beside Tommy, but making no effort to rescue him from his dangerous position. On the contrary, he was busily employed in picking up the contents of Tommy's trouser pockets which had emptied themselves on to the ground beneath.

"Young varmint!" ejaculated Soady, mentally. At the same moment Featherstone felt a heavy hand on his arm, and Tommy was landed on the ground right end uppermost.

"Why didn't you help him down, you young beggar?" demanded Soady.

"Please, Soady, he was seeing how long he could keep up, and I was only picking up his money for him so that it shouldn't get lost."

"What a cram!" exclaimed Tommy. "I was just tumbling off and he wouldn't help me."

"Let's see how long you can stay up," said Soady to Featherstone, putting him on the bar.

"Oh, please, Soady, let me down! I'm giddy!"

"You'll get over that," was the unfeeling remark.

"Oh, please, Soady, let him go."

"Nonsense, Tommy, up you go too. Sixpence to the one who hangs on longest."

They stuck to it like grim death, Soady watching them to catch them if they fell. At last Featherstone gave way and was helped down. Tommy took the sixpence.

"Come along to Mother Shipton's," said Tommy to the other youngster, "we'll have some truck."

"Off you go," said Soady. He watched the two run off with considerable relief. Featherstone was not at all a bad little chap, and it would do Tommy worlds of good if he would chum up with some one his own age, and go in for sports more. Soady was not good at classics and mathematics, but he had a keen feeling for others, and more judgment than many far cleverer than he as to the best thing to be done with a boy to make him turn out as a boy should; not a clever rascal, but a good fellow, whatever his attainments might be.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.

I.—THE WRECK.

That the extraordinary adventures of General Haldiman's aide-de-camp have never been used as the basis of a romance is perhaps due to the fact that they form a perfect story of themselves. They need no embellishment; the characters are there, the incidents follow each other in admirable order, there is a definite plot, the one object is pursued throughout, and the story ends, as all such stories should end—in that object being attained. Under these circumstances a preface is hardly required, and so, without further ado, we give our summary of Captain Prenties's official report, published in 1782.

In the late autumn of 1780 General Haldiman, commander-in-chief of the troops in Canada, finding it necessary to communicate with General Clinton, then fighting Washington in front of New York, selected Captain Samuel Walter Prenties, of the 84th Regiment, to be the bearer of his despatches—or, rather, one of the bearers, for the intelligence being of great importance, the despatches were sent in duplicate, Captain Prenties taking one copy, and Ensign Drummond, of the 44th Regiment, taking the other. A smart brigantine, the St. Lawrence, was then at Quebec loading with timber, or lumber, as it is locally called, and in her Captain Prenties secured a berth. Ensign Drummond went on board a schooner bound also for New York, and the two vessels started down the river together on the 17th of November.

Contrary winds kept them in the river for some days. The cold weather set in, and ice began to form along the banks. Before the open sea was reached the St. Lawrence sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be kept constantly going on board of her. The schooner also was much knocked about, and the ice began to cling round the ships.

The St. Lawrence carried six passengers, and the officers and crew numbered thirteen. The captain, though plausible enough on shore, proved outrageously violent at sea. He seemed curiously excited at the discovery of the leak, and after trying his best for a time to check the rising water, retired to his cabin and drank himself into senselessness. The second mate followed his example, and the crew altogether seemed a very miscellaneous lot, and under little restraint.

The water continued to rise in the hold, and not long after the captain had retired the crew refused to work the pumps any more. The cold was intense. The gale was raging heavily. The brigantine appeared to be gradually settling down, and matters looked so hopeless that there was really some excuse for the decision of the men. As, however, the water, when the pumping ceased, began to gain at an alarming rate, Captain Prenties went amongst the crew and persuaded them to continue at the pumps a little longer. He had some wine of his own on board, and this he served out to them at the rate of half a pint per man per hour. The gift of the wine had such an effect on the men that the water in the hold was soon reduced to three feet, and at this depth it was kept for some hours.

On the following morning, that of 2nd December, the gale increased, a snowstorm came on, and in the thick of the storm the schooner went ashore on Coudres Island. The people on the brigantine could render her no assistance, for the snow fell so fast that they could not see for any distance round them. To keep up communication between the vessels guns were fired at half-hourly intervals. Suddenly the answering reports ceased. The schooner had gone down with all on board!

The storm continued, and the first mate, on being appealed to, guessed the St. Lawrence to be near the Magdalen Islands, a small group of rocks to the north of Cape Breton. In a couple of hours the roar of the breakers was heard through the blinding snow, and the rocks were shortly afterwards sighted a few hundred yards away. The ship was running before the wind under close reefed foretopsail, and it was no easy task to steer her clear of the "Dead Man." The dangerous barrier was, however, passed in safety, as were also the scores of other rocks that bordered the narrow channel through which the vessel drove.

At five o'clock the next morning a huge wave struck aft, drove in her sternpost, carried away the deadlights, and poured into the cabin. The crew stopped working the pumps, expecting the ship to founder; all the hatches on the deck were frozen down, and the passengers, finding nothing else in the after hold, attempted to caulk the leaks in the stern with slices of beef. The captain was asleep, the crew were completely tired out with the constant work and the cold. The wind blew with ever increasing strength and keenness, the snow fell thicker and thicker, and the ropes and spars were one mass of ice. Captain Prenties went to the men, and pointing out that the waves were shorter and breaking higher, thereby showing that they were not far from land, prevailed on them to make one more struggle to keep the water down. The crew consented, but the plungers proved immovable. The pumps had frozen during the interval of rest!

The crew then left the deck, over which the icy water swept, and, steered by the only man that dared brave the storm, the St. Lawrence drove on to her doom. Her timber cargo saved her from sinking, but the water in her hold had made her so crank that the only way to prevent her turning over was to keep her dead before the wind. After a time the steersman saw a gull swoop past through the snow, and then some ducks came by, and thus he knew he was nearing land. Then the snowstorm cleared away, and before him he saw the precipitous cliffs of some rock-bound coast.

The captain, who had now awoke, recovered sufficiently to enable him to interfere with the working of the ship. He ordered her to be brought to. In vain it was explained to him that the manœuvre would throw her on her beam-ends. He insisted on having his way, and the crew went to the braces. He gave the word of command. But

the ropes refused to move; they were frozen into the blocks as hard as iron.

On went the brigantine straight for a fringe of breakers about three miles from the land. As they neared them the crew waited for the crash to be thrown into the icy sea. With one slight graze, however, the St. Lawrence leapt through and flew along straight towards a little beach between a gap in the precipices. When she was within fifty yards of it she struck on the sand.

There was only one boat on board, and this was frozen in so hard that it had to be chopped out, and the waves were thundering so angrily on the beach that only six men dared try their fate in attempting to land. These were the first mate, two seamen, Captain Prenties, his servant, and a boy passenger. When the St. Lawrence struck, the aide-de-camp had gone to his cabin, wrapped up his papers and despatches in a handkerchief, and tied them round his waist. His servant picked a bag containing one hundred and eighty guineas out of his trunk for him also to take with him, but the captain, seeing then no use for money, declined it as an incumbrance, and gave it to the man, who immediately fastened it round his waist, as his master had done the despatches.

Seizing a hatchet and a saw, Prenties jumped into the boat, in which were the mate and the two men. The servant followed, and then the boy tried. As he jumped, however, the boat lurched, and the poor little lad fell into the sea. After much effort he was saved and pulled on board, and then the boat left the ship and was swept on to the land. Once there, it was evident that to return and save any of the others was impossible. The wind was blowing dead on to the shore, and the waves were coming in with such fury that no boat could live against them.

And so the six drew up the boat out of danger, and made their way through the snow, which was up to their waists, to a little wood that came down close to the beach. They had no fire, for the tinder-box had got wet in the passage from the ship; they had no shelter, and they had no food. The cold was so great as to benumb them, and it was with great difficulty that Prenties and the mate could keep the men awake, for to sleep under such circumstances was to die. The poor boy had got wet through by his plunge into the sea, and his clothes were frozen on him. Every effort to keep him awake proved futile, and at last he dropped down and slept. A few minutes afterwards Prenties thought he was dead, and felt his cheek. The little fellow only just woke to die, whispering the kind-hearted aide-de-camp to write to his father, to whom he had been on his way, and tell him how he had gone to another Father along that cold road in the snow.

And now the three men lay down in spite of all that Prenties and the mate could do. To allow them to sleep was not to be thought of, and so to keep all moving Prenties cut a pair of switches off a tree, and with these he and the mate watched all night and slashed the half-torpid three each time they closed their eyes. All night long the watching and slashing went on in the piercing north-westerly wind, but when the morning broke though Prenties was untouched by the frost, the mate was slightly nipped, and the three men were each frozen halfway up their legs.

The ship had not broken up. The tide had gone out, and she was close to shore. A rope was thrown from her; one end of it was fastened to the jibboom and the other to a tree on the land, and along it came all but two that had passed the night on board. One of these—a passenger—had died; the other—the carpenter—was drunk. The fugitives brought no food with them, but one man had a tinder-box, and soon a fire was kindled. It took all that day to rig the rope and get the people to land.

The next day the violence of the sea had somewhat abated, and the carpenter was taken off, frozen in all his limbs; and on the 8th of December the St. Lawrence went to pieces along one side of her, and some beef and onions floated ashore. These were picked up and greedily devoured, for there had been no food for four days. Deals came floating in from the wreck, and of about two hundred of these a house was built, twenty feet long by ten feet wide. The construction of this house was peculiar. Two trees were taken at the twenty feet apart; and some distance up them, stretching from one to the other, on each side of their trunks poles were lashed, so as to leave a space between of about a foot all along. Against these poles the planks were laid at an angle of about sixty degrees, and the ends were filled in. The fire was made along the whole length of the house, and the gap between the poles at the top served for the chimney.

Between two and three hundred pounds of beef had come ashore and a great many onions; and the men were put upon rations to make the food last as long as possible. These rations were a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions per head per day. On December 11th the gale had gone down enough to allow the boat to go to the ship, and an endeavour was made to open the hatches, which were caked down with ice. All day was spent in the attempt, and on the next day the hold was got into. From the ship were taken two hundredweight of onions, a hundred-and-twenty-pound barrel of beef, a quarter-cask of potatoes, a bottle of oil, an axe, a large iron pot, two camp-kettles, twelve pounds of tallow candles, and three barrels of apples, shipped by a Jewish merchant at Quebec. These apples were indeed a welcome discovery.

The same night the aide-de-camp, when down at the beach, found a bundle of the ship's papers washed ashore. He opened them, and read to his astonishment that the St. Lawrence, though cleared for New York, was really bound for the West Indies. Her captain had intended to do a little privateering under the American flag, and her passengers had been saved from the trap by the leak and the wreck. Prenties read the papers through, and added them to the bundle he wore round his waist.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—VANDERGAART KOPJE.

"I must be off," said Cyprien, as he dressed himself next morning. "I must leave Griqualand. After what that man said to me, to remain here a day would be weakness. He won't give me his daughter? Perhaps he is right. Anyhow, it will never do to look as if I wanted to plead extenuating circumstances. I must accept the verdict like a man, however painful it may be, and trust to the future to set things right."

And without further hesitation he began to stow away the apparatus in the packing-cases, which had served him for tables and cupboards. He worked with a will for an hour or so, and then through the open window came a sweet girlish voice, clear and full as the voice of the skylark:

> 'Tis the last rose of summer
> Left blooming alone;
> All her lovely companions
> Are faded and gone.

He ran to the window and saw Alice on her way to the ostriches, with her apron full of scraps for their food. She it was who was singing to the rising sun:

> I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
> To pine on the stem;
> Since the lovely are sleeping,
> Go sleep thou with them.

The young engineer was not particularly susceptible to poetical influences, but something in the song affected him deeply. He stood still at the window and listened intently.

The song ceased. Miss Watkins began to feed the ostriches, and as she did so it was pleasant to see the birds craning their long necks and dodging their huge awkward heads in front of her hand as she tantalisingly held out and withdrew the morsels of food. Then she finished her task, and as she returned resumed her song:

> 'Tis the last rose of summer
> Left blooming alone;
> All her lovely companions
> Are faded and gone.

Cyprien was standing in the same place, with the tears welling up into his eyes, as if under a charm.

The voice grew more distant. Alice was within twenty yards of the farm, when the sound of hurried footsteps caused her to pause and turn round.

Cyprien, by an irresistible impulse, had left his hut, and was running after her bare-headed.

"Miss Watkins."

"Mr. Cyprien."

They were face to face in the full glow of the rising sun on the path that bordered the farm. Their shadows were thrown sharp and clear on the white wood of the palings. And now that Cyprien had reached Miss Watkins, he seemed astonished at what he had done and undecided what to say.

"You have something to say to me, Mr. Cyprien?" asked the lady, anxiously.

"I have come to bid you good-bye. I am going away to-day," was the answer.

The delicate rose tint which gave the life to Alice's face suddenly disappeared.

"Going away! You are going away? Where?" she asked tremblingly.

"Home—to France," replied Cyprien. "My work is done here. My mission has ended. I have nothing else to do in Griqualand. And I am obliged to get back to Paris."

"Going away! You are going away?"

This with a pause between each sentence, and as if he were craving pardon for some crime.

The girl was astounded. The news fell on her like a blow from a crowbar. Suddenly the teardrops showed themselves, and hung suspended on the long lashes which shaded her eyes. And then, as if recalled to the reality of the scene, she recovered herself, and said, with a slight smile,

"Going away! And you are going to run away from your scholar before she has finished her chemistry? You are going to leave me in oxygen and those mysteries of azote which were always a dead-letter for me? It is hardly the correct thing, sir."

She tried to put a good face on it, and to laugh it off, but the tone of her voice belied her words. Beneath her jesting there was a deep reproach which went straight to the young man's heart.

She continued, but the jesting tone was gone:

"And I? Do you think I am nothing? You quietly drop me back into chaos! You come here that I may see amongst all these Boers and greedy diggers a superior privileged being, learned, proud, disinterested, apart from the rest! you make me help you in your study and work! you open your heart to me, and make me share your hopes, your literary preferences, and your artistic tastes! you reveal to me the distance between a thinker such as you and the mere bimana that surround me! you encourage me to admire you and to like you! you nearly succeeded in doing so! Then you come and coolly tell me that it is all over, that you are off to Paris, and are in a hurry to forget me! And you think I am going to take it all as coolly as if I were a philosopher!"

Yes, he had done all that Alice with her tearful eyes had reproached him with.

"It is necessary that I do so! I yesterday asked your father to allow me to ask you to be my wife! He has refused, and gives me no hope! Now do you understand why I am going?" he was just about to say in defence, when the thought of his promise crossed his mind. He had promised John Watkins never to speak to his daughter on the subject of his dream, and he judged it dishonourable to break his word.

But at the same time he felt that his idea of immediate departure was brutally unkind. It seemed to him impossible to thus suddenly abandon the girl he loved, and who evidently—there could be no doubt of it—loved him. At first the thought of delay frightened him, then it seemed to him as imperatively necessary.

"When I spoke of going away, Miss Watkins," at last he said, "I did not mean this morning—nor to-day—nor—I have a few more notes to make—preparations to finish— Anyhow, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again and—talking with you about—about—your studies!"

And then Cyprien abruptly turned away and ran off like a lunatic. He rushed into his hut, and throwing himself into an arm-chair, was immediately deep in thought.

And his thoughts were somewhat different from what they were before he spoke to Miss Watkins.

"Give her up because I have got no money!" he said to himself. "Knock under at the first blow! Is that the sort of man I am? Would it not be better to sacrifice a few prejudices and try and make myself worthy of her? How many fellows make their fortunes in a few months on the Diamond Fields? Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I turn up a hundred-carat diamond as the others have done; or better still, find a new field? Surely I have more theoretical and practical knowledge than most of these men? Why should not knowledge give me what work and luck give them? After all, I risk little in having a try. Even from this standpoint of my mission it would not do me any harm to take a turn with shovel and pick and gain some practical experience as a digger. And, if I succeed; if I become rich in this primitive way, who knows but what Watkins will yield, and reverse his decision? The prize is well worth the trial!"

And Cyprien began to walk up and down the laboratory, but his hands were still, his brain only was at work.

Suddenly he stopped, put on his hat, and walked out.

He took the path down to the flat, and at a great pace set out for Vandergaart Kopje.

In less than an hour he was there.

The miners were recrowding into the camp after their breakfast. Cyprien, as the bronzed visages passed by, was wondering to whom to apply for the information he wanted, when he recognised in one of the groups the honest face of Thomas Steel, the Lancashire miner. Two or three times had he met him since his arrival in Griqualand, and found that he was prospering, a fact sufficiently shown by his contented features, his brand new clothes, and the large leather belt round his waist.

Cyprien made up his mind to accost him, and tell him of his intention.

"Buy a claim? Nothing easier if you have got the money!" answered the miner. "There is one now close to mine. Four hundred pounds! It is giving it away! With half a dozen niggers to work for you, you'll make thirty pounds a week."

"But I haven't got four hundred pounds, and I don't possess a nigger!"

"Well, buy a share in a claim—an eighth or a sixteenth—and work it yourself! You can get one for forty pounds."

"That is more my figure," answered the engineer; "but you, Mr. Steel, how have you done, if I may be allowed to ask? Did you have any capital?"

"I got here with my arms and three sovereigns in my pocket," replied the Lancashire lad; "but I was lucky. I first worked half-shares with a man who

had an eighth. The fellow liked hanging about the liquor-shop better than working, and so we halved. I made some excellent finds, one a five-carat stone that we sold for two hundred pounds! Then I left off working for the first cove and bought a sixteenth for myself. As I only found small stones I got clear of that in ten days and went halves with an Australian on his claim. But we have hardly made a fiver this first week."

"If I found a share in a good claim that would not cost too much, will you go partners with me and work it?" asked the engineer.

"If you like," answered Steel; "but on one condition. That is, we each keep what we find. Not that I mistrust you, Mr. Cyprien. But you see, since I have been here I always lose when the sharing comes, for I am a good hand at the pick-axe and shovel, and I do about three times the work of the other fellows'!"

"That seems fair enough," said Cyprien.

"Well, then here's an idea, perhaps a good 'un. Let us two take one of John Watkins's claims."

"One of his claims? I thought all the kopje belonged to him."

"So it does, but the Colonial Government, you know, lays hold of it as soon as it is declared a diamond field. He looks after it, measures it out, cuts up the claims, and keeps the best part of the price, and pays only a fixed royalty. And the royalty, when the kopje is as large as this one, amounts to something. But the freeholder always has the preference in buying back as many claims as he can work. That is the case with Watkins. He has got several going besides his property in the kopje. But he cannot work them as he ought to, for the gout stops him from coming down here, and I think he would let you have one cheap if you made an offer."

"I would rather you do the bargaining," said Cyprien.

"It makes no difference to me," replied Steel. "Just as you like."

Three hours later half-claim No. 942, duly marked out with stakes and identified on the plan, was handed over to Messrs. Cyprien and Steel for the sum of ninety pounds. It was expressly stipulated in the deed that the concessionaries should share the profits with John Watkins, and as a royalty hand him over the three first diamonds weighing more than ten carats that they should find. There was nothing to show that such a find was likely to be made, but still it was possible—everything was possible.

On the whole the bargain was a good one for Cyprien, and Watkins, with his customary frankness, told him so as he signed the contract.

"You have acted like a sensible chap," said he, as he tapped Cyprien on the shoulder. "There is some stuff in you. I shouldn't be surprised if you turn out one of the luckiest diggers in Griqualand."

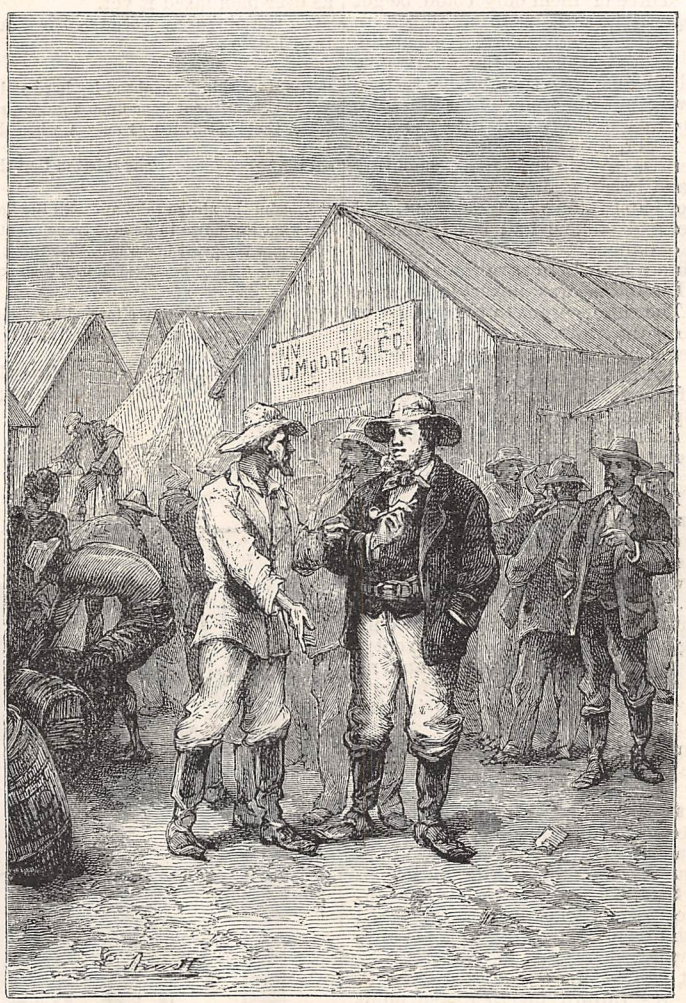
Cyprien could not but see in these words a happy augury for the future.

And Miss Watkins, who was present at the interview, had she a look bright as sunshine in her blue eyes? No! Seemingly she had been crying all the morning.

By tacit consent nothing was said about the meeting early in the day. Cyprien was going to stay, that was evident.

The young engineer left with a light heart, and having made up his mind to visit the farm for the future only in his leisure moments, set to work to pack up a few of his things and take them down to his tent at Vandergaart Kopje.

(To be continued.)



"Buy a claim? Nothing is easier if you have the money!"

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE BIRKENHEAD.

THE wreck of the Grosvenor recalls another disaster off the East African coast whose fame is world-wide and whose glorious story can boast of an honour never given before or since to a record of the sea, it having been read on parade at the head of every regiment in the Prussian service by order of the present Emperor of Germany as a lesson in discipline to his army, then, as now, the best disciplined army in the world. Truly a priceless tribute of admiration, all the more noteworthy as being unsought and unasked for.

The Birkenhead was an iron paddle-steamer built at Birkenhead by Mr. Laird for a frigate and converted into a trooper. Towards the end of 1851 she sailed from the Cove of Cork for the Cape with reinforcements for the troops engaged in the Kaffir War. Her crew mustered one hundred and thirty all told; her troops, with their wives and families, numbered five hundred. The ship was under the command of Captain R. Salmond, and Colonel Seton, of the 74th Highlanders, was in charge of the soldiers, consisting of drafts of the 12th Lancers and of the 2nd, 6th, 12th, 43rd, 45th, 60th, 73rd, 74th, and 91st Regiments of the Line.

The Birkenhead had a very rough passage, and was forty-seven days out when she reached Simon's Bay on February 23rd, 1852. After taking in three hundred and fifty tons of coal and sundry provisions, she proceeded on her voyage to Algoa Bay at six o'clock on the evening of the 28th.

At two o'clock in the morning she crashed on to an isolated rock below the water level off Point Danger. She was going eight knots an hour at the time, the night was clear, the sea was smooth except for the existence of a long swell, and the lead was going. A few seconds before she struck, the leadsman on the paddle-box reported thirteen fathoms,

and while the lead was being cast again the catastrophe occurred. The cast was taken nevertheless, and though the bow was on the rock there were seven fathoms of water beneath her amidships and eleven under her stern. She was out of her course; instead of being ten miles from the shore, as supposed, she was only two and a half, and either a strong current had set in, such as affected the Rhadamanthus when she afterwards came in search, or her compasses had been touched by that peculiar disturbance which on the same night in the same latitude sent the binnacle compass of the Propontis half a dozen points to the westward.

The vessel began to fill. Captain Salmond rushed on deck and ordered the boats to be launched. Three of them only could be got safely afloat. The rest were swamped in launching, or stuck fast. The large paddle-box boats proved useless; the davit pins had rusted in and were immovable! Into the boats were put the women and children.

The ship was backed, and into the hole rushed the water, drowning many of the men in their berths. Again she struck, buckling her plates and breaking down her bulkheads.

The water burst into the engine-room, and the engineer and stokers had barely time to run up out of danger.

Everything was done to save the ship, but in vain. Discipline was never lost for a moment. The sailors went to the pumps to try and keep the water under, the soldiers were mustered by detachments on the deck, and went down with her to their watery graves as if merely on parade. The fore part of the ship sank first; then she broke up abaft the mainmast; the poop went last. The mainmast stood up above the waves, and to its topsail yard over forty men were afterwards found clinging.

At first no sound was heard but the voice of the commanding officers. In the last heave of the sinking ship the word was given, "Let all who can swim now try to save themselves." Some one said, "Make for the boats!" but another shouted that they would by so doing endanger the lives of the seventy-eight who were in them in safety, and no attempt of the sort was made. "The men went down as coolly as if embarking instead of going to the bottom."

The women, the children, and the sick were in the boats, keeping near the ship, and not daring to land owing to the forbidding nature of the beach. The horses had been thrown overboard, and five of them swam ashore in safety. Of the men, over two hundred were afloat on pieces of drift timber.

Captain Salmond was struck by the binnacle as he rose. Cornet Bond was sucked down by the poop as it sank, and, clearing himself, swam ashore, and caught his own horse as it trotted up out of the surf. A rough raft was thrown together, and on it nine men passed to the land in safety. Captain Wright was saved on a sponson. A few were saved on a paddle-box. One soldier was thirty-five hours floating about on a piece of timber.

The place was haunted by hundreds of sharks, and these feasted on the prey so suddenly crowding into their jaws. Those soldiers who were fully dressed escaped, those who had hurried up from below in different stages of night apparel fell easy victims. The shrieks from the crowded water were heartrending as man after man disappeared, dragged down by the furious brutes who revelled in the banquet.

Those who were saved made their way to the nearest house, that of Captain Smales, late 7th Dragoon Guards, and thence sent messages to the Governor. The boats at first made for the offing, and sighted a schooner. The schooner failed to notice them and kept on her way. Then one of the boats returned, and finding a creek along the beach, was there run ashore.

One of the other boats hoisted a woman's shawl. At last the schooner saw them. About she went and bore down. She proved to be the Lioness, under Captain Ramsden, and ably was she handled, and well did she work. She picked up the two boats; she found the survivors clinging to the topsail-yard; she cruised about the scene of the wreck; and altogether she took on board no less than one hundred and sixteen. Seventy-eight escaped to the land, and thus the hundred and ninety-four survivors out of the six hundred and thirty troops and crew were accounted for.

There is no need to dwell upon sickening details. The fact remains that the sailors all did their duty as well as faulty machinery permitted them, and that the soldiers remembered their drill and faced death as gallantly as ever men faced it yet.

In the eloquent words of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle:—

"The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

"So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

"They tarried, the waves tarried for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like thing asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

"Then amidst oath and prayer, and rush and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

"To die!—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers;
'All to the boats!' cried one—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

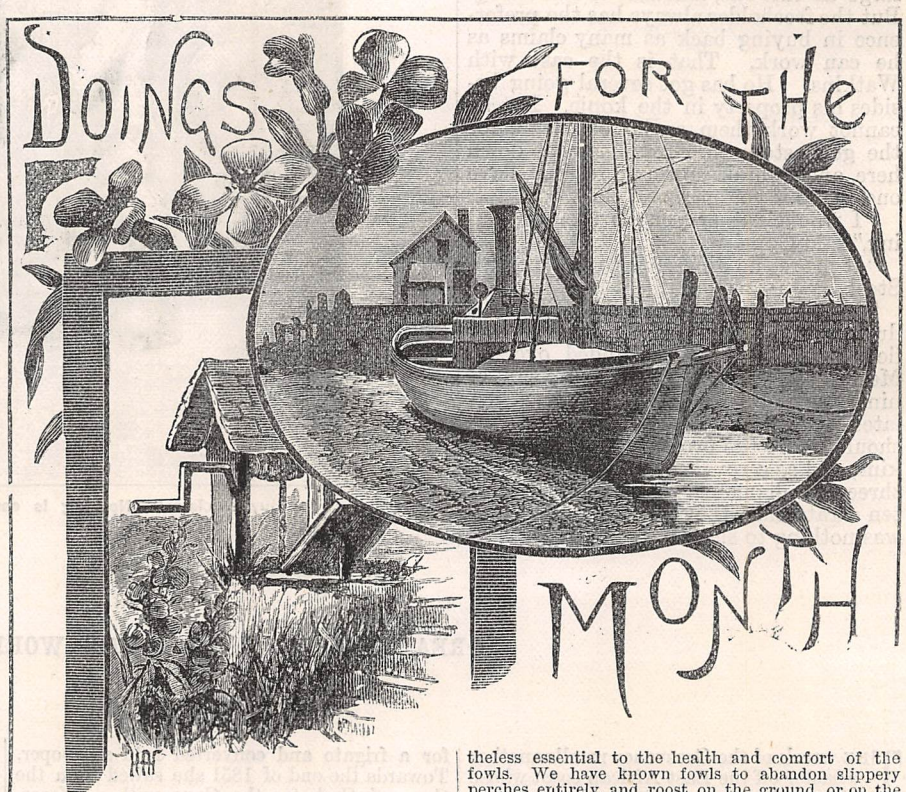
"Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir;
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not.
On land, on sea, we had our colours, sir,
To keep without spot!

"They shall not say in England that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

"So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

"What follows, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

"They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
oint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain."



THE POULTRY RUN.—So far as our fowl runs are concerned, winter even in England may be said to commence this month. For the days are getting dark and short, and the nights proportionately cold and dreary. Far in the north, during the latter end of this month, if not before, we will have frost and snow, and everywhere there will be boisterous winds and wet. Well, we must be prepared for anything. We presume our poultry readers have already seen to all repairs, and that the fowl-house, while well ventilated, is perfectly watertight. Have a look to the inside fittings as well. Filthy, greasy perches are an abomination. Of slight importance though this matter may seem, it is nevertheless essential to the health and comfort of the fowls. We have known fowls to abandon slippery perches entirely, and roost on the ground, or on the edge of nest-boxes.

See to these nest-boxes, and be just as particular to keep them clean, and to keep clean straw in them, as you would be in summer. Beware of muck and filth, or wet on the floors. There is nothing to beat a cement floor for a fowl-house. Gravel is sometimes thrown in. It is too often thrown in to hide mess, and it is no disinfectant. If you really have not time to clean out the droppings twice or thrice a week, throw a shovelful of earth—preferably peat—over them, and clean out once a week.

A good shed, with a dust-bath over it, is a great comfort to fowls at this time of the year. Keep it always well filled with good dry garden mould, or peat earth, mixed with gravel and sand, and put

it down; now and then put a good handful of sulphur in it. Mind this; if your shed is not watertight your dust-bath becomes a mud one, or a damp one at least, and the fowls will not use it.

Now that the dark weather is coming on, we hope you have a lantern, cost tenpence, made of white iron, with three glass windows. Such a lantern will last for years, and is a great comfort. If you are going to build a new fowl-house, mind thatch is better than any other roofing.

We hope you have finished weeding out useless birds, or that any nondescripts you do possess will soon be cleared away, either to market or pot. Fatten by penning them separately, and feeding as often as they will eat on farinaceous food of all kinds, with milk and suet. But see that the latter does not affect the bowels. Feed laying hens extra well: they need meat, bullocks' lights, meaty scraps, etc., but not too much flour food, as this is fattening. Drooping fowls should be seen to. If white about the combs, put a rusty nail or two in the water. If they have any husky cough, and are weak in the legs, remove them to the warmth of a kitchen, or cellar with straw in it, and feed on nutritious diet. A few drops, say five, of paregoric and the same quantity of tincture of steel may be made into a ball with treacle and flour, and put over the throat twice a day. If in the cellar, manufacture some kind of low perch for them.

THE PIGEON LOFT. — The DOINGS for this month are neither many nor varied—that is, if all repairs, etc., have been seen to as we previously advised. If not, lose no time about it, so that your favourites may be healthy for the winter. In looking over our DOINGS for this time last year, we find we recommended the use of a hospital pen in case of sick birds. If you follow our advice, however, month after month, you will seldom be unlucky enough to have a tenant in your hospital. There are few more unsatisfactory patients than pigeons make. Ordinary birds had better be killed right off, but a valuable one should be given a chance. We sometimes get asked about a disease called *canker*. This is universally admitted to be an ailment brought on by overcrowding in filthy lofts. The trouble is infectious, so a thorough system of cleansing and quarantining should be adopted whenever it appears. It is seen in the throat as an ulcerous growth, or in the head or jaws, or in wattles of carriers, etc. We fear we can hardly recommend any cure with certainty, for the ailment is in the blood; but the diseased bird having been separated from the others, should have glycerine and iron in its water, be extra well fed, kept clean and warm, and have the sores touched twice a day with tincture of iodine, or a solution of nitrate of silver twenty grains to an ounce.

Garden pigeonries should now be planned. Plan them first on paper, count the cost, and determine what kind of birds you care to go in for. We will give further directions about this next month.

THE AVIARY.—The cold weather will soon be with us, if it be not so already in many parts. The change is often sudden. Those who keep many canaries ought to be weather-wise, and when the sun sets in a clear sky, and the stars shine out brightly thereafter, look out for frost, and cover up the cages at night. We would have you remember, though, that overwarmth, especially in stuffy rooms, is most detrimental to the health of canaries. You *must* study to keep up an equable temperature as far as possible. Mind, too, that you must never wholly cover up a cage. Leave breathing-room. We often get letters from boys in summer complaining that, though they have done everything we have suggested, still their attempts at breeding canaries have been failures. They should remember that the parents ought to be strong and lively. *But* they cannot be so if they have been kept all the weary winter in hot, close rooms. Such treatment is bound to debilitate them. So be warned in time.

We hope you thoroughly cleaned, disinfected, and dried your breeding-cages before you put them away, and that they are hanging in a clean place, and well covered up from dust.

Keep your birds clean. Give fresh water daily; no dainties, except now and then a morsel of sugar or sweet apple. But let the seeds be good, clean, and plain.

THE RABBITRY.—No animals need more snug quarters in the winter months than our bunnies. Damp is ruinous, bad bedding breeds disease and weakens the constitution.

We gave an excellent hint last year, which we hope has not been quite thrown away. We advised our readers to write out on a card the various kinds of food suitable for rabbits, and hang it where it could be seen. Do this, and do not forget to study variety in feeding. Beware of wet green food. Do not forget to let your rabbits have exercise if the weather is at all fine. You cannot be too careful now of the comfort of your stock. Such carefulness has its reward.

THE KENNEL.—Fleas in dogs are very troublesome. There is nothing like Persian insect-powder (Keating's) for dispersing them. But it must be used every day for a week out of doors, for the insects are not always killed—they go off. Wash twice a week, and let the bed be clean straw. Beware of what soap you use. A harsh alkaline soap always injures the skin. Give your dogs now plenty of exercise, and take plenty yourself, so should you both be able to defy coughs and colds during the coming winter months.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The principal work now is making general repairs of every kind, and thoroughly trimming your borders and pathways. On fine days clear up all rubbish, burn sticks and branches, and turn dead leaves into a heap. Dig ground. Take up and store beet and carrots. Earth up celery well. Prune hedges and trees, and plant fruit trees. Make everything tidy everywhere.

THE FLOWER GARDEN. — Plant bulbs and spring flowers of all kinds, lay out new borders, and see to old ones. Study chrysanthemum gardening this year, so as to be prepared next for a fine show of your own. They are splendid flowers, and turn winter almost into summer with their glorious appearance.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Evergreens must now take the place of flowers, and there are many very charming kinds. But now is the season to work in the shed making outside window-boxes, and covering them with tiles, cork, or bark. This last must be put on so as to well overlap, else the pieces shrink so much that portions of the box are left bare.

FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

THE Chub—Chavender, Chevin, Loggerhead, or Skelly (query Scaly?), as the *Leuciscus cephalus* is variously termed—is another of the Cyprinidæ or Carp family, of which I personally am very fond, and the capture of which is to me always an unalloyed pleasure. Various are the reasons for this—he is shy and yet bold, gross and greedy, and yet a lover of good things, not much good on the table, and yet a splendidly strong and courageous fish, taxing the resources of the angler to the utmost on fine tackle, and often coming off victor. My homily this month, therefore, will be upon our opprobriously named "Loggerhead," albeit, though broad-browed and large-mouthed, not by any means so ugly as the nickname would seem to imply.

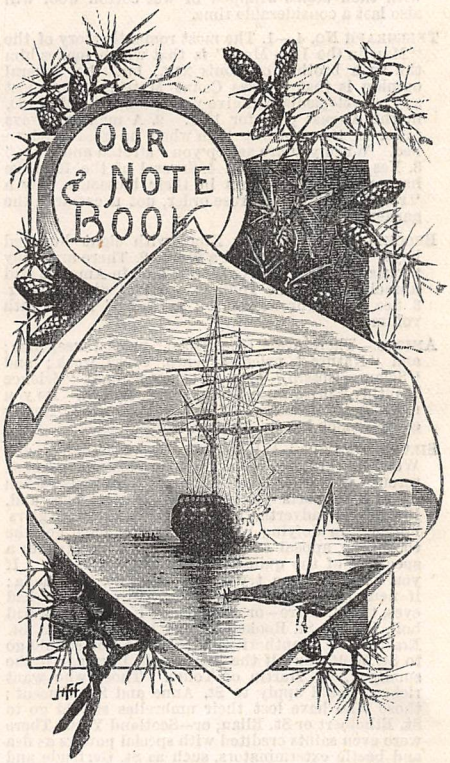
The tackle you must have for this fish should be strong, but as fine as is consistent with that strength. A rather large, say No. 4 or 5 round bend, hook is the best size; and though the chub is so shy that if the shadow of a flying bird falls on the water he will probably dive at once, yet the hook need not be carefully covered up in the bait. A running line of fine silk twist is what is usually employed, and a stoutish quill float weighted with a few small shot at intervals completes the outfit. You will see that the chub-fisher's outfit is very simple for ordinary purposes. Fly-fishing for this fish I will explain presently. There is a great deal, however, in knowing how to use it, and what baits to employ. To give an idea of these subjects, let us first consider where the chub lives. What says Izaak Walton on this head?—let me tell you that his observations on the chub will hold good yet, and for some years to come. He says quaintly, "At yonder tree I shall catch a chub . . . . . Look you here, sir, do you see? (but you must stand very close) there lie upon the top of the water in this very hole twenty chubs." And this indicates, though briefly, the chief resting and basking-places of the fish. Under overhanging willows, in the deep holes by the side of clay banks which have been burrowed out by water-rats, near ancient edifices of camp sheathing, etc., the chub is always found, if the river produces him at all; but specially in the Thames at Walton, Chertsey, Staines, and other places is he to be found near the willows. As to baits, they are many, but easily obtainable. Cheese is a favourite dainty, and should be cut up into wedge-shaped pieces of three-eighths or half-inch size and then used. Select your "hunting-ground" and have some one with you in the boat—for a boat is very necessary—to hand you silently down from bough to bough as you desire.

Having arrived at the spot you wish to begin from, take a piece of the cheese in your mouth and chew it rapidly, blowing out the chewed portions into the water in front of you, that they may float down. These the voracious chub see and come out to take them, but it requires many such pieces to fill the capacious maw of the chevin. So to satisfy him you run the hook through a large piece, and letting the hook appear through, quietly let it fall into the water and float onwards, being careful to put the float so that the bait is traversing mid-water. Onward glides the float, and presently, without any warning, down it goes. Oh, welcome sight! You strike, and out rushes with frantic haste the frightened chub. Be careful how you handle him, so that his great strength does not break your tackle. There is no fear of the hook breaking out, for the skin of the mouth is as tough as chamois leather; and after a fight more or less severe and prolonged, you eventually get him into the landing-net, perchance a beauty of three or even more pounds.

Pith and brains during this month are excellent baits also. This pith is the spinal marrow of the bullock, and the brains may be those of any animal—except of course your own, for you may want them, you know, at some future time—and the way to prepare both is as follows. For the pith, take it as you get it from your butcher, and drop it into boiling water, keeping it in some few minutes, then take it out and slip off the outer brown skin with a pair of scissors; roll the pith into balls, and toss it about till cool, cut it up into pieces an inch long, and it is ready for the hook. The brains are simply boiled, and when cool are chopped up fine; a little oatmeal can be dusted in with them to aid their disintegration when thrown in the water. They are for ground-bait. A red worm is also a capital bait, and I have seen some of the largest chub caught with a black slug. The inside is slit open, and the viscera exuded. The slug is then turned half inside out, so as to show the black-and-white of its back and inside. When this is used it is best to thread the bait on the gut, and draw it down on to the hook. It will be found nine times out of ten some inches up the line on unhooking the fish, owing to the latter's power of blowing anything out of its mouth. By-the-by, did you ever notice the way a fish does this? if not, look carefully at your goldfish the next time you feed them, and it will explain to you how some of your best bites are apparently missed, because the fish has instantly blown out the lure ere you could make the strike felt. The fish draws in a draught of water, and with it the bait; at this moment the gill-covers are closed, then when it wishes to expel by the mouth again the latter is opened, and a quick muscular movement of the gill-covers shoots the contents forward, oftentimes with really extraordinary velocity. This movement is quite worth noting by the young angler naturalist.

Artificial fly-fishing for chub is very pretty sport, but should be practised earlier in the year, say in August. I ought properly to have referred to it then, but better late then never. The flies chiefly favoured by the knowing ones are—to perpetrate an Irish "bull"—not flies at all, but the caterpillars of the *Arctia caja*, or tiger-moth. This is imitated in the following way. Black cocks' hackle ribbed with fine silver twist tied with black silk is the material. Let the tyro obtain one from the tackle-maker's, and he will at once see the method of tying it.

Do not be deterred from chub-fishing by the coldness of these autumn months; unless the thermometer indicates freezing-point—32°—there is nothing to fear in reference to the chub's appetite. The only thing is, you must select the deepest and quietest and most oily eddies, and be as quiet as a shadow. Talking will not influence your takes, but noisy and rough movements are fatal to it. "Study to be quiet" (1 Thess. iv. 11), that is the maxim with which that pious and good angler, Izaak Walton, finished his "Complete Angler" two hundred years ago.



OUR COMPETITIONS.

IN reply to various correspondents, let us here say once for all that the rules must in all cases be strictly adhered to. The ages cannot be altered. Why, what manner of use would rules be if readers were allowed to break them if so minded? As regards the "Writing Competition," it was the Bible and not the Prayer-book version of the psalm intended; and the "style of handwriting" may be just that which each competitor thinks he can best excel in, provided always that it be plain—that is, clear and legible. The "1844" and "February 29" that appeared in a few copies were clearly misprints for 1884 and February 28th respectively. There were twenty-nine days in last February, but then next year is not Leap Year. In the fretwork competition, purchased designs are admissible, but original work is of course preferable. Inlaying may be combined with the carving; and the case may be finished off in any style the worker prefers.

Correspondence

J.—You can get plaster casts as drawing models from any of the educational apparatus sellers, and from Brucciani, Russell Street, Covent Garden, and any of the Italian image shops in Leather Lane and Gray's Inn Lane.

SWALLOW.—Apply direct to the authorities by whom the examination is held; never appeal to a newspaper when you can get your information as cheaply and more promptly at first hand.

B. P. B.—1. Bank post bills were first issued in the coaching days, when the mail was so frequently robbed. The idea was that if the holder lost the bill he would have time to stop its payment. They are as good as cash throughout the civilised world. 2. Bank notes never get out of date; they are always payable on demand. Nevertheless, the average life of a £5 note is only one week.

H. F.—The best time to sow hardy perennials, such as wallflowers, is in April or May.

FLORIST.—The simplest way to preserve cut flowers is to stick them in damp sand or charcoal, and every day to cut a slice off the end of the stem with a sharp knife. Never cut flowers with scissors, or break them off so as to compress the stalk. Flowers with their stems wrapped in wet cotton wool will also last a considerable time.

TELEGRAPH NO. 4.—1. The most romantic story of the "Man in the Iron Mask" is that which makes him the twin brother of Louis XIV., but the general opinion is that he was Count Matthioli. Almost any encyclopædia will give you details. See No. 130, in the August part for 1881. 2. A man is always taller in the morning than when he goes tired to bed. When you are asleep you "stretch and grow." 3. Yes, the yeast plant. 4. Several of the Rosaceæ have no bright colours in their blossoms. By a "rose" is meant the rose order, not necessarily the garden rose.

BROOKFIELD.—1. Perhaps Eton, with eight hundred boys. About a hundred a year. 2. There are many thousand square miles of forest land in America still unreclaimed. The Indians are fast disappearing. 3. See our "Thrones of the Ice King" in the fifth volume.

AMICUS.—There are "Knowledge," price threepence; and "Nature," price sixpence, every week; and "Science Gossip," price fourpence; and "Science Monthly," price one shilling, every month. Do you mean natural science or physical science? Nearly every branch has its special organ.

SILVER CANYON.—What does St. Christopher do? Well, he protects you from unpleasant dreams, rescues you from flood, puts out your house when on fire, supports you during an earthquake, and, like a freely-advertised night-light, is the "burglars' horror" in defying robbery. If you have got the toothache, appeal to St. Blaise, who also makes a specialty of the quinsy and pleuro-pneumonia. If you have the ague, try St. Pernel, or St. Petronella; if neuralgia, try St. Apollonia; if you have bad eyes, try St. Clare—or spectacles; if you have a bad boil, inform St. Rooke; if you have the colic, St. Erasmus is the authority; if the gout, you should go to St. Wolfgang; if the leprosy, St. Lazarus; if the smallpox, St. Martin of Tours. Those who want riches should apply to St. Anne and St. Vincent; those who have lost their umbrellas should go to St. Ethelbert or St. Elian, or—Scotland Yard. There were even saints credited with special powers as flea and beetle exterminators, such as St. Gertrude and St. Huldrick. But, enough; to quote the absurdities of saint-worship is but slaying the slain. In an antiquarian sense, however, the facts are interesting. There is a long list of saints for diseases, patron saints of places, and patron saints of trades and professions, in Brewer's "Readers' Handbook."

E. VENNING.—The colours of the political parties really depend upon those of the candidates, or of the leading landowners of the district. As a rule the Conservatives wear blue and the Liberals yellow, but in many places the reverse is the case. So far from being surprised at receiving no answer, you may think yourself exceptionally lucky at having obtained one. The rule as to answering all letters does not obtain in journalism; it would be impossible to carry it out, as the letters are so multitudinous.

P. C.—In the February part for 1883 you will find a long list of coloured fires, and how to make them.

TRUE ENGLISH LAD.—If you go to Australia you must work. There is no more opening for a loiterer there than here, and the idea of earning a living at sport is not to be entertained.

E. E. A.—The highest peak of the Hindoo Koosh cannot be given, because the mountains have not yet been measured. It probably exceeds twenty thousand feet.

MAPPER.—1. Johnston's Guinea Cosmographic Atlas might suit you. It has about seventy maps and plates. It is published at White Hart Street, Paternoster Row, and in Edinburgh. 2. A handbook to the culture of old-fashioned flowers and hardy perennials that require little attention is published by Gill, 170, Strand. It is by Mr. John Wood. 3. A "Handbook to South Australia by J. Stow" can be obtained from the Agent-General in Victoria Street. The "Official Handbook to New Zealand" costs a shilling, and is published by Stanford.

L. O. S.—The flying lichens are the Lecanoræ, known also as the Manna lichens. They grow with little adhesion to the soil, are collected by the wind, and swept away in great quantities in Northern and Western Asia and North Africa, and suddenly make their appearance as if from the clouds, falling like rain, and covering the ground to a depth of several inches. At one of the sieges of Herat the starving inhabitants were saved by a shower of the Lecanoræ which took place over the city; and in the Caspian famine, about fifty years ago, there was a great downfall of the Mannas. They are abundant in Central Asia, where the lichen is known as the "earth bread," and greedily eaten by man and beast; but, just as "baker's bread" contains occasionally too much phosphate of lime to be healthy, "earth bread" has frequently an overdose of lime oxalate. There is a flying lichen in Dorsetshire—the Parmelia.

RALPH.—If you want a smooth brass casting, dust your mould with flour or quicklime.

A. E. EARLS (Sydney).—1. As to the reason of the claim of the English kings to be Kings of France, consult any History of England that deals with the reign of Edward III. 2. You can get Pitman's Shorthand at Robertson's. 3. Make a perpetual calendar according to our instructions, and find the days for yourself. 4. You cannot restore the colour of the leather binding. It has not been properly dressed. If you were to use the inside of your Bible as much as the outside you would not have to send twelve thousand miles to inquire who Nimrod was.

TIGGY E—S.—1. Gunpowder is said to have been invented by Roger Bacon, by the monk Schwartz, by the Chinese, and by several other people, and you can take your choice. 2. It is not known when gold was first coined in this country, but the Britons had a gold coinage long previous to Cæsar's invasion.

WOULD-BE POLITICIAN.—As the members enter the House after it is cleared, their names are ticked off on a printed list, those entering on one side being in favour of the motion, those entering on the other being against it.

NORFOLK DUMPLING.—We cannot work out algebraic problems in these columns. In Hall's Algebra, or Colenso's Algebra, you will find the rules you mention duly explained. In the last example as to the two digits, the answer is so obviously 23 that we wonder you did not find out the method by working backwards. Remember to multiply the leading digit by 10 when you state the equation. Find y in terms of x.

J. A. MCE.—Read Lubbock's "Prehistoric Man," Fergusson's "Rude Stone Monuments," or call at the City Free Library at Guildhall, and consult any good encyclopædia, and work up the references at the end of the article. You will find the information in modern books under "temple," "cromlech," "dolmen," "monolith," etc. To call the stones Druidical is to beg the question; in nine cases out of ten there is nothing Druidical about them, unless you use the term Druid as descriptive of all the races who inhabited this country before the days of William the Conqueror.

H. P. CRUMP.—1. You can get virgin cork from Epps, Vauxhall Station, and from almost every nurseryman. 2. Try "Every Man his own Mechanic," now issuing in sixpenny monthly parts by Ward, Lock, and Co.

J. R. ROWLAND.—Write to Stanford, Charing Cross, or any other London publisher, for catalogue of his books.

M. L. W.—The "Ride to Aix" is purely imaginary. See the index to our third volume. Robert Browning was born in 1812 and is still living.

H. S.—The articles on bird-stuffing are not out of print. The names of the series are "The Boy's Own Museum" and "Waterton's Method." We know of no book at the price.

ONE OF SHEPHERD'S FLOCK.—1. Dew is caused by condensation of the air's moisture owing to the radiation of the earth's heat. Where the radiation is greatest the dew is heaviest, and hence the grass was wetter than the post. 2. Anybody can have a coat-of-arms by paying for it. The Herald's College is the Government department that attends to such matters, makes the search or invention, and extracts the fees.

T. A. SEARLE.—1. More stamp articles will appear in due course. 2. Postage-stamps were invented in England, and first used by our own Government.

HORNS.—1. You must apply to the slaughterers or fellmongers. Your butcher does not kill his own meat, therefore he cannot help you. Try Islington or Deptford. 2. No. 3. There is a workshop at King's College, where you could get practical instruction in carpentering. There is a private school where such classes are held at Syer's in Finsbury Street, E.C.

ORDINARY SEAMAN.—Order from any bookseller, price one shilling. "On Going to Sea, or Under the Red Ensign," by Mr. Thomas Gray. You will there find full particulars how to join the mercantile marine in any of the capacities you mention.

B. RAMANNA.—1. The cheapest way would be to get the parts from one of our Indian depôts. 2. For modern English you could not do better than read our better class newspapers and reviews. 3. A tricycle costs £23 at maker's list price. 4. The cost depends so much on the character of the individual.

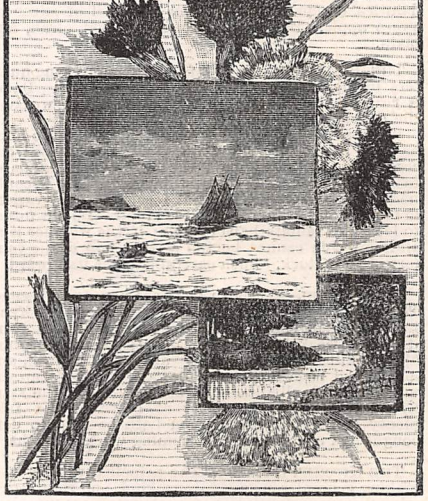
H. TRENFIELD.—1. A mutilated Mulready envelope is worth from twopence to two guineas, the value depending on the state the envelope is in, and the state of the purchaser's mind and purse. It is impossible for such things to be definitely valued. 2. It costs nothing to learn to swim if you apply to the Charing Cross Baths; or to the secretary, London Swimming Club, Barbican, E.C.

G. R. T. W. MCC.—For particulars as to grafting pine-apples on potato-runners we would advise you to consult some local specialist on mental diseases. A careful study of the lunacy laws of Buenos Ayres would be worth your while. It might decrease the postal revenue of that flourishing State, but it would keep you out of danger.

ROSE.—The best form of visiting card gives the Christian and surname in full, and the prefix Mr. The absence of the Mr. is of American origin, and is slowly coming into vogue. The neater the writing of the card the better. It should be printed from an engraved copper-plate, with as few turns and flourishes as possible. The address should be in a smaller character at the left-hand bottom corner.

J. G. W. ANGLER.—1. The fly depends on the locality and the day on which it is used. What will do on a dull day will not do on a bright one. 2. The thinner your gut and finer your tackle the more chance you will have of success; but the line must be strong enough to hold the fish when you have hooked him. 3. May.

G. K. O.—The "Commercial Code of Signals," and the "Mercantile Navy List," can be obtained from any nautical bookseller. Try Wilson, of the Minories; Potter, of the Poultry, etc., etc.



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 304.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884. Price One Penny.

"Charlie, feeling a new rider on his back, laid down his ears."—*P.* 103.

JERRY'S VISIT,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY

THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "For James or George?" etc.

CHAPTER II.

JERRY followed Mr. Hampson up a Gothic staircase of polished oak, thickly carpeted and ornamented with a series of marble statues, to the first-floor, where his conductor tapped at one of the doors which extended in a double row along a spacious gallery, and received an order to enter. The next moment Jerry

found himself inside a small but beautifully decorated room, where a lady and gentleman were sitting by the fire. They both rose, and the lady, after exchanging a few words with Hampson, came forward to where Jerry was standing, and, grasping him warmly by the hand, bent forward and kissed him two or three times. Jerry was at an age when boys are apt to dislike, or, at all events, to shrink awkwardly back from, such salutations. But he felt no such disposition on the present occasion. The lady, though past the *première jeunesse*, was both handsome and graceful, and the cordiality of her manner would have reconciled him to the caress, even had she wanted these attractions.

"My dear Jerry," she exclaimed, "it is such a happiness to me to see you at last."

Jerry was on the point of assuring her that it was through no disinclination on his part that they had not met long before, when he was interrupted by the gentleman, who exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and vexation,

"Are you really Jerry Mannering?"

"If I am not," answered Jerry, surprised, and a little put out at the tone of the speaker, "I don't know who I am."

Jerry took a good look at his questioner as he spoke. Mr. Henry Mannering was a handsome man of, it might be, five-and-thirty, with dark-brown hair and eyes, and his face would have been very pleasing but for its sullen expression. He seemed about to make another remark in the same style as the first, when his sister interposed.

"Why shouldn't he be Jerry Mannering, Henry?" she asked. "Do you suppose Clara would send us a counterfeit! Jerry," she continued, anxious to divert matters into a pleasanter channel, "you must be hungry, though I hope you got luncheon before you started."

"Well, aunt," said Jerry, "I *should* like something to eat. I have had nothing since nine o'clock this morning."

"Poor boy, you must be famished! Tea has been laid out in the next room for you, but I'll tell Hawkins to bring you up something more substantial."

Jerry followed her into the next room, where a tea-table had been set out. But the tea-things were now removed, and the board spread with raised pie and cold partridge, together with some appetising accessories. Upon these viands Jerry fell to work with the healthy appetite of a schoolboy, and made such a meal as his memory never supplied the like of. Miss Mannering watched him for some time, and then went back to her brother in the boudoir. She found him pacing the room in a very dissatisfied frame of mind. He addressed her as she entered.

"Rose, I protest against this boy being taken into my father's room—at all events until he has been properly spoken to and told to hold his tongue. It will be at the risk of my father's life if it is done, and I will not allow it."

"There must be risk, of course, Henry," she answered, "risk any way. But Dr. Staines thinks there may be more risk in crossing papa than in the excitement of the interview. As for speaking to the boy, Hampson tells me he knows nothing of the unhappy differences that have arisen, and surely he had better remain in ignorance. You had better trust to my father's not referring to them."

"I don't think so," returned Mr. Mannering. "I don't think it will be safe or proper for the interview to take place. Early to-morrow I shall speak to Staines on the subject. If my father's life is to be endangered, I at least will do my best to prevent it. I wish you good night now."

Rosalie looked annoyed, but she made no reply. After sitting for a quarter of an hour lost in thought, she got up and went into the next room, where Jerry had now finished his repast.

"I suppose you will not be sorry to go to bed now," she said. "It is past ten o'clock, and you have had a tiring day."

"All right," said Jerry, "I am quite ready for bed, if you will show me where I am to sleep."

"I have had you put into the next room to mine," she said, "close by. Come with me and I will show you."

Jerry obeyed and was ushered into a bedroom as handsomely furnished as those he had already seen. There was an Arabian bedstead of polished brass, a Spanish mahogany wardrobe, and dressing-table. The room was carpeted in the centre, and the floor round it stained and polished. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and in one corner a large bath stood ready for use.

The boy looked round him with a mixture of wonder and satisfaction. He felt something like the one-eyed calender in the castle of the hundred complaisant young ladies, and muttered to himself a regret that he had not long before made the acquaintance of so extremely desirable a relative. He was on the point of wishing Rosalie good night, when there came a knock at the door, and she was called out by a servant.

There was a whispered consultation in the passage, of which a few sentences reached Jerry's ears. "My master insists, ma'am," he heard the servant say. "I reasoned with him and prayed him, but it was no use." "But he must be undressed," Miss Mannering answered, "and in bed by this time. He ought to be, at all events." "No doubt, ma'am," was the answer; "but he wouldn't undress. He heard Master Jerome had come, and declared he would see him before he went to bed." "Won't he be satisfied if I promise to bring the boy as soon as Sir Jerome is up?" "I don't think it would be of the least use, miss. He only gets more angry the more you talk to him." "Very well, then, the boy must go. Return, and we will follow."

She re-entered the bedroom and told Jerry to put on his jacket again, which he had just taken off. "Your grandfather wants to see you at once," she said. "Come this way. Remember to speak out, and don't be afraid."

Once more the boy followed her as she traversed the whole length of the gallery, until they reached a door leading into a suite of apartments at the south-western corner of the house. Opening this, she exchanged a few words with some one, and then called to Jerry to enter.

He complied, and found himself in a larger and handsomer apartment than any he had yet seen. The walls were lined with bookcases of carved oak, and the spaces above them hung with pictures. In the centre of the soft Persian carpet was a large library-table strewed with books, magazines, and newspapers. Between it and the fire stood an invalid's chair, in which, half sitting, half reclining, appeared the figure of an elderly gentleman, wrapped in a warm dressing-gown, and having his legs swathed in flannel. His face and hands, and all of him that was visible, were attenuated by illness, or, it might be, by the waste of years. There was an angry flush on his face, and his eye no sooner lighted on Miss Mannering than he proceeded to discharge upon her the vials of his wrath, which, it was evident, were full to overflowing.

"What is the meaning of this, Rose?" he exclaimed. "Am I, or is some one else, to be master in this house? I desired that this boy might be brought, that I might see him at once. I have no doubt one glimpse of him will be enough, and I shall not be troubled any more about him. But see him I will, and at once—"

"He is here, sir," interposed Rosalie. "Jerry, come forward."

"Here! Where?" exclaimed the baronet. "Hey! What! is this the lad? Really! you don't mean it! Come here, Jerry, and shake hands," he continued, looking with a mixture of astonishment and satisfaction at his young visitor. "Well, I can hardly believe it! My eyes and hair, I vow! and just such a look as I had when I came home from my first half at Eton! Well, this *is* a surprise!"

It may here be remarked that Sir Jerome's memory must have been somewhat affected, either by age or personal vanity, when he made these assertions, for although the colour of his eyes and his hair in the days of his youth might have resembled those of Jerry Mainwaring, there was no similarity of feature between them. Sir Jerome, however, was otherwise persuaded, and continued to give vent to his satisfaction.

"What on earth does Henry mean by telling me that the boy is a regular milksop, and an out-and-out Hartley? He hasn't got the trace of a Hartley about him! And I'll be bound he's no more of a milksop than I am! Surely you could run a mile, Jerry, couldn't you?"

"Run a mile!" repeated Jerry; "I should think so! Why, an old woman could do that! Our paper-chases take us sometimes a good three at a stretch!"

"And can play cricket and football?" pursued the baronet.

"We don't play at much else in our school," was the answer.

"And are not afraid to mount a pony?"

"Afraid! I should say not indeed!" shouted the boy. "I'm not such a muff as that, any way! Just you give me one, and see whether I won't put him over a hurdle or two, that's all!"

"And so you shall, my boy, so you shall!" cried the delighted baronet. "You shall have one to-morrow, and I'll have the hurdles put up on the lawn, and sit at the window to see you leap your pony over them. I suppose you get into scrapes at school sometimes, don't you, Jerry?"

"Sometimes," answered Jerry, demurely.

"Suppose you tell me one of them now, Jerry."

"Well, I don't mind—" began the lad.

"My dear father," put in Rosalie, "you are exciting yourself too much; you are, indeed. Dr. Staines, you know, insisted on your being kept quiet. Jerry can come back to-morrow morning."

"I'll have it to-night, that's positive.

He may go as soon as he has told his story, but not before. Go on, my boy."

"Well," said Jerry, "I got into a scrape about a month ago. Bob Toller and Dick Raynes and I were out for a chivvy on Loxleigh Down, when we met a fellow with a terrier and a sack on his shoulder. Bob Toller knew him, and asked if he hadn't a badger in his bag. He said yes, and if we'd give him a shilling apiece he'd let us hunt him. We scraped together half-a-crown between us, and he turned the badger out. Wasn't it prime fun just! We chased him over the rocks, and through the ditches, for a good mile and a half, and caught him at last close to Wreford Mill. Just as the badger and dog had pinned one another, up comes Poker Williamson—the second master, you know—we call him 'Poker' because he's so precious stiff. He asks us what we were about, and sends us home double-quick. But I don't think he'd have punished us if it hadn't happened just at that moment that Dick Raynes, who had been busy at the badger's tail, gave him such a prod that he let go the terrier and seized Williamson by the leg, just above the shoe, you know."

"Did he? Ha! ha!!" chuckled Sir Jerome. "I'd have given five pounds to see it. And what did you do?"

"We were all three in a fine fright, and cut for it as hard as we could. We could hear Williamson yelling half a mile off. Bill Raggett—that's the fellow with the badger—told us he had a toughish job to get the badger to let go, and the old Poker limped about, stiffer than ever, for a week to come. Raynes was swished, and we did double lessons for a week, but Williamson forgave us when his leg got well."

"To be sure he did. He couldn't help it. Well, Jerry, I suppose we must say good night now. But I'll remember about the pony to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CANALS.

II.—PANAMA.

On November 16, 1869, the Suez Canal was formally opened by De Lesseps's relative the Empress Eugenie; on September 4th of the following year the illustrious lady had to fly from Paris, and it was De Lesseps who assisted her to escape and accompanied her to England. After this brief relapse into politics, the great projector set to work on other mighty schemes—one of them the improvement of Algeria and Tunis by letting the Atlantic into the Sahara, the other another union of the oceans by cutting through the Isthmus of Panama. In the first matter little has yet been done, in the second a meeting took place at Paris in May, 1879, at which the route was chosen, and the canal is now being made.

It runs from Aspinwall to Panama, almost along the line which Balboa took when he crossed the isthmus and, wading to his waist into the Pacific, struck the wave with his sword and claimed the ocean for the King of Spain. There could not well be a greater contrast than that which exists between the Isthmus of Suez and that which connects the Americas. One is a mere sandy desert flat, the other abounds in hills and glades of luxuriant vegetation. "Clusters of crimson, white, and blue blossoms crown the trailing plants and orchids; parasites, marsh lilies, ferns, and purple-topped osiers grow together, forming a kind of floral paradise"—and "valley of the shadow of death," for where the plants abound most there hangs thickest the malaria cloud that sweeps off the labourers by the dozen.

Aspinwall or Colon—so-called after Christopher Colon, better known to the world under his Latinised name of Columbus, who landed there in 1502, ten years after his discovery of Watling Island on his first voyage, and five years after the Bristol men under the English-born Cabot had struck the mainland to the north—is, at present, a poor straggling town on a sandy beach with nothing remarkable about it but its dirt and shabbiness. Panama, on the Pacific side, is a town of a different stamp, though not now very flourishing. Familiar to us through the exploits of Francis Drake and of Morgan, D'Olonois and the buccaneers, to whom it afforded rare plunder, the old Spanish city, founded in 1593, has had an eventful history. Huge pieces of masonry and moss-clad columns scattered about its picturesque ruins tell of the high estate from which it has fallen, to revive again under the care of the canal which will enter the sea about a mile to the north of it.

The first to project a canal across the American isthmus was none other than Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico. He, however, instead of the Panama route, selected the one that even in these days has many supporters, that across the Mexican territory at Tehuantepec to the west of Yucatan. Here the land is one hundred and forty miles across, more than double the width at Panama, though the greatest elevation that would have to be cut through would be 656 feet. This means a considerable increase of labour, and increased cost, to set against which, however, is the probability that sailing vessels as well as steamers would make much use of the road.

For the Lesseps canal will suit steamers only. Panama Bay is in the centre of the great belt of calms, and there is an entire absence of wind for weeks at a time. Instances are on record where ships have had to be towed for five hundred miles out to sea in search of a wind, and one, H.M.S. Herald, was actually taken seven hundred miles from land before she got a breeze! Of the persistence of these calms an eloquent story is told by the Galapagos Islands, where the domestic animals of the early colonists now run wild. Although within six hundred miles of Panama, and five hundred from the coast of South America, communication with them is cut off from the north and east, and they are now deserted. They lay quite out of the world, and not a breath of wind swept over them to waft a canoe to the mainland.

In addition to the calms there is to be taken into consideration the prevailing set of the wind. Going out to Australia through the Lesseps canal sailing vessels will have an easy time of it before a quartering breeze; but as to coming home! The journey will be a dead beat, and not a few seamen tell us that the clippers will get back soonest round the Horn. Even steamers, on account of the stiff strong breeze in their teeth, will have to go north about, pass the offings of Realejo, and run down the coast. There is a great difference between the straightest line on a globe and the shortest road at sea.

It is on account of these difficulties as to the calms and prevailing winds—and of another but trifling drawback, the excessive wet at Panama, where the rainfall is one hundred and twenty-four inches a year, and the wet months are nine or ten in number—that the Tehuantepec route is favoured, as by crossing so much farther to the west—nearly a thousand miles—the wind along the road would be brought round to a more workable angle.

Between Tehuantepec and Panama, however, is a third route, along which a canal will be open before very long. It is that favoured by the United States Government. The route is far enough north to avoid the difficulties of head winds and no winds, and although two hundred miles in length, runs for fifty-six and a half miles through a magnificent lake deep enough and large enough to take all the navies of the world. This is Lake Nicaragua, and out of it at Masaya, the so-called "Constantinople of the future of the New World," flows the River St. Juan, which reaches the Atlantic after a course of one hundred and nineteen miles, and whose channel has to be cleared and rapids cut down to make it navigable throughout. Of the two hundred miles there are thus left very few for the canal proper, and about these there seems to be little difficulty. This Nicaragua canal will be a "locked" one, as that across Panama is to be, according to the latest advices.

The Lesseps canal, however, across the Darien Isthmus is that which now claims most attention. It leaves the Atlantic about a mile north of Colon, and skirting the Chagres river and the railway, crosses almost due south to Panama Bay. At times the river, the railway, and the canal run alongside of each other, as at Culebra, which is thirty-seven miles from Colon. This place is in the thickest of the malarious districts, but the scenery in the neighbourhood is singularly picturesque and diversified. At Buenavista we have another beautiful valley by no means improved by the canal works, which there seem in full swing, the great steam navvy eating his way into the cliff in telling style. Buenavista is the principal centre for the mechanical appliances used on the works, and is a station of considerable importance. Gatoon, a little farther on, is another busy settlement. Work is being carried on all along the line, and on every hill and slope excavating, boring, blasting, and tunnelling are in progress. Gangs of labourers from fifty to three hundred in number are slicing the slopes into precipices or clearing the road for the waterway through the primeval forest in the valleys below. To Colon come the masses of machinery, which are all made in Belgium, sent out in segments, and here put together. Day and night the hammers ring and the forge fires glow. For the machinery required is enormous, and the work it has to do is no child's play. Colon has thus a charm of its own, though its inhabitants are a very miscellaneous lot, and chiefly consist of mere desperadoes, "the dregs of the Colombian States, who perpetrate crime without fear of punishment." The natives of the interior are, however, of different type, and are singularly inoffensive and affable—so long as they are unmolested.

How long the canal will take to make is somewhat doubtful, but it is officially announced to be open "in two years' time." Like most other great works, it is principally a question of finance. Given the money, we get the men; and given the men, we get the work. De Lesseps at present leads the way across the isthmus, but he has five competitors all anxious to excel or hinder him. First there is the company under the patronage of the United States Government with the Nicaragua route, then come the Tehuantepec projectors, then the shallow-water canal people, who recommend hoisting the ships on to

pontoons and towing them over on a dry dock. The fifth scheme for joining the seas is that of the railway with the huge aquarium in which the vessels are to float; the sixth the "ship railway" of Captain Eads, in which the vessel is to be shored up on a "cradle truck" and dragged along by locomotives hooked on around it—a scheme startling enough but not very novel, it having been introduced over here some twenty years ago by the Honduras minister. While others are talking, however, De Lesseps is working, and despite the unexpected difficulties, financial, political, and technical, is making steady progress, and bids fair to keep his word and open the Panama Canal in 1886.

(THE END.)

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

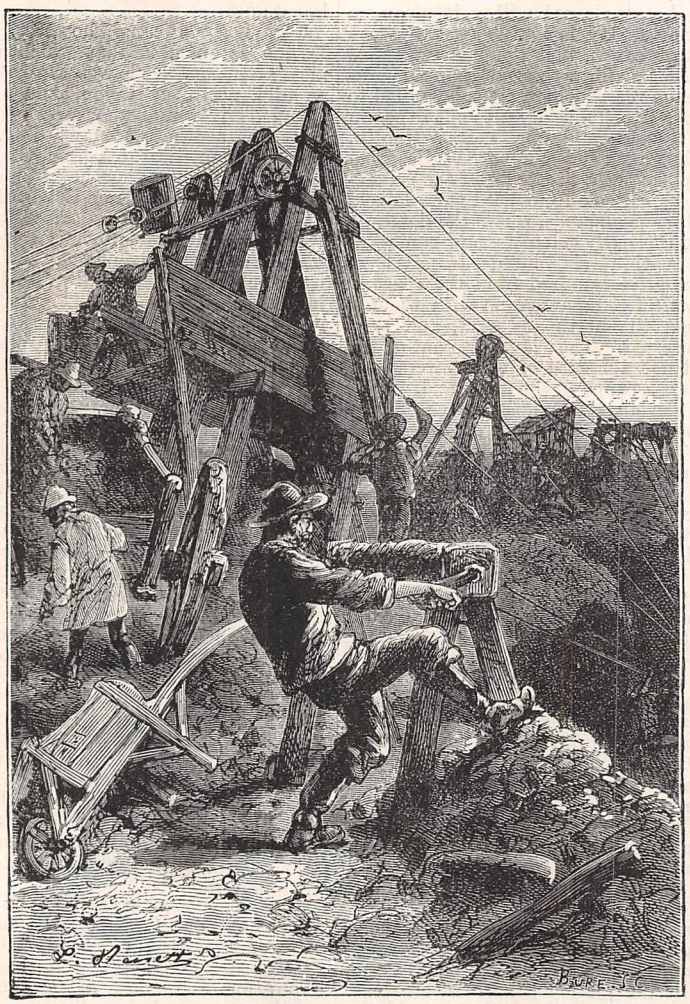
By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER V.—THE DIGGERS AT WORK.

The next morning the two partners set to work. Their claim was near the boundary of the Kopje, and, if Cyprien's theory was correct, ought to prove a very rich one. Unfortunately, the claim had already been overhauled, and had been driven down into for a hundred and fifty feet or more.

In one respect this was an advantage, as its owners, by finding themselves below the level of the neighbouring claims, were entitled, by the custom of the country, to all the earth and all the diamonds that fell into it.



"Hauled up along the wire rope."

The proceedings were very simple. By means of the shovel and pickaxe the two men cut away a certain quantity of earth from the mass. That done, one of them went to the surface and hauled up along the wire rope the bucketsful sent him from below.

This earth was then taken in a cart to Steel's hut, and there, after being crushed with wooden billets, so as to clear away the worthless pebbles, was passed through a fine sieve and separated from the tiniest stones, which were all carefully picked over before being rejected. Then the earth was sifted through a still finer sieve to get rid of the dust, and then it was in a fit condition to be looked over for the diamonds.

When it had been turned out on to the table, the two diggers sat down, and, armed with a sort of scraper made out of a piece of tin, went over it carefully, handful by handful, and then threw it under the table, whence, when the examination was over, it was taken and thrown away as rubbish.

All this was to find out if it contained any diamonds, no matter how small. The partners thought themselves very lucky when the day had gone if they had found but one solitary specimen. They worked with great eagerness, and minutely tried through the earth, but during the earlier days the results were almost negative.

Cyprien seemed to stand no chance whatever. If a tiny diamond was found in the earth it was always Steel who noticed it. The first one he found did not weigh, gangue and all, more than the sixth of a carat.

The carat is a weight of four grains. A diamond of the first water—that is to say, pure, limpid, and colourless—is worth, once it is cut, about ten pounds if it weighs a carat. But if smaller, diamonds are very much less valuable in proportion. Larger ones increase in value at a very rapid rate. Generally speaking, a stone of pure water is equal to the square of its weight in carats multiplied by the current price per carat. Thus if the price per carat is ten pounds, a stone of the same quality weighing ten carats would be worth a thousand pounds.

But stones of ten carats, and even of one carat, are very rare, and that is why they are so dear. And, besides, the Griqualand diamonds are nearly always yellowish in colour, and that greatly detracts from their value in jewellery.

The finding of a stone weighing the sixth of a carat, after seven or eight days' work, was a very poor return for the trouble it had cost. At that rate it would pay better to go out and dig, to look after sheep, or to break stones on the road. So thought Cyprien to himself. But the hope of coming across a splendid diamond, which would pay them at one stroke for the work of many weeks, or perhaps of many months, sustained him as it sustained all the other miners, even those least sanguine. Steel worked like a machine, and did not think at all—at least, he did not seem to do so.

The partners generally breakfasted together, contenting themselves with sandwiches brought from a bar close by; but they dined at one of the numerous ordinaries, like the rest of those in camp.

The evenings they spent apart, Cyprien generally visiting the farm for an hour or two.

There he frequently had the disagreeable necessity of meeting his rival, James Hilton, a large man with red hair and freckled face. This rival was evidently making great progress in the esteem of John Watkins by dint of drinking more gin and smoking more tobacco than he did himself.

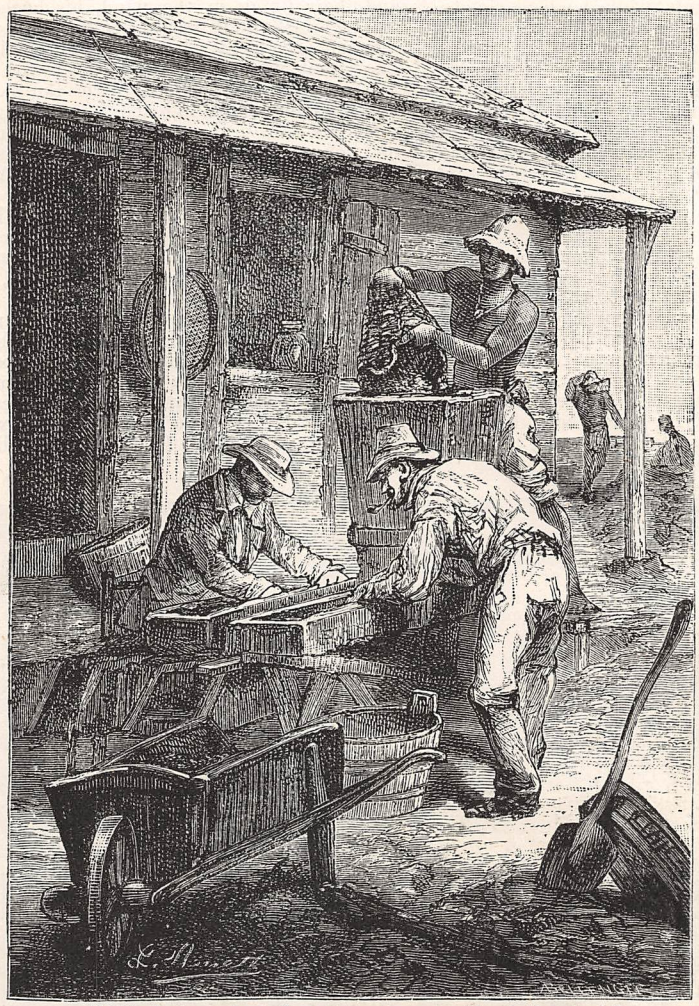
Alice, it is true, seemed to have the most perfect contempt for the clownish manners and commonplace conversation of young Hilton. But his presence was simply insupportable to Cyprien, who could not stand him at any price, and consequently took his departure, and left the field clear for him.

"The Frenchman is not satisfied!" Watkins would say to his companion, giving him a wink. "It seems that diamonds don't come by themselves into the shovel;" and Hilton would laugh loudly at the joke.

Often on these occasions Cyprien would finish his evenings with an old Boer living near the camp, whose name was Jacobus Vandergaart.

It was from him that the Kopje took its name, for he had been the freeholder in the early days of the concession. But, if he was to be believed, he was, by some gross piece of injustice, dispossessed in favour of Watkins. Now he was completely ruined, and lived in an old mud hut, earning a living by diamond-cutting—a trade he had formerly followed in his native town of Amsterdam.

It often happened that the diggers, curious to know the exact weights that their diamonds would be once they were cut, would bring them to him sometimes to cleave them, sometimes to submit them to more delicate operations. But this work required a sure hand and keen eyesight, and old Jacobus Vandergaart, excellent workman though he had been in his time, had now great trouble in executing his orders. Cyprien had given him his first diamond to mount in a ring, and had immediately taken a fancy to him. He liked to come and sit in his humble workshop and have a chat, sometimes even merely to keep him company while he worked at his lapidary's wheel. Jacobus Vandergaart, with his white beard, bald head, and black velvet cap, and long nose, surmounted by a pair of round spectacles, looked like an alchymist of the fifteenth century seated among his quaint old tools and acid flagons.



"Sifted through a fine sieve to get rid of the dust."

(To be continued.)

GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

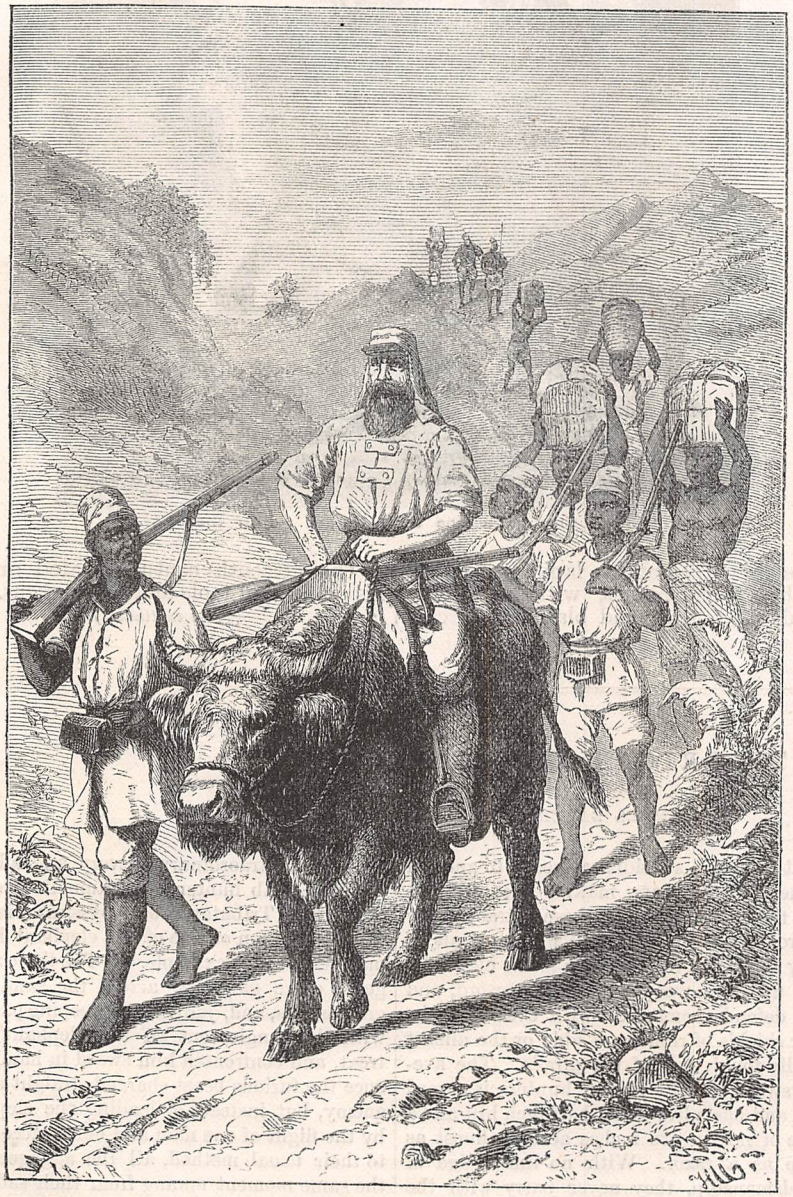
SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

At Gondokoro, as we have seen, Speke and Grant met Mr. and Mrs. Baker on their way to the south in search of those head-waters of the Nile, the principal of which they had been so fortunate as to discover. Baker was not the first to attack the problem from its northern side, but he was the first to succeed. He had arrived at Korosko in April, 1861, crossed the desert on camels, and left Berber in June on a preliminary exploration in Abyssinia among the tributaries of the mighty river. Arriving at the junction of the Great Atbara with the Nile, he found the bed of that affluent almost dry, but a week afterwards, while camped on its bank, there came a sound as of thunder in the night, and the water spread itself over the glittering mud, and gradually rose until the full width was reached. Then he went on to Cassala, and, hunting and exploring, moved about from one subsidiary stream to another for nearly two years, making great friends with the Hamran Arabs, those extraordinary Nimrods who hunt and kill wild animals of every sort, from the antelope to the elephant, with no other weapon than the sword, and who defend themselves with oval and circular shields of rhinoceros hide or the almost equally tough skin of the giraffe. The average sword of these gallant hunters is a yard long, and has a five-and-a-half-inch hilt and a blade of nearly two inches across, almost as sharp as a razor. With no knowledge of swordsmanship, they never parry with the blade, but trust entirely to the shield, and content themselves with slashing either at their adversary or at the animal he rides. "One good cut delivered by a powerful arm would sever a man at the waist like a carrot."

Of the extraordinary bravery and address of these Arab hunters Sir Samuel's book on "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia" is full. The description of one of the elephant hunts may serve as an example. "The three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds, and, judiciously keeping parallel with the jungle, cut off the elephant's retreat, and confronted him sword in hand. At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy, but instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprang from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand attacked the elephant with their swords. No gladiatorial exhibition in the Roman arena could have surpassed this fight. The elephant was mad with rage, and nevertheless he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was

to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning as it were upon a pivot with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk, and screamed with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless the aggageers could not get behind him. The depth of the loose sand was in favour of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved each other, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the animal charged the third."

Of course the elephant was killed. Here is a description of a rhinoceros hunt even more graphic and exciting. "The two rhinoceros were running neck-and-neck like a pair of horses in harness but bounding along at tremendous speed within ten yards of the leading Hamran. This was Taher Sheriff, who, with his sword drawn, and his long hair flying wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud



Sir Samuel Baker on the march.

of dust raised by the two huge but active beasts, that tried every sinew of the horses. Roder Sheriff, with the withered arm, was second; with the reins hung upon the hawk-like claw that was all that remained of a hand, but with his naked sword grasped in his right, he kept close to his brother, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third, his hair flying in the wind, his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse, to which he shouted in his excitement to urge him to the front, while he leant forward with his long sword in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. I soon found myself in the ruck of men, horses, and drawn swords. There were seven of us, and passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, I quickly obtained a place between the brothers. The horses were pressed to the utmost, but we had already run about two miles, and the game showed no signs of giving in. On they flew—sometimes over open ground, then through low bush, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off and only a select few kept their places. Only four of the seven remained, and we swept down an incline, Taher Sheriff still leading and Abou Do the last! His horse was done, but not the rider; for, springing to the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse, and, preferring his own legs, he ran like an antelope for the first hundred yards. I thought he would really pass us and

Lady Baker.

win the honour of the first blow. It was of no use; the pace was too severe, and, although running wonderfully, he was obliged to give way to the horses. Only three now followed the rhinoceros—Taher Sheriff, his brother Roder, and myself. I had been obliged to give the second place to Roder, as he was a mere monkey in weight, but I was a close third. The excitement was intense. We neared the jungle, and the rhinoceros began to show signs of flagging, as the dirt puffed up before their nostrils, and with noses close to the ground, they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' We were within two hundred yards of the jungle, but the horses were all done. Tetel reeled as I urged him forward. Roder pushed ahead; we were close to the dense thorns, and the rhinoceros broke into a trot; they were done! 'Now, Taher, for-r-a-a-r-r-d! For-r-r-a-a-r-d, Taher!!' Away he went; he was close to the very heels of the beasts, but his horse could do no more than his present pace. Still he gained upon the nearest; he leaned forward with his sword raised for the blow—another moment, and the jungle would be reached! One effort more, and the sword flashed in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick screen of thorns with a gash about a foot long upon his hind quarters."

Amid many stirring adventures such as this, among elephants, lions, crocodiles, hippos, antelopes, giraffes, etc., etc., Baker carried on his observations, and familiarised himself with the Arab language and customs, returning to Khartoum in June, 1863. He had visited the seven streams of Abyssinia—the Atbara, Seltite, Salaam, Angareb, Rahad, Dindu, and Bahr-el-Azrek—and solved the secret of the rising by showing that the river receives its steady flow of water from the central lakes, while the flood waters that cause the overflow pour in almost exclusively from these streams that rise in the Abyssinian highlands.

After a long delay at Khartoum the explorer and his wife started for the south, and at Gondokoro were the first Europeans to welcome Speke and Grant. Obtaining copies of their maps and much valuable information, the Bakers pushed on, and notwithstanding their mutinous following, and many difficulties with Ibrahim, the ivory (or rather slave) trader, and others, succeeded in reaching Kamrasi's capital at Mrooli. At Kamrasi's they had a long detention, and they only quitted that designing monarch after he

had exhausted every device to prevent their advance. Unyoro was fraught to them with anything but pleasant memories. Perhaps the calamity which befell them as soon as they had got rid of the king had better be left for Sir Samuel himself to describe. He says in his "Albert Nyanza":—"On the following morning we had the usual difficulty in collecting porters, those of the preceding day having absconded, and others were recruited from distant villages by the native escort, who enjoyed the excuse of hunting for porters, as it gave them an opportunity of foraging throughout the neighbourhood. During this time we had to wait till the sun was high, and we thus lost the cool hours of morning and increased our fatigue. Having at length started, we arrived in the afternoon at the Kafoor river, at a bend from the south where it was necessary to cross over in a westerly course. The stream was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly matted water-grass and other aquatic plants that a natural floating bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick. Upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and I had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance, and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead. In an instant I was by her side, and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side, just keeping her head above water. To have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open but fixed. It was a sunstroke.

"Many of the porters had gone on ahead with the baggage, and I started off a man in haste to recall our angarep upon which to carry her, and also for a bag with a change of clothes, as we had dragged her through the river. It was in vain that I rubbed her heart, and the black women rubbed her feet, to endeavour to restore animation. At length the litter came, and after changing her clothes she was carried mournfully forward as a corpse. Constantly we had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in her throat betokened suffocation. At length we reached a village, and halted for the night.

"I laid her carefully in a miserable hut, and watched beside her. I opened her clenched teeth with a small wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag, upon which I dropped water to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur. The unfeeling brutes that composed the native escort were yelling and dancing as though all were well; and I ordered their chief at once to return with them to Kamrasi, as I would travel with them no longer. At first they refused to return; until at length I vowed that I would fire into them should they accompany us on the following morning. Day broke, and it was a relief to have got rid of the brutal escort. They had departed, and I had now my own men, and the guides supplied by Kamrasi.

"There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the sunstroke, and merely respired about five times in a minute. It was impossible to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funereal course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forest and deep marshy bottoms; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?

"Again the night passed away. Once more the march; though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country, diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyæna made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyæna would—disturb her rest.

"The morning was not far distant, it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

"The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words "Thank God" faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness. She spoke, but the brain was gone.

"I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tese's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!

"The sun had risen when I awoke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved!"

Soon afterwards they reached Parkani, and on 14th March, 1864, Baker sighted the lake he was in search of, shining like a sea of quicksilver, with the blue mountains hazily bounding it some sixty miles away. Descending to the lake side, Baker drank some of the water, and gave the vast inland basin the name of the Albert Nyanza. In a large canoe six-and-twenty feet long, hollowed out of a single tree, a cruise of a fortnight's duration took them to Magungo, where the Somerset, or Victoria Nile, runs in from the other lake, and this river was ascended until the Murchison Falls and other cataracts were duly visited and surveyed, and the origin and course of the stream placed beyond a doubt. The return journey was soon after commenced, and Kamrasi's obstacles being again overcome, the expedition got safely back to Gondokoro, and thence home, where a knighthood and other honours were bestowed on its leader.

In 1869 Sir Samuel Baker was appointed to the command of the expedition fitted out by the Khedive Ismail to abolish the slave trade by annexing the Soudan—an annexation that was to produce some very unexpected results. With six steamers, built in sections, and sixteen hundred Egyptian troops, Baker arrived at Khartoum in 1870, and advancing up the Giraffe had to set to work to cut a passage through the "sudd," that dense mass of drifting vegetation which bars the course of the river, and gives those horrible treeless swamps swarming with mosquitos and every tropical insect, and affording a refuge for elephants, lions, hippos, and crocodiles by the score. Two months were passed in getting through the obstruction to the channel of the White Nile, and then a dam had to be built to float the fleet, a dam made of fascines and corn sacks filled with sand, whose construction was frequently interrupted by the attacks of the larger game. Gondokoro was reached at last, and then followed a war with the Bari, and a successful campaign, marked by the disgraceful conduct of the troops, carried on under great difficulties. The advance was made to Lobore, the site of the future great city of Central Africa at the beginning of the lakes; and, in fact, the Soudan was annexed as had been planned.

Baker was succeeded by Gordon, as related in our June part, and under his energetic rule steamers ascended the Nile and navigated the Albert Nyanza, while his representatives made their way south as far as King M'tesa's court. On Stanley's arrival during his voyage in the Lady Alice, detailed at such length in our October part for 1879, he there met with Bellefonds, who had been sent down by Gordon from the north.

Stanley was not the first to cross Africa from Zanzibar to the Atlantic. That honour is claimed by Cameron, who in 1873 headed the Geographical Society's expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, and who, finding that the doctor had died, boldly struck out for the west coast, and after carefully surveying Tanganyika and doing other good work, discovering Lake Mohyra with its curious villages of pile dwellings, and triumphing over hosts of obstacles and heart-breaking delays, emerged once more into civilisation after an absence of over three years on the journey.

CHICK MINOR'S HATS.

AT "our school" (and of course other schools were of no importance) we had a strict ordinance on the subject of hats. Whenever we went into the town, or in fact outside school precincts, we had to don the college cap, better known as the mortar-board. Sunday was the only day excepted from the rule, then tall silk hats were *de rigueur*, though we did not call them "cat-skins," as in "Tom Brown," but "boxers."

Now a hat that is only worn once a week will last a long time, and as some boys, to save the trouble of taking an unpackable hat home at holiday time, used to leave it behind to do for next half, it can be easily imagined that the variety exhibited in the long procession of boys was great if not charming. Fashion was not regarded except by a few of the bigger boys, who always brought back new boxers in an astonishing state of glossiness. Most of the fellows did not care two straws what fashion was in, and sported tiles which had died the death a year before.

Unfortunately a "boxer" offers considerable temptation to a boy in search of mischief. It is so easily knocked off and rolls about so splendidly, affording endless opportunities for kicking. So it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that some hats required considerable brushing before they were fit to take to church. On Sunday mornings the lavatory generally contained a dozen youngsters diligently trying to impart a superior shininess to their hats with the aid of water, or even soap and water. This latter plan, however, was not in much favour, as it gave a peculiar gloss which was compared to the trail left by a slug.

Chick Minor's hat was one of the most celebrated tiles of our school. He was a short fat boy with a head like a football. When his brother left school he persuaded him to transfer to him his boxer as a legacy. It did not fit Chick Minor well, being too large, but that difficulty was overcome by the insertion of paper collars inside the leather lining. When the hat was made broad brims were the fashion, but when Chick Minor obtained possession of his legacy brims were narrow. The consequence was that he looked like "a snail under a cabbage-leaf," as Wilson facetiously remarked. But Chick Minor grinned, and did not mind so long as the matron did not object, and she was only too pleased to find that his hat was presentable as regards nap. Details of fashion were beyond her ken.

But his "topper" was not the best known of his head-coverings, for it was seen but once a week, whilst his others were constantly within sight. He possessed, of course, the regulation mortar-board, and in addition a straw hat for use in the playground. It was the end of July when we came back to school, and the summer was usually at its height. A straw hat was therefore very convenient; but then summer did not last for ever, so straw hats became rather cool as the half progressed.

Not that Chick Minor's straw outlasted the hot weather. Being a junior boy he had to hang up his hat on one of a row of pegs in a recess at the end of the long schoolroom. It was more than could be expected that boys would refrain from making "cockshies" at such a tempting object. It was gorgeous to put a fives ball well into the crown; the pleasure was so great that Chick Minor himself could not always refrain.

Then egg-cap was a favourite game of the lower school, and as they played it in all weathers it told on the appearance of the straw. But the hat was a stout one, and the first real damage to it was caused by a match between its owner and Bates as to who could make his hat skim farthest. Bates operated with a disused mortar-board, Chick with his straw. The brim gave way and separated itself from the rest of the hat for a considerable distance.

That was a nuisance, as the loose brim flapped up and down in a most uncomfortable way. So to mend matters he cut it clean away.

Then came a terribly hot day, and he found that a brimless hat did not shade his eyes. The happy thought then struck him to wear the brim without the hat. This answered admirably, though he came near having a sunstroke.

He never knew when the top of the crown of his hat became split, but it did. The split grew gradually larger till the attaching hinge was but an inch or so long. However, gravitation kept it on his head when he was at rest, but if he ran against the wind the crown would rise and impede his progress. So one day he cut it off as a nuisance.

There was not much left of his hat now. The brim and the crown were gone; nothing remained but the upright circle surrounding his head. This he stuck to for some time till a mishap occurred.

He used frequently to dispense with a hat altogether, looking upon his ruined straw as more ornamental than useful. It happened, however, one day, that he put it on and forgot all about it. When the school bell rang he walked tranquilly to his place with the circlet still round his brows.

This occasioned some remarks from the

master and a stoppage of pocket-money till a new hat was procured. But Chick Minor was equal to the occasion. He made his mortar-board his everyday hat, and appealed to the matron for a new mortar-board, to be charged for in the bill at the end of the half. As it was quite time he had a new hat for the town the matron consented.

His mortar-board lasted him till the holidays, for there is a great deal of wear in mortar-boards. The tassel may come off and the corners become as dog's-eared as a school dictionary, but the top and bottom hang together in spite of almost any usage. So Chick Minor saved his pocket-money and brought back with him after Christmas a fur cap which defied ill-usage!

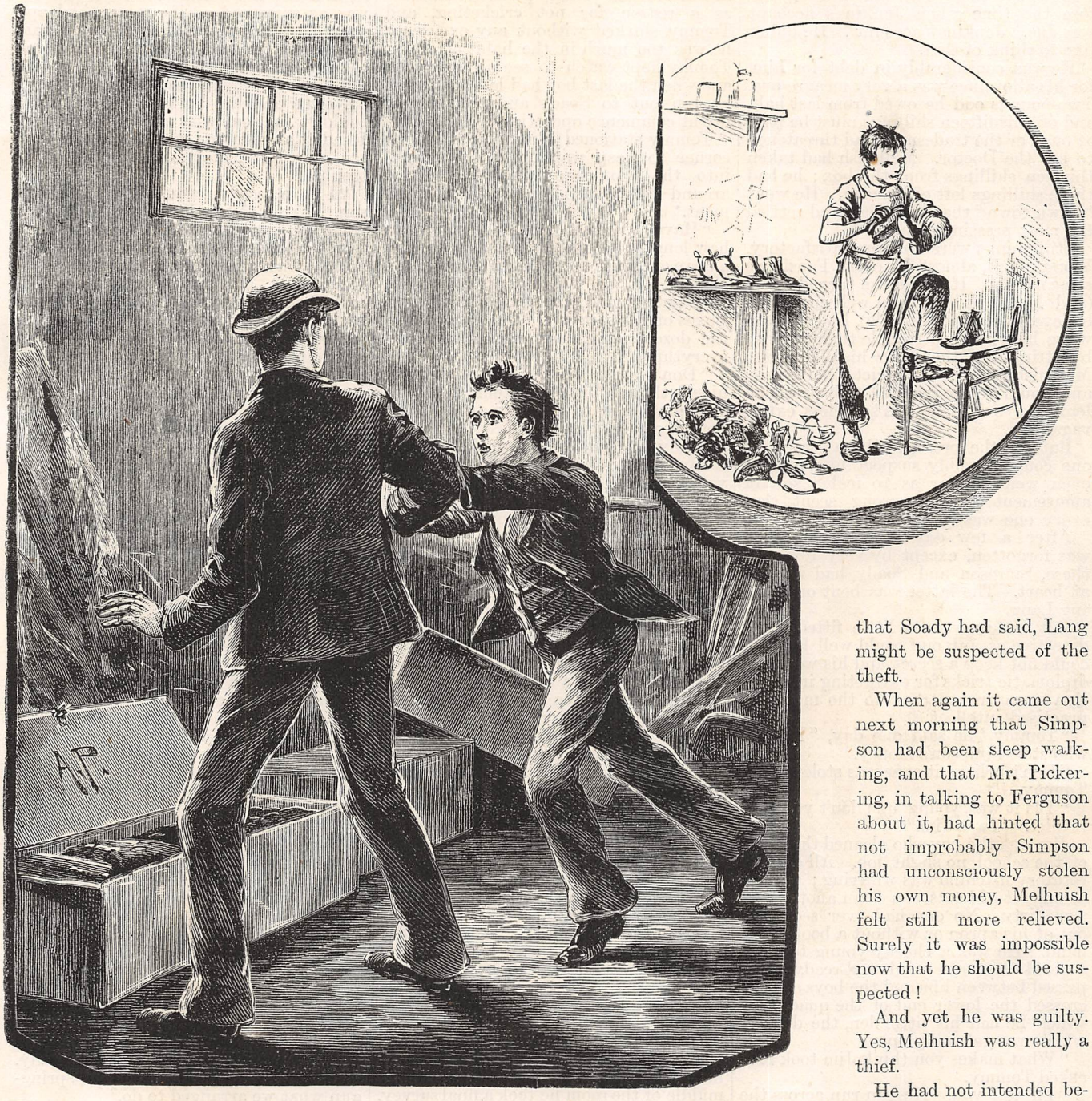
SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



"Ah, you thief! I've caught you."

It was an immense relief to Melhuish, as he lay awake listening to Soady and Tommy talking, to learn that so far from his visit to the Rummage-room being suspected, Lang was known to have been there. He half hoped that, in spite of all that Soady had said, Lang might be suspected of the theft.

When again it came out next morning that Simpson had been sleep walking, and that Mr. Pickering, in talking to Ferguson about it, had hinted that not improbably Simpson had unconsciously stolen his own money, Melhuish felt still more relieved. Surely it was impossible now that he should be suspected!

And yet he was guilty. Yes, Melhuish was really a thief.

He had not intended being one. When he visited the Rummage-room it had not entered his head that before he left it he would have committed a crime. But temptation came in his way; he saw a box lying un-

locked, he opened it and saw a purse. He wanted money, how badly no one knew; he put his hand in and took what he could hastily grasp. Then without breathing he shut the box and crept out into the sunlight.

No one had seen him; no one knew enough about his embarrassments to make him suspected. He was safe, and, except for the fear of detection, of which he could not rid himself, he felt more relieved than he had been for weeks.

He owed money in the town. That must be squared up first. Then he would have time to arrange matters before the time when Jenkins's account was due. Jenkins's account! He didn't like to think of that.

He was considerably in debt for him, for his allowance was a very meagre one. Two pounds odd he owed from last half, and of this fifteen shillings must be paid at once, or the tradesman had threatened to see the Doctor. Melhuish had taken thirteen shillings from the box; he had three shillings left of his own. He went "down town" that same day, and settled the most pressing claim.

Still, things were far from satisfactory. Worst of all, almost, he owed Fanshawe some money. If Fanshawe turned nasty (and Melhuish knew him well enough to believe this quite possible), he could involve him in more trouble than any one by letting his father know his difficulties. Melhuish's father was strict, even severe, and would not be inclined to look with a lenient eye on his son's senseless extravagancies.

But for the present all was safe; no one could possibly suspect him, and he even went so far as to feel a sort of amusement at the wrong scent that every one was on.

After a few days the whole thing was forgotten, except by very few. Of these, Simpson and Soady had it most at heart. The latter was bent on clearing Lang.

But Soady was as little fitted for a detective as any one could well be. He could not keep a secret, and his would-be diplomatic tricks for extracting information were transparent to the most unpractised intellect.

"Tommy," he said one day, "I know who stole Simpson's money."

"Don't believe it ever was stolen," said Tommy.

"Yes it was, young 'un; don't you contradict. 'Twas Jim."

Jim was the boy who cleaned the boots of the school, no slight job. All day his rotatory machine was whirring; as soon as one set of boots was clean another set was dirty. No one had ever seen Jim out of his apron or without a boot in his hand. He was a cheeky youngster, and a good deal of rough-and-ready chaff passed between him and the boys as they crossed the lower end of the quad, near which he had his little den, the door of which was generally open.

"What makes you think Jim took it?" asked Tommy.

"I'll tell you. He can run across the quad any time when we're all in school, don't you see? The door of the Rummage-room's never locked. And Jim has been getting more cheeky lately, and we had something in Virgil the other day about arrogance increasing with wealth."

This was of course convincing to every properly-constituted and cultured mind. Virgil must have had Jim in his mind's prophetic eye when he penned the passage.

"How are you going to find out?" asked Tommy.

"It's a job, but you wait. Next half-holiday I mean to hide in the Rummage-room; nobody will be near the quad if it's a fine day. Then Jim may come, and if so I shall jump out and nab him!"

Tommy thought it a grand idea. Next day was a half-holiday, and the two friends proceeded to carry their plan into execution. Soady pleaded headache as a reason for not cricketing, and Tommy shirked without any excuse, as he was too much in the habit of doing. Tommy kept watch to see all was clear, and when the last boy had left the school he ran out to Soady and told him he might commence operations.

Tommy stationed himself in a hidden corner to keep watch. Soady slipped into the Rummage-room, and looked around for a good place of concealment.

"Haven't been in here for I don't know how long!" he said to himself. "What a heap of things those lower school chaps have!"

It was indeed a varied collection. Boxes of all sorts and sizes, hampers by the dozen, carpet-bags, rabbit hutches—everything.

"Don't quite see where I'm going to hide," thought the amateur detective. "I should like to get into a box, but I don't see one big enough."

Soady was not of the make to pack easily; he was inclined to stoutness, and was generally big and unwieldy. After some cogitation he decided to pile up a few of the hampers in a corner and lurk behind them.

With a good deal of trouble he managed to make a hiding-place, but it had the fault that it hid him too well—he could not see what might be going on. However, he comforted himself with the thought that he could hear the slightest sound, and if any one came in he could pounce on him in a moment.

No one came; he heard the big clock chime the half-hour, and still his patience was unrewarded. He began to feel cramped, and to be doubtful whether, after all, an equally good plan would not be to mount to the music-room and watch the door of the Rummage-room from there. He must have been rather stupid not to think of that before.

He was just about to act accordingly when he heard a sound. The door had not opened, of that he was quite certain, yet there could be no doubt that something in the room moved.

Soady listened with all his ears. But the sound was not repeated.

"It must have been one of those rabbits," he thought. "I'm tired of this, I shall go out."

He stepped from behind his barricade, which fell to the ground with a crash as he pushed his way out. Arrived at the middle of the room he took a final survey. A box close to him was standing with its lid invitingly half open.

"Wonder whose this is?" he thought. "Little fool he must be to leave his box unlocked; it's a temptation to young good-for-nothings like Jim."

He kicked the lid up with his foot to see if the box were empty. The next moment he felt himself grasped from behind, and a voice exclaimed,

"Ah, you thief! I've caught you, have I?"

Soady shook himself free in a moment. He turned round and found himself face to face with Simpson.

"Oh, you beggar!" exclaimed the small boy, in a towering rage, "what a thief you are! I'll tell the Doctor and have you expelled, you see if I don't. You give me back the thirteen shillings you stole a week ago! Give it me back, you robber!"

Soady listened in astonishment. When he first felt the hand on his shoulder he was as surprised as if a ghost had appeared. But by the time Simpson had ended his tirade his captive had recovered his presence of mind.

"Why, you little sap," began Soady, "I came in here to hide to see if I couldn't find out who stole your money. I hadn't an idea you were hiding in here too, or I'd have saved myself the trouble."

"I dare say you would," yelled Simpson. "You think I'm going to believe what you say? Not if I know it: that thirteen shillings was about all I had, and I was going to buy a new cane-handle bat, and now I can't, and I'll make you pay for it if I have you up before every judge there is."

Soady began to feel he was in an awkward hole. There was no doubt that Simpson was dreadfully in earnest, and was quite certain he had caught the real thief. If he told the Doctor, Soady would have to explain how it was he came to be hiding there, and why he opened Simpson's box. He could not help seeing that his excuses would sound rather thin. He wished he had not been quite so anxious to convict the innocent Jim.

"Look here, young un," he said, soothingly, "you mustn't make a little fool of yourself. If you think I came here to burgle your box, why didn't I start at it directly I came in?"

"Because you were afraid."

"That's bosh, you little idiot! If you won't believe what I say you can come straight in to the Doctor with me, if you like, and we'll see what he says."

Simpson hesitated. He knew the authorities already thought he had been making a good deal of fuss about his loss, which some supposed he had himself caused. He was doubtful whether a fresh complaint would receive much attention unless accompanied by actual proof. Now, though he had caught Soady in the very act, the accompanying circumstances were not quite so suspicious as they ought to be, for Soady's conduct, supposing him to be the thief, was extraordinary.

He was still hesitating what to do when the door opened and Tommy's face appeared. It wore an astonished expression when it perceived what had happened.

"Ah, Tommy, come here," cried Soady. "You tell this little mantrap and spring-gun what we arranged to do."

Tommy obeyed, and poor Simpson had no alternative but sulkily to give in, professing even to the bitter end his belief that Soady was the real culprit. For which Soady had a good mind to pulverise him, but, having a good mind, and not a bad one, he didn't.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.

II.—THE RESCUE.

CAPTAIN PRENTIES kept the secret of the papers to himself, and joined the party at the house as if nothing had happened. The next morning one of the casks of apples was opened. A great treat was expected. Alas! the "apples" were a device of the roguish Jew to cheat the revenue. The cask was full of bottles of Canada balsam, valuable for varnishing and mounting objects for the microscope, but totally useless to those starving shipwrecked men.

On December 14 the last journey was made to the ship, which had now nearly disappeared, and the sails were cut away from the bowsprit to put over the roof of the hut. In the afternoon the carpenter died, his frost-bites having mortified and his limbs rotted off. The body was taken some distance from the camp, laid on the snow, and covered with branches, for the ground was too hard to think of proper burial. And now all the frost-bitten men began to suffer. On the 17th the second mate became delirious and died. Others followed, and such was the misery of the community that each death was welcomed as giving one mouth less for the scanty provisions to feed!

On Christmas Eve Prenties and the first mate went out on an exploring expedition, found a small river, and walked up it. On its frozen surface they came across tracks of moose-deer and other animals, but having no arms or weapons, to chase them would have been hopeless. Pursuing their walk, they found the trees cut on one side with axes, and then they came upon an Indian's wigwam covered with fresh bark, showing that it had been occupied within some recent period. Close to the wigwam was a moose-skin put up to dry on a pole. Prenties cut out a piece of bark like an index-hand, and fixing this to a pole so as to point towards the scene of the wreck, fixed the pole on the ice opposite the wigwam, and took away the moose-skin.

On their return some conversation took place between him and the mate as to the rate at which the provisions were going, as it seemed to be out of proportion to the rations. It was arranged that that night Prenties should keep watch over them. When all seemed to be sound in slumber Prenties saw the captain get up, go to the provisions, and with two of the men enjoy a hearty meal. The aide-de-camp lay still and feigned sleep, but afterwards either he or the mate was on guard in the hut, and the provisions were kept untouched.

And now it was decided that a party should leave in the boat and bring help to the others, and the boat was got ready. Her seams were open, and it was endeavoured to caulk them with dry oakum. This proved to be useless, and as there was no pitch or tar the sailors would have given up the enterprise. Prenties, however, thought of the Canada balsam, and this was melted out of the bottles and boiled in the pot till it attained the required consistency. It answered the purpose admirably, and the seams received a thorough coating. Sails were now got ready, and as the men's shoes had all gone a dozen pairs of canvas moccasins were made by Prenties out of the old jib—his needle being the handle of a pewter spoon, his thread the warp of the canvas.

On January 4th, 1781, the boat voyage began. There were six in the boat, the captain, the mate, two men, and Prenties and his servant. Prenties still wore the despatches round his waist and the servant still carried the gold. The provisions were divided with the party left ashore, and the wind proving favourable the boat rounded the precipitous headland and made her way along the coast. The first landing was at a deep bay where they found some poles and timbers on the beach and the remains of a hut, while a little beyond was a high point of land, clear of wood and apparently cultivated. To this Prenties and two of the men made their way, and passed as they did so the remains of a Newfoundland fishing-boat that had been burnt. As they reached the top of the hill they saw a group of houses about half a mile in front of them. To these they hurried, but not a sign of life was there. The houses were the old stores of a cod-curing establishment, and had been deserted for years.

On their way back they found some cranberries, and these they gathered for themselves and companions. In the morning the wind had shifted, and to go to sea was impossible. The next day had consequently to be passed here, and the two next. On the night of the 7th, Prenties, looking out, saw that, though the wind was rougher than usual, the sea was smooth as glass. It was frozen over! The retreat by the sea was consequently cut off, and in the absence of snow-shoes that by the land was almost impossible.

On the 10th the wind changed and the ice was blown out to sea, and the following day the boat was launched and the voyage resumed. At two o'clock in the morning the weather grew so stormy that again the shore was sought, and on a shingle beach fifty yards broad and four hundred yards long and surrounded by precipices the party landed. The beach was so high that the boat could not be drawn up, and in the night she was so beaten about that all the balsam was knocked off, the timbers sprung, and she was rendered useless. Eight days were spent on this shingle ledge, and then the sea froze and Prenties and mate started off to explore along the ice. They returned for the others, and it had been decided to abandon the boat and journey on foot when a thaw came and they were again imprisoned. Suddenly an idea occurred to Prenties to freeze the boat till she was watertight. She was dragged ashore, caulked with dry oakum, and water dashed over her until she was coated with ice. She was then carefully launched, and in this frail craft, depending for her safety on the sea being just cold enough to save her icy film from melting and not too cold to bar her passage, the six desperate men put forth. Henceforward the boat voyage was conducted under these curious conditions. The rainy days had to be spent on the beach, for the thaw rendered the caulking useless. The very frosty days had also to be spent on shore, for the ice on the waves made progress impossible.

One day the mate found a partridge asleep on a tree. A noose of canvas thread was fixed to the end of a pole and dropped over its head, and, boiled in snow flavoured with salt water, the bird proved a welcome meal for the six castaways. On the 12th of February they sighted the island of St. Paul, and from the contour of the neighbouring cliffs at last made out their whereabouts. They were ashore on Cape Breton, and the Cape St. Lawrence on its northern extremity is still named after the ill-fated brigantine. Soon they rounded North Point, and then they landed. The provisions had now all gone, and they fed on a few rose-hips they found in the snow, and on the 17th, when they beached the boat for the last time, they boiled the hips with candles to make soup. Then the candles were tried with kelp, and finally on the 23rd they were reduced to feeding on the seaweed alone. This failed to nourish them, and they resolved to eat each other. Prenties still carried his despatches and the evidence of the captain's treachery, and as the captain had stolen the provisions and behaved badly throughout, the aide-de-camp and the mate resolved that he should be the first to afford a meal. For a day or two they waited. The kelp diet had caused them to swell so that they could hardly see out of their eyes, and they were so weak as to be only able to crawl and break off the smallest twigs to keep the fire in.

On the 28th, as they were preparing to kill the captain, a couple of Micmac Indians suddenly appeared. The redskins, after a careful survey, approached and addressed the party in French. For a minute or so they regarded the swollen sufferers with wonder and then marched off and left them. In three hours, however, they came back in a canoe bringing food and help. The castaways were taken to the Indian village, and there every kindness was shown them, and they were restored to comparative health. As soon as possible they told the Indians of their companions, and asked them to go to their rescue, giving them a description of the bay in which they had been wrecked. The place was known to the tribe, but it was over a hundred miles away over the hills, and they refused to go without hope of a reward. And then Prenties's servant untied his waistband and foolishly produced all the guineas he had carried so long.

Instantly a change took place in the demeanour of the Indians. Their avarice was aroused and great obviously was the temptation to murder the party for the money. By much diplomacy the danger was averted, but it was none the less continuously present. For a handsome reward they consented to fetch the other survivors of the St. Lawrence, and some of them set out for the purpose, to return in a fortnight with the only three who were left. All the others had died from frostbite or starvation. They had finished all the beef and even eaten the skin of the deer.

A bargain was now made with the Indians to take three of the party at once to Halifax and the remaining six to Spanish River to wait for the spring. The three were Captain Prenties, his servant, and a Mr. Winslow, the other surviving passenger.

And now commenced a new series of adventures, at which we can but glance. Prenties still carried his despatches, his servant had the balance of the money, and both had to be constantly on the watch, for but little confidence was felt in the Indians, whose greed had been aroused, and who, moreover, were French converts and not likely to care for the safety of an English officer. Cape Breton, though discovered by Cabot, had had a long spell of French rule, and only became finally British on its capture by Boscawen in 1756. Broad Oar was reached, and then Broad Deck and St. Peter's Lake were crossed, half on sleds, half in the canoe. Grand Grave was the next point, and thence a canoe voyage was made across the Gut to Canso, in Nova Scotia. This was the most dangerous passage of the expedition, for at Canso were several French and American privateers, who would only have been too glad to snap up the aide-de-camp. By this time, however, he had come to the conclusion that the Indians would do their duty and fulfil their contract if they could, and so he shifted the despatches to the waist of one of the redskins, and throwing away his old red coat, assumed a brown one.

The canoe reached Canso without attracting the special notice of the ships in the harbour, and Prenties called on Mr. Rust, who was nominally the British representative, but was in reality a sympathiser with the American revolutionists and in league with the privateers. Fortunately he had received a hint to this effect, and on being questioned by that worthy gave a very plausible account of his being a shipwrecked sailor. Rust, however, suspected him, and prepared to take him prisoner and hand him over. But he was not quick enough, for Prenties got wind of what was coming, and in the night escaped with his companions in the canoe. Halifax was reached at last, and thence in the Royal Oak the aide-de-camp went on to New York and delivered his tattered despatches to Clinton. The Indians returned to their homes. The captain's treachery was reported, and he was "broke;" he ended his life as a Thames pilot! The mate became the commander of a West India trader.

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By John Sachs.

CHAPTER V.

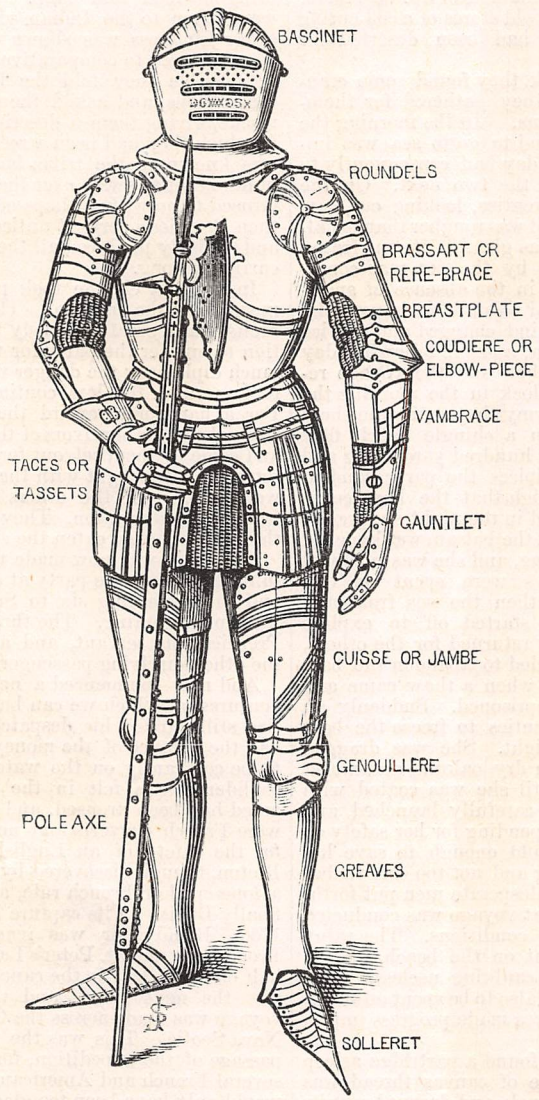


Fig. 28.

There is a natural tendency, perhaps, to ignore or dislike a subject placed before us in "words we cannot understand." Plate-armour came to us through the Normans, and the separate parts still retain their Norman-French names. By the courteous permission of the Secretary of State, we have been allowed free access to the collection of armour in the Tower of London for the purpose of making drawings for the Boy's Own Paper. Among others we have engraved the splendid suit of early plate-armour at the head of this chapter. To this suit we have annexed the names of its different subdivisions.

To begin with the head, you may notice the word "bascinet." At the present time the word "helmet" is used generally for head-defence coverings, whether for a policeman, fireman, or life-guardsman; but in former times the different head defences had various names. We have already shown that Harold and William the Norman wore an iron cap with a nasal protection. In the Bayeux tapestry both the chain-mail and plates drawn over the ears are shown. Now we read in a description of the Battle of Hastings, by Robert Wace, whose grandfather was present in this famous field, that "the Norman archers aimed many arrows at the English, but they covered themselves with their shields, nor could they do them any harm. They took counsel to aim high; when the arrows were coming down again they fell upon their heads, and put out the eyes of several. The arrows flew more thickly than rain before the wind. Then it happened that an arrow which was falling from on high struck Harold above the right eye and destroyed its sight. And Harold by force drew the arrow out with his hands, broke it, and threw it away; and because his head was in great pain he rested on his shield." Whilst he suffered pain from the wound over the eye there came an armed man in the battle, who struck Harold on the "aventaylle" (this must have been the side protection for the face before mentioned), and brought him to the ground, and when he tried to raise himself, a knight beat him down again, gashing his thigh right through the bone.

This was, according to the etiquette of chivalry, a "felon's blow," and the knight was afterwards disgraced by the Conqueror. This incident is also carefully delineated in the Bayeux tapestry.

The defects in the helmets of that time necessitated improvements that resulted in the bascinet. The fashion of tournaments and joustings, where a dangerous kind of field-sport only was intended, required an armour giving more protection to the life of the knight, and for it a heavy tilting-helmet was used. The bascinet was used only for war; but for tournaments and joustings the bascinet was reduced to an iron cap, the inside being lined with felt or sponge, and the tilting-helmet being placed over it. The corselet, with its tapering edged front, called the "tapul," protected the chest, taces covered the thighs, vambraces and rerebraces the arms, roundels the joints of the arms at the shoulders, genouilleres the knees, jambs the legs, and sollerets the feet.

The suit we have illustrated represents a specimen of those used at the close of the fifteenth century—that is, about Henry V.'s reign. The backs and breastplates are articulated. This close bascinet is, however, peculiar. It is constructed of two pieces only. Notice, too, that the sollerets have long piked toes, like the boots of the period, a fashion that shows the date of the workmanship.

In Fig. 30 we engrave a fine specimen of a tilting-helmet, that forms part of the trophy of Henry V., and hangs in the chantry of that monarch in Westminster Abbey. The border at the bottom is of brass, and has an ornamental diaper; a shield-shape pattern is in front, containing two pendent leaves.

Another tilting-helmet hangs over the tomb of Edward the Black Prince at Canterbury Cathedral; it has a crown-shaped pattern pierced in the side for hearing and ventilation.

In each of these royal trophies there are shields, the construction of which I now describe. Some years ago I had to draw the shield of Henry V. (Fig. 31), so that I can give you an accurate description. The form is of the heater shape, and it is constructed of smooth

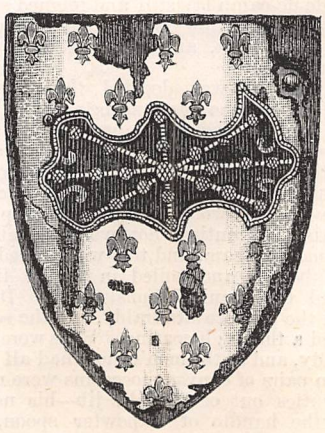


Fig. 31.

oak. It measures twenty-four and a half inches long and nineteen inches broad. On the outside we have first, a covering of a fibrous material, over which are stretched four layers of stout linen; on the uppermost are indications of painted colours, which are probably the remains of the cognizance the shield was emblazoned with. The interior has been covered with white silk, now faded, a considerable portion of it remaining; the ground is diapered with a repre-

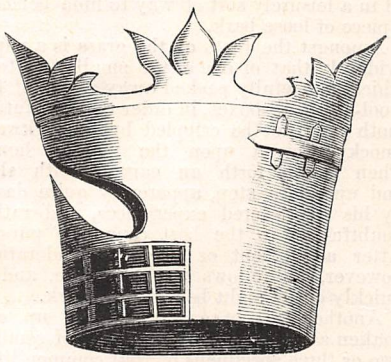


Fig. 29.

Royal Helm.—Edward I., from a seal, British Museum.

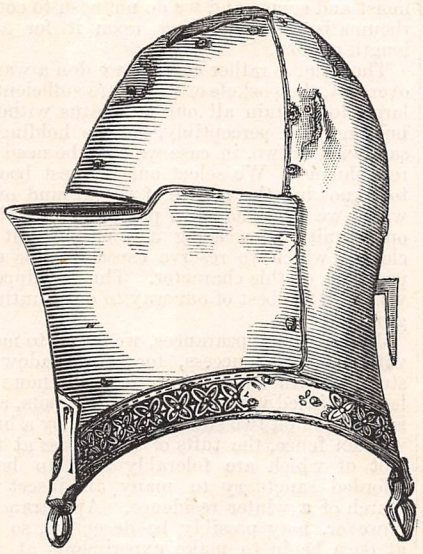


Fig. 30.

Tilting Helm.—Henry V., Westminster Abbey.

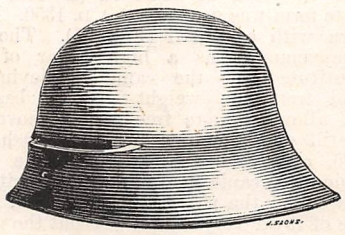


Fig. 32.

Salade, or Sallet.—Henry VI., from the Tower Collection.

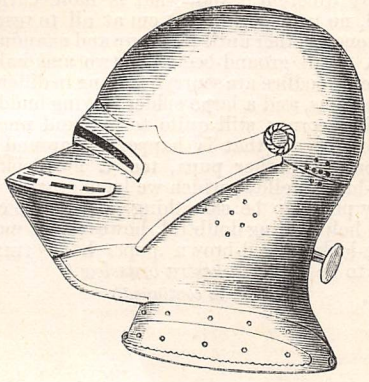


Fig. 37.

Armet.—In the possession of the Baron de Cosson.

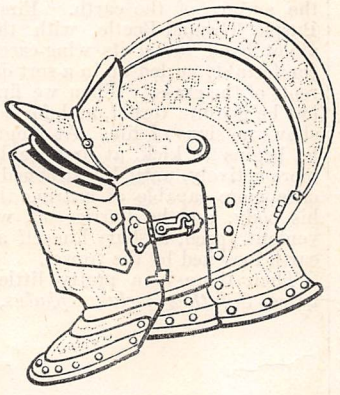


Fig. 34.

Convertible Armet.—British Museum.

Fig. 36.

Little Armet.—British Museum.

Fig. 42.

Cabasset, or Peaked Morion, with engraved work.—British Museum.

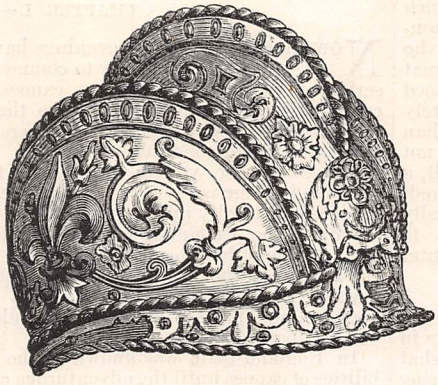


Fig. 43.

Combed Morion, with repoussé work.

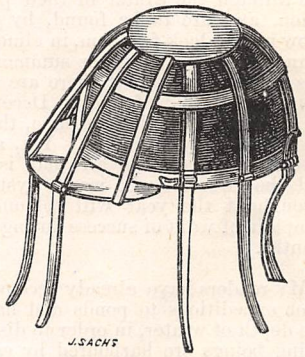


Fig. 44.

Spider Cap.—British Museum.

sentation of ivy leaves, on which is worked a semee of fleur-de-lis; over all is embroidered an escarbuncle in yellow on a crimson ground. This is one of the earliest specimens of needlework in this country, and it is a pity that it is not better preserved.

The shield of Edward the Black Prince is constructed of the stout leather of the time, called "cuir-bouilli."

But to return to the helmets. The root of the word bascinet in old French means a basin, in which form this helm was worn in the thirteenth century. In the next century a moveable visor came in, and this took a prominent and also an acute form of considerable glancing and resisting power. The visor was attached with hinges at the sides of the head-piece, and had pins, so that it could be removed at will. The acute form was used about A.D. 1350. It was worn with a camail (Fig. 25). The next improvement was a high collar of steel substituted for the camail, relieving the head from the weight of the bascinet, and allowing more freedom of movement. A still more acute visor was in fashion in 1425, and the comic artists of the period made much capital out of its eccentricity. It was called the pig-face bascinet, and examples of it are very scarce. About the middle of the fourteenth century the fashion of the bascinet got rounder at the top, longer at the back, and the result was the helmet called the salade.

(To be continued.)

TWO HOURS WITH A TROWEL.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

Young entomologists are very apt to consider that all outdoor work must necessarily cease as soon as autumn begins to give place to winter. So long as they can find butterflies and moths upon the wing they are industrious enough, but, when the net is no longer of use, they seem to think that insects have totally disappeared from the face of the earth.

Now this is a very mistaken idea. Of lepidoptera, it is true, very few are to be found in the perfect state during the winter months, but pupæ are always obtainable, and eggs of good species may often be found by a little careful searching. Hibernating caterpillars, too, are plentiful enough, but these are best let alone, for they are not very likely to thrive when rudely aroused from their long slumber and exposed to the inclemencies of the wintry atmosphere. Then there are the beetles, a great number of which live through the winter in their perfect condition, and are to be found, by those who know how to look for them, in almost as great abundance as in spring or summer. Indeed it is a positive fact that there are absolutely more beetles to be found in December than in August, although, of course, they are not always so easy to get at. Yet, after all, a little perseverance is all that is required, and the collector who works systematically throughout the year will seldom have to complain of want of success during the winter months.

My readers have already accompanied me upon expeditions to ponds and haystacks in the depth of winter, in order to discover what living beings are harboured by each during their long term of repose. Let us now vary our destination, and proceed to a tree-sprinkled meadow, in order to have a couple of hours' work with a trowel.

Pill-boxes we shall want, of course, each being filled with cotton wool in order that any pupæ which we may find may travel in safety. Then we shall require a laurel-bottle (*minus* the laurel, which cannot be procured at this time of year), a stout knife, the all-important trowel, and a small square of oil-cloth upon which to kneel. This last is an indispensable item, for the ground is very moist and soppy, and we do not wish to court rheumatism by kneeling upon it for any length of time.

The wind is rather cold, so we don a warm overcoat, the pockets of which are sufficiently large to contain all our apparatus without bulging very perceptibly, besides holding a sandwich or two, in case we feel the need of refreshment. We select our thickest boots, too, knowing the nature of the ground over which we shall have to pass, and take the opportunity of wearing a very old suit of clothes, which we reserve especially for expeditions of this character. Thus equipped, we make the best of our way to our hunting-ground.

Judging by appearances, we ought to meet with tolerable success, for the meadow is studded with magnificent trees, all more or less furnished with wide-spreading roots, and is bordered on two sides, moreover, by a high wooden fence, the tufts of long grass at the foot of which are tolerably sure to have afforded sanctuary to many an insect in search of a winter residence. Appearances, however, may possibly be deceptive, so we at once begin to make experiments at the foot of a mighty oak whose roots form many a nook and cranny, which must surely fulfil the requirements of the most fastidious of insects.

Nor have its attractions been offered in vain, for, as we very shortly find, quite a host of creatures are lying buried just beneath the surface of the earth. First there is a Purple Ground-Beetle, with the beautiful violet band round its wing-cases, which is comfortably curled up in a sort of cell at the roots of the grass. When we first take him out he is quite torpid, and for some seconds shows no signs of life. At length, however, he begins to kick, at first feebly, and then more actively, until his stiffened limbs seem once more capable of bearing the weight of his body, and he hurries off, with all convenient speed, to bury himself again in the earth loosened by the trowel.

Then there is a pretty little beetle, by name *Calathus melanocephalus*, whose red thorax renders him very conspicuous as he runs along in search of a fresh hiding-place. He is attended by quite a little colony of his relations, all terribly excited at being so unceremoniously roused from their five months' nap, and rushing hurriedly to and fro in hopes of finding another and a more secure retreat in which to complete their slumbers. Of course, too, there is a nasty wriggling centipede, our pet abomination, seeming in no wise disconcerted by the bad treatment which he has received, but making off in a leisurely sort of way to hide beneath a piece of loose bark.

Amongst the roots of the grass is a pupa, evidently that of one of the smaller *noctuæ*, which is carefully packed away in one of the wool-filled pill-boxes, in order that the future moth may not be crippled by an awkward knock received upon the journey home. Then comes forth an earwig, with slow and uncertain step, apparently quite dazed by his unexpected experiences, and rather doubtful as to the best course to pursue. After a moment or two of consideration, however, he follows the centipede, and is quickly out of sight beneath the bark.

Another tuft of grass is pulled up, and shaken as before, with the result of sending two or three specimens of that common little nuisance, the cocktail beetle, called *Tachinus rufipes*, flying headlong on to the heap of loose earth turned up by the trowel. It is a singular fact about this beetle that it never appears to be what it really is. No matter how often it is met with, it is always deluding one into the idea that it is something perfectly different; and, what is more curious still, no two specimens seem at all to resemble one another until taken up and examined.

A small ground-beetle or two and half a dozen woodlice are scurrying along in different directions, and a large spider is lying huddled up in a corner, still quite torpid, and unconscious of all that is happening around it. There is another pupa, too, a nice-looking red-brown fellow, which we have great hopes may prove to be something good. We cannot help feeling doubtful, however; so many nice-looking red-brown pupæ have turned out to be only *Mamestra brassicæ!*

(To be continued.)

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER I.—CANOES AND CANOEING.

Now that the long dark evenings have set in will be a good time to commence a series of practical papers on canoes and canoe-building. Summer may be the best time to use such craft, but winter offers most opportunities for constructing them.

Canoes are of varied kinds and types, differing in some cases so much that the same name seems hardly applicable to them. For example, the Canadian canoe is undecked and capable of holding several persons, while the kayak of the Esquimaux is completely covered in, with the exception of a small opening, and is as a rule only intended for one occupant.

In England little was known of the capabilities of canoes until the adventurous cruises of the celebrated Rob Roy brought into public notice a type of boat that was at once inexpensive, handy, and safe in rough water, and from that time we may date the commencement of canoe cruising and racing, which has since attained proportions which could hardly have been imagined by the originator.

Racing canoes now are as carefully built as racing yachts, and their design is as carefully studied, while to properly handle a racing canoe requires not only a considerable amount of practical knowledge, but a natural aptitude which comparatively few possess. Those who succeed in it are also generally authors of various ingenious inventions for saving trouble in managing their craft and for carrying a maximum of sail with a minimum of trouble in managing it, and these clever innovations are seldom worked successfully by a novice.

To my mind it is evident that the modern canoe is simply the outcome of the original construction of the savage, improved and altered by the natural principle of selection and survival of the fittest. Those craft most suited to the purpose for which they are used have been handed down from generation to generation without change by their savage owners, until civilised man, taking the general idea, altered it to suit his particular requirements and the materials at his disposal, making a construction possibly more convenient for himself and the conditions under which he intended to use it, but not necessarily improving on the original structure as intended for its particular uses.

Thus the kayak of the Esquimaux is undoubtedly the prototype of the celebrated Rob Roy class of canoes, while the water-velocipede is only the double canoe of the South Sea on a small scale and differently propelled, and the birch-bark canoe of the North American Indian is the model from which all the cedar-rib and bass-wood canoes now so fashionable are built.

Let us then look at the different types of aboriginal canoes before we proceed to consider the construction of those more suited to our materials and requirements.

THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

This canoe in its design and construction is most beautifully adapted to the purpose for which it is used, and I doubt much if one of our best naval architects could give a design more calculated to fulfil every detail of requirement than is shown in this of the rude savage.

The only way to reconcile this apparent anomaly is to concede that the two designs would be produced on an entirely different basis, the one being the outcome of generations of canoes. Thus, the first one possibly was unsuccessful in several points; one by one these were corrected. Designs bad here and there were altered as experience and frequent upsets and disasters indicated. Probably after several owners had been through various dangers of drowning involved by their bad design, they observed that one of the tribe seemed to escape upsets in a marvellous manner; they ask questions and look into the matter, and find his canoe differs in minor particulars that produce major results, and, copying him, they go on till other accidents show further desirability. For instance, a rock is in the way and the rapids hurling the canoes on; one turns, just in time, while the other is dashed to atoms, and her crew have a narrow escape, but lose all their impedimenta. What is the reason? They examine and question, and find and imitate, and succeed in making a more handy craft, and so this process goes on. A good rough-and-ready process too, but it takes time, till at last all requirements are fulfilled; a complete type is produced by the survival of the fittest, and that type handed down from father to son becomes the orthodox method of construction.

Now the clever naval designer of to-day does not proceed altogether in this way. He knows certain principles and laws of opposing forces, and by regular formula proceeds to draft out his plans, but still when he departs from old types that have been handed down he does not always succeed; and, in fact, for all the knowledge and scientific attainments of the day there exist things difficult to understand in shipbuilding—things apparently simple, so simple that you might almost take an axiom of Euclid to illustrate them; as for instance: "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another." Well, you say, any dunce knows that! Very good; then why should it be that while one ship turns out a regular flyer, another built on the same lines, a "sister ship" in fact, turns out the very reverse? If you can explain and remedy this, which is only one little difficulty, you will be more clever than most shipbuilders are. But for all this, the art of naval designing has made great strides of late years, and brilliant successes have been achieved by the naval architects of the day.

One of the most curious things in the Canadian canoe is the form of the bow, which is what is termed a U bow from the form of the vertical cross section, and this bow, though used for so long by the Indians, has only lately been introduced and largely used by ship and yacht designers.

This peculiar form of bow, giving a great amount of buoyancy, enables the canoe, although almost up-ended and buried forward, to go through the roughest water without shipping a drop. This is the more necessary as these canoes are quite open, and if the water tumbles aboard there is nothing in their construction to keep it from swamping them. The Esquimaux kayak, on the contrary, completely covered in, can be driven through the rough water, which may tumble over it without any danger of filling.

Built of the bark of the trees abounding in the country, sewn by the roots of other trees and shrubs plentifully to be found, and caulked at the seams with the tamarisk gum,* another common product of the country, the birch-bark canoe is easily built and repaired, while by its form it can shoot the foaming and surging rapid with safety, and when one of the frequent cataracts occur that break the course of the "rivers in the woods" the light canoe is easily portaged past the obstruction and once more launched on the river below the fall.

If you want to know any more about the Canadian canoe I must refer you to an article in No. 245, where you will find particulars of its construction, with explanatory diagrams.

An Indian Canoe Race.

* *Tamarisk gum.* This gum is almost impossible to procure here, and I had great difficulty in repairing some canoes of this description in my possession, but when at the Fisheries I learnt the method of doing so from the old Indian trapper in the American Department. He told me to take resin and oil and boil them together until they were like toffee. The method of ascertaining the proper degree of consistency is by trying a portion with the teeth. If it adheres but slightly it is ready for use. This preparation hardens when removed from the fire, and is kept in the canoe in case of an accident, when by heating it is ready for application.

(To be continued.)

My Old Chum.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

He was my first and nearest friend,
And many a long, long year
Has rolled away since last we stood
In the dear old playground here.
Tall and fair, with slim white hands,
And blue unclouded eyes,
Beautiful as a girl's in which
The soul of honour lies.

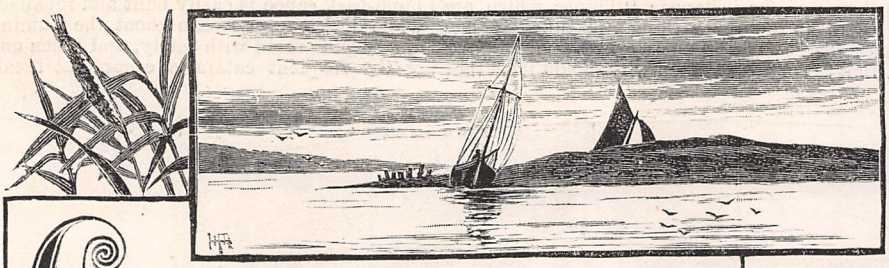
First in form and first in the field,
Gentle and bold was he;
I called him my Bayard, my beau-ideal
Of boyish chivalry.
And if ever in aught my own heart failed,
Or my effort fell faint and slack,
He cheered me again, with "Never mind, lad,
You were true to your colours, Jack."

[Loyal

Loyal friend, and generous foe,
  Ready to weep or laugh;
Gay with the glad, and grave with the sad,
  He never did things by half.
Scorning a lie, and scorning a coward,
  On his word he ne'er went back;
"In woe or weal be true as steel,
  And stand to your colours, Jack."

His grave lies lone in Indian soil,
  By Hoogly's darkening wave;
Around him the sighing jungle-reeds
  And sad wild aloes lave.
Leading a forlorn hope he fell,
  The sword in his small white hand,
Flashing a path to fame—and death,
  In the forefront of his band.

And still I see his beautiful face,
  Hear the young voice silver-clear,
Of my dear old chum of that schoolboy time
  Still echoing in my ear.
Like the soft refrain of a long-lost song
  His words ofttimes come back,
As though 'twere only yesterday—
  "Be true to your colours, Jack."



Correspondence

*** *In some copies of our issue of October* 18, *page* 48, *the name of Dr. Percival was inadvertently printed for that of Mr. Wilson.*

PEACOCK.—Refer to the last number of the volumes. You will there find particulars as to covers and plates. All are in stock.

EMULP ED MON.—See our articles on Fishing-tackle in the third volume, or get Mr. J. H. Keene's "Practical Fisherman," or Mr. Francis's "Book on Angling." The "Complete Angler" is good as literature, but antiquated in its practice. For float-fishing try Martin's "Nottingham Style," price two shillings, published by Sampson Low and Co.

ROMEO.—1. By wetting it on the concave side, and holding the convex side to the fire, or giving it a bath of hot sand; but you will never succeed in straightening a board that has warped unless the curve is a simple one. 2. The only way to remove finger marks from cardboard is by rubbing them with crumbs of bread. If the surface of the board is at all rough, fine glasspaper would be of use. If you try any of the bleaching processes, the sheets of which the cardboard is composed will come apart. 3. It depends on the process, and the description is not clear in the important points. 4. Lay the map to be coloured in a slanting position, take a good soft brush full of colour, and beginning at the top, work backwards and forwards, zigzag fashion, leaving no dry line behind you, and never going over the same ground twice. You will find a ridge of colour accumulate along the lower boundary of the brush-mark, and this you take off on the return journey, when the upper line of the brush-mark you are making takes the place of the lower line of the previous one. See that the paper is free from grease-marks before you begin. Never touch paper that has been freshly painted. Wait till it is dry before you attempt to cobble.

F. W. C.—1. The Bill for the abolition of the slave trade was brought forward year after year for seventeen years before it passed. 2. The reason that the copper coinage improved so after 1797 was that in that year Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham, took it in hand. Watt was, as of course you know, James Watt, the inventor of the condensing steam-engine.

WASHINGTON and W. S.—What a curious waste of time! We have over and over again stated in these columns that the second century commenced on the first day of 101, and the nineteenth century on the first day of 1801. The statement as to Washington's death was a well-known mnemonic, put in that form that you should not forget the date—and you never will.

FAIRBURN.—Any cricket outfitter will supply you with a pair of Indian clubs. They cost from half-a-crown to a sovereign a pair, and are of all weights from four to thirty pounds.

T. WATSON.—One of our coloured plates was the model of a barque. The sails on the mizen are the spanker and gaff-topsail.

J. W. GORDON (Oporto).—Write to Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd, and Co., Wisden and Co., or James Lillywhite, for a shilling cricket annual, and send the price to them of the articles you select from the price-lists bound up with the book. Include cost of carriage.

CECIL.—In all such recipes the proportions are by volume, unless specially stated to the contrary. We have given so many mixtures for graph composition. See our indexes.

ALMOND HARD BAKE.—Rather! Here they are. Split two ounces of almonds and put them into an oven or before the fire to thoroughly dry. When they are dry boil together for twenty minutes a pound of sugar and five ounces of butter, and then stir them in, and keep the mixture boiling until it crackles when dropped into cold water, and snaps between the teeth without sticking. Altogether the sugar should be on the boil for about half an hour.

L. C. P.—1. The figures are very much greater than you quote. The drainage area of the Mississippi is 1,244,000 square miles; the solid matter in solution and suspension carried down annually by the river is 6,724,000,000 cubic feet; the solid matter pushed along the bottom is 750,000,000 cubic feet; the drainage area is thus denuded at the rate of one foot in 6,000 years. The Ganges removes one foot from its drainage area in 2,358 years; the Hoang Ho one in 1,364 years; the Danube one in 6,846 years; the Rhone one in 1,528 years. 2. The average removal of the land from the surface of the globe is one foot in three thousand years, and it would thus take about two million years to denude Europe to sea level.

OUR PICKWICK.—A handy boy who is not afraid of work, and is sober, honest, and persevering, would do well in any of the Australian colonies, but it would be better for him to learn some special trade before he starts.

W. H. BISHOP.—1. When a pawn has worked its way across the board you can have any piece you like in exchange, whether the piece has been previously lost or not. Hence you can have the black bishops if you please, or even two queens. You mark the pawn with a pin stuck into it, or a collar wrapped round it.

ELASTIC.—The exercises given in our third volume are more numerous than those in any book on gymnastics yet published.

CHIESI.—The best thing to keep the shoulders from getting round is of course military drill, but we do not see how you can be far wrong if you use dumb-bells and clubs, and select the extension exercises.

J. M. WILSON.—1. There is no one book in existence that gives the whole criminal law in force in her Majesty's dominions. You must get a text-book on the special branch of the subject on which you require information, and then read up the Acts and cases given in its notes. 2. The book you mention is quite obsolete, and would only mislead you. Like most old legal practice books, it is merely worth its waste-paper price.

AMBITIOUS.—A note to Messrs. Deighton, Bell, and Co., of Cambridge, would procure a list of books containing information for intending students. Get the University Calendar.

TOM THUMB.—1. The first volume costs six shillings, and is again on sale. 2. The index to the third volume costs one penny. 3. Keep your head up and your heels down.

PONTIFEX.—The church of St. Stephen's is built into the Houses of Parliament, hence the name. The crypt now used as a chapel is under St. Stephen's Hall.

B. DERBYSHIRE.—There are books on birds by Morris, Montague, Yarrell, Bree, Harting, etc. Perhaps the best plan would be to write to Wheldon, of Great Queen Street, for catalogue of his second-hand books on ornithology; or advertise your wants in the "Exchange and Mart."

GOLLOG.—It is proposed to make the Channel Tunnel entirely through the lower chalk.

R. I. U.—Quite true: it was a Bristol man who first discovered the mainland of America in modern times. At least, he was in command of a Bristol ship. His name was Sebastian Cabot, however, which sounds more like Genoese than Gloucestershire. Columbus first struck land at Guanahani in 1492. He did not reach the mainland till his third voyage in 1498. Cabot struck the mainland in 1497, Vespucci in 1499. If your argument means anything, it means that we should call America Bristolia. Cabotia. But how about Ericia?

MIDSHIPMAN.—1. A book called "Going to Sea, or Under the Red Ensign," is obtainable of all the marine booksellers. It is published by Norie and Wilson, of the Minories, costs one shilling, and gives full particulars, with pay and outfit tables for apprentices and ship boys in the merchant service. 2. It would be almost the best profession for a lad weak at the chest to adopt.

SINGLESTICK.—Get Waite's "Fencing and Singlestick" from any bookseller.

W. E. CLAY.—Sculls are generally made of pine, yellow or white preferred.

J. W.—To get the plate or plates published with any part you must buy the part, or wait till the following October, when you can buy the plates issued during the preceding twelvemonths for one shilling and eightpence the packet.

GRAVER.—You do not say what branch of engraving you wish to take up. You will find a good deal about engraving in Spon's "Workshop Receipts," and of course there are manuals on the subject. Write to Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, or Spon, Charing Cross, for catalogues of their publications.

M. H. D.—Such diagrams are never given in detail because a brig carries the same spars and rigging as a full-rigged ship without her mainmast; and a brigantine has the foremast of a brig and the mainmast of a schooner.

BLIND BOY.—For information regarding the Braille apparatus for teaching the blind to read and write, apply to Dr. Armitage, Cambridge Crescent, Hyde Park, London.

J. M.—Read our article on "Navy Ranks" in the February part for 1884, and apply to the nearest post-office for pamphlet explaining how and where to join.

AN ADMIRER.—1. What next? "I wish to state that the coloured plate of the January number of the B. O. P. was the same as you published about a year ago; Crowns and Coronets was the plate!" You would be better for a little more sense and a little less admiration. Not only was "Crowns and Coronets" published by us in January for the first time, but it was the first sheet of the character ever issued. Nothing like it, either in subject or title, had ever been designed before. 2. When we are extremely hard up for new ideas we will avail ourselves of your suggestion. The Crests of the Peers, etc., would keep us going for some time. How many peers, etc., do you think there are?

SOUTH AFRICA.—Nearly every London publisher has a book on the Language of Flowers, selling at a shilling or eighteenpence. Apply to Messrs. Nelson, Ward and Lock, or Warne. One of the latest books on the subject is "Birthday Flowers," published by Chatto and Windus. It has highly coloured illustrations, and costs six shillings.

E. E. BAILES.—The quotation is from Juvenal. Doubtless you know more Latin than Juvenal? Did you ever hear of the critic who mistook a live owl for a stuffed one? Next time you wish to air your grammar you would find it wise to verify your quotation before you begin.

J. MACKENZIE.—1. The best thing to feed goldfishes on is ants' eggs, which you can get in threepenny or sixpenny packets at shops where they sell the fish. Whenever you buy an animal ask the dealer what he feeds it on, no matter whether it be fish, fowl, or flesh. 2. A piece of white pine, free from knots and shakes. You can get a suitable piece for a model yacht from Hudson and Carr, Endell Street and Millbank, or from any good timber merchant. If you want a piece specially chosen for the purpose you can get it from one of the builders, such as Rundle, of 50, Larkhall Lane.

BLACK RANGER.—In our third volume we had a long series of articles on "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it," and we cannot repeat. You must consult the back numbers.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 305.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1884. Price One Penny.

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER X.

"LANG," said Soady one afternoon some few weeks later, "you're going to leave this half, ain't you—I mean aren't you?"

"Yes, and jolly glad I shall be."

"The only terms he would hear of were a sovereign each."

"So shall I, though I don't think I've had a bad time, as things go. I've never had the bother of being top of the form and having to slave like a nigger to keep there and lie awake half the night for fear I should lose my place next day. I guess, too, we shan't have such a good field for cricket in London as we have here."

"Are you going to London too?" asked Lang.

"I should think so. Why, I should die of inanition in a village. I'm going in for the Civil Service; I'm going to begin work next week."

"Have you got a nomination?"

"Don't want one now, only a certificate of character. The Doctor will give me that like a bird."

"It's about time you began to work if you *are* going in," said Lang, half amused at the sure way in which Soady spoke of the coming exam.

"Yes, but the exam. isn't till next year, and I'm going to have a coach in London. Coach is going to drive me instead of my driving the coach. When I do begin to work I shall work like steam; you just see."

"How about your music?" asked Lang.

"Yes; now that's a nuisance," replied Soady, reflectively. "It will be a pity if I have to give that up. I think I shall have to put in half an hour a day somehow. Music makes you so popular in London, you know. You sit down and you play a brilliant little piece—"

"'Auld Lang Syne?'"

"Anything you like—and there you are, don't you know! People think no end of you."

"You ought to make a big hit," said Lang.

"I don't know; I'm not cut out for parties much or that sort of thing. Where are you going to be when you leave?"

"I'm going in for law," was the rather moody reply.

"Solicitor?"

"Yes; pater won't send me to college."

"Never mind, it's better in London. But you'll have a pile of exams. to pass, won't you?"

"Yes, worse luck."

He spoke despondingly, and Soady perceived it.

"Oh, you'll get through all right if you work," he said, encouragingly. "I've known some awful fools who have passed high."

The inference was not very complimentary, but Lang did not take offence.

"You've got to be articled, haven't you?" continued Soady.

"Yes, five years I think it is, but if you pass the matriculation at the London University in the first division you save a year."

"No; really?"

"Yes, and I've had a letter from my pater this morning. Some one's told him of it, and so he writes me a tremendous epistle, piling up the agony. Says I must pass this exam. and save a valuable year of my time, that his expenses are increasing, and he can't keep me longer than is absolutely necessary, and all that sort of thing."

"You'll have to pitch into it, just like me."

"Yes, but, really, it's no use to pitch into it. Here's the best part of the half gone, and I've never even opened the books we have to translate. And I know no more of chemistry than Jim, and care less. There's no more hope of my passing the matric. this Christmas than of becoming the Prince of Wales."

"You may scrape through," said Soady, "if you do your best. You used to be fairly high up in the form till—till you went down."

He scarcely liked to say "till Fanshawe took you in hand." Soady was not fond of reproaching any one else, he was aware there were too many joints in his own armour. In spite of the encouragement he gave Lang he feared his chance of passing sufficiently high to do him any good was a small one. Still, without encouragement he was even less likely to succeed.

What made Lang's chance still less was the waning of autumn, when football once more came in season. Lang was great at football and took a strong interest in coaching the second fifteen. He spent an hour at least every day in trying to improve the backward, and so far was doing a good work in the school; but when a boy is going up for an exam., and is behindhand with his work, it is no good his trying to keep up his training and practice and yet catch up his arrears of work.

"Is any one else going up for matric. this year?" asked Soady.

"Only Melhuish, I believe."

"Melhuish! He doesn't seem to be working much. He looks very ill to me, but if I speak to him he jumps down my throat, so I've given him up as a bad job."

"Yes, I can't think what's the matter with him," said Lang. "I fancy he must have some home troubles, there's nothing here to worry him much; he doesn't get into rows overmuch, and he does his work fairly well."

The subject was not a very pleasant one, so they soon dropped it. Melhuish had recently been far from a pleasant companion, either to himself or to others. He was about as miserable as he could well be.

He had written a letter home, but had received no cash in answer to his appeal. He had not dared to give the true cause of his wanting money.

The necessity for it was becoming every day more pressing. Towards the end of the summer half he and Fanshawe had been wandering about together one afternoon, when a tempting orchard seemed to invite them to plunder. They had small scruples on the score of orchard-robbing, boys too seldom have; so, having satisfied themselves that no one was watching, they clambered over the hedge and began to fill their pockets.

Then a greater temptation appeared in their path. One side of the orchard was laid out as a kitchen and fruit garden, and a large bed of luscious strawberries met their gaze. Fanshawe led the way to it, and they soon had eaten a few score.

But there was a better watch kept than they had imagined. When they came to decamp they found a couple of men ready for them at the only available point of egress; and one of the men held in a very formidable-looking dog.

Escape was out of the question; so, thinking it would be a matter of a few shillings, they put a bold face on it and walked up to the men. But the owner of the orchard was not inclined to let them off easily, and the only terms he would hear of were a sovereign each. The alternative he offered was a visit to the Doctor and prosecution for theft.

The money was promised if time were allowed. Mr. Jenkins, the proprietor, was in no hurry, but warned them that he meant what he said.

Melhuish owed Fanshawe some money, about two pounds. Fanshawe told him he could pay Jenkins his share out of that. So Melhuish was saddled with the full amount. The date when he had promised to pay was past, and he had been obliged to write to Mr. Jenkins for an extension of the time. Even the farther limit was now near its expiration and Melhuish was no nearer obtaining the cash than before. So he had abundant reason for being wretched, seeing that Mr. Jenkins had the reputation of being a close-fisted man, who would be the last in the world to lose the chance of squeezing a shilling out of any one.

The days passed too swiftly for the miserable boy, who was firmly convinced that nothing less than expulsion awaited him if the affair became known. If he were expelled his father would—he didn't like to form an idea of what his father would do. Disown him, perhaps.

Above all he had a fear which, though seemingly unreasonable, was ever present, lest his theft of Simpson's money should be discovered.

After a week passed in dread he received a letter which brought matters to a crisis. Mr. Jenkins gave him notice that if the money were not forthcoming on the Wednesday he would come to the school the next day and see the Doctor about it. The letter reached him on the Monday. Only two days to raise the money; it was impossible!

He could not borrow it, he had already borrowed all he could; if he did he would have to pay it back, and there was no chance of that. Besides, there were very few boys who would have much to lend, for football subscriptions were heavy this year, and the half was more than half way through. Whichever way he looked the prospect was equally hopeless.

But at the worst he had one means of escape. He could run away.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER I.—MYSTERY AND PERIL.

Tingle-tingle, jingle-jangle, go the bells attached to the harness of a Russian carriage driving rapidly over the uneven, dusty, broad, beaten track doing duty for a road.

There are three horses; the centre horse wears the "duga," or bow to keep his head *up*, and those at the side are made to keep their heads *down* and bending outwards, so that the ground-plan of the position of the horses would resemble a lady's fan spread open.

In the carriage are four passengers; of these two occupy the back seat, so as

to look in the direction of their progress. One is a tall, portly man, in a black cloak with a large cape. He wears the cap of an officer in the civil service; it is blue, with a green velvet band, surmounted by the badge of the service called the cockade. The other sitting next him wears a light-grey overcoat, with the shoulder-straps of a general, worn instead of the costly, cumbrous epaulettes of full dress. His cap is white, with a red band, and the cockade is fixed *on* the band, and not *over* it, showing him to be a military officer.

The two younger boys—for they are both mere lads—who are sitting with their backs to the horses, are respectively a student of the First Gymnasium of Moscow, indicated by the silver badge in front of his uniform cap, and a young Englishman in the ordinary tweed dress of an English tourist, surmounted by a soft felt hat of the same colour. The perpetual jangle of the bells on the harness, and the incessant row of the bigger bell hanging from the "duga" of the centre horse, seem greatly to fatigue Edward Tenterton, who looks wearily from the carriage in hopes of finding something to vary the monotony of the scene or to relieve the still more unbearable monotony of the bells.

"You don't seem to admire the magnificence of our Russian scenery, Mr. Tenterton," said the young Gymnasium student, a boy of some fifteen summers.

He spoke in very fair French.

"No; I don't see much to admire in these undulating plains—cornfield after cornfield, each as big as an English county, succeeded by dark pine-forests each as large as a German dukedom. It's a kind of thing that gets wearisome at last."

"You don't like the bells?"

"I find them monotonous after two days' incessant jingle-jangle, but it is highly interesting to travel this way, all the same. We in England are so apt to identify Russia with snow and ice that this awful heat is astounding. I never *saw* dust, to speak of, until now!"

"Terribly national you English are!" said the general. "Whatever is not English you don't like; and inconsistent people you are too, for you travel out of your native country more than any people in the world! If you like it so much, why don't you stop in it?"

Tenterton laughed merrily as he replied, "You see, by travelling we become still more attached to our tight little island; and when we find anything in art, manners, or science different from that which we enjoy at home, if superior we adopt it; if not, we are still more thankful for being English."

"National conceit with a vengeance!" said the civilian, in the Russian language, of which Tenterton knew as yet very little. "But conceit is the prevailing vice of these islanders."

"Yet they have some excuse for it," said the general. "Is that Ozoonovo in the distance?"

"No; you seem to have forgotten the way. The village we are coming to is Orekhovo; Ozoonovo lies more to the south."

"Ah! I remember, they form a sort of equilateral triangle, those three villages—Orekhovo, Ozoonovo, and Berozovo."

"Exactly! and I mean to halt just to ask a few questions of some of my peasants in Orekhovo."

The general eyed his companion with a queer glance, which seemed to make that worthy rather uneasy. He changed the subject immediately, and said, "I am sorry you will make so short a stay with us, general; perhaps you may be able to get longer leave."

"Quite impossible. So this is Orekhovo? I remember now."

They had approached the village, which consisted of a few log-cabins formed of the trunks of pine-trees placed horizontally one over the other until the required height was reached, the fissures being stopped up with tow rammed in between, much as the planks on board ship are "caulked." The roofs were all of thatch, the windows small and as few as possible. The road was very wide between the two rows of wooden huts that made up the "village," which was perfectly innocent of pavement, being as uneven as the waves of the sea. In driving through much caution was required on the part of the driver to avoid upsetting his party by some unlucky lurch caused by deep holes and ruts all along the road.

It was a Prasdnik, or great holiday, and the peasants were dressed in their best array. The girls and women wore skirts and handkerchiefs of all the colours of the rainbow, with white aprons bordered and worked with embroidery in red and blue and yellow threads; with head-dresses formed of gracefully-twisted handkerchiefs; or, in the case of the elder girls and married women, the kokoschnik, a sort of tiara of red cloth, curiously embroidered with gold thread and glass beads.

The girls had formed a ring, holding each other by the hands, and, pacing slowly round, were singing a Russian song. The air was singularly dreary, and the words were drawled out in such a way as to produce a most melancholy effect on the listener.

The men were for the most part engaged in drinking "vodkie," a spirit distilled from corn, and similar to whisky, to which the Russians are greatly addicted. Some of the younger men were playing on accordions, while others were singing songs, quite irrespective of the instrumental exertions of their friends. They were all very lightly clad, chiefly in very wide cotton trousers, like those worn by Turks, confined round the lower leg either by very high boots or by bands of linen wound round from the ankle to the knee, like the cross-gartering of the Scandinavians in the old viking times. The upper part of the body was clad in a red shirt, worn over the trousers like a blouse, and secured round the waist by a cord. The head was defended either by an ordinary cap, a high felt hat like an extinguisher, only not quite so pointed, or a small, low-crowned black hat, with a very small and very curly brim.

The song ceased as the carriage approached, and many half-savage dogs rushed out at the travellers, barking, yelping, howling, and snarling in discordant tumult. The driver, or yamschick, was fain to lay about him lustily with his whip—an instrument which, to do him justice, he rarely used to the horses.

Very soon the landau was surrounded by bowing peasants. Oh, *how* they bow! Hat or cap in hand, bending lowly, servilely, and yet gracefully, they thronged round, greeting the civilian as "Nicolai Alexandrovitch"—not as Mr. Abrazoff, as we should call him.

For the Russians pride themselves on knowing the *name*—*i.e.*, baptismal name—and the *patronymic*, which is the baptismal name of the father of the person addressed, with the addition, in the case of the nobility and gentry, of the suffix "vitch," "ovitch," or "evitch," according to certain laws governing the custom. The addition to the peasant's patronymic is "off" or "eff." But as many families had this distinction before the use of surnames became general in Russia, it is very usual to find the termination "off" or "eff" marking the surname or family name even of a Russian gentleman. Thus a boy whose father's baptismal name is Ivan (John), being himself christened Ivan, would be called Ivan Ivanovitch—John, the son of John. And if the surname were Ivanoff, he would be, if a gentleman or a noble, Ivan Ivanovitch Ivanoff; if a peasant, Ivan Ivanoff Ivanoff—though peasants rarely use the surname at all.

But we are keeping the peasants bowing and the dogs barking and the driver lashing them all this time.

"Hope you are well, Nicolai Alexandrovitch. God grant you are all well at the house!" cried a cheerful voice above the uproar of dogs and peasants. It was the voice of an elderly man, with white hair, scrupulously parted—as is the case with all Russian peasants and inferior tradespeople—down the middle. "What a long time it is since you were here! And how is Ekaterina Petrovna?"

"She is well, and will soon come to see you."

"God grant it! How is Marie Nicolaevna?" (The feminine of the patronymic ends in "aevna," "evna," or "ovna," according to circumstances.) "Hope she is well and happy?"

"Thank God!"

This is the Russian reply to a question about health. They do not *thank you* for asking, but they thank God for being well.

"And Paul Nicolaevitch?"

"There he sits; he can answer for himself."

"What! that tall gentleman? He is quite a man! Is it possible? How he has grown! Hope you are well, *barin* [sir, gentleman, master, as the case may be]; hope you are very well."

"Thank God!"

"Now," said Abrazoff, "I want you to tell me something. Where is Ivan Ivanoff?"

"Fetch him directly, Nikieter! Don't you hear?"

Away ran the young man thus addressed, and in a few moments returned, leading with him an old man dressed in the usual light costume worn by the peasants during the fearful heat of the Russian summer, of which people who have not been in India can form no idea. The new-comer bowed low and submissively before the "great ones" in the carriage, and a similar string of questions as to the health of the members of Abrazoff's family having been put and answered in due form, the old man said, "You are very good to remember me; I thought you had forgotten all about Orekhovo."

"Who? I? Never! By-the-by, I want to ask you some questions. How is little Ivan getting on?"

"How can I know? Have not seen him for years."

"*What!*" exclaimed Abrazoff, angrily; "not for years? What an old idiot! Drunk, hey!"

"Can't help a little vodkie, Nicolai Alexandrovitch. You like it too sometimes!"

"Don't bandy words with me!" roared Abrazoff. "Take me at once to Olga Ivanovna!"

"Take you to Olga Ivanovna!"

"Yes, you old *durak!* [fool] take me to her instantly—this moment!"

"Pray excuse me, Nicolai Alexandrovitch. But you see—beg your pardon, but I can't!"

"Can't!" shrieked the barin, almost beside himself with rage. "How dare you speak of *can't* to *me?* Lead me to her this moment!"

"Well, the burial-ground is not far off; if you insist, I must take you. There is a neat cross over her grave, though it isn't painted."

"What! dead? Why did you not say so at once?"

"Batuschka!" ("Little Father," a very common exclamation amongst the Russians). "How angry he is! It is not my fault."

"What became of little Ivan?"

"The priest took him."

"Which?"

"Simeon Ilitch."

"Lead me to him—at once—*at once!* No nonsense!"

"Batuschka! He is at Ozoonovo!"

"Is it possible? Can such idiots exist?" cried Abrazoff, greatly incensed. "You shall pay for this, you shall, if I have a voice in the country! I can't flog you, as my father would have done, *but I can do worse!* Look out! Drive on, there! Why waste time on such a herd? Drive on!"

Very soon the bells were jingling as before; the good-humoured face of the driver showed no trace of annoyance at the uncomplimentary way in which his master had addressed the villagers, though he was a native of the place, and claimed acquaintance with all the inhabitants and relationship with many.

But General Zakovskie had marked all this very narrowly. He was intimately acquainted with Abrazoff—indeed, his wife had been some kind of cousin of this irascible landed proprietor. He thought it very strange that a gentleman—a man of the world, and mixing in the best circles of Russian society—should forget himself thus—before a stranger, too, for the Russian is always anxious to make a good impression, especially on foreigners.

Edward Tenterton was puzzled. He had not been long in Russia—and even if he had been it would not have helped him to the solution of the mystery, for such behaviour is not common there. The scene impressed itself strangely on his mind. So much he had understood of the conversation as to gather that a boy had disappeared whom Abrazoff greatly desired to see or to hear about; also that the old peasant-woman in whose charge he had been left was dead, and that these facts had greatly excited the gentleman with whom he was travelling.

"Nice people these!" said Edward to himself. "There is some mystery or other here. However, it's no business of mine." Then, turning to Paul, he said, "Another forest! What quantities of timber! Why, this one looks bigger than any one we have hitherto passed through!"

"I should think it did indeed! It's *mine!*"

"Yours? Well, I suppose all the estate will be yours in time?"

"Oh, yes; when papa dies, which I hope will not be for many a long year to come. He is not bad on the whole, you know; I never saw him angry before—at least, not like *that.* But this wood was given to me on my last name's-day."

"What is a name's-day?"

"Why, you see, we true believers are baptized after the good saints who are in heaven. Every day in the calendar belongs to a saint, and, according to the guardian angel or saint, after whom a Russian is christened, he or she celebrates his or her annual holiday."

"I see; like our birthday."

"Just so. Well, on the name's-day we receive presents, and on that one when I was twelve years old my father gave me the wood."

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

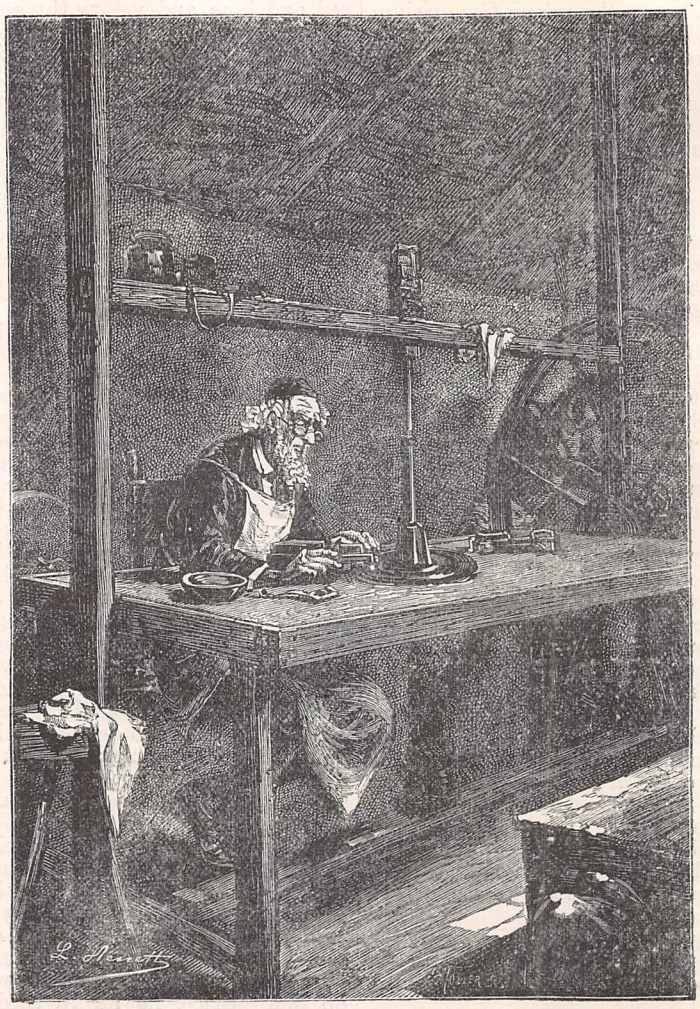
By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER V. (*continued*).—THE MINERS AT WORK.

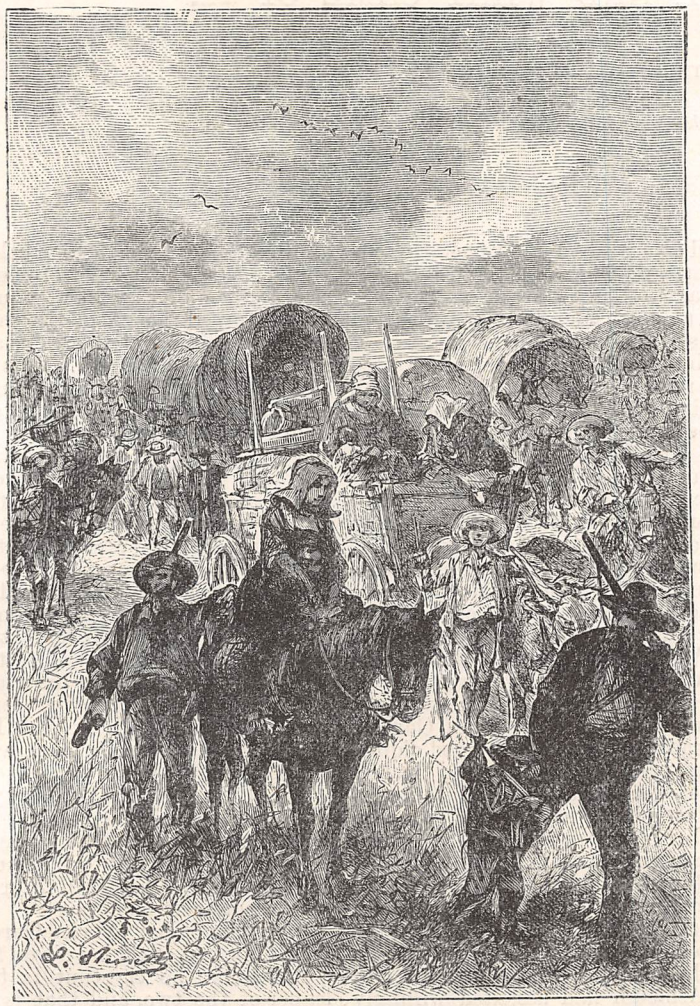
In a bowl on a bench near the window were the rough diamonds entrusted to Jacobus Vandergaart. Their value was something considerable. If he wished to cleave a specimen whose crystallisation did not seem quite perfect he would begin by ascertaining by means of his magnifying-glass the direction of the cleavage planes. Then with a splinter of another diamond he would make an incision in the selected face, and then he would introduce a thin steel blade into this incision, and give it a sharp blow. In this way he would cleave the diamond's faces one after the other.

If Jacobus Vandergaart wished to "cut" a diamond, or, to speak more accurately, to shape it into some desired form, he would begin by drawing in chalk on the gangue the facets he had selected. Then



Jacobus Vandergaart.

he would place each of the faces in succession in contact with a second diamond, and then he would submit them both to prolonged friction. The two stones would mutually grind away each other and gradually the facets would be formed.



"With waggons and cattle and all their belongings."

In this way Vandergaart would give the gem one of the customary forms, all of which can be classified under three headings, "double-cut brilliants," "single-cut brilliants," and "rose diamonds."

A double brilliant has sixty-four facets, a "table," and a "pavilion."

A simple brilliant is just half a double brilliant.

A rose is flat below and has a facetted dome above.

Now and then Vandergaart had to cut a "briolette," that is, a diamond with neither top nor bottom, and shaped like a pear. In India briolettes have a hole bored through the narrow ends, and by it are threaded in strings.

"Pendants," which he very rarely had to cut, are half briolettes with table and pavilion and facetted on the inner side.

Once the diamond is cut, it has to be polished. This is done by means of a disk of steel or lead, about nine inches in diameter, spinning horizontally on a table at the rate of from two to three thousand revolutions per minute, and worked by a crank and fly-wheel. This disk is smeared with oil, and dusted over with diamond dust derived from previous cuttings, and against it Vandergaart would press the faces of his stone until they had acquired a perfect polish. The crank was worked sometimes by a little Hottentot boy, who was engaged by the day, sometimes by a friend like Cyprien, who was always very happy to oblige.

As the diamond-cutter worked he talked, and sometimes he would push his spectacles on to his forehead and stop short in his work to tell some story of the past. He had been forty years in South Africa, and knew nearly all its history, and what gave the charm to his conversation was that he spoke from personal experience, and honestly believed in the traditions and prejudices of his countrymen.

Often would he tell how in early days the colony had been captured by the British, and how the Boers, to avoid the restraints of laws to which they were unaccustomed, had moved farther and farther up the country. And he would enlarge on the perils and incidents of each exodus as with waggons and cattle and all their belongings the Dutch settlers penetrated into Kaffirland in search of a new home. And many were the stories he would tell of the wars with the natives occasioned by these irruptions into the countries of the savage kings.

"At last," concluded he on one occasion, "I built this house where we are sitting, and started a farm. With me were my wife and two children. My kraal was on the site of the present mine. Ten years later John Watkins arrived in these parts and built his first house. We did not then know that there were diamonds in this country, and so little occasion had I for thirty years to think of my old trade that I had almost forgotten the existence of such gems.

"Suddenly, in 1867, diamonds were discovered, the first recognised, as you know, while it was being thrown about by a child to whom it had been given as a pretty pebble for a plaything. In 1870 I lost my wife and children, and almost alone in the country I remained quite indifferent to the fever raging around me. I worked away on my farm just as if the deposit at Du Toit's Pan had been a thousand miles off instead of within musket shot.

"One night I found the wall of my kraal had been knocked down and the boundary removed three hundred yards farther back. John Watkins, helped by a hundred Kaffirs, had built a wall joining on to his own so as to enclose a large patch of sandy, gravelly land, up to that moment always recognised as belonging to me.

"I complained to him. He only laughed. I threatened to go to law. He told me I might as soon as I liked.

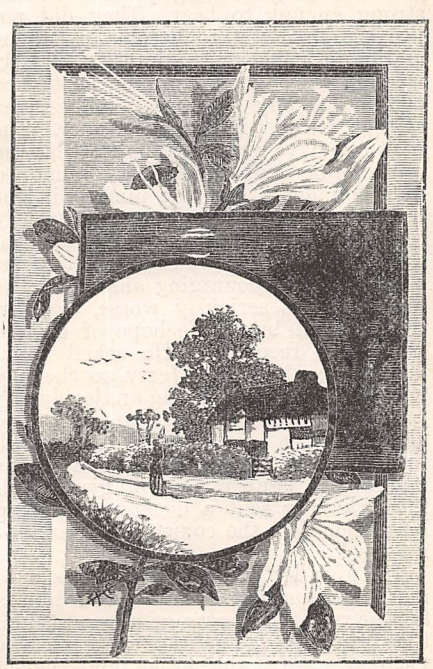
"Three days later the mystery was solved. The patch of ground was a diamond mine. John Watkins had discovered it, and, hurrying off to Kimberley, had certified it as his own.

"I went to law, and you know what that means. One by one I lost my cattle, my horses, my sheep. I sold my furniture, I parted with everything. I lost my law suit, and I was ruined.

"The decision of the court was that I had made out no claim to the land in dispute, but that to avoid further trouble they would confirm me in possession of what I then held and certify the boundary. That boundary they took as the twenty-fifth degree of east longitude. The land to the west of it was adjudged to John Watkins, that to the east to Jacobus Vandergaart.

"The mine was to the west of the line, and so, although it bears my name, it became the property of John Watkins."

(To be continued.)



JERRY'S VISIT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.,

Author of "Schoolboy Honour," "For James or George?" etc.

CHAPTER III.

In the morning, however, Sir Jerome was in no condition to sit at the window and see Jerry ride his pony. He had a terrible night, with fits of sharp pain and not a wink of sleep. Dr. Staines was much alarmed at the state in which he found his patient, and gave orders that the boy was not to be readmitted to his grandfather's room until he gave express permission. Mr. Henry Mannering wanted him to be sent away from Netherby altogether, but Dr. Staines discountenanced the step. "It would be sure," he said, "to reach Sir Jerome's ears, and might cause agitation enough to be fatal." Jerry, however, ought to be kept out of the house as much as possible. He had better be sent down to the vicarage, where Mr. Hartley's successor, the Rev. J. Curwen, a cousin of Sir Jerome's, now resided. Mr. Curwen had two sons about Jerry's age, as well as two pupils residing in his house. These would be very suitable companions for Jerry.

Mr. Mannering was obliged to be satisfied with this, and took the boy down to the parsonage, as the doctor advised; but he took care to let the Curwens know that Jerry was a regular young prig, who couldn't take part in any games, and would be frightened out of his wits if he met a herd of cows. The boys, in consequence, received him very coldly, cutting jokes at his expense, which Jerry, good-natured as he was, was not disposed to tolerate. They soon parted company. The Curwens were on the point of setting out for a walk, to try whether the ice on a neighbouring pond would be strong enough to bear. They did not propose to Jerry to accompany them, and he did not suggest it himself. Quietly wishing them good morning, he turned off another way by himself, and arrived at the Park just in time for dinner. The next two days were wet, the frost having quite broken up, and Jerry remained quietly indoors amusing himself in the billiard-room and the library, apparently quite contented. He made frequent inquiries after his grandfather, but received very discouraging answers. The old man was seriously worse, and Dr. Staines had but little hope of even a temporary recovery. He asked regularly every day after Jerry, so the boy was told, and was looking anxiously forward to the time when he might be allowed to see him again. He was told, too, that he would probably soon see his friend Mr. Fenwick again, his grandfather having sent a message requiring his presence in the course of the following week.

The fifth day of Jerry's visit was once more mild and fine, and soon after breakfast he received a message informing him that the young gentlemen from the vicarage were at the stables, and begged he would come out to join them. He consented, and, putting on his hat, followed the servant to the stable-yard. This was situated at a considerable distance from the house, and some dense masses of shrubs intervened between the two, so that there was no fear of Sir Jerome's quiet being disturbed by any noise that might be made there. Jerry found all the four boys from the parsonage in the yard, which Henry Mannering had left only a few minutes before. He did not much fancy any of them, unless it was Lippencott, the senior of the two pupils, who seemed a quiet and good-humoured fellow enough. But of the two Curwens, one struck him as being a lout and the other a sawney, while the remaining pupil, Walter Garden, seemed disposed to play the bully at his expense.

Jerry soon learned that he was not wrong in this view. He found Garden, who plumed himself on his good riding, bent on proposing a leaping match. There was a nice stretch of turf immediately behind the stable-yard, where a leaping-bar had been set up. Garden was now suggesting that the five boys and young Gilbert Ashleigh, who had ridden over to inquire after the baronet's health, should each contribute five shillings, the whole to be given to the one who made the highest leap. The Curwens and young Ashleigh had assented willingly enough, and Lippencott made no objection to the proposed trial, but suggested that Jerry Mannering should not be included in it.

"You heard what Mr. Mannering was telling us," he said—"that his nephew was a regular molly-coddle, and couldn't ride a donkey? He might be thrown and hurt if we put him on one of Sir Jerome's ponies."

"Oh, gammon!" said Garden. "He's a precious stuck-up young muff, and wants taking down. Did you see the way he turned off last Wednesday when we went away to the pond? We owe him one for that, and we'll pay him! Here, Jerry," he continued, addressing the boy named, who had just come into the yard, "we are going to have a leaping match—five shillings a head. I suppose you will put in, won't you?"

"No, I thank you," returned Jerry, who did not at all relish Garden's tone and manner; "I haven't five shillings to spare, and shouldn't thus use it if I had."

"And, besides, are afraid of being thrown! You'd better add that, hadn't you?" returned Garden, with a sneer.

"No," answered Jerry, quietly; "I had better not, because it wouldn't be true."

"Come, don't let there be any quarrelling," interposed Lippencott; "we can have the match without him."

The ponies were brought out—two of Sir Jerome's, a chestnut and a grey, which the young Curwens were often allowed to ride, and the one belonging to young Ashleigh. They were nearly of a size, and could leap about equally well. It was agreed that Ashleigh should ride his own pony, and that lots should be drawn for the other two. This was done, and it was found that Jem Curwen and Lippencott were to have the grey, and Tom Curwen and Garden the chestnut. They mounted and went out into the paddock, where the bar was fixed, Lawes, one of the grooms, and Hodge, the stable-boy, accompanying them to see the fun.

It proved a very close contest. The bar was three times raised before any of the party failed to clear it. Then Ashleigh, Jem Curwen, and Lippencott were all obliged to succumb, and at the fifth trial Tom Curwen followed suit. Garden was greatly pleased at his victory, and could not forbear venting some of his self-conceit upon Jerry, who had stood by critically observing the movements of the competitors.

"It's a good job for you that you didn't put your five shillings in, isn't it, Jerry? You'd have been all that worse, and had an unpleasant spill into the bargain!"

"Should I?" returned Jerry, coolly. "I am not so sure of that!"

"You're not, hey?" cried Garden. "Do you think you could have won?"

"I think the chestnut is the better leaper of the two, and that is why you won," returned Jerry. "And, as I am a lighter weight than you, I think he would carry me an inch or two higher than he would you."

"Ah! you *think* that, I dare say; but you have been wise enough to decline the trial."

"I beg your pardon," said Jerry; "I only declined to bet five shillings."

"What! do you mean you'd ride Charlie at that leap?"

"No; but if you'll put the bar one hole higher I will."

"You will! Up with the bar, Hodge, and we'll see him do it!"

"No, no, sir," interposed the groom; "Mr. Jerome mustn't try it. Charlie's very difficult to ride, as you know, except to those well used to him. Unless Mr. Jerome's a real good rider, 'twon't be safe. Sir Jerome—any ways, Miss Rosalie—would be very angry—"

"Gammon, Lawes! He's only pretending. He'll never get on Charlie's back. There," he added, dismounting, and offering the bridle to Jerry, "there's the pony, and Hodge has put the bar up. Now let us see you make good your boasting. Mr. Henry Mannering said he might ride Charlie if he chose. Indeed he said we had better ask him to do it. That's enough for you, Lawes."

"Mr. Jerome, sir, pray don't mount the pony!" said Lawes, as Jerry proceeded to shorten the stirrups. "I know harm'll come of it! Well, any way, I won't have

nothing to do with it; I'll go in and tell Miss Rosalie. Please wait till I come back, sir."

He ran off as he spoke, but Jerry, whose blood was up, paid no heed to his remonstrances. Springing lightly into the saddle, he proceeded to canter Charlie round the field, so that the pony might get used to his hand and seat before he attempted the leap. Charlie, feeling a new rider on his back, laid down his ears, kicked and plunged, and finally went off at a gallop, two or three times trying to dislodge his rider. But Jerry sat fast and allowed him to exhaust his irritation; and in ten minutes or so succeeded in restoring him to good-humour. Then, after pausing for a minute or two to allow him to recover his wind, he put him at the leap, which the pony accomplished successfully, clearing the bar by two or three inches, amid the approving shouts of all present, excepting Garden, who ground his teeth with vexation.

The sound had not died away when Lawes reappeared on the scene accompanied by Miss Mannering, who was just in time to witness Jerry's feat. She was greatly relieved by the assurance of his safety, but, nevertheless, felt seriously displeased.

"You have acted quite right, Lawes, in coming to me about this matter," she said. "Another time you will not allow the ponies to be ridden without Sir Jerome's express permission. They had better be taken in now. Jerry, wish your companions good morning. We will return to the house together." She bowed coldly round, and taking Jerry by the hand walked off with him.

A day or two passed without any further adventure; indeed the baronet's increasing illness necessitated the observance of the utmost quiet. Dr. Staines shook his head more despondingly at every visit. At last he reported that he had little hope that his patient would survive the day; and his forebodings were justified about three o'clock that evening by the decease of Sir Jerome. Two hours afterwards Miss Mannering and her brother met in the drawing-room. The former was overwhelmed with grief; but Henry had required her presence in order to assist in the necessary arrangements.

"Morton's people of course will be employed for the funeral," he said, "and I have written to Mr. Fenwick, who I believe has the will. You had better inform Clara, and at the same time request her to remove this boy, who will only be in the way here. My wife, I expect, will arrive to-morrow evening, and I wish him to leave this house as soon afterwards as possible. Indeed—"

"I will write to Clara, of course," interposed Rosalie. "But I cannot ask her to remove Jerome. On the contrary, Clara herself must be requested to come here."

"Clara! come here! Do you think I will allow that?"

"I don't think you will have any power to prevent it, Henry. I meant to have broken this to you more gently, but I must stop the proceedings you seem inclined to take. Three days ago my father burned his will—"

"Burned his will! Why Fenwick has it in London."

"No, my father sent for it ten days or so ago. He wrote, quite of his own head, to Mr. Fenwick for it. I think he intended to add a codicil, as he sent a message to Mr. Fenwick soon after Jerry's arrival, desiring him to come to Netherby in a few days. But I don't think he would have burned it if it had not been for what occurred last Monday."

"Last Monday! What do you mean?"

"I mean what took place in the stable-yard. I was sitting with my father when I was told that Lawes wanted to see me immediately. I went out and returned as quickly as I could. But my father insisted on knowing what Lawes had wanted, and finding me unwilling to talk about it, sent for Lawes himself, and made him relate all that had taken place. Among other things Lawes told him that you had given your sanction to Jerry's being put upon Charlie—indeed had advised it. He was greatly excited, and sending for Hampson, in his presence and mine, and that of Lawes, threw his will into the fire. We begged him to wait and inquire further, but he would not. He then desired us to give him our promise that we would say nothing of what he had done until after his death."

Henry Mannering was on the point of bursting out into violent anger, when his attention was diverted by the sound of wheels, and a carriage drove up to the front door. A minute or two afterwards the door was thrown open and Mr. Fenwick entered the room, accompanied by Hampson and two other persons, an elderly gentleman and a lad of eleven or twelve, the latter looking very pale and sickly.

"Miss Mannering," said Mr. Fenwick, "we have come from London to explain the extraordinary mistake that has been made. I grieve to learn that we have arrived too late, so far as your father is concerned."

"There have been one or two mistakes made, I think!" exclaimed Henry Mannering. "But first I should like to ask, have you an attested copy of my father's will?"

"Your father's will! No, he has it. He sent for it last Thursday week. Why do you ask?"

"Because my sister here declares that he has burned it."

"Burned it! burned his will! Has he made any other?"

"No," said Miss Mannering. "He expressly told me he did not mean to make any other."

"Indeed! you do not say so! Then his grandson here succeeds to the entire property."

"His grandson *there!*" cried Mr. Mannering. "What do you mean?"

"I was on the point of explaining," said Mr. Fenwick. "A very strange mistake has been made. This boy here is Jerome Mannering. The boy you have had staying with you for the last ten days is Jeremiah Mainwaring, the son of a gentleman connected with the press, and now absent from England—"

"And why didn't the young scoundrel say who he was?" cried Henry, furiously. "This has been a regular plot to work on my father to destroy his will! This is your doing, Rose—yours and Mr. Fenwick's—"

"Be good enough to moderate your language, Mr. Mannering," said Fenwick. "If it were not that I am sorry for your disappointment I should be inclined to retort on you pretty sharply. If you will listen to what Mr. Framley here, of Netherby Lodge, Stratford, has to tell you, you will learn how it is that this extraordinary blunder has been made."

"There has certainly been a strange error," said Mr. Framley, "but I do not see that any one is to blame for it. I sent, according to my friend Mainwaring's directions, to the White Horse Cellar early on the afternoon of the 19th, but his boy had not then arrived. My servant went a second time in the evening, and then learned that a boy, whom the coachman said was Master Mannering, had been hurt by a fall from the coach-box, and was lying very ill in the inn parlour. I sent for a doctor, who told me that the boy had been severely bruised and shaken, and was, moreover, evidently very delicate. He must be kept quite quiet for several days to come. He was too unwell to be removed to Netherby Lodge. I therefore engaged a room for him at the inn, and sent a nurse to attend him. I went two or three times to inquire, but he recovered very slowly, and it was not until this morning that I was allowed to see him. Then he told me who he really was, and I discovered what a strange confusion had taken place. I called on Mr. Fenwick, who I found was to have met him, and in his company drove down here. As for Mainwaring's boy, whom I shall now take to Stratford with me, I will answer for it, from what I know of both father and son, that they are incapable of lending themselves to any trick; and I must tell this gentleman that his epithet of 'scoundrel' is altogether misapplied."

"That remains to be proved," said Henry. "I shall see whether the law will not right me, at all events."

"You can do so if you like," observed Mr. Fenwick, "but I do not think you will get much by your motion. The will which Sir Jerome destroyed was a most unrighteous one—such as a man in the last hours of his life would be very likely to destroy, if he had any right feeling in him. Moreover, there is clear evidence that he was in full possession of his senses—as competent to make or revoke a will as ever he was in his life; and the act of yours which, as I have heard from Hampson, induced him to burn it, is not one likely to prejudice a jury in your favour."

Mr. Mannering left the room, and soon afterwards the house; nor did he reappear till the day of the funeral. At Miss Mannering's invitation, Mr. Framley and Jerry remained at the Park till the following morning, when she took leave of the lad with many assurances of regard, and a warm invitation to renew his visit during the summer holidays. Her real nephew, she said, would always be glad to see him.

"He may well be that," muttered Mr. Fenwick, as he glanced from the one boy's face to the other as they took leave of one another. "I expect Jerry No. 2 is the best friend Jerry No. 1 has ever had, and if he gave him a hundred thousand pounds he'd hardly requite the service he has done him. It's just as Sir Jerome said: the real grandson is a genuine Hartley to look at, puny and sickly—just what he could not endure. Small chance of Sir Jerome's burning his will in *his* favour. Nevertheless, justice has been done, though after a very strange fashion, it must be allowed. Well, 'all 's well that ends well.'"

(THE END.)

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER II.

We will now take a glance farther north to the region of snow, where the Ice King reigns supreme, and where our friends the Eskimos build their snow houses. Now, I want you to think for a minute. I dare say if you try and build a boat, canoe, or, in fact, anything of the sort, you find it rather difficult work; you do not find it quite so easy as reading how to do it; and possibly, or perhaps I should say probably, you find it very unseaworthy when finished. And now remember you have all the appliances of civilised life to your hands. What do you think of a nail? Nothing! It is only one of the common accidents of your life. Put yourself in the position of having no nail and no means of getting one. What would you do? Put yourself if you can for a moment in the position of the Eskimo. What is his habitation? Snow. His hunting-ground? Ice. No wood but drift-wood, no iron. But you say his boat is made of skins. Yes, but how did he get the skins for the first boat, or the sinews to sew them, or the bones to make the needles? How does he manage not only to support life, but to be happy under all the difficulties of his surroundings and that amid the severities of an Arctic winter, with cold below zero. Although we are only having a chat about canoeing, we can pause for a moment to think of the blessings and benefits we enjoy through God's mercy, and also to remember that the savages we despise, and that are in many ways inferior to ourselves, are wonderful examples of the possibility of existing under circumstances that would appear at first to be insupportable. I remember when a lad thinking of the noble savage and of the free, jolly life he led. Why, there is not a boy in England that is not better off than an ordinary savage. I do not mean as regards Christianity, education, etc., but simply in a physical sense. It may be very jolly to be free on the prairie, but it is not so jolly if buffalo are scarce and nothing can be got to eat; and there is nothing especially amusing in fishing over a hole in the ice, with the thermometer below zero, knowing that your only chance of dinner is in catching something that does not want to be caught, and a few days of the "no catchee no habee" principle of dining would not suit either of us, I think.

The Eskimo canoe is built of skin sewn together over a framework of bone, and is decked completely in by skin except the opening in which the occupant sits, which has a coaming of three or four inches high round it to keep the water out. The canoe is long for its breadth, about twenty feet, by not quite two feet wide, and is flat-bottomed, low amidships, rising at the ends. An illustration of one has appeared in the B. O. P. A double paddle is used, rather long, and it is impossible to imagine a boat more suited to the region in which it is used. Able to go with safety through a rough sea, light enough to be hauled up on an ice-floe or hauled over the ice for long distances to open water, it is indispensable to its owner, who uses it for fishing and sealing. In pursuit of seals he pushes off, armed with a barbed harpoon with a bone head, having a line attached to it, secured at the other end to a large inflated bladder. He sees his quarry before him, and with a vigorous sweep of the paddle he is within range, and the harpoon, hurled with unerring aim, is buried in the blubbery body of the seal, which immediately dives under water, but finds itself hampered in its movements by the float, and soon has to come up to breathe, when another harpoon or a lance renders it fit for the cooking-pot.

Canoe and Outrigger.

In all such primitive constructions one cannot but remark that although they may differ widely and completely in every detail, yet each type of canoe is exactly suited to the conditions under which its builders intend to use it, and in most cases is so completely adapted for its intended work and to the means at hand for building and repairing, that civilised industry is able to do very little towards improving the principles of their construction. Thus, the kayak is exactly suited for the rough waters of the ocean, and would be useless for the purpose for which the birch-bark canoe is intended, while the latter would be equally out of place in the Arctic regions, and on the ocean would be very much "at sea." This adaptability of form of boats to their surroundings is not confined to canoes, but is found to exist in all forms of boats. The Deal lugger and galley is quite different from the Cladagh hooker, and both are the antipodes of the north country coble, while the Thames bawle-boat, the Yarmouth smack, the Cornish lugger, and the Scotch herring-boats are all again different, and yet these boats are all intended for one purpose—fishing, and are all made by natives of one country—Great Britain!

Many of the canoes of the South Sea Islanders are most beautifully finished, the paddles belonging to them being profusely carved, and finished with a perfection that we rarely see in civilised workmanship. I dare say, in looking at specimens of the handiwork of savage nations, you have often wondered how it was possible to produce such results with the apparently inadequate means at the disposal of the makers, but this wonder lessens when we remember that time is of no object to a savage, and he will therefore spend hours of work with a very trivial result, the carving of perhaps one paddle being a work that would exhaust the patience of any civilised man. The only exceptions that occur to me are sailors, some of whom certainly spend an enormous amount of time and trouble on little matters of ornament, such as fancy knots, etc.

The canoes constructed by savages being nearly always made from the trunk of one tree, could be made of almost indefinite length, but it was not so easy to give beam to such craft, that being regulated by the diameter of the tree, and as trees do not increase in diameter in proportion to their height, an unusually long craft would be very crank in a seaway. This the savage would naturally try to obviate, and hence the outrigger, which has the effect of making the narrowest boat stable and stiff under sail. In ordinary weather the weight of the outrigger to windward would be enough to keep the canoe steady, and when the wind freshened what could be easier than to send a few hands out to sit on the outrigger to act as shifting ballast?

A very remarkable instance of savage skill in this class of canoe is the flying canoe of the Windward Islands. These islands lie in such a position that there is always what is called a "soldier's wind" blowing between them—that is, a wind on the beam, allowing one long reach to be made with almost a certainty of fetching the desired port. Still, it is well in such a case to be as much to windward of your destination as possible, as one can always "bear up" and run down off the wind to the port, but it is not so easy if the craft by some means drops to leeward for it to work up to windward again. To meet this requirement the builders of the flying proa adopted a remarkably clever design. The leeward side of the canoe is left perfectly straight and flat, so as to oppose the greatest possible lateral resistance to the water and thus prevent leeway, while the windward side is shaped in the ordinary way. In fact, the canoe is something like a half-breadth model; from the windward side project the outriggers, with a small canoe at their ends. When the canoe reaches its destination the mast which is amidships, raking forward, is raked towards the other end of the canoe, and the huge sail swung round, so that what was the bow of the boat becomes the stern, and *vice versâ*. Thus the flat side is still kept to leeward, and the canoe is ready for her homeward voyage.

The canoes of New Zealand are beautifully made and generally profusely decorated. Some of the large war canoes are of enor-

North American Indians Shooting the Rapids in Birchbark Canoes,

mous size, holding more than one hundred men. The rowers pull or paddle double-banked, and a platform is erected to accommodate the chief and his friends. These large canoes are propelled at a great rate, and the crew generally keep time by shouting and singing as they labour at the paddles and urge the great canoe through the water.

Many of the South Sea canoes are double—that is, formed of two canoes parallel with one another, a platform being thrown over them amidships, and in some cases a house erected on it. These canoes are generally steered by a long oar, and are propelled by large sails made of matting. The boats used in China are called sampans, and generally have a cabin aft. Their form is much the same as the Norwegian präam, which is still used on board Norwegian ships. It is round-bottomed, something like the section of a barrel, the stern being much wider than the bow, which curves upwards and out of the water for two or three feet, ending in a small flat half-moon-shaped piece of wood, to which the ends of the planks are fastened, the stern being also flat and semicircular. It is an easy sort of boat to build and tows remarkably well. The corragh used on the west coast of Ireland is of the same shape, but constructed of canvas over a framework of wood. On the Severn and in Ireland a curious kind of craft called a coracle is used. It is something like a half walnut-shell in shape, made of skins or tanned leather over a wooden framework. Illustrations of these were given some time ago in the Boy's Own Paper.

There are many other curious forms of craft that can hardly be called canoes; for instance, the balsa of the South American coast is simply made of straw or inflated skin, and its navigator sits astride on it and paddles unharmed through the tremendous surf that breaks on those shores. Allied to this is the catamaran of Madras, which simply consists of logs fastened together, and on which the rower sits navigating the rude affair with a long paddle. As the catamaran cannot sink it is enabled to pass through a surf in which the best constructed boat would founder. But perhaps the most original craft of all is to be met with on the Nile, and in this case we have the manufacturer of a saleable article turning navigator to take his goods to market and using those goods as the means of conveyance as well as of trade. Ingenuity can hardly go further than this. I allude to the Egyptian potter, who, having a sufficiency of earthenware pots, lashes them together into a sort of raft decked with rushes, and calmly steers his strange craft to market, enjoying his "otium cum dignitatum." In the same way the gigantic wood-rafts of timber-producing countries are floated down to their destination bearing a whole village of huts, and having quite a population, the numerous crew taking their wives and children with them. As they pass various parts of the river where portions of the wood are consigned those parts are detached, until at length the raft, or what is left of it, reaches the last of its numerous ports.

Although many canoes of savage tribes are intended for sailing, it is difficult to find in them any means of offering lateral resistance and preventing leeway, with the exception of the flying proa, the construction of which has been alluded to. Keels, centreboards, and leeboards, all of which are intended to give lateral resistance, seem only to appear in craft constructed by civilised man. And some contrivance is absolutely necessary to prevent leeway, for a vessel deprived of these would only be able to sail with the wind and be incapable of beating to windward against it.

This indeed was the case even with large ships down to a comparatively recent date. It is not many years ago that large sea-going vessels had to wait weeks together for a favourable wind, their build being so unsuited for beating to windward that it would have been mere waste of time for their captains to put to sea until a fair wind arose. In the present day most sailing-vessels are so constructed as to be able to make at all events some way to windward against an adverse breeze, though, of course a square-rigged merchant-vessel, though a clipper amongst her own class, would do very little against a smart yacht or other fore-and-aft-rigged vessel, which on a dead beat to windward would soon leave her out of sight to leeward, as any fore-and-aft-rigged vessel can sail several points nearer to the wind than a square-rigged craft, and would thus gain on every tack, even if only going through the water at the same speed.

(To be continued.)

TWO HOURS WITH A TROWEL.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

PART II.

Our next tuft we find to consist of nothing but small lumps of hard, dry clay, so unpromising in appearance that we are more than half inclined to pass it by without examination. On shaking it, however, we are astonished to find that quite a little family of Pill-beetles had taken refuge within it, and are now lying motionless, with their legs and antennæ packed neatly away beneath their bodies, in the hope of escaping observation. One or two of these go into the collecting bottle to replace damaged specimens; the remainder are left to their own devices.

Clinging closely to the bark of the tree which has been left bare by the removal of the turf are several of the pretty little yellow-spotted *Dromius* beetles, which in the warmer seasons of the year are so plentiful beneath the bark itself. Crouching in a cranny, too, is a beautiful specimen of one of the larger ground-beetles, *Cychrus rostratus*, looking like a huge weevil, were it not for its long and straight antennæ. Two or three more pupæ, too, find their way into our pill-boxes, and when we transfer our attentions to a neighbouring elm we have already made a very fair number of captures.

Our first discovery here is a very curious one—viz., a kind of stag-beetle cemetery, quite a large collection of jaws, wing-cases, and legs being packed away in one of the angles formed by the roots. How they got there is a mystery, for the insects would hardly have arranged to die in company in a certain spot, and we can scarcely suppose that any marauding animal which had been preying upon them would so neatly have disposed of the portions which were too tough for his powers of digestion. And then, do animals eat stag-beetles? We have once seen a dog do so, but he howled grievously for a long time afterwards, and evidently would not have cared to repeat the experiment; and the hero of the present banquet, if banquet it has been, must have got through at least twenty of the beetles. So we are again puzzled, and are forced to give up our speculations in despair.

Insects are not quite so numerous here, but we bottle a specimen or two of the very pretty little *Pæderus littoralis*, with its blue wing-cases and scarlet thorax and abdomen. There is quite a cluster of woodlice, too, in one corner of the tree, and beneath a piece of projecting bark is an old spider's web, with the remains of various luckless creatures which have furnished the owner with a meal.

Just as we are leaving the tree we turn up rather a curiosity in the shape of a limp and sluggish newt, which must have travelled for a long distance before finding a retreat to his liking, for there is no pond within two or three hundred yards. We are rather puzzled to know what to do with him, but finally cover him carefully up beneath a sod, in the hope that he will manage to survive until the spring warmth rouses him once more into active life.

So quickly has time passed by that we shall only be able to devote a few minutes to the fence, and we therefore set to work at once, dragging back the grass and weeds from its base, but not stopping to shake the tufts as before. Scarcely have we worked over a yard of ground when we find cause to regret that our time is so limited, for insects, spiders, and centipedes in endless variety are clinging to the fence, or burrowing rapidly into the earth in order to escape from the unwelcome cold of the outer air. Beetles are especially numerous, and in some cases it is almost as much as we can do to examine them all and see that nothing of value is allowed to escape. For a quarter of an hour or so we are busily employed, and when at last we are obliged to desist from our labours, we do so with the firm intention of revisiting the meadow at an early opportunity, and working the entire length of the fence in earnest, a task which will oblige us to spend at least two more hours with the trowel.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

The Railway Dog.

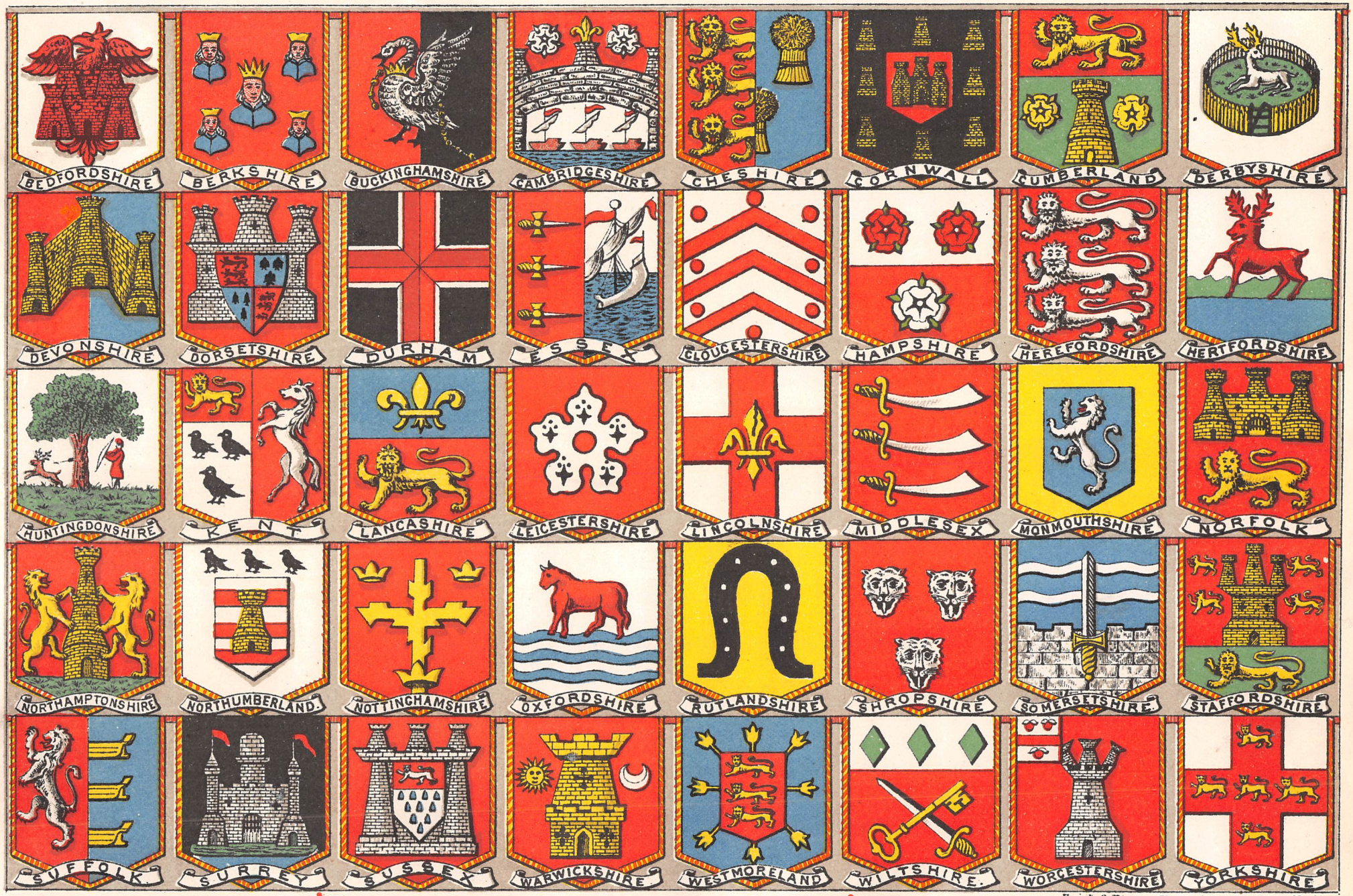
During a recent visit to Wolverhampton, "Help," the fine colley dog that collects funds for the orphans of railway men, and who has his headquarters at the chief offices of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, City Road, realised by his mute appeals the sum of £25 8s. 5d. The dog had collected over £200 for the orphans during the present year up to September.

"He's a Brick!"

Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us what is claimed to be the origin of this quaint and familiar expression, though we have heard other explanations, one at least of which has been referred to in our columns. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by Agesilaus over his capital. The ambassador knew that the monarch, though only nominally King of Sparta, was yet practically ruler of Greece, and he therefore expected to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the chief towns; but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire," he said, "I have visited most of thy principal towns, and find no walls reared for their defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show thee the walls of Sparta." On the following day the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army were drawn up in full battle array, and, pointing proudly to the serried host, he said, "There, sir, thou beholdest the wall of Sparta—10,000 men, *and every man a brick!*"

Boys' "Penny Dreadfuls."

Several correspondents have forwarded us within the last few weeks loose advertisement sheets of literary trash and garbage addressed to boys, which they had found between the leaves of their Boy's Own Paper. We thank them for thus communicating with us, but if they would really assist us to stop such pernicious practices we would ask them kindly to carry the matter a little further. Of course, as we have more than once explained, and as we should think must be obvious without any such explanation, all such advertisements are inserted by unscrupulous persons *after* the numbers or parts containing them have been purchased at our office in the ordinary way of business, and



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER.]

ARMS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

Emrik & Binger, Chromolith. 15 Holborn Viaduct
[56 PATERNOSTER ROW. E C. LONDON.

removed beyond our control. It is quite impossible, therefore, for us alone to stop the disreputable practice; it is but one of the many penalties we have to pay for our success; yet our readers may help us very materially. The mischief is clearly done either at the booksellers' who supply the complainants or at the wholesale agents' from whom these booksellers themselves obtain their supply. Hence, what we would ask is this: that wherever boys or their parents find such surreptitious insertions they should at once complain to the bookseller from whom they purchase. It will then be for the bookseller, if he is himself only a sufferer, to bring the complaint promptly before his wholesale agents; or if he does not like personally to do this, then to furnish us with their names in confidence, and we will soon bring such pressure to bear as is likely to prevent any repetition of the nuisance. Some time ago we were, thus aided, able to trace the offender, a foreman packer in a most respectable firm, who had been seduced by gifts of money privately to insert the obnoxious bills in all the BOY'S OWN PAPERS passing through his hands. We need scarcely say that there has been no further cause for complaint from the booksellers supplied by *that* firm! May we not solicit the help of all our friends in this matter?

REWARDS FOR HEROISM.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has just completed the investigation of an unusually large number of cases of saving life, principally in the United Kingdom, and has conferred rewards on seventy-nine persons who, in many cases under circumstances of great gallantry, rescued eighty-two others from drowning. A significant feature of the cases is that a considerable number resulted from accidents while bathing, and it is noticeable that many of the rescued were "unable to swim." Of the seventy-nine cases, medals have been conferred upon fifteen persons, one also receiving the clasp; forty-six received testimonials; and seventeen pecuniary rewards. The recipient of the clasp (who had previously received the medal) is Mr. F. J. Davis, second officer of the P. and O. Company's steamer Poonah, who on the 15th of July plunged into thirty feet of water in the Royal Albert Docks and rescued a lad named Pring. The plunge involved a long illness.

THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

(*See the Coloured Plate issued with Monthly Part.*)

THERE is a popular superstition that "England was first divided into counties by Alfred the Great." It would be difficult to find a statement further from the fact, as instead of the country being "divided into counties," it was the aggregation of the counties that formed the country, and this took place long prior to the days of good King Alfred. The counties are the representatives of the old independent kingdoms, the union of which gave us our modern England; those kingdoms, in short, which by another error are occasionally assumed to have been always seven in number and forming a heptarchy.

Kent, Sussex, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex, and Surrey are all ancient kingdoms, and Lincolnshire, or Lindesse, was at one time an independent State. In later times, however, when the country was complete and the divisions assumed the dimensions which they now retain, Strathclyde, Northumbria, East Anglia, Essex, Mercia, Wessex, and West Wales were the groups from which the shires immediately came. Durham and Northumberland were parts of the old Northumbria, and Westmoreland and Cumberland were formed out of Northumbria and Strathclyde. The fifteen shires of the Danish law were scattered over Northumbria, East Anglia, Mercia, and Essex. Northumbria yielded Yorkshire—subdivided into three ridings or trithings; East Anglia gave Norfolk and Suffolk; Essex gave Essex; Mercia gave Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Rutlandshire, Huntingdonshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire—the latter divided into three parts, Lindesey, Kesteven, and Holland, with the first of them, like the county of York, divided into three ridings; Cambridgeshire came from Mercia and East Anglia; Lancashire from Mercia and Northumbria; and Hertfordshire and Middlesex were parts of Mercia and Essex. The eight shires of the Mercian law lay entirely in Mercia, and were Cheshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire, the latter divided into sipesocns. The nine shires of the West Saxon law lay all in Wessex, and were Somersetshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Surrey—divided into rapes—and Kent or Cantescyre—divided into lathes or lests, yet again subdivided into vills. Cornwall was formed out of the West Saxon and Cornish kingdoms, and was itself divided into subsidiary shires. In all the Anglian counties the subdivisions are known as wapentakes, while in the rest they go by the name of hundreds, the hundred being the Old English hundred, one hundred and twenty—for such is the real meaning of the word—as still living in the long hundred and long ton of our country markets. Each hundred was supposed to contain a hundred and twenty families, and was subdivided into tithings or tenths, each of twelve families, the twelve families giving us the twelve good men and true who form the British jury.

Cornwall, as we have said, was divided into shires instead of hundreds, and there were many shires, some still existent and many non-existent, beyond the forty. Even the City of York was divided into ten shires, and modern Yorkshire includes the much older Borgheshire, Craveshire, Richmondshire, Kirbyshire, Riponshire, and Hallamshire, while Bedlingtonshire, Norhamshire, Allertonshire, and Islandshire in Durham, Hexhamshire in Northumberland, and Winchelcombeshire, absorbed by Gloucestershire, still crop up in official papers.

The distinguishing characteristics of the English race from the very earliest times, even in their old continental home, was their power of self-government. That which formed the parish, the manor, or the township in later times, was the village community, and in it the political and judicial organisation was complete. The townships formed the hundreds, the hundreds formed the county, but all were organised on the same lines. The township had its tungemot and tungerefa, just as the shire had its folkmot and the kingdom its witan. This was the earliest grouping—the old tun, whence came the name, was the homestead surrounded by a quickset hedge, inferior in defensive power to the more wealthy man's house begirt by mound and ditch, which in its name of burh gave us our present burgh and borough—but as years rolled on the ecclesiastical division or parish being in so many cases conterminous with the township, the secular name died out, the parish became the unit, and the vestry meeting succeeded the tungemot.

Before the coming of William the Norman each county had two officers, the earl and the sheriff, the earl being the representative of the county before it lost its independence, the sheriff being the representative of the king. The earl's authority was thus a constantly diminishing one, while the sheriff's surely increased. As representing the king, the sheriff began to hold his courts for the administration of justice, hence the "county courts," and the appeal from these to headquarters gave us the higher Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, now amalgamated into the High Court. The sheriff was also the financial representative of the Crown and levied the rates, and when representative government became officially recognised it was the sheriff who elected [illegible] knights of the shire. In the time of Henry VIII., however, the sheriff was deprived of much of his dignity and a new officer appointed, the Lord-Lieutenant, who now holds the command of the militia and yeomanry, keeps the records of the quarter sessions, is the head conservator of the peace, the direct representative of the sovereign, and occupies very much the position of the old earl, who represented his county's independence in the past.

The history of the counties is well shown in the arms, which, to the confusion of all the heralds, they persist in bearing. A county, say the heralds, is not a country, is not a corporation, is not a person, and cannot bear arms. But it does, and they continue to be publicly displayed on its official documents, buildings, and uniforms, and the heralds are in despair. Many of the shires have adopted the arms of the town from whence they take their name, and the town being an heraldic entity the heralds are therein satisfied. Others, on the contrary, have the old devices under which their people's forefathers marched to battle. Kent has the white horse of the Jutes, Essex the daggers of the East Saxons; others bear the arms of the old earls—Cheshire has the wheatsheaves of Earl Randle, Buckinghamshire the swan of the De Bohuns; others bear punning devices—Oxford has the ox treading the waters, Cambridge has the bridge and the boats. Of course Berkshire has the five heads and Nottingham the three crowns, and of course Hertford has its stag in the park, Derby its stag in the ring fence, and Huntingdon its stag being shot at under a tree in remembrance of famous Robin Hood, whom it claims as its earl. Cornwall has its eight castles, though its fifteen balls "one and all" would perhaps be more appropriate; Devon has the castle of Exeter, Surrey has the castle of Guildford; Rutland, Somerset, and Wilts have their well-known badges, while Bedford, Dorset, Durham, Gloucester, Leicester, Salop, Worcester, and York bear the arms of their county town.

The names of the forty are not easily remembered by every one. For the benefit of those in search of an "artificial guide to recollection" we give the three following astonishing hexameters from one of the memory books:—

Nor cum-dur; we la-york; che-de-not-linc;
shrop-sta-fe-rut norf;

Her-wo-wa-northa; bed-hunt-camb-suff;
mon-gl-oxfo-buck-hart-ess;

[illegible]ilt-berk-middlesex; corn-dev-dors-
[illegible]rrey-kent-suss.

m Nature.—Autumn in the Woods.

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By John Sachs

CHAPTER VI.

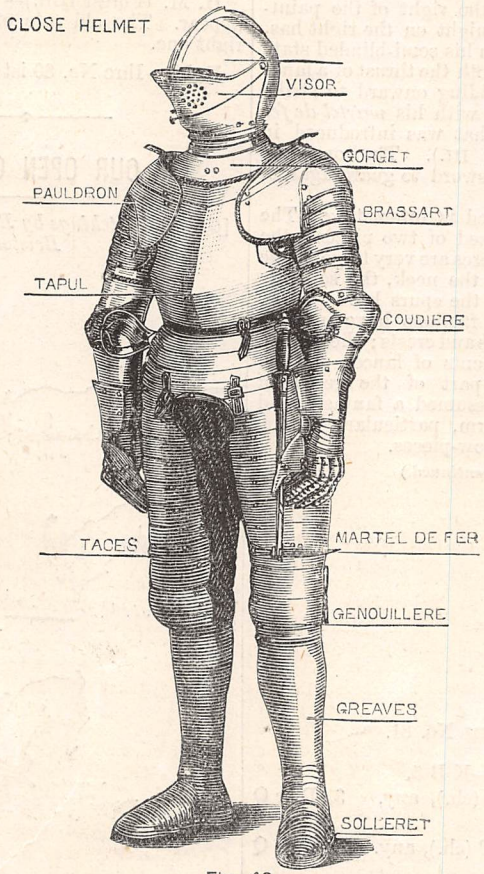


Fig. 40.

During the reign of Henry VI. the fashion of the salade as a helmet was adopted in this country. The word comes from "Celata," Italian, also German "Schale" or "shell." It was constructed of various patterns. The specimen we engrave (Fig. 32) is from one in the Tower of London. It is an iron cap that could be shut over the chief part of the face, a slit being pierced through the front for the sight. The back was long and curved, so that it could be thrown backwards and worn like a lady's bonnet when not wanted for actual warfare. Sometimes it was constructed without the eye-slit, and a visor and mentonnière or chin-piece was added. It was made very heavy for jousting, and of a thinner metal for archers. The lighter salades had also moveable plates behind constructed like the scales of a lobster's shell, so that the head could be moved backwards and forwards with facility. From Shakespeare's description it was used by the London troops.

In the second part of "King Henry VI." Jack Cade is supposed to soliloquise and pun to himself. "Wherefore, on a brick wall I have climbed into this garden—to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet (salade) another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a 'sallet' my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on."

We have used the word "visor," which we now explain. It was a moveable plate of steel that could be fitted to the helmet at will. When not wanted it was left at home, but in full uniform it was always worn. Its use was as a protective plate that could be shifted upwards for the purpose of refreshment. The poet Shakespeare uses the word "beaver" for the visor, from which we get our word beverage. In Hertfordshire the farmers still term their second breakfast beaver. The Ghost of Hamlet's father is described as having worn his "beaver up" (Act i. Scene 2); also in "Henry IV., Part I." (Act iv. Scene 1),

> "I saw young Harry,—with his 'beaver' on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
> Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury."

This word "beaver" has been confounded with the word "bavière." The terms mentonnière and bavière were both applied to a chin-piece that could be lowered for speaking and for fresh air. This protection was often adjusted to the salade and other helmets. Fig. 33 represents a

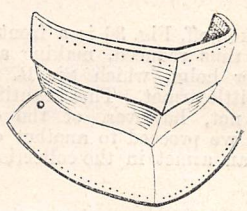


Fig. 33.

bavière or mentonnière as used in the latter part of the fifteenth century; also it can be seen "fitted" in Fig. 26 and Fig. 27. The lighter salades were often covered with velvet and the ornaments gilt. They were also pierced with holes for fixing plumes, wreaths, and mantling. Figured salades covered with velvet can be seen in the Tower of London.

The next helmet invented was the Armet. This term is a diminutive of the word "heaumet." According to the description given by the Baron de Cosson, "Before the invention of the armet all helms fitted on the top of the head, or were put right over it; but in the armet the lower part of the helmet opened out with hinges, so that when put on it enclosed the head, fitting closely round the lower part. It was thus neater, lighter, and more moveable, while its weight was borne by the gorget." It was used in France in 1472, but it does not appear on English monuments before the reign of Henry VIII. The armet appears in profusion in art work

Fig. 38.

from about the year 1500. We engrave a unique specimen of an armet that is now in the British Museum, but was formerly in the collection of Sir R. Meyrick. It is so constructed that it could be altered to the defence or sport required.

Fig. 34 is a profile view, Fig. 35 is the

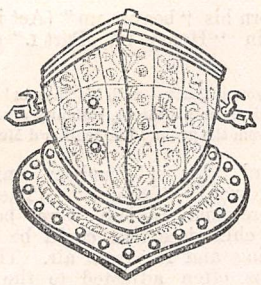


Fig. 35.

bavière taken off, Fig. 36 is a front view of the armet thus reduced, making a simpler and lighter helm, which Sir R. Meyrick terms the little armet. This beautiful specimen was not, however, of the orthodox shape, and we proceed to another example. Fig. 37 is an armet in the collection of the Baron de Cosson. Another, but without the visor, is in the Rotunda at Woolwich.

A realistic idea of the appearance of knights and their armour in battle can be well seen in the picture by Paolo Uccello, which work was painted A.D. 1416, and is now in the National Gallery. It represents the Battle of St. Egidio, and from it we engrave the group of figures on the right of the painting (Fig. 38). The knight on the right has, we suppose by luck, in his semi-blinded state successfully avoided both the thrust of a lance and a sword, and is riding onward to strike the knight on the left with his *martel de fer* (a pointed hammer that was introduced in the reign of Henry III.). The opposing knight has raised his sword to guard against the blow.

The armour depicted is interesting. The back plate is composed of two pieces; the roundels and genouillères are very large, passe guardes are added to the neck, the sollerets are still pointed, but the spurs have rowels. The knights of both factions have in their armets curious plumes and crests; the ground is strewn with fragments of lances, shields, etc. At the latter part of the reign of Richard III. armour assumed a fantastic and almost a grotesque form, particularly in the enormous fan-like elbow-pieces.

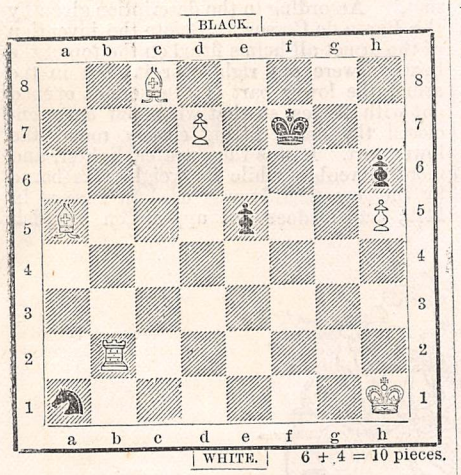
(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

(*Continued from page 46.*)

Problem No. 87.

By H. F. L. Meyer.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

This problem illustrates the greatest liberty of the Black King.

Solutions.

(*Continued from Vol. VI., page 718.*)

Problem No. 80.

1, R—R 6,
K × R. 2, Q × P, mate.
Kt × R. 2, Kt—R 5, mate.
Kt—B sq. 2, Q—B 6, mate.
Kt × P. 2, R—Kt 4, mate.
P × P. 2, Kt—Q 6, mate.
P—Q 7. 2, R—Q 2, mate.
P—K 4. 2, Q—Q 5, mate.

Problem No. 81.

1, Kt—K B 5,
B × Kt. 2, Q—K 6 (ch.), any. 3, B or Q mates.
K—K 5. 2, Q × K P (ch.), any. 3, Kt or Q mates.
K—B 3. 2, Q × B P (ch.), K × Kt. 3, Q—Q B 8, mate.
Kt—Q 6. 2, B—Kt 7 or Kt—B 6 (ch.), etc.

Problem No. 82.

1, Q—R 3,
K × R. 2, B—B 7, mate.
K—Kt 4. 2, Q—Kt 3, mate.
R—Kt 4. 2, Kt—K 3, mate.
R—Kt 5. 2, Q—Q 3, mate.
R—Kt 6. 2, Q × B P, mate.
R—R 2. 2, R × P, mate.
B × R. 2, B—K 2, mate.

In six of these seven variations the King is blocked by his own men, namely, in three cases by the one Rook, in one case by the other Rook, in three cases by the Bishop, and in one case by the R's Pawn.

Problem No. 83.

1, K—Q 6, B—B 5 (ch.). 2, K—B 6, K—K 4. 3, Q—R 8, mate.
K—K 6.
3, Q—K 4, mate.
K—B 5. 2, Q—B 6 (ch.), B—B 4 (ch.). 3, Q × B, mate.
K—Kt 5.
3, Q—R 4, mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. H. R. (Dudley.)—In No. 80 there is no mate after 1, Kt—B 5, Kt × R.

R. W. B. (Leicester.)—In No. 79 you have not given the best moves for Black. The very first rule in the "Chess Guide" (page 15) says that each player must endeavour to checkmate the adverse King.

H. M. (Bath.)—It is already known that No. 77 can be solved by 1, Kt—B 7 (ch.).

H. M. (Forest Hill.)—Your end-game will appear. The old rule of one Queen is the right one.

F. M.—Ihre No. 80 ist sehr gelobt worden.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

[*Original Etchings by R. Watson Councell, Bristol.*]

WRECK OF THE DUNBAR.

Mr. G. D. Harrison writes from Brisbane, Queensland, under date of August 20th: "I have read, with painful interest, the account of the wreck of the Dunbar at Sydney, which appeared in your issue of May last. It is very correct, with this exception—the 'Gap,' where she was wrecked, is on the south side of the entrance to Port Jackson, not on the *north* side, as the account states. I remember the occurrence well, as I was a resident in Sydney at that time. On the day following the disaster I went out to the scene of the wreck, and shall always vividly remember the painful sight of the mutilated bodies being dashed about by the breakers amongst the rocks at the foot of the cliff. To show how sudden and unexpected the occurrence was to the poor creatures on board, the body of one female was washed on shore with a piece

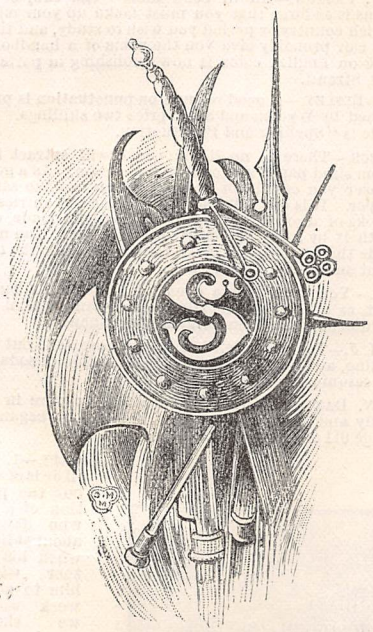
of unfinished crochet or needlework in her hand that she had evidently been engaged with.

"The gloom thrown over the city by the occurrence was intense, as so many well-known and respected old residents perished. The occasion of the interment of the bodies, and portions of bodies, recovered was one that I shall never forget, with all its tragic surroundings. The funeral procession took place in the evening, by torchlight, accompanied by a large number of people, every sign of mourning being exhibited, by the shops being closed, blinds down, colours half-mast high, etc. The bodies were interred in two large yawning graves in the Newtown Cemetery—now, the coffin of an adult, followed perhaps by that of a child—all taken promiscuously out of the hearses, in some cases without name on as being unidentifiable, the clergyman reading the funeral service over the whole; Johnson, the solitary survivor, standing by the side of the graves, and the surrounding people, with scarcely a dry eye amongst them. There was something very solemn and impressive in the sight, which would never be forgotten by those present.

"I do not think, unless it were the cases of the foundering of the steamer London in the Bay of Biscay, and the loss of the Royal Charter on the Welsh coast, there has ever been, with all its surroundings, a more heartrending case of shipwreck than that of the Dunbar."

Correspondence.

*** *Don't forget to order our Special* CHRISTMAS PART, *price 6d., to be had of all booksellers.*



STAMP COLLECTOR.—Stamps are specially printed, so that the marks of them, if not indelible, cannot be removed without discolouring the stamp. This is done to prevent fraud, and there is consequently no known way of taking inkstains out of stamps without injuring them.

JUMBO.—Heigho! Indian clubs, O Jumbo! are elongated dumb-bells. They are not insurance societies! You will find nothing in our articles about an Indian's "expectation of life," but you may discover a health-giving exercise for your policy-holders, and so we give the information you ask for. The articles on Indian Clubs were in the August and September parts for 1882.

B. C. G.—1. You need not attend personally to take out a patent. You can send the documents through the post. You generally apply for provisional protection, the advantage of which is that you gain experience in working, and do not bar your right to some foreign patents by publication. 2. You can file your final specification at once if you like, and take up your patent for four years.

AN EGG COLLECTOR.—1. Our plate of birds' eggs was issued with the part that began the articles. It was the part for May, 1880; the articles ran through the June and July parts. 2. With regard to self-education by "instructors," "educators," or "cyclopædias," we should say begin with the one that may be publishing at the time, take it in week by week, and completely master one number before you buy another.

O. U. P.—A hide when it is "green" will weigh about eighty-five pounds, but when it is dried or salted it will weigh only about thirty-three pounds.

OUR BUOYS.—They all mean something, of course. The way into harbour is between the lines of buoys; those on the starboard side as you go in are painted red, those on the port side black. A buoy with red-and-black horizontal stripes is always in the centre of a narrow channel, and the ship should be steered as close to it as possible. Red-and-black vertical stripes point out the ends of spits and reefs with channels on both sides of them. Red-and-black chequers point out a solitary rock or obstruction, with deep water all round. If you find a red-and-white chequered buoy near a black-and-white chequered buoy, the buoys point out two obstructions, and the red is on the starboard side of the channel between. A green buoy shows that a wreck has obstructed the channel; and when two green buoys are used, that with an even number is on the starboard side of the way in, that with an odd number on the port side.

A. L. A.—There is a "Magic Lantern Manual" published by Warne and Co. It costs a shilling.

H. BELL.—The West India Docks were opened in 1802, the London Docks in 1805.

J. B. P.—It is but a bootless quest. Trade names for patented articles do not always owe their derivation to dictionaries, but spring from the imaginative mind of the inventor, regardless of language or grammar. Sometimes they betray a sense of humour. Melbourne, for instance, gloried in a tailor who advertised his six sorts of trousers under the aboriginal-looking titles of "The Shoortophitnplese," "The Nobianatte," "The Kwithkik," "The Hasulikum," "The Cenzashun," and "The Kwithchise."

C. DOBSON.—1. Your best plan would be to go to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where you will see a series of cases on the first-floor each devoted to the bird, with its nest, eggs, young, etc. The fact of the nest being placed in position on the usual tree, with the proper surroundings, will teach you more in ten minutes than all the books in the world. 2. There are many other birds extinct in recent times besides the moa. New Zealand had a gigantic goose that has disappeared. You will find one of the skeletons at South Kensington. The dodo is also there.

ATLAS.—Such an atlas would cost a couple of guineas. Apply for list of atlases to Stanford, of Charing Cross; or Letts, Son, and Co., King William Street, London Bridge.

R. V. COULCHER.—Break the glue up into small pieces and put them into the pot until it is half full. Then pour in cold water until the pot is full to the brim, and leave the glue to soak for twelve hours or more. At the end of that time you will find the pieces of glue have absorbed nearly all the water, and swollen up so as to nearly fill the pot. Do not add any more water to the glue, but place the pot inside another pot, and heat it up in a water bath, such as a proper glue-pot.

ROUGEMONT.—The Duke of Wellington was born in 1769, and died in 1852.

PERCY SHEPPERD.—1. Shakspeare's "As You Like It" is dated 1600. 2. Ten pounds. 3. There is no difficulty; "the lowest score in a cricket match in a single innings made by a club" was 0.

LASCELLES.—All the monthly parts are in print for 1882 and 1883. You can get them through any bookseller, or direct from us.

PEGINNER.—Shilling books, teaching you how to play the concertina, are obtainable from all music shops and instrument sellers.

A. J. Y.—Go by all means, and when you get there never write to an editor and "expect a satisfactory reply." The Canadian Offices are at 9, Victoria Chambers, S.W.

WOULD-BE SCULPTOR.—You can get modelling clay from Brucciani, Russell Street, Covent Garden; or Doulton's Pottery, at Lambeth.

R. J. SYMONS.—We are unable to remember a book "that gives an insight into the cutting-out of trousers," but would suggest that an old pair taken to pieces would answer every purpose. In the event of one pair only being available, a modification of the Highland costume might be adopted for the nonce.

UNCLE ARTHUR.—Is it not rather "Wastlers"—the "Wandering Minstrels"—from "wastle," to wander? We do not know why the 17th of January is selected in Somersetshire for singing to the apple-trees.

IVANHOE.—A coloured plate of birds' eggs was in the part for May, 1880; a coloured plate of stamps is simply impossible, as a moment's thought would show you.

NIGGER.—There are no people that are really black. The deepest tint is a dark brown, and this is but a deeper shade of skin-colour which is found in all grades up to the pale buff of the Englishman. The freckles and spots which appear on some people are simply portions of the skin that have shaded down.

RADICAL.—The suggestion has been frequently made before, and declined. If you want to start a parliament among your friends or schoolfellows, do so, and it may succeed; but, carried on through a newspaper, it will certainly fail, unless perhaps the newspaper devotes itself entirely to it, and contains no other matter.

L. P. and AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—For lightning-paper dry a thousand grains of pure nitre at moderate heat, place it in a dry retort, pour on it ten drachms by measure of strong sulphuric acid, and distil it until six drachms of nitric acid have been passed into the receiver. Then mix in a glass five drachms of the nitric acid with an equal volume of strong sulphuric, and after the mixture is cold immerse in it some thin, dry, unsized paper, pressing it down with a glass rod, covering the vessel with a glass plate, and leaving it alone for a quarter of an hour. Lift the paper out with the glass rod, throw it into a bucket of water, and wash it until it fails to redden blue litmus. Dry very gently, and take the very greatest care all through, as the slightest slip or mistake may necessitate a doctor's bill, if not a coroner's inquest. Hence all such matters are best not dabbled in by amateurs.

F. RICHARDS.—The coloured model of the barque was given away with the September part for 1882.

ROBIN.—Inquiries made at the consular offices in London would put you on the right track. For list of consuls and their addresses see Whitaker's Almanack or the London Directory.

B. T. E.—1. The era of the Parsees is reckoned from the accession of Yezdajira, on June 16th, 632 A.D. They have twelve months of thirty days each, and give subsidiary days at the end of the year. 2. The Hindoos call this the fourth age of the earth, and reckon from February 18th, 3102 B.C. 3. Gautama (Sakya Muni), the founder of Buddhism, died 543 B.C. He was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar.

TIPPOO SAIB.—1. Mendelssohn died in 1847; his last piece was the "Night Song" (No. 6 of Op. 71). 2. Captain Marryat's books in order of date are—"Frank Mildmay," 1829; "King's Own," 1830; "Newton Forster," 1832; "Peter Simple," 1833; "Jacob Faithful" and "Pacha of Many Tales" in 1835; "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Pirate and Three Cutters," and "Midshipman Easy," all in 1836; "Snarleyow," 1837; "Phantom Ship," 1839; "Poor Jack" and "Olla Podrida" in 1840; "Masterman Ready" and "Joseph Rushbrook" in 1841; "Percival Keene" in 1842; "Monsieur Violet" in 1843; "Privateersman" and "Settlers in Canada" in 1844; "Scenes in Africa (The Mission)," 1845; "Little Savage" and "Children of the New Forest" in 1847; and "Valerie" in 1849. He also devised "The Signal Code of Flags," and published it in 1837; and wrote an "American Diary," issued in 1839. His life, by Florence Marryat, was published in 1872.

T. E. R.—1. The spirit is alcohol, with a little colouring. Mercury is best for high temperatures; spirit for low ones, as it is more difficult to freeze. 2. Fahrenheit made a freezing mixture to give the intensest cold he knew of, and that gave him his zero. Since his time our knowledge of the range of temperature has been greatly increased. 3. Both by pressure and temperature.

BELLS.—Dumb-bells should never exceed two pounds in weight. Exercises with the heavy bells, as they are called, are useless, and their place has been taken by the Indian club practice.

A. ASPAN.—Apply to the Cyclists' Touring Club, 139 and 140, Fleet Street. Information as to bicycle roads and routes is easiest obtained through their various representatives.

RIFLE.—Get a Whitaker's Almanac, and see the name of the governor of the prison in which you wish to obtain an appointment. We do not think, however, you have the slightest chance of success.

A LOVER OF THE SEA.—If you were to love the sea a little less, and its literature a little more, how much better it would be! Lord Nelson was shot on board the Victory, and if you go to Portsmouth you can see the ship and the place where he fell. You are the only "lover of the sea" we ever heard of that was unacquainted with this fact. What a privilege originality is, to be sure!

A. TAPSON.—Buy our fifth volume and read "The Thrones of the Ice King."

A MERCHANT TAYLOR'S BOY.—You can dye the flags with Judson's dyes, or with ordinary colours mixed with varnish, such as you use for magic-lantern slides.

DIOGENES.—1. Your science, like your name, is remarkably weak in the knees. "Astronermers," as you call them, are not so foolish as you imagine. The earth is in space, and the planets are in space, and the earth is "in the heavens" of the planets just as the planets are "in the heavens" of the earth. 2. If you wish to learn how to clubhaul a ship, buy Captain Burney's "Young Seaman's Manual," price 7s. 6d., from Messrs. Trübner and Co.

A. V. MCCLELLAND.—1. We never heard of the publication you name, and we never recommend or depreciate a competing periodical. 2. A dollar is roughly worth four shillings and twopence, but its exact value varies with the rate of exchange.

G. COMER.—You can get the "Giant Raft" in our third volume, or in the series of Jules Verne's works, published by Sampson Low and Co. at seven shillings and sixpence each.

C. F. H.—You can get clay for modelling from any of the Italian image shops; or from Brucciani, of Russell Street, Covent Garden; or Doulton's, of Lambeth.

NATURALIST.—You can get materials for bird-stuffing at Burton's, 191, Wardour Street, Oxford Street.

F. WILLIAMS.—1. Paraffin oil gives the greatest heat, but a spirit-lamp is generally used for small boilers. 2. You will find how to build plank models in the boat-building articles in our August, September, and October parts for 1882.

A FAT ONE will find half a dozen articles on training in the second volume. They began in No. 74, and were in July and August parts for 1880.

BLOCKHEAD.—1. Robert Burns was born in 1759, and died in 1796. 2. Metropolis is originally the city from which the measurements were made, then the seat of the Metropolitan or Archbishop, and now used as a general name for the capital of a country, district, or cluster of towns engaged in any particular trade.

CARNARVON.—1. Choir is pronounced quire. 2. All the paper is in print, but the number can only be obtained in the volume or part form.

G. M.—The best way to preserve birds' eggs is to blow them; in fact, no means of preserving them whole has yet been discovered. In our second volume we had a series of articles on eggs by the Rev. J. G. Wood.

H. J. RICHARDSON.—1. Take the number of innings, from it deduct the number of "not outs," and divide the total runs gained by the remainder. 2. Take the pads to pieces, wash them with soap and water and a little whiting, and make them up again. In other words, leave them alone.

GASPAR DISALO.—Maple back and Swiss pine front and sides is the usual arrangement. Wood for violins can be bought at Hill's, 72, Wardour Street, Leicester Square.

BIDDELL (Marlborough).—1. Leave the hazel stick in a dry, cool place until it is nearly dry. Then trim it and thoroughly sandpaper it, and give it a dressing of boiled linseed oil. When that has quite dried in give the stick a coat of French polish, and finish it with one or two coats of copal or hard spirit varnish. 2. No.

ST. MUNGO, JUNIOR.—See your back numbers for dumbbell exercises in "Athletic Training" and "Indian Clubs," and "Gymnastics;" for paint to stand fire in "Pottery Painting;" for softening bird-skins in "Boy's Own Museum." You can fix pencil drawings by giving them a coating of collodion, obtainable from any photographic-material shop.

ROUNDHEAD.—1. It is twelve o'clock at the first stroke of the large bell. The chimes are run through before the hour; the bell strokes, except the first, take place after it. 2. Clean with ammonia or vinegar.

BUB.—The use of "while" in the sense you quote is an archaism. Whether it is grammatical or not depends on the date of the grammar. Discontinue its use yourself, but do not despise, or correct, other people for using it.

W. B.—The recitation, "Curfew will not ring to-night," is by an American authoress. You will find it in Schaff and Gilman's "Library of Religious Poetry," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

AN ARTICLED PUPIL.—1. A very good black is made by mixing vegetable-black with gold-size until the mixture is of creamy consistency. Black japan is generally used. To properly ebonise wood boil a pound of logwood chips for an hour in half a gallon of water, and brush the hot liquor over the work to be stained; and when it is dry give it another warm coat. Then mix an ounce of green copperas in a quart of hot water, and brush it over the work as soon as the copperas is all dissolved. Let each coat dry thoroughly before you put on the next, but do not dry by the fire. Size before you begin to polish. 2. Fir poles are used for ladders, the spokes being generally of elm.

H. H. B.—1. Guides to the Wye Valley are published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Ward and Lock, etc., and are obtainable from most railway bookstalls. 2. Damp the wood on both sides, and dry gradually. 3. Buy your varnish ready-made. Mahogany varnish is made of four parts of gum sandarach, two of shellac, one of gum-benjamin, and two of Venice turpentine dissolved in spirits of wine, and coloured with dragon's blood.

A. CLARKE.—1. An able seaman in the Navy is paid one shilling and sevenpence per day. 2. Warrant officers are chosen from the ranks. 3. Apply to a post-office for Government pamphlet.

W. H M.—1. For books on shorthand apply to Mr. Pitman, Paternoster Row. 2. The book-keeping books recommended for the Chartered Accountants' examinations are Hamilton and Ball's, published by Clarendon Press; Gordon's, published by Wyman and Sons; and Crellin's, published by George Bell and Sons.

EARNEST ENQUIRER.—1. For appointments in the diplomatic service you must obtain a nomination before you are allowed to compete. Information you will get in any of the Civil Service Guides. Apply for guide to Stanford, of Charing Cross; or Warne, of Chandos House, Bedford Street, Strand. 2. You can get a two-shilling manual of precis-writing from same publishers. 3. It depends entirely on the peculiarities of the examiners.

SQUEAKER.—Water-colours are mixed with glue or gum when made into cakes, and a little glycerine is added when they are required in moist form. Hence when dry add glycerine.

S. B. M.—The first London Bridge was of wood. It was built in 1014. The second was of stone, built in 1209. New London Bridge, the present one, was begun in 1824.

YOUNG SEFTONIAN.—You can get any book from a first-class bookseller by ordering it. A reference to the London or English catalogues will tell him the editions and prices.

J. C. BODEN.—1. The stamps were Austrian and Danish. 2. The question was answered in No. 221. The weight of the earth in tons is estimated at *t*,426 and eighteen noughts after it.

A. SHORE.—The articles on "Fishing Tackle and how to make it" ran nearly all through the third volume.

J. W. CLARK.—We gave Kingsley's song of "Three Fishers went Sailing" in the March part for 1882. It can still be obtained at the published price.

ONE OF YOUR 1,000,000 CONSTANT READERS.—The "Daily News," "Daily Chronicle," "Pall Mall Gazette," and "Echo" are Liberal party papers; the "Standard," "Morning Post," "Morning Advertiser," "St. James's Gazette," "Globe," and "Evening News" are Conservative party papers. The "Standard" is now perhaps the most liberal of the Conservative papers, the "Pall Mall Gazette" was the most conservative of the Liberals, but has lately grown more radical. The "Daily Telegraph" claims to be Liberal, but the leaders of the party do not seem to acknowledge it. The "Times" claims to be above party; it supports whatever may be the existing Government, and endeavours to represent—the nation.

MACFARLANE.—Macleay's work on the Highland Clans was published by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, at eighteen guineas. McIan's work was published by Messrs. Ackerman, of Regent Street, at twenty pounds. Logan's "Scottish Gael" was published by Mackenzie, of Inverness. They are now out of print, so that you would probably have to give considerably more for them.

KOWARX.—For particulars of how to enter the Royal Naval Reserve apply at the Mercantile Marine Office near St. Katharine's Docks.

E. A. S. F.—The Institute of Civil Engineers is at 25, Great George Street, Westminster.

JUEZEZI MUEZZY.—You should get the third volume. There was a series entitled "Balloons and how to make them," which began on page 70.

C. T. C.—We never under any circumstances answer correspondents through the post, and the fact of your sending us a stamped envelope gives you no right or preference over hundreds of others who do not send us stamps. Your answer was crowded out. It was simply to the effect that we never impart information on medical or surgical subjects. Consult a doctor.

T. W. PATTON.—All in good time. The subject of coins is so large that you must make up your mind which country or period you wish to study, and then we can probably give you the name of a handbook. One on English coins is now publishing in parts at 170, Strand.

F. H. ELSLEY.—A good manual on punctuation is published by Wyman and Sons, price two shillings. Its title is "Spelling and Punctuation."

AMICUS.—There is no liquid which will extract ink from sized paper without leaving a stain. As a good eraser you could not do better than use fine sandpaper. It is not advisable to scratch out entries in books of account. If a mistake has been made, out with it by a transfer entry or a red line. You may hide the error your way, you will never hide the fact that an error has been there.

R. B.—You might get a good telescope secondhand; but, as a rule, the so-called second-hand optical instruments have been failures at first-hand.

E. M. J.—To clean a felt hat from grease, take out the lining, and wash the hat in a hot solution of soda, or of sesqui-carbonate of ammonia.

A. W. DARTON.—The Aquarium articles were in the July and August parts for 1880. They began on page 611 of the second volume.

NATURALIST.—Refer to the June part for 1882, with which we published a plate of all the British Birds, and identify yours for yourself.

L. A. KING.—"Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an old proverb, by some ascribed to Matthew Henry, the Commentator.

ABORIGINAL.—1. The game of knucklebones is prehistoric. 2. Write to the publisher. 3. We believe that Chambers's Encyclopædia can still be obtained in parts. Messrs. Cassell are now publishing a "Concise Cyclopædia" that may be useful to you.

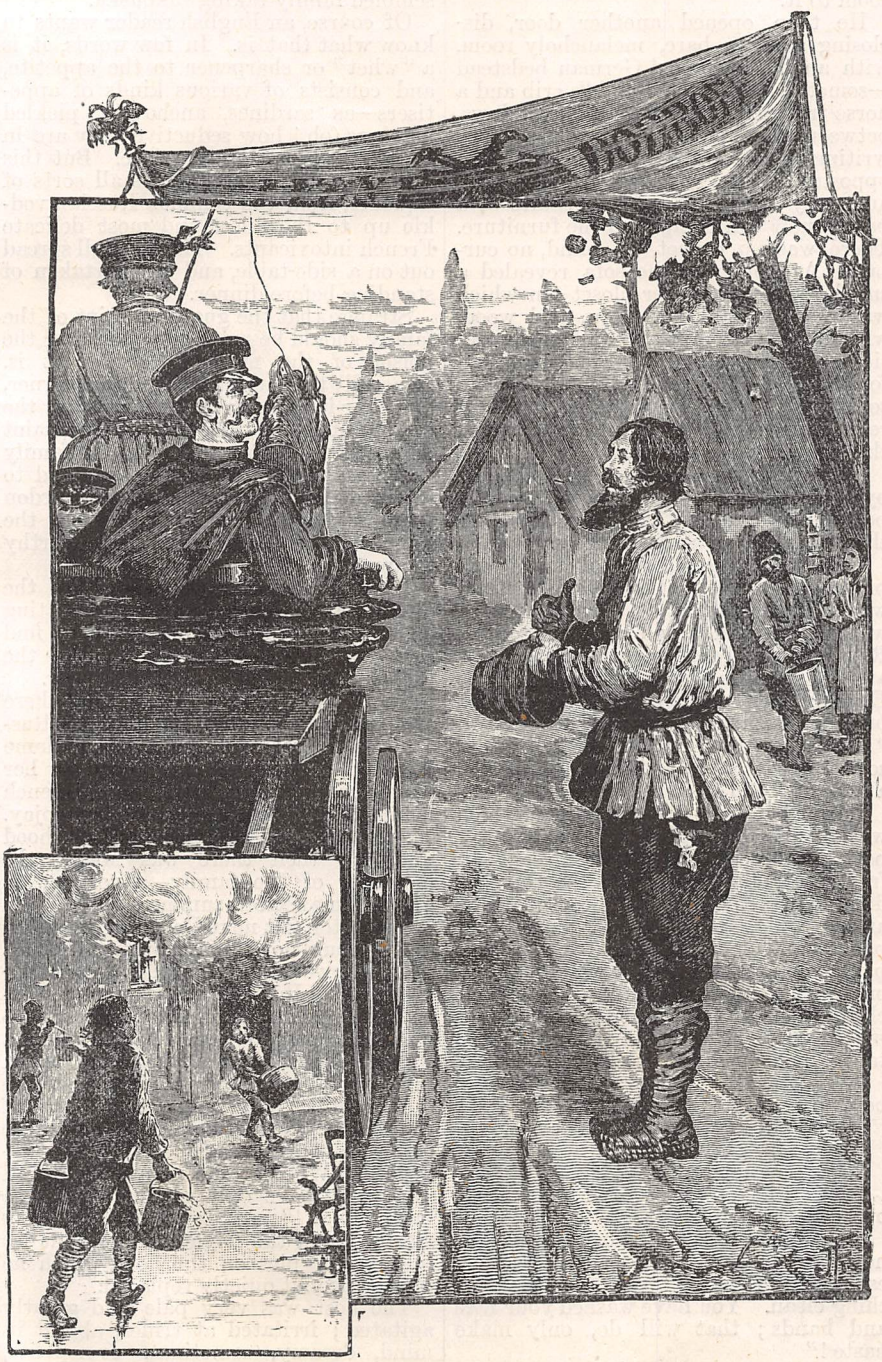
W. R. B.—Coat your drawings with collodion.

LOVETT.—1. Until he is of age; but the position of a lad who dawdles about at home when his father wishes him to go to work would, we should imagine, be so unpleasant that the lad would very soon tire of it. 2. Passports are certificates given by the representatives of the country that you are known to be a British subject and are travelling for the purposes specified. 3. Run errands; and the more he knows of figures and English the better.

E. S. ROBERTS.—A quarterly Navy List will give you the latest information. The lad must be under thirteen, and be nominated by a flag officer.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 306.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884. Price One Penny.



"A startling cry of 'Fire'!"

A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER I. (*continued.*)

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage arrived at Berozovo, and Tenterton was surprised to see no fences, no walls, nor any demarcations to show where the estate of Mr. Abrazoff began and where it ended. They drove at last between two upright stone pillars—or rather obelisks — much in decay, and overgrown with weeds and moss.

"There is the gate," said Paul Abrazoff.

"Where?" asked Edward, in surprise.

"Oh! there is nothing like what you would call a gate, you know; only those two obelisks mark the entrance to what may be called the 'Home Park.'"

Applying such a term to the wilderness around, from which the two obelisks made no severance of the portion which they were supposed to guard, seemed very ludicrous; but still Edward refrained from laughing, and was, in fact, all curiosity to know what was going to happen next in this queer place.

At last the carriage reached an odd sort of irregular building immediately *in front*—as Edward at first thought, though he afterwards found that it was *at the back*—of the great house itself, where he proposed to pass the rest of the

summer holidays teaching Paul English and reading our glorious classics with madame.

It was a long, low structure of wood, was the house itself, and the building before—or rather, behind it—was the stables. At each end of the house was a separate porch or entry, one being for the male inhabitants and friends of the master, and the other for the lady of the house, her friends and servants. Between the two doors were five tolerably high windows; above them and above the doors there was a number of small square ones, evidently giving light to very low rooms above. The other "front" of the house contained twelve large windows, the three centre ones opening on to a terrace, and being themselves arranged in a semicircle, formed something between a large bay-window and a summer-house.

As we have before observed, it was a "prasdnik," or holiday. All the servants and their families, therefore, who inhabited the outhouses—which formed one side of the immense courtyard, of which the great house formed another—came thronging round the carriage.

"Welcome, Nicolai Alexandrovitch!" resounded in every possible key, from the child of four years of age to the old man of fourscore winters. The gay colours of the picturesque dresses of the peasant-women, and the holiday air of the whole scene, greatly impressed Tenterton, who thought to himself, "Abrazoff can't be such a bad fellow after all."

At the top of the steps leading to the men's entrance stood Madame Abrazoff, to welcome her husband and his friends.

This was done in a very affecting and charming way. She first made the sign of the cross over his brow, then kissed him on the forehead and on each cheek, saying as she did so, "Slava Bogu" (Glory be to God). "I am so glad to see you safe!"

"Welcome to Berozovo, general. I trust you will make a long stay. Your old room is ready, and 'Vasca' is at your service to carry you whithersoever you like."

"I hope he will not carry me far from Ekaterina Petrovna! I shall not like that, I assure you," said the general, bending down with mediæval gallantry and raising the hand of the lady of the house to his lips, like a knight of the Middle Ages.

Indeed, the whole scene looked mediæval. The quaint court, the decaying walls of the stable, the number of retainers, their bright dresses—the unfamiliar appearance of everything, struck Edward Tenterton as though he had gone to sleep and had been rudely awakened three or four centuries or more ago.

After the welcome to her son—which was as solemn and touching as her reception of her husband, only perhaps a little warmer and not so formal—Madame Abrazoff turned to Edward, saying, "And this, I suppose, is Mr. Tenterton?"

"Beg pardon," said Abrazoff; "I ought to have presented him before. My wife speaks a little English, Mr. Tenterton, and will be glad to improve her knowledge under your guidance."

"Welcome to Berozovo," said madame, in English, and without the trace of any foreign accent. "We shall do our best to make you feel at home, though we cannot pretend to offer you English comfort."

The party now entered a very large room, the side of which occupied the whole of the side of the house. Along the wall were seven large windows, and at the front end, and at the back end, were four windows respectively. It had two doors, one leading to the drawing-room, library, and boudoir of madame; and the other to the entrance-hall, where she received the party.

"Now take Mr. Tenterton upstairs to his rooms, and then come both of you down to dinner as soon as possible."

Paul led the way up a rickety little flight of stairs to the floor which was lighted by the small windows we have noticed at the back of the house. They found a long corridor, with many doors in it, one of which Paul opened, exclaiming, "This is mine; yours is the next room to it."

He then opened another door, disclosing a large, bare, melancholy room, with an old-fashioned German bedstead—something between a child's crib and a horse-trough. There were two windows, between which stood a very old, rickety writing-table. On the side of the room opposite to the bed was an ancient and very dirty sofa. Three chairs of a past generation completed the furniture. There was no carpet, no blind, no curtain. A door near the sofa revealed a small room—or rather closet—in which was a dirty table of plain deal wood, without any attempt at paint or decoration. On this stood a large *brass* basin for washing, and to a hook hung a clean towel. There was a huge press, or wardrobe, in this little room which occupied the greater part of the area.

A servant now appeared, who, assisted by a moujik, brought up Tenterton's portmanteau, which they placed before the writing-table and withdrew.

Tenterton flung off his jacket, and was proceeding to disrobe himself still further, when Paul looked in at the door to ask whether he had any soap. Visitors in Russia generally come supplied with this article. On hearing of this defect in the Englishman's outfit Paul disappeared, but soon returned, bidding Tenterton to "Look sharp, for the dinner-bell would sound presently," and presented him with a cake of "Old Brown Windsor."

Edward opened his portmanteau, which was of superior English make. The lower part contained his clothes—dress-coat, frock-coat, etc., etc.—while the top was filled with linen and lighter matters, among which were several packets of papers and documents, and many loose papers besides. These he carefully placed on the writing-table while he took out clean linen, for the dinner. He had just placed the last of these papers on the table when the dinner-bell rang!

"What shall I do now? I shall never be ready in time! How provoking!"

Here Paul knocked at the door.

"Come in, pray."

"Are you not ready yet?"

"No; I haven't even got my dress-coat out, and the bell has just rung!"

"That's the first bell. Look sharp! We never dine in evening dress in Russia, especially in the country. Put on anything clean. You have washed your face and hands; that will do, only make haste!"

Tenterton obeyed. He put on the "clean things," then threw on a frock-coat, and had just buttoned it when the second bell sounded.

"What a bore! I can't leave these papers out, and there's no time to put them away."

Here he observed that the old writing-table possessed a drawer. Quick as thought, he tugged at the handles, and pulled so hard that it came open, although it had evidently been locked before. Into this drawer he now swept all his valuable papers, never noticing that there were some in the drawer already.

"Now then, Mr. Tenterton!" cried Paul. "Look alive! The soup will be cold, and then I shall catch it for not being down in time."

The papers being thrust into the drawer, and the frock-coat being buttoned in all haste, the two youths hastily descended the stairs, and found the assembled family taking zakouska.

Of course, an English reader wants to know what that is. In few words, it is a "whet" or sharpener to the appetite, and consists of various kinds of appetisers—as sardines, anchovies, pickled herrings (oh! how seductive they are in Russia!), cheese, and caviare. But this is not all. There are besides all sorts of liqueurs, from the common Russian vodkie up to the finest and most delicate French intoxicants. These are all spread out on a side-table, and are partaken of standing before dinner.

Strange that the guardian saint of the family should be made to watch over the poison of the nation! Yet so it is. Generally this table is placed in a corner, and over it, cutting off the corner, is the picture of the household deity—the saint upon whose day the father of the family was born—the saint who is supposed to intercede for him, and to obtain pardon for his sins of that Being whom the humble Russian thinks himself unworthy to approach!

Well, Tenterton and Paul reached the dining-hall just as the guests were sitting down, and Tenterton was amused to find that the ladies sat at one end of the table and the gentlemen at the other.

There was quite a party—as there always is in the houses of wealthy Russian proprietors. There were Madame Abrazoff, and three governesses for her daughter—a German fräulein, a French mademoiselle, and a Russian gospojay. There was a lady of the neighbourhood visiting; then there was Marie, the daughter of the family—a very sweet girl of some sixteen summers.

Tenterton sat next General Zakoffsky, and he could not help remarking that his Excellency—every general is "your Excellency" in Russia—was very much preoccupied, and answered at random to questions put to him. Thus, when a servant, handing him the soup, asked him which kind of pirog (little pies like sausage-rolls, only not a tenth part of the size) he would like with his sctchee (cabbage soup), he replied, "Olga Ivanovna!" Whereat the man smiled, and said, "We have only egg and cabbage, but no Olga!" At which his Excellency frowned, and the frightened servant let fall sundry pies on the floor, which he picked up and quietly replaced.

The host was very pale and greatly agitated; irritated at trifles, absent in mind, dreamy, sometimes over-polite, sometimes downright rude.

"Nervous man, evidently," thought Tenterton. "I pity his wife!"

Glass after glass of costly wine did he swallow, and as the dinner progressed, and riabchicks (a sort of very plump partridge) were served, he drank freely, but still seemed unable to banish the annoyance which evidently oppressed him.

"Nice family!" thought Tenterton. "Head of it evidently a drunkard, or else he has something on his mind which he tries to drown. Well, it is not *my* business. The boy seems a decent fellow, mother very kind, and daughter charming. After all, things might be worse, and I hope I may be of use to the boy, that's all."

After dinner Paul and his mother invited Tenterton to take a stroll in the "ornamental part of the grounds," as they termed it. They took him quite round the house, and showed him how it was built of wood, like the huts of the peasants, only that the horizontal logs were defended from the action of the weather without by boards and planks nailed over them, while inside the same kind of boards were nailed over the logs to present a smooth, even wall-surface to the interior, which could be handsomely decorated and papered.

While they were examining the house in this critical manner, Abrazoff and the general approached.

"Are you teaching Mr. Tenterton how to build a Russian house, Katinka?" (A pet name for Ekaterina—Catherine.)

"I don't know myself, Kollie [short for Nicolai] how to do it; but I dare say the English understand building as well as we do."

"They don't use iron roofs," said Abrazoff; "we always do. See how pretty that roof of mine looks, painted as it is of so bright and fresh a green! There is nothing like it in England!"

"Wouldn't that house of yours burn down rapidly?" said Tenterton.

Abrazoff started. "Who told you it would burn?" he asked, with rude abruptness.

"Nobody told me; I can see it myself. The wood is old and dry, a spark would set the whole ablaze; and you Russians are always smoking, which, in such a house as this, I should think almost suicidal. Fancy such a house burning, and the great red-hot iron roof falling on the crushing embers! Horrible!"

Abrazoff had been about to interrupt this speech, but as the young Englishman continued he turned ghastly pale, and abruptly walked away.

The general gave Tenterton a look which the young man did not comprehend, although it was evidently meant to convey something. He then left him to the ladies and Paul.

Coffee—delicious *café noir*, without which a man has not dined in Russia—was served in the bay window of the drawing-room. Then there was a long chat about the state of the peasants, and about the good-fortune which Simeon Ilitch, the priest of Ozoonovo, had recently enjoyed, having now a regular income, though nobody knew from what source; only whispers went that a little orphan boy whom he had taken care of had "brought him luck."

At this, too, Abrazoff seemed excited.

"Queer fish to let every little thing affect him," thought Tenterton; and he added, under his breath, "Is he cracked?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Madame Abrazoff, who had caught the remark; "the priests are often like that."

Tenterton did not ask, "Like what?" but as soon as tea was over retired to his room, and, without unpacking his trunk any further, undressed and went to bed.

He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awoke by a terrible noise of crackling of timber, a fearful smell of burning wood, and a startling cry of "Posjarr! Posjarr!" ("Fire! Fire!")

Hurriedly he started from his bed. It was daylight, and as he threw on his clothes the hissing, roaring, cracking, and smell of burning wood increased every moment. He hastened to his portmanteau, which was still lying open, and, congratulating himself on not having unpacked it, thrust hastily such articles of linen and other matters as he had taken out all into the lower part, or bottom of the box.

Suddenly he remembered his papers! They were very important to him; so, hesitating but for a moment, he dashed at the drawer.

It was difficult to open it, as it fitted very tightly, and thus some valuable time was lost before he got it out. Then he turned the drawer upside down over the portmanteau to secure the safety of every scrap of paper, flung the drawer away, locked his portmanteau, strapped it securely, and dragged it to the door, when the intendant, or steward of the household, burst in with the words, "Posjarr! Posjarr! Save yourself!"

"Help me down with this *tchemodan*," said Tenterton.

The man only understood the word "tchemodan" (trunk), but that was enough. He good-naturedly caught hold of the portmanteau with one hand while Tenterton seized it with the other. In a few moments they were safe in the court, with the trunk between them.

The lurid glare from the burning house strove with the red beams of the summer dawn as to which should tinge the sky of the deeper hue. The cry was taken up by all the host of servants. "Posjarr!" resounded far and wide. It reached the village of Ozoonovo, where again it was re-echoed by the peasantry, and the harsh, guttural tones of the word seemed to acquire fresh and more horrid meaning in repetition, as voice answered to voice, "Posjarr! Posjarr!"

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—IN CAMP.

The subject of the conversation was not very agreeable to the young engineer. He scarcely liked to hear such imputations on the honour of the man whom he persisted in regarding as his future father-in-law. And so he came to consider Vandergaart's statements as merely the pleadings in his lawsuit, and therefore liable to considerable alteration when compared with those of the other side.

Watkins, to whom he one day spoke on the subject, burst into a shout of laughter, and as his only reply tapped his head with his finger, thereby intimating that Vandergaart was simply mad.

Was it not possible that the old man, under the excitement of the discovery of the mine, had imagined that it was his property on insufficient evidence? The Court had evidently decided against him all through, and it would be very strange had they no cause for doing so. And so Cyprien continued his visits to Watkins Farm, although he knew what Vandergaart thought of its owner.

There was another man in the camp with whom Cyprien was on visiting terms. This was Mathys Pretorius, a name well known to all Griqualand miners.

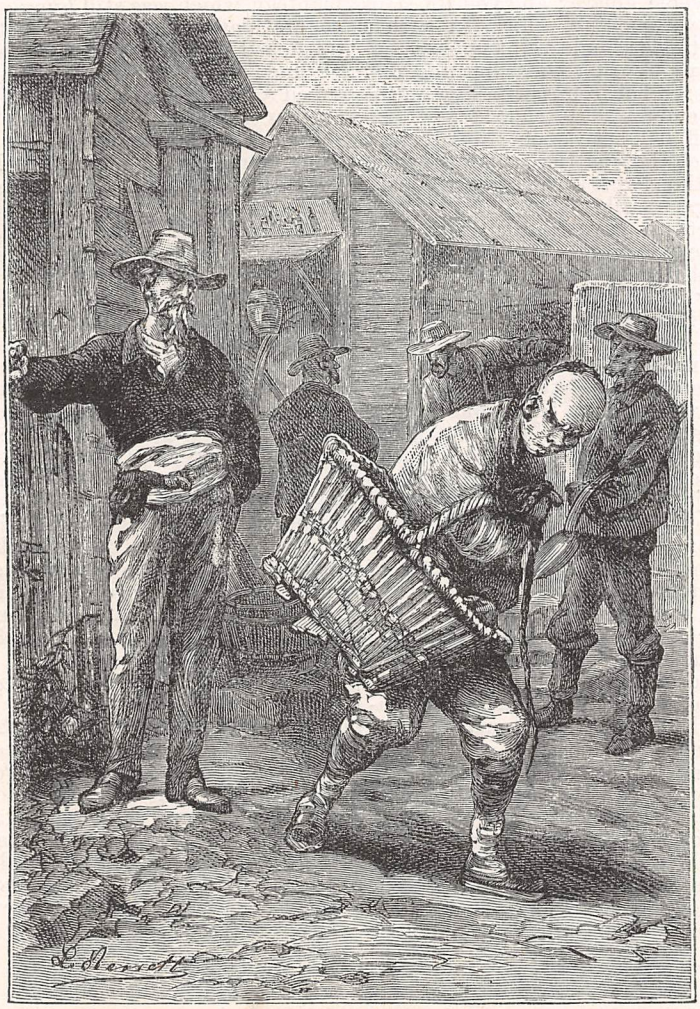
Although only forty years old, Pretorius had for many years roamed about the great valley of the Orange before settling here. But this nomadic existence had not, as in Vandergaart's case, had the effect of souring him. On the contrary, he had grown good-humoured, and so fat that he could scarcely walk. He was just like an elephant.

At home he was nearly always seated in a huge wooden chair, built specially to support his majestic form. Abroad he never went except in a carriage made of wickerwork, and drawn by a gigantic ostrich. The ease with which the bird drew the huge mass after him was a striking demonstration of his muscular power.

Mathys Pretorius always came to the camp to arrange about the sale of his vegetables. He was very popular, although his popularity, being due to his extreme cowardice, was scarcely an en-

viable one. The miners amused themselves by endeavouring to frighten him with all sorts of fantastic rumours.

One day they would tell him of an inroad of the Basutos or the Zulus; another they would pretend to read in a newspaper that an Act had been passed making it punishable for a man to weigh more than three hundred pounds; another they would declare that a mad dog had been reported on the Driesfontein road; and poor Pretorius, who was obliged to take that road home, would find a thousand excuses for remaining in camp.



"On their way to the wash."

But these imaginary alarms were nothing to his actual terror lest a diamond mine should be discovered on his estate. A horrible picture of the future presented itself to him—avaricious men invading his kitchen garden, upsetting his vegetable borders, and ending by turning him out and taking possession! For how could he help thinking that the fate of Jacobus Vandergaart would be his?

One of his most relentless persecutors was Annibale Pantalacci. This mischievous Italian—who seemed to prosper exceedingly, judging from his employing three Kaffirs on his claim, and sporting an enormous diamond on his shirt-front—had discovered the Boer's weakness, and at least once a week made it his business to go digging and pecking near Pretorius Farm. The farm lay along the left bank of the Vaal, about two miles above the camp, and consisted of alluvial land that might be diamantiferous, though nothing as yet had shown that it was so.

Pantalacci, entering thoroughly into the spirit of his cumbrous joke, would place himself full in view of the windows of the farm, often bringing with him a few companions to assist in the comedy. The portly farmer would be seen dodging behind his cotton curtains, anxiously following all their gestures, ready to rush to the stable, hitch on his ostrich, and be off at the first sign of their success.

Why had he been foolish enough to tell one of his friends that he kept his ostrich harnessed night and day, and his carriage packed with provisions, ready to start at the first unmistakable symptom of invasion?

"I shall go up amongst the Bushmen, to the north of the Limpopo," he said. "Ten years ago I traded ivory with them, and I would a hundred times rather do that than remain amongst such a lot of lions and jackals as we have here!"

And the confidant—as is the custom of confidants — immediately hastened to make the confidences public, and Pantalacci seized on the opportunity, to the great amusement of the miners.

Another constant victim of the same facetious individual was the Chinaman Li. Li had settled at Vandergaart Kopje, and opened a laundry. The mysterious red box contained nothing but brushes, soda, soap, and washing-blue. Such was all that an intelligent Chinaman required to make his fortune with in this country.

Cyprien could hardly help laughing when he met the ever-silent and uncommunicative Li carrying a large basketful of dirty clothes on their way to the wash. But what angered him was that Pantalacci's persecution of the unfortunate Celestial was absolutely cruel. He threw bottles of ink among the linen, stretched cords across the doorway so that Li tumbled over them, stuck him to his seat by a knife in the tail of his blouse, etc. Whenever he got a chance he would give him a sly kick, and call him a "pagan hound," and this he did invariably when he paid his weekly bill. Never was his washing done as he wished, although Li got it up most marvellously. For the least false fold he would fly into a most frightful rage and thrash the unhappy Chinee as if he were his slave.

Such were the ordinary "amusements" of the camp. Occasionally, however, they partook of a more tragic character. If, for instance, it happened that a negro employed in one of the mines was accused of stealing a diamond, the whole population turned out to escort him to the magistrate, and urge him along with their clenched fists. But the crime of receiving was held in greater detestation than that of stealing.

Ward, the Yankee, who arrived in Griqualand at the same time as the young engineer, had some cruel experience of the consequence of buying diamonds from Kaffirs. By law, a Kaffir on the works is not allowed to possess diamonds, or to buy a claim, or work on his own account.

No sooner was it known what the Yankee had done than an excited crowd rushed to Ward's canteen, sacked it from top to bottom, set it on fire, and would have hanged the proprietor on the gallows that willing hands were preparing, had not a dozen of the mounted police opportunely arrived and marched him off to prison.

And such scenes of violence were frequent amongst this very mixed and half-savage population. Men of every race jostled each other in the incongruous crowd. The thirst for gold, the drunkenness, the torrid climate, the disappointments, and the dissipation combined to set their brains ablaze. Had all been lucky in their digging they would perhaps have been quieter and more patient. But for the one or two to whom the chance would come of finding a stone of great value there were hundreds who barely vegetated—who scarcely earned enough to keep themselves alive, even if they did not fall into absolute penury.

This Cyprien soon began to see, and he was asking himself if it were worth while or not to continue so unremunerative a trade when an opportunity offered for him to change his plan of operations.

One morning he found himself face to face with a dozen Kaffirs, who had arrived in camp in search of work. These men had come from the distant mountains that divide Kaffirland, properly so called, from the Basutos. For more than four hundred and fifty miles they had travelled in Indian file along the bank of the Orange, living on what they found on their way—roots, berries, and locusts. They were in a state of semi-starvation,

and looked more like skeletons than living beings. With their emaciated limbs, long naked bodies, parchment-like skins, bony sides, and hollow cheeks, they seemed more likely to devour a beef-steak of human flesh than to do a day's work. No one offered to engage them, and they remained squatted by the side of the road, helpless, gloomy, and brutalised by misery and want.

Cyprien was much affected at their appearance, and took pity on them. He motioned them to wait a little, and then went off to the hotel, where he ordered a large potful of boiled maize-flour and some tins of preserved meat to be sent out, and then returned to amuse himself at seeing them enjoy these unaccustomed luxuries.

One would have thought they were shipwrecked sailors rescued from a raft after a fortnight's fasting. They ate so much that for their health's sake they had to be stopped to prevent their suffocation. Only one—the youngest and best-looking of the group—showed any signs of self-restraint, and—what was a still rarer thing for a Kaffir—he even went so far as to thank his benefactor. He stepped up to Cyprien, seized his hand, and solemnly passed it over his woolly head.

"What is your name?" asked Cyprien.

The Kaffir, understanding a few words of English, replied, "Mataki."

Cyprien liked his straightforward look, and conceived the idea of engaging him to work on his claim.

"After all," he said to himself, "it is what everybody does in these parts. Better for the Kaffir that he should have me for his master instead of some Pantalacci." And so—"Well, Mataki, you are looking for work, are you?"

The Kaffir nodded.

"Will you work for me? I will board you, find you in tools, and give you a pound a month."

Such was the customary rate, and Cyprien knew that he could not offer more without raising the whole camp against him. But he intended to make up the very poor pay with gifts of clothes, cooking utensils, and other things.

As his only reply, Mataki smiled, showed his white teeth, and again laid his protector's hand on his head.

The contract was signed.

Cyprien took him to his tent and gave him a flannel shirt, a pair of cotton trousers, and an old hat. Mataki could hardly believe his eyes. To see himself thus splendidly arrayed as soon as he arrived in camp surpassed his dreams. He knew not how to express his gratitude or his joy. He jumped and capered and laughed and cried again and again.

At the end of a week Mataki had picked up so many words that he was able to make himself understood, and Cyprien learnt his history. He did not know the name of the country where he was born, but it was in the mountains, towards the sun-rising. All he could say about it was that he was very miserable, and, like many other warriors of his tribe, to make his fortune he had come to the Diamond Fields.

What did he hope to gain? A red cloak and ten times ten pieces of silver! For the Kaffirs hate gold pieces, their prejudice against them being due to their having been used by the first European traders.

And what did Mataki, the ambitious, think of doing with these pieces of silver?

His intention was to get a red cloak, a gun, and ammunition, and then to return to his kraal. There he would buy a wife, who would work for him, take care of his cow, and cultivate his mealie-field. Then would he become a great chief. Every one would envy his gun and his good fortune, and he would die full of years and respected. Nothing could be simpler.

Cyprien remained deep in thought after hearing the simple programme. Could he change it; enlarge the poor savage's horizon, and show him a better object in life than a red cloak and a shot gun? Or should he leave him in his ignorance and let him return to his kraal in peace, and live the life he hoped for? A serious question, which the engineer dared not solve, but which Mataki did for himself.

For as soon as the Kaffir had picked up sufficient of the language to make himself understood, he betrayed an extraordinary thirst for information. His questions were incessant; he wished to know everything—the name of each object, its use, and its origin. Then he devoted himself to reading, writing, and to ciphering. In short, his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. And Cyprien encouraged him, and every evening gave him an hour's lesson to help him on the road he had chosen.

Miss Watkins was also interested in his unusual eagerness, and undertook to give him lessons. And these the young Kaffir would repeat to himself as he worked at the bottom of the claim, dealing mighty strokes with the pickaxe below, drawing the buckets up above, or sorting out the pebbles at the sieves. So well did he work that his example was contagious, and the men on the neighbouring claims made far more progress than they had ever done before.

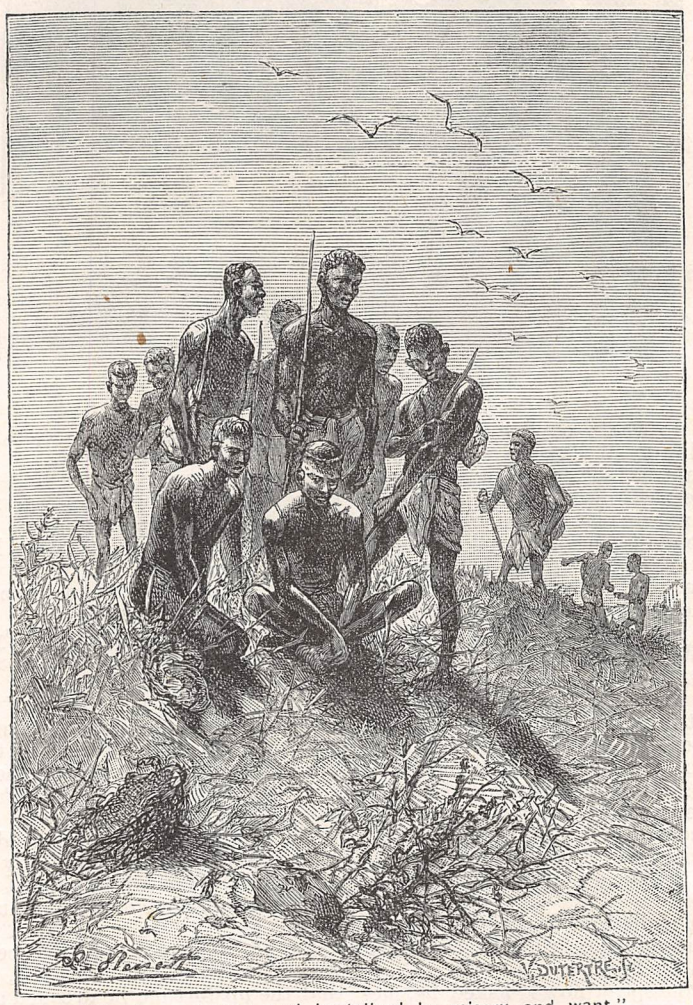
On Mataki's recommendation, Cyprien engaged another Kaffir of the same tribe, whose name was Bardik, and his zeal and intelligence were equally appreciated.

Soon after Bardik's engagement, Cyprien had his first good find, a seven-carat stone, which he at once sold to Nathan the broker for twenty pounds. This was promising, and a miner who was only on the look-out for reasonable wages would have been content—but Cyprien was not.

"If I stay here for two or three months at this rate," he said to himself, "shall I be any better off? It is not one seven-carat stone that I want, but a thousand or two, or else Miss Watkins will be handed over to James Hilton, or some other worthless fellow."

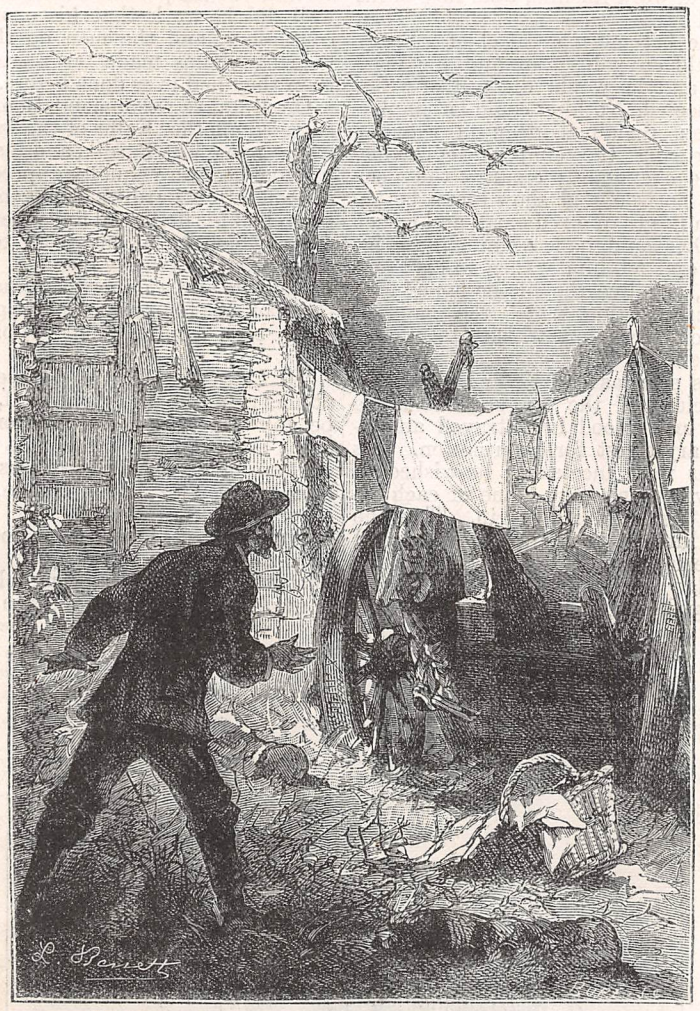
Thus thought Cyprien as he returned to the kopje one sultry, dusty day—the dust that reddish, blinding cloud that hangs like a pall over the site of a diamond mine. Suddenly he stopped and stepped back horror-struck at what he saw in the yard of one of the isolated huts.

A man was hanging from the pole of



"Helpless, gloomy, and brutalised by misery and want."

an ox-cart, which had been drawn up by the wall. The body hung like a plummet against a background of snowy white linen—motionless, lifeless, with the feet



'A man was hanging from the pole of an ox-cart."

stretched to the ground, and the arms dropped limply at its side.

Cyprien was for a moment aghast. But as he recognised the Chinaman Li, hanging by the pigtail, which had been hitched round his neck, his astonishment gave way to pity. He did not hesitate very long. He sprang to the pole, caught the body in his arms, and cut the tail with his pocket-knife. That done, he carefully laid his burden in the shadow of the hut.

It was time. Li was not quite cold. His heart beat feebly, but still it did beat. Soon he opened his eyes, and, strange to relate, seemed to come to his senses as soon as he saw the light. His impassible face betrayed neither fear nor astonishment at emerging from so horrible a trial. He seemed as though he had been awakened from some gentle sleep.

Cyprien made him drink a few drops of vinegar-and-water that he happened to have in his flask.

"Can you speak now?" asked he, mechanically, forgetting that Li could not understand him.

Li, however, gave an affirmative nod.

"Who hanged you, then?"

"I did," replied the Chinaman, as if he had said the most natural thing in the world.

"You? You were committing suicide, then, you scoundrel! And why?"

"Li was too warm! Li was tired of it!" replied the Celestial.

And then he shut his eyes, as if to escape further questioning.

It now struck Cyprien for the first time that the Chinaman was not supposed to know the language.

"You speak English?" asked he.

"Yes," answered Li, lifting his eyelids, or rather the two oblique buttonholes alongside his nose.

The look he gave reminded Cyprien of that ironical glance which had surprised him on the coach to Kimberley.

"Your reasons are absurd!" he said, severely. "People do not commit suicide because the weather is too hot! Speak seriously. There is something in all this, I know. Has that Pantalacci being doing anything to you?"

The Chinaman bowed his head.

"He threatened to cut off my pigtail," said he, in a low voice, "and I am sure that he would have done so in an hour or two."

At the same moment Li perceived the very pigtail in Cyprien's hand, and saw that the misfortune he dreaded above all things had come to pass.

"Oh! sir! what! you! 'You cut it!" he screamed in terror.

"It was necessary to do so to prevent your being strangled," said Cyprien; "but it is of no consequence to you in this place. Be calm!"

The Chinaman seemed so broken-hearted at the amputation that Cyprien, fearing he might make another attempt on his life, took him along with him.

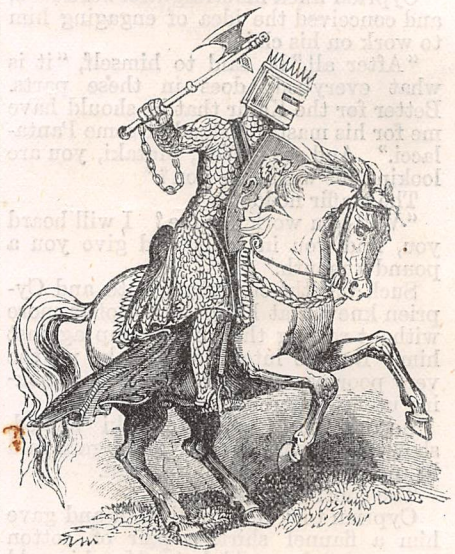
Li followed without a word, sat down near his rescuer, listened to his reprimands, promised never to renew the attempt, and, under the influence of a cup of hot tea, even favoured him with some scraps of his biography.

He was a native of Canton, and had been brought up in an English commercial house. From Canton he had gone to Ceylon, thence to Australia, and thence to South Africa. Fortune had never smiled on him. The laundry trade had been as unprofitable as the twenty other trades he had tried his hands at. But Pantalacci had simply rendered his life insupportable, and to escape his persecution he had made up his mind to hang himself.

Cyprien comforted the poor fellow, promised to protect him against the Neapolitan, gave him all the dirty clothes to wash that he could find, and sent him away contented at the loss of his capillary appendage, and free from superstition regarding the consequences.

(To be continued.)

ARMOUR IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE.



CHAPTER VII.

THE art of using acids to corrode steel and leave designs in relief, and of inlaying the bitten-out parts with enamel or precious metal, was in Henry VII.'s time much in vogue. Many examples exist. In the Tower of London we have the suit of armour presented to Henry VIII. by the Emperor Maximilian as a wedding present on his marriage with Katharine of Aragon. The badges are engraved on the suit, with the initials of the bride and bridegroom united by a true lover's knot. The suit is elaborately ornamented with pictures from the lives of the saints. A novelty in this armour is the introduction of the "Lampoys," an imitation in steel of the skirts of a coat.

Louis van Leyden practised etching in 1509, having learned the art from a maker of armour who was accustomed to execute ornamental work on the metal with nitric acid. The Asiatic art of inlaying weapons with gold was introduced about the same time, and used with great effect by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. Sword-blades so adorned were called in the French language "damasquinée," from the practice having originated

at Damascus. Our engraving (Fig. 39) is copied from the etching by Albrecht Dürer, known as "The Knight, the Devil, and Death." The knight is depicted in a very

Fig. 39.

rich suit of fluted armour. The sallet has the visor raised. It is of sharp volant form, but in Queen Elizabeth's time it became more obtuse. The pauldrons have raised guards to protect the throat; the breastplate takes the globular form, and has a lance-rest "or queue" attached. On the right side, joined to the waist, is the lampoy, or coat-tail of steel, which in this illustration is not so voluminous as that in the suit of Henry VIII. The toes of the sollerets are at this

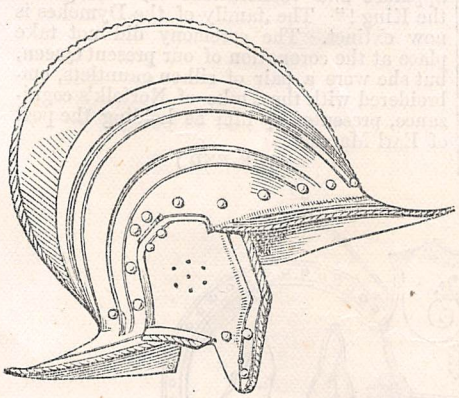


Fig. 41.

period no longer "pointed," but are almost square. The illustration is useful as it bears its date, 1513.

About this time the roundels protecting the armpits, as shown in Figs. 28—38, had disappeared, and pauldrons were substituted. These were metal plates that covered the upper part of the arms, chest, and shoulders. The older fashion of a salient ridge or tapul in front of the breastplate reappeared, but the greatest protuberance was placed lower down, as if to imitate or cover the Punch-like peascod doublet worn at the time.

As the skill of the armourer developed, the knight was made almost impregnable in a casemate of steel, thus justifying James I.'s remark, that armour was an admirable invention which preserved a man from being injured and made him incapable of injuring any one else. A good idea of the strength of tilting armour in the sixteenth century can be gathered from the suit of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, of the date 1520, now in the Tower of London. The volant piece in front of the helmet has a curious additional contrivance of grated and guarded apertures. The breastplate is strengthened by the grand guard, and the left arm carries a large elbow-plate to act as a shield. The brassards are splinted at the inner bend of the arm, and below them is a long gauntlet. The sollerets are articulated. The suit weighs a hundred pounds, and in addition to this the poor horse had to bear a saddle-guard as well as the armour for his head called the chanfron, and that for his neck called the manefare.

A knight unhorsed must have been as helpless as a turtle on its back, for he was quite unable to rise or free himself from his armour without assistance. Philip de Comines writes that after a battle, at which he himself was present, "the camp-followers and servants flocked about the men-of-arms who had been overthrown, and slew most of them with the hatchets they used to cut wood; with which weapons they brake the vizards of their head-pieces and clave their heads."

Our illustration on page 109 (Fig. 40) is a full suit of armour of the time, which will serve to explain some of the recent terms we have been using. The application of gunpowder to small arms necessitated a helmet that was free for the sight, and consequently we have the casque and the morion. The casque we illustrate (Fig. 41). It was used by the arquebusiers in 1560, and a buffe or chin-piece was strapped in front when occasion required. We also have shown two morions. Fig. 42 is the cabasset or peaked morion (1555—1575), our example being from a richly-engraved specimen in the British Museum. In Fig. 43 we have a three-corded comb specimen, with a fleur-de-lis and scroll pattern in repoussé work.

In the same collection is a specimen of the spider-cap (Fig. 44) said to have been used in a horse regiment formed by Henri Quatre. When not in action the bars could be turned over and the ends fitted under the disk at the top.

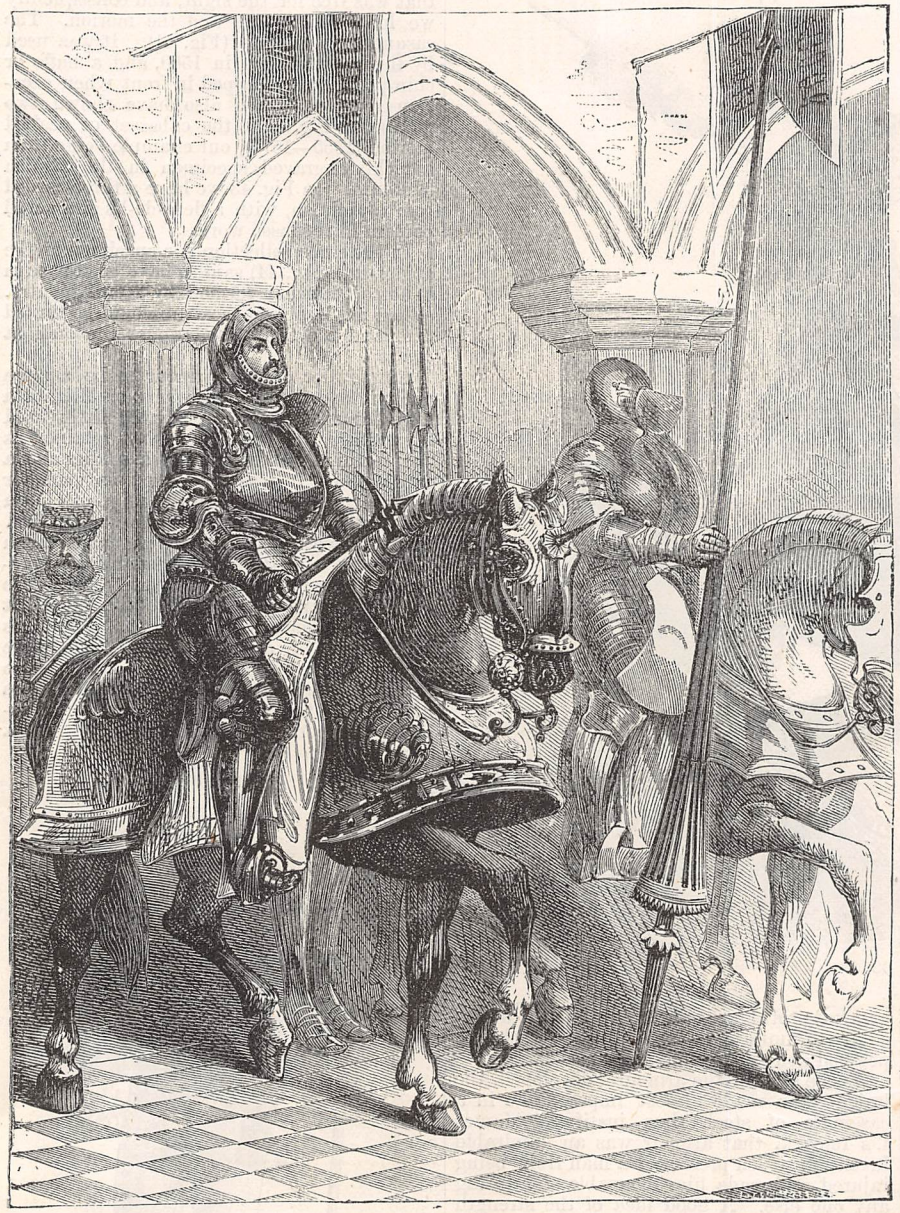
Gunpowder caused armour to be a mere encumbrance. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. it was probably little used in warfare, but the fashion was retained as the costume and insignia of a soldier and a gentleman. It was also used as such for monumental effigies. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth suits of armour were simplified. The ordinary breastplates were made much thicker in order to be bullet-proof, and projected downwards in conformity with the eccentric shape of the Punch-like waistcoat or peascod doublet of the time. The taces were made of one plate each, but were marked in imitation of many. At the close of James I.'s reign armour terminated at the knees. At this period gentlemen wore corslets. By permission we engrave (Fig. 45) a

Fig. 45.

portrait of Colonel George Goring, which shows the custom of wearing a handsome corslet with full dress.

Our next illustration is that of a pikeman in the part armour of the latter half of the sixteenth century (Fig. 46). A statute of Charles II. directed that pikemen were to be armed with a pike made of ash, not under sixteen feet in length, and also a back and breast piece, a head-piece, or pot-cap, and a sword. According to Planché, the pike was introduced into France by the Swiss in the time of Louis XI.,

and soon became an infantry weapon throughout Europe. Pikemen formed a principal part of the English army from the reign of Henry VII. to that of William III.



Suit of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Taces were then abandoned, and the remains of armour retained in our army were the helmet and corslet of our horse soldiers and the epaulettes on the shoulders of men of rank in the army and navy. A curious remnant of chivalry was displayed at the coronation of King George IV. It transpired that the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, belonging to the Dymokes, was formerly held on the tenure of attending each monarch on horseback at his coronation, and challenging all comers as the King's champion. The holder of the manor at this time was a clergyman, who, being in holy orders, could not appear as a warlike knight. He applied, however, to the authorities for permission to allow his son, who was under age, to act as champion. This after some demur was allowed, and the ceremony took place in the following order:—Mr. Dymoke, accompanied on the right by the Duke of Wellington and on the left by Lord Howard of Effingham, rode habited in polished steel armour, with plumes on his armet, and his horse also armoured with testiere and chanfron for the head and jaws. He was ushered first within the limits of Westminster Hall by two trumpeters with the arms of the champion on their banners, by the sergeant-trumpeter, and by two sergeants-at-arms with maces. An esquire in half-armour was on each side, the one bearing the champion's lance and the other his shield. The three horsemen were followed by grooms and pages. The first challenge was given at the entrance of the hall, the trumpets having sounded thrice. It was read by the herald attending the champion in the following terms:—

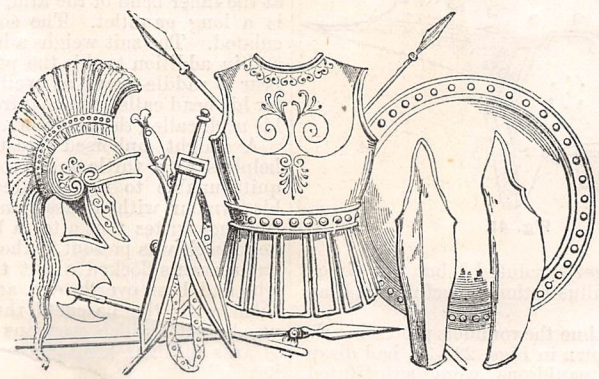
"If any person, of what degree soever,

Fig. 46.

high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King, deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and on this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever shall be appointed."

After pausing a few seconds the champion drew off his gauntlet and threw it upon the floor. This challenge was repeated halfway up the hall, the gauntlet each time being restored by the herald to the challenger amid applause and vociferations of, "Long live the King!" The family of the Dymokes is now extinct. The ceremony did not take place at the coronation of our present Queen, but she wore a pair of silken gauntlets, embroidered with the Duke of Norfolk's cognizance, presented by him as holding the post of Earl Marshal.

(THE END)



SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Featherstone and Tommy had been on very good terms lately, thanks to the incident which had occurred in the gymnasium. But then Featherstone was on good terms with everybody in the lower school, so Tommy still lacked a chum. It was scarcely to be expected that a boy who was so popular as Featherstone should take any special trouble to make friends with a fellow who had never done him any good turn in particular, and whose friendship would bring no very great *kudos* on its possessor.

However, an episode occurred one day which rather changed the face of affairs, and made Soady easy in his mind as to Tommy's having a friend when he had left St. Mary's. It was in this wise.

Tommy was a careless boy; his books were being constantly mislaid, and had it not been for Soady's kindness he would have been continually floored for not knowing his lessons, owing to a lack of material to work upon.

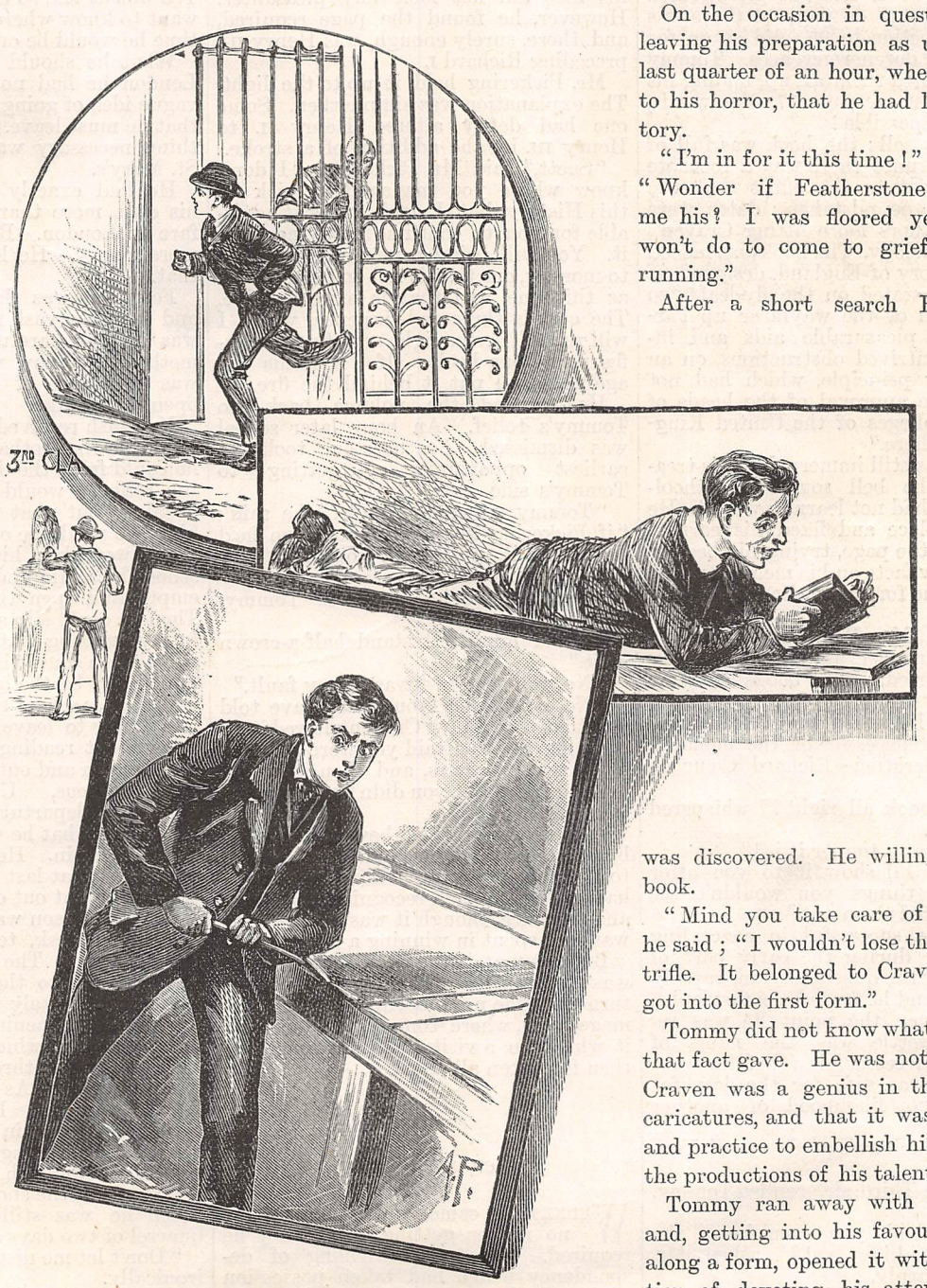
There were certain books which Soady could not supply, as he used different ones. Amongst these was a History of England, smaller and more elementary than that used in the upper forms.

Tommy was weak in history, and wished that England had always been a republic, so that he might have been spared learning the kings, with their extremely desultory dates. He disliked the whole subject, and used to cram his lesson just before going in and trust to luck, which sometimes favoured him and sometimes did not.

On the occasion in question he was leaving his preparation as usual to the last quarter of an hour, when he found, to his horror, that he had lost his History.

"I'm in for it this time!" he thought. "Wonder if Featherstone will lend me his? I was floored yesterday; it won't do to come to grief two days running."

After a short search Featherstone was discovered. He willingly lent his book.



"He wrenched up the lid desperately with a chisel."

"Mind you take care of it, Tommy," he said; "I wouldn't lose that book for a trifle. It belonged to Craven before he got into the first form."

Tommy did not know what added value that fact gave. He was not aware that Craven was a genius in the matter of caricatures, and that it was his delight and practice to embellish his books with the productions of his talent.

Tommy ran away with his History, and, getting into his favourite position along a form, opened it with the intention of devoting his attention to the

deeds of Richard I. But the first glance made him oblivious of his lesson. The volume was illustrated under the direction of the author (Dr. William Smith), but its former possessor appeared to think that the engravings could be improved upon. Beardless monarchs were made to resemble the Emperor Napoleon; pipes were inserted in the mouths of grave senators; the vessels were peopled with most ridiculously incongruous sailors — Craven's pencil and pen had run riot in every direction. Tommy revelled in the fun, and utterly forgot everything in the excitement of turning over the leaves in search of new treasures.

Then he came across a page on which was written, "Which would you prefer—to be a greater fool than you look, or look a greater fool than you are? For answer, see page 102." This time-worn riddle was new to Tommy, who eagerly turned to page 102. There he was directed to "see page 14;" on page 14 there was a further direction to 95, and so on for about half a dozen references. Tommy patiently turned them all up, finding his reward at last on page 17, the words, "Both are impossible!"

This was a sell; the book was full of them. Sometimes there was a footnote to a statement to the effect that the author must be mistaken; dates were altered to others more fitting Craven's ideas of chronology. The book was indeed a comic History of England, designed, as Craven had stated on the fly-leaf, "to gild the path of the wayfarer up Parnassus with pleasurable aids and ingeniously contrived obstructions, on an entirely new principle, which had not met with the approval of the heads of any of the colleges of the United Kingdom or elsewhere."

Tommy was still immersed in his treasure when the bell sounded. School-time, and he had not learnt a word! He ran to his place and fixed his earnest attention on the page, trying his best to engrave a few facts on his memory which might by some fortunate chance tide him over.

Of course, Mr. Pickering was more punctual than ever, and the sharp way in which he cried, "Shut books!" left no alternative. Tommy gave a last glance, and fixed in his mind the name of the immediate predecessor of the monarch under consideration—Richard Cœur de Lion.

"Got my book all right?" whispered Featherstone.

"Yes. What a topper it is!"

"Rather! I'll show it to you after school—some things you wouldn't see unless I pointed them out."

Tommy was successful in concealing his ignorance during the early part of the lesson, but the questions came rapidly at the close, and he feared a catastrophe. When, however, the point he was requested to settle was the name of Richard's predecessor his relief knew no bounds; he was safe for the day, for there was no likelihood of another round.

"Name of Richard's predecessor? You, Scott."

"Henry the Third, sir," replied Tommy, confidently.

"Wrong; don't you even know the order of the kings yet?" asked Mr. Pickering, sharply.

"It's Henry the Third, sir, I'm sure," said Tommy. He was certain, quite certain of it—it was the very last thing he glanced at as he closed his book.

"What do you mean by contradicting me, sir?" exclamed the master. "Take care!"

But Tommy, to every one's surprise, persisted.

"It's Henry the Third in my book, sir, I'm certain."

Had he seen Featherstone's eye he would never had said it. It was too late now.

"Let me see your book," said Mr. Pickering.

Tommy became instantly conscious of what a mistake he had made. He hesitated.

"Your book, sir!"

There was no help for it; he handed it up. Mr. Pickering opened it, and looked annoyed, turned over a few leaves, and his face did not look any pleasanter. However, he found the page required, and there, surely enough, was Henry III. preceding Richard I.

Mr. Pickering held it up to the light. The explanation was simple then. Some one had deftly altered Henry II. to Henry III. by the addition of a stroke.

"Scott," said Mr. Pickering, "I don't know where you managed to pick up this History, but I don't think it advisable for you to continue studying from it. You will bring a new one into class to-morrow, one that is not so embellished as this one, and that is more reliable. The cost is three-and-sixpence, which I will regard in the light of a fine for disfiguring your books. If I see this one again I shall put it behind the fire."

He handed the volume back, to Tommy's relief. An hour later school was dismissed. Featherstone took the earliest opportunity of getting to Tommy's side.

"Tommy, you're a brick!" he said; "if Pickering knew that was mine he'd have torn it up; he let you down easy because you were a new boy."

"Three-and-six!" remarked Tommy, dolefully.

"Never mind, I'll stand half-a-crown of it."

"No, you shan't; 'twas all my fault."

"No, it wasn't; I ought to have told you that that fellow Craven altered it all through. I was afraid you were going to say it wasn't yours, and then I should have lost it. But you didn't own up, and I'll stick to you."

Tommy was gratified beyond measure; he liked Featherstone, and was flattered to find his pluck in holding his tongue had met with such recognition. Three-and-sixpence, though it was a large sum, was well spent in winning a friend.

But fortunately the three-and-sixpence was not required. The lost history book turned up the next morning in the Rummage-room, where Tommy had deposited it whilst on a visit to his hamper, and then forgotten all about it.

CHAPTER XII.

WEDNESDAY came, and Melhuish was no nearer getting the money he required. The terrible feeling of despondency which had taken possession of him had prevented his feeling any interest in work or play; the result was that he had incurred the Doctor's severe displeasure in class, and had had a slight quarrel with Lang.

Garland, with whom he had never been on terms of the slightest intimacy, was the only one now who seemed inclined to take any notice of him. But Melhuish had repulsed his overtures surlily, and Garland ceased to trouble him. Melhuish, however, repented his folly, for possibly Garland might have some money to lend. However, he found out that he had very little, so he took no steps to try and borrow it. A little money was no good; he must have several pounds.

There was only one course open to him now—to run away. He made up his mind to this, and, having done so, felt more at ease. He found out the times of the trains, and decided to catch one which left St. Mary's for London at 5.10. Tea was at six, so till then no one would want to know where he was, and by that time he would be out of reach.

What he should do when he reached London he had not settled. He had a vague idea of going to America. But all that he must leave. At present the one thing necessary was to get away from St. Mary's.

He had exactly half a sovereign of his own, more than enough to pay the fare to London. But he must get some more money. He knew how to manage that.

Ferguson was the football treasurer, and kept the cash in his desk, which he was always careful to lock. A very methodical fellow was Ferguson; there was no chance of his leaving his desk open by mistake.

Melhuish resolved to take a pound or two from the football fund. He believed he could force the desk open. Of course the robbery would be found out in the evening, but that wouldn't matter to him; he would be out of reach.

By watching his opportunity after school he could find the first-form room empty and open the desk undisturbed. Then he could slip away to the station in safety, getting out a little before the gates were shut, which was done at five punctually by the house porter.

But after school the boys did not seem in a hurry to leave the room. Garland hung about reading, and Ferguson kept dropping in and out. Melhuish began to grow anxious. Unless they speedily took their departure he would not have time to do what he wished and yet catch the 5.10 train. He was in a fever of anxiety, but at last Garland shut up his book and went out of the room.

Only Ferguson was left. At length he opened his desk, took out a fives ball, and departed. The instant he was gone Melhuish ran to the desk, wrenched up the lid desperately with a chisel he had procured, and opening one of the chamois leather bags in which Ferguson kept his cash, took out three sovereigns and a half-sovereign. As he did so he heard footsteps outside. He had just time to thrust the money in his pocket and shut the desk when Lang came in.

"Hullo, Melhuish, you all alone?"

"Yes," was the short reply. Lang supposed he was still unforgetful of the quarrel of two days ago.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Lang, ironically.

A sudden thought struck Melhuish.

"Have you a couple of stamps you could let me have?" he asked.

This sounded like a step towards a reconciliation, which Lang rather wanted.

"I think I can manage it," he replied. "Here you are."

"Thanks. Can you change half-a-sov.? I've no coppers."

"Oh, never mind; any time will do."

"I rather want change if you have got it."

Lang cleared out his pockets and made it up, rather to his own surprise. Melhuish gave him half-a-sovereign, and then, with very short thanks, left the room. Only ten minutes to get to the station and take his ticket. He heard the clock striking five.

He jumped down the stairs and rushed across the quad. Old John, the porter, was just shutting the gates. No one was allowed to go out after five, though boys were permitted to come in till half-past.

"John, let me through! I must run down to town!" exclaimed Melhuish, hurriedly.

"Too late, sir; the clock 's struck."

"It's fast, John; you know it is. Look here, John, you let me go; I'll keep out of sight."

He thrust a shilling into the janitor's hand. Old John was not hard-hearted, so let him slip out. He was safe now; he could do the half-mile to the station easily in seven minutes and leave a minute to take his ticket.

"How lucky," he thought, "to remember I hadn't a farthing change. If I hadn't got it from Lang I should never have managed to get out. Who could have calculated on drawing it so fine?'

He met no one on his way to the station. He fancied the booking-clerk looked curious when he asked for a ticket to London, but he did not say anything. The train was a few minutes late, which were spent anything but pleasantly by Melhuish. When it puffed into the station he took his seat in a deserted third-class compartment, and sank out of sight.

A couple of hours later he stood on the platform of Euston, in London. He had left school for the world.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

"CAST AWAY ON THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS."

"THE Grafton, which sailed from Sydney on November 12th, 1863, was wrecked on January 3rd, 1864, on one of the islets of the Auckland Isles. The master and two of the crew arrived at Port Adventure last month in a small boat of their own building." Such is the official record of the wreck of the Grafton as appearing in Lloyd's list for October 17th, 1865.

Among the annals of the sea few more interesting stories exist than that of the loss of this ill-fated schooner. The captain's diary written up day by day in seal's blood during the twenty months' stay on the island, and published under the title we have chosen for our heading, is as enthralling as Robinson Crusoe. The plain straightforward narrative appeals so directly to the reader that, held as by the eye of the ancient mariner, he cannot escape. The quiet way in which Captain Musgrave sets to work to make his people comfortable under such untoward circumstances, teaching the men to read and write, and employing himself in surveying the harbours, and taking natural history notes, is something seldom met with in the history of shipwreck; the tinkering, tailoring, cobbling ingenuity of the mate, working at his makeshift anvil from nine in the morning till long after midnight as he forms out of the old iron the bolts and nails necessary to fit the crazy dingy for her two hundred and forty miles' voyage across the stormy ocean, makes easy conquest of our sympathy and admiration; while the curious fact of two shipwrecked crews being on the island at the same time unknown to each other renders the experience unique.

On New Year's Day, 1864, the schooner was caught in a violent gale off the Aucklands. Having in vain endeavoured to face it she was run for safety into Carnley's Harbour in the large island. The wind shifted slightly so as to blow right into the harbour, and on the 2nd of January one of the anchor chains went, and the other anchor, the best bower, began to drag until it brought her up about a couple of cables' length from the shore. The gale increased very much, and the anchor began to drag again, every heave of the swell lifting the vessel nearer the shore; and at midnight she struck.

The sea made clean breaches over her, the gale was terrific, the pieces of her keel came up under her lee and the water rushed in like a boiling spring. About two o'clock, when the water had risen to the top of the cabin table, the pumps were abandoned and provisions got on deck. When daylight came the dingy was launched, and, taking the mainsail and gaff with them to serve as a tent, the crew slipped ashore. There were only five in all—the captain, the mate, and three seamen.

The storm continued for a week, and during that time the castaways lived under the tent and slept on the wet sand. But on the gale moderating a journey was made to the ship, which had not broken up, and sails and spars were brought ashore to make a house to spend the winter in. For the Aucklands at that time were uninhabited, and Musgrave expected to remain unrescued until the coming summer. Round the harbour grew plenty of timber, and there was a creek of excellent water. Of meat there was at that time no lack, for thousands of seals haunted the place, and at night could be heard roaring about the woods like wild cattle, the seal being much more noisy and spending much more time on the land than is usually supposed.

On the 19th of January, when an expedition was made down the harbour to plant the flagstaff and hoist the flag in signal of distress, hundreds of seals, black and tiger, were afloat on its waters, the black on one side, the tiger on the other, keeping well apart and ignoring each other except on one occasion when a regular dog-fight arose between a single representative of each species. Birds there were in plenty, green parrots—on one occasion a nest of green parro ts was found, and the young ones reared—and robin redbreasts so tame that they came to be stroked, wide-geons, and ducks, three different species of songsters, and hawks, five of which were shot to the great comfort of the other birds, who became even tamer after the death of their enemies, as if in recognition of the kindness that had been done for them. So, as in the case of Alexander Selkirk, there was little chance of food failing the castaways.

On the 24th of January some of the party set out to explore the mountain, and met with seal tracks four miles inland, while a seal itself was met with three miles away from the sea. From the summit of the hill a small harbour was descried away to the northward, but the steep granite precipices formed nearly the whole of the coast line. On the top the hills were covered with bog, but at their feet was the patchy bush of iron-bark and shea-oak.

A fortnight after this expedition, during a gale that arose suddenly, the boat got stove in. The men were in despair, but as soon as possible she was repaired and ways were laid down for beaching and launching her. Then, to avoid all risk of provisions becoming scarce, the party killed a supply of birds and seals and salted them; and now work began in earnest on the house, with the only tools saved from the wreck—a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet.

The house was twenty-four feet long and sixteen wide. It was seven feet high at the walls, and fourteen at the ridge, and the corner spars were let a yard into the ground. The walls themselves were made of timber from the bush, let a foot into the ground, and having the spaces between each thoroughly thatched with bundles of grass. The floor was boarded with the ship's planks; the door was an old one, the windows came from the cabin. The fireplace was of stone, and had walls a foot thick up to the roof, beyond which the chimney was continued in copper and zinc. Stretchers were built up inside for the men to sleep on, and there was a large dining-table seven feet by three with benches along the sides and a keg at the end for the chairman. At one end was the captain's table, with his writing-desk and chronometer; at the other was the cook's table, with his tools and crockery. A few shelves and a looking-glass completed the furniture of the interior, and trenches all round two feet deep ran the water away from the exterior, and made everything dry and snug. In this house over eighteen months were spent, whose history was varied with the usual desert island incidents we so frequently meet with in romance.

A root was found which, on being tried, proved an excellent substitute for potatoes, and became included in the dietary. A new method of curing sealskins was invented. They were washed in strong lye made from ashes, scoured with sand, rolled tight, and beaten till they were soft enough to serve as blankets. One of the trees was found to yield a bark well adapted for tanning purposes, and in the tan made from it sea-lion skins were steeped, and gave the castaways excellent leather for their boots and clothes. Fish of all sorts began to come in to the harbour, a good haul was made, and a shoal of anchovies, accompanied by Australian mutton-birds, offered another variety in the food. In April a deserted camp was discovered on Figure of Eight Island, with the traces of a fire and an old file. A few days later dogs were seen in the bush, and afterwards were heard barking. The cliff at Flagstaff Point was painted white, and a blue N to direct the folks who saw it to steer to the north was added, and a bottle containing instructions was tied to the flagstaff. Many exploring expeditions took place among the chasms and precipices, and the Giants' Tomb, a ridge of rock 1,800 feet above the sea, with a cave at the top, was thoroughly overhauled.

In this way twelve months passed, and no rescue came, and then it was decided to build a cutter of about ten tons' measurement, and attempt to reach Stewart Island. The Grafton had been built of greenheart and

Cast away on the Auckland Islands.—*See p.* 123.

coppy out of the timbers of an old Spanish man-of-war, so that the wood was hard and heavy and sorely trying to the tools. For the keel of the new ship the mainmast was used, and the blocks were laid down and timbers cut out.

The old ship had little copper in her; nearly all her fastenings were of iron, and Raynal, the mate, undertook to do the blacksmithing work, and out of these old iron bolts to produce the tools and spikes necessary for the new. For a time he succeeded. An iron block did for an anvil, and some of the bush was burnt underground for charcoal to serve as fuel.

The rusty old file found on Figure of Eight Island was ground down smooth, and fresh teeth were cut in it with the chisel, though unfortunately with almost the last cut it broke two inches off the tang. Shift was made with it, however, to cut teeth in a piece of sheet iron and form a saw. In a month keel, stem, and stern were ready for bolting, and Raynal had out of the old iron bolts and belaying-pins made the tools required. Chisels and gouges had been turned out to order, but now the great failure was to come. To bore the wood for the bolt-holes augers were necessary, and these he tried in vain to finish. He nearly succeeded each time, but at the last twist the ends snapped off. With a heavy heart he had to give in, and the building of the cutter had to be abandoned.

There remained the old clinker-built boat, twelve feet on the keel, in which they had made their exploring trips. It was resolved to patch her up, to lengthen her a yard, and raise her a foot, and make the dash for safety in her. The work was soon begun, and went on unceasingly from daylight till half-past nine at night, for to the boat they were to a certain extent indebted for their food, and while it was in hand they had to betake themselves to their salted provisions and vary their diet with the few birds that at that time were visiting them in the bay.

Soon after starting on the work the gimlet broke, and this was successfully mended by the mate, who worked so hard at his forge that before he had finished he had turned out one hundred and eighty clinch bolts and seven hundred nails and spikes, without counting the old stuff he had put straight. Now, however, there arose another difficulty. The planks of the old ship would not bend on to the boat, steam them as long and as thoroughly as they could; and so the neighbouring trees had to be cut down, and out of the shea-oak planks had to be got by means of Raynal's sheet-iron saw.

And all this time a constant record of the adventures and disappointments was kept by the captain—in seal's blood, for want of ink. And, in addition to the record, a long essay on the habits of the seal was drawn up, from which, as being the history of an animal written in its own blood, we must find room for an extract.

"It might be supposed," says Captain Musgrave in his journal, "that these animals, even when young, would readily go into the water, that being one of their natural instincts, but, strange to say, such is not the case; it is only with the greatest difficulty and a wonderful display of patience that the mother succeeds in getting her young in for the first time. I have known a cow to be three days getting her calf down half a mile and into the water; and, what is most surprising of all, it cannot swim when it is in the water. This is the most amusing fact. The mother gets it on to her back and swims along very gently on the top of the water, but the poor little thing is bleating all the time, and continually falling from its slippery position, when it will splutter about in the water precisely like a little boy who gets beyond his depth and cannot swim. Then the mother gets underneath it, and it again gets on to her back. Thus they go on, the mother frequently giving an angry bellow, the young one constantly bleating and crying, frequently falling off, spluttering, and getting on again; very often getting a slap from the flipper of the mother and sometimes a cruel bite. In this manner they go on until they have made their passage to whatever place she wishes to take the young one to, and here the young ones remain without going into the water again for perhaps a month, when they will begin to go in of their own accord; but at first they will only play about the edge, venturing farther by degrees, and until they are about three months old if surprised in the water they will immediately run on shore and hide themselves, but they always keep their heads out and their eyes fixed on the party that has surprised them, imploring mercy in their most eloquent language."

On Friday, June 23rd, 1865, the boat was ready, sails were bent, and all was complete. Four days afterwards she was launched—and proved so crank as to be dangerous. Her rig was altered from that of a cutter to that of a lugger with a jib; her ballast was rearranged, and then she did better—and all was ready to start. Starting, however, was no easy matter, for of the three men who, with the captain and the mate, formed the complement, two had to be left behind owing to the boat not being big enough to hold them. The men were afraid to go and afraid to stay, and would not let the captain leave. At last all difficulties were surmounted; a seaman named Harris and the cook, Folger, were left behind, and on the 19th of July the Rescue—such was the name of the boat—set sail in the first squall of a south-west gale, which came on in full force after they had been about twenty minutes at sea. For five days and nights—during the whole of which no one slept, and the pump had to be constantly kept going—those three men took their frail craft through the breaking waves.

At last they reached Port Adventure, in Stewart's Island, and thence five weeks afterwards Captain Musgrave returned to the Aucklands in the Flying Scud in search of the two men he had left behind. As the cutter made her way down the coast a mysterious smoke was observed over the hills. The men were found, almost beside themselves with joy at being rescued. And then, as they knew nothing of the smoke, a search was made for its origin. The source of the smoke was not found, but in a bay to the northward of Carnley's Harbour they came across an eloquent token of another wreck. A little way up from the beach was an old ruined hut that had fallen to pieces round the bedstead that had been built within it. On the bedstead, in the full light of the day, lay the dead body of a man dressed in oil-skins and jersey. By his side were two bottles of water, one full, the other empty, and near him was a heap of limpet and mussel shells, showing what had been his food. There he lay, in the broad sunshine, with his legs across as he had died—starved to death! His flesh had gone in places, and the features were unrecognisable; but on the slate he held in his hand he had scrawled a few words, only one of which, "James," was now decipherable. Solemnly the Grafton men buried him close to the precipitous cliffs, in deep silence, broken only by the cry of the sea-birds as they swept round the bay and the beating of the waves as they foamed on to the rocks. Whence he had come was then a mystery to them, as it was obvious that the wreck from which he had been cast must have taken place while they were in comparative comfort at their hut. This mystery was never solved, but a short time after their return to New Zealand they learnt that on the 10th of May, 1864, during a storm duly chronicled in Captain Musgrave's seal's-blood journal, another wreck had occurred on the island—that of the Invercauld, from Melbourne to Callao. The Invercauld was a ship of over eight hundred tons burden, commanded by Captain Dalgarno.

Of the twenty-five persons on board when the clipper was suddenly driven among the breakers, two boys and four seamen were drowned. The night was intensely cold and dark, and the nineteen survivors had to creep together under the cliff to keep themselves warm, while the spray dashed over them. In the morning it was found that only two pounds of biscuit and three pounds of pork had been washed ashore from the wreck, and this was all the provisions they had amongst them.

The almost perpendicular cliffs were scaled in search of help; water and roots were found, and a journey was made through the scrub towards the highest point of the island. Nothing was seen, however, of the Grafton people, nor did the castaways in Carnley's Harbour discover any trace of the Invercauld's, although, thanks to the steward having saved a box of matches, fire was not unknown to them. A return was then made to the beach, a hut was built of the timbers cast up by the sea, and a miserable life was led on seal flesh and limpets. The seal flesh soon gave out, the shell-fish on the rocks were all eaten, and one by one the men died. By the end of August, of the nineteen three only were left—the captain, the mate, and one seaman—and these moved off to the northward. In great misery they kept body and soul together until, twelve months and ten days after the wreck, they were picked up by a Portuguese vessel that had put into the bay in the hope of finding some one able to repair a leak. The captain with his two companions was taken on board the Julian and landed at Callao, to learn, a few months afterwards, that during the whole time he had been on the island the Graftons had lived on the other side of the ridge, and that while he was starving food existed in plenty in Carnley's Harbour. Had he only led his crew to the southward instead of to the north all would have been well. "On what trifles hang the lives of men!" The dogs had been left behind by the old settlers before they deserted the island. Of the mysterious smoke no explanation has yet been given.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A Brave Stand.

We learn from the Continent, where the keeping of a Christian Sabbath is almost wholly disregarded, and where, therefore, it requires not a little moral courage to set oneself against the current, that the soldiers belonging to the Young Men's Christian Associations in the Val de Travers have formed amongst themselves a special rifle corps, whose exercises shall not take place on Sunday. The Council of State of Neuchâtel have granted their consent.

A Veteran Frigate.

The famous British frigate Shannon, which in 1813 fought the historical sea duel with the United States sloop-of-war Chesapeake, is still afloat. Long ago she was reconstructed for the merchant service, but her hull is substantially the same to-day as it was eighty-four years ago, the date of her birth, or her launching. Her last public service was the transporting of troops to and from India. Latterly she has been taking a cargo of chalk from England to New York. She is about 1,300 tons, and on her stern she displays what is said to be a capital likeness of Sir Philip Broke.

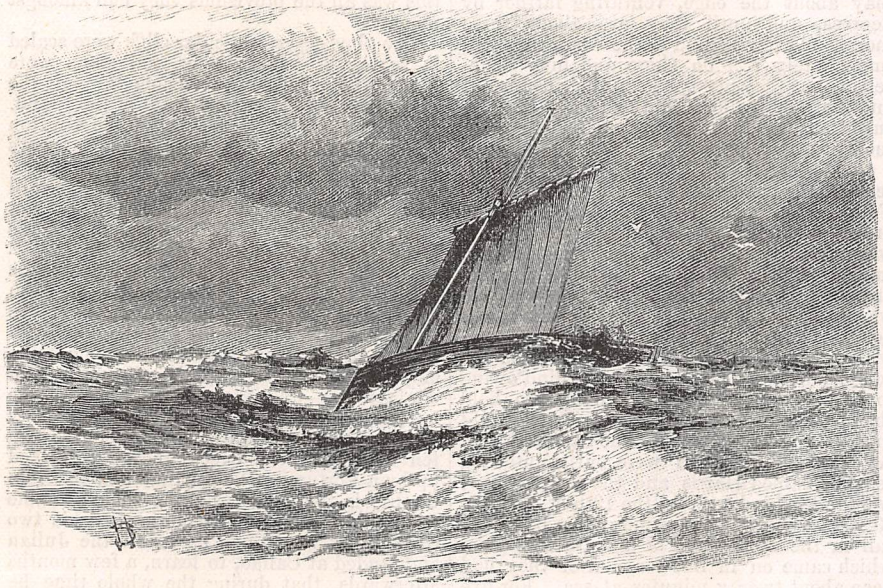
A Helpful Thought.—"Is your God a great God or a little God?" mockingly asked an infidel of an old Christian woman. There was a pause, and then solemnly upraising her hand she replied, "My God is so great that heaven and earth cannot contain Him, and He is so small that He can dwell in this poor heart!"

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER III.—SAILING CANOES.



A Good Run.

THE Rob Roy was the first canoe of a safe and handy type, the canoes in existence before its appearance being generally exceedingly shallow and very dangerous, for although they were partly decked, they were left open amidships for the reception of the occupant, the fore part of the deck stopping short some nine or ten inches from his feet, and it was impossible to keep out the water if from any accident the gunwale of the canoe was forced under water. Such canoes are even now used in some places, and the general type of canoe let out for hire at most boat-houses is of this description, Rob Roys being in general only constructed for private owners.

Owing to the shortness of the Rob Roy type, which was requisite to give sufficient handiness, extreme speed could not be attained "under paddle," and to meet this want the Ringleader canoe was designed, of extreme length as compared to the Rob Roy.

For the purpose for which it was intended it answered very well, and was capable of being paddled at a great speed, but in the Rob Roy races, which are a compound of paddling, sailing, drawing the canoe over a certain length ashore, jumping over a ditch, and climbing over a hedge hauling it after, and sundry other evolutions, finishing up with an upset and a swim in clothes, towing the canoe, the Rob Roy type came off victorious, being possessed of more all-round qualities.

The Ringleader, which was built on the axiom that "length means speed," is not much seen now, and canoists have as a rule gone in for craft that can carry canvas and go to windward under it; and in considering them we come to sailing canoes, such as the Nautilus, Pearl, and Mersey canoes. These canoes, which can be readily paddled on occasion (with the exception of the latter type), depend more on their sails than the paddle while there is any wind at all, as they can work to windward under sail faster than they can be paddled, which is not the case with the Rob Roy type, which is a sort of compromise, being neither a racing paddling canoe of the Ringleader type nor a sailing canoe, but a canoe that can be easily paddled and carries sail on suitable occasions.

The great difference in the two forms of sailing is this: Supposing in a Rob Roy you have a fair wind, either a run or a ratch; well, all you have to do is to up sail and off you go merrily enough; but if the wind be dead against you, then perhaps with a specially good boat of the type you might draw a little to windward close-hauled, but it would not be much, and would be such slow work that you would soon find that if you wanted to progress against the wind you would have to douse sail and get up steam.

Now, in a sailing canoe all is quite different. She will outpace the Rob Roy off the wind at such a rate that in no time the travelling canoe will be where the little boat was, "a long way astern," and when close-hauled the Rob Roy would never see the way she was going, for the sailing canoe would, thanks to her centreboard, lie as close to the wind as a cutter, and with patent reefing-gear could snug down at a moment's notice so as not to care how many hands were at the bellows, and if blowing up a gale of wind a Mersey canoe with mizen set in place of the main or with other snug sail would go over the seas like a duck; but—and there is always a "but," for it is not easy to find perfection—you would not much like the job of using a sailing canoe for travelling, not only on water, but over hedges, on railways, and occasionally dragging it yourself overland from one piece of water to another.

No; the Rob Roy is best for what it has been designed for, and the sailing canoe for its purpose, and an intending builder must first know what he wants, and then set about getting those wants fulfilled in the most complete way in the craft he proposes to construct.

The great feature in all sailing canoes is the lateral resistance they offer in some form or another, and without which they could never haul on the wind to advantage. This is obtained in most cases by a centreboard or centreboards, but some racing (sailing) canoes have been designed with a deep fixed keel, as we shall presently describe. The advantage of a centreboard is that the draught of water can be altered as required, whereas in the case of the fixed keel it remains the same. In the canoes with deep fixed keel, lead can be carried on the keel and they can be designed on the principle of a modern racing yacht, but it is not at all certain that this is an all-round advantage, as the principles involved in sailing yachts and canoes are not the same.

It is an undoubted advantage in a yacht that her ballast shall be mostly on the keel, and so arranged that the greater the angle of heel the greater the righting power becomes. Such a craft, as long as the water can be kept from below—which can be done in a decked craft by closing the hatches—is practically unsinkable, as she cannot capsize—and the knowledge of this is extremely comfortable when pressing a craft in racing. She may careen till her lee-rail and several of her deck planks are under water, but her crew know that unless her lead keel drops off she is as safe as a house. But in a centreboard boat this is not the case. She generally depends on her beam for stability, and, up to a certain point, is safe enough, but there *is* a point at which she is unsafe and will capsize, and though some people who are fond of risking their lives may like to carry on in such boats, there is always an element of uncertainty and danger, which to most is decidedly unpleasant.

Now, in a canoe her displacement is too small, in proportion to the size and weight of her gear and occupant, to allow of as proportionately good results being obtained by outside ballast as in the yacht. It is found by practical experience on the part of canoe racing men that the alteration of the position of the occupant gives greater proportionate results than the amount of outside ballast suitable for her to carry, and that ballast sufficient to be equivalent to the shifting ballast obtained by the occupant trimming the canoe by the alteration of his position would tend to make a canoe unwieldly for many purposes. Of course, in a racing yacht, however small, the same effect cannot be obtained by shifting the position of the crew.

In diagrams Nos. 1 and 2 you will see that the occupant, having a certain weight, must be taken as an integral part of the canoe, and in calculating her centre of gravity this will entirely depend on the position of the person in her. For instance, if he inclined past A, the centre of gravity would be so altered that the canoe would immediately upset. At A, in a line with the keel and centreboard, he would probably upset, but at C the range of stability would be great, and increasing at every inclination of the occupant to windward in the direction of D. The canoe is kept in the position indicated by the pressure of wind on the sails. The sails and spars in themselves have a certain weight which must not be forgotten; the direction of that weight may be taken from O in a plumb-line. To allow the occupant to shift well out to windward, the side-flaps of the well are hinged, so as to throw back, as at E. In a racing canoe shifting ballast is used as well, which would be stowed somewhere at B. Of course, as the boat was put on the other tack the ballast would have to be shifted over, and the occupant's position must also be altered to the best advantage.

In American racing boats—I allude to the smaller class of open boats—this principle is carried out to a far greater extent. As many "crew" as possible are carried, who simply

act as live ballast, with the exception of the helmsman. On a tack, the "crew" range themselves along the weather gunwale, holding on to a life-line, and leaning out over the gunwale as far as they possibly can. At the same time all the ballast is shifted up to windward. These boats carry an enormous amount of sail, which they could not stand up to for a moment if ballasted in the ordinary way, and the labour involved is excessive when tacking, as in the shortest possible space of time the ballast—no light weight—must be shifted over, and the crew resume their position on what is now the weather gunwale. Hardly a race occurs without one of these craft capsizing, and more generally three or four are upset. They seldom or never sink, as the ballast falls out, and the crew hang on coolly—especially if the water is not particularly warm—until taken off by another boat!

This wretched system of shifting ballast was in vogue over here in the old days of yacht-racing, and the consequence was that the boats of that day were good for nothing else but racing, having neither accommodation nor being good sea boats. This has now been

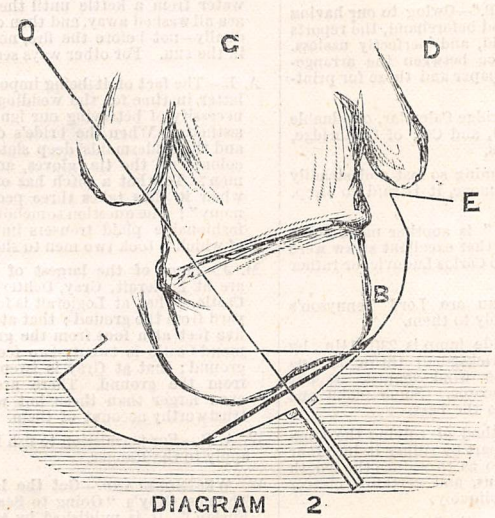


DIAGRAM 2

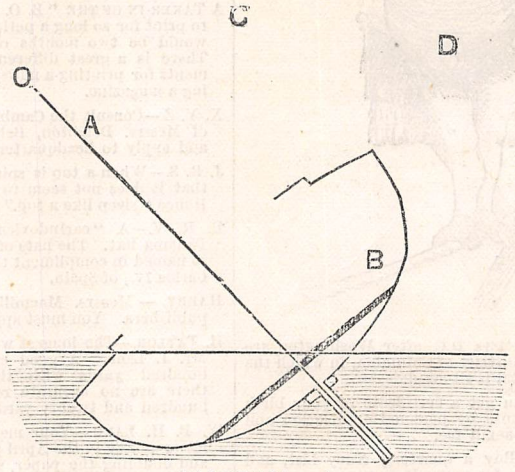


DIAGRAM 1

completely altered, and the smallest English racing yacht, well battened down, can make her passages round the coast in perfect safety.

It is this power of trimming the canoe by the disposition of the occupant that enables these craft to carry the enormous amount of canvas they are able to set, combined with the carefully-studied details which enable sail to be reduced in a few seconds. You will see by this that sailing-canoe racing is no easy matter, and it is evident that a man must be an adept and full of resources to succeed in it.

It will be quite sufficient to give you a general idea of the form and peculiarities of these canoes, as before you succeeded in making one you would have to be well up in construction; and not only in that, but would have to understand the principles that govern sailing boats, and the points to be attained, as well as those to be avoided; and then when the canoe was built you would have to find the best way to set a large amount of canvas in such a manner as to be able to reef down at a moment's notice, besides learning by practice how to do this effectively, as well as to keep the balance by the almost intuitive motion of your body while your hands are occupied by gear, and your head by the difficulty of sailing the canoe to the best advantage, taking advantage of every puff, avoiding any obstacle in the way, taking into consideration sets of tide and tricks of opponents. In fact, you would be divided something after this fashion: Your body, as ballast, shifting to every puff, and doing so at once, and being equally ready, if the canoe is taken aback, to shift the other way—keeping, in fact, the balance as well as the rider of a bicycle has to, and by practice keeping it, as a good bicyclist will do, almost unconsciously. Then your hands, representing the crew, always ready to pull and haul, to manage the several sheets, to reduce sail instantly if necessary, or to make it again as quickly, and the head, as the captain, guiding, deciding, and taking into consideration all contingencies—not an easy task. And before attempting it, you will do well to get some of the books treating fully on the subject and giving practical directions by men who have found the way "how to do it" by building and sailing not one, but half a dozen canoes; each one carefully thought out, and each an improvement in some way—either form, sail plan, or gear—on the former. Such a book is Dixon Kemp's Boat-sailing: with Notes on Canoes by E. B. Tredwen, W. Baden Powell, etc.

Now as to the use of the centreboard. You have most of you seen a barge, have you not? Well, a barge, as you know, is very shallow, and having to make passages along the coast would only be able to sail with a fair wind unless for some contrivance to give her lateral resistance. I am speaking of sailing barges. Now, if you look carefully at a barge you will see two large boards something like fins in the shape of an isosceles triangle on either side of her. These boards are called leeboards, and are used as follows: When the wind is fair the barge hauls up the leeboards and runs on her course with the wind, but if the wind is against her she has to make tacks to windward to reach her destination. It is then that the lee boards are of use. Down they go (you will see they hang by the narrow part or apex on an iron pin or chain to the gunwales of the barge, the lower part of the leeboard, the base of the triangle), then fall below the level of the barge's bottom, and in proportion to the depth and breadth oppose a considerable resistance to the water and prevent leeway (at least the lee one does, the pressure of the water being on it, while the weather one hangs slack, but on the next tack the leeboard that was to weather becomes the acting one, the other being relieved for that tack from duty).

This is the principle of the centreboard, and is used by barges as it takes up no useful room, but leaves the hold intact for stowage. It, however, looks clumsy, and is exposed to the danger of being damaged, though such danger is less in a barge, which is heavily and strongly constructed, than in a small pleasure-boat, and so for these reasons leeboards are not used in such craft, but centreboards are substituted. If, however, you have a boat or canoe that will not go to windward, you can easily improve her capabilities by making and fitting a couple of leeboards, but I must caution you both as to centreboards and leeboards that if they touch on a bank or bottom the boat will most probably turn over. This may be obviated by applying an india-rubber spring sufficiently strong to take the weight of lee or centreboard so that on touching, the board will rise at the slightest pressure, and fall again when the bank is passed. Off the wind such boats generally steer better with the boards either entirely or partly up—that is to say, when only one board is used. When two are employed, the forward one is raised in running when off the wind, the one aft assisting in keeping the boat running steadily.

We shall presently show a design of a canoe intended entirely for racing; she has, as you will then see, a considerable draft of water aft, and is thus able to do without the after centreboard. Some of the Mersey canoes have no centreboards, and sail well to windward; they have, however, a fixed keel some four inches deep, which affords sufficient lateral resistance. These canoes are very large, perhaps the largest of any class of canoe, and are really small-decked boats, the well being so long that all the sails can easily be managed from it, and accommodating three persons. Instead of a paddle short sculls are used in iron or brass rowlocks. A Mersey canoe is about seventeen feet long, with four or five feet beam, but does not carry as much sail in proportion as the smaller craft of the Pearl and Nautilus type.

The question of sails and gear is one of great importance in canoeing. I shall only allude *en passant* to the fit-out of racing canoes, as it requires a considerable apprenticeship in cruising canoes before any attempt can be made at racing, and the construction and details of a racing canoe differ as much from an ordinary boat as a racing bicycle does from the ordinary roadster. But in canoe racing the *man* is by far the most important item, and a first-class hand will carry off the prize with a comparatively bad boat against a less skilful canoeist in a far better one. So my advice to you is first to try and build a *safe* canoe, strongly put together, and if with this you can get speed and beauty of form, so much the better, but I do not think you can expect to attain all desirabilities on your first essay. If your canoe is tight, and strong, and stable in the water, that is a success, and is all I should advise you to aim at; afterwards other canoes or boats can be built by you with such improvements as experience suggests, and your increased knowledge enables you to carry out.

I may, however, say that the general aim of all sail plans of racing canoes (and cruising

canoes carrying large sails) is to give the largest amount of canvas that the canoe can carry, with the handiest and smartest method of reducing sail, and this is done by each racing man in a different way, some differing widely in their ideas, their sail plan altogether different, and the other details diametrically opposite to each other; others again only differing in very minor details, as to the use of one block or two or the lead of a rope or halyard. But even these variations show that each canoeist sails his canoe his own way, and rigs her to his own ideas, each endeavouring to improve on the other—in fair and honourable rivalry—and the best man generally wins.

(To be continued.)

F. JACQUES.—The letters D.C. after Washington are the initials of the District of Columbia, in which the United States capital is situated.

EXCELSIOR.—You can get a certificate of your birth from Somerset House by personal application and the payment of a small fee.

YANKEE DOODLE.—Buy a quarterly Navy List, and study the circulars for yourself.

RIGEL.—Applications for employment on the Midland Railway should be made to the head of the department at Derby.

ARTHUR TWIN and CORNELIUS.—The English Carabineers have a blue uniform with white facings. There is only one regiment of them. There are now thirty-one cavalry regiments and seventy-four infantry regiments, besides the Artillery and Engineers. A volunteer is a soldier who serves for no pay, and cannot be sent out of the country on service except at his own request. Each regiment now consists of several battalions; one has no less than twenty battalions.

A. Y. Z.—No one has yet succeeded in "bringing out a perpetual motion," nor is it likely any prize would be offered for what no one would live long enough to prove.

D. A.—Boil twelve ounces of hard yellow soap in three pints of water, and as it boils add a pound of patent driers and ten pounds of boiled linseed oil. This mixture will make your canvas quite waterproof, and keep it flexible.

H. C. J. L.—No. "The Drummer Boy," which appeared in the fifth volume, is now published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., price five shillings.

SNIDER.—There are more volunteers in Lancashire than in any county in England. Middlesex comes second on the list. Judging by the number of efficients, Warwickshire is the best county; Oxfordshire perhaps the worst.

WAR.—1. The bookbinder will arrange the parts in proper order and prepare them. He will tear off all unnumbered pages. 2. The cover sold by us takes the volume complete, coloured plates and all. 3. The indexes must be bought separately, but are bound in the yearly volumes.

KLEIN.—1. The way in which the monarch's head is looking is changed with each reign. George I. looks to the right, George II. to the left, George III. to the right, George IV. to the left, William IV. to the right, Victoria to the left. There is no reason why your coin should not be of the reign of George I., as far as we can judge. 2. Foreign words introduced into the English language are pronounced in English fashion as soon as they get out of the long clothes of italics.

J. H. R. L.—Address your letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, and begin "Sir."

COIN COLLECTOR.—You have mistaken us for somebody else. We never said anything of the sort. George III. half-crowns are excellent things to collect, so are Victoria sovereigns; but we have never yet found any increase in their purchasing power over that of other current coin. Your own sense should have told you that a coin in daily use cannot be worth more than its standard value.

A. D.—We think a cold bath in the morning immediately after rising is decidedly beneficial to most lads.

C. S. F.—The sail used to increase the width of the spanker is a "ringtail." It is very seldom seen in fore-and-aft vessels.

JACK TAR.—The stamp is a Portuguese one. You can get a shilling book on gardening from almost any publisher, but the information will be meagre. The stamps with Helvetia on them are Swiss.

S. B. THE ENQUIRER.—The succession is regulated by Act of Parliament, and in the event of the failure of the present family a fresh Act would have to be passed. There would be no question of "rightful heirship;" it would be a case of election.

A. RIPPON.—1. A barquetine is a barque with only fore-and-aft sails on her mainmast. A three-masted schooner has fore-and-aft sails on all her masts; she may carry spinnakers and square topsails, but would not have courses, and would not have topgallant-masts. 2. Above the royals come the skysails, then the skyscrapers, then the moonrakers. 3. For the difference between a topsail-schooner and a brigantine see No. 1. The schooner would never have a foretopgallant-mast.

A TAKER-IN OF THE "B. O. P."—Owing to our having to print for so long a period beforehand, the reports would be two months old, and perfectly useless. There is a great difference between the arrangements for printing a newspaper and those for printing a magazine.

X. Y. Z.—Consult the Cambridge Calendar, obtainable of Messrs. Deighton, Bell, and Co., of Cambridge, and apply to headquarters.

J. R. S.—When a top is spinning so fast and steadily that it does not seem to move, it is said to sleep. Hence "sleep like a top."

B. R. V.—A "carludovica" is another name for a Panama hat. The hats of that excellent straw were so named in compliment to Carlos Ludovic, or rather Carlos IV., of Spain.

HARRY.—Messrs. Macmillan are Lord Tennyson's publishers. You must apply to them.

H. TAYLOR.—The longest wide jump is 23ft. 1½in., by Mr. J. Lane. A good cricket-ball throw is one hundred yards with the wind against it, but there are no accurate records. Some make one hundred and twenty yards the best.

W. B. H. LANE.—Your method of solving the long-letter puzzle in the April part by ruling it into four and doubling the paper, so as to reduce the length of the letters, is new to us, and certainly clearer than holding the paper obliquely.

E. J. SCAMMELL.—If you order the books from a bookseller he will get them all for you; or, if you wish, he will affix the prices first. It is rather too much to expect us to give here the prices of twenty-seven different books.

F. B. K.—The description is correct, and skins have been successfully cured as stated. See the Museum articles in the third volume for hints on skin dressing.

L. E. P.—An article on the clans, and a plate of the tartans, were in the March part for 1883.

THE SEVEN.—The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus were seven young men who fled to a cave in Mount Celion during the persecution of the Christians under Decius, and there fell asleep. The mouth of the cave was stopped up, but they continued in peaceful slumber for two hundred and thirty or three hundred and nine years, according to which legend you prefer. They then awoke, but lived for only a short time. Their dog Katmir followed them into the grave, but they threw stones at him to drive him away, and even broke three of his legs. The dog, however, refused to move, and at last found speech to say, "I love those who love God. Sleep, masters, and I will keep guard." Which he did until his masters awoke. During their long sleep the youths turned frequently on their sides, and every time they did so some great disaster occurred to the faith. The bones of the sleepers were taken to Marseilles.

E. W. C.—The Patent Office is in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Apply there for the necessary forms.

SAILOR LADDIE.—The "Ocean Wave" articles were in the second volume, and it costs seven shillings and sixpence.

D. TAYLOR and ALMA.—There is no book on Draughts treating the game more fully than we have done in our articles, which began in No. 38, and ran through the second volume. We have had sixteen articles on the subject.

ARTIST.—Unless there is special talent we would strongly advise another career to be chosen. An apprenticeship is the best way of obtaining an introduction to business. In these days sketches are photographed on to the wood almost as often as they are drawn direct.

H. LACK SZYRMA.—1. We know of no special book on the relations between sound and music, but you will find a good deal on the subject in the works on sound by Tyndall, Chladni, and Helmholtz. 2. None but what is in the calendar, although the registrar will answer inquiries.

F. W. M. MUNRO.—1. The object of the boom on the headsails is to keep them flat. If you can keep your sails flat without the boom you can dispense with it. How you are to do it, however, we fail to see. 2. The topsail halliards are passed through a block in the topmast, but in models a hook on the topsail yard is hooked into an eye or ring about an inch from the truck. 3. No.

ARCHER.—Amsterdam has about three hundred bridges, and so would be the "best bridged city in Europe."

A COLONIAL (Christchurch, N.Z.).—Yes, but the amount of inferior verse that reaches us is so great that we do not care to say send, but should advise you to seek nearer home for a channel of publication.

B. A. MAN.—Your best plan would be to get "Boat Building for Amateurs" from 170, Strand, price half-a-crown, and study it before you commence. You can get navy canvas from any tent or sail maker. Consult a Glasgow directory.

W. HILL.—1. You must be apprenticed to learn the art properly. The stone comes from Solenhofen, in Bavaria. It is an argillaceous limestone. 2. Put the engraving on a smooth board, cover it thinly with finely-powdered salt, squeeze lemon-juice upon the salt till nearly all of it is dissolved; tilt the board till it forms half a right angle, pour on to it boiling water from a kettle until the salt and lemon-juice are all washed away, and then dry the engraving gradually—not before the fire, not by a lamp, and not in the sun. For other ways see back numbers.

A. L.—The fact of it being impossible to answer your letter in time for the wedding relieves us from the necessity of betraying our ignorance in matters so æsthetic. When the bride's dress is deep crimson, and the bridesmaids' deep slate, what should be the colours of the tie, gloves, and flower of the best man? To what a pitch has our art education gone when it thus takes three people to show "a harmony"! The question somehow reminds us of those fashionable plaid trousers immortalised by Leech, of which it took two men to show the pattern.

M. J.—Some of the largest of the Scotch ash-trees are at Logierait, Gray, Ochtertyre, and Drummond Castle. That at Logierait is forty feet in girth at a yard from the ground; that at Ochtertyre is thirty-five feet at a foot from the ground; that at Drummond Castle is twenty-two feet at a foot from the ground; that at Gray is twenty-five feet at a foot from the ground. There are probably ash-trees even larger than these, but we have met with no trustworthy account of them.

W. A. B.—For permission to fish in the park you must apply to the Ranger.

W. WESTMORELAND.—Get the latest edition of Mr. Thomas Gray's "Going to Sea, or Under the Red Ensign." It is published by Messrs. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row, and obtainable from all booksellers.

J. S.—There is no breed of fowls that will thrive in a dark, damp place. If you cannot house your pets properly give them away.

BANKER'S CLERK.—Such appointments are only gained through ordinary Civil Service examinations, for which you must watch the advertisements.

FREEZING.—The stuff fixed on wire to imitate rocks is only ordinary Portland or Roman cement.

CLERICUS.—See our numerous articles on Model Yachting; or get the four shilling book published by Norie and Wilson, of the Minories.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

CHAPTER II.—MOSCOW.

Moscow is unknown to most English people. We know something about India, plenty of us have been to France and Germany, but not one in ten thousand has seen more of Russia than photographic views of her churches and towers.

The Kremlin at Moscow was formerly reckoned among the grand productions of human art, and really does not disappoint.

It is the ancient fortress of the Tsars of Muscovy, and contains within its walls some of the most interesting remains of their earlier empire. It is surrounded by a brick wall built quite perpendicular, and surmounted by battlements of a very peculiar form, being cut out in the centre instead of having an unbroken straight line. At regular intervals along the walls small cylindrical towers are built, with curious roofs to them, giving them almost the appearance of pepper-casters of unusual size.

It is a little town within, containing the palace, the armoury, the official residences of the officers of the Imperial household, the courts of justice, some of the most holy churches in Russia, and the celebrated tower of John the Great, at the foot of which stands the king of the bells, the largest bell in the world—so large that it could not remain in its place, but fell from an immense height, breaking a piece out of its side, which stands near the aperture made by the fall. The monster bell is quite a little house, and the fracture looks like a doorway.

The dome on the top of Ivan Vilike is shaped something like a turban, and as much like a turnip. It is gilt, and is surrounded with inscriptions. The domes of the churches are all either gilt or painted a rich blue with golden stars all over them. But whether gold or blue, they are invariably surmounted by the

"Ivan, losing his balance, fell heavily to the ground."

Russian or Greek cross, which is strongly gilt and hung around with gilt chains. All these bright objects glitter in the sun, and stand out grandly from the pure blue sky.

Besides the churches in the Kremlin there are other sacred buildings. There is a nunnery and monastery, besides the gates, which are all sacred. One of these, the principal gate of the Kremlin, has a holy picture; and it was formerly a law that everybody passing under this picture should take off his hat. There were until within the last few years soldiers to enforce observance of this law, and no excuse on the ground of a man being a foreigner was admitted. Non-compliance with the custom was punished by imprisonment, and in some cases exile to Siberia. The picture, it is said, excited the wrath of the first Napoleon, who heard of its sanctity, and determined to destroy it, but it was singularly preserved from the fury of the French, and remains in its old position to this day over the gate in the clock-tower.

Along one side of the Kremlin flows the Mosk, a river from which the city of Moscow takes its name. The position of the fortress with reference to the river is similar to the relation between the Thames and the Tower, to which latter building—allowing of course for the difference in style of architecture, etc.—the Kremlin in some respects corresponds.

Three days after the fatal evening on which the house at Berozovo was burnt to the ground a man in the dress of a confidential servant to a banker or merchant was seen to enter the Kremlin by the north-eastern gate and proceed to the terrace which overlooks the waters of the Mosk. He was an arteltchik, so called from belonging to the "Artel," a society formed by the better sort of office servants (not clerks) to insure the honesty of its members and to make good any sum of money that may be lost by the neglect of any one of the number. It is similar as a security to the caution-money deposited by such people in England.

The man carried in his hand a small packet, and was evidently waiting for some other person. He was in no particular hurry, for after looking for a moment at the distant "Sparrow Hills," from which Napoleon first beheld Moscow, he turned back, and, approaching one of the churches, took off his cap and bowed low in adoration to the figure of a saint depicted in fresco on the outer wall of the building. He crossed himself many times, and entered the gorgeously decorated church to offer a taper at the shrine of his patron. This done, he left the sacred edifice and continued his walk on the terrace, every now and again glancing at the huge clock in the tower, and then looking in the direction of the new and splendid cathedral of "Our Saviour."

"What a time that fellow is!" exclaimed our devout arteltchik, following up his impatient remark with a series of such explosive expressions as would have shocked anybody not accustomed to the habits to which the lower classes are addicted. "Oh, here he is at last! What do you mean by keeping me here all this time? Where is Ivan?"

"He is with Saschinka, and as well as can be."

"Why did you not bring him with you?"

"*Tak!*" was the reply, meaning literally "so," but having the force of "Because I didn't." If you ask a Russian how he is, he will answer, "*Tak sibya*"—"So as it may be to me." Ask him how he likes his new clothes, he says "*Tak*," meaning "Oh, they'll do." Ask him whether his son is a good boy, the reply is "*Tak*," meaning "Oh, he might be better." Ask him whether his master has called him a rogue, "*Tak*," equivalent to "Precisely so," is the answer.

"Have you found out anything about the Ozoonovo matter?" continued the arteltchik.

"Look here, Ivan Nekiteroff, I have taken all the trouble in the world, and I can only learn that his mother, or foster-mother, whichever she was, has been dead for some years."

"Then have you no information as to why Mr. Smirnoff took such a wonderful interest in him?"

"I suppose," said the other, "that he wanted some object for his charity, and Ivan was as good as another; but why he calls him Ivan Dobroff I cannot think, and as to his deserving such a surname, I don't see it. He thinks more of fun than of learning. He never sees a Tartar without making a "pig's ear" with some portion of his dress to insult the Mohammedan by an allusion to the swine. Since he has lived with us we have had no peace for his tricks, and I am anxious to get back to Mazielovo before any mischief happens. I think there is nothing particular about the boy or his case more than usual."

"Perhaps not, but I am naturally suspicious, and Mr. Smirnoff is not the kind of man to do a good action—*tak!*—unless good to himself came out of it. Now, having reasons for being interested in this matter, I propose driving with you to Mazielovo and having a talk with Ivan myself. I have something for him here."

An isvoshchik, or hired driver, answering to our cab-driver, was engaged after some haggling and more joking to carry the two friends to Mazielovo, a village about five miles from Moscow.

After the usual amount of bumping and shaking they came at last to the village, rather picturesquely situated, and containing better huts than those described in the last chapter.

The proximity of the place to Moscow causes it to be frequented by the townspeople, who are fond of hiring such huts and living a sort of gipsy life during the summer. This is pleasant enough while the warm weather lasts, but when it becomes either hot or cold it is simply wretched.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon when the two friends arrived at Mazielovo and descended from their vehicle, joking and chaffing with the driver to the last, who, not a whit behind, returned their sallies with interest.

On entering the hut, which had been specially prepared for the reception of visitors, and had by a few rapid touches of the decorator's art been transformed into a *datchie—i.e.*, country villa—our two new acquaintances were surprised at seeing the simple arrangements of the sitting-room entirely upset and turned to nought by the active energy of a boy of some eleven years of age, who had pushed all the simple furniture into the adjoining chamber, and, having procured a rope, had contrived to attach it to certain hooks driven into the wooden walls of the room. He was now balancing himself as well as he could on the extended cord.

With a degree of caution hardly to have been expected from such a "pickle" as this youngster evidently was, he had placed all the beds he could find in the sleeping-room under the cord on the floor to break his fall in case of an accident. He had received one or two falls, but, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, he had again mounted and was hanging by both hands from the cord, along the whole length of which he contrived to shuffle from end to end.

"What is the boy up to now?" exclaimed our Kremlin friend. "Is he really mad after all?"

Amused at the fears expressed by this person, who took so warm an interest in him, Ivan began to laugh, and thereby losing his balance fell heavily to the ground, but being caught by the mattress no great harm was done. Still, as he tried to raise himself he became sensible of slight pain in the ankle, to which he immediately clapped his hand and exclaimed,

"Oh my! it's sprained!"

"Run," cried the arteltchik, "run, Stefan, and fetch a doctor!"

"Don't want a doctor, it's nothing. I'm going to be a cavalry officer and don't mind pain."

"I don't think there is much the matter with him," said Stefan. "But if you like I will run for Dr. Wolf."

"Look here!" said the boy, "I don't want any doctor at all, and I won't have Wolf, because he's a German, and all good Russians hate Germans!"

"What is that I hear?" exclaimed some one, appearing suddenly upon the scene. "What good men hate is only evil, my dear boy. I have never taught you to hate anybody."

"Mr. Smirnoff!" exclaimed Stefan. "Who would have expected him?"

"Were you quite alone, Ivan?" asked Smirnoff.

"Yes," said the boy; "I was only playing, and indeed I am not hurt. It was nobody's fault but my own, and I will never do so any more!"

Smirnoff smiled at the boy's eagerness, but he saw that he was in some pain, and thinking the injury might be severe, dispatched Stefan straight to Dr. Wolf, the nearest medical man.

During his absence Smirnoff began to chat with Ivan on the subject of his studies. The boy answered his questions with a docility very unlike the manner in which an English boy would have answered, and during the whole conversation he sat on a wooden bench placed under the window with his foot raised and resting on the bench. But his answers were not very satisfactory. And Smirnoff at length asked him how many hours a day he employed in lessons.

"Oh! that depends; sometimes Mr. Palitzki has less time than others, sometimes more!"

"H'm!" said Smirnoff. Seeing clearly that the boy was shielding his tutor by the vagueness of his replies, he resolved to ask him no more questions on such delicate subjects. Just at this moment the woman of the house, Saschinka, came in and exclaimed violently at the disorder in the cottage.

"What a mess! Oh, Ivan, what a naughty boy you are! When Mr. Palitzki comes home to-night I will tell him to

give you some long lessons to learn before he goes out to-morrow, just to keep you out of mischief! Gruscha! come here, Gruscha!"

"Ah!" said Smirnoff. "Mr. Palitzki goes out a good deal then, does he?"

"Oh dear me, yes sir," said the woman, "he seldom comes home before the evening."

"How can you say such a thing?" said Ivan, hoping again to hide Palitzki from Smirnoff's wrath. "I am sure he gives me enough to do! If I learn all that I shall soon be fit for the university!"

"I hope you will be fit for the university one of these days, but there is no hurry. It is not necessary for you to pass through the whole course, but I want you to know Latin well."

"And that is just what I hate worse than a German!"

"Ivan, I will not have you speak so violently against any people! You are too young to understand such questions, but we Russians owe much—very much—to the Germans."

"I don't think we *owe* them anything; they are always well paid for what they do. They take care of that!"

"Who has made you such an anti-German? I am sure you did not learn these notions from me."

"Of course not! You hate nobody—not even the Germans!"

"Glad to hear that, at all events," said a pleasant, powerful voice, as a brisk, good-tempered-looking man entered the room.

"Dr. Wolf, I believe?" said Smirnoff, with extreme kindness, as the stranger entered. "Very glad to see you. It was very kind of you to come to see my little adopted son. I don't think there is much the matter with him; still, I have a horror of sprains, and I fancy the ankle is swollen."

"Let me see the injured place, my boy. You are a brave little fellow, anyhow."

"I don't see that," said Ivan. "There is nothing the matter with me unless you bite me!"

"I bite you! What do you mean?"

"Wolves bite, and I am afraid of wolves. Am I a brave little fellow now?"

"You are an impudent little fellow, at all events. But let us see the injured part."

The doctor turned up the white canvas trouser of the boy, and then made the usual "passes" with his hand round the limb, which, after a due amount of punching, pinching, and pushing, he declared to be quite uninjured, greatly to the satisfaction of Mr. Smirnoff.

"You have nothing to be afraid of now, my boy," said the doctor. "Run off as if I or my namesake were at your heels."

There had been a kindness and a tenderness in the tones of this "German" that had gone straight to the heart of little Ivan. He looked up in the doctor's face, and with his peculiarly sweet smile said, "Thank you, doctor. I hope you will forgive my rudeness, but I did not think you would have been so kind. May I go now?"

"Good-bye, my boy. Run away and enjoy yourself in the sunshine, but take care not to get too much of it."

Away sprang Ivan, glad to find that the "crick" which his ankle had made when he fell was no sign of fracture, and that the swelling was due only to the imagination of his adopted father.

"Has the boy no mother?"

"Neither mother nor father."

"The father's place you can supply, but no one on earth can be a mother to a motherless boy. There is great gentleness with all his odd, half-savage ways. Pity there is not a kind, motherly woman to look after him."

"Yes, I think so. He boarded, however, in the family of a priest, whose wife exerted a very good influence upon him."

"That is hardly enough. The woman to whom he is confided ought to be a *lady*; she, I fancy, is not."

"You are right, doctor; I will see about it. I am most dissatisfied with a young student to whose care I have confided him, and this person—I have only to-day discovered the fact—is in league with a party of Nihilists! Just in time I discovered, through a servant, certain papers which had been left by Palitzki in a drawer by mistake. The man could read, and after looking through them thought it his duty to bring these papers to me, and I have come to Mazielovo on purpose to expose and dismiss this young man."

"There is metal in that boy, Mr. Smirnoff; look at him yonder!"

Smirnoff looked out, and beheld, not far from the house, little Ivan with a long stick, which he was managing after the fashion of the Cossacks, who are very expert with the lance. He had engaged about a dozen of the peasant children to join him, and had armed them with similar sticks. He was now marching them, with their toy lances sloped over their shoulders, to the sound of their own voices, as the Cossacks are marched to the same vocal music. The Russians have a remarkable gift as regards song. The service of their church is almost entirely song, and the boys are accustomed to it from a very early period.

The charm of this childish music was very great; and Smirnoff, begging the doctor to excuse him for a moment, left the house to hear them better, as they marched round from the street towards some common land at the rear, while the doctor, who seemed to have taken a wonderful amount of interest in our hero, commenced the following conversation with Stefan.

"Fine little chap that!"

"Yes, doctor, the saints be praised! He is not a bad boy — awful wild, though!"

"He seems to me very affectionate and gentle in his way."

"He is all that, especially with Metrofan Dmietrievitch. But he can be wild when he likes. Oh, dreadful! Wants to be a soldier! He is quite another boy alone."

"I suppose Mr. Smirnoff does not like these soldiering tastes?"

"Who? Oh, Smirnoff! Oh, no, he doesn't believe in soldiers, you know. He is a merchant."

"But many sons of merchants become officers nowadays, especially as everybody has to serve."

"That is true; but Mr. Smirnoff is educating him to be his heir. So he goes to the Gymnasium, and learns Greek and geography. He will be a *barin* (gentleman) himself in time, and have his own estate and servants, and goodness knows what fine things! Yes, such is God's will!"

"Strange! But, tell me, whose son is he?"

"That I do not rightly know, but his father was a soldier, and was killed by the English."

"Nonsense! If his father had been killed in the war against the English in the Crimea, the boy must be nearly thirty years old now! Don't you know the war with the English was in 1854?"

"I don't know when it was, but I remember only some four or five years ago, when Skobeleff was fighting the English at Plevna—"

"Skobeleff never fought the English; you are thinking of the Turks."

"Well, of course you must know best; but I thought that was all the same—they are all pagans. It is all the same thing."

"Never mind whether they are pagans or good Christians; was it at Plevna that this boy's father was killed?"

"They say so, and his mother died long before; so Ivan was put out to nurse, but I suppose there was no money, and the nurse died about two years ago, and so Metrofan Dmietrievitch heard of the boy, and now he he has adopted him. Why I cannot tell."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a tall and not very cleanly young man, who entered the room hurriedly, exclaiming "Ivan! Ivan!" He started on seeing the doctor, and said,

"Hulloa! what's the row now? Ivan ill?"

"Is your name Sergius Nicolaevitch Palitzki?"

"It is. Why do you ask?"

"I wanted to know whether you were the student to whose care the boy was confided?"

"And if I am, is that any business of yours?"

"Decidedly," said Wolf, waxing warm; "the boy might have had a serious accident through your neglect."

"My neglect! What do you mean? I gave him the First Declension to learn; if he had done his duty *you* would not have been here!"

"Perhaps not; but you cannot expect the boy to love his duty when he sees you neglect yours."

"Who says I neglect mine?"

"It is well known," said Wolf, at a venture, "that you habitually neglect the child."

"I have not engaged myself as a nursemaid, and I am not answerable to any person here, especially not to a *German*"—this in a tone of great contempt—"for any of my actions, and I do not neglect my duty."

"Oh, yes, you do, though," said Smirnoff, appearing as he spoke, and addressing Palitzki in a quiet, firm undertone. His appearance was so unexpected by the student that his surprise and fright partook somewhat of the comic element.

"Sir," said the student, "this is a fresh insult! What that German doctor said I can set down to the score of his ill-will at losing a patient. But what you say, as the guardian and protector of this child, is another and more serious matter."

"Oh, yes," observed Smirnoff, in the same quiet, calm, and resolute manner; "you are quite right there. The one is only a medical opinion, although a valuable one; the other may be connected with serious consequences, Sergius Nicolaevitch Palitzki!"

At this the young man assumed a

very blustering air and commenced talking in a high key, but Smirnoff produced a small leathern case from an inner breast-pocket. This he opened, and selecting a paper from several documents therein contained, opened it, and held it out so that Palitzki could see the signature, and then, withdrawing it rapidly as that worthy made a sudden grab at it, as if to tear it away, said, without any change in his voice or demeanour,

"That is your handwriting, nor would it be of the slightest use to deny it. You are known, and must trust to my mercy and forbearance; it is quite ridiculous to attempt the heroics when I hold *this!*"

Palitzki said not a word, but turned away and entered the sleeping-room which he occupied in common with Ivan Dobroff. Meanwhile, Smirnoff turned to the doctor, and said, in a sweet and engaging voice,

"My dear sir, I am quite ashamed of myself to think of your being witness to a scene like this, and still more ashamed to think that you have been standing all this time. Pray take a seat, and allow me to express my obligation to you for your care of my boy, who I am sure will not forget it. I most particularly desire that if your other occupations will permit you should give us the benefit of your advice and valuable aid as our regular household medical friend."

"You are very good, and I am flattered by this mark of your confidence, but for the moment you must not think me churlish if I run away. I neglected an important case, which I should have attended an hour ago, but was called in to your interesting young *protégé* there."

"My dear doctor, if your time is so short, pray take my horses and droshky. They are fresh, and will carry you over the ground in no time!"

"Thanks! but my little nag with the tarantass will serve my turn. I am only going over to Daviedovo!"

"As you please; but you said you had neglected a dangerous case to come to my family, and I thought that my horses would help to make up for lost time!"

"Well, there is a great deal in that, so I will accept your offer, and perhaps through the freshness and better condition of your cattle I may be in time."

The two men left the house together to compare notes about their horses. There was not much room for any great diversity of opinion there. The droshky of the wealthy Moscow merchant was a curious structure on four small wheels, with a seat for one person in the body of the vehicle, which was as lightly built as possible and painted black. The horses were two beautiful black steeds in splendid condition, one harnessed to the shafts and having the universal Russian *duga* over his head, while the other was attached by a yoke and traces to the side. The driver was a stout, burly, good-humoured Russian, with carefully cut beard and hair, just a little of a white neckcloth to be seen above the collar of his long gown-like blue cloth coat, and he wore on his head a very smart low-crowned black beaver hat very curly in the sides, with very small brim and very wide top. Round the waist of this portly figure was bound a deep-red scarf, and he held in the horses with both hands. The tarantass of the doctor was like nothing else but another tarantass, so I must try to make my young readers understand as well as I can by description.

The tarantass is a light frame on four wheels, on which some half-dozen very elastic wooden bars are placed parallel with the length of the machine. These are the *springs*. Upon them is fixed a semi-cylindrical contrivance made by bending a number of pieces of wood into the shape of half hoops; these are connected by longitudinal bars of wood, and the whole is covered with thick bark of trees. By this means a sort of basket is formed of a semi-cylindrical shape. The two ends are closed with bark and pieces of wood, and then this basket, boat, or cradle is fixed upon the elastic poles which do duty as springs. The axle-trees are very long, so long as to admit, in some cases, of shafts being fitted inside and also outside the wheel, each shaft forming a sort of fork in which the wheel plays. The vehicle owned by our friend the doctor was not so cumbrous, inasmuch as the shafts were simple like the ordinary shafts in general use. A board was strapped across this queer machine, adding much to its nautical look, giving the observer the impression that it was some odd kind of boat on wheels.

"Good morning, Dr. Wolf!" cried the driver of the dandy droshky to the doctor. "I hope you are quite well. Glory be to God, *I* am all right since you cured me that time at Tula. You remember?"

"I remember now," said the doctor. "Awful scamp he is too"—this in a whisper to Smirnoff, who nodded appreciatingly, and said, with all the pride of ownership, "The biggest scamp in Moscow! I am very proud of him"

"Well, I want you to take the doctor across to Daviedovo. If you do it in a quarter of an hour I shall let you off that ten roubles for the wheel you smashed in your carelessness last Saturday."

Here the driver's face glowed with humour. "All right, barin!" he said; "you would never stop a trifle like that out of a poor man's wages—a gentleman like you, too! I know you better, and I thank you beforehand for the nice new crisp ten-rouble note you are going to give me if I'm back within the half-hour."

Both Wolf and Smirnoff laughed, and the latter said, "I don't want you back until Dr. Wolf wishes to return, only he must be in Daviedovo in fifteen minutes. Never mind me, doctor, I can take your tarantass to Moscow, from thence your man can drive back to Mazielovo in your vehicle. It's all right; jump up, and allow me to hand you this for your visit to-day. We have not commenced our annual regular arrangement yet, so this must be considered as an ordinary visit. Good-bye."

"You make everybody do what you like," said the doctor. "I cannot resist you; but you may depend on my doing my best for the boy."

"All right, doctor?"

"All right! Pasholl!"

This was to the driver, and meant, "Be off with you!"

And they *were* off! Away they darted up the broad, uneven road, then they turned down a branch path near the smaller houses. Away they went. Smirnoff stood gazing, so did the arteltchik, so did Stefan, so did Saschinka, so did Gruscha.

At last they turned to enter the house, which Gruscha was the first to do. She uttered a cry of surprise. Smirnoff, attracted by the sound, rushed into the datché, thinking that something had happened to Ivan Dobroff. But who can paint his consternation on finding that Palitzki had fled? The window was open, the small drawer in the chest which contained his linen and one change of raiment was empty. The little hand-valise which he boasted could contain his all was gone also. And what else? Why, the little boy! Ivan Dobroff had vanished too!

(To be continued.)

THE

STAR OF THE SOUTH.

By Jules Verne.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LANDSLIP.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and Cyprien found not a single diamond. More and more did he become disgusted with his trade. It seemed to him, without capital enough to buy a first-class claim and pay a dozen Kaffirs to work it properly, but little better than a swindle.

One morning, while Mataki and Bardik went out with Steel to work, he stayed in his tent to answer a letter from Pharamond Barthes, which had been brought in by an ivory trader.

Barthes was enchanted with his life of hunting and adventure. He had already killed three lions, sixteen elephants, and an incalculable number of giraffes, antelopes, and such small game.

"Like the conquerors of history," he said, "we make war feed on war. It frequently happens that we not only feed the whole expedition on what we bag, but also make considerable profit by selling or bartering the skins and ivory." And in conclusion he said, "Why don't you come with me and have a turn on the Limpopo? I shall be there about the end of next month, and intend to go down to Delagoa Bay, to return by sea to Durban, whither I have promised to take my Basutos. Leave your horrible Griqualand for a few weeks and join me."

Cyprien was reading the letter over again when a tremendous noise, followed by a loud shouting in the camp, made him rush out of his tent.

An excited crowd were running towards the diggings.

"A landslip!" was the cry from all sides.

The night had been very cold, while the preceding day had been one of the hottest for some time. This sudden change of temperature had, as usual, caused the earth to crack and break away.

Cyprien hurried to the kopje. A glance showed him what had happened.

An enormous block of earth, about sixty yards high and two hundred long, had been cleft vertically, and a fissure formed in it like a breach in a rampart. Thousands of tons of gravel had been detached from the main mass and rolled down into the claims, filling them with sand, pebbles, and rubbish. Everything on the spot at the time—men, oxen, and

carts—had been hurled below. Fortunately the majority of the diggers had not yet gone down to work, so that but a very few were buried by the fall.

Cyprien's first thought was for Steel, and soon he had the pleasure of recognising him amongst the men near the cleft. He ran up to ask him how it had happened.

"We are all right," said the Lancashire man, as he shook hands.

"Where's Mataki?" asked Cyprien.

"He is down under there," answered Steel, pointing to the rubbish which was heaped up on their claim. "I was waiting here till he had filled his first bucket when the slip took place."

"But we cannot leave him there without trying to rescue him. Perhaps he is still alive."

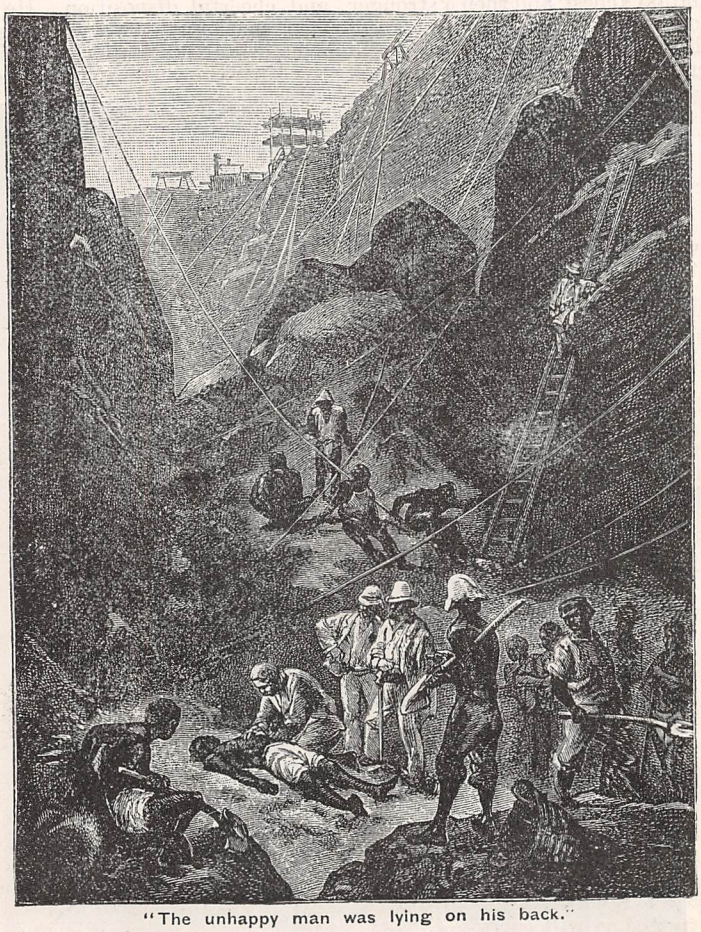
Steel shook his head. "It is not likely that he can be living under fifteen or twenty tons of earth. Besides, it would take ten men two or three days to clear all that off."

"Never mind," answered the engineer; "it shall not be said that we left a fellow-creature down in that grave without trying to get him out."

And then, through Bardik, who was standing near, he offered to the Kaffirs the high pay of five shillings a day to all who would help to clear out the claim.

Thirty negroes undertook the job, and without losing an instant set to work. Picks and shovels were there, buckets and ropes were ready, and the carts were standing by. A great number of the whites, hearing that they were trying to dig out a poor fellow buried alive by the landslip, volunteered their help, and Steel, thoroughly roused by Cyprien's energy, was by no means the least active amongst them.

By noon several tons of gravel had been cleared away. At three o'clock Bardik uttered a hoarse cry. Beneath his pickaxe he had just caught sight of a black head. The men worked with a will, and a few minutes later Mataki's body was exhumed. The unhappy man



"The unhappy man was lying on his back."

was lying on his back, motionless, and to all appearance dead. By a singular chance one of the leather buckets had been turned over on his face and covered it like a mask.

This Cyprien noticed at once, and it led him to think that he might recall the poor fellow to life. The hope, however, was very feeble, for the heart beat no longer, the skin was cold, the limbs had stiffened, the hands were clenched in agony, and the face—of that livid paleness peculiar to the negroes—was frightfully contracted by asphyxia.

Cyprien did not lose courage. He had Mataki carried to Steel's hut, which was nearer than his own, and here he was laid on the table where the gravel was usually tried over. Systematic rubbing was then begun, particularly that chafing the thoracic cage, with a view to establish artificial respiration, which is employed in the case of the apparently drowned. Cyprien knew that this treatment was equally applicable to all kinds of asphyxia, and in the present instance he had nothing else to attend to, as no wound or fracture, or even serious bruise, was apparent.

"Look!" said Steel, who was rubbing away assiduously; "he is holding something in his hand!"

The result of these measures soon became apparent. The corpse-like stiffness of the young Kaffir gradually relaxed; the temperature of the skin sensibly changed. Cyprien, who was watching the heart for the least sign of life, thought he could feel a gentle trembling that augured well.

"Men, oxen, and carts had been hurled below."

Soon the symptoms became more marked. The pulse began to beat, a slight inspiration seemed to insensibly inflate Mataki's chest, and then a stronger expiration betrayed a manifest return of the vital functions.

Suddenly two vigorous sneezes shook the black carcass from head to foot. Mataki opened his eyes, breathed, recovered his consciousness.

"I should try to make diamonds."

"Hurrah! hurrah! he's all right!" exclaimed Thomas Steel, as, dripping with perspiration, he suspended his rubbing. "But look! he has never left go of that piece of earth in his hand!"

Cyprien had other things to think of than such a trifle as that! He made his patient swallow a spoonful of spirits, and then raised him so as to facilitate his breathing. Finally, when he found he had really returned to life, he wrapped him up in blankets, and, with the help of three or four willing companions, carried him to his own hut at Watkins Farm.

There the poor Kaffir was put to bed, and Bardik made him take a mug of hot tea. In a quarter of an hour he peaceably fell asleep. He was saved!

Cyprien felt that incomparable gladness in his heart which a man experiences when he has snatched a human life from the jaws of death; and, sitting down by Mataki, took up a book, interrupting his reading from time to time to look at him as he slept—like a father watching the sleep of a convalescent son.

During the six weeks Mataki had been in his service Cyprien had had every reason to be satisfied with him. His intelligence, obedience, and ardour in his work were astonishing. He was fearless and obliging, and of a singularly quiet and cheerful disposition. He had, however, one fault—a very serious one—due evidently to his earlier education, and to the Spartan customs that prevailed in his father's kraal. Mataki was just a little of a thief, but almost unconsciously so. When he saw anything he liked he thought it the most natural thing in the world to annex it.

In vain his master, alarmed at the tendency, talked to him and argued with him. In vain he had threatened to send him away if he found him out in another attempt. Mataki promised never to do so again, cried, begged pardon, and the very next day stole something else, as if nothing at all had happened.

His larcenies were not heavy, however. His covetousness was not excited by things of great value; a knife, a cravat, a pencil, or some such trifle would be enough for him. But Cyprien was none the less broken-hearted at finding such a failing in so sympathetic a nature.

"Wait! hope!" he said. "Perhaps I shall some day make him understand how wicked it is."

Towards nightfall Mataki awoke, as well as if nothing had happened, and then he told his story.

The bucket that had accidentally covered his face, and a long ladder serving as a buttress above him, had kept off the pressure, and saved him for some time from complete asphyxia by leaving him a little air to breathe. He had made the best he could of this fortunate circumstance by breathing only at long intervals. But little by little the air became foul. Mataki found his senses gradually going, and fell off into a deep, painless sleep, whence he roused for a moment now and then to make a determined attempt at inspiration. Then all was a blank.

Cyprien let him talk for a minute or two, and then got him to drink and eat, and compelled him, in spite of his protests, to remain in bed for the night. Then, feeling sure that all danger was over, he left him alone, and went to pay his customary visit to Watkins Farm.

He wished to tell Alice what he thought of the events of the day, and of the dislike he had taken to the mine—a dislike which the deplorable accident of the morning could not but increase. He told her of his disappointments and vexations, and of the letter he had received from Pharamond Barthes. Would it not be better for him to take his friend's advice? What would he lose by going to the Limpopo and trying his luck as a hunter? Surely it would be a nobler occupation than that of sifting the ground like a miser, or getting other people to sift it for him.

"What do you think, Miss Watkins?" he asked. "You have so much practical good sense, advise me. I have lost my moral equilibrium; I want a friendly hand to set me right again."

Thus spoke he in all sincerity, pleased, he knew not why, at thus betraying his indecision to his gentle confidant, who listened with deep sympathy.

"I have long thought the same of you," she answered. "I cannot understand how a scientific man like you can abandon yourself to such a life. Is it not a crime against yourself and against science itself? To give your precious time to mere hand labour, such as a Kaffir or a Hottentot could do much better, seems to me to waste it."

Cyprien had only one explanation to give of the problem which so greatly astonished and shocked the young lady. Perhaps she was exaggerating her indignation a little to force him to an avowal? But that avowal he had promised not to make, and so he restrained himself, although it trembled on his lips.

Miss Watkins continued, "If you want to find diamonds so badly, why don't you look where you are most likely to find them—in your crucible? What! you a chemist, knowing more than anybody what these wretched stones are which people value so highly, and set yourself to mere mechanical labour? If I were in your place I should try to make diamonds, not to find them!"

Unfortunately at this moment Watkins awoke from his sleep to ask the latest news from Vandergaart Kopje, but the seed had been thrown on good ground, and was sure to germinate.

As the young engineer returned home he pondered over Miss Watkins's thrilling words. All that was fanciful about them disappeared when he thought of the generous and almost tender confidence that they showed in him.

"And why not?" he asked himself. "The fabrication of the diamond may have appeared Utopian a century ago, but now it is as good as done. Frémy and Peil have made rubies, emeralds, and sapphires which are only differently coloured crystals of alumina MacTear

and Hannay, of Glasgow, really made diamonds, and their only fault was that they were so horribly dear—dearer than the natural diamonds of Brazil and Griqualand—and consequently the discovery was of no commercial value. But when the scientific solution of a problem has been arrived at, the industrial solution is not far off. Why should I not seek for it? The men who have failed hitherto have been mere theorists—men of the study and the laboratory. They have not studied the diamond in position—in its native earth—in its cradle, so to speak. I have the benefit of their work—of their experience—in addition to my own. I have extracted the diamond with my own hands. I have analysed it, studied it under every aspect in which it has been found. If anybody had a good chance of succeeding, I am the man—at least, I ought to be the man."

Thus thought Cyprien, as, turning the matter over in his mind, he lay awake during the greater part of the night.

His resolution was soon taken. On the following morning he told Steel that he did not intend to work his claim any more, and arranged with him to retire from the partnership as soon as some one could be found to take his place. Then he went back and shut himself up in his laboratory to think over his new scheme.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GARLAND," said Ferguson the same evening, after tea, "can you come into our room during preparation? I want to talk to you."

"All right, I will manage it."

"Come in without letting everybody see you. It's an unpleasant business I want to consult you about."

Garland wondered what it was, but restrained his curiosity for the present.

He obtained permission to leave the big room half an hour earlier than usual. Ferguson was waiting for him.

"Would you like to be treasurer of the football this season?" he asked.

"No, thanks. Why? Are you going to resign?"

"Yes; there isn't enough money to make it worth while to have a treasurer that I can see."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some one has been paying a visit to my desk, and relieved the club of its superfluous cash. We shall have to get along with our old balls this year."

Garland seemed thunderstruck.

"Who has done it?" he asked.

"You don't suppose I know, do you? Keep calm, my dear boy."

But Garland was unable to do so.

"Have you told the Doctor?"

"No, and I don't want to till I have something more to tell him than I have now. I want to find where it is first, and then it's the Doctor's business to make the fellow who has got it disgorge."

"You think it's some one in the school?"

"There are a hundred and fifteen boys, and only about a dozen servants, so the odds are in favour of its being a boy."

"But who do you suspect?"

"Now we're coming to the point. You're a safe chap, that's why I'm telling you about it. The first point is, where is Melhuish?"

"He wasn't in to tea, but he may have got leave to stay out."

"No, he hasn't; I found that out. I believe he's gone—run away."

"What for?" asked Garland, incredulously. "He's been very queer lately, but I thought that was because he wasn't well."

"I don't know why he's gone, but you may be sure he has. You'll find he won't turn up at prayers, then they'll find out about it. The point is this. On the face of it Melhuish has taken this money to run away with; but, on the other hand, suppose some one else knew he was going to run away, and so took the opportunity of helping himself, taking it for granted that the blame would fall on Melhuish?"

"That doesn't seem probable."

"No, but a lot of unexpected things happen. I'm inclined to suspect Melhuish, but I don't mean to jump to conclusions too soon."

"How can you prove anything?"

"I've several ideas. First, I've found out who were in here after I left the room about five minutes to five, when my desk was all right. Next, the gold I had in that bag was marked. You see, I didn't like that business about Simpson's money at the beginning of the half; it was never cleared up; so I resolved I'd keep an eye on the cash in my charge. We can find out if Melhuish paid for his ticket in gold or silver. I'm going down to-night about it. I can get the Doctor to let me out; in fact, he will be sure to send me, when he finds Melhuish is gone, to discover where he took his ticket for. If he doesn't send me he'll send you. Then both of us must keep a sharp look-out for any gold that is knocking about; if any youngster seems spending an unusual amount he must be watched."

"I don't half like this," said Garland.

"My dear fellow, you don't suppose it's a pleasant job for me, but I don't mean to stand the loss of three pounds ten without making an effort to get it back."

The prayer-bell rang, and they went back to the big room. The Doctor stalked in with his book and mounted the desk. Names were read out; that of Melhuish received no response.

Prayers were proceeded with as usual, though not a few were wondering what had become of him. When the Doctor descended from his desk, he asked Mr. Pickering where Melhuish was. Mr. Pickering was unable to inform him.

"Come with me a moment," said the Doctor. Excitement now took possession of the school; it reached fever height when Garland was sent for. He was to go to the station to make inquiries. Old John was interrogated, and stated that he had seen Mr. Melhuish go out "close upon five o'clock."

As Ferguson told Garland, he had found out who were in the room after he left. Both Soady and Lang had visited it. Soady it was impossible to suspect; he was always in ample funds. Suspicion lay between Lang and Melhuish, with a great preponderance against the latter.

There was nothing to show how the desk had been opened, for Melhuish had taken the chisel with him, dropping it out of the carriage window when some ten miles from St. Mary's.

Ferguson determined to keep the affair of the desk to himself for a time at least; he would see what he could find out before he spoke of it. Perhaps it would be as well to see Lang.

The first form crowded into their room at the close of prayers; they were allowed to sit up an hour later than the others. The one subject of conversation was Melhuish's flight.

Ferguson did not take much part in the conversation, but pretended to busy himself with his accounts. Soon he looked up, and said quietly to Lang, who was standing near, "I say, Lang, you can't give me a half-sov. for some silver, I suppose? These subscriptions load up one's desk tremendously!"

"Yes, I can do it for you."

He gave Ferguson the half-sovereign he had received from Melhuish, which the treasurer pocketed. When Lang had turned away he examined it carefully.

It was a marked coin; there was a minute dot just behind the Queen's head.

Ferguson scarcely knew what to think. At this moment Garland came back; he had seen the booking-clerk, who remembered distinctly giving a ticket to Melhuish, who had paid for it in silver. There was no silver gone from the football money; the evidence, so far as it was of any value, seemed to point away from the runaway.

"What are you going to do?" whispered Garland.

"Tell the Doctor; I can't get any further by myself. I've found out where some of the money is, at any rate."

"Who has it?"

"Lang."

"Shall you tell the Doctor that?"

"Yes, I shall. I don't want to get any fellow into a row, but I don't mean to lie under suspicion of being a treasurer who does not look after his treasure. It's for Lang to clear himself; I dare say he will be able to. I suspect Melhuish."

That same night, before going to bed, Ferguson saw the Doctor, and told his story. Dr. Fellowes looked very grave.

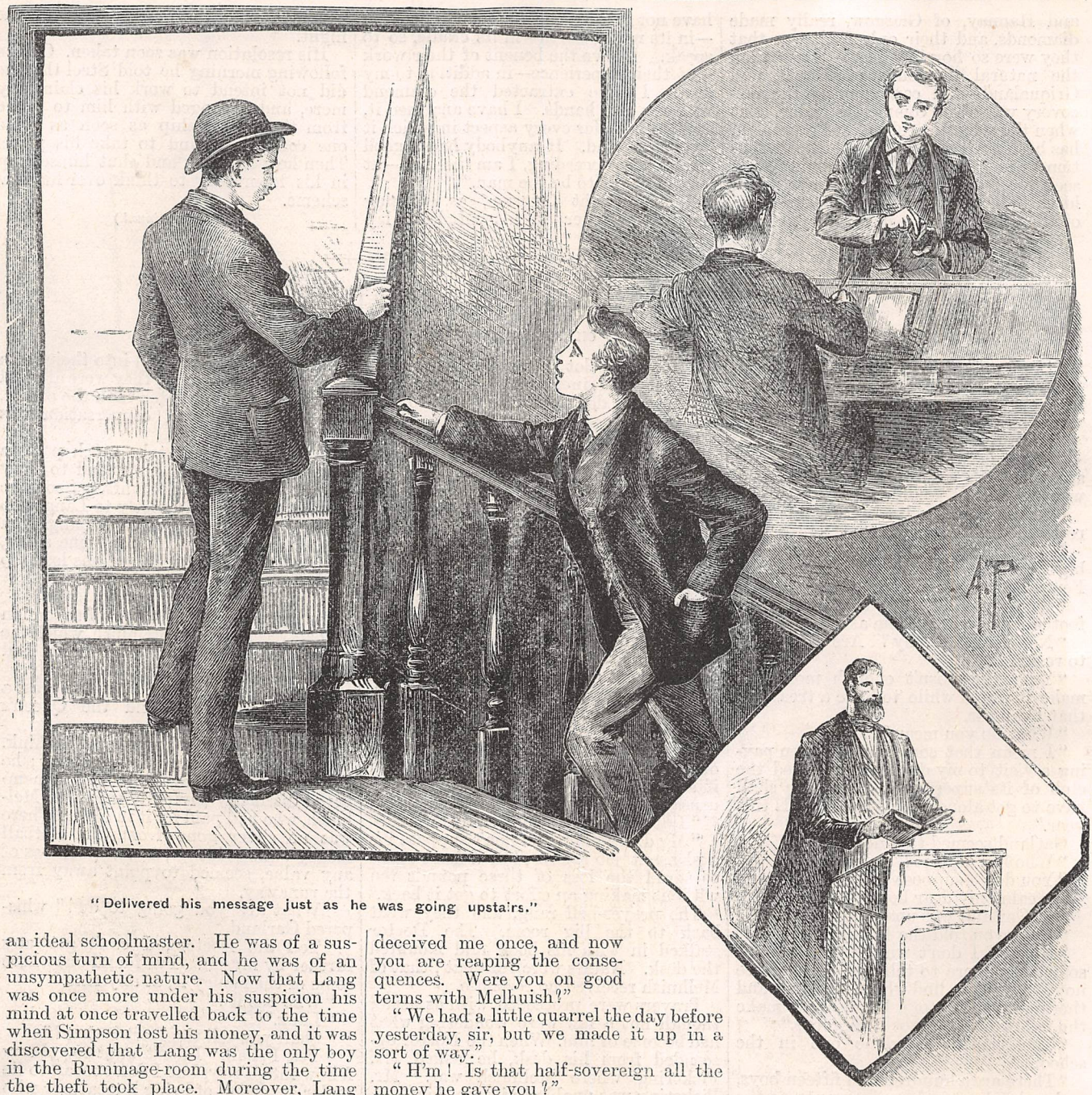
"The inference certainly is that Melhuish is the guilty party," he said. "But we must not be too hasty. Don't say a word of this affair to any of the boys, it is best kept quiet. I will see Lang myself. Send him to me."

Ferguson put a bold face on it, and delivered his message just as he was going upstairs.

"What's he want?" asked Lang.

But Ferguson pretended not to hear. Lang went in, puzzled as to the cause of the summons, but taking it for granted it was for something disagreeable, for he knew he had been getting more and more behind in his examination work, out of sheer despair of getting through.

Dr. Fellowes, though a good scholar and upright man, was not in all respects



"Delivered his message just as he was going upstairs."

an ideal schoolmaster. He was of a suspicious turn of mind, and he was of an unsympathetic nature. Now that Lang was once more under his suspicion his mind at once travelled back to the time when Simpson lost his money, and it was discovered that Lang was the only boy in the Rummage-room during the time the theft took place. Moreover, Lang had denied that he was there—or at least had not confessed he was when asked.

"Lang, do you recollect the last occasion when I had to send for you?"

"Yes, sir."

He remembered it only too well.

"It is a very serious thing that on this occasion the subject is of the same nature."

Lang looked up quickly.

"There has been some more money taken; this time under circumstances that leave no doubt as to its being a theft. But the money stolen was marked by the owner, and now I want you to account for the fact that part of it has been traced to you."

"To me, sir? I haven't heard a word about it!"

"Possibly not. I don't accuse you, I only want to know how you obtained the half-sovereign which you gave Ferguson."

"Melhuish gave it me, sir, this afternoon, just before he ran away."

"Ah, yes! I've not much doubt that is the fact. I wish I could say I was quite sure of it; but you must remember you deceived me once, and now you are reaping the consequences. Were you on good terms with Melhuish?"

"We had a little quarrel the day before yesterday, sir, but we made it up in a sort of way."

"H'm! Is that half-sovereign all the money he gave you?"

"He didn't give it me; I gave him ten shillings for it."

Lang spoke almost insolently; the calm, hard way in which the Doctor spoke of the whole affair was infinitely annoying to him. He was as innocent as Garland, and yet the Doctor seemed to think it was quite an even chance whether he were a thief or not.

"Do you think *I* took it?" asked Lang, imperatively.

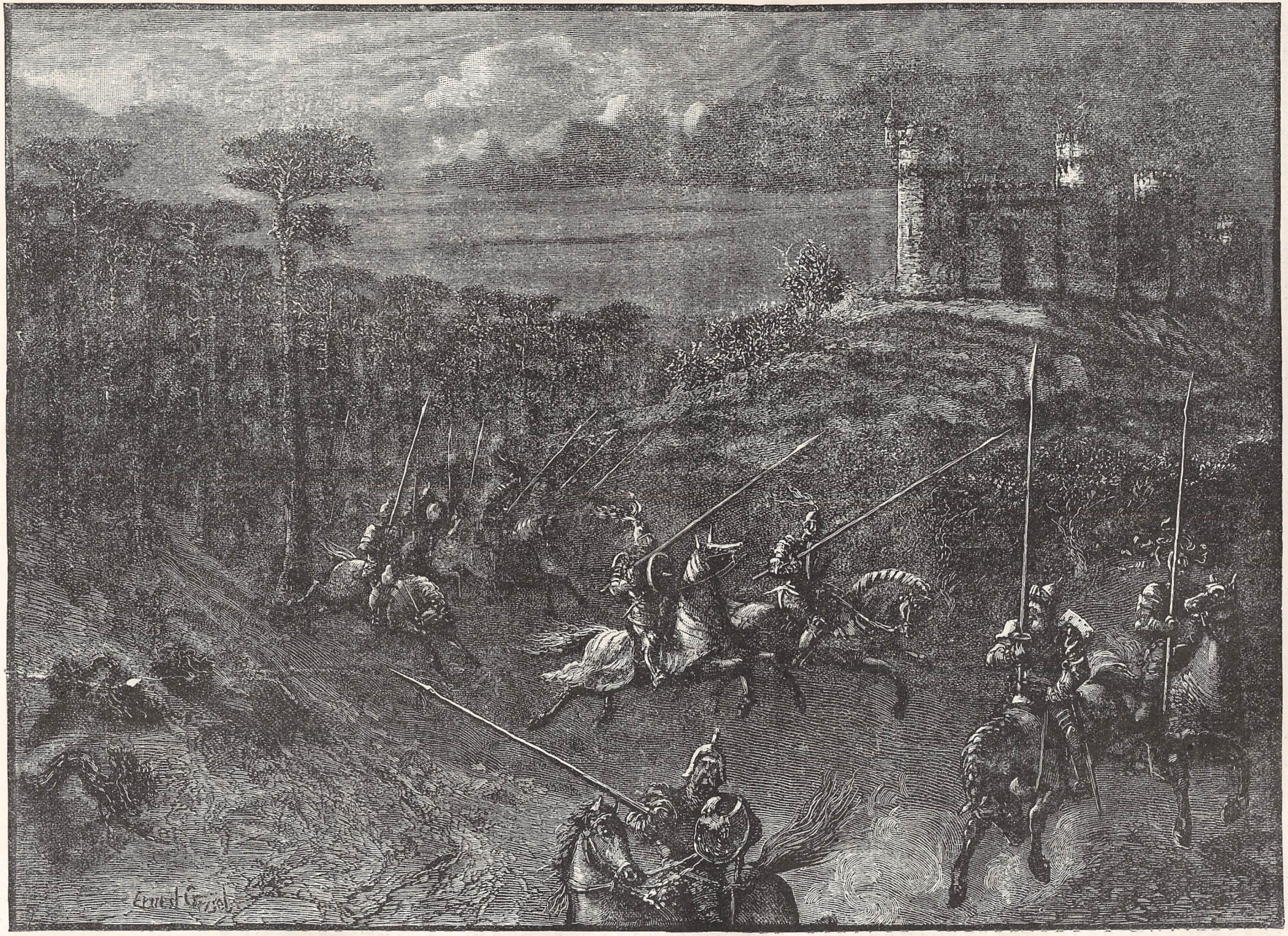
"No; I won't go so far as that," replied the Doctor; "but if you will look at the matter calmly you will see that my hesitation is not altogether unwarranted. Yet I have no right to accuse you on such slender evidence, and I have no wish to be unjust. Unless you mention this matter yourself no one else will; you will be quite unsuspected unless you bring it on yourself."

Lang went to bed. For half an hour he had a great mind to follow Melhuish's example and run away from a school where he was treated so unjustly. Twice had he come under suspicion of a crime which he had never committed. His father would never let him stay under a master like Fellowes if he knew the truth.

He refused to speak to Ferguson, who on his side did not like to take the first step. Lang was ignorant that Garland knew anything about it, and the latter had asked Ferguson to keep his name out of the affair. Garland believed Lang innocent and Melhuish guilty; indeed, who would not have done so? More than that, Garland determined to show Lang more than usual kindness, and then let him know he was aware of the whole affair; that would be a proof of his belief in his innocence.

The Doctor, though somewhat harsh in his treatment of Lang, behaved generously as regards the loss the football club had sustained. In order to keep the theft unknown, and so maintain the character of the school, he himself gave Ferguson the three pounds ten that had been abstracted, so that the new balls were bought after all.

(To be continued.)



Jock o' the Mill.—*See p.* 188.

JOCK O' THE MILL.

A TALE OF THE BORDER.

As every one knows, it was not so many centuries ago that the borderland between England and Scotland was considered fair hunting-ground for those who lived within reasonable distance of the Tweed. It was claimed by various lords who probably had small right to it, but who tried to enforce their rights with little regard to the justice of their claims.

After Chevy Chase the ill-feeling between the border clans became still more bitter, and involved the unhappy people who lived in the neighbourhood in still greater misery than before. The raids of the English were revenged by the Scots, and *vice versâ*, and numberless petty encounters took place of which neither history nor ballad takes any note.

The Baron of Melton was one of the chief raiders. In fact, in spite of his title, he was no better than a common robber. His misdeeds were connived at by the English Government because he was useful in checking the advance of the Scots, of whose inroads into England there was a constant dread. So the baron was permitted to enrich himself as well as he could from the plunder of his neighbours.

There was, however, a thorn in the baron's side. Jock o' the Mill was a man of no account socially speaking. He had been a plain miller till his mill had been plundered and his cattle driven off by the baron. He had been molested several times before, but had managed to carry on his business in spite of it. That last attack, however, convinced him that it was useless to try and continue his peaceable trade whilst such men as the baron were within a short night's ride.

So he gave up his grinding and turned his mill into the nearest approach to a fortress that he could contrive. The situation greatly favoured him. By building a barricade across a narrow path which ran along the side of the precipitous rocky bank of the river which fed his mill he was able to render it impregnable on one side. By raising the dam of his mill-stream he was able to flood the marshy ground around him, so that on the whole he was well defended. Add to this that the approaches to the mill, with the exception of the barricaded path, were through a tangled glen of which scarcely any one knew the secrets.

It was not long before Jock had a following of nearly a score men who had suffered from the incursions of the English and were eager for revenge. They made occasional expeditions on their own account as they grew stronger, and soon became known through the country-side. They made no attempt to attack the large castles and strongholds of the English, but confined themselves to exploits which were not hazardous.

Jock's chief desire was to revenge himself on the baron, yet he durst not attack him openly. But every now and then a shower of arrows would drop into the castle when least expected, wounding or perhaps killing a man or two, and the baron guessed rightly that Jock was at the bottom of it, though no trace of any one could be found. More than once the baron's march home had been annoyed and impeded by sudden and rapid attacks, the enemy disappearing almost before they were seen.

All this was very annoying to the baron, who was a powerful lord, able to muster a hundred men-at-arms at need. He determined to rout out Jock and set his mill on fire, disposing of him once for all. So with fifty men he marched to the mill one dark night.

That was the most disastrous expedition he had ever made. He was ignorant of the existence of the barricade, so went steadily forward until it was reached. Then trouble ensued. The hinder riders pressed on those in front; one horse went over the precipice, not without ncise; Jock's sentinels were aware of something going on and hastened to give the alarm. The attacking party soon found boulders rolling down on their heads; the confusion became still worse. By the time they regained a place of safety their numbers were reduced by nearly a third.

It can easily be imagined that the baron did not intend to sit down idle under this rebuff. He vowed the most terrific revenge. But he was wise enough to see he must be more cautious next time. Jock was not an enemy to be despised.

So the baron dispatched some spies, who were to discover the way down the glen so as to avoid the path along the hillside. But the spies were singularly unsuccessful in their search. The fact was that the first had been caught and killed on the spot, and the rest saw that to venture into the glen was certain death, for Jock was now on the alert.

But the baron, suspecting that cowardice was at the bottom of their reports, gave the last-comer, a hind named Pierce, a taste of his heavy hand and sent him out again, vowing to hang him if he came back without certain news of the approaches to the mill.

It was a week before he returned. The baron had almost given him up.

"Have you succeeded?" asked his lord, imperiously.

"I have penetrated even to the mill itself. I know every approach," replied Pierce, humbly.

"Good for you you do," said the baron, "or your bones would soon be whitening! Lead the way to-night, and tell the men-at-arms to prepare. There is room for horses?"

"In single file through the glen, but there is open space enough close to the mill."

"That will do," said the baron.

When night fell the little army sallied forth. Pierce rode in front to lead the way, promoted for the time to the dignity of a horse. The baron followed with his company, leaving those on foot to make the best of their way in the rear. He knew the ground would soon be so difficult that they would overtake the horsemen.

The journey was made without mishap. By four o'clock they were at the head of the glen. The moon was low on the horizon, but in the east were some signs of dawn.

They plunged into the dark wood, following closely at the heels of Pierce.

"I don't quite like this," said the baron, as his steed stumbled down the narrow path.

"It will be better soon," said Pierce.

It certainly was, and progress became more easy than they anticipated. But there soon came a check. The horses sank rather deep into the miry ground and the baron halted.

"Is there no way round this quag?" he asked. "We shall sink over our heads in this, by the look."

Pierce slipped off his horse.

"There is a path if you will follow me," he replied. He led his horse straight on. The baron tried to follow. Then Pierce's horse began to sink; he made desperate struggles, but got deeper and deeper. Pierce, however, did not stay to help him out, but, leaping lightly from boulder to rushtuft, was quickly out of reach.

It was hopeless to try and follow him. There was a bog on each side of the path, and the floundering horse blocked the way and helped to obscure the proper stepping-places, even had the men known them. The archers were in the rear, ignorant of what had happened, so that Pierce made his escape without even risking a scratch.

It was evident the baron was betrayed. He gave orders for an immediate retreat. But it was not to be ended without interference. From all sides there soon came a galling shower of arrows. The horsemen could do nothing amongst the trees, and the footmen and archers were at a terrible disadvantage fighting against invisible foes and ignorant of the ground. By the time they emerged from the glen half their number were either killed or wounded, amongst the latter the baron himself. Mocking shouts greeted them as they left the wood, Pierce's voice being specially distinct.

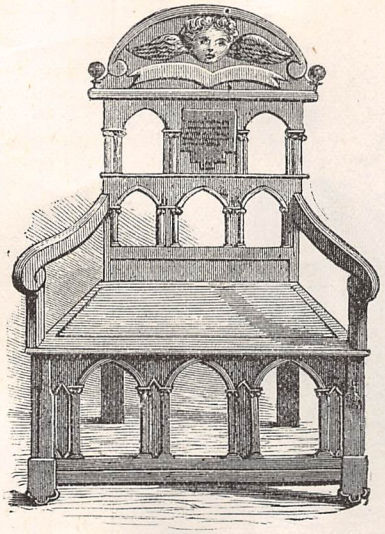
The explanation of the ambush is easy. Pierce was tired of the baron's severities, and when he was threatened with hanging unless he was successful in his reconnoitre, thought that the simplest way would be to turn traitor at once and make his neck safe. He was warmly welcomed by Jock and persuaded to return and lead the tyrannical baron into the glen. He was made complete master of the intricacies of the bogs, as the event showed, and had the satisfaction of seeing his stratagem successful.

Jock's desire was accomplished. He had not anticipated so easy a victory. He knew, however, that the baron must ultimately be too strong for him, so he and his companions left the neighbourhood secretly and joined the Scottish king's army. So that when the baron did at last penetrate to the mill he found no one there on whom to wreak his vengeance.

However, he burnt the mill to the ground, and tried to persuade himself he had gained a victory.

THE SEA KINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



The Chair from the Golden Hind.

THE first to discover the mainland of America was Sebastian Cabot; the first to take his ship round the globe was Francis Drake. In each case, however, the honour is due to a freak of fortune. The Genoese Columbus only missed the mainland by resting content with the West Indies; the Portuguese Magellan only missed the circuit by quarrelling with the King of Zebu and meeting his death in the Philippines.

Magellan—or rather Magalhaens, for so his name should be spelt—left San Lucar on September 20th, 1519, in command of a Spanish expedition. Reaching Rio Janeiro, he coasted down to Port San Julian, and there spent the winter—May to September—of 1520. A dangerous mutiny then broke out on the part of the officers under his command, who, as in Cabot's case, were jealous of one who was not their countryman. Whereas, however, Cabot put his chief mutineers ashore, Magellan stooped to assassination.

Port San Julian was left in the middle of October; and on the twenty-first of that month, now famous for ever as the day of Trafalgar, Magellan discovered and entered the straits that bear his name. For a month and seven days, during which one of his ships deserted him, Magellan beat through the straits, and on the 28th of November first spread his sails on the Pacific. Sailing right across it, he reached the Philippines after a four months' run, and at Matan he received his death from the blow of a lance. One of the ships was burnt, one was taken by the Portuguese, and the other, the Vittoria, under Sebastian del Cano, crossed the Indian Ocean, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and completed the first circumnavigation in three years and a fortnight.

Of Drake's early life we gave a sketch in our first volume, and with his share in the defeat of the Armada we dealt in the fourth. It was during his voyage in 1572 that he first caught sight of the Pacific. He himself commanded the Pascha, of seventy tons, and his brother John had charge of the Swanne, of twenty-five. The united crews amounted to seventy-three, and although a third of these were lost, he attacked Nombre de Dios, and other towns on the isthmus, seized the mules from the Mexican mines, and captured several Spanish vessels, the smallest of which was larger than his largest ship.

"After travelling certain days," says the old account, "we came to the height of the desired hill (lying east and west like a ridge between the two seas) about ten of the clock. And here the chiefest of the Cimarrones took our captain by the hand and prayed him to follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps to ascend near to the top, where they had made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit; and from thence we might see the Atlantic Ocean we came from, and the South Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees that the prospect might be clearer.

"After our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief Cimarrone, and having, as it pleased God at this time, by reason of the breeze, a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea. And then, calling up all the rest of our men, acquainted John Oxenham especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happiness; who, understanding it, presently protested, that unless our captain did beat him from his company, he would follow him by God's grace."

Drake returned to England in 1573, and with three frigates served under Essex in Ireland. Oxenham, who by turns had been soldier, sailor, and sea cook, got tired of waiting, and in 1575 started for the isthmus in a vessel of his own. Landing on the north side of Darien he drew his ship aground in a creek and hid her with boughs. He burned his provisions and great guns, and with two small pieces of ordnance advanced for over thirty miles into the interior till he struck a river running to the south. On this river he built a pinnace forty-five feet in the keel and embarked in her on the South Sea—the first Englishman to reach it.

He took some Spanish prizes, the gold ship from Quito and the silver ship from Lima, but foolishly set them adrift near his hiding-place. The result was that the Spaniards were led to the river, which had three mouths. Some feathers came floating down one of them, showing that fowls were being plucked on its banks. The English were thus found and attacked, the pinnace and the hidden ship were both captured, and Oxenham was taken prisoner, and shortly afterwards hanged at Lima.

Meanwhile Drake had returned from Ireland, and resumed his preparations for the passage through the Straits of Magellan. His crews consisted of one hundred and sixty-four men, "gentlemen and sailors," and his ships were the Pelican of 120, the Elizabeth of 80, the Swan of 50, the Marygold of 30, and the Christopher of 15 tons. With this pigmy fleet did he propose to sail round the world and dare the serious perils that had been magnified tenfold by the interested Spaniards. In these days of five thousand ton Arawas built to run round the globe in seventy-eight days, we are apt to forget the seaworthy cockleshells in which our fathers faced the waves. All honour to the tiny Pelican—the forerunner of our mighty modern liners, one of which would take seventeen times the tonnage of Drake's entire fleet—as on the 13th of December, 1577, she led the way out from Plymouth for "Alexandria," *alias* the wide Pacific!

With many minor adventures Drake reached Port San Julian on June 20th, and with three ships left that "accursed port" on August 17th. On the 20th they made Cape de las Virgines, entered the Straits of Magellan, and on the 24th anchored ninety miles within them. Here Drake changed the name of his ship from the Pelican to the Golden Hind, "out of compliment to Sir Christopher Hatton," of Stoke Pogis, but why or wherefore is not quite clear.

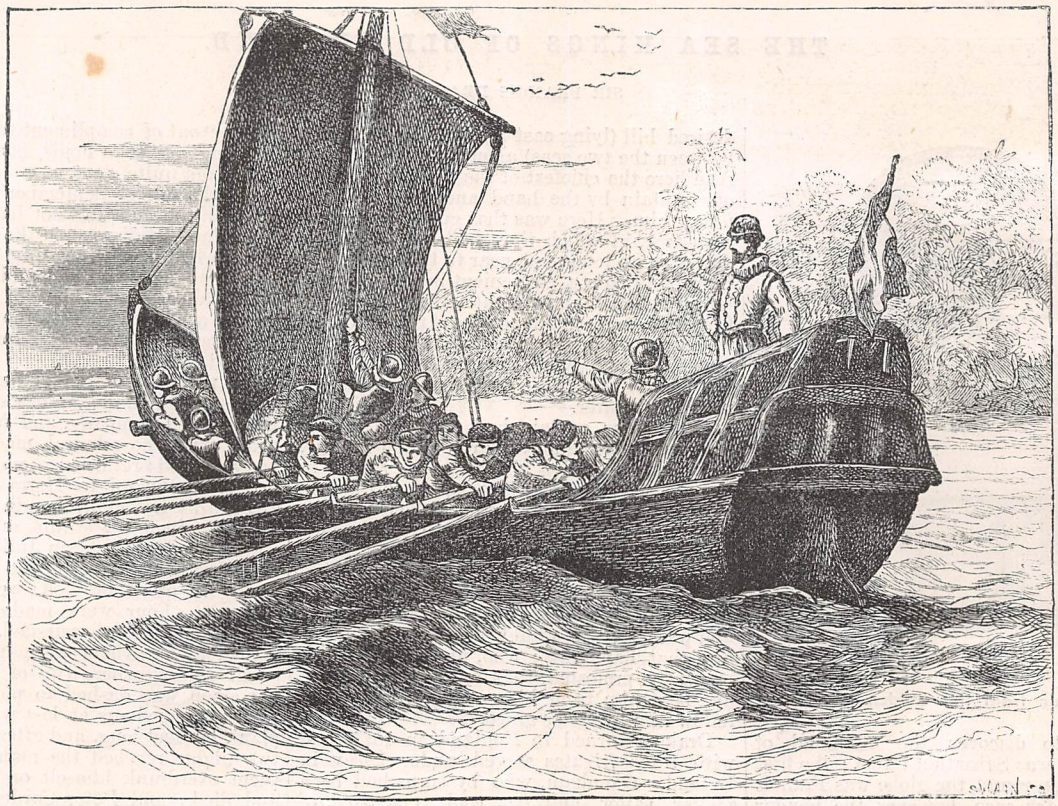
On the 6th of September he entered the Pacific, the fourth who had got through. Magellan had discovered the passage in 1520, Loyasa had been through in 1526, Ladrilleros had surveyed it in 1558, and Drake was the fourth to pass. This he did in twelve days, which, as compared with the weeks spent by the Spaniards, speaks volumes for his skill or good fortune.

On the 30th of September the Marygold was lost, and on the 7th of October the Elizabeth parted company, and failing to fall in again with the admiral, made the eastward passage and returned home. Drake was driven southward to Tierra del Fuego, and afterwards lost eight men in the sloop. The sloop regained the straits, and steering eastwards, reached Port San Julian and then Rio de la Plata, where six of the eight men, wandering in quest of food, were attacked by savages. Four were made prisoners, and two escaped, closely pursued. The four survivors, all of whom were hurt, rowed to a small island, where two of them died, and the sloop was dashed to pieces in a storm. The two survivors at last went to sea on a plank ten feet long, and after three days and two nights reached the mainland. One of them overdrank himself on the fresh water and died; and Peter Carden, the sole survivor, after many years' residence with the Brazilian savages, and captivity among the Portuguese of Bahia de Todos los Santos, succeeded in regaining his native country, and was duly introduced to and rewarded by Queen Bess, as fully set forth in Purchas.

Drake was driven down to 56°, and on the 28th of October he discovered and anchored at Cape Horn, nearly forty years before Schouten and Le Maire bestowed on it the appellation it now bears. Drake's name for the islands round the Horn was the Elizabethides, which fortunately soon became defunct. The whole region of South America had been labelled by the Spaniards Terra Incognita. Drake took upon himself to call it Terra nunc bene cognita, and as such it appears on his maps.

Drake then steered northwards. At Valparaiso, then inhabited by nine families, he took the Grand Captain of the South, and at Arica, then inhabited by twenty families, they captured several ships, in one of which were fifty-seven brickbats of silver, each weighing twenty pounds. At Callao he surprised seventeen Spanish vessels, and thence he started in chase of the Cacafuego, and came up with her off Cape Francisco. She held twenty-six tons of silver, thirteen chests of rials of plate, and eighty pounds of gold, besides diamonds and gems of lesser value.

He made his way up to Nicaragua; thence coasting along, he reached Port San Francisco in California, which he named New Albion, and thence he set out on his perilous voyage across the Indian Ocean, and home round the Cape of Good Hope. He left the Moluccas on the 9th of November, and was nearly wrecked on a reef near Celebes on the 9th of January, 1580. Java was left on the 26th of February, the Cape of Good Hope passed on the 15th of June, and on the 26th of September, after a voyage of two years and ten months, the Golden Hind cast anchor in Plymouth Sound. On the 4th of April, 1581, Queen Elizabeth went in state to dine on board the Golden Hind, then lying at Deptford, where by the Queen's command the famous ship remained for years until at last it rotted away, and out of what was left of its "carkasse" was made the chair now in the Bodleian, of which we give a sketch.



Oxenham in h's Pinnace on the Pacific.

In 1585, Drake, with Frobisher under him as vice-admiral and Carlile as lieutenant-general, was sent to attack the West Indies. On New Year's Day they captured San Domingo, and then, after cruising about the gulf, dismantling many fortresses, the squadron sailed for Florida, and took off the survivors of an unfortunate colony sent out by Raleigh in the preceding year. In 1587 Drake sailed with thirty ships to the coast of Spain, and hearing from a Dutchman that a fleet was lying at Cadiz ready to sail for Lisbon with provisions and ammunition for the Armada, immediately made his way there, and in the course of one day and two nights destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping destined for our invasion. Between Cadiz and St. Vincent he captured a hundred vessels, and then sailed off to intercept the San Felipe, a Portuguese carrack from the West Indies. Before he could reach her track his provisions ran short, but partly by promises and partly by threats he kept his men together, and soon had the satisfaction of carrying home the richest prize that had yet been met with on the seas.

The next year came the Armada, the story of which, as it was given in our part for August, 1882, we need not here re-tell. Of Drake's part—the principal part—in the defeat of the Spaniards it must suffice us here to say that it was gallantly and successfully performed. During one day his ship received forty shot-holes!

Hitherto Drake had had supreme command in his long sea expeditions, and fortune had ever followed him; henceforth he was to share command, and fortune quit him. In 1589 he went with Norris to restore Don Antonio of Portugal; but a dispute arose between the chiefs of the expedition and it returned without doing anything. In the year 1595 he started on his last expedition to the West Indies in company with Sir John Hawkins, the main object of the expedition being to take possession of the treasure at Panama.

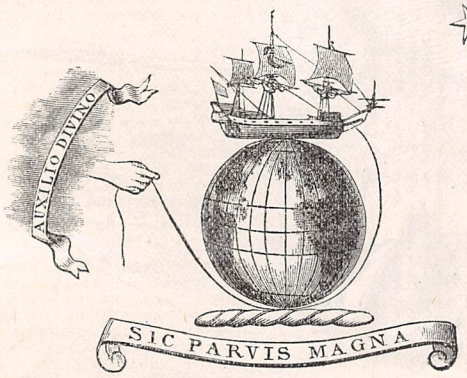
One of the ships, the Francis, fell into the hands of the enemy, who thus became acquainted with the plans, and prepared to give

Drake showing Queen Elizabeth's Picture to the Californians.

the English a suitable reception. Hawkins was so much mortified at the disaster that he died of combined grief and disease before Porto Rico. On the evening he died a shot from the town penetrated the cabin where the officers were at supper, knocked the stool on which Drake sat from under him, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, and mortally wounded Brute Browne. In the morning the assault was delivered and the town captured; but the treasure had been carried off, and the victory proved a barren one. Santa Martha and Nombre de Dios were also taken, or rather found abandoned to the assailants, and then, on the 29th of December, Baskerville started with seven hundred and fifty men on his attempt to cut his way through the Isthmus of Panama. He advanced halfway and then retreated, and returned, depressed and disheartened, to the ships.

This was the crowning disappointment of the expedition, and it threw Drake into a fever, of which three weeks afterwards he died off Porto Bello at four o'clock in the morning. It was the 28th of January, 1595, and Drake was in his fifty-first year.

He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it, deeply lamented by the country whose maritime power and reputation he had advanced more than any of his predecessors. His name will live as long as the world he encompassed.



Drake's Crest.

THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It is usually stated and commonly believed that the world-renowned romance of Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe, was suggested by the story of the sojourn of a Scottish sailor, Alexander Selkirk, on the island of Juan Fernandez. Captain Woodes Rogers, of the Duke frigate, found him on the island, and received the relation from his own lips. Selkirk had been master of the Cinque Ports, commanded by Captain Stradling, a ship that came to Juan Fernandez with Captain Dampier in 1703. On the recommendation of Dampier, Selkirk was made second mate of the Duke—a honourable recompense for his cruel abandonment on the island by his former chief, Captain Stradling. The Duke was one of two privateers fitted out by Bristol merchants, the Duke commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, and the Duchess by a Captain Cook. The celebrated navigator, Captain Dampier, accompanied this expedition merely as pilot, although during the voyage the skill and experience of the veteran seaman often proved of vast use to the younger captains. In his "Voyage Round the World," Captain Dampier gives an account of a solitary man left on the island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained above three years. He was left there in 1681, and released in 1684, several years before Alexander Selkirk was heard of. The details are perfectly authentic, for Dampier was in the ship which left him in 1681, and which found him in 1684; and Dampier, during a later voyage, commanded one of the two ships, the other of which was commanded by Captain Stradling, the tyrannical chief who left Selkirk on the island in 1704, and he was pilot of the Duke privateer, Captain Woodes Rogers, which took off Selkirk, after his solitary exile of four years and four months, in 1709. Dampier knew everything about Selkirk's case, but in his earlier voyage he describes this previous abandonment of a solitary man, and his stay for three years on the same island. Here is the narrative as given in his book.

"The nineteenth day (March, 1683), when we looked out in the morning, we saw a ship to the southward of us, coming with all the sail she could make after us. We lay muzzled, to let her come up with us, for we supposed her to be a Spanish ship, come from Baldivia, bound to Lima, we being now to the northward of Baldivia, and this being the time of the year when ships that trade thence to Baldivia return home. They had the same opinion of us, and therefore made sure to take us; but coming nearer we both found our mistakes. This proved to be one Captain Eaton, in a ship sent purposely from London for the South Seas. We hailed each other, and the captain came on board and told us of his actions on the coast of Brazil and in the River Plate. He met Captain Swan (one that came from England to trade here) at the east entrance into the Straits of Magellan, and they accompanied each other through the straits, and were separated after they were through by the storm before mentioned. Both we and Captain Eaton being bound for John Fernando's Isle, we kept company, and we spared him bread and beef, and he spared us water, which he took in as he passed through the straits.

"March 22nd, 1684, we came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south end of the island. We presently got out our canoe, and went ashore to seek for a Moskito Indian, whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681.

"This Indian lived here alone above three years, and although he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never find him. He was in the woods hunting for goats, when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder and a few shot, which, being spent, he contrived a way, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife, heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened, having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper.

"All this may seem strange to those that are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians, but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments, without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them.

"With such instruments as he made in that manner he got such provision as the island afforded—either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks; but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house, or hut, half a mile from the sea, which was lined with goatskin; his couch of sticks lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist. He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore killed three goats in the morning, before we came to an anchor, and dressed them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the seaside to congratulate our safe arrival, and when we landed a Moskito Indian, named Robin, first leapt ashore, and, running to his brother Moskito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise and tenderness and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also, that stood gazing at them, drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for they have no names among themselves, and they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us, and will complain for want of it if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us, saying of themselves they are poor men, and have no name."*

* From a capital New Book for Boys, "True Tales of Travel and Adventure." By Dr. Macaulay, Editor of the "Leisure Hour." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

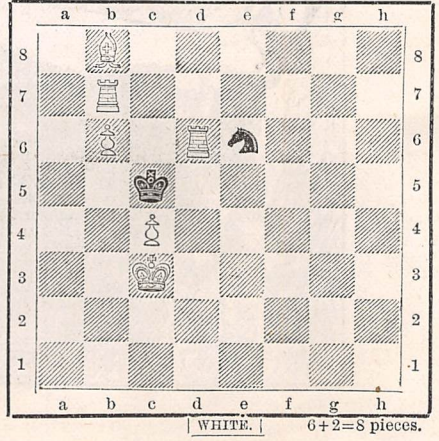
CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

Problem No. 88.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

BLACK.



WHITE. 6+2=8 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

This problem is built upon the root position No. 40, page 103, Vol. V.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 84.

White has several moves to prolong the game, which are given here under *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*.

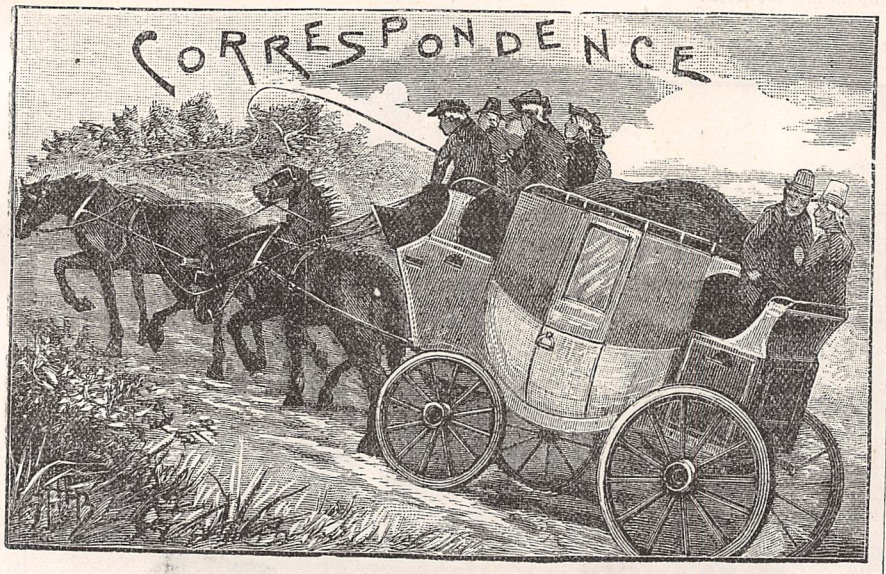
a. 17.	P—Kt 3.	Kt × Kt (d. ch.)
18.	K—Kt 5.	R—B 4 (ch.)
19.	K—Kt 4.	R—B 3 (dis. ch.)
20.	K—R 4 (or *e*).	R—B 5 (ch.)
21.	Q—Kt 4 (or *f*).	R × Q (ch.)
22.	K—R 3.	R × P (dbl. ch.)
23.	K—R 4.	R—Kt 3 (or R 6) (ch.)
24.	K moves.	B mates acc.
(*e*) 20.	K—Kt 5.	Kt—B 2 (ch.)
21.	K—R 4.	P—Kt 4 (ch.)
22.	K—R 5.	R—R 3, mate.
(*f*) 21.	K—Kt 5.	Kt—K 3 (ch.)
22.	K—R 5.	P—Kt 3 (ch.)
23.	K—R 6.	R—R 5 (ch.)
24.	P × R.	B—K 6, mate.
b. 17.	Kt—B 7.	R × Kt.
18.	P—Kt 3.	Kt—B 4 (ch.)
19.	K—Kt 5 (*g*).	Kt—K 5 (ch.)
20.	K—R 4.	R—B 5 (ch.)
21.	Q—Kt 4.	R × Q (ch.)
22.	K—R 3.	R × P (dbl. ch.)
23.	K—R 4.	R—R 6, mate.
(*g*) 19.	K—R 4.	R—B 5 (ch.)

and as under *a*.

c. 17.	B—B 6.	R × B.
18.	Q—Q 2 (*h*).	Kt × Kt (dis. ch.)
19.	K—R 5.	P—Kt 3 (ch.)
20.	K—Kt 5.	R—B 4 (ch.) (or *i*.)
21.	K—Kt 4.	P—R 4 (ch.)
22.	K—R 3.	R—B 6 mate.
(*i*)		Kt—B 2 (ch.)
21.	K × R.	B—R 5 (ch.)
22.	Q—Kt 5.	B × Q, mate.
(*h*) 18.	P—Kt 3.	Kt—Q 5 (dis. ch.)
19.	Kt—K 6.	B × Kt (ch.)
20.	K—R 4 (*j*).	R—R 3 (ch.)
21.	Q—R 5	Kt—B 6, mate.
(*j*) 20.	K—Kt 5.	B—K 6 (ch.)
21.	K—R 4.	R—R 3 (ch.)
22.	Q—R 5.	Kt—B 6, mate.
d. 17.	Q—Q 2.	Kt × Kt (dis. ch.)
18.	K—R 5.	P—Kt 3 (ch.)
19.	K—Kt 5.	R—B 4 (ch.)
20.	K—Kt 4.	P—R 4 (ch.)
21.	K—R 3.	R—K R 4, mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

E. O. (Livorno.)—Your game of 17 moves will now soon be published.



P. T. N. MOESVELD.—No foreigner can obtain a commission in our Navy unless he enters it before he is thirteen years of age, and has been previously naturalised.

ENGINEER.—We have no sympathy with English lads entering the combatant services of foreign powers. If you must fight, fight for your old country.

RAOTO.—The active principle in carbolic acid is not rendered inoperative by the acid being vaporised on a heated fire-shovel.

F. P.—For repairing a bicycle tyre use Prout's marine glue, price one penny per stick, obtainable from any indiarubber shop. There are many imitations of this preparation, some specially prepared for cycle work, and all obtainable from bicycle shops.

C. W. H.—If you read Professor Freeman's book on the English Constitution, published by Macmillan, you will know better than to ask such a question.

BEAVER.—1. The word cañon in "The Silver Cañon" is pronounced as if written "canyon." 2. Carlin-Sunday is so called because of the beanfeast that took place on that day; only the beans happened to be peas fried in butter. It is sometimes called Pea Sunday. It is the Sunday before Palm Sunday.

A MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—"Home, Sweet Home" was written by John Howard Payne, and was first sung in his drama of "The Maid of Milan." The music was written by Sir Henry Bishop.

A NIGGER.—1. We do not know of a guide to "the bones," nor of any music specially written for that instrument. The great secret is to waggle them furiously, and make as much noise as you can. 2. The "blacking" is simply powdered burnt cork.

FRANK.—Give your saddle a coat of soft-soap. It will stain it as agreeably and quickly as anything.

CIVIL SERVICE.—It is difficult to say. You have to give references before you are appointed, and the strictest inquiries are made as to your previous good character.

A LOVER OF KITES.—Mr. Pocock's book on "Kites" is out of print. You might get it through a second-hand bookseller. There is no other book specially on kites that we know of.

A YOUNG WELSHMAN.—Consult a lawyer; never apply to a layman for legal advice. The Married Woman's Property Act is the one you are in search of.

J. B. M.—The half-mile has been run in 1min. 55⅘sec. by L. E. Myers. The best English record is W. G. George's—1min. 57sec.

T. F. M.—The "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" was in the fourth volume. It began on October 1st, 1881, and ran for thirty-eight weeks.

H. S. BOULT.—Beehives can be obtained from Messrs. Neighbour, of Holborn, and other firms. See advertisements in gardening papers.

T. H.—Appointments in the Colonies are either made through the Colonial Office, in which case the examinations take place here under ordinary Civil Service regulations, or through the Colonial Governments, when the examinations take place in the colony.

JIM.—The present inhabitants of New Zealand are, we suppose, called New Zealanders; the natives they found there on arrival were the Maories. In Stewart Island, however, there is an older race.

EVACUATE.—If a young lady were to conclude a letter to us with "and believe me to remain, yours truly," we should in reply ask her to believe that we remained yours truly. In fact, there is no safer rule than to answer a letter in the terms and spirit in which it is written.

WONDERING HOW.—There can be no doubt that the voyage would do the lad good, but we should never advise a boy to be apprenticed unless it was intended that he should follow the sea as a profession. The earlier part of a sailor's life is always the most objectionable.

OLD WOMAN.—1. If you yourself keep a good-sized tomcat, and treat him well, he will very soon perceive the annoyance you suffer from the cats of your neighbours, and make it his business to clear them off the premises at all hours in double-quick-time. 2. The only profession in which a knowledge of Hebrew would be useful would appear to be that of the ministry. 3. For the scholarships at the Universities you should consult the University calendars. 4. The question is too vague.

M. C. S.—You will find how to make ice cream in the April part for 1881.

W. WESTMORELAND.—Particulars as to Government appointments only hold good for the month of publication. The post you mention is no longer open to public competition. For all particulars apply either direct to the Admiralty or to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon Row. Full particulars as to the examinations for the Navy are given in the quarterly Navy List, published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, but you can only trust the current number.

NESTOR.—Read our articles on the Bar in "Professions, and how to enter them," in July part for 1883.

YELLOWHAMMER.—We can but regret that any lad's friends should discourage his study of natural history on the ground that he is "now growing to be a man, and should be thinking of something better;" and you have our sympathy in your uphill struggle. Stick to your hobby as long as you can, work at it thoroughly and conscientiously, and if you cannot convert your friends you may at least convert their children, and save them from becoming the victims of such stupidity. The only book that would fulfil your requirements is Morris's "British Birds," or "Bree's Birds," each of which costs about three guineas. There are 322 species of birds reckoned to be British. Articles on entomology appear in all the volumes. See answer to B. DERBYSHIRE.

BRIXTON.—The best lubricant for wood on wood is a mixture of milk and blacklead.

C. M. LAWTON.—Dr. Lankester's "Half-Hours with the Microscope" is a cheap book on the subject; but there are several shilling books issued by the London publishers, and obtainable at most bookstalls or opticians.

MEM.—In our fifth volume we gave an article on the Pantagraph, and how to make and use it. Refer back.

E. H. H.—1. The pronunciation of Giaour is as near'y as possible that of Jower. 2. Your master should explain his meaning; he is more competent to do so than we are. 3. For fretwork machines you cannot do better than try Churchill.

PAGANINI.—It is a matter of taste. Some players prefer gut strings, others silk. We should say that nothing can equal a good gut string. The silk will stretch, but not to so great an extent as the gut; it will, however, wear fluffy.

DISHEARTENED FIDDLER.—1. Leave the three notes alone till you can be practically shown how it is done. 2. If you lightly place your finger on the centre of the string you will get its octave. 3. The only plan is to get the A string correct, tune the second to it by chord or stopping, tune the fourth to the third in the same way, and then tune the first to the second. As the fourth stop and the next open string give the same note, you can easily check your tuning.

DUMBBELLS.—Dumbbells should never exceed two pounds in weight. If you want something heavier use Indian clubs. See our articles on Gymnastics in the third volume, and on Indian Clubs in the fourth.

X. K. C. and CALEDONIA.—We never offer criticisms on such contributions: you must judge for yourself, or get others to do so for you. It is not customary to pay for such compositions; the newspapers insert them gratuitously as far as the author is concerned, and in some cases even charge for them as advertisements.

H. H. S.—1. Try Oliver's "Botany," or the manuals by Henfrey, Balfour, etc. 2. We could fill the paper with an exchange if we were so minded, but have no intention of providing such a temptation to dishonesty. If you will get a number of the "Bazaar," or "Exchange and Mart," and see the regulations that are necessary to work the subject properly, you will understand our reasons for abstaining from it.

NEMO.—You must join the ranks of the volunteers and work up.

IOTA.—Apply to the Registrar of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, or the Registrar of Victoria University, Manchester, for particulars of examinations for the degree you desire to go in for.

E. M. WILLIAMS.—We thank you for the detailed information, but as it will probably be out of date in a few months, and our readers forget that examination regulations given in back volumes may have been since superseded, we are unable to use it. A copy of the quarterly Navy List will always give them the latest particulars.

HERBERT.—1. There are several books of family crests obtainable from heraldic stationers. Being in the trade you would get one easiest through your master. 2. Bleach ivory under glass, or wash it in a solution of an ounce of nitric acid in ten ounces of water, brushed on with vigour and thoroughly rinsed off in clean water.

B. O. P.—Read the article again. It does not say "the Admiral of the Fleet is giving instructions." All the difficulties you raise were anticipated in the article. A hasty skim from title to tail-piece is not reading. It is a habit easy to acquire and difficult to lose, and only results in waste of time—to yourself and other people.

J. K. JOHNSON.—Queries as to the numbers and stations of lifeboats should be addressed to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, John Street, Adelphi, and not to us.

T. M. L.—The Magyars are the Hungarians. The Transvaal stamps are all poorly printed. The one you sent was genuine.

X. Y. Z.—Indian-ink pricked into the skin is tattooing, and you will remain disfigured for life. You cannot get such marks out. See our article on Tattooing in No. 272.

PERSEVERANDO.—Shorthand is useful for everybody; there can be no question about that. Pitman's system is generally considered the best; those recently advertised are but modifications of it. The address is Paternoster Row.

S. EVERETT.—You can get fencing foils from all the cricket outfitters. They cost from six shillings to a guinea per pair; the blades alone are from eighteenpence to half-a-crown each.

JACK OF HAZELDEAN.—The delay in publishing the results would be so increased that we could not adopt your suggestion. Coloured plates have to be prepared more than twelve months in advance.

J. BROWN.—Fluoric acid is what you mean, but the ovals are cut with the diamond. A two-cell battery would not be strong enough for an incandescent light.

DELORAINE.—Wash the fly in alcohol or spirits of turpentine, and when he is dry mount him in Canada balsam, which you can get from the nearest chemist.

DIET.—To make oatcake mix moderately fine oatmeal to a stiff paste with boiling water; roll it out thin, bake it in a slow oven, do not let it brown, and when it is done dry it before the fire.

FLAGGS.—We have had a series of articles on Signals only recently. There was an article on Flags in the first weeks of October, 1882, and of October, 1883, and there was one on Storm Signals in No. 58.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER.—You may discover a cure for "a red nose not caused by drink" by applying to a doctor. We cannot tell you to what it should be assigned. We know nothing of nosology, and never answer medical queries.

T. H. CHURCHER.—A book on ticket-writing is published by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. Mix your colours with varnish.

YACHTIST.—You might get a good second-hand boat by advertising in "The Model Yachtsman." It is published in High Street, Hull, price eighteenpence per annum post free. It comes out on the first of the month, and costs a penny per number. You can get it in your neighbourhood of Mr. H. Butcher, 7, Bedford Terrace, Kensington.

DEVONIAN.—Distilled water boils at 212° in the open air, but in a closed vessel you increase the pressure, and hence the 212° can be exceeded. From ignorance of this trifling fact your argument is a mere waste of time. A little knowledge is dangerous, even in a Devonian.

A WOULD-BE SAILOR BOY.—You will never get a situation on board ship unless you make personal application to the Mercantile Marine Office, to the owner, or to the captain, and the sooner you give up the idea the better.

COLONIC.—Emigration to Australia is now worked on the nomination principle. A colonist applies for a ticket to bring out his friend, and sends it over to this country, and then the fares are very low. Four pounds will take a young man, two pounds a young woman, to Sydney. To go to Queensland costs eight pounds, but young women are in demand there, and so can get out at one pound apiece. To New Zealand a young man can go for four pounds, a young woman can go for nothing. Be it understood this is only on nomination tickets, and the information only holds good for the month of publication. Apply direct to headquarters when you think of going. The New South Wales offices are at No. 5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street: the Queensland offices are at No. 1; the New Zealand offices are at No. 7.

C.—All that shipping of boys from quays and docks is now done away with. If you want a berth you must apply at the Mercantile Marine Office, which is a branch of the Board of Trade. Try Poplar or St. Katharine's Docks.

P. B.—1. Kennington Oval is ten and three-quarter acres. It is the property of the Duchy of Cornwall. 2. The "Daily News" first started on January 21st, 1846; the "Daily Telegraph" on June 20th, 1855; the BOY'S OWN PAPER on January 18th, 1879.

G. H.—The steeple is the whole thing, tower and all; the spire begins at the top of the tower. Many Nonconformist places of worship have steeples, and the saying you quote is a popular delusion. The old story of the tall boy whose mother intended him for the Church, and whose aunt thought she intended him for the steeple, might have put you on the right track.

FIDDLER JOE.—1. The best violin bows are those that have most spring, but they must not be too stiff. 2. The hairs are cleaned by washing in soap and water and thoroughly rinsing afterwards in clean water. 3. Mix together some vegetable black and gold size until it is as thick as cream, and give the violin-case a coat of it. It will dry in a very short time. Use a soft brush, or it will look streaky.

MKT. HARBOROUGH.—Surely, if you had knowledge enough to read the R., her Majesty's signature as standing for Regina, you might have detected in the I. the initial of Imperatrix—Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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PETER'S PERPLEXITIES IN PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Please let me in, Dobbin; I won't bear-fight," and a gentle application of the speaker's toe to Dobbin's study-door accompanied the request.

Charlie Ross was a small boy in the fourth class. Dobbin, alias Peter Carruthers, was in the first, and it might be assumed that he was therefore far above his junior in social and political importance. But assumptions are not always reliable, and if we draw a comparison from the poultry-yard, Charlie Ross might represent a spick-and-span young bantam, strutting about with a chirp and a crow for every one, while Peter Carruthers would more nearly resemble a sick and sorry old chanticleer, with plumage always ruffled, pecked and chased from one end of the yard to the other, feeling no respect for himself, and consequently eliciting none from his companions.

Different as these two boys were in disposition, they were nevertheless chums.

"He might be seen careering wildly down the playground."

Ross, in the generous simplicity of his nature, felt compassion for the old booby, and the old booby was glad enough to avail himself of the proffered patronage.

Carruthers had received the nickname "Dobbin" from some facetious wag, who recognised a distant resemblance between his aristocratic surname and the plebeian word "carthorse." Dobbin was an eccentric character. I should not be surprised if some day he were to turn out a genius, and astonish the world by a brilliant discovery or two, for he certainly had a strong bent in the direction of science when at school.

One of his favourite notions has frequently engaged the attention of scientific men, but success has not hitherto crowned attempts to solve its difficulties. Dobbin had an idea that the problem of aerial flight was within the grasp of human ingenuity. He often meditated deeply on this abstruse question. He might be seen at times careering wildly down the playground, spreading out the skirts of his coat to their widest extent, and executing frantic leaps and gyrations. His coats were invariably loose, to allow for growing; and if a high wind prevailed, his movements were not altogether unlike those of a frolicsome porpoise curveting and gamboling in the sea.

He would occasionally bring in the corpses of rats, found during his walks abroad in the vicinity of wheatricks and farmyards. These were secreted under his bed, to be dissected with his pocket-knife as occasion offered, a custom neither pleasant nor wholesome, and from a master's point of view not to be condoned even under that specious excuse, "the pursuit of science."

He once brought home a live snake, which he tied up in the leg of an old pair of trousers, and fed upon worms for two days in his bedroom, unbeknown to his companions. When it was eventually discovered, Dobbin and the reptile were promptly assailed by the other inhabitants of the dormitory, and the offender, habited only in his nightshirt, had to catch up his pet and beat a hasty retreat down the passage, followed by a shower of slippers, gym-shoes, sponges, tooth-brushes, pieces of soap, fives-balls, and whatever other missiles chance put in the way. The renegade was not re-admitted either until by vows of penitence and entreaties, and promises of handsome reward, he had appeased the indignation of his companions.

Dobbin's reward took the shape of stale tarts, procured from an old apple-and-gingerbread woman who lived near the school. By way of surprise he put one of these tarts in each boy's bed in his dormitory. When, therefore, the boys prepared to retire to rest that night they found the tempting delicacies displayed to view. But, alas for the short-sightedness of the unlucky Dobbin! The tarts were of the kind known to confectioners as "open," and the jam had in most cases manifested such "chemical affinity" for the upper sheet that it had almost entirely parted company from the crust. One boy had unwittingly scrimmaged on his bed, and the general havoc occasioned by the squashed tart may be more easily imagined than described. Suffice it to say that the results of Dobbin's device differed strangely from his expectations. There was a general howl of disgust and clamouring for vengeance. But I draw a veil over the subsequent proceedings, which are really too painful to record.

In consequence of these vagaries Dobbin had what may be termed "a lively time of it." He learnt with bitter reflection the melancholy truth that no sympathy with his deep pursuits was to be expected from his comrades. He became moody and depressed, he shunned the society of the other boys, and in the solitude of his study he would meditate gloomily on his blighted hopes, and only practise with extreme caution and secrecy his attempts to pry into the mysteries of Nature.

Such was his frame of mind that afternoon when Charlie Ross stood at his study-door demanding entrance.

Now it must be admitted that there was some excuse for Dobbin's pranks. Doctor Porchester had lately introduced experimental lectures in science as an attractive feature in the routine of scholastic studies. A learned professor had actually come down from London and sojourned for a fortnight at Highfield House. The boys had been electrified and magnetised; they had enjoyed ocular demonstrations of the existence of chemical force; they had been delighted with fizzings and explosions, and half suffocated with the fumes of noxious gases, which set them coughing like a flock of sheep; they had been half blinded by the burning of phosphorus in oxygen, and witnessed many other marvellous experiments. In fact, they had been initiated by pleasant paths into the realms of scientific lore.

This digression must be lengthened a little further to record that after the last lecture, when the room was being set to rights for evening prayers, and the butler was wiping down the table, his dignity had been completely upset by the behaviour of sundry portions of that whimsical element sodium. These had been spilled inadvertently about the table, and had remained peaceable enough while undisturbed. But now, as with vigorous sweeps of his cloth, the lord of the pantry began to subject these particles to friction such as they had never before experienced, coupled with the presence of abundant water—their appetite for oxygen became so intensified that they bubbled and squeaked, and fizzed and exploded, and spurted and flamed, and ran frantically about in red-hot balls, tumbling and bursting like shells with fiery scintillations upon the floor. It was by far the most effective experiment of the evening!

The bearing of the gallant butler under this trying ordeal was truly heroic. He winced perceptibly at each explosion, but did not draw back his hand nor cease to ply his mighty strokes until the table was purified, and all danger removed of volcanic outburst. He might have been Gulliver wiping off an army of Lilliputians, who were bravely contesting every inch of the ground, and shelling the giant with red-hot shot.

Now it might well be supposed that under the influence of such stirring scenes as these, the youth of Highfield would not be slow to develop a taste for chemical investigations. But such is the contrariness of puerile nature, that few of the boys were moved to make personal researches. The generality of them loved "a good stink," as they irreverently styled the less agreeable odours; and an unexpected explosion was "nuts" to them; but beyond this they cared little to enter into the why and wherefore of what they saw. The entertainments gradually grew flat, and from the Olympian heights of "jolly fun" (as they were considered at the outset), the lectures subsequently descended into the Tartarean depths of "awful rot" in the estimation of the majority.

It is needless to state that poor old Dobbin formed an exception. He took the deepest interest in the lectures. He was ever ready in moments of emergency to hold a jar, to warm a retort, to carry off a vessel that might be disgorging offensive fumes; in fact, he was the professor's right-hand man. Dobbin would take copious notes of the experiments, and compile them afterwards into treatises of an original character, and expressed in language which could not always be considered scientific in accuracy nor grammatical in form. For example: "If you mix something with sulfuric acid you'll make an awful stink. Warmed stuff like salt and black-lead gives oxejin. Fosphoras burnt in it gives splendid light. Pottasum likes hidrojen."

Dobbin was engaged with his note-book when the importunate entreaties of Charlie Ross for admittance disturbed his meditations. "Please let me in, Dobbin!"

"What d'you want?"

"Oh, I want to speak to you awfully particular. Please let me in."

"All right; wait a jiff."

The jiff having elapsed, during which fraction of time Dobbin hastily concealed a box of fusees, a piece of brimstone lately abstracted from a dog's tub of water, some fragments of glass tube, and a paper of gunpowder, the hero cautiously unfastened the bars of his castle. He feared this might be a dodge practised by some of the other fellows to gain entrance for unlawful ends, so he planted his foot against the door as he opened it two inches, and looked out. Seeing no signs of the enemy, he let Ross in and quickly bolted the door once more.

"I've got to write out my rep. for the Doctor, Dobbin, and if you'll let me do it up here I'll be very quiet."

"All right; there's the ink. I haven't got a pen. Oh! I see you have."

The pen was soon scratching away, interrupted by periodic sighs and groans, and a hint from Peter the Hermit whenever the fancies of Phædrus presented a formidable aspect, which they seemed to do every second line.

It had been a wet half-holiday in the Easter Term. Most of the boys were in the gymnasium. Ross had a cold and was kept in the house, and his friend cared not for feats of muscular contortion.

At length the rep. was finished, and Ross asked the philosopher as to the nature of his abstruse speculations.

"I'm going to try an experiment. It will be the grandest I've ever done."

"What's it to be?"

"Will you promise not to say a word to any one about it?"

"Rather!"

"Will you come with me when I do it? I shall probably want an assistant."

"Oh yes; do tell us."

"Well, it's a very dangerous job, and may possibly blow us both up!"

"That'll be awful sport, Dobbin!"

"Well, if you'll really promise not to let it out—"

"Oh, I'll promise faithfully."

"Well then, look here. But I don't believe you can keep a secret, Ross."

"Oh, bosh! I promise you I can!"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Professor Stubbs told us the other day that guncotton is common wool steeped in sulphuric and nitric acids. I'm going to make some."

"Jolly! What shall we blow up?"

"It's an experiment which nobody ever made before."

"You're nobody, and you'd better make it behind, or the Doctor will catch us."

"Don't be an ass, Ross. It misbecomes a rat to be an ass."

The conversation was broken off at this point by reason of the rat's jumping on the carthorse's back, and riding him round the study three times, which same ride was brought to a conclusion by the carthorse backing on to a chair, over which he tumbled, and horse, rider, and chair were involved in ruin. Order being restored, the philosopher proceeded.

"I don't believe any one ever thought of what I am going to do; but if it succeeds it will be very valuable in time of war, and I shall write to the Government about it. I expect it will be all right. It may seem rather cruel to you, Ross, but we can't always avoid giving a little pain to animals in making important discoveries."

"Well, do let us hear what on earth you're going to do."

"I'm going to make guncotton on a large scale. But it's a very dangerous dodge. I shall have to think it over for a long time, and there will be so many things to arrange that I don't suppose it will come off this term. In fact, I think I shall put it off till the holidays."

"Oh, no; we'll do it at once. But do tell a chap what it is?"

"Well, look here. If guncotton is only cotton-wool soaked in acids, why shouldn't it be possible to turn the fleece of a live sheep into guncotton? And if it could be done to one it could be done to a whole flock. And only think what that means. If ever England should be invaded the farmers would have to give up their flocks. I've thought a good deal about it. Say an army of 20,000 men was encamped on Salisbury Plain. The explosion caused by one full-grown guncottoned Southdown sheep would be sufficient to kill at least 20 men. Consequently it would require 1,000 sheep to destroy 20,000. Only think of that! A whole army blown up at the cost of only 1,000 sheep! Think what a saving it would be to the Government. The taxes would be let off. The nation would rest secure in the possession of my grand secret, knowing that it had nothing to fear from invasion."

"I say, that's a grand idea, and no mistake! But how should you let off the sheep?"

"Oh, I've thought of that. I shall invent a sort of cracker, so constructed that you can time its bursting. That's easy enough, you know. Every inventor soon hits upon the small dodges for making his invention answer. The cracker could be tied to the sheep's tail. A harmless-looking shepherd would be told to drive the flock in sight of the enemy. They would rush out to capture it. We read in Latin the other day that they always do that in time of war. Say it would take twenty minutes to get the flock safe into camp. Allow five minutes more for the soldiers to collect round to see it. An hour would be ample from the time the flock was sent out of our lines, so I should make all the crackers to go off an hour after they were lit, and our soldiers would only have to sit still and smoke their pipes and wait for the explosion. Isn't it a splendid idea, Ross?"

"I should just think so! It's all bosh waiting for the holidays when you've already planned it all out. I vote you try the first experiment on Saturday."

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER III.—OZOONOVO.

In the terrible calamity which we have already recorded as happening at Berozovo, the whole house perished. Old pictures, the gift of Peter the Great, a snuffbox presented to an ancestor of the proprietor by the Empress Catherine, a number of books, chiefly in Russian or in French, furniture, dresses, and other property, perished in the flames.

Tenterton and the steward, as described in the first chapter, took the portmanteau between them and walked, or rather ran off with it to deposit it in a large building devoted in days of yore to the reception of numbers of carriages, sledges, carts, and other vehicles. Now, however, the requirements of the family had ceased to demand accommodation on so gigantic a scale, and a caleche, a prelyotka (or hooded gig on four wheels), a landau, two or three specimens of the odd-looking vehicle called a tarantass, some sledges, and an English wheelbarrow without a wheel and with only one leg, completed the collection, leaving a large space unoccupied, which was now destined to receive the articles saved from the burning ruins.

Having seen his worldly possessions in safety, Tenterton returned with the steward to the scene of the conflagration, earnestly bent on rendering what aid he could in saving the property of others. Suddenly he was startled by an appalling shriek which seemed to come from the part of the house to which the "ladies' door" led. He rushed to the quarter from whence the sound proceeded, and found a number of women assembled, consisting of the lady visitors, the female servants, governesses, and various hangers-on, all grouped around Madame Abrazoff, who had just uttered the piercing shriek which had so alarmed Tenterton.

"Pray what is the matter? Can I help?"

"Oh, my jewels! My diamonds! Some of which are priceless. I am ruined without my diamonds! What shall I do?"

"Where are they?" asked Tenterton.

"There in the room next the entrance to my apartments, but all the rooms are full of fire and smoke. It is useless, hopeless, to seek them. I left them on a marble table between the two side windows."

Off flew Tenterton like a shot, and was soon lost to view as he plunged into the blazing pile. In the first moment he felt that he must retreat for want of air. The penetrating nature of the wood smoke seemed to sting every portion of his skin, to enter into his very heart and almost paralyse him. His eyes smarted, he was more than half choked by the fumes and scorched by the raging flames.

Still he dashed on; and partly by guess, and partly by that rare faculty which seems specially awakened in many men when threatened by danger, was safely guided to the boudoir in which the treasure lay.

By the glare of the flames he was enabled to see a box like a writing-desk encased in a covering of black leather standing on a console table. He had sufficient presence of mind to remember that the jewel-case was stated to be on a marble table between "windows." He seized the box, and had barely strength enough remaining to stagger to the right-hand window (which was now nothing more than a charred and heated aperture in the burning wooden wall) and fling himself with his precious burthen into the garden below—a fall of some three or four feet only—when he fainted from the combined effects of excitement, heat, and smoke.

How long he lay in this condition of course he could not be expected to know. When he regained his consciousness he was nearly deprived of it again, for he found himself on a bench in a peasant's hut, where the odours inseperable from the habits of life peculiar to the Russian lower classes are known by those who have experienced their strength to be more powerful than pleasant. Added to this was a strange feeling in the right leg, which increased to a stage of excruciating agony when he tried to move.

The peasant owning the hut came in to see whether anything was required, and finding Tenterton awake, addressed him in very choice Russian, of which, however, Tenterton only understood some two or three words, but the expression of pain in his countenance was too acutely depicted to leave any doubt as to his sufferings, and the peasant rushed out to seek Paul Nicolaevitch, with whom he returned in a very short time, and who really seemed much concerned at the evidently critical position of the young Englishman. He at once dispatched the peasant with a message to his father requesting his immediate at-

tendance, and so well and quickly did he perform his mission that Mr. Abrazoff was at the side of the sufferer in an incredibly short space of time.

"My dear Mr. Tenterton," he exclaimed on entering the room, "how sorry I am to find you here! We are all greatly indebted to you, and my wife especially so. You have saved quite a fortune for her. She will be here herself directly to thank you."

The change in manner which had come over Mr. Abrazoff was something wonderful, and diverted for a moment the attention of the patient from his sufferings. The Russian is very keenly alive to service done for him, and not infrequently is quite overcome with gratitude for even trifling kindness done from a feeling of good will. The rescue of the jewels seemed to have exerted a remarkable influence on the generally morose and ill-tempered Abrazoff, and he was—to Tenterton, at least—another man. He began to inquire into his hurt, and on finding how grave the matter looked, became very anxious and serious indeed. He called the peasant to him and demanded, "How soon will people be back from Riazan?"

"To-morrow evening."

"Too long to wait. What is to be done? A doctor must be had immediately."

"You told Trifon to bring a doctor with him, but he went in the teleyga [a sort of light cart], and cannot reach Riazan before some time to-day."

"When did he start?"

"Just after the fire broke out last night."

"Then mount the best horse in the stables and drive off to Orekhovo. Take a return ticket for yourself, and lose no time in seeing the best doctor in Riazan. Bring him back with you. I will take care that a droshky with two horses is in waiting at the station to bring you along. Now be off! Here are thirty roubles, you will not want more, and start at once."

Paul, or Pavel, was astonished at this unusual energy on the part of his father. Tenterton, of course, understood little of all this, first because the orders were given in Russian, and secondly because his wounds pained him so as to render him almost incapable of thought.

The peasant departed on his errand, and Abrazoff sat down on a dirty rickety stool to bestow more attention on his young guest, as he asked him in kind tones about his wounds, but Tenterton was too much overcome with the exhaustion of excessive pain to understand what was said to him, and Abrazoff became more and more alarmed as delirium seemed to set in. He tried, with the assistance of his domestic servants, to remove the patient to a mattress which he caused to be laid on the floor, but the agony produced by all attempts at changing the position in which he lay caused them to desist.

The small house of the intendant, or steward, had been converted into a temporary lodging for the ladies, while the steward himself had turned out into the hut of one of the wealthier peasants, who was only too glad to receive him.

All the peasants had been pressed into the service, and were working with a will among the ruins. Two small hand fire-engines had been got out of their usual place of durance, but the gardeners had borrowed the tubing and had only returned a portion of it to the outhouse where the engines were kept, and this was not sufficient to reach more than half way to the river, and by the time the missing length was found there was nothing left of the house to save.

But, as the gardener observed, "It was all one. What was to be done? If the tubing *had* been found the engines would have been of no use whatever against such a fire. As it was, the magnificent court dresses of Madame Abrazoff had been, as by a miracle, saved from the flames. The young Englishman had saved the diamonds, and if the blessed picture of the patron saint of the family—which the priest had duly held up against the flames—had failed to extinguish them, what could be expected of two old pumps?—made in Germany too!" he added, with withering contempt, as a clincher.

The intendant was just about to light a cigarette when the door of the hut in which he was now located was opened, and who should enter but Madame Abrazoff herself.

"Take me at once to Mr. Tenterton," she said.

"He is lying in one of the poorer huts, badly hurt, quite impossible for you to see him," was the reply.

"Impossible! What do you mean? I *must* see him. Do you know that at the risk of his life he has saved what, for many reasons, is dearer to me than my own—of more consequence to me than all the house full of things besides. And he is badly hurt in performing this grand service for me, and shall I not see him and perhaps help him!—take me and Marie Nicolaevna to him at once!"

As the Russians say, "There was nothing to be done" but to comply with this mandate, uttered rapidly but with remarkable decision. So Ivanoff led the way, wondering at the odd idea of a lady going to visit a "teacher" just because he was a little "singed," as he expressed it. When they reached the door of the hut he was still more surprised to find the "barin" himself and the young barin seated in the wretched hovel talking to Tenterton, who seemed to know nothing of what was being said to him.

"Ah! Nicolai Alexandrovitch!" exclaimed the lady, "I am most glad you have come here to aid this brave young Englishman who has done so much for me. None of the others stirred to help. Anton Petrovitch never offered any assistance. My own son never attempted to save these precious gems, and of all my friends no one was willing to help me, and I owe the possession of my treasure to a mere stranger whom I had never seen till yesterday!"

Mr. Abrazoff did not seem to relish this speech. Whether it was that he disliked to hear other people praised, or that he was annoyed at the dispraise lavished on his own friends and household, we cannot tell, but his countenance assumed the same sinister expression that we saw it wear in the carriage when the death of the old foster-mother was announced to him by the villagers. But he said nothing.

The lady could not help remarking the cloud that passed over her husband's brow, but she had too much tact to let it appear that she felt the change. She very adroitly led his thoughts into their natural channel—avarice—by saying,

"You see, at all events, that without those jewels we should have been in a very different position. Apart from their value there is the document which you obtained from your father giving the whole of his possessions to our Paully if your brother died without leaving a son. You often told me that he was killed in action, and was never married, so that Paul is a rich boy now, and you, as uncontrolled guardian of your son and all his wealth, are richer than any man in all the district."

These words seemed to fire a train of thought which exploded in these words,

"Katya! [the diminutive of Ekaterina] Did you ever find that accursed will?"

"What will?"

"What will! why, that of which we have so often spoken, in which Ivan was acknowledged to be the elder brother, and all things, great and small, were left to him and to his heirs for ever, leaving

me a paltry fifty thousand roubles! Have you forgotten it?"

"Certainly not, I have hunted everywhere, upstairs and down, I have turned out all the writing-tables in your study and in the library, in my own and in Marie's rooms—in short there was not a hole or corner left unsearched by me. But yet it cannot matter. He is dead, he had no children. All is over now. And if the stupid will could ever have done harm, its power to hurt is ended! Those flames have put a stop to any fears on that account!"

"If I only could have seen the wretched scrawl burnt up before my eyes, I should have felt more happy. But there's a *doubt*, and doubt is more distressing than any other ill! The doubt can never be solved now that the house is burnt."

Here an involuntary exclamation, half sigh and half groan, broke from the sufferer and made both wife and husband start.

"You see I quite forgot the wounded Englishman," cried Madame Abrazoff, rushing to the wretched bench where Tenterton was lying. She went up to him, took his hand in hers, and cried,

"I hope your wounds are nothing serious; burns always are so painful, but I feel quite sure no graver harm is done than those distressing burns; no bones at least are broken! But still our debt is just the same."

Tenterton felt the charm of her gentle voice; and as Madame Abrazoff spoke, it seemed to assure him that he was not left friendless in his pain. It seemed as though the previous conversation, of which, of course, he understood very few words, for it was carried on in Russian, must have referred to him. Soothed by her tones, he asked her faintly to tell some servant to bring him a glass of water.

She immediately rose, and without noise, without bustling about the room, had contrived to obtain for him a glass—a clean glass, too—full of delicious water. And Tenterton has often said that in all his life he never had a draught so fresh, so pure, and so delicious.

She looked a moment fixedly at Tenterton, and then said, in a low, soothing tone,

"Your wounds seem very painful; you must not lie suffering here. A doctor has been sent for to the nearest town, and until he can come and see what is to be done you must be moved to us. The house where we are is not very large, but it is clean compared with this, so I shall send the servants to remove you immediately."

Then turning to Abrazoff, she exclaimed, "I fear this is more serious than you at first supposed. He is a brave boy and will not cry and groan like a baby that has burnt its finger. Let him be moved to our place yonder, and let him have the best room in the house. We are not injured, and, besides, I am going to the Narishkins' as soon as the things saved can be packed."

To do Abrazoff justice, he never contradicted his wife. He seldom followed her advice, it is true, but as to openly contradicting her, it never occurred to him for a moment. So he just said, "As you please," and left the hut.

When he had really gone Tenterton seemed more able to speak, for he said, with considerable effort,

"Pray, do not take any trouble. I would much rather lie here; in fact, I could not bear to be moved."

"Is the pain so dreadful?"

"It is very bad."

"Run, Paully, and call the intendant," she cried to her son.

Paully's pace was not so rapid as it might have been had he been an English boy, but still he hurried over the little street, and soon returned, having met the intendant, who had been dispatched by Mr. Abrazoff to the scene of suffering.

After one or two questions put to Tenterton through the instrumentality of Madame Abrazoff, the intendant said,

"I fear that the upper part of the leg is very badly broken. I would rather not have anything to do with moving him before the doctor comes, but he certainly ought to breathe better air than the atmosphere of this wretched hut."

"Then let the men carry him on the bench as he lies to your house; let him have the best room—we can manage; we are not wounded. Do as I bid you."

The intendant was surprised. It was a new experience to the German to see the heads of the house so interested in a "teacher," "only a teacher" being greatly looked down upon by the servants and peasants.

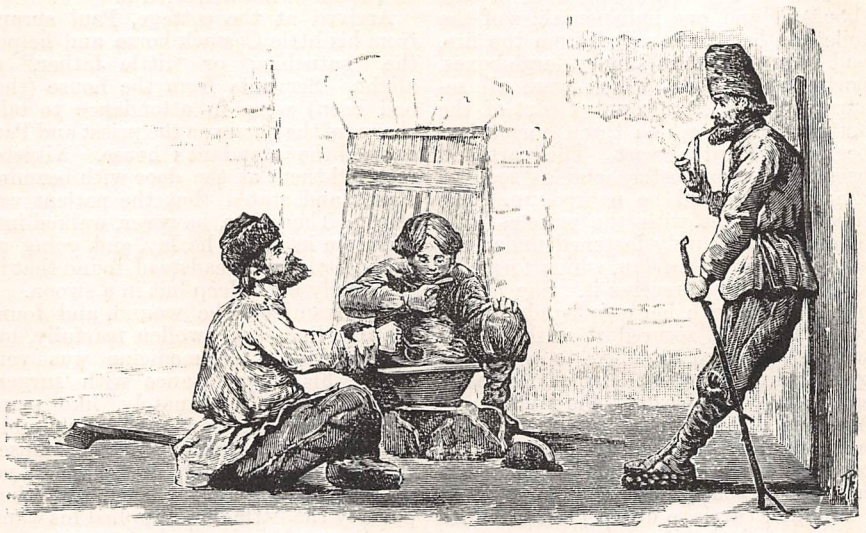
"But," said the intendant, "we cannot move the bench; it is fastened to the wall."

Madame Abrazoff, without raising her voice or changing a muscle of her face, said, calmly, but with a decision against which there was clearly no appeal, "Unfasten it," and left the house.

Nothing exceeds the dexterity with which a Russian peasant uses his axe. So the owner of the hut was called, who in a very few moments had succeeded in detaching the bench from the wooden wall, and in a few more they were all in the cottage belonging to the intendant. Here the little best sitting-room had been converted into a bedroom for the reception of the suffering Englishman.

On endeavouring to undress him and get him to bed his new attendants found the right leg above the knee so swollen that they could not remove his clothes, which had literally to be cut from him, an operation which seemed to occasion excruciating agony. At last all this was got through; he was placed in the new bed in comparative comfort, although the pain continued to increase.

As soon as these arrangements were made Madame Abrazoff, accompanied by Paul, came to visit the patient, and she



was greatly shocked to see the change which a few hours' suffering had wrought in his appearance.

Mamashinka" (a pet form of mamma), said Paul, "when we were at Berozovo the peasants said that the priest had come to Ozoonovo. Shall I try to find him?"

"It is of no use," said madame. "The English are raging heretics, and do not believe in the only true and orthodox faith."

"I do not mean to talk religion to him, but they say that the Berozovo priest is a learned man, and knows something of medicine."

"That is a good thought, Paully: find him out and bring him here. Madame Narishkin has driven home, and I never thought of asking her to look at Mr. Tenterton. She, too, is clever as a doctress, but I have no nerve for such things. Have Petatchock saddled, find out where Simeon Ilitch is, and bring him here directly."

"All right, Mamashinka; I'll find him out somehow." And off flew Paul, really excited and ready to do anything for the suffering man. As he left the room the intendant entered, accompanied by a clever-looking young man in a peasant's dress, who had been a servant in the family, but who preferred agriculture to the constraints of life in Moscow and St. Petersburg. He had travelled with Mr. Abrazoff and knew a little French, in fact quite enough to make himself intelligible. Madame Abrazoff stopped a moment, and addressing this individual, said,

"I want you to be very careful and watchful, Nikieter. This gentleman is a friend of ours, and what you do for him shall be rewarded by a very handsome *na Tchai*" (money for tea, the Russian name for a gratuity), "and Nicolai Alexandrovitch will see you about the house question."

Thus saying, Madame Abrazoff left the cottage and proceeded with her daughter to enter the landau which was awaiting them, and in which they were going off to stay with their friend Madame Narishkin (whose house was twenty versts off), where they were to remain a few days to recover before returning to Moscow, where Abrazoff had a splendid mansion.

Such of her wardrobe, and of the thousand and one indispensables of the toilet, as had been saved from the fire, had been packed in sundry large boxes, portmanteaus, etc., which were all securely placed on a country cart of the better kind, to which three horses had been harnessed abreast. This cart had been sent away beforehand as soon as the articles could be packed up. The precious casket with the priceless diamonds was securely fastened under the seat of her own landau, which formed a kind of locker to receive it. She placed her treasure with her own hands in this receptacle and secured it with a key, which she wore attached to a sort of girdle round her waist. Marie Nicolaevna sat in the back seat of the landau and Madame Abrazoff took her seat beside her daughter. Then the French governess took her seat next to the German Fräulein von Drachenhausen.

Another carriage drove past in which were seated the Russian governess and Madame Abrazoff's French maid Thérése (between whom a feeling of mutual contempt existed), and in front of them, as gay as larks, sat the Russian maids of Madame Abrazoff and Marie's trim handmaiden Proscovia. This young lady had already enlisted the sympathies of the coachman, who solemnly pledged himself to bring them all to their journey's end in first-rate, prime condition. Off flew the happy *cortége*, quite forgetting in the fun and excitement of the drive the more terrible excitement of the previous evening. And by the time the ladies reached Madame Narishkin's house Madame Abrazoff had forgotten all about her perils, the rescue of the diamonds, and very nearly all about Edward Tenterton.

But we must not do the same, and therefore our story returns to the cottage of the intendant, where we left Tenterton in great agony, attended by Nikieter, who had been watching him most carefully.

At length the sound of horses' hoofs were again audible, and again the village dogs barked in full chorus as Paul rode up on his pretty little Cossack horse, trotting by the side of a teleyga, or country cart, driven by a peasant in a striped calico shirt, bound round the waist with a piece of string, a pair of wide calico trousers, which had once been blue, and a conical hat with no perceptible rim to it.

This man was driving a wonderful little wiry horse, such as can be met with only in Russia—undersized, underfed, overworked, but as cheerful as the peasant himself. Behind the peasant, on a little heap of sweet hay, sat the priest, attired in a long brown garment of cloth reaching nearly to his feet. This coat was bound round the middle with a broad leathern belt. The sleeves were very wide at the cuffs, hanging down, in fact, quite loosely, and displayed tight inner sleeves of black belonging to an inner garment. On his head he wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed wideawake of black felt, below which his long, unshorn hair waved, full and free. He wore a full, long, venerable beard, and presented on the whole a most patriarchal—or rather apostolic—appearance. His hair was dark-brown — nearly black — and seemed well cleaned and kept, his shoes were scrupulously neat and clean—a Russian must indeed be in a state of indifference or utter despair if his shoes and boots be not attended to!

Arrived at the cottage, Paul sprang from his little Cossack horse and helped the "batushka," or "little father," to alight. Servants from the house (that had been) were in attendance to take charge of the horses as the priest and Paul entered the intendant's house. Nikieter received them at the door with beaming smiles, and stated that the patient was asleep. The priest, however, walked into the room in which he lay, and, going up to the little iron beadstead, found that he was really not asleep but in a swoon.

He examined the wound, and found that the limb had swollen fearfully, but his knowledge of medicine was very slight, his acquaintance with surgery still slighter. Fortunately, like many Russian priests, he was a modest, humble-minded man, thinking less of himself than of the wants of his flock, and yet not loved by them, for out of their poverty the little that supplied his wants and those of his family had to come.

He looked at that young Englishman lying senseless on the wretched bed before him, and he could not repress a sigh of almost envy as he contrasted the fine handsome countenance and well-cut features, full of refinement—full of *something* which in all the faces he had watched in sickness, misery, and death, had been wanting.

He bade Nikieter bring large buckets of cold water from the well, and tearing up a sheet from a second bed in the room, first introduced a number of the fragments so produced under the suffering limb to keep the water he should bathe it with from spoiling the mattress below. He then saturated other fragments in the ice-cold water and applied them to the leg and to the patient's head. At last this constant application of cold water refreshed the patient and reduced the swelling of the limb. All the evening the priest patiently sat at his task of mercy and soothed the fever of the aching head. At length he resigned his post to Nikieter, who took his turn at nursing. So through the night they relieved each other at their post. The morning brought a change in Tenterton, who really fell into a wholesome sleep, and when he woke he was more able to converse, though still in dreadful pain.

The second day was drawing to a close, and yet no regular medical aid had arrived. The setting sun shot rays of autumnal splendour through the village trees, tinging them green and gold. Countless pigeons flew about the huts, seeking their nests betimes. Dogs, tired with the heat and languor of the day lay down in corners for a snooze. The girls had finished all their harvest work and now were singing the low melancholy chant peculiar to the Russian peasant. There was a soothing drowsiness about the place that seemed perfectly Oriental in its character, perhaps as the result of extreme heat leaving a lassitude in nature hardly conceivable in this snug little island, where, thanks to sea air, rain, and fogs, we seldom know a summer's heat or winter's cold, the whole year being like a changing autumn day!

But the dogs were soon startled into savage activity, and the peasant boys were recalled from their prowl among the ruins of the "house," and the peasant men were roused into activity by the sound of approaching bells. "The wrangling and the jangling of the bells" (as Poe expresses it) woke up the dormant faculties of quadruped and biped in Ozoonovo. To this succeeded the sound of wheels, and, tearing into the village as hard as the high-bred horses could scamper, came the carriage with the doctor and the peasant.

Nikieter was at the door signing to the driver to pull up where he (Nikieter) was standing, because, of course, the peasant having left Tenterton in a hut on the opposite side of the village, he was naturally inclined to take the doctor there, but seeing Nikieter waving his cap, he stopped before the door where he was standing.

"Stop there! All right, doctor. Your patient is within! Get down, you pigs of dogs! will you? Just lash out a bit with your whip, Anton, they want it, and must catch it. All right, doctor, jump down! Just in time. Nicolai Alexandrovitch will be here directly. This way, doctor. Hurrah, *what* a doctor! the young Englishman will be cured by the very sight of you! What illness could stand against *such* a doctor?"

Dr. Strammeller was, indeed, as far as the outward man went, a doctor to feel confidence in. He was six feet six inches high without his shoes, and stout in proportion. He was a Prussian, an army surgeon originally, but in the war with France he had quarrelled with the senior major of the guard regiment in which he served, a duel was the consequence, and the major was dangerously wounded. So the doctor fled to Russia, where his great skill in medicine, coolness as a surgeon, and enormous physical strength, soon placed him at the head of the medical world of Riazan, whither he had gone quite by chance to perform an operation. He spoke little Russian, for he had been but a short time in the country, but he was making rapid progress in his study of the language. When he saw Tenterton lying in the condition we have mentioned, with the priest applying the cold water cure, he went up to the bed, opened it without a word, examined the burns and the more serious affair with the leg, and then said in German,

"That is the best treatment for non-medical people that could have been adopted." Then turning to Nikieter he asked in Russian whether the wounded man were a German.

"No, doctor. That is to say, not quite. He is '*Anglitchan*'—an Englishman."

"You are a clever fellow," said the doctor, "you are a philologist."

"Indeed, I am nothing of the kind; I am a Christian!" was the indignant reply.

"All right," said the doctor. "Who is this young gentleman?"

"I," said Paul, "am the son of Mr. Abrazoff, in whose house this trouble happened. Would you like to speak German? I understand it, though I speak it very little and very badly."

"Famous!" said Strammeller, heartily, in his own beloved "Deutsch." "What a pleasure it is to speak German! Now to business. Our young friend here is in a bad way. Something must have fallen on him. There is a compound fracture of the thigh-bone of the very worst kind; to move him for weeks to come will be impossible. A carpenter must be sent for to make a special couch for him, on which he must recline and never move. It will be dangerous work to move him from that bed to the couch, but on the bed he cannot be attended to, and besides he must sometimes move or he will perish. On the couch I shall make him this will be unnecessary, and I guarantee his recovery."

"For that assuring speech, doctor," said a new-comer, in very fair German, "you have my best thanks. Do what you like, order what you will; whatever it costs he must be cured, so I give you *carte blanche*."

"It is my father," said Paul.

"And quite the right sort of father to have too, my boy," said Strammeller. "I wish I had had one like him. You may depend upon my exerting my utmost skill for your Anglitchan, as you call him. But it will be weary work for all the rest of you, though of course interesting from a professional point of view to me. And I shall often run over to see him—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Abrazoff.

"Oh, no!" said the doctor, angrily; "why not? I must—I must see him frequently. I thought just now you would do any mortal thing to pull him through this, and now you seem to hang back."

Abrazoff laughed. "You misunderstand me," said he. "I want you at any cost to remain here with your patient, giving up your other practice, and if you have to lose a practice at Riazan, I will guarantee you one in Moscow. You shall be no loser in the bargain."

"That is a very tempting offer, but we are quite strangers to each other, and I propose that we let things remain as they are for a few days, and then if you are in the same mind you can make me your proposal in writing. Let us now look to the patient."

"Be it so," said Abrazoff. "Whatever you require my intendant will supply. There was a medicine chest full of drugs at the house, but that is burnt with the rest. The only things saved were my wife's jewels, which have cost this young man so dear, part of her wardrobe, my cash-box, which, however, had not much in it, and a deed-box, which contains some valuable securities; all the rest perished."

"Well," said Strammeller, "our present work is to cure this patient, and I see the carpenter has brought the wood. Will you assist me to explain what I want him to make?"

"With pleasure."

Here the entrance of the carpenter cut short the conversation, and he received the orders to make a sort of chair composed of three flat boards joined at right angles, and so contrived to move in a socket as by adjusting the frame the attendant could alter the position of the patient from sitting to lying without his (the patient) having to move a muscle.

Abrazoff was delighted with the invention, and told Strammeller that he ought to take out a patent for it, as it would be invaluable in war as a litter and couch combined.

The doctor laughed, and said, "No, thank you; I have burnt my fingers already that way. I shall employ it where I can for the good of humanity. It is the only thing for the fracture of the femoral bone, as in this case. There is a rib broken too, but that is nothing; the real danger is the thigh-bone. I suppose I can have plenty of lemons here?"

"I think there are plenty. There were lots sent in, I know, but whether they are burnt or not I cannot tell. Nikieter, run and ask whether there are any left in the outhouses or whether they all went up to the house."

Away went Nikieter, and as we cannot do anything to help our poor countryman we will leave him too in the hands of Dr. Strammeller, and pay a visit to Moscow, for the exigencies of our tale and the plan of its construction will not permit of our continuing in one unbroken, even line, and now we must follow the fortunes of our hero—Ivan Dobroff.

(To be continued.)

ASIATIC EXPLORERS.

THE RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND.

escape of Vambery from recognition by the Russian sailors at Ashourada—when on his way to Gomushtepe and Samarkand — will be in the recollection of our readers. It was to the same port on the Caspian that Captain William Gill and Colonel Baker came from petroleum-soaked Baku on their way to explore the border and frontier byways of the land of the Shah.

Crossing the Elburz Mountains by a pass 12,000 feet above sea level, and skirting Mount Demavend, they entered the dense forests of Mazanderan, and through these by way of Damghan followed the road along the northern boundary of the desert of Khorasan. After a visit to Meshed they went on to Kilat, perhaps the most naturally impregnable fortress in the world. It is a valley surrounded by mountains with precipitous sides towering up from two to three hundred feet from the plain. Into it are but five entrances, and these are narrow gorges cut vertically through the cliffs and only a couple of yards in width. The valley is fertile and under cultivation, and the difficulty of provisioning it in time of war is solved by the springs that rise in its centre, the stream that flows through, and the flocks and herds that graze on its extensive meadows. From Kilat the Kurdish colony of Darakgaz was visited, and then the travellers proceeded over the Kurendagh, explored the upper streams of the Attrek, and then bearing southwest went on to Jahjirm, Shahrud, and Teheran.

This was Captain Gill's first trip. His next was on the other side of the Asiatic continent, and was undertaken as a preliminary to the great journey of his life—his exploration of "the river of golden sand." This first Chinese trip took place in 1876. In his pleasant book he tells us how he was struck with the vehicles of Shanghae, where the growler is replaced by the wheelbarrow and the hansom by the jinnyrickshaw. This vehicle of many spellings is a curious man-cart drawn by a coolie, who runs along in the shafts followed behind by a companion, with whom the pulling is taken in turns.

We have his jinnyrickshaw experience of the lynch-pin coming out and the wheel slipping off, and the Chinaman ingeniously tying it on again with a hair out of his pigtail. Talking of pigtails — that badge of servitude inflicted on the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors, and now retained as an honour — we have the story of the Chinese gentleman riding in a jinnyrickshaw and accidentally letting his pigtail slip overboard. It caught in the wheel near the centre and the unfortunate possessor was gradually wound out of his seat. He shouted, but in vain, for the "horse" took it as a hint to go faster, and the man behind was horror-struck. An English sailor passing along saw the diffi-

culty at a glance, and with one slash with his knife cut off the pigtail and freed its possessor. But that sailor had to flee for his life, and his ship had to steam away in double-quick time, for the whole neighbourhood was up at the insult unwittingly offered by the seaman to the almond-eyed gentleman in difficulties.

Curious, too, did he find the currency of Pekin and Northern China, where "lumps of silver" take the place of coins. Ingots had to be carried about by the travellers, and an adjournment had occasionally to be made to the village blacksmith to cut off a lump or two to serve as small change, every tiny

Captain Gill.

lump having to be weighed to ascertain its value. From Pekin, which is fast becoming civilised—and even imports its wood for fuel from America—Captain Gill went northwards to the Great Wall, described by him as consisting, for seven or eight feet, of granite blocks, and, for the rest of the height, of fifty-five courses of four-inch bricks. Then he went on round the Gulf of Pecheelee. In this part of Northern China, away from the tea districts, the local drink is not tea, but plain hot water—not cold, for to cold water administered internally or externally the natives entertain a peculiar aversion. Rice, too, generally supposed to be the universal food of the Chinese, is here replaced by maize and oats. We wish we had space to quote the cheery narrative of this pleasant trial trip, with its shrewd observations on the peculiarities of the men and the animals, not forgetting the malpractices of the bay horse Tom Bowling, so named "because his virtues were so rare"!

In 1877 Gill started on his exploration of the Chin-Sha-Chiang—the "river of golden sand." This was one of the most careful pieces of work yet done. Nothing that he did not see did Gill put on his map, and his route shows none of the pleasant streams meandering away to the right and left in gay profusion, such as are frequently met with in travellers' books. There is the route surveyed as an engineer would survey it, accurate and trustworthy in every particular. And the route was a long and adventurous one. Gill had intended to go from Cheng-tu across Kashgaria and come out in Europe, but news from home as to the chance of war with Russia made him turn off to the south and make his way out through Burmah.

He ascended the Yangtze to Chung Ching with Mr. E. C. Baber, and then travelled on to Cheng-tu, the capital of Szechuen. From Cheng-tu he made a loop up into the Min Mountains, and was the first to become acquainted with those curious highlanders, the Mantzu and the Sifan, who are supposed to be the descendants of the ancient people whom the Chinese conquered. For the Chinese, ancient as they are, were not the first race to inhabit Eastern Asia. Just as the Britons of old, when they crossed from the mainland, found a race in possession that they had to subdue, so did the Chinese, on arriving probably from the plains of the Caspian, have to conquer the nation that had preceded them. These highlanders differ much from the Chinese in their character, and are lacking in that peculiar thrift which distinguishes the Celestial—a thrift due most probably to the fact that owing to the natural poverty of the soil the utilisation of waste products has had to be carried to excess, and the wants of the people reduced to a minimum, for the race to be kept alive. At least, this was Captain Gill's opinion. He it was also who first pointed out that the chief reason of China's stagnation is the sifting out all the talent by means of examination into the service of the State and leaving only the mediocre and the ignorant to indulge in private enterprise. From the Min Mountains Captain Gill brought away an old manuscript, written in a character older than the ancient ideographic system of the Chinese, but probably connected with it in very remote times, and which is thus one of the oldest written records that we have.

On returning to Cheng-tu the anticipated exploration of Central Asia from the east had to be abandoned, and the route was taken for Thibet and the Irawadi. Up into the tableland, into that strange country of Eastern Thibet, with its prayer-drums and votive offerings of pieces of coloured cloth on the bushes, as in Persia and Afghanistan, went the little exploring party, much to the surprise of the still queerer people who loll out their tongues as their most cordial salute and shoe their horses only on their hind feet. Many were the difficulties to be overcome and great was the tact required to make good the passage, but the expedition kept on through Litang, and thence reached Talifu, Marco Polo's Carajan. From Talifu the road was taken to Bhamo, where the long journey of nearly three thousand miles was ended.

There is much humour in Captain Gill's description of the wonder of the Chinese at the whole affair. Why such a traveller with such instruments should come amongst them was a mystery, and all the proceedings, from early morn to dewy eve, were watched with the greatest interest. The poor photographer once ventured on an explanation of the camera. He was met by the reply, "A man, or a dog, or a horse cannot see without eyes; how, then, can that machine? It has not got eyes of its own, it must therefore have the eyes of somebody else, and so—get off!" and the photographer had to do so at a run amid a shower of bricks and stones. The remarks on the personal appearance of the explorers were not always uncomplimentary. For instance, Captain Gill was once described as "having a nose big enough for him to be an official," the popular opinion being that the size of the nose varies in direct proportion with the ability to pass competitive examinations.

Gill was soon at work again, and after visits to Turkey and to Afghanistan, he was sent with Professor Palmer—the famous Oriental linguist, well known to us all in connection with the exploration of Palestine—on that mysterious expedition to the sheikhs of the Sinai desert, in which all three met their death. They started from the Wells of Moses on August 8th, 1882, and were surrounded by Arabs during the dark night of the 10th. They fired their revolvers and kept the enemy at bay in the darkness, but when the morning dawned, and the Bedouins saw how few they were, they simply walked up and secured them. They were taken to a wild, romantic place, with precipices shelving down into Wady Sudr, and inaccessible for camels from the road above where the party was attacked. Below the precipices was a narrow gully forty-seven feet deep, and about twenty wide, and into this they were given the choice of jumping if they cared not to be shot. Palmer jumped, and so did Gill; Charrington, the dragoman, and the cook, who formed the rest of the expedition, were shot.

Gill was born at Bangalore, and thus he began and ended his life on the continent whose every chief country he knew so well. He had been educated at Brighton College, and in the chapel there is a memorial tablet whose inscription aptly summarises his character and career. It reads as follows:—

"This is erected to the memory of Captain William John Gill, a pupil here from 1856 to 1861. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1864. An adventurous journey in Northern Persia, 1873, developed his capacity for exploration. Some years later he undertook an expedition to China, with the view of penetrating its western frontier by routes not before traversed, and succeeded in making his way through Eastern Thibet to Talifu, and thence in the footsteps of his schoolfellow, Augustus Raymond Margary, to Bhamo, on the Irawadi river. Being attached to the Intelligence Department of the War Office, he made several hazardous journeys to collect valuable information for the public service. In 1882, during the British intervention in Egypt, he was dispatched by Government on special duty to the Suez Canal, and having proceeded into the Desert of Sinai, in company with Professor E. H. Palmer and Lieutenant H. Charrington, R.N., the three were captured by an overpowering force of Bedouins and murdered on August 11th, 1882. His remains, with those of his companions, were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral on April 6th, 1883, where a memorial tablet has been placed by their country in commemoration of their services and untimely deaths. He was a good friend, a good soldier, and a most enterprising and accomplished traveller."

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Though autumn was far from its end according to the almanacks, the keen wind and chilly mists of the last days in October showed that summer, at all events, was long past. Cricket had gone to the wall once more, fives was the only rival of football, and lately even the devotees of fives had forsaken their favourite game to join the "footballers."

There was a grand match to be played in a week, the town against the school, and every boy in the place, whether he was going to play or not, thought of scarcely anything but the coming contest.

Lang was captain of the team, and as such had his work cut out. He knew well enough that he ought to have resigned in view of his coming exam, but he had not the heart to do it. He believed his chance of passing was nil, so he thought he might just as well enjoy himself and let the matriculation get on as best it could

"Walked past the Doctor and Mrs. Fellowes."

Soady was in the team too, his weight telling in scrimmages. But Soady meant business, and refused to practise except between morning school and dinner, three-quarters of an hour a day. Probably this moderate exercise helped instead of retarded his mental powers; at any rate he was getting on with his work in superior style.

"Think we shall lick 'em, Soady?" inquired Tommy, as they went in to get ready for dinner.

"Don't know, Tommy; you see we haven't got you in the team yet."

Tommy grinned, but made a mental note of the sarcasm. He revenged himself for it on the Saturday afternoon when the first and second fifteens played the school. He and Featherstone took Soady in hand and did nothing but follow him about, get in his way, and generally spoil his play. Soady felt like a horse tormented with flies, for though he tumbled them over about six times a minute, one or the other was up again and on him "like a knife," making life a burden.

"Think you'll lick 'em, Soady?" grinned Tommy, when the game was over, and the two teams had won by three goals to two.

Soady looked doubtful whether he should maintain his dignity and knock the youngsters' heads together or confess he had been paid out fairly. He did the latter, and stood them both a bottle of ginger-beer. Not only that, but he stood them a couple of bottles each just before the return match on the following Wednesday afternoon, the consequence of which was (as he had foreseen) that the youngsters lost their wind after the first five minutes and were of no use the rest of the afternoon.

The day of the match came, and Lang felt of more importance than usual. The match was played in the town fields, about a mile from the school. Lang was on the ground before the rest of the team to make the final arrangements. As he strolled up to the tent he saw some one standing there whom he recognised at the first glance.

"Hullo, Fanshawe! what on earth brings you here?"

"Lang! by all that's lucky; there isn't a fellow in the school I'd sooner have seen."

They shook hands, though Lang was not anxious to do so. He knew quite well that the less he saw of his old friend the better. But they had parted on very good terms, and it would be uncivil to cut him now.

Add to this that Fanshawe was a swell at football, and used to be captain, so it would have been in the last degree ungracious for Lang to have given him the cold shoulder.

"I heard the match was on," said Fanshawe, "and as I had to come to Melchester on business this morning, I thought I'd just step over and see it. I wanted to have a look at some of you fellows as well. Where's Melhuish? Is he in the team this year?"

"Melhuish has run away," said Lang.

"Run away?" cried Fanshawe, with a low whistle. "When was that?"

"Oh, a week or two ago."

Fanshawe looked as black as thunder. "Do you know where he is?" he asked.

"Yes, in London."

"Whereabouts?"

"I don't know."

"Then what's the good of telling me he's in London? I might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay."

"What do you want to see him for?"

"He's an old chum," explained Fanshawe; "besides, he owes me some money," he added, ingenuously, "and a little money would be uncommonly welcome just now."

Lang did not take the hint; in fact, he seized the excuse of the entry of his team to get away from Fanshawe. He would not care to be seen by his side if the Doctor came down to witness the match.

Fanshawe evidently did not intend to leave just yet, for he strolled tranquilly about with a pipe in his mouth, occasionally stopping for a few minutes' chat with some one of the team.

He did not look quite a desirable companion. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, but his eyes were watery and his skin out of order. He looked as if he drank too much and smoked too much, as in fact he did. Then his clothes, though of good cut, were not so clean as they might have been, and his gaiters wanted brushing. His hat had lost its first gloss, though it had the fashionable curl and was cocked rakishly on the side of his head.

"Who's that?" whispered Tommy to Featherstone, as they wandered about outside the flags.

"That's Fanshawe, of course," said his companion, though why "of course" he did not explain. "He's smoking! Here's a go; here comes the Doctor!"

Featherstone rubbed his hands in glee; he could not divest himself of the idea that the Doctor must have some authority over his former pupil, and that he would never allow him to go on smoking. To the small boy's disappointment, the Doctor took no notice whatever of Fanshawe, but walked about with Mrs. Fellowes as if unconscious of his presence.

However, Fanshawe did not mean to be ignored, so he ostentatiously walked past the Doctor, and, looking straight at him, passed on without even touching his hat. The Doctor was unmoved by his rudeness, but some of the small boys felt a sort of creeping sensation, and wondered to see Fanshawe still survive.

The match was a keen one, so closely contested that Fanshawe had considerable difficulty in making up his mind on which side to bet. He decided at last to back the school team, the members of which from practice every day were in better staying condition than the town, which only met twice a week. Having managed to secure several takers at the small odds he offered, he proceeded to do his best to make his money secure by informing Lang, during an interval, of a change in the tactics of the town, which he had overheard being discussed. Thanks to this timely information, which took the form of advice only, the school team were the victors by two goals and a try to one goal.

The Doctor left the field after the school had won their first goal, so now there was no one to check Fanshawe. For the next half-hour he was the observed of all observers. He talked loudly and bigly; the small boys wondered and some of the older ones envied. To be one's own master, to laugh at the Doctor, to be able to smoke without fear of punishment, not to have to go in by half-past five—these seemed enormous privileges. And all these were to be obtained by the simple process of leaving school!

"I say, Lang," said Fanshawe to him when the match was over and his bets were collected, "you must come down town and have an hour or two with me."

"Can't; it's getting on for five, and they shut gates at half-past, as you ought to know."

"Yes, I know well enough, but those old gates didn't always manage to keep me in. Can't you cut preparation and have a spin with me, or something of the sort?"

"I might get leave," said Lang, hesitatingly. That sealed the matter.

"Of course you can. If you can't, take French leave. Meet me at the Crown about seven; you'll be back then before prayers."

Lang promised to come. He knew Mr. Pickering would be in charge that evening. Now, Mr. Pickering never played football nor came to watch it; the classics engrossed his attention too much. He would know nothing of Fanshawe's visit. Lang resolved to boldly ask him if he might spend the evening out, as a friend of his was paying a visit to the town.

It fell out as he had anticipated. No objection was raised if he would promise to be back before prayers.

Fanshawe was waiting for him. As if it were a pre-arranged thing, he led the way to the billiard-room.

"Have a smoke?" he asked, holding out his cigar-case.

"I don't mind trying a cigarette," said Lang.

"All right; I'll have a pipe if you don't mind. What do you say to a game?"

"All right; I don't play much, you know."

"Oh, I'll give you points, of course."

He gave Lang a good start. The game ran on fairly evenly, but when eighty was reached Fanshawe was only three behind. However, he won by seven only, and as he congratulated Lang on his skill and assured him that with very little more practice he would play a first-rate game, Lang seemed flattered, and paid cheerfully the small amount he had lost. He was fairly in Fanshawe's hands now.

However, he declined to play another, and Fanshawe did not press him. They lolled along the benches to finish their smoke.

"How are things going this half?" asked Fanshawe.

"Oh, I don't know, and don't much care."

"No, I suppose not, as you're going to leave at Christmas. What are you going in for then?"

"Pater wants me to be a solicitor."

"Ah! you're going to follow in my footsteps. Well, it's a very decent profession, but I wish it brought in a little more cash during the first year or so."

"You like it?" inquired Lang.

"Oh, yes, it suits me very well. You see, I've an easy-going boss, so I do pretty much as I like. It wouldn't suit me if I had to stick at my desk all day. As it is, I've bother enough getting ready for my exams."

"Haven't you finished yet?"

"Bless you, no; hardly begun."

"Are they hard?" asked Lang, anxiously.

"Pretty fair, but I don't mind that."

"You passed matric in first division and saved a year's articles, didn't you?"

"I passed in honours," replied Fanshawe, "and you'd better do the same."

"Wish I could, but I've no more chance of passing than of becoming Lord Chancellor."

"Oh, stuff! it's easy enough."

"Yes, to a clever fellow like you," responded Lang, dolorously. "My pater is as hot as possible about my going in, and there'll be the mischief of a row when he finds I am plucked, as I shall be as sure as a gun."

Fanshawe laughed.

"Bosh! you can get through easy enough."

"I wish I knew how."

"Get some fellow to pass for you," said Fanshawe, with another laugh. "I'll do it for you cheap if you like."

"I wish you would," replied Lang, in the same unhopeful tone as he would have used if he had been wishing for the moon.

"I will," replied Fanshawe, almost eagerly; "that is, of course, if you can make it worth my while."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I know the subjects backwards. I can get up the classic translations in a couple of days with a crib; the rest of the exam is the same every time."

"But won't they know your name?"

"You duffer! I shall pass under yours. You send in your application and all that, and I shall attend in your place, that's all. It's as easy as A B C."

Lang was silent. The offer had come so unexpectedly; he had not yet collected his thoughts. The temptation was a strong one.

"Of course," went on his companion, "I can't do it for nothing. What money will you have when you go up to town?"

"Pater let my brother have £10 a month when he first went up."

"Little enough too. Now, if I say I'll pass for you for £10 you can't say I'm swindling you. You see, if you don't pass you'll be thrown back six months, that's £60 allowance more out of your dad's pocket. I wouldn't offer to do it so cheap if I weren't so plagued hard up, and if that sweep Melhuish hadn't hooked it without paying up. Ten pounds! Why I ought to say fifty pounds."

"'Twouldn't be much good saying fifty; I don't quite see where your ten are coming from."

"Oh, you can save it out of your allowance. I shan't want it all at once. A fiver when the news comes that you've passed, and the rest as you can manage it. What do you say?"

"You're quite sure we shan't be found out?"

"Of course not. Do you think they photograph every one who goes up, or keep a register of their handwritings for comparison?"

That Lang was yielding was shown by his question. He had ceased to struggle against the temptation, and had even passed the stage of considering the right or wrong of the affair. The point now was, could it be managed in safety?

Before they parted that evening it was all arranged. Lang was to act as if he were going into the exam, but on the days it was being held he was to absent himself. He knew no one else going up, so it was not possible his absence from the exam-room would be noticed.

As to Fanshawe, he thought he was lucky to have hit on Lang. Ten pounds was not much, but it was more than he expected to squeeze out of him, and at all events that fiver would be very useful after Christmas. As to the exam, he did not trouble a bit. He was well up in everything, fresh from having passed it high in honours in the previous June.

"Good night, old man," were his last words to Lang; "you know my address."

"Yes, thanks. You'll be sure not to say a word to any one?"

"Is it likely?" asked Fanshawe, and he was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:*

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.

In the course of his brilliant researches into the solubility in gas of the solid bodies which had occupied him during the previous year, Cyprien had necessarily remarked that certain substances, silica and alumina for instance, although insoluble in water, are dissolved by watery vapour at high temperature under high pressure.

It was owing to this that his first idea was to find a gaseous solvent for carbon with a view to subsequent crystallisation. But all his efforts in that direction were fruitless, and after many weeks of failure he resolved to change his batteries. Batteries is an appropriate word, for, as we shall see, the cannon had a good deal to do with the attack.

Several circumstances led the young engineer to think that the diamonds might be formed in the kopjes in the same way as sulphur in solfataras. For, as is well known, the sulphur there results from a partial oxydation of sulphuretted hydrogen, some of it being changed into sulphurous acid, while the rest is deposited in crystals on the sides of the solfatara.

"Perhaps," said Cyprien, "these diamond deposits are really carbonataras. If a lot of hydrogen and carbon hung about the streams and alluvial deposits in the form of marsh gas, why should there not have been an oxydation of the hydrogen with an accompanying partial oxydation of the carbon, such as would bring about a crystallisation of the carbon in excess?"

With this idea to begin with, a chemist had little difficulty in selecting a compound to play the part of the oxygen in an analogous but artificial reaction, and Cyprien immediately entered on the investigation.

In the first place a state of things had to be devised experimentally to resemble as much as possible the supposed conditions under which the natural diamond was produced. This was simple enough. Everything great in science and art is simple. What can be less complicated than the greatest discoveries of humanity—gravitation, the compass, the printing-press, the steam-engine, the electric telegraph?

Cyprien went himself down to the lowest depths of the diggings and there selected samples of the earth which he thought best suited for his experiment. With it he made a thick pasty mortar, and with this he carefully lined a steel tube about half a yard long, two inches thick, and three inches in bore.

This tube was simply a piece of cannon condemned as unfit for service. He had managed to buy it at Kimberley from a company of volunteers who had been disbanded after a campaign against the neighbouring Kaffirs. This cannon, sawn in segments in old Vandergaart's workshop, gave the very instrument that was required—namely, a chamber of sufficient resistance to support enormous internal pressure.

After firmly closing one end of the tube, he placed in it a few fragments of copper and about three pints of water. Then he filled it with marsh gas, and then carefully luting it with his mortar he drove stoppers into each end and fastened them in strongly enough to withstand any force.

Thus was the apparatus constructed. The next thing to do was to submit it to intense heat.

To obtain this it was put into a large reverberating furnace kept going night and day for a fortnight, so as to give a constant white heat.

Both the furnace and the tube were then enveloped in a thick coating of refractory earth, so as to retain the greatest possible quantity of heat, and to cool down as slowly as possible when the time came. The furnace looked like a huge beehive or an Eskimo hut.

And now Mataki was able to be of use. All the preparations had been watched by him with great attention, and when he found that they were going to try and make a diamond his interest in the experiment became intense. He soon learnt how to stoke the furnace, and the charge of that department was entrusted to him.

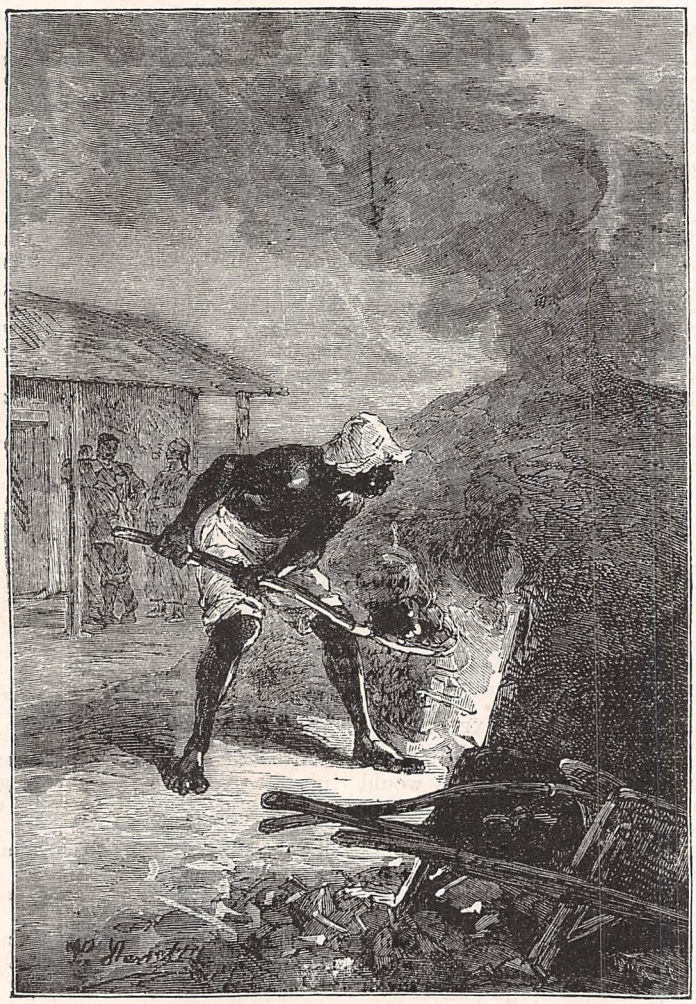
As can be imagined, these arrangements took some time. In a European laboratory the experiment would have been begun within a couple of hours of its having been planned out, but in this half-civilised place it took three weeks before all was ready. And Cyprien was very lucky in several things; for in-

* *We have just been informed that the title selected by M. Verne for his story, "The Star of the South," had been anticipated by a book already published. To prevent the remotest chance of confusion, we at once change our title, as above.*

stance, in finding the old gun, which just suited him, and in procuring coal for fuel. In fact, so rare was coal at Kimberley that he had to apply to three merchants to scrape together a single ton.

At length all difficulties were surmounted, and once the fire was lighted, Mataki took it in charge.

The young Kaffir was very proud of his functions. They were not quite novel to him, as once or twice in his native land he had assisted at a more or less diabolical act of cookery. For amongst his fellows it seemed that Mataki had the reputation of being a magician. A few secrets of elementary surgery, and two or three mesmeric passes learnt from his father, were his whole stock in trade. But the Kaffirs came to consult him for all their ailments, real or imaginary, for the interpretation of their dreams and the settlement of their disputes. Mataki was never at fault, and had always some formula ready, some portent to explain, or some sentence to pronounce. The formulæ were generally strange and the sentences preposterous, but his countrymen were satisfied. And what more would you have?



"The young Kaffir was very proud of his functions."

Besides, the flasks and retorts by which he was surrounded in Cyprien's laboratory—to say nothing of the mysterious operations in which he was allowed to take part—could not but contribute to his prestige.

Cyprien often smiled at the solemn airs the black gave himself in performing this humble task of stoker and preparer, in putting on the coal and poking the fire, or dusting the rows of crucibles and test tubes. And in this gravity there was something even pathetic—that artless expression of the awe inspired by science in a nature degraded, but intelligent and greedy to learn.

But Mataki had his play hours like other men, especially when he was in the company of Li. A firm friendship had sprung up between these two, different as they were in their origin, during the now very frequent visits that the Chinaman paid to Watkins Farm. They had both been rescued by Cyprien from imminent death, and regarded him with the warmest gratitude. It was thus very natural that they should be first drawn towards each other by a sincere sympathy, and then that this sympathy should be changed into affection.

Amongst themselves Li and Mataki had given the young engineer a familiar name that well expressed the nature of the sentiment with which they regarded him. They called him "Pa," and never spoke of him except in terms of admiration and devotion.

On Li's part this devotion showed itself in the scrupulous attention with which he washed and got-up Cyprien's linen; on Mataki's part by the rigid punctuality with which he carried out all his master's instructions.

But sometimes the two friends went a little further in their endeavour to gratify their "pa." Occasionally, for instance, Cyprien would find on his table certain fruits or dainties that he had never ordered, and which never appeared in the tradesmen's bills. Now and then when his shirts returned from the wash they would be provided with gold studs of mysterious origin. An excellent easy-chair appeared amongst the furniture; an embroidered cushion, a panther-skin, and several costly knickknacks came into the hut none knew whence.

And if Cyprien asked Li or Mataki about them, all he could get were evasive responses, such as, "It wasn't me, sir!" "I wonder who did it!" etc., etc.

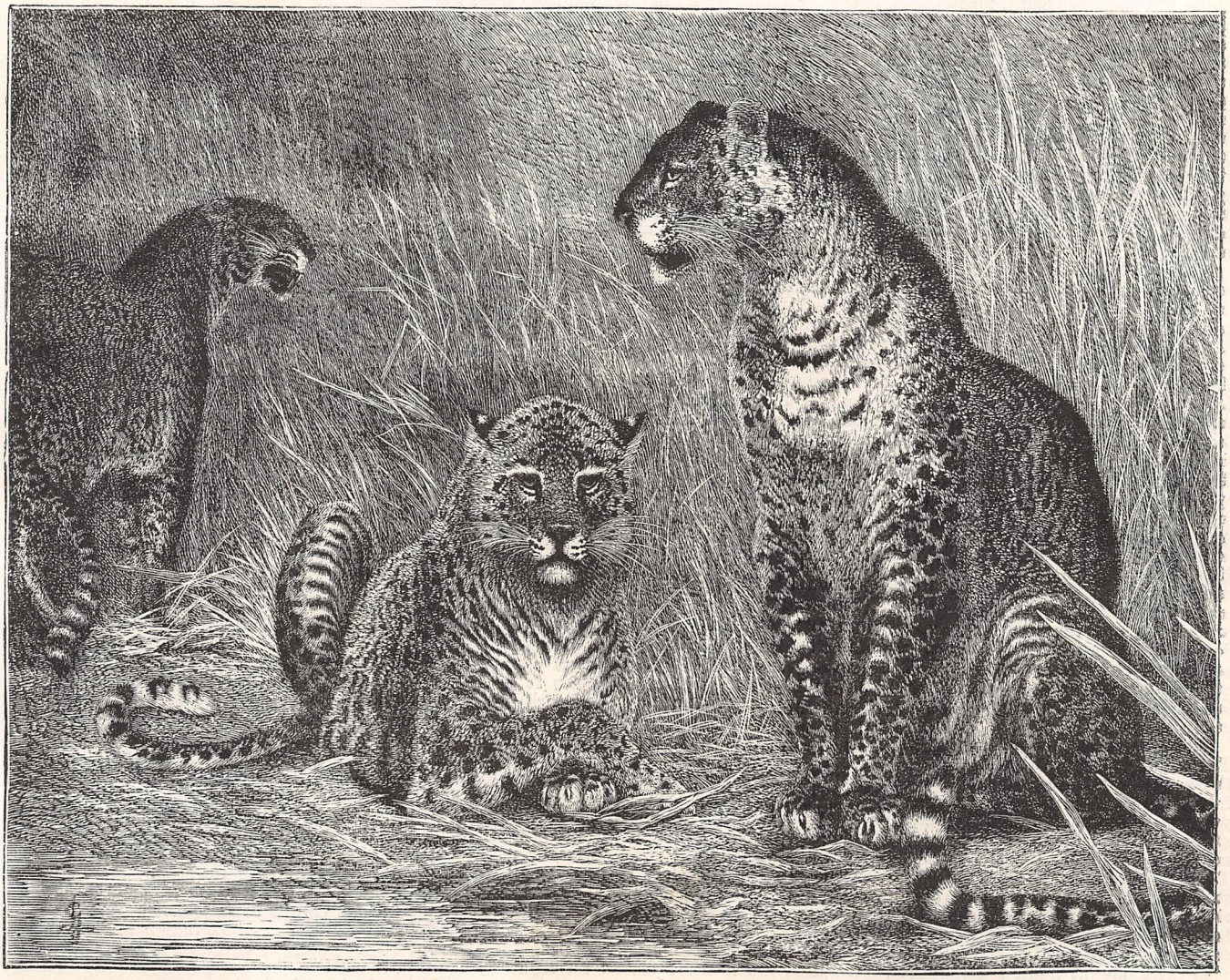
Cyprien would have taken little notice of these things had he not suspected that the gifts had been very easily acquired. Had they cost more than the trouble of taking them? Nothing, however, happened to confirm his suspicions, and all his inquiries produced no result, while behind his back Li and Mataki exchanged sly looks, significant smiles, and cabalistic signs that seemed to afford them intense gratification.

Cyprien had, however, other cares to attend to. John Watkins seemed to have made up his mind to get Alice married as soon as possible, and with this in view seemed to keep open quite a museum of probable admirers. Not only was James Hilton there every evening, but all the bachelor diggers whose success in the kopje had in Watkins's eyes given them the necessary qualifications for his son-in-law. The German Friedel and the Italian Pantalacci were amongst them, both having been among the lucky ones of the mine. Friedel was more pedantic and peremptory than ever; Pantalacci had blossomed out into a colonial swell, resplendent with gold chains and diamond pins. He wore a white linen suit, which made his yellow complexion look still yellower and more cadaverous.

With his buffooneries, his Neapolitan songs, and his attempts at being a fine gentleman, Pantalacci tried in vain to please Alice, who despised him heartily for the very obvious motive that brought him to the farm. She never listened to him if she could help it, and never gave the faintest smile either at his jokes or his attitudes.

And Cyprien was at work both night and day on other experiments which he intended to try should he fail in his first attempt at diamond-making. He was not content with theory and formula, though with them for hours he would fill notebook after notebook. Frequently did he visit the kopje, to bring home fresh specimens of the gravels and sands and submit them to a searching analysis, which, repeated in many ways, allowed of no margin for error. The greater the danger became of losing Alice Watkins, the more was he resolved to omit nothing that might give him the victory. And yet, so little confidence had he in himself that he whispered not a word to her of the experiment in progress. All Alice knew was that he had gone back to his chemistry—and she was very glad to hear it.

(To be continued.)



Studies from Nature.—Leopards at Home.

PETLAND REVISITED.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet read the Rev. J. G. Wood's biography of his cat, Pret, will find it republished in the recently-issued book, by Longmans and Co., which bears the title that heads this article. As a study of feline nature the little history is still unsurpassed. More especially is it enjoyable by those who are interested in Pussies and appreciate their affectionate ways.

Never was cat so fortunate before. From his birth to his tragic death, when the rats formed a combination against him and killed him with over thirty bites from their chisel-edged teeth, we have the complete chronicle of Pret's acts and deeds. We trace him from house to house during the many moves, and cannot help sympathising with him under his many inflictions. Pret was by no means a bad sort of a fellow. "When he was a few months old he began to scrape acquaintance with other cats, and used to meet them in the back yard, which by common consent both of cats and householders seemed to be the feline club-house of the neighbourhood. Now, it was very well for Pret to be social in his habits, but when he took to hospitality the consequences became serious. It is true that he never allowed strange cats, no matter how big they might be, to enter the house; but then he was fond of entertaining his friends in the yard, and was in the habit of bringing his own dinner to the club for the benefit of his acquaintances, and then wanting a second dinner on his own account in the evening. He even went so far as to be disgusted with the meals furnished to a neighbouring cat, thinking that cat's-meat was not fit for feline consumption. Acting on this supposition, he was seen to take away the cat's-meat as soon as it was brought by the itinerant purveyor, to carry it into the cellar, bury it under a heap of small coal, and to take his own dinner upstairs for his friend." His generosity at last grew alarming, and had to be stopped, as it led him to rob the larder, his manifold devices for doing so being frustrated one after another. His last effort did credit to his ingenuity. "In vain did we keep the doors shut and the windows fastened so as to admit air but to exclude any animal larger than a mouse, for Pret always managed to enter the forbidden precincts whenever he chose. At last we found out that he achieved the feat by hiding under the servant's dress and stealthily creeping in when she had occasion to visit the larder. His exit was made in a similar manner."

Pret's method of executing the mice did also credit to his ingenuity. "When he had pounced on some unhappy mouse and enjoyed his usual game of pretending to be asleep, letting it run almost out of reach, and then stretching out a paw and drawing it back again, he proceeded to the next act of the drama. Taking the unfortunate victim by the tip of its tail, he used to convey it to the top of the house, and when he had got to the uppermost landing he would push his head between the banisters and deliberately drop the mouse through the well, cocking his ears forward to catch the sound of the fall. As soon as he heard the thump of the mouse's body against the hall floor he would cry 'Wow!' in a very triumphant tone, and dart downstairs with his tail erect to recover his prey. He would then pick it up, canter upstairs, and repeat the process till he was tired. His next proceeding was to take his prey and bring it to me, and he was never satisfied till I had taken the mouse out of his mouth, stroked and admired it, and praised him for his achievement."

Pret was very sensitive to praise, and liked it much. Blame or scandal he could not stand. "When he is very comfortable the black tip of his tail lies on the ground coiled up like a watch-spring. In this way he will lie when dozing, and if I speak to him he just straightens the tip of his tail and coils it up again as an acknowledgment of the call and a hint that he is very sleepy and does not want to be disturbed. If, however, we begin to talk about him, and especially if we mention him in a disparaging manner, the tail becomes more and more uneasy, is straightened, and jerked indignantly from side to side. At last his patience refuses to hold out, and he rises to his feet, looks around with an air of injured dignity, walks to the door, and requests to be let out."

The deeds of other cats are also lovingly

told in Petland. We learn, for instance, how Tiny and Brownie helped each other. "The kitten, however, grew so fast, and became so heavy, that Tiny—who, as her name implies, was a small cat—was hardly able to carry it up the stairs, even though she got on the stair above it and hauled it up by its neck. Again she went to Brownie and had a long talk with him. They went together to the kitten, which Brownie picked up. She then walked upstairs with her tail very upright, while Brownie followed her, carrying the kitten just as a nurse carries the baby behind her mistress."

And we meet with a still more noteworthy peculiarity in Thomas Henry. "We had a cat who used to come up, wake us every morning regularly, and then get into bed. At that time I also possessed a very pretty small tortoise called Mary Ann. Thomas Henry was devoted to her. They used to drink milk out of the same saucer, and when they had finished Thomas Henry would lick the milk off Mary Ann's head and neck, and tidy her up generally. She was so used to the process that she only used to blink her eyes, and did not even trouble herself to draw in her head. When evening came, and Mary Ann was too sleepy to toddle about with him, he used to have a game of his own invention. He used to pick up Mary Ann in his arms and see how far he could run on his hind legs before letting her fall. I have often seen him run six or seven yards before letting her down. This absurd game always went on in a passage with an oilcloth floor, so that the quick, scurrying footsteps could be heard at some distance, and every tumble made a great bang."

Of dog stories we have also a goodly batch. The scapegrace Roughie again comes before the world, but some of the others are new friends. Of the dog's power of finding his way we have the following remarkable instance. "A collie was sent from Inverkeithing, on the Frith of Forth, to Calcutta. The sender received a letter acknowledging the receipt of the dog, but adding the information that the animal had run away and was lost. A few weeks afterwards he was astonished at the arrival of the collie, who was mad with joy at finding his master. On inquiry, it was found that he had taken ship at Calcutta for Dundee, and thence had come to Inverkeithing by a collier." This is a very extraordinary case. A more pathetic one is that of the Scotch terrier Medore. The owner, a drawing-master, "was obliged to leave Paris for a time, and, not being able to take the dog with him, left it in charge of a friend. By some curious chance the friend was called suddenly to St. Petersburg, and, not knowing what to do with the little creature, took it with him. Both man and dog reached St. Petersburg safely, but shortly after their arrival the dog was lost. About the end of May, some months after the letter had been received, the drawing-master came as usual to give his lesson. He seemed in great grief, and in broken accents asked to be excused from giving the lesson as he was quite incapable of it. 'My poor little dog! my poor little dog!' was all that he could say. At last he told the story. For some time a miserable, half-starved dog, covered with scars and bruises, had persisted in scraping at his door, and the servant, being annoyed by its persistence, kicked the dog downstairs repeatedly. But as soon as it recovered from its fall it returned to the door and renewed the scratching. Whenever the master entered or left the house the dog kept jumping upon him and trying in every way to attract his attention. At last an idea flashed across his mind. Could this disreputable-looking animal be by any possible chance the dog which had been lost at St. Petersburg? He fixed his eyes upon it, and said, 'Medore!' The dog gave a piercing cry and fell at his feet. He picked it up, carried it into the house, and laid it gently on the sofa. But Medore was dead!"

That dogs gain information from others of their own kind, and converse in a manner perfectly intelligible to themselves, is undeniable, and well known to every one accustomed to watch their habits. Of this faculty of conversation many instances are given, to which we beg to add the following as being of recent occurrence, and not having before appeared in type. A gentleman who had a couple of fox-terriers sent one of their pups to a farmhouse, about three miles away, to be properly trained. At the farmhouse was a disagreeable old cat, who took a great dislike to the puppy, and made his life a misery for him. In fact, her cruelty called for constant interference. After a time the dog was sent home, guaranteed to behave himself with all due decorum, and the cat was delighted at his departure. Her happiness was shortlived. Somehow or other the puppy must have told his father the way he had been bullied about by puss, for on the morning after his return the old dog and the youngster were observed, side by side, trotting down the road to the farm, evidently bent on business. They reached the farmhouse, and the pup led the way to the cat. The father instantly dashed on to her and killed her with a grip. And then, side by side, the two dogs came trotting home, seemingly well satisfied at the result of their expedition.

Unconventional pets receive a fair share of Mr. Wood's attention. The chameleon—that curious reptile considered by Weissenborn to be so destitute of the power of concentration that for all practical purposes it consists of two animals glued together, each half wishing to go its own way—is described at much length, and, indeed, an individual that can be awake on its right side and asleep on its left, and changes different colours on different sides, is not to be lightly passed over, unsatisfactory pet though it be.

The Coaiti-Mondi, with its partiality for perfumes sweet and otherwise, also puts in an appearance, and we have an illustration showing Kiko's exquisite bliss at finding a scented pocket-handkerchief, which is quite a masterpiece of animal draughtmanship. The hedgehog and the ferret are passed in review, and the monkey claims its niche. But we may as well tell how the monkey interested himself in the household arrangements. "One day he watched my cook while she was preparing some partridges for dinner, and probably considered that all birds ought to be treated in the same manner. For he contrived to make his way into the yard where his mistress kept a few bantams which she especially cherished. After robbing the nests of the eggs, he managed to capture one of the poor hens, with which he proceeded to the kitchen and then commenced plucking it. The noise which the unfortunate bird made brought some of the servants to the rescue; but they found the poor bantam bleeding, and altogether in such a pitiful condition that in mercy it was at once killed. After this outrageous act Mr. Monkey was chained up. Such ungrateful treatment after all his exertions in the cooking line broke his heart. He steadily refused his food and shortly afterwards died."

Rabbits, mice, rats, sparrows, snakes, toads, frogs, blindworms, newts, lizards, porcupines, leopards, bears, beetles, and spiders, have all been tamed, and of each some particulars are given, but perhaps the most curious pets in the book are the two butterflies with which we conclude. "Having obtained some honey, which I diluted with rose-water, I put one drop into the centre of the open blossoms of a fairy rose and placed the little plant in the cabinet. I soon had the joy of seeing the butterfly flutter round the rose and settle upon it. Whether it really drank or not I cannot say. I thought it must have done so, as it appeared to grow stronger and more lively every day. I fed it in this manner for a fortnight; and by the end of that time it became so tame that it would step off the flowers and appear quite happy and at rest on my hand. It also appeared to understand that I wished it to come to me when I called it by the name of Psyche, that being the name I had given to the insect. About three weeks after the advent of Psyche we were gladdened by the addition of another butterfly to our establishment—a tortoiseshell. He was strong and vigorous from the first, and flitted swiftly about like a gleam of prismatic light. I used to fancy that they talked to each other, as he at once fell into the other's ways and habits; and when I called Psyche he too would come. They lived in this way until the earth had donned her glowing summer robe of lilies and roses, and then the cabinet was placed with open doors before the window. It was many days before the butterflies ventured to leave the window-sill, and this much to my joy, for I thought that it might be affection for me that held them back. However, one day, with many bitter tears, I saw them depart and join some wild companions, but at night we found them again in the cabinet.

"On the following morning they left us and came not back again until the cold and stormy September weather set in. Yet when in the garden they would come if I called them, and rest for a short time on my hair or hands. At length, on a cold windy day in September, we saw them on the window-sill, and on our opening the window they came in and resumed possession of their old quarters and abode there for the winter. The sun and earth ran their appointed course, until they brought us to another bright June, and again I bestowed the boon of freedom on our fairy pets, who went forth gaily; but alas! never to return. One day after a thunderstorm we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up carefully, and did my best to revive it, for I believed it to be the material form of my own beautiful Psyche, who had sought refuge from the storm, but found the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure, for all our efforts to restore her were in vain. The wondrous essence that had given it life, beauty, motion, affection, and memory, had returned to the hand of its mighty Creator, and with Him let it rest!"

FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

DECEMBER.

THIS is the month for the perch *par excellence*, for they now begin to "pack," as it is termed, or herd together. It is not known why they do this, and are apparently very distant friends during the brighter and most salubrious months of the year; but certain it is that as the days draw in and the winds grow colder and the frosts more frequent, they herd very closely, so much so indeed that it is often quite possible to capture three or four dozen fish without once moving from the spot in which you are fishing, and this one after the other almost as fast as you like. One word of caution must, however, be added here. If you, through haste or unskilfulness, happen to lose one, it is some time ere they come on feeding again, and sometimes not at all, so I advise you to be careful.

The best tackle for this season of the year for perch is the paternoster. I will not dive into the whirlpools of etymology for the derivation of the word, though it probably refers to the number of hooks one above the other of which the tackle consists. Suffice it to say that it is effective and easily constructed. (You only really need gut on the hooks (No. 6), though of course you can have gimp if you like.) My own "pater" is made by attaching a small perforated bullet on the end of the line. At a foot above this or less, according to the probable depth of the water to be fished, I attach a hook on short gut at right angles, another is attached above this, and a third above the last at equal distances, which are immaterial unless the water be very shallow. In that case of course one can be dispensed with. Minnows are considered the best bait, but I ought to say that not only *Leuciscus phoxinus*—the minnow—but the gudgeon, and, indeed, the fry of all fish are good bait.

Though the perch is styled a "bold biting fool" by the poet Drayton in his "Polyolbion," there is sometimes considerable circumspection in his movements anent the angler's lure. At this time of the year most of the swarms you meet are composed of females, with scarcely a male fish amongst them (perhaps that accounts for their extra wisdom), and they will occa-

sionally disdain the captivating minnow altogether. Now is the time to bring your worm-bag into requisition, and even as you are sure to win your sister's goodwill by making her a present of a coral trinket, so surely will Mrs. Perch thank you for that piece of animated coral—a well-scoured red-worm. These baits are remarkably effective when the water is muddy. When there are only large perch in a lake, and they show no disposition to herd—as is sometimes the case—a spinning minnow is a good bait, or the spoon bait is very effective. At this time of the year, however, nothing is so good as the paternoster.

In earlier season fishing for perch alone is sorry sport unless you know that no other fish lurk in the vicinity. When there are many perch and a few chub, etc., it is a good plan to whip under the overhanging boughs with a fly rod and line, with a fresh-water shrimp for bait. Sometimes capital sport is thus afforded. Another very amusing method is that given in the late David Foster's "Scientific Angler," and which I quote, not having had an opportunity of trying it myself. He says, "Cast for them with a trio of artificial red palmers; . . . these are used as small flies, just as when making them for trout, with this exception—when a fish is hooked no action is taken whatever. The hooked fish will quickly be shown, and will work the remaining palmers infinitely better than the rodster can; and, incredible as it may seem, by this means each lure will have secured its capture in a very short time after the first was hooked, and the difficulty of landing these contributions adds in no small degree to the diversion of the angler."

Another "dodge" for getting the perch together in lakes, where the tendency to shoal together is not so marked as in rivers, is by means of a sort of ground-bait. Procure a quantity of bones from the butcher. These have been denuded of all the saleable meat, but there is still left thin shreds adhering, which you can render additionally attractive by scraping up with a penknife into worm-like filaments. These bones are all strung on a cord of, say, half a dozen yards in length, and lowered overboard in a likely perch spot. You can often fish over them with worms and minnows, and make a bag which otherwise would not result if the fish were not enticed together as suggested. A piece of raw beef is often a capital bait. Yet another ground-baiting plan. Take a large glass globe, such as are sold for goldfish-keeping, and fill it with minnows (and water, of course), tie a fine net or gauze over the top, and let it down in a likely perch-hole. Of course a cord must be attached, and great care exercised not to break it. You can fish all round this for days, and I once caught seven dozen and three perch within a couple of yards of such a contrivance sunk in the lake of a gentleman's park not a hundred miles from Winchester, and all in less than four hours. By the way, a shrimp—especially the pink one—is by no means a bait to be despised.

Don't forget that pike are in good condition, and whilst you are perch-fishing you may very often get hold of one. It is a good plan to take an artificial bait in your pocket, in case you see a jack of some size on the feed.

So, too, a bright clear morning may invite you to lay aside thoughts of perch, and to realise the scene which, like Falstaff, "in my salad days" I once put into verse as follows:—

(I.)

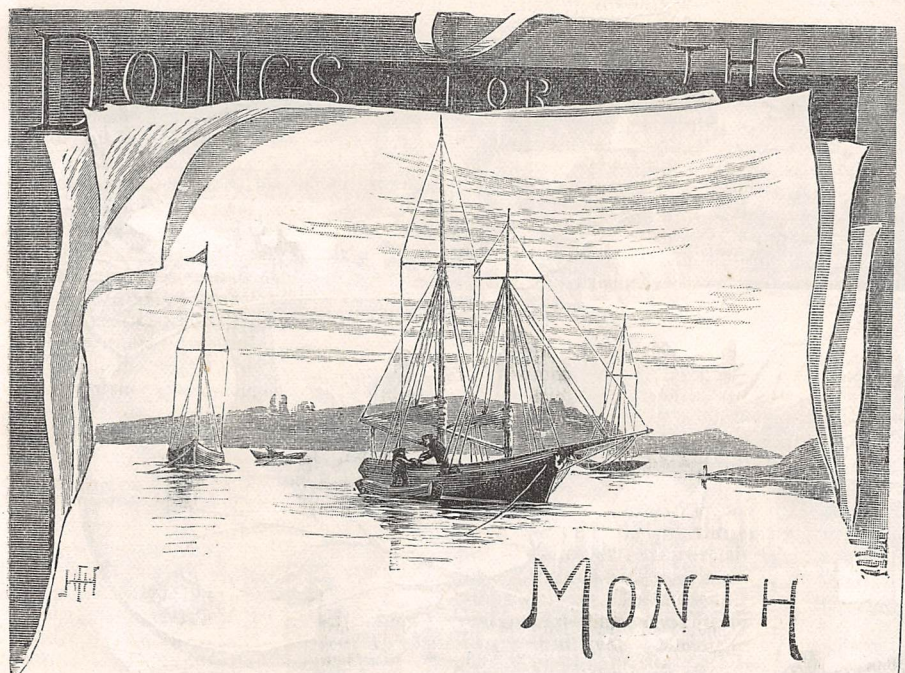
A frosty morn—the sun has shed
A sparkling mantle on the lawn;
Its twinkling jewels thickly spread,
Glitter and flash in the radiant dawn.
The giant sable-plumèd pines
Are robed in white—o'er them the sun
A blaze of dazzling silver shines,
And glints the laughing river's run.
The cooing doves love and rejoice
Amid the huge firs' diadems;
The yellow-billed bold blackbird's voice
Is heard from 'mongst the laurel stems.
All this we fishers see; and sing
With merry voice a blithesome lay,
"Hurrah for weather fine, and sport
Among the pike on a frosty day!"

(II.)

Deep-bosomed in the glistening scene
The rippling river runs alway,
And in its depths of lucid green
We'll find the pike this frosty day.
The white-crowned coots on wavelets dance,
And mock us with a querulous cry;
Kingfishers flash an azure glance;
The ghostly heron mounts on high.
Our oars plash lightly in the stream,
We gear the pliant trusty wand,
The silvern bait, with dart and gleam,
Is plied by supple wrist and hand.
Thus through the clear cold air we go,
And gaily, cheerily chant our lay,
"Hurrah for weather fine, and sport
Among the pike on a frosty day!"

(III.)

"Ha, ha! a thumper; give him line!"
"He'll take what line he wants, I trow;"
A full ten-pounder is on mine,
And thrills me through with throb and glow.
How fiercely fights the fish for life!
How gallantly he holds his own!
Was ever such an earnest strife?
Was ever such resistance known?
He throws himself up out in air—
A bar of light—then down he dives,
And struggles here and plunges there;
To gain his covert then he strives.
But no! His strength is gone. He dies.
We o'er him sing a funeral lay,
"Hurrah for weather fine, and sport
Among the pike on a frosty day!"—J. H. K.



THE POULTRY RUN.—Many writers recommend the month of December to be specially devoted to cleaning up and repairing. We would advise the poultry-run to be cleaned up specially at no time, but to be always ship-shape. There is no better way for a boy to learn thorough business habits than to keep poultry as they ought to be kept, each day to have its own duty, every month its own particular doings. He ought to read books about poultry, and keep books. Not a new idea that strikes him but he ought to write down, not one jot of experience but should be entered, nor a penny spent or gained that should not find a place in the day-book; if this is combined with a diary, and the whole indexed, he will have at the end of the year or season something worth studying and worth reading. Then, too, if he finds that he cannot make poultry pay, why he should give it up, and try some other hobby. Boys must not, however, expect to make their little fortunes by this or by any other fancy; if they make pocket-money enough to buy books or scientific toys, they do very well indeed, for to this advantage must be added the business habits they acquire, and which may prove of so much real value to them in after life.

Well, this is the month, not for making repairs, but for looking ahead and considering what is to be done in the coming season. Are you a beginner? Has it only this moment struck you that you would like to keep poultry? Ask yourself and answer for yourself—by aid of the information so often given in these pages—the following questions: What will it cost to commence? Can I raise the funds to make a good start? Have I convenience for keeping poultry in comfort to themselves, and with good hopes of their doing well? What shall I go in for?—laying breeds, breeds for the table, or both? (If both, remember it is to be a happy, not a higgledy-piggledy mixture, or you and your fowls will speedily go to the wall.) What is the nature of my soil and surroundings? etc., etc. There are *so* many breeds to choose from, and if we rank only by size, we have anything, from the stately Cochin or Langshan to the merry little chevalierly bantam.

Well, a word or two now to our boy friend of years, the old poultry fancier. You have gained experience, and we have not to tell you anything very new, but merely remind you of things. Eggs we dare say you will be expecting. Then your feeding must be correct, not too fattening, and somewhat stimulating; you will not of course forget meaty scraps, and you will see that your fowls have shelter and exercise, and everything to make them comfortable and happy, without which they will not lay. The food must even be warm in very cold weather. Do not open the door for them too early in the morning if the weather be wet and stormy. Yours should be either laying, or, if they early hatched, and have laid their complement, they will be seeking to sit. If you do set any now, it must be in a quiet warm place, with light and fresh air, but no draughts.

Keep all straight in the run; keep no birds that don't pay, or are not likely to. You should know the age and breed and history of every pullet and cockerel and fowl in the run. Let your birds on to the grass run if you have a grass run; if not, do not forget plenty of green food, and remember to clean it up next day, for rotting vegetation will breed disease now just as it did in the middle of August or July. Read over the DOINGS for last month and that previous, many of the hints given therein hold good for this as well.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—We predicted a cold and stormy winter, and will be much surprised if it has not come by the time these lines are under the eyes of our readers. (N.B.—We are writing these DOINGS on October 16th, so long must we be in press before our issue comes out. We may state that those of our boys who press for a reply to their queries in a week should take a hint from this statement.) We mentioned something about a garden pigeonry in our last. Birds do excellently well in them, and they do look nice. Plan the erection of a place of this kind in some quiet corner of the garden. Let the size suit that of your pocket or purse. It need not be an expensive affair. Having planned it out on paper, with its comfortable, close, well-thatched living-room and aviary, which ought to be at least three times the size of the former, proceed to business when the weather is fine. Begin by measuring off your ground with a gardening line, and placing down pegs. Then thoroughly level the ground, and rake it and tramp it. Next put down a few dozen barrow-loads of road scrapings; then, having levelled this, bricks are to be laid down, and over this some grouting of Portland cement. The whole should be level and dry before you proceed to erect your building. The more rustic it is the better. Posts put in position and weather-boarding nailed over does very well. The roof should be thatched and the sides either tarred, or, what looks so much better, covered with the rough bark off trees that you may procure at a sawyer's or wood-yard. Posts are placed in position to form the yard, and over this for the sides fine-mesh wire is to be nailed. The roof of this aviary may be the ordinary twine net, which is sold for a penny per two square yards to place over fruit trees. All the ordinary furnishings and comforts of the pigeon-loft must find a place in the pigeonry.

Have you visited any shows? You ought to do so this season. One learns so much, and soon finds out what birds should be like. We will speak about matching in our next. Meanwhile be in no hurry to buy, only keep your eyes skinned, as sailors say.

THE AVIARY.—Begin bird-cage making. It is such a nice employment. You will be awkward at first, but persevere, and we do not doubt you will be able to turn out something really nice. We have little to tell you this month. We need hardly remind you that whatever birds you have must be kept very clean and well-fed, and have fresh water daily, and, whenever it can be got, a blink of December sunshine. A little green food will not be thrown away on your favourites. Do not give dainties; canaries thrive well without them. A tiny morsel of sweet apple or bit of sugar may be excepted, and does no harm.

If at any time a bird seems moping, put it in a warmer corner, give a little egg and bread-crumb, and put a little saffron or an iron nail in the water. If suffering from cold or so-called asthma, a bit of gum about the size of a pea, with a few drops of glycerine, and paregoric should be put in the water fresh every morning.

THE RABBITRY.—Look out for colds, and remove any rabbit into a hospital-hutch that seems to be ailing; feed it more nourishingly, keep it clean and dry and warmer than usual, and it will soon come round even without medicine. A few drops, say ten, of paregoric does good if there be sneezing and running at the eyes. You cannot be too careful during this month in seeing to the feeding and comfort of the rabbitry.

One hard night of frost may lay the seeds of disease that you will be unable to eradicate for months, if ever. So be warned.

THE KENNEL.—What shall we say for our friend the dog this month? The outdoor animal suffers most. Pray see that the wind does not whistle into his kennel. Let his bed be always dry and warm, with oceans of straw in it; but there may be nights so inclement that you would be guilty of a moral crime in leaving the poor fellow out of doors. How grateful a dog is to see the bright firelight on a night like this! Feed extra well, two good solid diets a day, and as much milk as you can afford. Give him plenty of exercise, only do not permit him to go into the water.

It does not do to wash dogs much in winter, but you can well groom them every morning. If he is a big dog this is capital exercise for the boy, who does it far better than the dumb-bells.

The best little dogs for boys to keep depends upon where they are to reside. If in town, get a fox-terrier or English terrier, or black-and-tan Manchester. If in the country perhaps nothing suits better than the rough-haired old-fashioned die-hard, or Aberdeen terrier. They are very affectionate, hardy, good guards, and know no fear. They cost hardly anything to keep. The scraps of the table are ample for them, and an occasional big bone makes a die-hard as happy as a king. They are not pretty any more than a door-mat is, but they well repay their keep.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Tidy up all walks and borders; see to hedgerows and fences. Wheel out manure on frosty days, and wait.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDEN.—These are both asleep, but you can read the DOINGS for spring and summer months, and make preparations for the coming season.

Correspondence.

T.—The address of the secretary of the Victoria Model Yacht Club is Mr. W. H. Melville, 9, Frederick Place, Bow. The pond is in Victoria Park, and the boat-houses of the Alexandra and Prince of Wales Clubs are on the banks of the same pond. We know of no other clubs in North London, although the numerous reservoirs of the New River Company would be capital places for model yacht sailing. The secretary of the Serpentine Club is Mr. H. Lear, 13, North Street, Westminster, S.W.

A. P. (Moscow.)—You have simply failed to follow the instructions. The calendar has been constructed by hundreds of readers from the description, and a large firm in the north of England took the trouble to print it as described, and it is now issued broadcast. Try again, or try one of the more recent calendars we have given.

BULLDOG.—The "Sailing Boat," by H. C. Folkhard, is published at the office of the Yacht List by Messrs. Hunt and Son, Church Street, Edgware Road. It refers only to full-size boats. For models, try Biddle's "Model Yachting." A more recent book than Folkhard's is Davies's "Boat Sailing," published by Gill, 170, Strand; and there are in addition Dixon Kemp's "Boat Sailing," and Captain Fitzgerald's "Boat Sailing," all for full size craft. Kemp's is the best, but it costs twenty-five shillings.

YOUNG DUTCH and PETER.—The more work an apprentice gets the better for him. When you are out of your time you can be lazy if you please, or you can work strictly to time, and never do a stroke beyond. But if you wish to do any good to yourself you will find that you can only differ from "all the fellows I know" in prosperity, by differing from them in the amount and quality of your work. "The eccentricity which they despise betrays the power by which you rise."

C. X.—The "Model Yachtsman" is published by T. Grassam, 161, High Street, Hull. It costs one penny per month.

T. WRITER.—For the boilers of model engines you can use sheet copper No. 19, but do not have it thinner. You must harden it by hammering.

SILURIA.—1. Write to Messrs. Stanford, Charing Cross, for their catalogue of geological maps, and select for yourself. 2. The reports of the Civil Service Commissioners can be purchased from Eyre and Spottiswoode, West Harding Street; or Hansard, Great Queen Street, W.C.

NIMROD.—To fish with salmon roe in private lakes may not be illegal, but it is very unsportsmanlike, and we will do nothing to encourage it.

NEMO.—As you have taken in the paper from the very first number, you will find the fullest answer to your queries by looking well back, say to the articles on training in the second volume.

CATAMARAN.—You can buy indiarubber solution so cheap now at the cycle shops that it is hardly worth while to make it yourself. It is rubber shredded fine and dissolved in benzine or sulphide of carbon.

STUDENT.—The "legal rate of interest," if you can call it so, is five per cent.

Y. Z. B.—Consult one of the electricity periodicals, where the schools for telegraph instruction are advertised.

S. E. A.—1. The examination is no longer open to the public. 2. The latest information is to be found in the Admiralty circulars. They are issued with the Navy List.

I. C. H.—When "boiled" oil is mentioned, boiled linseed oil is meant. No other oil is ever sold "boiled," and no mechanic boils it for himself if he can help it. Ask at the nearest colour-shop for "boiled oil," and there will be no difficulty.

A. R. KYD.—Get Martin's "Float Fishing," price two shillings, from Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., and read up his remarks on worm culture.

C. A. HARSTON.—The plates are published in a packet at the close of the volume. The price is given in the numbers for the last week in September in each year.

AN ASKEAN.—1. Bayard was a French knight known for his chivalry—the Chevalier Bayard. 2. The X comes in the centre of the four words Crux, Rex, Dux, and Lex, and the meaning is "for the Cross, the King, the Chieftain, and the Law."

A. S. E.—For "how to place the cricket-field," and how to change at an "over," see the Cricket articles in our second volume.

A DEAL PLANER.—The best way to polish a floor is to coat it lightly with turpentine and beeswax rubbed on with a cocoanut husk cut in half, and used with cup edges downwards. Rub always in one direction.

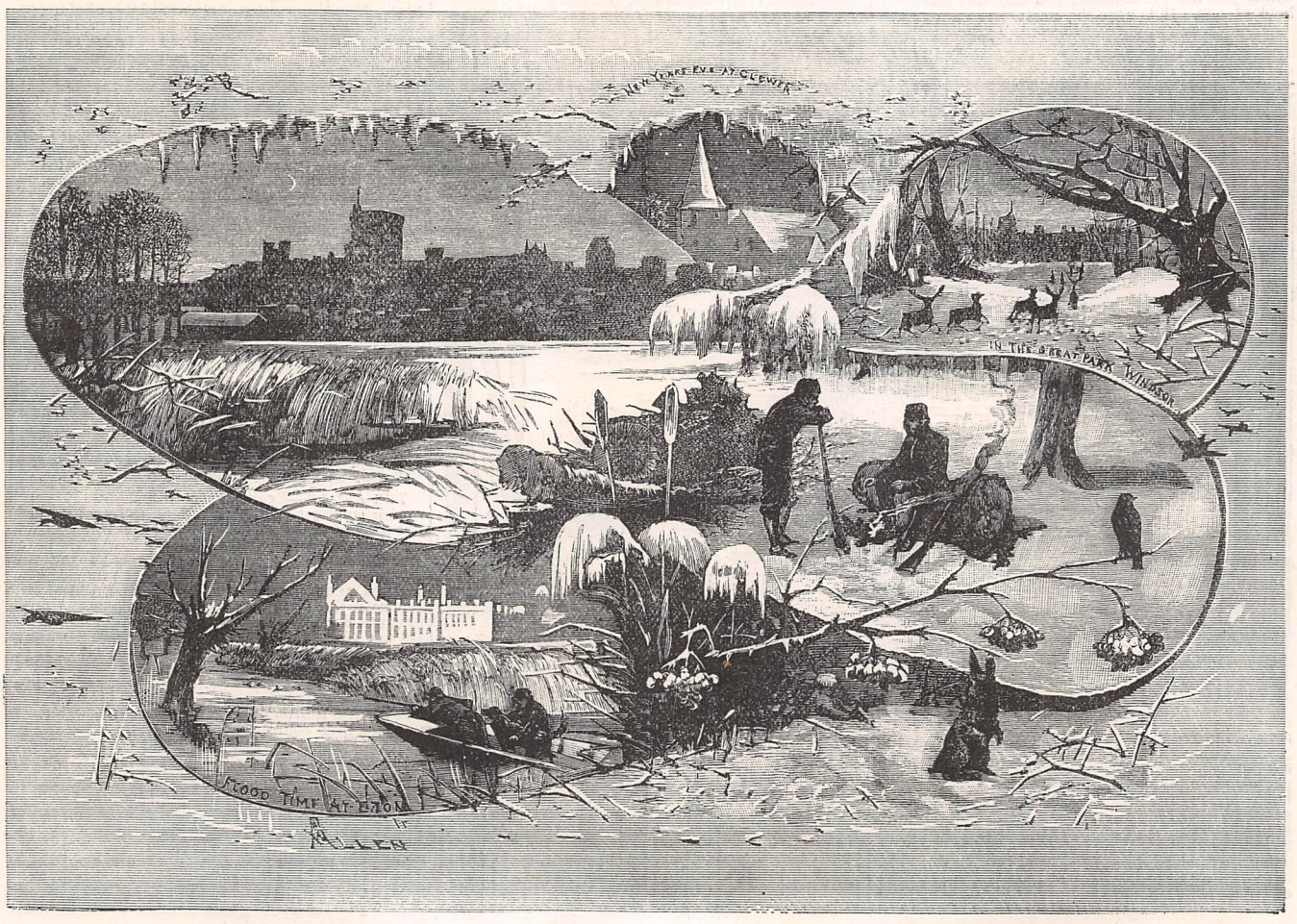
E. SMITH.—Apply at the Mercantile Marine Office in St. Katharine's Docks. You will there get the information you want. Waterman's Hall is at No. 18, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C.

A. G.—What a pity you did not ask a few more questions and fill up all the paper! Messrs. Silver and Co., Cornhill, publish "An Australian Grazier's Guide," and will send it on application.

CIVILIAN.—Apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row; or the Secretary of State for India, Whitehall.

MUSICIAN.—1. At the present day there are probably more violin makers and players in Germany than elsewhere. 2. Paganini was an Italian.

J. G. PEARCE.—1. See answer to CIVILIAN. 2. We do not undertake binding. 3. The Christmas part is not paged in the volume, but there is no reason why you should not bind it in. It will not be bound up with the annual issued by us.



Winter Memories.—*See our "Boy's Own Christmas Number."*

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 309.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884. Price One Penny.

IVAN DOBROFF:

A RUSSIAN STORY.

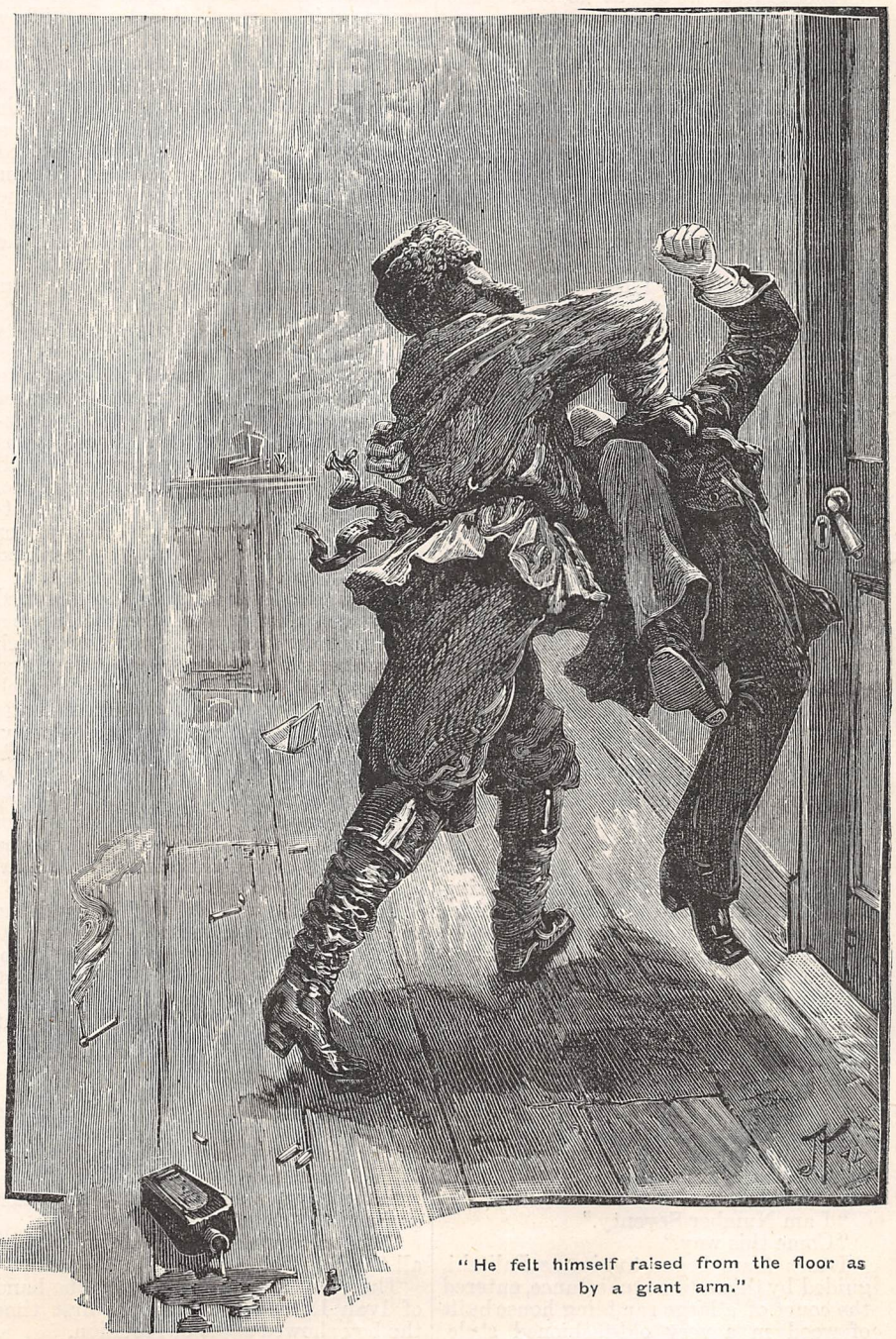
By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—NOVOYE DERAYVNIE.

It is a singular fact that all large towns, certainly all capitals, spread westwards. The tide of life, like the tide of emigration, seems to roll in the "way of the sun"—*i.e.*, from east to west. "The west end" as a rule is the best end, and a great city grows like some advancing monster swallowing up the country in its course westward.

In accordance with this rule the low parts of Moscow lie eastward, and to the worst of these we are now about to introduce our reader. Unlike the "slums" of London, the streets in this uncanny locality are not narrow. The houses are often large, generally of wood, always old and tumble-down. The streets are unpaved, so are the yards in which the houses stand, into which it is a perilous enterprise for a well-dressed person to enter. Unwholesome, pale, wretched faces meet the gaze, and there is a weird gruesome look about the whole district that would warn off any visitor but a policeman or one of the actual residents. Indeed the police seldom go, save in considerable numbers.



"He felt himself raised from the floor as by a giant arm."

On the morning of the day after the abduction of Ivan from Mazielovo, a hackney drosky was seen driving up to a house in this region of ill-repute. It contained two passengers, of whom, to make no mystery, one was Palitzki and the other Ivan. Our hero looked fagged, worried, and dirty, and the tutor looked many shades dirtier than ever.

"I am very sorry I ever came with you, but you called me to you in such a way that I did not like to disobey you. And after all you did not show me the pony which you said we should see before it was given to me! What will Mr. Smirnoff say? How frightened he will be! I think it very wrong in you to give him such a fright."

"Don't be a *durak!* [*i.e.*, a fool], Ivan. I meant to have taken you, after seeing the pony, to my uncle, who has some models of English ships. You can tell Mr. Smirnoff how sorry I was not to have found him!"

"But indeed we ought to have gone back at once to him, and not have remained in that dreadful hotel. How you could do so I don't know. It seems cruel to him. He will feel it terribly!"

"Never mind, Ivan. It was not your fault, but mine. I took you from your play to see the pony come along the road from Moscow, and if we missed it the fault was not yours! He cannot punish you for *that!*"

"I don't care about punishment. He never punishes; and if he did, I should care less about what I had to bear than the thought of paining him who is so good to me. How wretched he will be if your friend did not see him to say where I was."

"How can my friend help finding him? He went to the Loubiyanka at the right time, I am sure."

Palitzki had invented a little fiction of sending a friend of his to Smirnoff to tell that gentleman what had become of his *protégé* and of the custodian he had selected for him. The truth was that he had no idea of letting the good merchant know anything of Ivan's whereabouts, or indeed of communicating with Smirnoff at all, until certain plans which we have now to watch were matured. In pursuance of his plot he had driven to the Novoye Deryvanie (new village), the haunt of the most lawless portion of the population of Moscow.

The worst part of this ill-favoured neighbourhood is called Schouvalovsky Peryoulok, and here Palitzki made a pause as if looking for a house which he could not immediately find. He paid the driver, and, turning to a strange-looking individual in a red calico shirt, blue-striped trousers worn very full and very baggy, very high boots, and a greasy flat cap that might have been of any shape when new—it was of none in particular now.

"Can you tell me the way to the house of Mr. Hermann?"

"Why do you want to know? Who are you?"

"I have a number."

"Oh, indeed!" said the stranger, now manifesting a little interest. "And what may that be?"

"I am Number Seventy."

"Come this way."

Ivan's fears began to rise as Palitzki, guided by this new acquaintance, entered the court of a large rambling house built of wood in a very old-fashioned style, and so decayed in parts as to remind an English spectator rather of the wreck of some old wooden ship that had been washed ashore fifty years ago, and was now falling to pieces. But he was a courageous boy, and although in his heart of hearts greatly disapproving of Palitzki's action in removing him from Mazielovo, he could not suddenly regard the man who had been placed over him as his tutor and guide as his enemy. So, overcoming his dislike to the new phase of life thus opened to him, he put his hand in that of Palitzki's and trudged along at his side, through a crowd of urchins and ruffians, holding his head up fearless and erect. They were somewhat hustled, it is true; but still the unprepossessing crowd made way for them, and no actual violence was offered. Indeed, as they advanced there seemed a disposition to make way for them rather respectfully than otherwise.

At last they entered the house itself—or rather the central building of the group which formed this house. They entered by a doorway, in which the door, more than half off its hinges, hung, a mockery, and no defence. Passing into the entrance-hall, the strange guide opened a little side door leading into a large room, from which another door led into an inner chamber. The farther door of this inner room was closed, so that the interior to which it led was not revealed, but it was evident from the size of the house that there were rooms beyond.

The first room contained three or four plain deal forms or benches generally seen in peasants' huts, and a deal table, on which was quite a collection of bottles of the peculiar shape made in Russia to contain the national poison. Some of these were empty, but the greater number were full. The walls and ceiling, as well as the table and the forms, were all as black as the charred ruins at Berozovo, and all over the grimy floor were scattered the ends of the little *papiros* (or cigarette) which are smoked by men and women alike all through the empire.

The guide strode on before and entered the second room, where, stretched upon a wretched sofa begrimed with dirt, which left no traces of its original colour, and through the well-worn cover of which protruding bits of straw proclaimed the material of the stuffing of the upholstery, there lay a man dressed in a peasant's garb. He was evidently very tall, for the feet, which in the case of ordinary mortals would have found ample room on the uneasy couch, were placed on one arm of the same, while his head rested on that opposite to it.

As the guide and Palitzki entered the room this man started into a half-recumbent attitude on the couch; and then, sitting up fully, exclaimed, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Number Seventy, and want the district chief—letter B."

"What is in the mill-stream?"

"Fish."

"That's good news! What of the Loubiyanka?"

"I think it a safe speculation."

"What's the boy?"

"A pledge, a hostage, and a golden goose!"

"Anton, remove the lad and show him all the dogs."

The guide attempted to seize the hand of Ivan Dobroff, but for the first time the boy showed signs of rebellion.

"No! I won't go with that red-haired butcher; he will kill me, I know. I want to stop with Mr. Palitzki, he is my tutor. I will *not* leave him!"

Ivan now set up a series of howls, but they had no effect upon the inmates of the mansion beyond causing a hearty laugh from the lungs of the big man on the couch.

"Don't be a little *durak*," said that individual. "Nothing shall happen to you, and if Anton kills you I will kill him directly after; so you are quite safe."

"Not so safe as if you were to kill him now," answered the boy. "Much good it would do me if you killed him after!"

This was received so favourably that the gentleman on the couch called out with a loud voice, "Anniesie! Anniesie!" several times, until at last the door of the room opposite to that at which the student and Ivan had entered was flung open, and a bright-looking girl of some eighteen summers entered the room where our friends had all this time been standing. She was a well-dressed lady-like person, and formed a striking contrast with the mean surroundings of the place. She closed the door carefully behind her and stood looking earnestly at the boy, who in his turn stared strangely at her.

"Will you go with Anniesie and look at some pictures in the other room?" asked our friend on the straw-stuffed dirty sofa.

"Yes," replied the boy; "she looks good; and I like pictures, but I like dogs better."

"Take him with you, and make him as merry as you can. Do what you like to amuse him, and give him something to eat."

"Chorascho," replied Anniesie, an expression meaning "well," "good," "certainly," "all right," according to circumstances.

"Come with me, little one," said the girl, in a gentle melodious voice that won Ivan at once.

He followed her without a word, and Palitzki remained staring at the door that closed after them in mute astonishment.

"Now then, sir!" said the man on the couch. "We can talk business. Anton, bring in a 'stoff' of vodkie and a box of 'papiros.' Can I offer you some tea?"

"No, thank you, but it would be well to give the little boy something substantial, as he has eaten nothing beyond a small breakfast roll of white bread all day."

Instructions were given, and Anton quitted the room, leaving Hermann and Palitzki alone.

"Now," said the elder rascal, "what is in the wind? What do you want of me? And who in the name of Saint Nicolas is that boy in there?"

"I will answer you categorically," replied Palitzki. "First, the Hermann division is blown!"

"I know," said the other, coolly.

"Secondly, as I hold an important position in the corps as 'Number Seventy' I was in the habit of sending signed reports to headquarters. One of these, incautiously expressing my devotion to the cause, and signed with my own name, has by some means fallen into the possession of my employer, who engaged me to act as tutor to the young scamp

now in yonder room. The boy is an innocent little chap, full of fun, and taking advantage of a sort of scrimmage at Mazielovo, I induced him to slip away with me. Finding a return drosky I came right into Moscow. We slept the night at a tracteer's [eating-house], then we walked about vaguely 'to find my uncle,' to throw off suspicion, and now we are here. I want a man sent to Smirnoff to take a paper demanding the document, which must be sent at once to any address you like me to give, and then promising the return of the boy."

"How does that put fish in the mill-stream?"

"Smirnoff is wealthy, and will be very likely to reward the messenger handsomely."

"Yes, with Siberia for life! How about the Loubiyanka? I suppose this is the same rich merchant who is to be 'practised' upon?"

"He is. Now I have told you what is in the wind; I have told you what I want of you; I shall now tell you who this boy is. He is the adopted heir of Smirnoff, the rich merchant of the Loubiyanka. Do you understand?"

"I understand. Take some vodkie!"

"Thanks! Do you consent?"

"What are your terms?"

"My terms?"

"Of course! You do not imagine that I am going to be such an unmitigated durak as to send one of my men to Siberia just for the pleasure of serving you? How do I know who you are? You have the pass-word all pat enough, but that proves nothing."

Palitzki smiled, opened his coat, which had been closely buttoned over his chest, and taking a penknife from his pocket, opened with its aid a seam in the inside of the breast of the coat, and from the aperture drew forth a small packet wrapped in an oilskin case. This he carefully opened and showed to Hermann, who perused the mysterious signs thereon inscribed, for there was no writing, and, returning it to the student, observed,

"This is all right enough, but it gives you no authority to command; I can, therefore, make what terms with you I please, although I dare not betray you. Now what terms do you offer?"

"I cannot tell. What do you demand?"

"Halves!"

"What do you mean by halves? I have nothing."

"Well, half the fish in the stream for me, and half of the remaining moiety to be given to the man who runs the risk! Now look here. I am not going to work for nothing. You don't want money so much as the paper, so I propose we act in this way. You write to Smirnoff and tell him that you can produce the boy, but that you have been at great expense for his keep and guardianship, and that as indemnification you require a sum of twenty thousand roubles (£2,000) and the paper to be given up to a person duly accredited by you. Of this twenty thousand roubles, ten thousand come to me, five thousand to the person running the risk of receiving the money, and five thousand you may keep for yourself! Do you agree?"

"Most certainly not," said Palitzki, indignantly. "Why should I rob Smirnoff of his money?"

"Look here, Number Seventy! Do you know who I am? I am at this moment *Number Three*, and perhaps the most powerful of the whole confederation! Write as I dictate to Smirnoff, demanding your paper and the money, and promising to return the boy. These are my *orders!*"

"Can't do it. As a student of the University my name and address are known to the authorities, and I am in the hands of these authorities. Most emphatically I refuse these terms, and I desire that Ivan be given up to me directly. I will return from whence I came, and manage differently. Ivan! Ivan!"

There was no reply to this call. Palitzki rushed to the closed door, through which he had seen the child disappear, and strove with frantic violence to open it, but all his efforts were unavailing. He tugged, he shouted, and he raved. Suddenly he was seized from behind as in a vice. He felt himself raised from the floor as by a giant arm. The next moment he was flung down heavily and with such force that he lay stunned on the ground as though he were dead.

* * * * *

On the other side of the door a very unexpected scene had presented itself to Ivan. He found himself in a nicely furnished drawing-room, well provided with elegantly bound volumes of French, German, and Russian classical authors. There were large glasses between the windows and a splendid suite of drawing-room furniture. The next room to the drawing-room was a dining-room, and was provided with a magnificent grand pianoforte. This room had a door in the wall farthest from the front of the house, which door was the entrance to the sleeping-room occupied by Anniesie. A second door nearer the angle of the wall led to the kitchen and to the place where the servants lived.

Before the sofa in the drawing-room was a large oval table, on which was a handsome lamp, a rich porcelain vase, some photographic albums, and other books. The whole place made the impression of a refined and comfortable home, which in a fashionable quarter of the town would have been quite in keeping, but which in a "*slum*" like the Schouvalovsky Peryoulok was singularly out of place.

The young woman who had led Ivan into this place seemed in every way to be the presiding genius which had called up a paradise in that moral wilderness. She herself seemed as much surprised at the sight of Ivan as he had been on seeing her. She held him kindly and gently by the arm and seated him upon the sofa, then she removed the lamp and vase from the little oval table to a more secure position, and, spreading open a portfolio with magnificent photographs representing various celebrated works of art, began a chatting conversation which soon set our hero at his ease.

"Are all these pictures yours?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have more to show you afterwards if you are a good boy."

"I mean to be good, but what is your name?"

"Anniesie Feodorovna."

"Nice name; shan't call you Feodorovna, but just plain Anniesie. What a lot of books! Do you like reading?"

"Very much. Reading, music, and drawing are my three delights."

"What do you read? Story books?"

"Not always, I have the best of all books here, and that is my greatest comfort."

"What is that?"

"The Bible."

Ivan was puzzled, for the perusal of the Word is not general in Russia, although the New Testament part of it may be found in most homes, and, thanks to the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society, this may be had at a very cheap rate all through the empire. But the teachings of what is generally called the Old Testament are mostly conveyed to the people in such forms as the priests think fit, and, as they are chiefly engaged in the service of the church, this portion of the Word of God is, comparatively speaking, unknown.

"What!" cried our hero. "Are you a heretic?'

"I am a Protestant."

"Oh dear, oh dear! How dreadful! Perhaps you are a German too?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

"What shall I do?" said Ivan, beginning to cry as if his heart would break, and moving away from his newly-found friend, in whom he had been so greatly interested, and by whom he now felt as strongly repelled. "I wish I had disobeyed Palitzki and run into Mr. Smirnoff."

"Don't cry," said the girl, "I would do anything to make you comfortable. I will do you no harm, and only wish to take you back to your friends with a happy face. You must not cry. You shall see all these books, and the one you like best you may keep for your own."

But it was long before Ivan could be comforted. At last he rose from the sofa, fancying he heard the voice of Palitzki calling him. He went therefore to the door at which he had entered, over which a broad, thick, heavy curtain was drawn. On drawing this aside he found a door, which he opened, but instead of finding himself in the room from which he came, and in which Palitzki remained, he discovered a sort of niche formed by the deep doorway, and another door, the back of which was furnished with iron bars right across the whole width. These bars fell into sockets in the upright timbers, and formed effectual barriers against great force.

"Why am I brought to this horrid place?"

"I don't know; but I have been told to take care of you, and I mean to do so if you will let me. What is your name?"

"My name is Ivan Dobroff."

"Well, Ivan, you may be sure that I shall be your friend. Where does your father live?"

"I have no father; but Mr. Smirnoff lives in the Loubiyanka, and he is all the same as a father."

She wrote the name in a dainty little address-book, and then said, "Now, Ivan, you must be very hungry; I shall order the samovar and something to eat, and while that is getting ready you shall write to Mr. Smirnoff, and I will take care to send a letter."

"Will you, though?"

"Yes; and, you know, a German girl keeps her word."

"That is true. Will you please give me some paper, and I will write?"

This modest demand was at once complied with, and Ivan set to work in earnest to write to Smirnoff. During the com-

position of this literary work, Anniesie had given orders for a repast, which was got ready under her own inspection in the adjoining dining-room, but her preparation was aided by a nondescript peasant servant, who, however, seemed willing to make amends by the excellence of her viands for the forcible detention of the guest.

It was a sort of luncheon that was being prepared. The samovar, or urn, which boils the water was there. The delicious fragrance of the Russian tea, and the more powerful perfume of hot fried sausages, proved too much for Ivan; he threw down his pen with a sigh.

"May we begin?" he asked; "I am as hungry as a wolf! Sardines, too! and pickled herrings! What fun!"

The girl and boy now got on famously together, and as the ice broke more and more beneath the sunny beams of her really kindly heart, Ivan's fear, shyness, and uneasiness about his benefactor vanished; and, just after stowing away a tremendous serving of pirog (pie), Ivan laid down his knife and fork, and, taking a good full view of his entertainer, burst out with the following:

"I say, you don't mean to tell me that such a brick as you are can be a heretic?"

"Why? Can't a heretic give a little boy some sausages? Is that so wonderful?"

"Oh, no! 'tisn't that, but the whole thing is so jolly; it's like a fairy tale where the princess is imprisoned by a wicked gnome, and the boy is changed into a frog, you know! And I think the cannibal would change me into something unpleasant if he could!"

"What cannibal?"

"Why, that dreadful cannibal outside who told you to take care of me—perhaps against dinner-time, when he would eat me!"

"Who do you mean? Surely not Feodor Karlovitch?"

"Yes; that is what they called him. What an awful savage the fellow is! Now isn't he?"

"He is my father!"

"Oh, really! Now I have done for myself! You must take after your mother, I suppose?"

At this Anniesie laughed very merrily, and Ivan, not a whit behindhand, laughed loud and long. All stiffness was at an end. Ivan *felt* the goodwill of the girl, and also the effects of the meal of which he had partaken, and the love of fun, never quite dormant even in Russian boys, began to show itself. He talked and laughed as briskly as he had eaten, telling Anniesie all the funny stories he could think of, greatly interesting and delighting her.

By-and-by Ivan's eyes fell on the handsome bindings of the books in one of the cases, and the door of which he now asked Anniesie to unlock. When she had done this Ivan was reminded of the Bible he had spoken of just before lunch, and then he said, "Anniesie, wasn't that all nonsense about your being a German and a heretic?"

"No, Ivan. My father, Mr. Hermann, you have seen."

"Oh, yes," replied Ivan, "and I don't want to see him again. He may be a German if he likes; I don't care. And he looks like a heretic; but you are too good to be either one or the other.

"Do you think Germans so bad, then?"

"Mr. Palitzki says that all the evils in Russia are caused by Germans."

"Don't you like reading?"

"Very much, when it's funny, but what has that to do with the Germans?"

"They invented printing."

"So they did. That was nice of them. And they invented gunpowder, which is nicer still, because I love shooting and battles and fireworks."

"Did a German ever hurt you?"

"No; I never knew many."

"Well, think of one whom you know and tell me whether he is a good man or a bad one."

Ivan pondered a minute, and then said, "I can only recollect Dr. Wolf and Mr. Schumann. The first was very kind to me, and the second saved Mr. Smirnoff from ruin some years ago."

"Now, you see, Ivan, I asked you to think of a German, knowing well that the chances were you would only remember some one who had done you good. Of course there are bad and good in all nations, but it is very wrong to think of any of God's creatures as being all bad."

"But heretics hate us, and so we hate them."

"My poor boy! What a dreadful thing to say! Why should you hate me?"

"Hate you? That's impossible!"

"But I am a German and a Protestant.'

"Wel, I shall not hate the Germans any more, but I am afraid it is not like a Christian not to hate heretics of all kinds."

"Then, you see, you will find a way to hate me."

"No, I won't. But it sounds so dreadful to be a heretic; I can't bear to think of it."

"But Christianity is love, and we are taught to do good to all and to love all, even as He first loved us."

This was said so brightly and so sweetly that Ivan felt the tears come into his eyes, and he flung his arms round his new teacher in a childish fit of emotion. He was a boy of strong feelings, but was too much governed by caprice, and the violent passions which occasionally swayed him had hitherto been uncontrolled. Strange that the fact of being brought to this den should have been the very means of awakening in his heart a yearning for something beyond the mere formal observance of church ceremonies which had in his mind stood for religion. He had not known a mother, he never knew a sister, and here in this strange haunt of violent men at war with society he found at once mother, sister, peace.

The leading principle in the mind of Anniesie was self-negation for the good of others. In obedience to this she had renounced the advantages of refined and cultivated society to minister to the wants of her father, a fanatic, who had taken up false views of life and had joined, heart and soul, a band of plotters dangerous to the State. True woman, Anniesie never asked the question, "Are these principles right or wrong?" All she felt was that a father wanted comfort and aid. This served as a holy call, and at the shrine of filial duty she offered up position, pleasure—in fact, everything that in most minds would make this life worth living. He adored his daughter. As a leader of a desperate gang he was a desperado. Strong in will, strong in frame, he kept his crew in subjection, and his means had enabled him to provide the retreat for his daughter which we have tried to describe.

Anniesie was indefatigable in her efforts to amuse and interest Ivan, and thus the day passed away. When lights were brought and the table was laid for dinner, Ivan felt as much at home as though he had been in very deed the brother of the "German heretic."

At seven o'clock the queer-looking old woman who had waited at table in the morning came in and laid the cloth for three, and very shortly after the cannibal, as Ivan had named Anniesie's father, came into the room by another door than that through which Anniesie and Ivan had entered. The undisguised horror depicted in the boy's face at the sight of Feodor Karlovitch seemed to yield that worthy extreme satisfaction, as affording a high compliment to his merits.

Anniesie looked pained, but said nothing until her father remarked to Ivan that he "was not going to *eat him*," at which she laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked this strange father, not unkindly.

"It is so funny that you should say that," replied the daughter.

"Why is that particularly funny?"

Seeing that Anniesie hesitated, turned red, and looked confused, Ivan chivalrously came to her relief, saying,

"You see I did not know you were Anniesie's father, and asked her some time ago whether you were a—ca-ca-cannibal!"

This, delivered with considerable hesitation by the boy, amused both father and daughter mightily. She was glad to see the courage which led the boy to face danger in her cause. The man was simply tickled at the joke.

Dinner was now announced by a well-dressed man-servant, and all three went to table.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

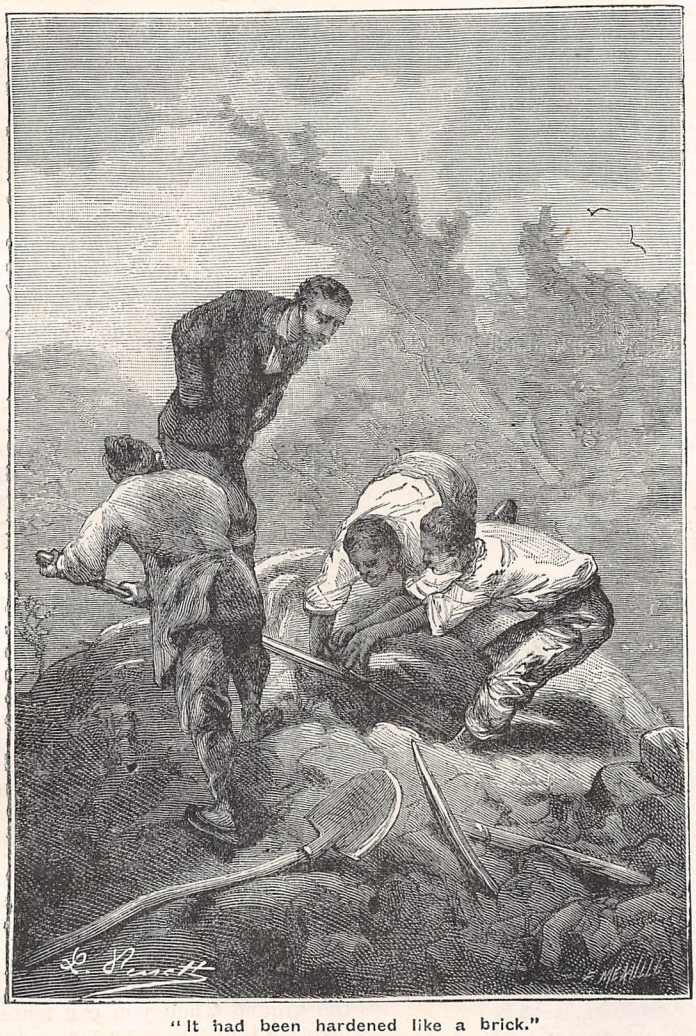
A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A SURPRISE.

It was a great day when the experiment was completed. For two weeks the fire had been allowed to die out, so that the apparatus might gradually cool. Cyprien, considering that the crystallisation of the carbon ought by now to have been effected, resolved to open the mound which covered the furnace.



"It had been hardened like a brick."

This was no easy matter. The pick-axes had all their work to do to cut their way through the baked earth. It had been hardened like a brick. At length it yielded to the attacks of Mataki, and the upper part of the furnace, the capital, so to speak, was visible. Then the whole furnace was revealed to view.

Cyprien's heart beat a hundred and twenty to the minute as the Kaffir, assisted by Bardik and Li, lifted off the top.

That the experiment had succeeded he could hardly believe. He was one of those who always doubt themselves. But after all it was possible! And if it had! All his hopes of happiness, of glory, and of fortune were contained in that huge black cylinder which now met his sight after so many weeks of trial!

Horror! The cannon had burst!

Yes! Against the formidable pressure of the vapour of the water and the marsh gas raised to such a tremendous temperature the very steel had been unable to contend. The barrel, although two inches thick, had split like a test tube. On one of its sides about half way down there gaped a huge fissure blackened and twisted by the flames, which seemed to grin in the face of the discomfited engineer.

This was indeed unfortunate! So much trouble to reach a negative! Indeed Cyprien would have felt less humiliated if, thanks to his precautions, the cylinder had resisted the fire—and been found empty. That there might be no diamond inside the tube he was prepared for. But to have heated up and cooled down and cherished for a month or more that old lump of steel, and then to end like this, was the acme of misfortune! He felt inclined to kick the whole concern over his hut—but its weight forbade him.

He was about to leave the spot in despair, when curiosity led him to hold a match at the gap in the tube so as to examine the interior.

"Perhaps," he thought, "the earth I plastered round it has been baked into a brick like that outside."

He was right. But a very curious phenomenon presented itself which at first he could not understand. A sort of clay nodule seemed to have detached itself from the lining of the tube and hardened separately.

The nodule was of a reddish colour. It was about the size of an orange, and could easily pass through the gap. Cyprien drew it out, and held it up carelessly to examine it. Then remembering that it was only a piece of clay like the rest, but separately baked, he was going to throw it aside. But it sounded hollow like a piece of pottery.

It was a sort of closed cup in which something seemed to shake.

"A regular money-box!" said Cyprien.

But had he under pain of death been obliged to explain the mystery he could not have done so.

However, he resolved to see what it meant. He took up a hammer and smashed the "money-box."

And it was a money-box, and contained a magnificent treasure. There could be no mistake as to the nature of the pebble which disclosed itself to the astonished eyes of the engineer. The stone was a diamond in its gangue, in every respect like an ordinary diamond, but a diamond of colossal dimensions.

It was as large as a fowl's egg. It looked not unlike a potato. It weighed over half a pound.

"A diamond! An artificial diamond!" repeated Cyprien, in an undertone. "I have solved the problem notwithstanding the accident to the tube. I am a rich man! Alice, my dear Alice, is mine!"

Then he doubted his eyesight.

"But it is impossible! It is an illusion, a mirage! But I'll soon find out the truth."

And without stopping to put on his hat, mad with joy, like Archimedes jumping from the bath when he discovered his famous principle, Cyprien tore down the road from the farm and bounded like a shot into the workshop of Jacobus Vandergaart.

He found the old lapidary examining some stones which Nathan the broker had brought to be cut.

"Ha! Mr. Nathan, you are just in time," exclaimed Cyprien. "Look here! and you, Mr. Vandergaart, see what I have brought you, and tell me what it is."

He put the stone on the table and crossed his arms. Nathan first took it up. He turned pale with surprise, his eyes opened wide, and so did his mouth. He handed the stone to Vandergaart.

Jacobus held it up to the level of his eyes, looked at it in the light from the window, and then looked at it over his spectacles. Then he laid it on the table, looked at Cyprien, and said very quietly,

"That is the biggest diamond in the world."

"Yes! The biggest!" repeated Nathan.

"Two or three times as large as the Kohinoor, the Mountain of Light, the pride of the royal jewels of England, and which weighs a hundred and seventy-nine carats."

"Two or three times as large as the Grand Mogul, the largest known stone, which weighs two hundred and eighty carats," said the lapidary.

"Four or five times as large as the Czar's diamond, which weighs a hundred and ninety-three carats!" continued Nathan.

"Seven or eight times as large as the Regent, which weighs one hundred and thirty-six carats," quoth Vandergaart.

"Twenty or thirty times as large as the Dresden diamond, which weighs only thirty-one!" said Nathan, adding immediately, "I should say that after it is cut it will weigh at least four hundred carats! But how can we dare to value it! It is beyond all calculation."

"Why not?" answered Jacobus Vandergaart, who remained the coolest of the two. "The Kohinoor is estimated at a million and a quarter, the Grand Mogul at half a million, the Czar's diamond at three hundred and fifty thousand, the Regent at two hundred and fifty thousand—and that certainly ought—to be worth—four millions of money!"

"It all depends on its colour and quality," said Nathan, who began to recover his senses, and to prepare for the future with a view to a future bargain. "If it is pure and of the first water its value will be inestimable; but if it is yellow, like most of our Griqualand stones, it will not be worth nearly so much. For a stone of that size, I think I should prefer just a slight tinge of sapphire-blue, like the Hope Diamond, or perhaps a rose tint, like that of the Grand Mogul, or even emerald shade, like that of the Dresden Diamond."

"No, no!" said the old lapidary, excitedly; "I believe in colourless diamonds! Give me the Kohinoor or the Regent! There are gems for you! By the side of them those others are but fancy stones."

Cyprien had heard enough.

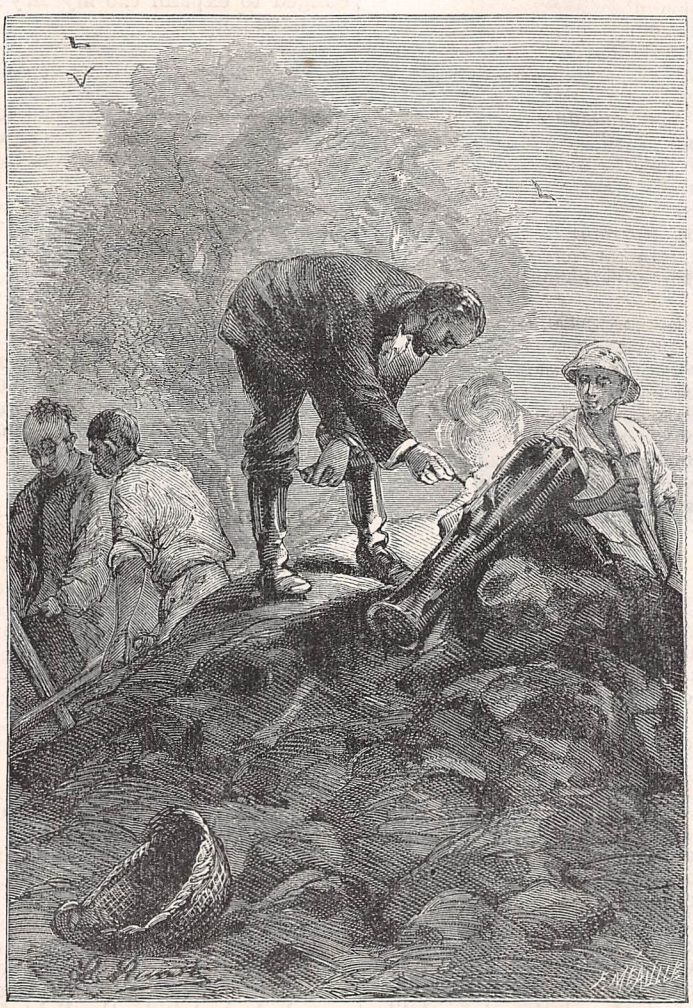
"Gentlemen, you must excuse me," said he, hurriedly; "I must leave you for a minute," and, picking up his precious pebble, he ran back along the road to the farm.

Without stopping to knock, he burst open the sitting-room door, found himself in Alice's presence, and, without giving a thought, caught her in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Hallo! what's up?" exclaimed Mr. Watkins, quite scandalised at the performance.

He was seated at a table in front of Annibale Pantalacci.

"Miss Watkins, I beg your pardon!" stammered Cyprien, surprised at his boldness, but radiant with joy. "I am so happy! I have gone mad with joy! Look! see what I have brought you!" and he threw rather than placed the diamond on the table between the two men.



"A sort of clay nodule seemed to have detached itself."

Like Nathan and Jacobus Vandergaart, they at once recognised it. Mr. Watkins, it being early in the day, was sufficiently sober to take in the matter at a glance.

"You found that—you yourself—in your claim?" exclaimed he.

"Found it!" answered Cyprien, triumphantly. "I did better than that! I made it! Ah, Mr. Watkins, there is some good in chemistry after all!" and he laughed, and he clasped Alice's delicate hand in his own, and she, surprised at his passionate demonstrations, but delighted at his happiness, stood smiling, as he said, "It is you to whom I owe the discovery! You advised me to return to chemistry. It was your daughter, Mr. Watkins, that made me make artificial diamonds! I render homage to her like the knights to the ladies of old, and proclaim that to her alone belongs the credit of the invention! I should never have dreamt of it without her."

Watkins and Pantalacci looked at the diamond, then they looked at each other and shook their heads. They were completely bewildered.

"You say you made that—you yourself?" said Watkins. "Then it is a sham!"

"A sham!" exclaimed Cyprien. "Well, yes! a sham! But Jacobus Vandergaart and Nathan value it as worth two millions at the least, and perhaps four! Although it is an artificial diamond, obtained by a process of which I am the inventor, it is none the less perfectly authentic! You see, there is nothing missing—not even the gangue!"

"And you are going to make other diamonds like it?" continued Watkins.

"If I like. I can make them by the bushel, and I can make them ten times—a hundred times—as large as that! I will make enough of them to pave your terrace with—to macadamise the roads of Griqualand with if you wish! It is but the first step that costs. Once the first stone is got, the rest is merely a detail—a simple affair of working certain technical formulæ!"

"But if that is so," gasped the miner, turning ashy pale, "you will ruin all the mine-owners! You will ruin me! You will ruin all Griqualand!"

"Certainly!" replied Cyprien. "Who would go grubbing for little diamonds in the ground when you can manufacture big ones that will give you a fortune in no time?"

"But it is monstrous!" exclaimed Watkins. "It is a shame! it is abominable! If what you say is true, if you really possess this secret—"

He gasped for breath.

"Well, you see," said Cyprien, coldly, "I am not merely talking about it; I brought you my first specimen, and I think it is big enough to convince you."

"Well, then," said Watkins, who had at last recovered his breath, "if it is true—you—you ought to be shot, sir! That is my opinion!"

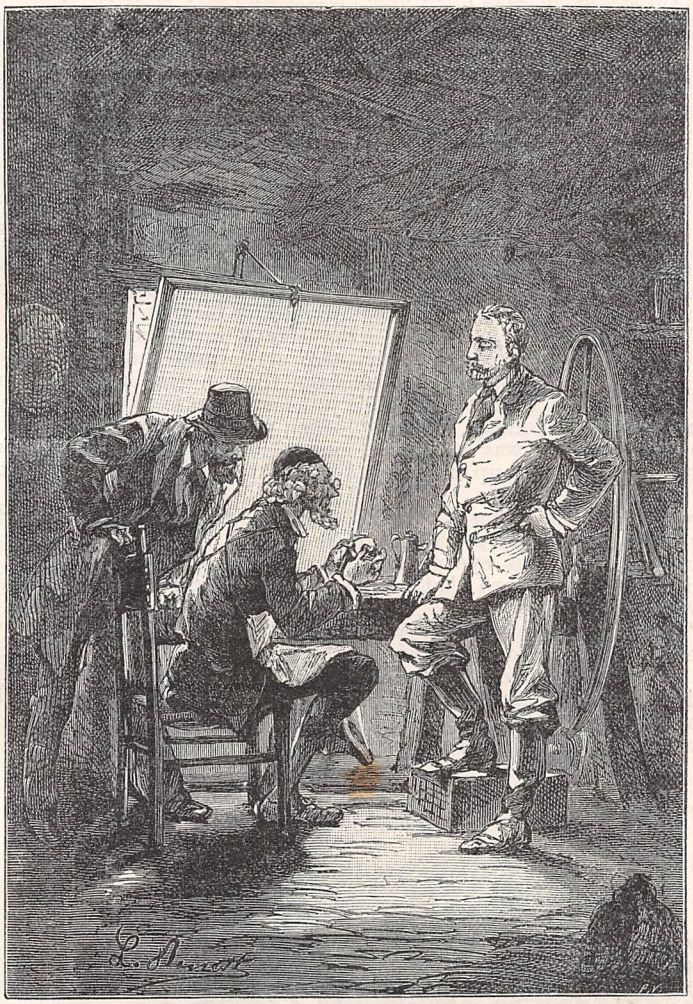
"And that is mine!" Pantalacci thought proper to add, with a threatening gesture.

Miss Watkins rose, looking very pale.

"Shot, because I have solved a chemical problem that men have been trying for the last fifty years?" answered the engineer, shrugging his shoulders. "That is rather too good!"

"There is nothing to laugh at in it, sir!" replied the furious farmer. "Think of the consequences of what you call

your discovery—of all the work in the diggings stopped—of all Griqualand deprived of its glorious industry—of me reduced to beggary!"



"That is the biggest diamond in the world."

"Well, I didn't think of all that, I admit," answered Cyprien, very frankly. "That is the inevitable consequence of industrial progress, and pure science cannot stop to worry itself about it! As to you personally, Mr. Watkins, you need not be alarmed. What is mine is yours, and you know very well the motive I had in working out the subject."

Watkins took the hint, and, as he did not want the Italian to know too much, suddenly shifted his ground. "After all," he said, "you may be right, and you speak like the plucky fellow you are. Perhaps we may understand each other yet. But why do you want to make a lot of diamonds that will soon make your discovery cheap? Why not carefully keep your secret, use it with moderation, and only make one or two stones like that, so as to raise sufficient capital, and become the richest man in these parts? No one would have anything to say against you, things would go on as they are, and you would not have to run counter to all the respectable people in the neighbourhood."

This was a new view of the question that Cyprien had never dreamt of. There was no mistake about the dilemma; either he must keep his secret, leave the world ignorant of it and abuse it for his own aggrandisement, or, as Watkins very truly said, depreciate at one blow all diamonds, natural and artificial, and consequently renounce the fortune. For what? To ruin every miner in Griqualand, India, and Brazil!

With the alternative thus placed before him, Cyprien hesitated, but it was only for an instant. He saw that to take the side of sincerity, honour, and fidelity to science was to renounce the very hope that had urged him to the discovery.

The sorrow was as bitter, as poignant as it was unexpected. To fall so suddenly from so sweet a dream!

"Mr. Watkins," said he, gravely, "if I kept the secret of my discovery to myself I should be an impostor! I should trade with false weights, and deceive the public as to the quality of the goods. The results obtained by the man of science do not belong to him alone; they are part of the patrimony of us all. To keep for himself in his own personal interest the smallest part of it would be to commit as vile an act as a man could do! I will not do it! No; I will not wait a week, nor a day, to give to the public the formula which chance and a little thought put into my power. My only reservation will be to give it first of all to those who sent me here. To-morrow I will send the secret of my process to the Academy of Sciences. Good-bye, sir; I thank you for having taught me my duty. Miss Watkins, I was merely dreaming;" and before Alice could move to stop him Cyprien had taken up his diamond and gone.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

Lang was back at the time he promised, and the Doctor remained ignorant of his visit to Fanshawe. After prayers the first form adjourned as usual to their room, where the events of the day were discussed with animation.

The match took the first place, but Fanshawe's appearance held the second. The general tone was one of envy; but Garland and Soady took the other side, the former saying he was a cad for passing Mrs. Fellowes without "capping," although the Doctor might have gone too far in cutting him. Soady added that the Doctor was quite right to cut him as he was smoking; a remark which called forth a good deal of dissent, for Soady as a rule was not on the side of law and order. Some one called his attention to the fact that he used to chum with Fanshawe to a considerable extent, and had been known to smoke on the sly.

"I know that," assented Soady; "but the only place I ever smoked in was the top class-room, and the chimney smoked there, so surely I could. But Fanshawe had no business to smoke before the Doctor; 'twas pure cheek, and nothing else."

"Except bad taste," added Garland.

Lang did not talk about Fanshawe at all, though he had seen more of him than all the others put together. He disliked Fanshawe now, and yet he was going to make use of him. Once get this exam business over, though, and he would cut him dead.

It was an immense relief to him to feel that he could play football now without the unpleasant sensation that every half-hour was so much taken from his work. Soady couldn't make it out.

"Going to pass, Lang?" he asked one day, very near the end of the half.

"Hope so," was the reply. "It's no good stewing oneself up; it's much better to take exercise, and keep healthy."

"Yes, I s'pose it is," said Soady. "I don't know if I'm not working too hard. Do I look any thinner, do you think?"

"It wouldn't be much loss if you did," put in Tommy, who was hovering about. It was only about ten minutes a day now that Soady was able to give to his little chum, who had consequently made closer friends than ever with Featherstone.

"Look here, Tommy," said Soady, solemnly, "I'll shake you out of your skin if you make rude remarks about my adipose tissue."

"He's getting on with his exam," said the irreverent Tommy; "he's in words of three syllables now."

But Soady looking dangerous, he fled. Lang went to the football field, and Soady mounted to the first-form room, to spend the play hour over a German grammar.

"I wouldn't give much for his chance," he said to himself as Lang walked away.

* * * *

The holidays approached with rapid strides, though to the youngsters, who marked off day by day on the almanack, they seemed to pass with leaden instead of winged feet. But, at any rate, the last week came, a clear proof that time was progressing.

A time of tribulation was this last week to many boys who had hitherto managed to scrape along in the happy-go-lucky way so much affected by the average boy. But during the last week the Doctor took the various forms in turn and conducted a terribly "all over the place" examination, in the course of which the weak spots of a boy's knowledge were sure to be pitched upon with unerring instinct.

Even the first form did not escape, and Lang found himself the special butt of the Doctor's shafts.

"There's no more chance of you passing the matriculation, Lang, than of your passing the M.A. It will be much wiser for you to postpone it for six months. You must have been wasting your time most shamefully."

Lang had no reply to make, except that he hoped to pass. He wished he had worked a little harder; his passing in the first division now would be too hollow a farce.

Soady reaped the reward of his recent labours in the Doctor's approval. He was about to repeat to Tommy what the Doctor had said, but Tommy, who had just come out of school, was so brimful of news that Soady bottled up his for the present.

"Well, what is it, young 'un?"

Tommy looked round to see that no one in authority had his eye on him, and then indulged in a laugh that made his eyes water.

"Well," remarked Soady, "I've very seldom seen a lower-school boy, whose form has just been examined by the Doctor, discover that there was so much to laugh at in it."

"You wait, Soady; this is how it is. The Doctor had been giving us toko, bowling everybody over right and left, when he was called out about something. Nobody was left to look after us, so we had a wild sort of time. Then Featherstone began flipping a penny up in the air to see how near he could send it to the ceiling without touching; then Simpson bet him he'd send it nearer, and all the fellows joined in. But that young Featherstone must go and propose that everybody should send one up at once, and they made me stand on a form and watch to decide which penny went nearest. Well, they shot them up, about forty of them, and you know the ceiling's a good way off. Just as they shot, Simpson called out *cave*. Every chap jumped to his seat, and the Doctor came in like a skyrocket. He hadn't taken two steps into the room before down came the pennies like rain. You should just have seen the Doctor jump. Fancy when you're expecting nothing to see the air full of coppers, and hear them clattering on the ground! I thought I'd die, but I didn't."

"What's the sequel?" asked Soady, laughing.

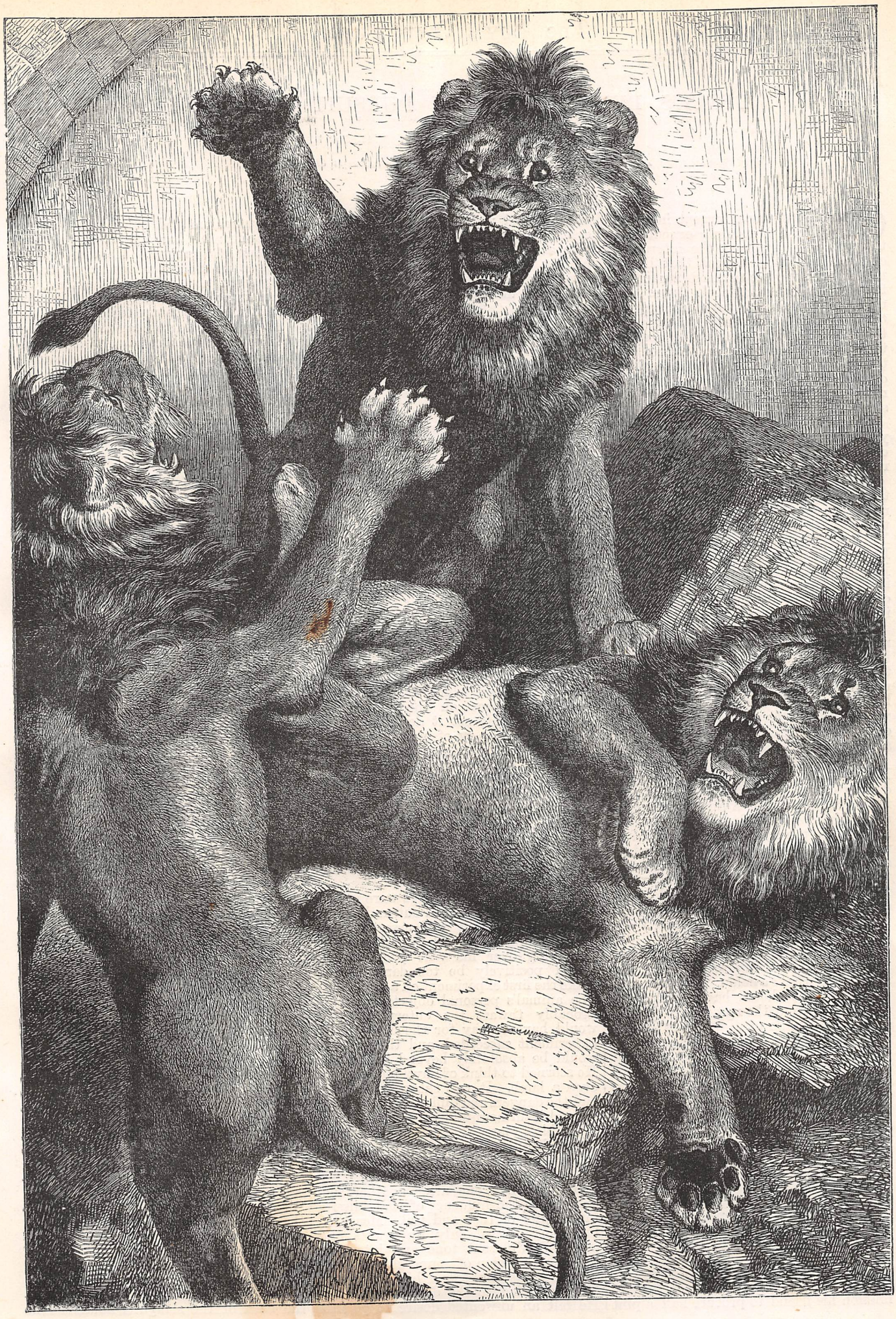
"All the money goes to the football club; so it isn't so bad after all."

"The Doctor must have imagined himself a Danae," said Soady.

"Who's he?"

"You'll learn some day," replied Soady, not being quite so sure of the details as he could have wished.

(To be continued.)



Studies from Nature.—A Pleasant Family Party!

PETER'S PERPLEXITIES IN PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Charlie Ross was so urgent in agitating for an immediate execution of the grand scheme, and the interest he evinced in it was so great, that Dobbin thought it impolitic to resist, for fear his friend's zeal should cool down. He therefore promised to make his preparations with all possible dispatch. Ross thought everything might be done by the following Saturday, and argued that the acids could be got from the village chemist and the crackers from the ironmonger; "and if that's all, why ever shouldn't we have the fun at once?"

Ross was an impetuous and impatient youngster, not gifted with that calm and cautious deliberation with which Carruthers went about his experiments.

"It's all very well for you to talk like that, young rat. You've got nothing to risk, and merely look to the fun of the thing. But it's precious different for me. My reputation is at stake. What should I do if we were both killed? What a jolly row I should get into with old Poco if we didn't come in to tea, and they sent out to look for us and found us blown into ten thousand smithereens!"

"Well, but, you old ass," replied the rat, grinning at these strange forebodings, "there's no fear if the crackers are timed to go off in an hour. We could get miles away. If we caught a sheep down in Miller's Dale, and soused him there, we should have time to get up to the top of Shepherd's Hill and watch the explosion without any danger."

"Oh, I dare say; and where would Miller's Farm be after it was over? You don't stop to think, Ross. When Professor Stubbs let off a bit of guncotton about the size of a Brazil nut it sent a flame up to the ceiling. What would be the consequence of exploding a whole sheep? Do stop to consider. If, as I tell you, it would kill at least twenty men, what would become of old Miller and Mrs. Miller, and all the little Millers, to say nothing of the farm-labourers?"

"Would it carry so far?"

"Of course. The farm is only in the next field to that where the sheep are kept. And what's a field? No," continued the sage, "we should have to decoy a sheep away from the rest and drive him off to the middle of Hangman's Heath. There are no houses for miles round, so the only danger would be to the sheep. It's a risky business, and the more I think of it the more certain I feel that we ought to put it off till the holidays. I could get the governor to buy me a sheep, and after it went off we might pick up a stray leg or two somewhere in the next county, which would lessen the expense, as we could have it for dinner."

"Well, Dobbin, you know best. But couldn't we try some experiment, at any rate, say on a lamb, next Saturday? There's nothing to do on a half-holiday this term, and it would be so jolly exciting."

The result of this conversation was that Dobbin so far gave way as to commission his friend to procure half a pint of each acid necessary and a packet of crackers. But Dobbin's mind was ill at ease, and tossed on a troubled sea of perplexity. He racked his brains to find some escape from the dangers that threatened his undertaking. While deeply anxious to satisfy the curiosity of Charlie Ross, he was no less anxious to avoid failure and risk. Convinced of the grandeur of his discovery, he thought that some preliminary experiments should be made before the final issues of the scheme were put to the test.

Some one may suggest that our philosopher might have purchased a sheet of cotton wool, and tried the result of ignition after saturating it with the acids, and thus have avoided the more alarming dangers. But Dobbin was satisfied that guncotton was simply made as the lecturer had stated. He had seen it go up with a flame and a smoke of imposing proportions, and with pardonable reliance on the professor's word he was filled with the engrossing idea of going a step further than any one had ever yet dared to go. He was certain that his idea was original, that it was simple, and, like all great discoveries, he believed it to be the outcome of true genius. It was beyond doubt one of those apparent freaks of chance on which hinge the most stupendous results, and which exert such important influence on the progress of civilisation. He set it down on a par with the discovery of printing, steam-power, and the electric telegraph. Visions floated before his eyes of future glory. Leaning his head on his hand, he curled one leg over the other, and wished that some artist could sketch him in that attitude. It would be such a beautiful companion-picture to that of James Watt and the tea-kettle—Peter Carruthers and the gun-cottoned sheep! Dobbin's soul thrilled with excitement.

That night, after the boys were in bed, when the gas was turned out, and silence and sleep gradually had asserted their sway, the philosopher lay awake, deeply pondering over his vast projects. It would positively be too dangerous to make the first experiment on a live sheep. The animal's personal objections would probably thwart the enterprise. He would have to pay for the sheep if his experiment succeeded, and the expense would be absolutely beyond his means. He scorned to think of anything less, not even a lamb. It was sheep or nothing, and the dangers and difficulties attendant seemed insurmountable.

Dobbin's mental agitation brought bodily disquietude. He heaved a series of gigantic sighs, and rolled about his bed, and lost all desire to sleep. The other boys had one after another succumbed to the influence of that blissful interrupter of care and toil. Measured breathing, varied only by grunts and snores of different tone and intensity, bespoke the reign of sound sleep. Dobbin only was awake, and his restlessness had prevailed to the defiance of sleep. He felt an unwonted desire to go into the gymnasium and pull himself up on the horizontal bar ten times without touching the ground. He who seldom indulged in such exercises except under compulsion now felt that he must do something of the kind or burst. So inconsistent is the nature of boys.

At last, unable to bear the extremity of fidgets into which he had worked himself, Dobbin got out of bed. He moved noiselessly across the room, went to the window and opened it, looked out and breathed deep draughts of the cold night air. This seemed to give some relief. The moon was shining brilliantly; the black shadows of adjacent buildings lay upon the playground. Suddenly a cat started out from a dark corner and scurried across the gravel, followed by another in hot pursuit. A screech and a yell of unearthly ferocity followed, as the uncanny creatures bounded up the playground wall and disappeared from view. Dobbin shivered as he hurriedly shut the window and crept back to bed, and this time he managed to fall asleep.

Now whether it was that the visions of his dreams brought a new idea to his mind I know not, but after an hour's sleep he awoke and once more got up, with apparently some definite purpose, for he put on his socks and his trousers, and, as he imagined, his slippers, but one was a gymnasium shoe belonging to Smithers, who had thrown it at him while they were undressing. Then he put on his coat and cap, and thus accoutred he left the dormitory. His mind was evidently set upon some desperate resolve. Cautiously feeling his way along the wall, he crept with the stealth of a burglar down the passage. The school-clock struck twelve with solemn strokes. The mystic hour of midnight was upon the world, when boards creak unaccountably, and ghosts are supposed to wander forth.

Dobbin felt his pulses throb as he threaded the dark corridor leading to the stone-hall which communicated with the playground. The door was locked, but he knew that the key was kept on the ledge above for the convenience of the boot-boy, who had to open it at an early hour in the morning. Dobbin got the key, and unlocked the door and passed out, keeping to the deep shadows, and so made his way through the playground into the field. Across this he ran with all haste, and climbed over the wall at the bottom by some well-known helps in the shape of crevices and nails. Scrambling down the other side he got into a grass-grown lane which led to the common. Having emerged upon a corner of this same common, he made for some cottages on the other side.

It may be as well to divulge at once the secret of this midnight escapade. Across the common, in the direction of Dobbin's route, stood the premises of John Galpin, the butcher. As he killed his own meat he generally had some fleeces of sheep hanging up in a shed at the back of the slaughter-house. This

shed, together with a dilapidated outhouse for the cart, a pigsty, and a henhouse, flanked a portion of the common, separated from it only by a rustic fence; and these premises were open to view, like the house of Julius Drusus, to any passing wayfarer.

The butcher's yard was an interesting object for a walk to those boys whose taste for bloodshed had been nurtured upon the exciting literature of the "Red-Handed Scalping Chief of the Ojibbewah Indians" type. Dobbin, though not one of these, was nevertheless acquainted with the geography of Mr. Galpin's estate, and his purpose now was none other than to borrow without the owner's permission the loan of a sheepskin. His intention was to possess himself of a fleece and convey it to a lonely spot in a wood close by, to be used as opportunity might offer in lieu of a living sheep. His prudence admitted this scheme as a dignified compromise, for he was minded to invest a log of wood with the fleece, and so, for all intents and purposes, to construct a faithful model of a sheep on which to elaborate his experiment.

Now this was one of those strangely foolish and unwarrantable acts which, when writing a story for boys, one has some qualms in recording, because certain sensitive critics may cry out aghast at our suggesting such outrageous conduct to that class of animals, prone enough already, in all conscience, to devise and execute acts of mischief and folly. But the veracious historian is loth to distort his work by omitting to interweave the dark threads with the light in the tissues of his narrative. The author will therefore advance, "sans peur et sans reproche," secure in the assurance that no boy who reads this history to the end will ever be tempted to undertake a nightly adventure with the same object, and if he feels disposed to try a similar course for any other purpose, the author sincerely hopes that he will at the outset tumble over the coal-scuttle and get caught, and be so severely flogged by his master that he will never feel inclined to repeat the performance.

By which digression, having somewhat eased his conscience, the author will go on his way.

Dobbin skipped across the common, and arrived out of breath at the paling of the butcher's back premises. Everything was in profound stillness. He could see the grim trophies of slaughtered southdowns hanging like executed criminals from the rafters of the outhouse in grizzly array. He paused a moment to make sure that no one was moving, and then climbed over the paling and sneaked into the shed.

A passing gust of wind now gently broke the silence of night, causing the fleeces to sway to and fro, and raising, as it were, mysterious moans, which might well be the plaintive bleatings of spectral sheep, protesting against desecration of their remains. Ugh! it was a ghastly business, and Dobbin's heart well-nigh sank into—not his boots, but his slipper and gymnasium shoe. However, the thought of his mighty enterprise prevailed against vague superstitions, and, even as the wind passed by, Dobbin mounted on a disused block, such as we see in a butcher's shop with a few choppers adorning it, suggestive of the days of Mary, when men's heads were as often chopped from their bodies as joints from sheep. On this block mounted the midnight marauder, and after prodigious exertions he succeeded in unhitching a fleece, which fell to earth with a dull flump. Dobbin nearly lost his balance, and narrowly escaped the doom of "Fidgety Phil" in the Strewelpeter.

Carruthers lost no time in dragging the fleece from the shed to the paling. It was an unwieldy thing to move, and required his whole strength. It made a dangerous amount of commotion as it swept along the ground, and Dobbin was thankful when he had managed to hustle it over the paling and was himself once more on the common. He felt that it would be a most exhausting process to drag the fleece all the way to the wood; he therefore adopted the only other feasible method, which was to envelop himself in the shaggy covering. This was in no wise a pleasant course, but necessity knows no law.

Seizing hold of those portions which represented the forelegs of the animal when alive, he dragged on to his back the voluminous fleece, the tail and hind legs trailing on the ground, and so arrayed he commenced his retreat.

Clad in this eminently offensive integument, Dobbin proceeded at a tangent across the common, towards the dark prominence of a wood which loomed athwart the horizon. It took him twenty minutes to accomplish this part of his nocturnal ramble.

The sheepskin was heavy, and made him very hot, and impeded his progress considerably, so that he could only mount the sloping ground which led up to the wood at a slow and creeping pace. At this point he had to cross the lane which skirted the wall of the school cricket-field higher up, and just as he was crossing it his courage well-nigh forsook him entirely, for he distinctly heard footsteps, and an exclamation of amazement from some human being who was evidently an eye-witness of his progress. Summoning all his strength, Dobbin pressed manfully up the remainder of the slope, and almost ready to drop from terror and exhaustion he disappeared amid the dark shadows of the wood.

He was profoundly relieved to find that he was not followed, and forced his way through the rough undergrowth to a secluded hollow, where formerly gravel had been dug. Here at last he divested himself of the fleece, which he huddled as best he could into a corner of the pit, and then, taking a short cut through the wood, he reached the lane not very far from the precincts of Highfield House.

Nothing of any moment attended the remainder of his expedition. He climbed over the wall, crossed the field and playground, and found his way safely back to the dormitory without disturbing any one. Quickly undressing himself, he got into bed, and being now thoroughly tired out, he soon fell into a profound, dreamless sleep, only to be awakened by the hoarse clanging of the school-bell.

(To be continued.)

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc

CHAPTER IV.—THE ROB ROY.

And now to "return to our muttons." In former numbers of the Boy's Own Paper you have had at various times accounts of the adventurous cruises of Mr. MacGregor in the celebrated Rob Roy canoe, and quite lately there appeared in the pages of that paper a most interesting account of the loss of the Kent East Indiaman by fire.

Rob Roy MacGregor, an infant in arms, was passed into the boats with those of the crew and troops who escaped, his father, then Colonel MacGregor, being in command of the latter at the time.

When writing these articles for the Boy's Own Paper Mr. MacGregor kindly gave me permission to use his description of the canoe invented by him, which I have therefore given unaltered, as no one can better state its salient points and complicated details than the man who first originated it and afterwards showed the wide and varied uses to which it could be put.

By invitation of Mr. MacGregor I had the pleasure of a most interesting inspection of the various Rob Roys, that of the Baltic, Jordan, etc., and the many objects collected during his canoe travels, which formed quite an extensive museum of extreme interest, not only to a canoeist, but to any one fond of foreign travel; for Mr. MacGregor's researches extended to such out-of-the-way places, thanks to his unique means of locomotion, that he saw the countries he visited as probably no other traveller has done, and in such new and varied aspects as to make the numerous mementoes of these canoe voyages of peculiar interest, for each paddle spoke of the exploration of some new region, and every little flag, with its silk faded and torn, told of sunshine and clouds, calm and storm, and dangers and trials of many kinds, manfully overcome, cheerfully endured, and graphically related. And now let us hear about the canoe itself, as described by Mr. MacGregor.

The Rob Roy, Mr. MacGregor says, was designed to sail steadily, to paddle easily, to float lightly, to turn readily, and to bear rough usage on stones and banks, and in carts, railways, and steamers; to be durable and dry as well as comfortable and safe. To secure these objects every plank and timber was carefully considered beforehand as to its size, shape, and material, and the result has been most successful. In the efforts to obtain a suitable canoe for this purpose ready made, it was soon found that boatbuilders

might be proficient in the cabinet-maker's work of their calling without any knowledge of the principles required for a new design, especially when sailing, paddling, and carrying had to be provided for at once, and the requirements for each were unknown except to those who had personally observed them and had known how to work the paddle as well as the saw and plane. A canoe ought to fit a man like a coat, and to secure this the measure of the man should be taken for his canoe. The first regulating standard is the length of the man's feet, which will determine the height of the canoe from keel to deck, next the length of his leg, which governs the size of the well, and then the weight of the crew and baggage, which regulates displacement to be provided for. The following description is for a canoe to be used by a man six feet high, twelve stone weight, and with boots a foot long in the sole.

The Rob Roy is built of the best oak, except the top streak of mahogany and the deck of fine cedar. The weight without fittings is sixty pounds, and all complete seventy-one pounds. Lightness is not of so much consequence in this case as good lines, for a light boat if crank will tire the canoeist far more in a week's cruise than would a heavier but stiff craft which does not strain his body every moment to keep her poised under the alternate strokes of the paddle or the sudden pressure of a squall on the sail. Fig. 1 is a

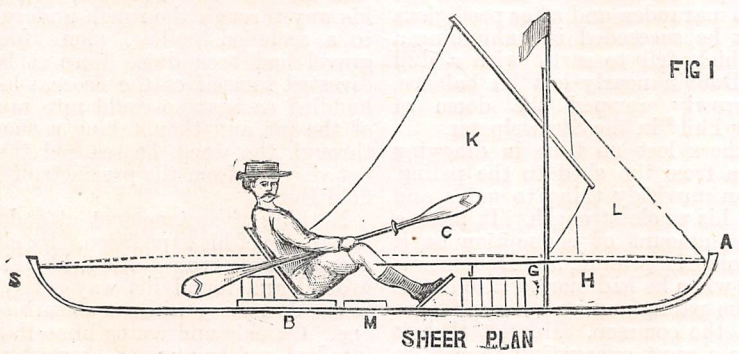
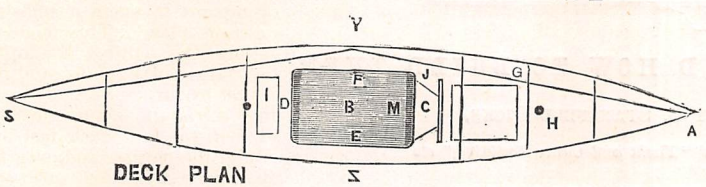


FIG 1

SHEER PLAN

section of the canoe with masts and sails, Fig. 2 a bird's-eye view of the deck, Figs. 3 and 4 cross sections at the beam and at the stretcher, Figs. 9, 10, and 11 the backboard and the apron. The other drawings show particular portions more minutely. The principal dimensions are—length over all (A S),

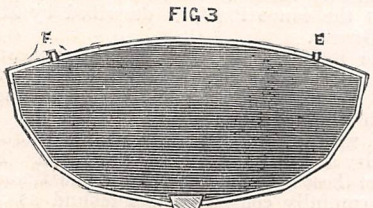
FIG 2



DECK PLAN

fourteen feet; from stem to beam (B), seven feet six inches; beam outside, six inches abaft midships, twenty-six inches; depth from top of deck at C, fore end of the well, to upper surface of keel, eleven inches; keel depth out-

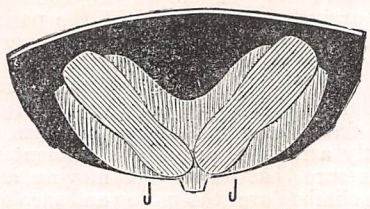
FIG 3



BODY PLAN

side, one inch, with an iron band along its whole length three-eighths of an inch wide; camber, one inch; depth at gunwale, eight and a half inches. The upper strake is of maho-

FIG 4



gany, and quite vertical at the beam, where

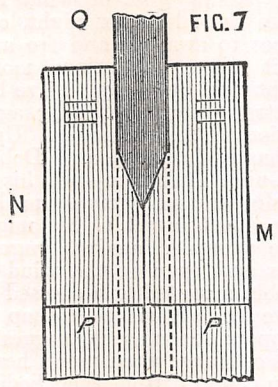
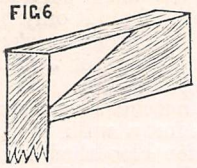


FIG. 7

its depth is three inches. The garboard strake and the next on each side are strong, while the next two are light, as it is found that they are less exposed than the others, particularly where all these lower strakes are of oak. The stem and stern posts project over the deck, so that the canoe if turned over will rest on these points and on the upper edge of the combing round the well, seven-eighths of an inch deep, projecting half an inch, of steamed oak curved at the corners, and adding by its angular position very much to the strength of the deck about the well. The well is thirty-two inches from C to D, and twenty inches from E to F, so placed that D M is two feet, and thus, the beam of the boat being aft of the midships, the weight of the luggage (G) and of the masts and sails stowed forward brings the boat to nearly an even keel. The additional basket of cooking things at I (Fig. 2) brings her a little by the stern. For a boat without luggage the beam should be one foot abaft the midships to secure an even keel. The deck is supported by four carlines forward and three aft, the latter portion being thus more strengthened because in some cases it is required to support the weight of the canoeist sitting on the deck with his legs in the water. Each carline has a piece cut out of its end (see Fig. 6), so that

FIG 5

FIG 6



the water inside may run along to the beam when the canoe is canted to sponge it out. The after end of the carline at C is bevelled off (Fig. 5 in section) so as not to catch the shins of your legs. All the carlines are

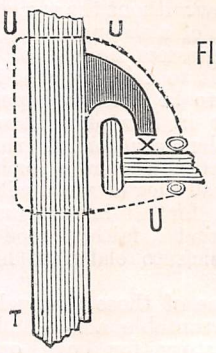
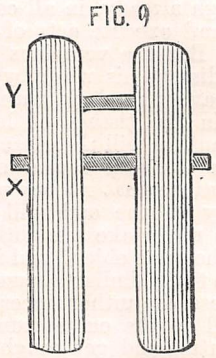


FIG.8

narrow and deep to economise strength, and the deck is screwed to them by brass screws so that it might be removed for internal

FIG. 9



repairs. A flat piece is inserted under the deck at the mast-hole (H), which is also furnished with a flanged brass ring. The deck is so arched as to enable the feet to rest comfortably on the broad stretcher J (Fig. 4),

FIG.10

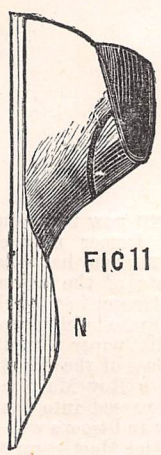


FIG 11

the centre of it being cut down in a curve in order that the masts and sails rolled together may rest there when there is no luggage, and be kept under the deck but above any wet on the floor.

When there is luggage (as in the Baltic voyage) the masts and sails were usually put

under the after-deck. The cedar deck round the well at E F is firmly secured by knee-pieces, and the boat may be lifted up *by any part*, and may be sat upon *in any position* without injury. The luggage for three months, weighing nine and a half pounds, is carried in a black leather-cloth bag, one foot by one foot and five inches deep (G, Figs. 1 and 2). A water-tight compartment may be made by an after bulkhead with a lid to open, so as to allow the air to circulate when on shore.

The floor-boards, about two feet long, rest on the timbers, until at the part below C (Fig. 2); they end at PP (Fig. 7) in notched grooves, which fit into short oak pieces M N, a quarter of an inch thick, sloping forwards on each side of the keel (O). Their ends rest on the garboard streaks, and so lower the heels nearly one inch below the level of the floor-board on to the top of the timbers. The canoeist sits on the floor-boards. I prefer this to any cushion or mat whatever, but of course these can be used, but they should be firmly fixed, especially in rough water. The canoeist's knees touch the combing and the apron-boards, while his heels touch the keel. Thus Fig. 1, from the stretcher to the deck, shows how the shin-bones are supported in comfort, enabling the paddler to sit for hours together without straining. But comfort is additionally secured by my new kind of backboard shown in Figs. 8 and 9 in section and elevation. This consists of two strips of oak eighteen inches long, two and a half inches wide, and united by a cross-piece at Y and another at X, the latter being grooved (Fig. 8) so as to rest on the top of the combing and to oscillate with the movement of the canoeist's back, which is thus supported on both sides along the muscles, while the spine is untouched between the strips. The dotted line U (Fig. 8) is a strong cord passed round all (through a hole in the deck or two eyes), and this serves to keep the backboard in general upright, while it is free to vibrate, or when on shore to be closed down flat on deck or be removed entirely in a moment by unloosing the cord.

The use of this backboard is a leading feature of the canoe, and adds very much indeed to the canoeist's comfort, and therefore to his efficiency. The length and width of the oak strips, and the width of the interval between them, ought to be carefully adjusted to the size and "build" of the canoeist, just as a saddle ought to fit a horse and its rider too. The paddle is seven feet long, flat-bladed, with a breadth of five inches in each palm, which is copper-banded, and made of the best spruce-fir, the weight being little over two pounds. The spoon-shaped blade is better for speed, and a longer paddle is suitable for a racing boat, but for a travelling canoe, where long paddling, occasional sailing, and frequent shoving require the instrument to combine lightness, straight edge, handiness, and strength, it is found that a short paddle is best for the varied work of a long voyage. Leather cups have been usually employed on the wrists of the paddle to catch the dripping water, but round indiarubber rings look much better, and answer every purpose if placed just above the points where the paddle dips into the water in an ordinary stroke. These rings may be had for twopence, and can be slipped on over the broad blade. If necessary, two are used on each side, and they bear rough usage well, while if they strike the cedar deck no injury is done to it.*

After numerous experiments, the following very simple plan has been devised for a waterproof apron, and its application at once removes one of the chief objections to canoes in rough water as heretofore constructed.

* The paddle of an Esquimaux kayak lately examined was 6ft. 11in. long and 5½in. broad in the palm, and the ends had the corners rounded off. The Esquimaux use a piece of fish skin wound spirally round the paddle in place of the rings above mentioned.

It is necessary to have a covering for the well which shall effectually exclude water, and yet be so attached as not to hamper the canoeist in case of an upset, or when he desires to get out of the boat in a more legitimate manner. These desiderata are completely secured by the new apron, which is not permanently attached in any manner to the boat, but is formed as follows:—A piece of light wood of the form in Fig. 10, two feet long and three inches deep at the deepest part, is placed along each side of the deck vertically, so as just to rest against the outside of each knee of the canoeist, and then a piece of macintosh cloth—drab colour is best—is tightly nailed along and over these so as to form an apron, supported at each side on N (Fig. 11), and sloping from the highest part forwards down to the deck in front of the combing, over which its edge projects an inch, and then lies flat. The other or after end is so cut and formed as to fit the body neatly, and the ends may be tucked in behind, or when the waves are very rough they should be secured outside the backboard by a string with a knot. When this apron is so applied, and the knees are in position, their pressure keeps the whole apron steady, and the splash of small waves is not enough to move it. But for rough water I place a string across the end and round two screw-nails on the deck, or an india-rubber cord may be run through the hemmed end and catch on a beading at the fore part of the combing.

A button-hole at the highest point of the apron near the waistcoat allows it to be supported there, but the whole affair will at once separate from the boat in an overset or sudden leap out, and can be lifted off and folded up in two seconds. When you have to get out on shore, or when sailing, it is usually best to stow the apron away so that the legs may be turned into any desired position of ease.

The apron I used in this tour has answered perfectly, but it is to be remembered that it has been perfectly fitted by myself to me and the boat. Several others roughly made for other canoes have, as might be expected, failed to give satisfaction. One important advantage of a canoe is the capacity for sailing without altering the canoeist's seat, and we shall now describe the mast and sails found by experience to be most convenient after three masts had been broken and eight sets of sails had more or less failed. The mast is an inch and three-quarters thick (tapering) and five feet six inches long, of which the part above deck is four feet nine inches. The lugsail (K, Fig. 1) has a yard and boom, each four feet nine inches long, so when the sail is furled the end of the boom and mast come together. The fore leach of the lugsail is two feet long, and the after leach six feet six inches, giving an area of about fifteen square feet. The yard and the boom are of bamboo, and the yard passes into a broad hem in the sail-head, while the halyard is rove aloft through a small boxwood block three-quarters of an inch long, and with a brass sheave, and through another (a brass blind-pulley) well fastened to the side of the mast near the deck, so that the sail can be lowered and hoisted readily. The lower joint of a fishing-rod, four feet nine inches long, is a spare boom. The tack end of the boom is made fast to the mast by a flat piece of leather lashed to its upper part and to the mast so as to be free to swing in every direction. After many other plans had failed this was quite successful, and lasted through the whole voyage. No hole is made in the mast, and no nail or screw driven into it, for these are causes of weakness. Two cord-loops about six inches apart near the masthead support the flagstaff of bamboo cane two feet long, and with a silk flag seven inches by nine inches. When the mast is not used this flagstaff is detached and placed in the mast-hole, which it fits by a button about two inches wide permanently fixed on the staff, the lower end of which rests in the mast-step. The halyard and sheet should be of woven cord, which does not untwist, and is soft to handle in the wet. The sheet when not in hand may be belayed round a cleat on deck on either side of the apron where it is highest, and thus the cleats are protected from the paddle. For the sake of convenience the mast is stepped so far forward as to allow the boom to swing past the canoeist's breast when the sail is jibbed or brought over. This also allows the luggage-bag to be between the stretcher and the mast.

The mast-hole H is three feet six inches from the stem. The mast-step is a simple wedge-like piece of oak (see R, Fig. 14)

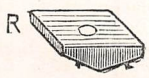


Fig. 14.

made fast to the keel and butting on the garboard strake on each side, with a square hole in it for the foot of the mast. It may be thought that the mast is thus stepped too far forward, but the importance of having the sail free to swing without lying against the canoeist's body or getting entangled with his paddle, which is used in steering, is so great that some sacrifice must be used to secure this point. However, it is found that the boat sails very well on a wind with this sail if the breeze is strong, and in light breezes it is only expedient to sail with the wind well aft when the jib can also be used.

A canoe must have a light, strong, and flexible painter (or head rope), suitable for constant use, because a great deal has to be done by its means in towing on dull water, guiding the boat while wading down shallows or beside falls, lowering into locks, hauling her over hedges, walls, locks, banks, and even houses, and raising and lowering her (with luggage in) to and from steamboats. The "Alpine Club" rope used in the new Rob Rob was found to be hard and kinky when wet, and the softer rope used in the old Rob Roy was far better. Another kind of brown tanned rope has been recommended. The painter should not be longer than twice the length of the boat. Each end is whipped with wax-end, which sort of fine twine is also invaluable for all the other fastenings, as it never slips. The painter passes through a hole in the stem and another in the stern post, and is drawn tight to lie on the deck in the lines A Y and S Y, Fig. 2. The slack of about four feet is belayed round the windward cleat and coiled outside so that it may be seized instantly when you go ashore or have to jump out to avoid a smash or upset in a dangerous place. This mode of fixing and belaying the painter I adopted after numerous trials of other plans, and it is found to be the best by far.

The jib is a triangle of three feet hoist and three feet foot, the fore-leach fast by a loop passing under the painter and over the stem. The head is fixed by a loop over the mast-head and under the flagstaff button. Thus the jib can be struck while the canoeist remains in the boat by pushing off these two loops with his paddle. To set the jib it is best to land. This is much more generally convenient than to have jib tackle on the mast. The sails are of calico without any seam. This lasts quite well enough, dries speedily, and sets well too, provided that care is taken to have it cut out with the selvedge along the after-leach, and not along any of the other sides. Inattention to this last direction simply ruins sails, and it cannot be too often repeated that the success of the voyages of the Rob Roy could not be expected if great care had not been paid to all these details. The new Rob Roy may of course be improved upon, but I have not one suggestion to make, except as to the cooking apparatus, which, in this case used for the first time, was open to many alterations.

But while it is desirable that canoeists

should experiment in all directions, it is hoped that young sailors will try first at least the plans here explained, and which have stood the severe tests under which perfect success and continual enjoyment were obtained.

The Rob Roys were built at Messrs. Searle's, of Lambeth, where some twenty-three others have been constructed. Mr. Simmons, of Putney, and Mr. Wheeler, of Richmond, have also built some according to the same design, while a large number of canoes have left the stocks in various parts of the country. A good travelling canoe, costing £15, ought to last a long time, for it is not racked and pulled in pieces at every stroke as a rowing-boat is.

The sails, apron, luggage-bag, and outfit can be had at Messrs. Silver's, Cornhill, the flag and blocks at the Model Dockyard, Fleet Street, where the handy-book is published, and the boom and yard and woven cord at Farlow's, in the Strand.

(To be continued.)

Dolce far niente.

THE SEA KINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

WHO discovered America? The question is more easily asked than answered. Putting aside the very obvious suggestion that it must have been found in turn by all the many races that have swept over it, whose descendants formed the so-called "aborigines" of each subsequent invader, we have six nations claiming the honour in historic times. As many, however, of the prehistoric discoverers must have approached it from the Asiatic shore, the question practically narrows itself into which of the Europeans was the first to cross the Atlantic and reach the mainland.

First among the claimants come the Basques, that wonderful race who claim so many things, and—as again in this instance—fail whenever called upon for proofs. Next come the Irish, as a matter of course, who also claim much and prove little. In fact, so utterly devoid of foundation do these claims appear at present that they are only mentioned as curiosities.

The next claim, that of the Scandinavians, is of a different character, and is amply justified. In fact there is not now the shadow of a doubt but that the early Northmen did discover and settle on the mainland of America.

Iceland was discovered in 860; seventeen years after that Gunnbiorn sailed to Greenland. In 986 Greenland was again discovered and settled by Eric the Red; and in the same year Briarne reported he had seen islands to the south-west. In 1000 we hear of Leif's explorations on the opposite coast. In 1007 we have the lands visited and colonised by Thorfinn Karlsefore, and then Vinland—now identified as part of Maine—comes into note, and in the Icelandic chronicles we meet with constant references to it up to 1347. Greenland was looked upon as part of Europe, Vinland as part of Africa, that continent being supposed to turn up abruptly to the north-west. Nova Scotia was then known as Markland, and Newfoundland bore the name of Helluland. Voyages between all three of the colonies were frequent and trade was not forgotten.

The fourth claim to the discovery of America is that of the Welsh. But as Prince Madoc's voyage did not take place till 1170, long after the Scandinavian settlement, the Welsh claim disappears. Very little about Madoc's visit beyond the bare fact—if it be a fact—has yet been ascertained.

The fifth claim is the Spanish one, on account, of course, of the Genoese Columbus, who, on that eventful Friday morning of the 12th of October, 1492, when thirty-five days out, heard the welcome "Land ho! on the weather bow!" and landed at what he named San Salvador, formerly thought to be Guanahani, or Cat Island, and now identified as Watling Island, the most easterly of the Bahamas. The early life of Columbus, from the time he left school at fourteen and took to the sea, was well adapted to fit him for the task. And when to all his seafaring and fighting experiences with the pirates of the Mediterranean we add his early college education, his constant interest in science, his marriage with the daughter of Perestrello, Prince Henry's navigator, the governor of Porto Santo—one of Europe's most westerly isles—his study of his father-in-law's charts and papers, his living for years in the Madeiras, and in 1477 sailing up the Northern Ocean and visiting Iceland, where legend still told of the exploits of the old Norsemen, we cannot help admitting that the cause of his faith in the land beyond the sea was not quite unintelligible. He had no idea, however, that he had discovered a new continent. He died in the belief that he had reached Asia, and it was not until Vasco Nunez de Balboa had crossed the Isthmus, and Magellan had rounded the Horn, that the greatness of his achievement was appreciated. He had led the way for us across the Atlantic; he had given the world new life; he had inaugurated modern history. It is important, however, to note that his early discoveries were confined to the islands, and that he was assuredly not the first of the moderns to gaze on the continent which is so imperishably linked with his name.

The sixth and last claim to the discovery is that of the English, and supposing that by "America" is meant the mainland, the claim holds good. That in modern times the first European to behold the shores of the mainland of America was an Englishman, is no longer questioned. The Englishman was Sebastian Cabot, an Englishman by birth though not, perhaps, by descent. For only two things are as yet known about his family: the first, that his father was a merchant at Bristol; the second, that his father was *not* the born Venetian Continental annalists have striven to make him. The recent search through the records of Venice revealed the original entry recording that the foreigner John Cabot was naturalised there in 1476—after his famous son had been born.

Sebastian was born at Bristol. For a few years he visited Venice, but his childhood and later boyhood were spent in Gloucestershire. English was his native tongue. He commanded English crews in English ships from and to English ports, and the only time he was in danger of his life from the mutiny of Spaniards and others who after his death made such a desperate struggle to prove him one of their compatriots, was when they denounced him as—an Englishman.

Columbus in his first voyage discovered the Bahamas and Cuba and Hispaniola. In his second voyage, in 1493, he found Jamaica and the Caribbee Islands. He returned in 1496, and it was not until his third voyage that he reached Trinidad, and on the 1st August, 1498, landed on the mainland close by, which he mistook for another island and called Isla Santa.

His early discoveries set all maritime Europe in a blaze, and among the first to think of following in his track was young Sebastian Cabot. John Cabot was then in

business at Bristol, and seeing an excellent opening for trade and glory in his son's proposal, applied for King Henry's countenance to the undertaking. Henry Tudor had already been applied to by Columbus, who came to London on purpose to persuade the king to assist him, and offered him the same terms as he did Ferdinand; but the English monarch declined, and in the event was very sorry for his refusal. When, therefore, the proposal of the Cabots came before him he was only too glad to accept it, and a patent, dated 15th March, 1496, giving the necessary permission to explore beyond sea, was issued to the firm, consisting of John Cabot and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sanchez. The king reserved one-fifth of the profit, while the privilege of exclusive traffic was secured to the patentees.

Sebastian was delighted. "By this," says he—the "this" being the discovery by Columbus—"there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing." The chance had come, and he made the best of it.

Whether John Cabot accompanied him in nominal command of the expedition, as is sometimes stated, is very doubtful. By the terms of the deed there was no necessity for him to do so, and by the accounts of contemporary annalists he did not. The important fact is that the expedition started from Bristol in May, 1497, for Iceland, and on the 24th of June of that year, while Columbus was fighting intrigue in Spain, Sebastian, from his good ship the Matthew, sighted Labrador. Years afterwards the Spaniards and other interested parties tried to make Cabot out a foreigner, and shifted his first landfall to Newfoundland, but the error in both cases has been exploded, though there occurs some reason to suppose that in 1494 Sebastian had been out in a single ship, sighted the land about Cape Breton, and returned to urge on his father to obtain the patent. It is important to note that while Columbus took the southerly route by the islands, Cabot, instead of following in his track, went well to the north and struck the old road of the Norsemen.

Having made its way up towards Hudson's Bay the squadron returned, and in May next year Sebastian started from Bristol on a more important expedition. Understanding, "by reason of the sphere," that if he sailed "by way of the north-west" he would "by a shorter track come into India," he boldly thought out and started on the first attempt to make the north-west passage. Taking with him three hundred men to colonise the lands he had previously found, and having a very miscellaneous cargo—"divers merchants of London adventuring small stocks"—he left Bristol. Reaching Newfoundland and Labrador, he bore away northwards, but finding he could make little progress, he returned, landed the unhappy colonists, who were afterwards all killed off by the cold, and then steering for the south ran down the mainland. He had been "so far towards the North Pole that even in the month of July he found great heaps of ice swimming in the sea, and almost continual daylight. Yet he saw the land free from ice, which had been melted by the heat of the sun. Thus observing such masses of ice before him he was compelled to turn his sails and follow west; and, coasting still by the shore, was brought so far into the south, by reason of the land bending much to the southward, that it was there almost equal in latitude with the sea called Fretum Herculeum. He sailed to the west till he had the Island of Cuba on his left hand almost in the same longitude. Then he passed along those coasts, called by him Baccalaos, because in the seas thereabouts he found such an immense multitude of large fish like tunnies, termed baccalaos by the natives, that they actually impeded the sailing of his ships. He found also the inhabitants of these regions covered with beasts' skins, yet not without the use of reason. He also relates that there are plenty of bears in these parts, which feed upon fish. "It is the practice of these animals to throw themselves into the midst of the shoals of fish, and each seizing his prey to bury their claws in the scales, drag them to land, and then devour them." So says Peter Martyr. Sebastian had in fact surveyed over eighteen hundred miles of the American coastline.

His welcome home was not a very cordial one. The geographical success had been great, but merchants cared little about geographical successes unless they gained money by them. And, beyond three specimens of the natives, afterwards exhibited as a show in London, Cabot brought back nothing. He had not found the way to the Indies, the north-west passage had proved a failure, and his expedition to the south was considered to be contrary to his engagements. The king was busy with his negotiations for marrying his son Arthur to Katharine of Aragon, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who, as the employers of Columbus, had claimed the whole of America; and as Cabot's discoveries might give rise to unpleasant complications at such a moment, it was thought better to ignore his new proposals.

For some years he waited in vain for the royal patronage, and then the very unsympathetic Henry VIII. having come to the throne, and all hope being at an end, he left the country, offered his services to the Spaniards, and in 1512 was at Seville destined to take command of the expedition to Cathay through the north-west passage. Five years afterwards, however, he was back in England, whence he went out with Sir Thomas Pert on a voyage to Hudson's Bay. Returning to Spain, he was made pilot-major in succession to Columbus, who was the first that held the post, and in 1526 was placed at the head of an expedition to La Plata, which had previously been discovered by De Solis.

The Plate fleet started under sealed orders. Cabot was in command, and under him were Mendez, who had sailed with Magellan, and the brothers Rojas. The orders were to the effect that in case of Cabot's death the captain was to be chosen from one of eleven, and should the whole of the eleven be killed, the survivors should elect their own chief. From the time the ships started a conspiracy, encouraged by these directions, was brewing to get rid of the Englishman, and at last matters got to such a pitch that Cabot, to save his own life, had to seize his three lieutenants and put them ashore. The mutiny was thus quelled, but the captain had no easy time of it for the remainder of the voyage; and after five years' fighting in South America with the natives and the Portuguese under Garcia, he returned to Spain. He had been on the Parana, and had built a fort three hundred and fifty miles up the Plate.

He wanted money to continue his explorations. Charles V. had none to spare; and when Pizarro offered to conquer the country on his own account and give the emperor cash instead of requiring it, Pizarro gained the day—with the results that we know.

Henry VIII. being dead, he left the Spanish service for good, returned to England, and in 1548 was back at Bristol. As he had had the control of the Spanish navy, he was by Edward VI. given that of the royal navy of England, and as grand pilot he had the superintendence of our maritime affairs till his death, the exact date of which is unknown. His will might show; and that may yet be discovered at Gloucester tied up in one of those dirty linen bags in which the documents previous to 1600 still repose.

In our "Thrones of the Ice-King" we caught a glimpse of the old grand pilot as he bade farewell to the Serchethrift on her departure from Gravesend for the north-eastern passage; and as we saw him then so he would seem to have been throughout his life — thoughtful, sanguine, and reverent, a shrewd judge of character, with a pleasant word for all in due season. His instructions to discoverers—in which he urges that the natives of the strange countries "should not be provoked by disdain, laughing, or contempt, but treated with all gentleness and curtesie," and have their laws and rights respected; enjoins that morning and evening prayer be held, "and the Bible daily read to God's honour and for the grace to be obtained by humble and hearty prayer;" and with simple and affectionate earnestness inculcates upon every sailor personal purity and remembrance of his oath and attention to his "conscience, duty, and charge"—are so many additional testimonies to his being considerably in advance of his age, and differing very widely from the roystering mariners who followed Columbus across the Atlantic.

He was the ablest navigator and most scientific seaman of his time. He was the first to think out the north-west and north-east passages, the first to sheathe his ships, the first to start the whaling trade, the first to organise the Royal Navy, and the first of the moderns to find the American continent—a worthy sea king of Old England, whose name is inseparably joined with that of the Genoese Columbus in the rediscovery of the World of the West.

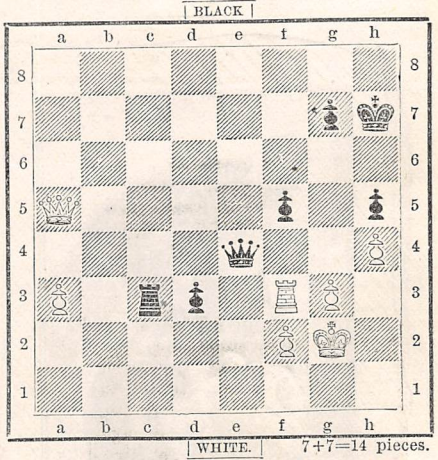
CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

Problem No. 89.

By H. MAIDLOW.

BLACK



WHITE. 7+7=14 pieces.

Black to play and win.

Applying the old rule, by which two Queens for one player are not allowed.

An instructive end-game, played in September, 1884.

A GAME FROM ITALY.

Vienna Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
E. Orsini.	G. Moreno.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—Q B 3	B—Kt 5
3. P—B 4	P—Q 3
4. Kt—B 3	Kt—Q B 3
5. B—B 4	Kt—B 3
6. Castles (*a*)	B—Q B 4 (ch.)
7. K—R sq.	Kt—K Kt 5
8. P × P (*b*)	Kt—B 7 (ch.)
9. R × Kt	B × R.
10. Q—B sq.	B—Q B 4 (*c*)
11. B × P (ch.)	K—Q 2 (*d*)
12. P—K 6 (ch.)	K—K 2
13. P—Q 4	P—K R 3
14. Kt—K R 4	B × K P

15. Kt—Kt 6 (ch.) K—Q 2
16. B×B (ch.) K×B
17. Q—B 5, mate.

NOTES.

(*a*)—This is the ordinary way of castling. The Italians practise the free method of castling, by which the King can move to his B sq., Kt sq., or R sq., and the Rook to any of the squares on the other side of the King as far as King sq. We have only two ways of castling for each player, but the Italians have 18 ways, namely, 8 ways on the K's side, and 10 ways on the Q's side.

(*b*)—A good move, but Black does not see it, since he follows with check with the Kt.

(*c*)—The play might have been thus:—10, B—Kt 3. 11, B×P (ch.), K×B. 12, Kt—K Kt 5 (dl. ch.), K—Kt 3 (the only move for the King, to prevent mate in one move). 13, Q—B 7 (ch.), K—R 3 (if he had taken the Kt, there would have followed mate in six moves). 14, P—Q 4, and Black cannot prevent losing his Queen and the game, since White threatens 15, Kt—K 6 (dis. ch.)

(*d*)—If to K 2, then 12, P—Q 4 (showing that the B ought to have retired to Kt 3, but even then White would have won, as the Bishop threatens to win the Q). Black must answer 12, P—K R 3. 13, Kt—K R 4, and Black has no good reply, as White will continue to check with Kt, P, B, etc.

Correspondence.

J. HOSKINS.—The red cross on the white ground may be the flag of Ireland or of Malta, or, like the other cross, it may be one of the Dutch local flags before the tricolour. There is no book on the subject of extinct flags.

NEMO.—Apply at the post-office for the pamphlet on the Army issued by the Horse Guards.

H. M. S.—To colour a wall peach use white with just a dash of vermilion or Indian red; to colour it buff use white, yellow ochre, and Venetian red. Sage green is a mixture of white, raw umber, and Prussian blue; pea green is white, chrome yellow, and Prussian blue.

J. J. L. STUART.—1. The author of "Ingoldsby" was Rev. R. H. Barham. 2. To put "up" the helm is to move it to windward, which is the highest side of the deck—hence the "up." The result is to move the rudder to leeward and make the vessel fall off from the wind. 3. Not now.

A. H. B.—A whale is a cetacean; a mammal, a very much nearer relation of yours than the fish.

DOMINUS.—The cutter will beat the sloop, and the sloop will beat the schooner. This is supposing other things are equal, and that you try them all round. A yawl would beat the schooner, and probably equal the sloop.

GORDON.—The "weight" that is put is generally sixteen pounds, and you can get one from nearly every cricket outfitter. Twenty-two-pound shots are occasionally used.

KAPPA.—Boil half a pint of linseed oil in a pipkin over the fire, and stew with it four ounces of mutton fat, four ounces of beeswax, and a small lump of resin. This will give you an excellent waterproof dressing for boots. Brush them with it when it is tepid, and give them two coats before you use them

AN AMATEUR CHEMIST.—For black "invisible" ink dissolve a fluid ounce of vitriol in a pint of water, and write with it when it has cooled; for blue use a solution of acetate of cobalt; for green use a solution of muriate of cobalt; for yellow squeeze the juice out of an onion. Hold the paper to the fire, and then the writing will come up. As to inks that disappear altogether after a time, there are many known to commerce.

L. PRICE.—Already given. You will find the origin of Easter eggs stated in No. 138, and that of hot cross buns in No. 121.

A. TRIGGE (Montreal).—Much obliged for the paper; it will come in useful. We have given an article on the telescope. The mere list of the mammalia makes a thick octavo volume, so what you ask for is impossible. Perhaps Maunder's "Treasury of Natural History," price seven shillings and sixpence, published by Longman, would prove welcome, but it is not confined to the class you are at present interested in. Rev. J. G. Wood's Natural History, Vol. III. (Routledge), is devoted to the subject, and the information is full. Messrs. Cassell also publish a Natural History that has a good reputation. The "List" is issued by the Zoological Society for the use of explorers, etc.

CASTOR AND POLLUX should write to Mr. John Browning, optician, Strand, for his catalogue; but they will never get a good astronomical telescope for a sovereign.

A STUDENT.—The University Calendars are kept at nearly all the free libraries. Spend an hour or two in consulting them.

COSMOPOLITE.—St. Andrew's Cross is a white one on a blue field. The thin red cross of St. Patrick is charged on it in the Union Jack. The blue of the Jack is necessitated by the St. Andrew; the white edging of the St. George is all that is left of the white field of the old English flag.

BRUM.—You can get puppets of Punch and Judy shows from most large toyshops, such as Cremer's. Try the Lowther Arcade; or why not get some strong wooden dolls, and make them yourself?

M. E.—The largest prices have been given for St. Bernards. One case is on record of a St. Bernard being sold for £800!

FINN MCCOUL.—1. The meanings are simple enough; *e.g.*, that is *exempli gratia*—"for instance"; *i.e* = *id est*—"that is." 2. Noel is the French for Christmas. 3. Jewels are not put into watches to ornament them, but to form lasting bearings for the wheels.

G. F. L.—The BOY'S OWN PAPER can be had at every large town in the United States, and at the usual rate.

MAP.—You would find a good selection of maps of Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire at Arrowsmith's, in Bristol.

C. S. GREENOCK.—1. The horizontal bar should be six feet long, and it should be made of ash. You can get an iron-cored bar from any gymnastic appliance shop for thirty shillings. 2. See our articles on Indian Clubs in the fourth volume.

R. B.—1. You ought to get a very good collie for a five-pound note. 2. The Lord Mayor takes the oath of office as Mayor, not as Lord Mayor. The "Lord" is purely complimentary.

GRYPHÆA.—It is not the sea that rises, but the land that sinks. The sea is a liquid, and retains its level; the land is solid, and its irregular surface is constantly changing. As a matter of fact, the sea gradually evaporates, and the water of the world is less than it used to be. There is no water in the moon.

FRIAR.—Canes are best varnished with hard spirit varnish.

X+Y=22.—A quarterly Navy List will give you the latest particulars as to entering the Navy; and you may get samples of examination-papers from Stanford, Charing Cross, and many other first-class booksellers.

W. RICHARDSON.—We shall have an article on the subject. We are glad to hear of your success in showing the photographs by reflected light, and note your advice to all readers who possess a lantern to make an aphengescope, for they will find it a most useful and amusing arrangement at a very little cost.

BERTIE HOPE.—You can get an incubator from Christy and Co., Fenchurch Street; or Hearson and Co., 235, Regent Street; or a second-hand one through the "Exchange and Mart."

A. C. SMITH.—Situated as you are, you had far better stay in the colony, and get employment there as soon as you can.

G. SHARP.—The masts of a schooner are fore and main. The mainmast is the principal mast; the foremast is not of such importance. The sails are mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, and jib.

T. S. H.—It is possible to print with invisible ink. Some of the foreign bank-notes have the word "forgery," or rather its equivalent, worked into the lettering of the note, and printed in an invisible actinic ink that is only discoverable by photography. This is a preventive against fraud, for when the note is photographed, as is now always done when an exact copy is required, the word "forgery" stands out in bold letters across the plate.

CYMRAES.—Rub your hand over with wax, lay a string across it here and there, and cover it with plaster-of-Paris. Just as it sets cut the plaster with the strings, so that the mould will come in pieces when quite dry. Brush over the mould and fill in with fresh plaster, made rather more liquid than what you put on your hand.

MILLER (Lowestoft).—Apply for a map to Stanford, Charing Cross. You can get maps of London at all prices, from a penny upwards. One of the fullest is that in the Post Office Directory.

AN AUNT.—Cover the spot with Fuller's earth, and then take up the carpet and give it a thorough beating. The smell of the paraffin will soon go off.

W. PANTIN.—For a fernery you cannot have a simpler way of fixing the glass than by Portland cement, which will give you a few ornamental rocks round the edges at the same time.

W. H. COUPLAND.—1. "Axe" is correct at the present day; "ax" is the older form and correct for the period when it was written. 2. Russell Street, Covent Garden. 3. A lease for ninety-nine years is supposed to be one for three lives. This is the usual explanation, though another is to the effect that it was in olden days considered impious to complete the century or the thousand years. "This land to be let on lease for 999 years, or the freehold to be sold," is not an uncommon notice in some parts of the south.

GEO.—1. The reference as to birdlime was correct. Try again, Vol. IV., No. 189. 2. Get a price list from any bicycle maker. The prices of the best machines of the different leading firms vary very little. 3. Apply for information to the Consul for the United States, 11, Abchurch Lane, E.C.

A. H. M.—For instructions how to net see our articles in the second volume; and for the sound-post see our articles on the violin in our fourth volume.

LITTLE BLUNDERBLUBBER.—1. The nostrils act as filters, and the breath that reaches the lungs through them is purer than that entering by the mouth. 2. The ultra-fashionable pronunciation of Duchesnes is Dukahn, but why not Ducane?

FIGARO.—The articles on Indian Clubs were in the August and September parts for 1882.

J. MAINWARING.—Much obliged, but our arrangements were all made. You will find the wreck described in Gilly's "Shipwrecks of the British Navy;" the loss of life was very much less than you state. Verses have always to be trimmed and corrected, but of course some men write more easily than others. The rhyme and rhythm do not "come spontaneously" to many; the idea may suggest the rhyme, but more frequently the rhyme suggests the idea.

CYCLISTS.—1. We never recommend tricycles by any particular maker, and your friend is in error in saying that the notice appeared in this paper. The question as to the inferiority of single drivers is not one of opinion, but of fact. Your own sense must show you that where all the power is applied to one wheel, and the other runs loose, there must be a great tendency to twist. The action is one-sided, and this has to be corrected by the steering-wheel. In the Coventry Rotary the tendency to twist is checked by the smaller wheels being one in front and the other behind the driver, so that there is "head resistance" as well as "rear resistance," to use your own terms, which are rather more expressive than elegant. The question of front steerers and rear steerers is not so easily decided; but for many reasons too long to give here we find that all our scientific friends give the preference to the type of machine with the small wheel in front, and we agree with them. The fact that all the makers of rear steerers have now adopted a front steerer, while very few of the front steerer makers think it worth while to keep rear steerers in stock, is a pretty strong indication of the tendency of public opinion. 2. The Humber type is the fastest of the tricycles, but it is not much safer than a bicycle. 3. In this year's Society of Arts Journal you will find a paper on Cycles by Mr. C. V. Boys, which you would do well to study before you spend money in patenting your invention.

C. V. RIDLEY.—Boil half a pound of logwood chips for an hour in a quart of water, brush the hot liquor over deal you wish to stain, and let it dry. Then give it another coat. Now make another solution of an ounce of green copperas in a quart of hot water, and as soon as it is all dissolved give the wood a coat of it. The wood must be thoroughly dry before you apply the copperas, and you must dry it in the sun, or in a warm room, but not before the fire. To polish this begin with a coating of very thin glue size, and smoothen it off with very fine glass-paper before you apply the French polish.

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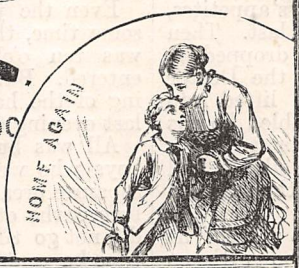
School & the World.

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE

BY

PAUL BLAKE,



Breaking-up Scenes.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE last day of the half; the boxes are being packed; farewell visits are paid to the tradesmen of the town, who are looking sharply after those boys who intend leaving the school. One of the shops which does not often have a boy as a customer is at present the scene of a purchase unique in the annals of St. Mary's.

Tommy is the customer, and he is paying a visit to the only music-shop in the town. His object, as he explains to Mr. Burrows, the proprietor, is to purchase a piece of music as a present.

"Is it for a lady?" asks Mr. Burrows.

Tommy rudely laughs.

"No, it's for a boy, one of our fellows, Soady; he's great at music. I want to give him a piece, and if it's got a picture on it I think it would be better."

"Does he play very well, or would an easy piece be best?"

"I shouldn't put it too easy if I were you," said Tommy; "he mightn't quite like it, you know. I've heard my sister say people are rather touchy about music. No, pick out a good hard one. This looks difficult enough."

He opened a piece of music that was black with demisemiquavers.

"Yes, that is difficult. I doubt whether he could play that."

"Never mind, he'll be able to some day, and the longer he is learning it the longer he'll remember me, you see. What's the name of it?"

"It's a polonaise of Chopin."

"Oh! How much?"

"Two shillings, please, sir."

Tommy produced the coin without a murmur. He was in funds just now, having had his fare home sent him. It was calculated at second-class, but of course he was going to travel third-class, and with other fellows spend the difference on personal gratification.

The last evening! No preparation to-night, only larking about in the schoolroom till the bell rang for prayers, after which came one of the events of the half—the supper. The boys who looked forward to it most were the new ones, who had never been present at one; next to them came those who would be present for the last time—the boys who were leaving school.

The first-form room was a marked contrast to the Bedlam of the schoolroom during the early part of the evening. There was a sort of sadness prevalent in spite of an occasional burst of merriment. It *is* a sad thing, in a certain way, to leave school; it is like pulling up one's roots. Not that, taken as a whole, it is a thing to regret. It is inevitable, for one reason, and so should be endured without sorrow. Nevertheless, few boys of any thought or character can leave the place where they have spent the greater part of their lives for six or seven years without a temporary depression.

One amongst the number was, however, unfeignedly glad to get away, and that was Lang. He could not help fancying the Doctor's eye was on him, and if by chance he should write to his father to tell him of his want of application there would be a catastrophe. He wanted to get away from all the prying eyes that were around him, to no longer have to avoid Garland.

There was a clearance this Christmas. Ferguson was leaving, so were Garland and Soady. Lang, we know, would not return. To these it seemed as if the school suddenly would dwindle in standing and reputation; it was difficult to believe that their successors would soon be as tall and capable as they were. It always is so. Schools seem to those who have left them to woefully degenerate. "Call these little shrimps boys!" we scornfully think on revisiting the scene of our school-days. "Why, in our time we had fellows who looked like men!" And it comes with a shock to find that there are three boys who can shy the cricket-ball farther than Parker, who was the swell when we were at school, and considered an unapproachable prodigy.

"Got your speech ready?" asked Soady of Ferguson.

"As nearly ready as it will ever be," was the reply. "I'm not great at gab."

"Who replies?" asked Garland.

"Pickering for the masters, and I don't know who for the lower school."

Prayers were held earlier than usual, and came with startling contrast to the row that had been going on just before. The Doctor beat a hasty retreat, and immediately he had disappeared the school burst as one boy into the dining-room.

There was the supper, cold beef and pickles—the delight of a schoolboy—with jam-tart to follow. Any amount of everything, and, to judge by the way the provisions disappeared, it was easy to imagine that the boys as a rule went hungry to bed, for supper was an institution honoured more in the breach than the observance at St. Mary's.

"Prime, isn't it?" said Simpson to Tommy, speaking with difficulty.

"You shouldn't talk with your mouth full," said Tommy.

"'Tisn't full, or else how could I talk?" was the retort.

There is a limit even to boys' appetites, and the table was cleared at last. Then three or four of the masters dropped in, as was the custom, though the Doctor never came. Ferguson was lifted into the chair at the end of the table; he was the senior boy of those going to leave. He knocked on the table for silence, and it was obtained more quickly than seemed probable.

"It's the custom to make a speech," he said, speaking naturally, and with no attempt at oratory. When he wanted a word during his speech he stopped till he thought of it, but did not get nervous. "I've no objection to furnish the usual laughing-stock at these times. Some of us are going to leave St. Mary's, and we want to let you see we don't count the years we've spent here as nothing. So the first toast I have to propose is 'Success to St. Mary's.'"

Hammering of glasses and fists, and three cheers for St. Mary's several times over, followed this admirable effort—admirable for its brevity.

When the noise had subsided Soady briefly proposed the masters, Mr. Pickering to respond. Mr. Pickering did so, and made a very good speech, addressed more to those who were leaving than those who intended to remain. It was listened to patiently, though some of the youngsters thought it rather slow. There was one portion of this speech which rather touched Lang.

"You are going into the world now," said Mr. Pickering, "and you have a fresh start to make. You may have been foolish at school; there is much excuse for you, perhaps, and your parents make allowance for it. But remember the world will not make allowance; if you can't do your work she shoves you aside to welcome a better man. Most of you will have to earn your living; it is very different from getting through your lesson. This may be the turning-point in the lives of some of you; be thankful that you can make a fair start."

Lang wished he were going to start fair, but it was too late now; he was pledged. But, once the exam passed, he would make up for lost time by work.

The masters retired soon after their toast, and then speeches flew about promiscuously, every one toasting every one else. "The First Form," "The Second Form," "The Cricket Eleven," "The Football Team," and so on. "The Lower School, our successor," was proposed by Ferguson and responded to by Featherstone. This toast was generally the unintentional cause of considerable fun, and on this occasion the expectation was not disappointed. Featherstone, distrusting his powers, had written the heads of his speech on a slip of paper which he held in his hand, attached to a piece of elastic running up his sleeve. When his speech was over the elastic would pull the paper out of sight and he would get credit for an extempore production. Unfortunately, just after he began, his neighbour slapped him on the back to encourage him, and the shock sent the paper flying up his sleeve. It would not come down again. No one could make out what he was at as he vainly thrust his hand up his arm; he lost his head and memory, floundered through a few sentences which had beginnings but no endings, and then suddenly turned to his too-encouraging neighbour and began to punch his head.

Even the jolliest evenings must end some time, though few could believe it was ten o'clock when Mr. Pickering entered. But it was, and the last evening of the half was gone, for some the last evening they would spend at school.

All was bustle next morning. Those boys who went by early trains had a separate breakfast, and were away almost before the others were down. Tommy did not go till later, so he spent all the time he could with Soady. He wanted to give him his keepsake piece of music, but it was not an easy thing to do. He surmounted the difficulty by putting it into his hand, leaving him to gather from the inscription the meaning of it. The inscription was as follows: "Richard Melcombe Soady, Esq. A keepsake from his schoolfellow and friend, Thomas Scott."

"Thomas Scott?" repeated Soady, half to himself. "Oh, of course; Tommy. Do you mean to say you're going to give me this?"

"Yes, if you don't mind," replied Tommy.

"If I don't mind! Why, bless your little heart! I shall value it more than anything I've got, except my watch that my mater gave me when I left home."

"Do you think you will be able to play it?"

"It's rather a facer, I'm afraid, Tommy, but I'll get the best of it or perish, and when I can play it you shall come and hear me. Do you know, Tommy, I had a little keepsake for you? but I thought I wouldn't give it you till I was saying good-bye."

Tommy knew the reason; Soady was afraid he might feel obliged to give him something in return.

"How do you like this, Tommy?"

As if there could be any question about it! What lower-school boy's heart would not leap for joy to be the possessor of a knife that looked like an ironmonger's shop and a box of surgical implements all in one?

"Well now, Tommy," said Soady, link-

ing his arm in his and walking him round the quad, "we've got to say good-bye. Don't you forget to write to me and tell me all about everything—what rows you get into, and all that sort of thing."

"You've been very good to me, Soady," said Tommy, in a broken voice.

"If you think so, you be the same to some little chap when you've grown bigger. I don't mean spoil him as I came near spoiling you, but just be kind and give him a leg up every now and then when he's in trouble. You believe me, Tommy, you won't be sorry for it when you leave school."

"You ought to know," was Tommy's reply.

The big bell sounded, a signal for the next batch of boys to start. Tommy had to go. He shook Soady's hand, but couldn't trust himself to speak. He never thought to cry when going home for his first holiday, but he was uncommonly near it now.

"Good-bye, young un," said Soady, warmly. "God bless you!"

It was the first time in his life Soady had ever said that. He meant it too.

Another hour and the quad is empty and the schoolroom silent. Some have gone never to return. No more will the floor shake with their tread, the ceiling echo back their laughter. They have left their schooldays behind them, those days which were such a mixture of gladness and despondency, of intense enjoyment and equally intense misery. They are going to enter the big world now; the small world which they have hitherto known will know them no longer.

They have "left school"!

(END OF PART I.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER X.—JOHN WATKINS THINKS MATTERS OVER.

CYPRIEN left the farm, sad at heart but resolved to do his duty. He made his way to Jacobus Vandergaart. He found him alone. Nathan, the broker, had gone off to be the first to spread the news so likely to interest the diggers. The news did not cause so much excitement as might be supposed, for Nathan did not then know that the huge diamond was an artificial one.

Cyprien had come to old Vandergaart to verify the quality and colour of the stone before drawing up his report.

"My dear Jacobus," said he, as he sat down beside him, "first cut a facet on that boss, so that we can see what is underneath."

"Nothing easier," said the old lapidary, taking the pebble from him. "You have chosen a capital place," added he, as he noticed a slight swelling on one of the sides of the gem, which but for it was an almost perfect oval. "We shall risk nothing in cutting it here."

Without further delay Vandergaart set to work. He took from his wooden bowl a common boort-stone of about four or five carats, and fixed it firmly at the end of a sort of handle. He then began to rub together the exterior surfaces of the two stones.

"We could do it more quickly by cleavage," said he; "but who would dare to amuse himself by hammering at a gem of this value?"

The task was a long and monotonous one. It took nearly two hours. When the facet was large enough to allow of the nature of the stone being seen it had to be polished on the wheel, and that also took some time.

At last the work was finished, and Cyprien and Vandergaart, yielding to their curiosity, took up the diamond to see the result.

A beautiful facet of the colour of jet, but of matchless limpidity and splendour, revealed itself to their view.

The diamond was black!

But this almost unique peculiarity added to rather than diminished its value.

Vandergaart's hands trembled with emotion as he flashed the facet in the sunshine.

"It is the finest and most curious gem that ever reflected the sunlight," said he, in a tone of the deepest reverence.

"What will it be like when we have cut all its facets so that it can refract the light as well as reflect it?"

"As he flashed the facet in the sunshine."

"Will you undertake to do it?" asked Cyprien.

"Yes, certainly, my boy, and the honour will be the crowning point of my long career! But perhaps you had better choose a younger and firmer hand than mine."

"No!" answered Cyprien. "Nobody, I am sure, would do the work more carefully or cleverly than you! Take the diamond and cut it at your leisure; you will make it a masterpiece."

"Cyprien accompanied him for a mile or two."

The old man turned the stone over and over in his fingers, and sat as if hesitating to tell what was passing in his mind.

"One thing troubles me," he said, at length. "The thought of having under my roof a jewel of such value. Here is a couple of millions' worth at the least in the palm of my hand. It is not wise of me to take such a responsibility on myself."

"None will know of it if you say nothing about it; and, as far as I am concerned, I will not betray your secret."

"Perhaps. But you can be followed when you come here! Suppose you are? There are queer people about! I shall not sleep quietly!"

"Perhaps you are right," replied Cyprien, as he understood the old man's hesitation; "but what is to be done?"

"That is what I am thinking of," said Vandergaart, and he remained silent for a moment or so.

Then he continued:

"Listen, my dear fellow. What I am going to say is of some delicacy, and presupposes that in me you have absolute confidence. But you know me well enough to see nothing strange in my suggestion. I must leave here at once with my tools and this stone, and get out of the way into some corner where I am not known—in Hopetown or Bloemfontein, for example. I will hire a room and there work in secret, and only return when my work is done. In that way I may perhaps outmanœuvre these rascals. But, I repeat, I am very shy of proposing such a plan to you—"

"But it is a very good one," interrupted Cyprien, "and I shall be very glad if you will start on it."

"I shall want at least a month, and all sorts of accidents may happen to me on the road."

"Never mind, if you think it all right. And after all, if the diamond does go it does not much matter."

Vandergaart looked at his young friend as if he were horror-stricken.

"Has such a stroke of luck bereft him of reason?" asked he of himself.

Cyprien divined his thoughts, and smiled to himself. Then he explained to him whence the diamond had come, and how, if he liked, he could make many more. But the old lapidary—whether it was that he hardly believed the story, or that he did not care to be left alone with a jewel of such price—all the time busied himself in his preparations for starting.

Putting his tools and his clothes in an old leather bag, Vandergaart stuck on his door a notice to the effect that he was "away on business," put the key in his pocket and the diamond in his waistcoat, and set out.

Cyprien accompanied him for a mile or two on the road to Bloemfontein. It was night when the engineer returned, thinking perhaps more of Miss Watkins than of his wonderful discovery.

However, having done but scant justice to the dinner Mataki had prepared, he sat himself down at his writing-table and began the report he intended to send off by next mail to the Academy of Sciences. It consisted of a detailed account of his experiment, and a highly ingenious theory of the reaction which had given birth to this magnificent carbon crystal.

"Its most remarkable characteristic," wrote he, "is its complete identity with the natural diamond, and more especially its possession of a gangue."

And Cyprien did not hesitate to attribute this curious result to the care with which he had coated his apparatus with the earth from Vandergaart Kopje. The mode in which a portion of this earth had detached itself from the rest and formed a coating round the crystal was not very easy to explain, but this was a point on which further experiments would doubtless throw some light. It was possible that he had discovered a new phenomenon of chemical affinity, and he proposed to carefully work out the subject. He did not attempt to commit himself straight off to a complete theory of his discovery. His object was rather to communicate the news without delay to the scientific world, and to invite discussion on these hitherto obscure and unexplained facts.

Having made good progress in his memoir, and advanced it so far that only a few additional observations were required for its completion, he sat down to supper, and then went to bed.

In the morning he went for a walk amongst the diggings. The greeting he received was hardly as friendly as it might have been, but this he did not notice. He had forgotten all the consequences of his grand discovery as unfolded the evening before by John Watkins—that is to say, the ruin sooner or later of the Griqualand claims and their owners. This was enough, however, to make a man uneasy in a semi-civilised country, whose people never hesitated to take the law into their own hands when the whim seized them. If the manufacture of the diamond was to become a trade, the millions invested in the Brazilian as well as the South African mines would irrevocably be lost. Most assuredly the young engineer would have done wisely to have kept his secret. But his resolution had been distinctly declared, and he had decided to act otherwise.

On the other hand, during the night—a night of torpor, during which Watkins dreamt of diamonds by the score, worth millions apiece—Alice's father had had time to consider. And his thoughts ran in this wise.

Nothing could be more natural than that Annibale Pantalacci and the other diggers should view with anger and anxiety the revolution which Cyprien's discovery would effect. But for him, merely as the owner of Watkins Farm, the situation was somewhat different. If the claims were abandoned owing to the depreciation of the gems, if the whole mining population were to clear out from the Griqualand fields, the value of his farm would seriously diminish, his

crops would not find buyers, his houses and huts would not let for want of tenants, and some day he might have to bid farewell to so poor a district.

"Good," said Watkins to himself, "but some years will have to elapse before then. Diamond-making has not yet reached a practical stage, notwithstanding Mr. Cyprien. There may be a good deal of chance about it. But, chance or not, he has at least made a stone of enormous value, and if a natural diamond is worth so much, an artificial one under such circumstances is worth considerably more! Yes, we must keep our eyes on this young man. At any rate, we must stop him from proclaiming his proceedings on the housetops. The stone must come into our family, and must not leave it unless handsomely paid for. To keep the maker of it is easy enough, even without committing ourselves too deeply. Alice is there, and by means of Alice I can put the stopper on his going to Europe. Yes; I can promise he shall marry her. I can even let him marry her."

Thus thought Watkins. Hither did his avarice lead him. Throughout he thought only of himself, he saw only himself. And if the old egotist gave a thought to his child it was only to say, "And after all Alice has nothing to complain of. The young fool is not so bad in his way. He loves her, and I fancy she is not indifferent to him. What can be better than to unite two hearts that have been made for each other—or rather to let them hope for the union, which need not take place until matters have shaped somewhat?"

So reasoned Watkins, pitting his daughter's happiness against that little piece of crystallised carbon, and expecting he could keep the scales level.

And in the morning he had made up his mind. He would see how things turned out, and act accordingly.

In the first place he wished to see his tenant again. Nothing could be easier, for the engineer came to the farm every day. In the second place he longed to gaze once more on the diamond that had assumed such fabulous proportions in his dreams.

The second was if anything the greater attraction, and so Watkins strolled down to the laboratory. Cyprien was at home.

"Well, my young friend," said he, most genially, "and how have you passed the night, the first night after your grand discovery?"

"Very well, Mr. Watkins, very well, thank you," was the frigid reply.

"What! you went to sleep?"

"I did. As usual."

"All the millions," continued Watkins, "all the millions you have been making—did not the thought of them keep you awake?"

"Not at all," replied Cyprien. "Don't you see, Mr. Watkins, that the diamond is only worth millions when it is nature's work. A chemist's diamond—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Cyprien! But are you sure you can make another?—many others?"

Cyprien hesitated. He knew well that in such an experiment something might happen to prevent his attaining a similar result.

"Ah! you twig!" continued Watkins. "You won't answer. Until you have scored again your diamond will retain its value. Until then, why should you say it is an artificial stone?"

"I repeat, Mr. Watkins, that it is out of my power to retain so important a scientific secret."

"Yes, yes, I know," continued Watkins, with a gesture to the engineer not to speak so loudly, as people outside might hear him. "We will talk about that. Never you fear Pantalacci and his lot; they won't tell of you; it is not their interest to do so. Take my word for it. And look here. Alice and I are overjoyed at your success. We are, really. Yes! Can I have a look at the diamond? I hardly had time to examine it yesterday. Will you allow me?"

"I haven't got it now," answered Cyprien.

"You have sent it to France!" exclaimed Watkins, aghast at the thought.

"No, not yet. In its rough state no one could judge of its beauty."

"Who have you given it to, then?"

"I gave it to Jacobus Vandergaart to cut, and I have not the least idea where he has gone to with it."

"You trusted a diamond like that to that old lunatic!" exclaimed Watkins, perfectly furious. "You must be mad, sir! stark staring mad, sir!"

"Bosh!" answered Cyprien. "What does it matter what Vandergaart does with it? How could he get rid of a stone worth so many millions? Do you think he could sell it on the quiet?"

Watkins seemed struck with the argument. It would evidently be rather a difficult matter to dispose of so valuable a stone. Nevertheless, the farmer was uneasy, and he would have given a good deal to prevent Cyprien handing over the jewel to the old lapidary, or rather to make the old lapidary bring it back again immediately.

But Vandergaart had demanded a month, and the impatient Watkins had to wait.

Of course his cronies, Pantalacci, Friedel, and their companions, said all they could against the character of the honest old lapidary. In Cyprien's absence they had a good deal to say about him, and invariably remarked to Watkins that the month was nearly up and no Vandergaart had put in an appearance.

"And why," said Friedel, "should he return to Griqualand? Why shouldn't he keep the diamond of large value whose artificial origin is nowhere shown?"

"Because he would never find a buyer," answered Watkins, reproducing Cyprien's argument.

"That is a fine reason!"

"A very fine reason," said Pantalacci. "And believe me, at this very moment the old crocodile is hundreds of miles away. Nothing could be easier than to doctor the stone so as to make it unrecognisable. You don't even know what its colour is! What is to hinder him from cutting it into five or six pieces and making a batch of good-sized stones?"

Greatly was the soul of Watkins

"You must be mad, sir!"

troubled by these discussions. He began to think that Vandergaart would never come back. Cyprien alone believed in the old man's honesty, and declared that he would return on the day he had said. He was right.

Vandergaart returned twenty-four hours before his time. Such had been his diligence, and so well had he worked, that in twenty-seven days he had cut the stone. He came back during the night to polish it on the wheel, worked at it till he had done, and in the morning of the twenty-ninth day Cyprien beheld him enter the door of the laboratory.

"There is your pebble," was all that the old lapidary said as he placed a small wooden box on the table.

Cyprien opened the box and stood dazzled and motionless. On a pad of white cotton wool lay an enormous black crystal of the shape of a rhomboidal dodecahedron. From it streamed forth prismatic fires of such brilliancy as to light up the whole laboratory. The combination of ink-like colour with absolutely perfect adamantine transparency and wondrous refractive power gave the most startling results conceivable.

It seemed as though he was in the presence of some unique phenomenon, of some unprecedented freak of nature. All idea of value apart, the splendour of the jewel was something to marvel at.

"It is not only the largest, it is the most beautiful diamond in the world," said Vandergaart, with great gravity and in a tone of paternal pride. "It weighs four hundred and thirty-two carats! You have made something to be proud of, my friend. Your prentice hand has made a masterpiece."

Cyprien gave no reply to the old lapidary's compliments. In his own eyes he was but the author of a curious discovery, nothing more. Many others in the chemical field had failed where he had succeeded, it is true. But what use to humanity would be this manufacture of artificial diamonds? In the future it would inevitably ruin all who earn their living by trading in precious stones, and would enrich nobody.

Then he thought of his elation during the first few hours after his discovery. Now the diamond, beautiful as it had come from Vandergaart's hands, appeared to him but as a worthless stone, to which even the prestige of rarity would not long remain.

Cyprien closed the box, and shaking hands with his old friend, hastened off to Watkins Farm.

The farmer was in the lower room, anxious and uneasy, and thinking of the doubtful chance of Vandergaart's returning. His daughter was with him doing her best to allay his suspicions.

Cyprien opened the door and stood for an instant on the threshold.

"Well?" asked Watkins, sharply, as he suddenly rose from his chair.

"Well, honest Jacobus Vandergaart came back this morning," answered Cyprien.

"With the diamond?"

"With the diamond beautifully cut, and it even now weighs four hundred and thirty-two carats."

"Four hundred and thirty-two carats!" exclaimed Watkins. "And you have brought it with you?"

"Here it is."

The farmer took the box. He opened it, and his eyes sparkled almost as much as the diamond he looked at. Then when his fingers were allowed to close on the splendid crystal, he was so carried away with the thoughts of its colossal value that his excitement became quite laughable.

Tears came into his eyes, and he spoke to the gem as if it were some cherished friend.

"Oh! You love! you superb, you splendid stone! Here you are back again, my beauty! You are magnificent! You are a weight! How much are you worth in golden sovereigns? What shall we do with you, my darling? Send you to the Cape and on to London to be seen and admired? But who will be rich enough to buy you? The Queen herself could not afford so great a luxury! You would take two or three years of her income! She would want a Parliamentary vote! A national subscription! And they'll do it, never fear! And you'll go to the Tower of London and sleep by the Kohinoor, who is but a very little chap by the side of you. What are we to value you at, my pet?"

And then, betaking himself to his mental arithmetic, he continued,

"For the Czar's diamond Catherine II. paid a million roubles and an annuity of four thousand pounds. Surely you are worth a million sterling, cash down, and twenty thousand a year for ever afterwards."

Then, struck with a sudden idea,

"Should not the owner of such a jewel be raised to the peerage? Look here, Alice! Two eyes are not enough to admire this with!"

For the first time in her life Miss Watkins looked at a diamond with some interest.

"It is really very beautiful. It glows like the piece of carbon that it is, but like the carbon when it is alight," said she, as she carefully picked it up.

Then, by an instinctive movement that every girl in her place would have had, she turned to the looking-glass and held the jewel to her forehead.

"A star set in gold!" said Cyprien, gallantly.

"True. We'll call it a star!" exclaimed Alice. "Let us christen it the *Star of the Settlement*. What do you say, Mr. Cyprien? Is it not as black as our native beauties and as brilliant as the constellations of our southern sky?"

"Never mind the Star of the Settlement," said Watkins, who attached but little importance to a name; "but take care you don't drop it, it will break like glass."

"Indeed! Is it as fragile as that?" answered Alice, scornfully replacing the gem in its box. "Poor star! you are only a mockery—a vulgar bottle-stopper!"

"A bottle-stopper!" exclaimed Watkins, almost choked with horror. "You young people respect nothing!"

"Miss Alice," said the engineer, "it was you who encouraged me to take up artificial diamond-making. It is owing to you that this stone now exists, and your father will allow me, I hope, to offer it to you in remembrance of your happy influence on my work!"

"What!" exclaimed the farmer, unable to hide his delight at so unexpected an offer.

"Alice," continued Cyprien, "the diamond is yours. If you will accept it, I give it!" and Miss Watkins, as her only reply, held out her hand to him, and he gently clasped it in his own.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BOYS, THINK OF THAT!

Let us serve God in the sunshine while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes. —*F. W. Faber.*

DAILY DUTY.

I REACH a duty, yet I do it not—
And therefore see no higher; but, if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal?
No! duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.—*Leighton.*

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he cannot necessarily lead a prayer meeting or be a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He certainly need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road.*

PETER'S PERPLEXITIES IN PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Ding—dong—bell!

"What a horrid smell!" exclaimed Dick Browning, a small boy with red hair, as he lazily rolled out of bed on the morning after the events recorded in the preceding chapter; or, to be more accurate, at a less early hour of the same morning. He was an inmate of Dobbin's dormitory.

"Oh, I say, you fellows," he continued, "how fuzzy the room is! I votes I open the window. Pheugh!"

The wind blowing in soon freshened the atmosphere of the apartment sufficiently to pacify the fastidiousness of that young gentleman's olfactory nerves. Not much was said as the boys dressed. Dobbin himself performed that operation with unusual haste. His nose was not over-particular, as he considered it incumbent on a man of science to be callous to disagreeable effluvia; but he was by no means unconscious that his jacket smelt most objectionable, and this made him anxious to go and ventilate himself in the playground before prayers.

So downstairs he hurried, and spreading out his coat, with repeated flaps he took a morning flight down the playground and back again.

"There goes that mad donkey, trying to fly!" cried Smithers, a lad of joyous countenance, looking out of the dormitory window, and hurling a piece of soap with such true aim that it caught the delinquent on the hip, and for the moment brought him to sober paces, for one leg was sorely wounded, and one hand was called into requisition to rub the injured spot.

"Hullo, maniac, here's some hellebore!" cried the prefect of the dormitory, aiming the contents of a jug with no less true effect, for a full half of the water fell upon Dobbin's unlucky head, and deluged him with a chilly cataract.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is a proverb of which many a dull boy can comprehend the meaning without explanation. Dobbin had learnt its truth already, as now, with one additional lesson upon its application, he repaired to the dining-hall for morning prayers.

"Don't sit here, you old stink-pot!"

"Here, get out, badger!"

"Gee up, old Dobbin!"

"Poof! you smell like a menagerie of polecats and pickled monkeys!"

Such were the unseemly remarks which greeted his appearance in hall that morning.

In the lesson before breakfast the first class were with Mr. Dunthorne in one of the class-rooms. That learned gentleman appeared in due time upon the scene, and seated himself at the desk in front of the boys. He took out his Homer and found the place. The lesson contained that description of Thersites in which the immortal bard seems to have ransacked his vocabulary to find terms of adequate opprobrium. His epithets are certainly more forcible than polite. Mr. Dunthorne first endeavoured to rouse the enthusiasm of his class by reading to them Lord Derby's translation of the passage.

He then glanced over the Greek and raised his spectacled eyes to survey the boys.

"What's the matter with you all this morning? Have you taken cold?"

It was a curious fact that eight out of the nine boys were huddling as close together as they could, with their eight noses conspicuously buried in their eight pocket-handkerchiefs. The ninth, none other than the unfortunate Dobbin, was banished to the furthermost limit of the form, and sat leaning his face on his fists, the picture of disorder and discomfort.

"Move down, some of you. Don't crowd up so. Move down, Robinson, d'you hear?"

Robinson moved down some two inches, which did not perceptibly ease the abnormal pressure.

"Dear me," said the master, "it's rather close in this room. I suppose the window was not opened last night. Just open it now, one of you."

The whole class made a dash to execute the order, Dobbin excepted, who remained immovable.

"One of you, I said. Sit down, all of you. Carruthers, will you open the window? Thank you. Now then, let us begin. Go on, Browning."

Browning went on, and acquitted himself creditably.

"Very good. Carruthers, read the next four lines."

Dobbin stood up, and straightway the eyes of all the class were levelled at him, while a more extravagant parade of handkerchiefs, with suggestive coughs, accompanied their scrutiny.

The woebegone, dishevelled aspect presented by the luckless lad attracted Mr. Dunthorne's inspection.

Eyeing him sternly, the master said,

"Carruthers, you are more than usually untidy this morning, which is saying a great deal. I never like making personal remarks or in any way wounding a boy's feelings, but I must say you appear most disreputably untidy. Come here and let me put your collar outside your coat. Eton collars are part of the uniform of the house. You must be more particular. Come here. Turn round. Wheugh! What have you been up to? You're wet through, and your jacket has a most offensive odour! Pheugh! most offensive!" (Applying handkerchief to nose, and continuing the harangue in a far-off ventriloquistic tone.) "Have you been anointing yourself with mutton-fat? You seem to be reeking with grease. How disgusting! Get out of my sight! Go and change that offensive garment, and get Mrs. Towels to give you some eau-de-Cologne." (Removing the handkerchief as Dobbin began to retire.) "Get along with you! Pheugh! No wonder your companions found your presence unbearable. Dirty boy! get out of my sight!"

Dobbin was by this time retreating rapidly.

"And look here" (raising his voice), "some time this afternoon write me out that Ode of Horace in Latin and English about *olentem Mævium*."

This parting shot was greeted with much laughter from the other boys, which merged imperceptibly into a mixture of hisses and groans as Dobbin finally disappeared. This episode attached to him the new nicknames of Thersites and Mævius.

His temporary withdrawal from the scene to change his apparel offers an opportunity for looking in at the butcher's and seeing what went on there about the same time.

John Galpin, jovial and burly, dressed in his blue smock, had finished his two cups of coffee and substantial rounds of buttered toast, and having set the boy Simon his morning task, the portly butcher turned out to have a look at the pigs and chickens in the back yard. His eye twinkled as the plump porkers grunted a morning greeting. He chuckled pleasantly to the pullets, and set them a clucking in expectation of their morning meal. And then the slaughterer of cattle and sheep turned him about and cast his eye over the outhouse and shed.

John Galpin took a pride in being very particular about all the arrangements of his premises, even so far as to sift cinders every week over the surface of his back yard.

Now it happened that this operation had been performed only the day before, and his eagle eye was not slow to discover a remarkable disturbance in the condition of the yard in question. Instead of presenting a smooth and even surface, the cinder-ashes were conspicuously swept in a broad path between the shed and the paling. John Galpin turned his head one way and then another. He looked up into the sky, and then across the common. He scratched his head and gazed at the pigs, then at the fowls. But look where he might he could find no clue to the mystery. Ah, yes! surely there were footmarks on the cinder surface. "Curious enough, sure!" said the butcher to himself. "Two young scamps have been prowling about, I'll be bound. One must have had slippers on, and one of 'em ribbed indiarubber soles. That's as plain as daylight. Come from the school too, I'll be bound—the young rascals! Here, Simon, just come out here a minute. What can have made this curious path in the cinders? D'you know?"

Simon came out at his master's bidding and looked at the path, and scratched his head, and proceeded into the shed

and looked up at the sheepskins. Then he delivered his views on the subject in the following language.

"Woll, ef this baint the most extrordinest thing os oi ever knowed, maister! Os zure os oi stands 'ere, there was noine o' they shape-skeens a hangin' up yosterday. And os zure os oi stands 'ere, oi zeed one of them there shape-skeens a-walkin' on 'is oind legs at the corner of the lane, os oi cum back from a hevenin porty at gran'mother's about arf-past twelve o'clock last noight!"

"What d'you mean, Simon? I suspect your grandmother gave you an extra pint of ale before you started."

"It be true, maister, for all that. Oi've a-heerd tell that strange soights is to be zeed after midnoight in Cut-throat Lane, and now oi've zeed one of 'em with my own oyes; and oi wouldn't go that way again after midnoight, not vor vive vlorins. It's my belief as 'ow that path was made by the shape-skeen as it fluddered along. Ugh! a shape's ghost be an orful soight!"

Simon paused, but seemed to have more to say yet, and encouraged by his master he informed him that the moon was shining brightly at the time, and that his head was as clear as the moonlight. He stated that this was not the first time fearful things had been seen at the spot where a certain old pedlar was popularly supposed to have been murdered twenty years ago; that only a week before a friend of Simon's, called Bill Javers, had come along that way shortly after midnight, when a horseman suddenly galloped past him, "snortin' and roarin' like a vampire," and Bill Javers had reported to Simon that the horseman's head had horns like a cow, and that fire seemed to flash from his nose. Furthermore this fearful apparition had manifested itself just at the exact spot where Simon saw the spectral sheep. Consequently there was no shadow of doubt in Simon's mind but that this thoroughly explained the path swept in the cinder-ashes.

The butcher scrutinised his assistant attentively during his oration, which was probably the longest and most eloquent ever delivered by Simon, who was not as a rule celebrated for powerful speech. John Galpin marked the lad's earnestness, which forbade suspicion, and approaching the fence he found a tuft of wool sticking on a nail. This seemed to corroborate the main point of the strange story he had just heard. The sheepskin had to all appearances taken a nocturnal journey, but John Galpin had his doubts as to the ghostly nature of the transaction. The footprints contributed a human element to the problem which could not be lightly disregarded.

"There's been a pair of young rascals prowling about here last night, Simon, who could give an account of the matter, I'll be bound, if we could only catch them. Look at those footmarks. They weren't made by you or me. We don't wear such gimcrack shoes. They just came from Highfield House—that's what I think. One of them had slippers, and the other those indiarubber shoes they use in the gymnasium. You know what they're like, Simon. You've seen them wearing 'em often when you've taken up the meat."

"Oh yes; oi've a zeed 'em, maister; but as zure as oi stands 'ere, there warn't no boys about last noight when oi zeed the shape."

"Well, I can't help that," replied the butcher. "Just come along and show me where you saw the beast. I fancy we shall find a trace of him."

The two climbed over the fence and crossed the common to the corner of Cut-throat Lane.

"There be the oidentical spot, maister. Oi was just comin' round the corner, and this bank was in clear moonlight, and the ghost glided up the bank under the trees, and oi shook wi' froight, and could 'ardly 'elp faintin' outroight."

John Galpin looked up the bank, and then went up it, but no trace or clue to the mystery could he find; and after a brief search he came down, and said,

"It beats me altogether, Simon, but I shouldn't wonder if some of the young gents at the school have been up to a lark. I'll take the meat up myself this morning and see the Doctor about it."

So saying, he returned to his premises with Simon, man and boy being absorbed in cogitation upon the strange business.

(To be continued.)

"What can have made this curious path?"

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER V.—ZAKOLNIKI.

A little way out of Moscow there is a pleasant retreat from the dust and excessive heat of the town called Zakolniki. The pine forest there is said to be peculiarly efficacious in curing disease of the lungs. All round this wood datches have been built (of the same material), until quite a large town has arisen.

It is an easy drive from Moscow, and there is now a tramway, which deposits travellers within an easy walking distance from the trees. Society is mixed at Zakolniki. Some rich merchants have built datches there, so as to be not too far removed from town and business. *Chinovniks* (officials under the Crown) pass their summer there cheaply. Small tradesmen take their families there for change of air, as the London cockney takes his to Richmond or to Highgate. Officers of the garrison frequent the "Ronde Point," where a military band plays on Sundays, and on certain other days in the week determined upon by the committee of ways and means. It would not be called emphatically a place of aristocratic resort, but still persons of distinction do not disdain Zakolniki at times.

Smirnoff is in Moscow, deep in clever plans for amassing roubles. But he is greatly changed. There are traces of sorrow in his manly, benevolent, yet "eminently commercial countenance." Ivan Dobroff is much on his mind, and he grieves for the little fellow as though he had been really his own son. The boy had twined himself round the man's heart in a very extraordinary manner when we consider how very few opportunities they had of cultivating their mutual liking or disliking.

To be near his place of business Smirnoff had bought a datche at Zakolniki. This he caused to be well but plainly furnished, and quite in Russian taste. There was plenty of carved woodwork decorating the entrances and the windows within. The tables were of the old-fashioned oval pattern, standing stiffly and formally before the sofas, in what we should call the drawing-room. In the "cabinet," as the study of the master of the house is called all through Russia, were four handsome bookcases, with some of the choicest works of Russian, German, French, and English authors. In the centre of this room was a large and very handsome writing-table with drawers. This stood on a rich Turkey carpet, the only carpet in the datche. The floors being all highly polished, and as the datche was only used in summer, carpets were useless luxuries.

On the walls of the room, which was panelled with deal wainscot work and not papered, were several photographs, and a very well-executed portrait of Alexander II. hung between the windows. Among the photographs were several of the same person, a boy, at various periods of his life, from the little prattler of five or six years of age to the schoolboy of ten or eleven. This last portrait was a large oval of life size, representing our hero in the blue uniform of the Gymnasium.

Around this picture were portraits, in smaller size, of various friends of the master of the house—rich merchants, one or two general officers, a professor of the University at Moscow, the managing director of the "Merchants'" bank at the same town, and a priest.

A sober-looking servant was carefully arranging his master's table, and putting the writing materials in order, when a deep-mouthed bark caused him to pause in his work and go to the window which led on to the verandah. He looked out and exclaimed,

"Hallo there! what's in the wind now? It is only half-past six, and Mr. Smirnoff will not be here before seven."

But the dog barked on as though he said, "Of course! I know my business; but this is a stranger." Trifon understood him, and translated the barks into Russian in his own mind.

The dog was a Danish wolf-dog, confined in a sort of inner court containing the stables, coach-house, and other buildings of the kind, and cut off from the main court, or *dvor*, by a palisade of high wooden palings fixed at about three inches apart. The gates leading to this smaller court were closed, so that the dog, in his sober grey coat, seen through the intervening spaces between the palings, looked like some rare animal—which he was—through the bars of a menagerie. He was greatly excited as a little carriage — or rather two-horse drosky—drove up at a great pace and stopped before the door.

A tall, stout man, dressed in an enormous mantle with a tremendous cape, which concealed his uniform, was sitting in this vehicle, but the small *képi*, or full-dress cap of black, edged with silver lace and surmounted by a horsetail plume, showed that he was a police officer of high rank.

A groom behind the palings, having remonstrated with the dog for the unreasonable row he was causing, induced that "rare animal" to enter a vacant stable and avail himself of a comfortable bed of straw specially provided for his use and benefit. The man then opened the gates,

and, the officer having left the vehicle, the dvornik invited the coachman to drive into the inner yard, as Mr. Smirnoff would be some time yet.

The coachman acceded, and, after walking the horses several times slowly round the larger court, entered the smaller enclosure. Here stable-helps, a small terrier, and a groom—the special favourite of the master of the house—united in doing the honours of the establishment to the new-comer.

Meanwhile the police officer stalked into the house, and in the inner hall allowed his mantle to slide off his shoulders into the ready hands of a domestic. This operation revealed a tall, stout man of about fifty-five or sixty years of age, but as firm and erect as though he had been thirty years younger. He entered the room which we have called the study, having passed through the *salon*, the dining-room, and the drawing-room.

On reaching this sanctum his glance fell on the large oval portrait of Ivan Dobroff, which he examined with searching interest. He then looked at the other smaller photographs very narrowly. He next took out a small silver cigarette-case, from which he extracted a cigarette, and, approaching the writing-table, opened the match-case—which is never absent from a Russian writing-table—and was soon surrounded by a thin halo of smoke. Having thus made himself comfortable, he opened a thin book which he had drawn from the breast-pocket of his handsome uniform, now unbuttoned for the purpose. He was still busily engaged in making notes in this book when the master of the house came home, and this was perhaps half an hour after the arrival of the "general."

On entering the room Smirnoff addressed the officer—who had risen, and was advancing towards him with great courtesy—as "General Kakaroff."

"What fortunate occurrence secures me the honour of this visit? I hope there is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing in the world! I have taken the liberty of calling upon you to ask your advice, and perhaps aid, in a very difficult matter in which you are yourself concerned, and which has excited attention in the very highest quarters."

"Of course, whatever I can do is at your command, but it strikes me that you may want my help to find out the whereabouts of my poor little boy. Is not that the case?"

"Precisely so, my dear sir. And I am sure you will pardon my asking you a few questions."

"Whatever you please."

"Well then, to begin, I suppose that portrait represents the missing boy?"

"It does."

"Is it a good likeness?"

"It was taken by Mœbius."

"That is enough. But would you allow me to have a copy?"

"Mœbius has the plate. I will send at once and order a fac-simile."

He was just about to touch the hand-bell on his writing-table, when the "general" stopped him, saying,

"Please say nothing about it to the servants. If you will kindly order a copy for me yourself I should be greatly obliged, and even then I should request you not to tell Mœbius that you intended it for any other person than yourself. We have to be very cautious in dealing with these people."

"Quite so. But pray allow me to ring for tea. Can I offer you a glass of tea, or do you prefer other refreshment? In a place like this I am obliged to keep what I am likely to want at hand."

"You are most obliging; a glass of tea would be the very thing."

The bell was rung, and a servant in very correct black, with the ordinary white tie, appeared, and "tea" was ordered. After a short pause, to give the man time to disappear completely, the prefect continued,

"You will excuse my asking you the question, I am sure, but I should be very glad to know whether you had any special motives, beyond your well-known and universally respected charity, in adopting the boy?"

"None whatever. I had heard from a friend who lives in the neighbourhood of Riazan of the extraordinary fate of a gentleman connected with one of the best families out there; so, having need of change of air, I went to see my friend, who told me how this gentleman had been disinherited by his father for marrying a girl of low rank, and that this poor fellow had fallen at Plevna, that the mother had died shortly before, and that nobody knew anything about the child. I was greatly touched by the fate of this young boy thus thrown upon the world, and as I had resolved to adopt such a forlorn waif, should Providence ever throw one in my way, I resolved, from a sort of romantic feeling, at once to try in the very neighbourhood referred to by my friend to find the object of my future care, and in the village of Berozovo I actually did find a deserted boy, who had been left to a peasant woman to nurse. She had died, and I found her little charge in the hands of the village priest, from whom I received him, under strict promise of educating him to become my heir. This promise I was performing to the best of my ability when he was taken from me by that rascal Palitzki."

"What has made Palitzki so bitter an enemy?"

"I became possessed of a certain document," said Smirnoff, "and that in a curious way, quite by accident. I had sent a servant to Palitzki's room to ask him for a paper which I had requested him to copy. The man found that Palitzki had left the house, but thinking that this paper might be in one of the drawers of the table, he looked through them, and in the search discovered, not what I wanted, but a paper which he immediately brought to me, and which I found to be a document of a highly compromising tendency, connecting him with one of the dreadful revolutionary societies now existing in Moscow. As soon as I discovered this I went down to Mazielovo, where I found that he had all along greatly neglected the boy, and was a thorough scoundrel."

"Have you that paper now?"

"Certainly. Do you want to have it?"

"I think it ought to be in our custody."

"It is in that chest of cabinet drawers. I have not opened them since I deposited it there. I will find the key and give you the paper. Oh, here is the samovar! Before I look for the paper permit me to pour you out some tea. What do you take with it? Lemon, cream, cognac, rum, preserves? They are all here."

"Thanks! anything but cream; I am a true Russian, and despise the foreign fad of putting milk into my tea. They say the English invented the custom, which is another reason against my taking it."

A table, on which a cloth of dazzling whiteness was spread, was brought in by a servant, also in black. A silver tea-tray next appeared, on which was a small porcelain teapot, two silver vessels with handles to them, made to hold common water-glasses, so that a person drinking hot tea from the glass would not be likely to burn his fingers. There was a little silver box with a tiny key for sugar, then there were lemons, sundry small decanters of cut glass containing the admixtures for the tea suggested by Smirnoff, and a stand, like a cruet-frame, of jars of jam, for many Russians take preserves in tea.

The great feature of the whole tea equipage was the samovar, or self-boiler. This is a Russian peculiarity, met with nowhere but in the Tsar's dominions. It is an urn, of a shape often seen at ironmongers' and silversmiths', but it differs from the English tea-urn in a very important respect. When we make the tea the water is first boiled in a kettle, and then poured into the urn, where it is usually kept hot by a heater of red-hot iron fitted into the centre cylinder. In the samovar there is no heater, but the central cylinder is a furnace. When a samovar is "set up"—*i.e.*, prepared for tea—a number of shavings are placed at the bottom and ignited; the rest of the cylinder is filled up with charcoal, and a very long tube added, like a chimney, by which means a terrific draught is set up. The charcoal glows and the water boils in an incredibly short time, although it may have been put in cold. As soon as the charcoal is all glowing, and the water violently boiling, the samovar is brought into the room, and tea is made with the boiling water. The water boils as long as there is any charcoal left, for the bottom of the cylinder is lower than the bottom of the actual urn, and where it descends below the vessel there is an open grating which creates a great draught, and keeps the charcoal glowing long after the removal of the iron tube or chimney.

"Before giving you the trouble to look for the document," said Kakaroff, "allow me to ask you how you made the acquaintance of this objectionable student."

"I asked a friend of mine, who is a professor at the University, to recommend me a student to prepare poor little Ivan for the third class in the First Gymnasium, and he sent this man."

"Have you any objection to give me the name of the professor?"

"Of course I must do so if you insist, but it seems hard on him. He was innocent enough in the matter, and only wished to serve me. It would be very mean in me to get him into trouble!"

"He shall not get into trouble. But, you see, we have lost all trace of Palitzki. Perhaps your friend may be able to guide us in our search, but make your mind easy on the score of his safety."

"Many thanks. With that assurance I have no hesitation in saying that my

friend who brought all this trouble into the house was Professor Voidenoff."

A slight change—so slight, indeed, as to be almost imperceptible (it was quite so to Smirnoff)—passed over the officer's countenance, but whatever it was or might mean, it was gone almost as soon as manifested.

"Well, now I must ask you another question. This boy, Ivan Dobroff, was a pupil in the First Gymnasium? Of what class?"

"The second; but he is so bright that I had engaged this student to prepare him for the third."

"And yet he was only eleven years old?"

"Certainly not more."

"Clever fellow, evidently. Now, can you tell me whether he had any special friend or 'chum' in his class?"

"Not in his own class, but he formed a very strange friendship with a boy some years older than himself, in the fourth class, quite his opposite in disposition; and, in fact, a greater contrast than that offered by the two boys cannot be imagined."

"Just the very people to become friends. But do you happen to know the name, the patronymic and the surname of this friend?"

"Yes; he is called Pavel Nicolaevitch Abrazoff. He is the son of a wealthy landed proprietor in the Riazan district; in fact his estates lie in Ozoonovo and Berozovo."

"Ha! The very spot from whence your interesting *protégé* comes, is it not?"

"Precisely so, and therefore the whole matter assumes a curious and almost mysterious meaning in my eyes."

"How so? Do you feel inclined to attach any importance to the fact of their both coming from the same district?"

"No, I do not, but it is a curious coincidence."

The prefect of police noted certain points of this conversation, and Mr. Smirnoff was about to rise again from his seat to look for the paper belonging to the student, when his attention was arrested by the stamping of horses in the yard; and so he went to the long French window, which opened on to a sort of verandah or balcony, and there he saw, on guard, the two mounted Cossacks who always attended the "general" in his excursions, but who, on this occasion, had come up somewhat late by his especial orders. He smiled at Smirnoff and said,

"I must apologise for my Cossacks. You see the Emperor has commanded the police masters of the principal towns to be thus specially protected. I do not like the fuss of it, but they are obliged to ride after me; and when I am longer in a house than usual, they come after me and keep watch at the doors. It is a nuisance, but a necessary piece of form. I shall go and dismiss them at once."

Before Smirnoff could say a word the general had left the room. Indeed, there was a something about him that was not to be resisted, and Smirnoff could no more help yielding to his will than if he had been Fate herself. So he turned his attention to the cabinet of drawers, secured by doors in front, where the ominous paper relating to Palitzki was. He put the key in the lock, but found, to his surprise, some difficulty in turning it.

"What is this?" he cried; "the lock has been tampered with!"

Again he tried, but with no better success. Irritated at the circumstance, he was about to touch the bell, when the general, of whose approach he was unaware, laid his hand upon his arm, saying as he did so, "Please not to call your servants just yet. I should like to see that paper quite in private, and before any other eyes are set upon it!"

"But I cannot open my drawers; some person has been tampering with the lock."

"Just allow me to try," said Kakaroff, taking the key from Smirnoff's hands.

He placed it in the lock, but, like the owner, could not succeed in turning it. He quietly stepped to the window and ordered one of the Cossacks to dismount and enter. The man was standing motionless in the room as soon as the words had passed the lips of the general. He had left his long lance and curiously made whip with his comrade, and now stood like a statue awaiting further commands.

"Open that cabinet, and we will retire to the other room."

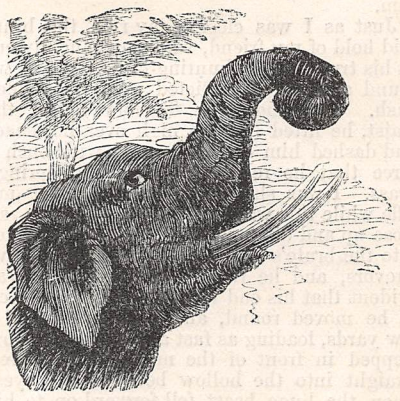
"I should like to see the operation," said Smirnoff.

"It would confuse him to operate before a stranger. He is perfectly honest; you need not fear for your papers!"

(To be continued.)

A FATAL ELEPHANT HUNT IN CEYLON.

By an Old Westminster Boy.



"Well, I think we have done a pretty good day's ride," said Phil Trevors to me, as we drew up in front of a wretched rest-house near Bintenne. We had ridden over forty miles that day, and both men and horses had done more than enough, without having tasted food since five o'clock that morning.

"Do you think there is a chance of our horsekeepers and boxes turning up before dark?" I asked, having apprehensions about our sleeping in damp clothes in such a feverish place.

"Well," said he, "I have brought my coolies here before, and so I fancy they will know the short cut through the paddy-fields, which will save them seven miles, and so they ought to be up here in about another hour. The best thing we can do now is to see about dinner, for we shall require a very good one before we can sleep well in this place."

Upon this suggestion I acted at once, rubbing down our tired horses and making them comfortable for the night.

Within half an hour we had the satisfaction of seeing torchlights in the distance, and hearing the welcome "coo-eys" of our boxcoolies and horsekeepers, who had pressed on quickly in order to reach the rest-house before it became quite dark.

We soon got into dry clothes, and sat down shortly afterwards to a dinner of the invariable curried fowl, which is the "Appu's" stock dish at small rest-houses, and the only one which can be made in so short a time. Elastic as the fowls were, we managed to finish one apiece. After the fog-coloured cloth had been removed we felt that life was more worth living than it had been an hour before.

Philip Trevors and I had been sent down to Bintenne by the Commissioners of the Ceylon Woods and Forests to report upon "the extensive felling of ebony and satinwood which it was said was being carried on by the Singhaleese in this district."

The low country around Bintenne was at that time so feverish and unhealthy that few Europeans visited the place for more than a day or two at a time.

We had been ordered to stay a week, as it was thought that in that time we could by separating overlook most of the jungle and make inquiries as to the state of the more valuable timber trees.

We had not intended to do any shooting upon this trip, but as we knew that we should most likely see spotted deer and snipe, had brought a gun and an express rifle apiece, with which to be able to shoot anything that might make a change for breakfast or dinner.

We heard from the "Appu" that a small herd of elephants had visited a garden within half a mile of the rest-house only a few nights previously, damaging all the fences and ditches. This was especially annoying, as our rifles were far too light to do much against such large game except at a very short distance. Little did we think then how close that distance was to be!

All the next day we were walking about on the lookout for felled trees. I had but little success as regarded shooting; but upon my return to the rest-house for breakfast, found that Trevors had stalked a spotted deer soon after he left me, and had brought him down with a very long shot.

It had taken six Singhaleese coolies to carry him, which they had done by lashing the beast between two saplings with jungle vine. Neither of us had heard or seen anything of the elephants. One of the Singhaleese told us that they had been heard of thirty miles off, and that they had then left the district altogether.

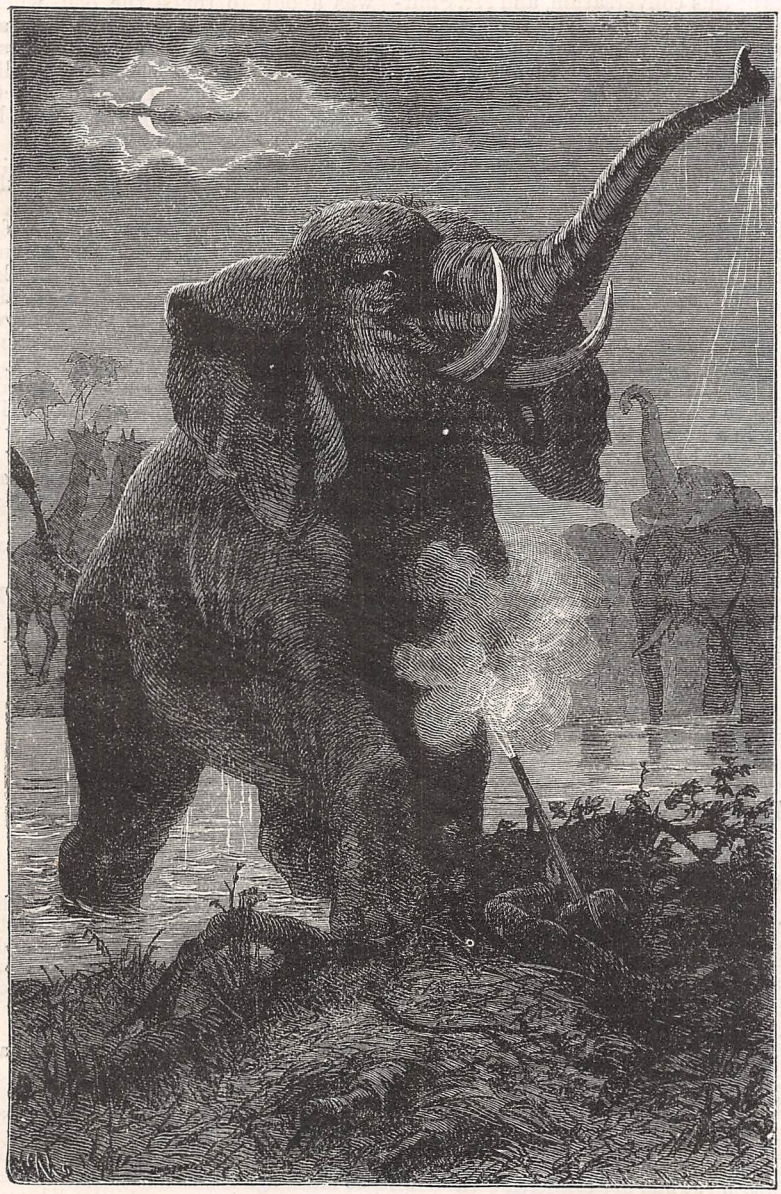
The next evening after doing our day's work Trevors and I amused ourselves, down by the side of one of the tanks, by shooting at alligators, but with very little success, it being quite impossible to tell whether the brutes are mortally wounded or not, as they would quickly make under water in any case.

Upon the fourth day we started before five a.m., having to visit the skirts of a large jungle track some eighteen miles off, so we both rode, as the ground was fairly level. After jogging along together for some twelve miles we separated, agreeing to meet at a small tank some two hours' walk farther on.

Trevors was to take the path to the right with one coolie, and I the path to the left with the other. By this means we should be able to judge very well if any extensive stealing of timber had been going on. Our horses were to be tethered where we separated, and our horsekeepers told to expect us back there by four p.m., so that they would have a lazy day. I agreed with Trevors to be at the tank before two, which would allow time for us both to return to the horses by a *third* route, thereby overlooking the ground as thoroughly as possible.

It was a beautifully cool morning, and had it not been that the leeches were so troublesome I should have enjoyed my walk immensely. As it was, whenever I passed through damp herbage my ankles and legs were covered with the brutes, and were itching and bleeding considerably. I carried my gun and made the coolie I brought with me keep the rifle ready in case I got a glimpse of a deer, but I only saw troops of Wanderoo monkeys.

We now halted for a hasty luncheon of some sandwiches which I had brought with me. Up to this time we had not found any trace of timber-felling, and I was inwardly grumbling at our having been sent so far merely upon a newspaper report. It was quite evident that no villagers had been through this tract of land for years. There was no sign of any human being, nor were there the remains of any fireplaces, which natives almost always build with a few large stones.



"Taking a good sight, I pulled the trigger."

Feeling certain that neither of us would find any traces of stolen trees, I now started off to the right in order to meet Trevors before our appointed time, and to suggest to him that we might spend the next two days in looking out for some better shooting.

My coolie and I trudged wearily along through tangled grass, ferns, and creepers, having every now and then to cut our way with a billhook, as thorny vines caught us round neck, waist, and legs. After having gone some three or four miles, and while stooping a few minutes to pull off some of the leeches from our legs, we heard a shot, followed in about half a minute by another. I was very pleased to think how nicely we must have hit off Trevors's track, as the shots did not sound more than half a mile ahead of us.

I pressed on quickly, wondering what it could be that my friend was firing at, as by the sound of the shot it was evidently from his rifle. Deer could hardly be found late in the afternoon in such unlikely ground as this, but there was no other game, unless he had been shooting peacocks, which I concluded by thinking must have been the case. The jungle became much more scanty as we pushed on, and it was evident that a few hundred yards ahead we should be almost in the open.

A minute later a cry reached our ears, followed by a double shot, and in getting up from a fall over a tuft of thick grass the whole situation burst before me. There was Trevors loading as fast as he could. A large tusker with flesh-coloured scars on his forehead was fifty yards from him, with poor Karuppen, Phil's coolie, between his feet. My Singhaleese coolie ran back into the jungle shouting, "Hora Allia! Hora Allia!" (rogue elephant), at the top of his voice, which indeed was only too evident.

I knelt down and fired two shots quickly from where I was, which was at a distance of over a hundred yards. This was useless as far as killing the elephant was concerned, and was meant to take his attention from the poor man who lay motionless under his trunk. These shots took effect in his temple, and must have caused him great pain, for with a snort of anger he turned and charged towards Trevors, who was almost in the line of fire, and who had never seen me until he heard the report of my rifle.

Trevors had just loaded, and very coolly waited until the elephant was within some twenty yards of him, when he gave him the contents of both barrels full in the forehead. To my horror the beast merely shook his head, and trumpeting with pain and rage, gained on Trevors, who had turned and run as fast as he was able. I was loading with all the haste I could, when my friend called out, "Fire, Jack; fire—with *shot*—anything." But, alas! my coolie had been carrying my gun latterly, and had bolted with it. Trevors had tripped, and was just getting on to his knees, when the elephant was upon him.

Just as I was closing my rifle, the brute laid hold of my friend, who very pluckily cut at his trunk with a hunting-knife, and, as we found afterwards, inflicted upon it a deep gash. Catching poor Trevors round the waist, he lifted him up high over his head, and dashed him on the ground with such a force that he rebounded from the springy grass. I was shutting up and cocking my rifle while this was being done, and then ran close up and discharged both barrels together into the brute's head. This made him leave Trevors, and he turned to me, but it was evident that his end was near, for he tottered as he moved round, and I only retreated a few yards, loading as fast as possible. I now stepped in front of the murderer and fired straight into the hollow between the eyes, when the huge beast fell forward on to his tusks, which were buried deeply into the ground. While in this position I gave him the other barrel, upon which he rolled heavily over and breathed his last.

I ran to Trevors. He did not move. I tore open his shirt, and placed both hands breathlessly upon his heart, but could feel no pulsation. I called out, "Phil! Phil! speak to me!" but no response would come. I lifted him up by the shoulders, and his head fell heavily back. His neck was broken, and he was dead.

I sat down and looked at him vacantly for fully an hour, when, hearing a rustle, I saw my wretched coolie, who had at last returned, guessing rightly that after so much firing it would be safe for him to do so.

We then again examined poor Phil Trevors's

body, which we found quite cold. His neck and spine must have been fractured in several places, from the terrible force with which he had been thrown upon the ground.

The Singhaleese then asked after Karuppen, whom I had quite forgotten while looking at poor Trevors lying in front of me—dead. Karuppen we found sitting up with his head between his hands, apparently asleep, but upon our touching him he looked up. He had merely been badly shaken, having been shuffled between the elephant's fore-feet. The brute had been too beside itself with rage to crush him to death as it would have done a few seconds later had not Trevors fired. He had undoubtedly saved the coolie's life, and lost his own instead.

Karuppen told us that as he and his master were passing by a clump of bamboos they heard a crash, and the elephant rushed out upon them; that his master fired, telling him to get behind a tree. The elephant was hurt by the first shot, and took a few seconds to make up his mind whether or not he would come on, but suddenly charged Trevors again, who fired his second barrel and ran among some palms, but then turning sharp round, the beast saw Karuppen, and caught him after a few yards' run through the long grass.

The rest we knew only too well.

We went back to my poor friend's body, upon which flies had already begun to settle, and this made me determine to bury him where he lay. By cutting sharp stakes with our billhooks we managed to dig a grave of some little depth, in which we placed poor Phil's body. His rifle barrel I dented deeply with a large stone, and then broke the lock in order to prevent its being stolen afterwards by natives, placing the trusty weapon under him in the grave.

I could not bring myself to fill in the earth upon him, and so went away for some time, telling the two coolies to replace all the earth in the grave, and then to collect the nearest large stones before they called me. I went over to the dead elephant and examined him. He had large flesh-coloured marks upon his body, evidently the healed scars of wounds received in battles with the males of large herds with which the brute had tried to identify himself, but with no avail. The tusks were very heavy and would prove valuable.

We had both shot badly. The bullet marks on the brute's head were eight or ten inches apart, which showed that both poor Phil and myself had been very shaky from our hot work of breaking our way through the jungle. One bullet placed in the right spot might have brought down the huge beast at once.

But of what avail was all this? Trevors was dead. I went back to his grave and found that they had finished their work, and had piled up a great many large stones. Nothing more could now be done; but as it was so late we decided to stay where we were for the night.

We made what supper we could by cutting out and cooking the elephant's tongue, which was not very palatable, hungry as we were.

I heard my Singhaleese coolie narrating to Karuppen, in an undertone, all the deeds that the dead rogue elephant had done—how he had killed a young girl one evening at a well, and how the entire village had turned out and fired regular broadsides into him from their old guns. "But," said the coolie, "it was no use, he bore a charmed life. *Had it not been that I knew this, I would never have run away.*" This last speech made me doubt all the previous part, but whether the story about the girl was true or not—and it was quite possible—I was too disgusted to sit there any longer.

I took my rifle and left the fire, starting off in the direction of the tank where I had arranged to meet poor Trevors. The moonlight was as clear as it could be, close objects being as easily visible as in daylight. Before arriving at the tank, however, the sky became rather misty. Creeping cautiously up to the edge of the pool, and under the shelter of a large jâk-tree, I lay down and looked across the water.

I could hear a very slight noise a good way ahead, and wished that the sky would again become quite clear, as, apart from our having no meat for the next day, I felt that I had vengeance to wreak upon the wild animal world to atone for poor Phil's death. Yet it was fair. He and I would have always taken the initiative against a rogue elephant, although in this case we had been acting upon the defensive.

Judge of my surprise when, within ten minutes, I heard a blowing noise, and could just make out three or four large forms in the misty moonlight, which I knew must be elephants. Whilst peering forward to look at these a louder noise just at one side of me attracted my attention, and gradually the form of a huge tusker came into clear view at the edge of the pool, and near enough for me to have tossed my hat on to his back.

Noiselessly I cocked my rifle, and taking a good rest against the tree, waited a few seconds for him to become quite still, as shooting is so very uncertain by moonlight. It was evident that he sniffed something, and it was lucky that I had taken the precaution of keeping the wind in my face, or no game would have been visible.

This elephant, the leader of the small herd, had been blowing water over himself, but just as he was opposite to me he apparently determined to settle in his own mind once for all whether there was anything uncanny in the breeze or not.

With one foot just upraised from the water, with his ears strained forward and his trunk uplifted, he stood as if made out of ebony, with the moonlight gleaming on his tusks. I looked at him but a second, and taking a good sight midway between his eye and ear, I pulled trigger.

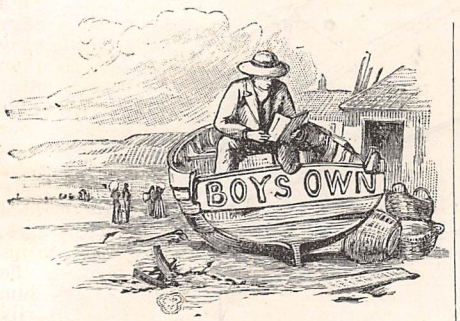
Hardly could I believe my eyes when he fell forward, making a splash in the water that I felt upon my face. He was dead, only showing what luck there is in shooting, when here, by moonlight, an elephant had been killed by a single ball, whereas the one that had killed my friend had received six or eight before becoming disabled.

After examining the dead elephant for some time, and knowing that the sound of my shot had disturbed all the other game at the tank, I returned to the fire, and throwing myself upon a ground sheet, slept fitfully through the remaining part of the night.

It is useless to add much more. Suffice it to say that we stayed at Bintenne only long enough to hire a few villagers to carry the ivory, and I reported myself in Kandy three days afterwards.

Many were the inquiries after poor Trevors, for he was well known in the island, and had been a general favourite from his jolly manner. His friends and many outside planters joined a subscription towards putting up a cenotaph, which now stands in a small up-country church. Thus our trip ended.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.



I. THE YOUNG SAILOR S SONG.

How merry is the sailor's life upon the bright blue sea!
I'm sure there's not a lad on shore who does not envy me.
All day to sniff the ocean breeze and far and wide to roam,
Whilst they remain the whole year round cooped up in towns at home.

Or if perchance their lot is cast amid the trees and flowers,
How narrow must their playground be compared to such as ours!

They climb a little hazel tree and proudly look below,
Aloft we sit on mizen-top and watch our glad ship go.

When winds are softly blowing and we skim the summer seas,
How good it is to see the stars like swarms of golden bees;
Polaris, dear to sailors, Aldebaran too our guide,
Mild Pleiades, Arcturus red, and many a friend beside!

When autumn gales are blowing and the decks are never dry;
When waves like thunder roaring surround us mountains high;
When moon and stars are hidden, and the night is long and drear,
In God and in our captain we trust and feel no fear.

Who would not be a sailor skilled in the winds and seas,
Whose paths are in the ocean, whose coursers are the breeze,
Who visits unfamiliar lands, a welcome guest to all,
Who danger scorns and happy lives whatever luck befall?

I love my home and country, and when I lie awake
Would fain be sailing homeward for sweetest mother's sake;
But whilst I live may evermore the sailor's lot be mine,
To sail beneath the Union Jack and sniff the ocean brine!

II. THE OLD SAILOR'S SONG.

A hard life is the sailor's, boys, mark well an old man's word,
Who tells you what has happed to him, not what he's read or heard;
For fifty years I've trimmed the sail in climates hot and cold,
And twice ten lives I've saved or more, for I was strong and bold.

I've always had a gallant ship and captain
staunch and true;
I fain would give the seaman's life the praise
that is its due;
I've never wanted guineas bright, nor shall I
whilst I live;
I wear three medals on my breast our Queen
was pleased to give.

A pleasant life it is, forsooth, when winds
are blowing fair,
And softly floats the Union Jack upon the
summer air;
And pleasant 'twas to glide along green hills
and flowery lea,
And, oh, how good after long years old Eng-
land's face to see!

But tempests dire a sailor has, and awful is
the sight,
If sight it is when skies and seas are black
with blackest night;
I've seen my comrades snatched by sharks, or
helpless watched them drown,
And many a gallant ship in straits, and more
than one go down.

One vessel left we burning far out in Indian
seas,
And twenty days we plied our raft scorched
by the torrid breeze;
Another lay off Chinese coast for days on
fearful tack,
The monsoon blowing in our teeth, the
pirates at our back.

I never feared a seaman's death, and when
all hope seemed lost
I prayed to God for those at home, and cheer-
ful kept my post;
And now I'm well-nigh eighty, God bless you,
boys, who hear,
Serve God and Queen and country, and hold
your mothers dear. M. B.

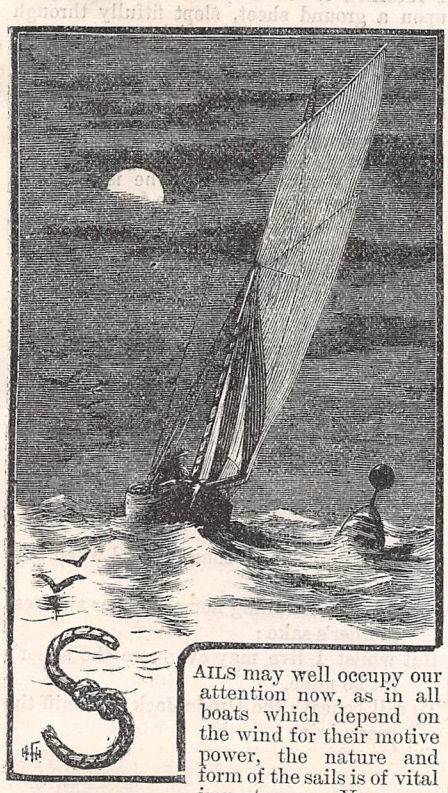
[*From the "Illustrated Poetry Book," published by T. Fisher Unwin.*]

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

V.—A CHAPTER ON SAILS.



SAILS may well occupy our attention now, as in all boats which depend on the wind for their motive power, the nature and form of the sails is of vital importance. You may perhaps think this wording too strong, and possibly it may be if applied only to the purposes of amusement; but you must remember that business has to be carried on by means of merchant ships, and that the vessels of our navy are in discharge of their duty exposed in every quarter of the globe to the vicissitudes of the elements. And conceive for an instant what it must be, to be on board a fine vessel coming home after a long and tedious voyage, when in the chops of the Channel the wind, which has been freshening up since evening, at daylight blows a whole gale, and with the set of the tremendous sea fetched up by the gale, backed by the furious wind, which howls and rages through the rigging, the gallant ship, although everything has been done that seamanship can suggest, is slowly but surely drifting on to the rocky coast under her lee.

At such a time as this the question of sails, masts, and rigging is one on which, together with the qualities of the vessel herself, may hang the lives of her crew and passengers. A bad sail, a bad rope, or a bad spar may be the means of the gallant ship being cast, a plaything of the waves, on the rocks, and of the loss of every soul on board. And this goes home to each one of us, for during our lives it may be that some piece of work done amiss, or a word spoken that should never have been uttered, may be the means of untold misery to ourselves or others. So let the ropemaker be in earnest as to his rope, and the sailmaker to his sails, and each workman to that which he has to do, glorifying God (who is the Master Workman) in everything that he does and does well. For all bad work is slovenly, evil, and from the Father of Lies. And this applies to the schoolboy as well as to the bricklayer, to the clergyman as well as to the ropemaker, and to all of us who are workers in this busy world.

As you all know, a vessel has to contend with two opposing forces, wind and water, and it is by the utilisation of these forces that it is possible to sail a boat. In a balloon there is only one force to contend with—wind, and the consequence is that the balloon floats about at the mercy of the wind, which carries it as and where it goes itself, and so would the boat be carried if only resting on the surface of the water. For instance, if you place a small toy balloon on a lake in a rough wind, see how quickly it flies down the lake to the lee shore, where the waves are breaking and where the wind is spending its force. This will be the case with a flat-bottomed boat having the sail right in the bows, of which a good illustration is a feather, the curling-up tip representing the sail; but here ease of motion is confined to skimming the surface of the water, for when you go deeper into the water you find considerable resistance, which can be measured at so much per square inch; and so, in proportion to the number of square inches you oppose to the water, so will be the resistance. Now, if your boat or canoe opposes say three square feet to the water when it is pushed along bow first, and offers an immersed surface of thirty square feet when you push it sideways through the water, it is obvious that it is ten times easier for it to come bow first than to go sideways. Now, in going to windward, of which the cutter to appear in the next chapter will give you a very good idea, the closeness with which a craft can sail to the wind depends very much on the relation of the direct or first form of resistance and the lateral or the latter form. If the direct resistance is small and the lateral resistance large, and the sails are flat and stand well and are well trimmed, with a good helmsman, the cutter will go so close up as almost to put the wind's eye out, which, fortunately for the wind, has never been done yet by a sailing-vessel.

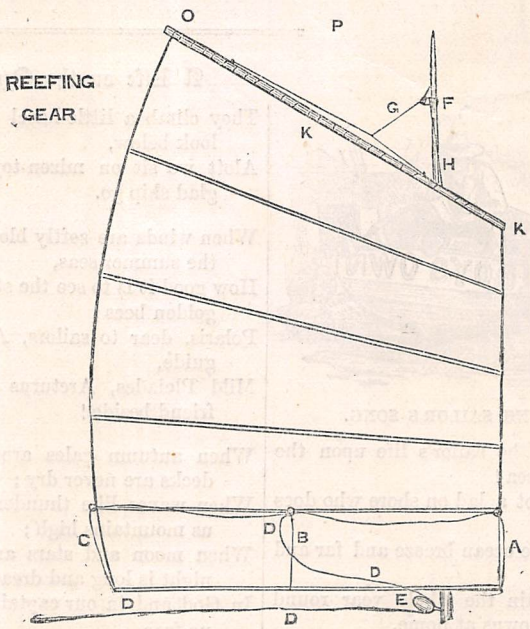


Fig. 1.

Some years ago it was supposed that baggy sails that bellied out to the wind were the most effective, but this has now been found out to be quite a mistake, and so sails are

now made as flat as possible. If a sail were fastened as many boys fasten the sails of their model boats (when I see them I can only suppose they never read the BOY'S OWN PAPER), the mainsail close down to the middle of the stern, and the jib-sheet lashed to the bowsprit, while the fore-sheet is fast

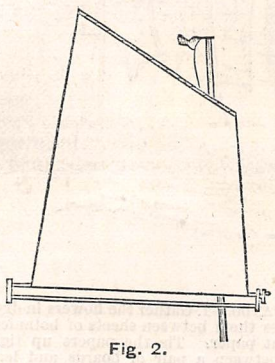


Fig. 2.

to the mast—under such circumstances the only chance the wretched boat has is that the sails be as baggy as possible, as otherwise her only motion would be that of heeling excessively and coming up in the wind alternately.

Now, the boy who has read the articles in the BOY'S OWN PAPER comes along and sees the plight of his friend's craft, and immediately directs him to let out the mainsheet so as to allow the boom room to swing out on the boat's quarter, then to ease off the jib and fore-sheet, and if the boat is a small model tells him that he must have booms on the foresail and jib to allow them to work properly, as the long double sheets leading inboard used to work the jib on a real vessel cannot be managed when there is no one aboard, and with these and other hints the boat is soon swiftly sailing across the pond, showing its owner the qualities that lay hidden under the cramping effects of ignorance. And now, having given you the general principles of sailing, let us see the merits of the different rigs used by canoeists.

The simplest is perhaps Mr. MacGregor's lug, which is shown in the Rob Roy article, and with it hoisted you see on page 174 the canoe gently gliding along over the placid surface of a lake, and the owner indulging in pleasant day-dreams after hard work. This sail is a most useful one, and under the modified form of the balance lug is largely used in sailing canoes and larger sailing boats. Fig. 1 shows a balance lug with chinese battens. If the lug is required pure and simple, the yard (K K) would be shorter and more peaked—that is, the end at O would be raised more in the direction of P, and the luff (K A) would be shorter. When Chinese battens are fitted, a larger sail can

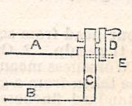


Fig. 3.

be carried than without, and by an arrangement of lines to bring one batten down on to the other the sail is very easily reefed. The battens are made of bamboo, and are inserted in pockets made by sewing broad tape across the sail. In Fig. 1, D D is the hauling-line for reefing; you will see it divides into three parts, A, B, and C. When past the leading ring on the lower batten each of these parts, A, B, and C, passes through a ring down to the batten below, and on hauling the one line D D the three parts haul the two battens together and thus take a reef.

Note the position of the hauling-line (D D) is incorrectly drawn; it should lead from the upper batten *in a line with the mast* and down through the pulley E. Fig. 2 shows another way of reefing. The sail is in this instance a balance lug, but the system of reefing can be applied to any form of rig, and a friend of mine uses it in a small racing cutter of about two tons. The feature in it is the roller in Fig. 3. This roller is shown more clearly at A; B being the standing part or boom proper. There is a metal cap (C), which is secured to the lower boom (B), and in which the roller revolves. The winch (D) is firmly secured to the projecting pintle of the roller through the cap (C), and as the foot of the sail is fastened to the roller, on the halyards being lowered and the winch turned the sail reefs up, and *vice versâ*. The luff must be cut at less than a right angle with the boom or the sail will jam in rolling. The pin (E), running through the lower part of the winch (D) into C, makes the roller fast where required. In some cases the roller is dispensed with, and the boom revolves on a gooseneck, the sail rolling round the boom itself.

The spritsail is a very handy one, and no sail sets flatter or can be stowed away more quickly. This rig is generally used in sailing barges, and in them you see the enormous sprit towering away far higher than the stumpy mast that supports it. The sprit is the spar that extends triangularly from the peak of the sail to the mast near to the deck. In small boats it is kept in place by a sort of rope grummet called a snotter, but in large boats and barges there is a regular chain and purchase to secure the lower end of the sprit. In taking a sprit from the grummet in a small boat you should be careful not to let go the spar, which would in such a case, the sail being fastened to the upper end, probably drive through the bottom of the boat. As a modification of the sprit I give you a diagram of what I call the batswing sail

Fig. 5.

(Fig. 4). You will see on this sail there are three sprits (if there were only one, as in an ordinary sprit sail, it would be in the position of B 2, Fig. 4), and the lower end of the sprit secured to the mast by a snotter, which can be made by a grummet large enough to go round the mast, and also to take the sprit end, which is tapered off. A seizing is passed round the grummet between the mast and sprit (see Fig. 5). The batswing-sail (Fig. 4) is fitted with three battens, arranged diagonally as sprits; and the lower ends of the

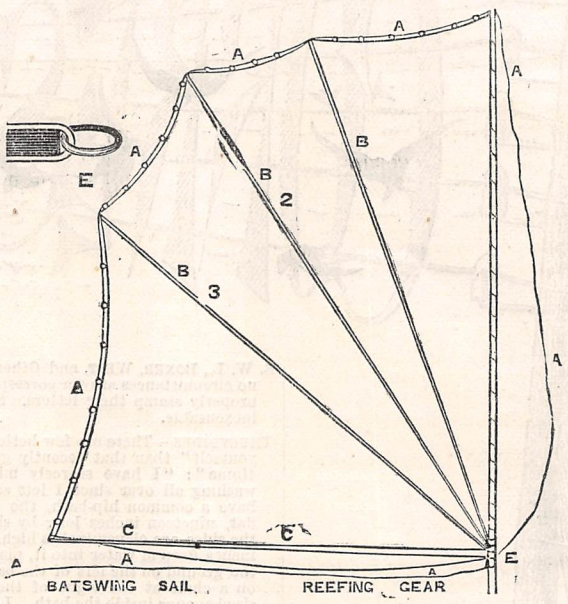
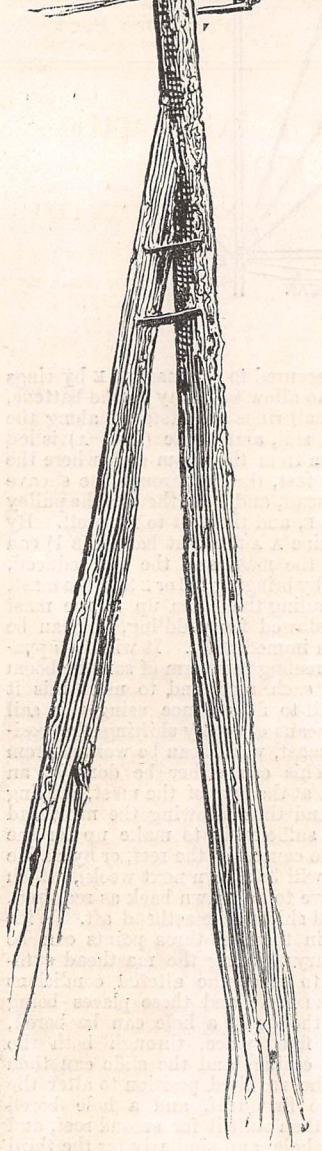


Fig 4.

battens are secured to the mast at E by rings so fitted as to allow full play to the battens, as at E. Small rings are fastened along the leach of the sail, and a line (A A A) is led through them from the boom end, where the end is made fast, thence through the sheave at the masthead, and from there to the pulley or sheave at E, and then aft to the well. By pulling the line A A the first batten (B 1) can be drawn to the mast and the sail reduced, and further by bringing B 2 or B 3 to the mast, while by hauling the boom up to the mast the sail is stowed for paddling, and can be let fall again immediately. It will be apparent that in reefing this form of sail the boom is raised at each reef, and to meet this it would be well to fit a canoe using this sail with some means of easily shifting the position of the mast, which can be worked from the well. This can either be done by an arrangement at the heel of the mast, shifting it forward, and thus allowing the masthead to rake aft sufficiently to make up for the sharper angle caused by the reef, or by a slide on deck (as will be shown next week), which slide will have to be drawn back as required, and thus will shift the masthead aft. With three reefs in the sail three points can be fixed necessary to bring the masthead sufficiently aft to meet the altered conditions caused by the reef; and these places being marked on the deck, a hole can be bored, say at any fixed place, through both the sides of the casing, and the slide can then be put to the required position to alter the mast for the first reef, and a hole bored through it; then shift it for second reef, and bore another hole, and similarly for the third reef. The one hole in the casing of the slide will answer for all, and a catch at the end of the slide ought to be fixed to allow you to pull it to you easily. The pin used to secure the slide at the reef, passing through the holes, should be fitted with a chain and secured to a ring bolt. It might perhaps be better with this sail to have a couple of other lines, one on either side, from the boom about two-thirds from E, and leading through rings on the battens fastened at about the same distance, and so through a pulley at the mast and down as the other; and the three lines could terminate in one hauling part. The object of the other two lines is to confine the sail more when reefed.

(To be continued.)



ZWEI RHEINLAENDER.—We never recommend particular machines. A shilling book is published by L. U. Gill, at 170, Strand, called "Tricycles of the Year," which contains cuts of the latest novelties, and from it you could choose.

A. N.—For list of lathes, apply to the Britannia Company, Colchester; or Churchill and Co., Sun Street, Finsbury.

H. MILLER.—The articles on camping out on the Thames from Oxford to Putney were in the third volume—in the August, September, and October parts for 1881.

LAMP-POST.—The only way of obtaining a single coloured plate is by buying the sixpenny part containing it, and this will cost you sevenpence post free. By ordering it from your bookseller you save the penny.

S. W. L., BOXER, WEST, and Others.—We will under no circumstances answer correspondents who do not properly stamp their letters. Such carelessness is inexcusable.

THUCYDIDES.—There are few better ways of "washing yourself" than that recently given in "Farm and Home": "I have scarcely missed a single day washing all over since I left school at sixteen. I have a common hip-bath, the bottom of which is flat, nineteen inches long by sixteen inches wide; the sides are eleven inches high. I pour about four inches deep of water into it, place my soap-plate on the ground on the left of the bath, my rough towel on a chair at the right of the bath, and a good-sized sponge inside the bath. I strip naked, put my left hand into the bath, kneeling down outside, then take the sponge in the right hand, wash head and face, then lower left elbow into the bath, and wash the left arm well underneath the armpit, also the left shoulder and chest; then put the right hand and elbow into the bath, washing that well with the sponge in the left hand. I remain upon my knees whilst I dry myself with the rough towel, taking it with a hand at each end, and well sawing between the shoulders behind, still kneeling, and take the soap in one hand, giving a good lather to my body between the legs, then get up, and sit down in the bath, washing with the sponge from my chest in front and back, below the shoulders, up to my knees, for they will be as high as the stomach whilst sitting in the bath. I then stand up in it, and wash my knees and feet, walk out and dry myself. It takes about eight or ten minutes to wash comfortably, and it should be done when first out of bed. Some hip-baths have the bottom round, but that prevents one standing firmly in it. The most difficult part to wash well is between the shoulder-blades, so that part should get an extra rubbing with the towel." To which we have only to add, as suggested in that periodical, that a towel thrown into the water is better than a sponge, as being kept more easily free from grease; and that instead of scented soap you should always use what your chandler's young man would describe as the "best yaller."

REGINALD DE VICTOR.—1. As manuals of heraldry you could try those by Cussans, published by Chatto and Windus; or Boutell, published by Warne. We have had several articles on heraldic matters. 2. Buy the shilling "Hints on Publication," issued by Messrs. Wyman and Sons.

W. H. A. B.—An application to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum, enclosing sevenpence, will procure you the Art Directory, giving the drawing-classes under the department established all over the country.

TORRENS.—1. To dispose of your silkworms' silk and album of stamps, your best plan would be to advertise in the "Exchange and Mart." 2. To make amateur ices—why amateur? is the great amateur and professional question to descend to penny-ice making?—see the April part for 1881.

C. LEE.—The only satisfactory way of solving the difficulty is to take the violin to an expert, and pay him his fee, if any. If the instrument in dimensions, curve, and holes is exactly similar to our sketch, it is probably genuine. You will find full-sized diagrams of the *f* holes of the celebrated makers, including those of Bergonzi, on page 105 of "Amateur Work," Vol. I. Write to Ward and Lock for the part containing it, which is published at sixpence.

BILL.—You must scrape off the tar as well as you can, by heating it first, as you see painters doing with doors. Then give a coat of red lead, then one of grey, and then one of white. Or try the paint without removing the tar; it does not always fail.

DUDLEY.—In our second volume you will find articles on model-yacht building, giving full details as to measurements, and comparative lengths of all masts and booms. When hollowed out, the sides of a boat should never exceed a quarter of an inch in thickness.

PERSEVERANDO.—1. Gather the flowers in dry weather and press them between sheets of botanical or any absorbent paper. Tie the papers up tightly in a bundle between a pair of boards, and leave them till the specimens are dried, or give it a bath of hot sand for several hours, and thus preserve the colours to a considerable effect, owing to the rapid desiccation. 2. Hayward's "Botanists' Pocket-Book" is that in most use for work in the field. It is published by G. Bell and Sons, and costs four shillings and sixpence. 3. See No. 276. For driving away insects from collections use Naphthalin. It can be obtained wholesale from Messrs. Hopkins and Williams, 16, Cross Street, Hatton Garden; or retail from Messrs. Cooke and Son, 30, Museum Street, W.C.

QUERIST.—The axioms of Lord Paget of Beaudesert. See any history or notice of Great Marlow. The complete list, as given in his commonplace book, is

Flye the courte,
Speke little,
Care less,
Devise nothing,
Never ernest,
In answer cold,
Lerne to spare;
Spend with measure,
Care for home,
Pray often,
Live better,
And dye well.

Paget was a very successful man—but success is not everything!

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Pack your parcel in a strong deal case. Paint the full address on it in letters at least an inch high, and take it to the nearest forwarding agent's, such as the "Globe Parcels Express," Carter Paterson and Co., etc., etc.

W. R. COCQ.—The addresses of past and present colonial governors can be obtained on application at the Colonial Office, Whitehall. We never under any circumstances reply by post—to do so would require a large staff of clerks.

CADET.—There is a cadet corps attached to the London Rifle Brigade, which you could join. The age is from twelve to seventeen, and the height is anything over five feet. Subscription is five shillings per year; cost of uniform, two pounds. One company is "manned" by the City of London School, another by University College School. Drills are on Tuesdays and Fridays in Guildhall, and on Saturdays with the regiment. Apply at Guildhall on Tuesday evening; or to F. C. Ellett, 30, Southampton Row, W.C.; or to the Adjutant, headquarters of the London Rifle Brigade, 48, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

H. F.—1. To clear your head from scurf rub the yolk of an egg well into the scalp. 2. Only admissible as a technical term. Worseness means the quantity of alloy necessary to be taken from a gold coin to bring the metal up to standard fineness. 3. In 1881 the United States produced forty-six tons of gold, Russia forty-two tons, Australasia thirty-three tons, Spanish America ten tons, and the rest of the world six tons. Total production, 137 tons; value £19,520,000.

ARTIZAN.—The catamaran would hold two with perfect safety. You can get a list of books on smiths' work by applying for catalogue to either Messrs. Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court; or Spon, Charing Cross.

COD'S HEAD.—The "silver' on the copper knob is quicksilver, and there is no difficulty in getting it to stick on.

C. BARRON.—See our chapters on knotting and splicing in the second volume.

PUTNEY.—As a first book on the subject, try Professor Fawcett's "Political Economy," published by Macmillan and Co.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 311.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884. Price One Penny.

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

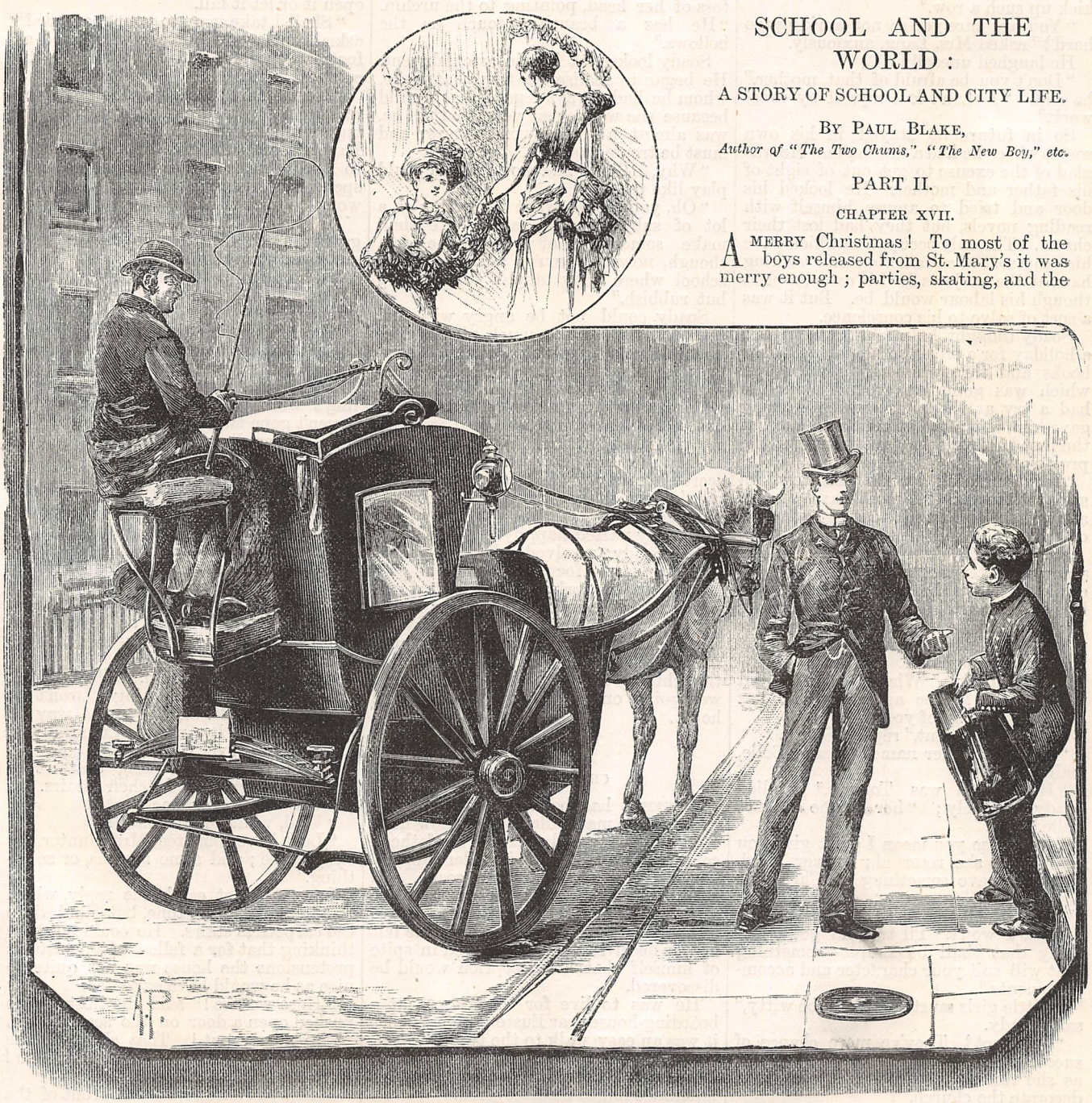
By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MERRY Christmas! To most of the boys released from St. Mary's it was merry enough; parties, skating, and the



"Take it up to Mr. Lang's room."

rest of the enjoyments of the season, made the time pass only too rapidly; before the month was out the approach of school-time again made itself felt as an undefined horror in the distance. But there was one boy who had a far from merry time of it, and that was Lang.

What a hypocrite he felt. His father showed some annoyance at his not having brought home a prize, and he was obliged to explain it by saying that the special work he had to do for the examination had taken away his chance of gaining the ordinary school honours. He could not enter into the festivities of the season; he was a wet blanket on all the gaieties of his brothers and sisters; he could not enjoy himself, and at last he gave up trying.

"I don't think I'll come downstairs much, if you don't mind, mother," he said, one day. "I can work a great deal better in my own room; those youngsters kick up such a row."

"You are sure you're not working too hard?" asked Mrs. Lang, anxiously.

He laughed uneasily.

"Don't you be afraid of that, mother," he said. "I shan't kill myself by overwork."

So in future he stayed in his own room, where he had a fire made. He was glad of the excuse to get out of sight of his father and mother. He locked his door and tried to amuse himself with reading novels, but they had lost their charm. The only occupation which gave him any sort of satisfaction was working hard at the subjects for his exam, useless though his labour would be. But it was a sort of salve to his conscience.

Soady thought he might give himself a holiday for a week, so he put aside his books and threw himself into the fun which was going on around him. He had a try at the music which Tommy gave him, but after spending an hour at the first half page he gave it up for the present.

"It's too thick for me just now," he said to himself. "I must have a grind at it when I've a week to spare straight off."

However, his sister got hold of it, his younger sister Belle. She was a precocious girl in the eyes of Soady, who had a great deal of trouble in keeping her in what he considered her proper place. She had different ideas as to what was her proper place.

"Why, Dick! Where on earth did you get this?" she asked. "Who has been making fun of you?"

"It was a present," replied Soady.

"What was her name?" asked Belle, maliciously.

"Her name was Tommy," replied Soady, gravely; "her name wasn't Belle."

"I suppose you mean I don't give you presents?" she retorted; "never mind, you shall have something on Christmas Day."

"Don't be too generous, Belle."

"No, I won't. I'll try and get something that shall be simple—something that will suit your character and accomplishments."

"Little girls mustn't try and be witty," said Soady.

"Why not? They've more chance of succeeding than little boys," cried Belle, as she ran away to get ready to go to decorate the church.

Soady accompanied his sisters to give them the benefit of his help and advice. But he did not shine as a decorator; his ideas of arrangement and design were not received with due respect; he pricked his fingers woefully with the holly, and finally he gave it up and sat down in a pew to listen to the organ, which some one was playing.

Then he thoroughly enjoyed himself. The organist played several carols, and then a part of the Messiah. He was quite sorry when the girls came to tell him they were going. At the same instant the organ stopped.

"Where's Belle?" he asked, as he rose and tried to find his hat.

"Here she is," said Ethel, his elder sister. The door leading to the organ-loft opened, and Belle appeared, followed by a small boy, who was red with his exertions as the blower.

"Who's been playing?" asked Soady.

"Jimmy Burns," replied Belle, with a toss of her head, pointing to the urchin. "He has a beautiful touch on the bellows."

Soady looked at her in astonishment. He began to realise the fact that Belle, whom he had always regarded as a child because she was a year younger than he, was almost a young woman now, and must be treated as such.

"Why, Belle, I had no idea you could play like that!"

"Oh, your ideas want correcting on a lot of subjects," she said. "We shall make something of you some day, though, now that you've left that horrid school where they taught you nothing but rubbish."

Soady could not be angry with her after giving him so much pleasure, so he made no attempt at a retort. However, he secured a revenge in the evening, when they had various games, at which he unostentatiously laid himself out to defeat her, and managed it to his complete satisfaction. When Christmas morning came, however, Belle again scored, for her present to him consisted of the scales for the piano, properly fingered.

The day passed happily. When it was gone, Soady resolved that he must eschew pleasure for the present and give himself up to work. It was not worth while to risk being a place lower in the list for the sake of a few days' idleness. So till evening came round he shut himself in the library, and abstracted his thoughts as far as possible from what was going on in the other part of the houst.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS had been gone a fortnight, and the matriculation was now near at hand. Lang had obtained his father's consent to go to London in order to spend the last few days under a coach. In reality, he wanted at any cost to be away from home. He could not bear to have his mother's eyes on him; he felt he was deceiving her, and feared in spite of himself that his deception would be discovered.

He was to live for the present at a boarding-house near Euston, from whence it was an easy walk to the tutor's house. Not that he intended attending there more than he could help; he feared his ignorance might be discovered.

He wrote to Fanshawe to inform him of his coming. Much as he would have liked to have thrown him over altogether, he yet felt a sort of relief in seeing him. Fanshawe knew all about the terrible secret which was oppressing him and rendering his life miserable; it was a relief to have some one to whom he could talk freely, even if that some one were Fanshawe.

"Hullo, Lang! here you are, then!" was Fanshawe's greeting, as he met him at Euston. "Where's your luggage?"

Lang pointed to his Gladstone bag, which was all he had brought.

"Come along, then; here's a cab; I suppose we must have one; it won't do to make your first appearance carrying your own luggage."

They were soon on their way to Lang's temporary home. Fanshawe jumped out first and gave a tremendous knock, pulled out the bag, and handed it to the servant, with strict instructions not to open it or let it fall.

"Shall I take it up to your room, sir?" asked the boy in buttons who acted as footman, porter, and factotum of the establishment.

"No, Tommy; I'm sorry I'm not going to have the pleasure of patronising this mansion just yet. Take it up to Mr. Lang's room, and give his compliments to Mrs. Turner and say he is going to spend the evening with a friend and won't be back till late."

He pushed Lang back into the cab, gave a fresh direction to the cabman, and then jumped in.

"Where are you going?" asked Lang. "I ought to go in and speak to Mrs. Turner."

"You won't find that much fun," said Fanshawe. "Come to my rooms for a bit, and then we'll go out somewhere. 'Twould be a pity not to take our shilling's worth out of the cab, and we haven't gone two hundred yards yet."

Fanshawe lived in a street off the Hampstead Road, a part quite unknown to Lang. When they reached the house he was careful to open the door with his latch-key before paying the cabman, foreseeing pretty accurately that the shilling he offered him would scarcely be accepted without a protest. However, the door was shut behind him before cabby could give vent to his indignation.

"Listen!" said Lang, as he stood in the passage; "he's going to summons you."

"All right; let him. He'll think better of it before morning; 'twon't be worth his while. I know the way to manage them by now. Come along. Don't tumble over the mat."

Before he followed Lang upstairs he shouted down the kitchen stairs. A woman's voice cried back,

"Well, what do you want?"

"Let's have some tea, Mrs. Gunter, for two, please; and some muffins, or something."

Lang did not catch the reply, which was in a grumbling tone, but climbed up the carpetless stairs. He could not help thinking that for a fellow of Fanshawe's pretensions the house was not quite so nice as he would have expected.

"Here we are!" said the host, as he pushed open a door on the second floor. "Fire nearly out! That slavey is the stupidest idiot outside a lunatic asylum! Help me hold up this paper."

He spread a newspaper in front of the fire to draw it up. It was monotonous

to hold it, so they fixed it up with the poker and shovel.

"Take your overcoat off," said Fanshawe; "you'll find a chair somewhere. Bother that fire! It's out, I do believe."

He opened the window to let in more air. The current drove the paper into the coals, and in a moment a corner of it caught fire.

"Look out!" he shouted.

They both made a rush for the grate, but it was too late. With immense rapidity the newspaper blazed into a mass of flame, which they had hard work to keep from setting the chimney on fire. However, the fire had caught up, so that they had a pleasanter prospect before them when the blacks began to cease falling on everything.

The tea was not a great success, and Lang, who was hungry, wished he had something more substantial to attack than weak tea and burnt muffins. The meal was brought up by a dirty servant, who grumbled when told to bring some hot water, and who took no notice of the bell when they rang for more butter.

"This is rather a hole," said Fanshawe, apologetically; "but it's cheap, and I'm rather up a tree just now. That trifle you're going to advance me will come in useful. I s'pose you don't happen to have it with you?"

Lang had not; he had a few pounds only, as his account at the boarding-house would be sent to his father, who would also settle with his coach direct. However, he could not well refuse to let Fanshawe have a sovereign, which he handed to him, though none of the money was yet due.

"Now then," said Fanshawe, in a cheerier tone, when the last of the tea-things were cleared away, "we can make ourselves comfortable. There are plenty of pipes on the shelf, and tobacco in that jar, and I can give you a drop of something better than Mrs. Gunter's tea. Pull up to the fire."

Lang did so, but refused the pipes; he had some cigarettes in his pocket, which he felt were safer for him at present. He hoped, foolish boy, to rise to the dignity of a pipe by-and-by; just now he fought rather shy of them, having in his recollection a certain unpleasant experience of the previous week, which he was not anxious to repeat.

The room was warm and cosy; Fanshawe was an interesting and amusing companion, and Lang began to feel more at his ease than he had done for some time. It was a sort of satisfaction to know that here at least he need not play the hypocrite. Fanshawe was his accomplice, there was nothing to conceal from him. He smoked his cigarettes and sipped the decoction which his companion produced, and was soon in better humour than he had been for a long time, laughing loudly at Fanshawe's stories, some of which were not at all to his credit. But Lang had not yet arrived at the honourable condition when one is critical as to what one hears.

Before long they began talking of old school days, fought over again the old football fights, and brought back to memory the various escapades in which they had been engaged together.

"Lucky we weren't caught that time," said Fanshawe, speaking of a more than usually wild adventure. "I guess that would have closed my career rather earlier. The Doctor was always down on me; he looked on me as a sort of model bad boy, an awful example, like the drunken Helot. You were luckier, he seemed to think you were corrupted by me."

"So I was," laughed Lang, feebly.

"Yes, but you were reformable. I suppose you became a prime favourite after I left."

"I?" cried Lang. "Why, he isn't certain now that I'm not a thief, though he is good enough to give me the benefit of the doubt!"

"What on earth are you jawing about?"

"I forgot you didn't know," replied Lang, half regretting that he had spoken. It was no good spreading abroad the knowledge of his disgrace, undeserved though it was.

"Haven't heard a word about it," said Fanshawe. "Fire away."

"Oh, it's no good bothering you with it."

"I should like to hear it. What a beast the Doctor must be!"

Lang did not like to refuse now; it would look as if he had something to conceal. So he told the whole story to him, waxing eloquent over his wrongs, and not sparing epithets whenever he mentioned the Doctor.

"Well, that is a swindle," was Fanshawe's comment when he had finished. "Does your pater know anything about it?"

"No! not that there's much to tell, though; there's been no accusation you see."

"No, only a suspicion, which is sometimes harder to meet. So Melhuish is at the bottom of it all, you suspect!"

"Yes, I think so. I suppose you've seen nothing of him since you were down at St. Mary's for the match?"

"No, worse luck! I wish I could get sight of him; I'd make him pay up what he owes me."

"You won't say a word about this to any one, will you?"

"Of course not, old boy; you don't think I'm that sort, do you?"

(To be continued.)

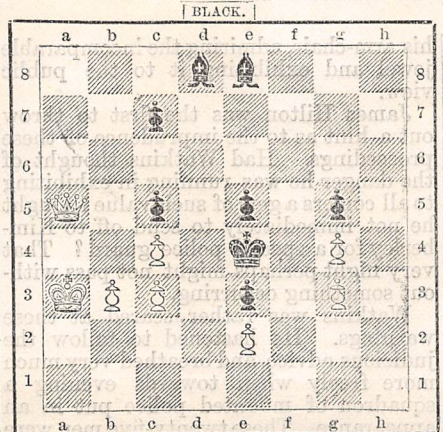
CHESS.

(Continued from page 176.)

Problem No. 90.

By J. C. West.

BLACK.



WHITE. 8+8=16 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

A Game

played in London in October, 1884, between J. A. W. H. (White), and H. F. L. M. (Black).

The opening is named after the third move, P to Q B third, and is that kind of the K's Kt's game which is called "The English Game."

White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3. P—B 3	Kt—B 3.
4. P—Q 4	Kt × K P
5. P × P	B—B 4
6. B—K 3 (*a*)	B × B
7. P × B	Kt × K P
8. Kt × Kt	Q—R 5 (ch.)
9. K—K 2 (*b*)	Q—B 7 (ch.)
10. K—Q 3	Q × Q Kt P (*c*)
11. K × Kt	Q × R
12. Q—Kt 3	Castles
13. B—B 4 (*d*)	P—Q 4 (ch.)
14. B × P	P—Q B 3
15. B × K B P (ch.)	K—R sq.
16. R—K B sq.	P—Q R 4
17. R—B 4 (*e*)	P—K Kt 4
18. R—B sq.	P—R 5
19. Q—B 2	B—K 3
20. Kt—Q 2	B—Q 4 (ch.)
21. K—Q 3	Q × R P
22. Q × Q	B × Q
23. B × B	Q R—Q sq. (ch.)
24. K—K 4 (*f*)	R × R
25. Kt × R	R—Q 8
26. Kt—Kt 3	R—Q 7
27. B—K 6	P—R 6
28. Kt—B 7 (ch.) (*g*)	K—Kt 2
29. Kt—B 5 (ch.)	K—B 3.
30. B—Kt 3	R—Q Kt 7
31. Kt—Q 4	P—B 4

and after a few more moves White resigned.

Notes.

(*a*)—If Q—Q 5, then B × P (ch.). 7, K—K 2, P—B 4. 8, P × P (in passing), Kt × K B P. 9, Q—K Kt 5, Q—K 2 (ch.). 10, K—Q sq. (the K must not take the B, as the Kt would check and win the Q), Castles, and Black stands best. It would be bad for White to continue 11, B—Q B 4 (ch.), P—Q 4. 12, B × P (ch.), Kt × B. 13, Q × Kt (ch.), B—K 3. 14, Q—Q Kt 5, Q R—Q sq. (ch.). 15, B—Q 2, R—B 4, etc.

(*b*)—He should rather have moved the Kt's P, and if Kt × Kt P; 10, Kt—B 3, etc.

(*c*)—Better to have checked with the Kt, as it would have exposed the adverse K to more checks.

(*d*)—White thought afterwards he might have tried Kt × B P, threatening mate in three moves by Kt—R 6 (double check), Q—Kt 8 (ch.), and Kt—B 7 mate,—but there would have followed 13,—P—Q 4 (ch.). 14, Q × Q P, B—B 4 (ch.) (*see* *). 15, K × B (or **), Q × Kt (ch.)—16, K—K 5 (if B—Q 3, then Q × R), Q—K Kt 3, and wins, for if B—B 4, then Q R—K sq. (ch.), K—Q 4, and Black mates in two more moves.

(*)—Not 14,—Q × Kt (ch.), which would lead to an even game, thus: 15, B—Q 3, B—B 4 (ch.). 16, K—B 4, B × B. 17, R × Q, B × R. 18, K—Kt 5, R × Kt. 19, Q × P, R—K sq. 20, Q × B, etc.

(**)—15, Q × B, Q × Kt (ch.). 16, B—Q 3, Q × R. 17, B—B 4, Q—Q Kt 8 (ch.). 18, B—Q 3, Q × P, and Black wins.

(*e*)—He would have won the Q and the game by Kt—Q 2, but he attempted Kt—Kt 6 (ch.) and R—R 4 mate.

(*f*)—K—K 2 would have lost, because of R × Kt (ch.), but he should have played K—B 4 in order to stop the R's P.

(*g*)—K—B 3 would at least have secured a draw. Black gets the B for the Q R's P, and should he take the four white Pawns, then the two Kts, on an otherwise clear board, cannot win.

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—THE STAR DISAPPEARS.

The news of Vandergaart's return promptly spread. Visitors to the farm soon began to arrive in crowds to gaze upon the wonder of the kopje. They were not long in learning that the diamond belonged to Miss Watkins, and that her father was its real owner. Hence a considerable increase in the public excitement.

Taking the Portrait of the Marvellous Gem.

It may be mentioned that the artificial origin of the stone had been kept very quiet. The Griqualand miners were not so ill-advised as to noise abroad a secret that might ruin them. And Cyprien, unwilling to trust to chance, had made up his mind to say nothing and to keep back his memoir until by a second experiment he had verified his facts. What he had done once he wished to be sure he could do again.

Public curiosity, then, was highly excited, and John Watkins could not with decency decline to gratify it. Greatly was his vanity flattered. He laid the Star on a pad of cotton wool, and placed it on the top of a small white marble column in the centre of the mantelpiece in his parlour. There the whole day long did he remain seated in his arm-chair, admiring the incomparable jewel and exhibiting it to the public view.

James Hilton was the first to throw out a hint as to the imprudence of these proceedings. Had Watkins thought of the danger he was running in exhibiting to all comers a gem of such value? Ought he not immediately to send off to Kimberley for a special police guard? That very night perhaps might not pass without something occurring.

Watkins was rather scared at these warnings. He hastened to follow the judicious advice, and breathed very much more freely when towards evening a squadron of mounted police put in an appearance. These twenty-five men were put up in the outhouses of the farm.

The crowds could not but increase during the following days, and the fame of the Star of the Settlement extended beyond the boundaries of the district to the most distant towns. The colonial journals devoted article upon article to its dimensions, its figure, its colour, and its brilliancy. The telegraph cable from Durban carried its details by way of Zanzibar and Aden to Europe and Asia, and on to America and Australasia. Photographers begged to be allowed to take the portrait of the marvellous gem; special artists came from the illustrated journals to reproduce its image; in fact, the event became of world-wide celebrity.

And of course legend began to weave its web round the stone. Stories began to circulate among the miners of its mysterious properties. With bated breath they told how a black stone must necessarily bring bad luck. Practical men shook their heads, and vowed they would rather Watkins have the stone than they should. In short, calumny, without which celebrity cannot exist, did its unenviable duty with the Star of the Settlement, and the Star very naturally was in no way troubled thereby, but continued to pour forth its brilliant rays on its obscure detractors.

Watkins, however, was much more sensitive to them. The gossip exasperated him. It seemed as though it depreciated the value of the stone, and he resented it as a personal insult. When the governor of the colony, the officers of the neighbouring garrisons, the magistrates, and all the high functionaries had done homage to his jewel, it seemed to him that such depreciatory comments was little less than sacrilege.

To create a reaction against this silly trash and to gratify his weakness for the pleasures of the table he resolved to give a grand banquet in honour of his cherished diamond, which, notwithstanding what Cyprien had said and Alice wished, he still dreamed of converting into coin.

Such, alas! is the influence of the stomach on the feelings of many men, that the mere announcement of the dinner effected quite a revolution in the opinion of Vandergaart Kopje. Those who had been most conspicuous in maligning the Star now changed their game, and confessed that after all the stone was innocent of the noxious influences they had ascribed to it, and that an invitation from Mr. Watkins would be thankfully received.

Long will the fame of this dinner continue. Eighty guests sat down in a tent pitched along one side of the parlour, the wall of which had been removed for the occasion. A baron of beef occupied the centre of the table, and around it were samples of all the game in the district. Mountains of vegetables and fruit, and gallons of beer and wine, were the chief features of this truly pantagruelian repast.

The Star of the Settlement, placed on its pedestal and begirt with lighted candles, presided, behind John Watkins, at the festival given in its honour.

Twenty Kaffirs officiated as waiters under the directions of Mataki, who was lent by his master for the occasion.

Besides the police, of whose services Mr. Watkins thus showed his appreciation, there were present all the chief personages of the camp and its neighbourhood. Mathys Pretorius was there, and so were Nathan, James Hilton, Pantalacci, Friedel, Steel, and fifty others.

And even the dogs—and, above all, the ostriches—took part in the festivities and came in to beg during the meal.

Alice took the end of the table opposite to her father, and did the honours with her accustomed grace, but not without secret chagrin, for neither Cyprien nor Vandergaart was present, and she well knew the motives of their abstention.

The engineer had from the first avoided as much as possible the society of Friedel, Pantalacci, and their particular friends; and now, since his discovery, he was well aware of their anything but good wishes towards him, and even of their threats against the inventor of the process that would eventually ruin them. He therefore excused himself from appearing at the dinner. To Vandergaart Watkins had made the most urgent offers of reconciliation, but the old lapidary had rejected them with scorn.

The banquet approached its end. Thanks to Alice's presence, the boisterous spirits of the diners had been happily somewhat restrained. Watkins arose, rested both hands on the tablecloth, and began the speech of the occasion.

"This day," he said, "is the greatest day of my colonial life. After the trials and struggles of my youth, to see myself here in wealthy Griqualand, surrounded by eighty friends assembled to do honour to the greatest diamond in the world, is a pleasure I shall never forget. It is true that to-morrow one of our honourable friends may find a bigger stone! That is the beauty and poetry of a digger's life! (Cheers.) I wish you may have such luck! (Laughter and cheers.) I do not hesitate to affirm that it would be difficult to satisfy the man who in my place would not declare himself satisfied. But to conclude, I invite you all to drink to the prosperity of Griqualand and a rising diamond market—notwithstanding all that may have happened—and a happy voyage to the Star of the Settlement down the country, round the Cape, and home, I hope, to England."

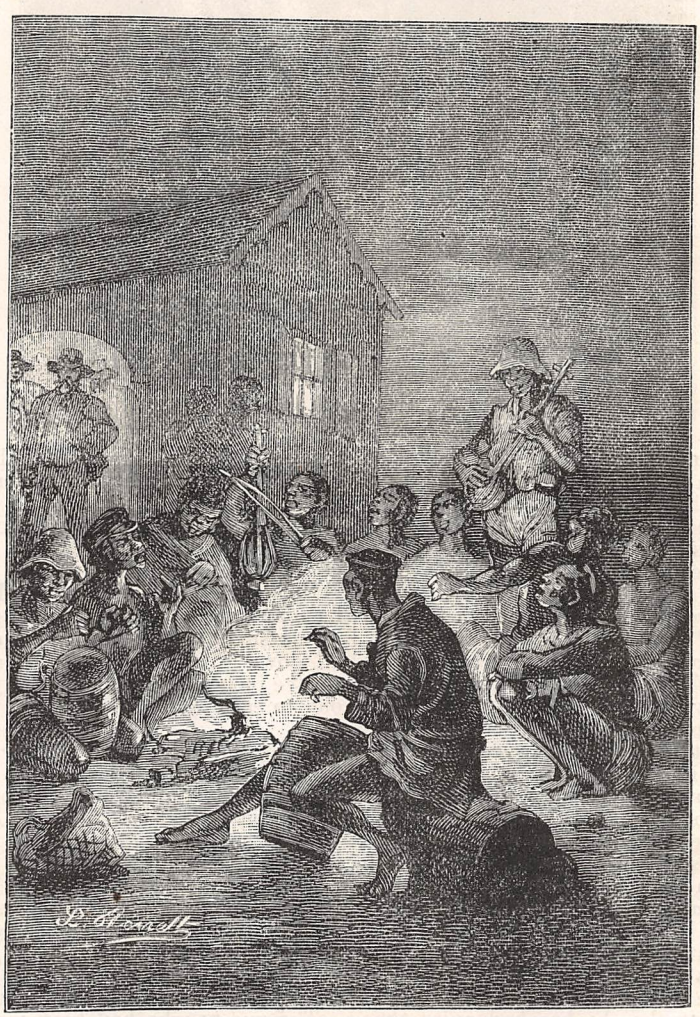
"But," said Steel, "won't there be some danger in sending a stone of such value down to the Cape?"

"Oh, it will be strongly escorted!" replied Watkins. "Lots of diamonds have gone the same road in safety."

"Even that of Durieux de Sancy," said Alice; "although, had it not been for the servants' devotion—"

"Eh!" said Hilton; "what was that?"

"The anecdote runs," said Alice, "that De Sancy was a French gentleman of the court of Henry III. He owned a famous diamond, still called after him. The diamond had already been through some remarkable adventures. It had belonged to Charles the Bold, and he was wearing it when he was killed under the walls of Nancy. A Swiss soldier found it on the Duke of Burgundy's corpse, and sold it for a florin to a poor priest, who parted with it for five or six florins to a Jew. At the time it belonged to De Sancy the royal treasury was in difficulties, and he consented to put the stone in pawn to raise funds for the king. The money-lender at the time was at Metz, and De Sancy entrusted the jewel to one of his servants to take it there. 'Are you not afraid that the man will run away with it to England?' people asked. 'I am sure of him!' was the answer. In spite of this assurance neither the man nor the diamond arrived at Metz, and the court made great fun of De Sancy. 'I am sure of my servant,' he persisted. 'He must have been assassinated!' And in fact, when a search was made, the man's body was found in a ditch by the roadside. 'Cut him open!' said De Sancy; 'the diamond ought to be in his stomach!' They did as he ordered, and it was found to be so. The humble hero, whose name is unknown to history, had been faithful to death to his duty and honour, 'outshining,' as the old chronicler says, 'by the splendour of his deeds the splendour of the jewel he carried!' I shall be very much surprised," said Alice, as she concluded her story, "if the Star of the Settlement does not inspire some similar instance of devotion during its travels."



"Grouped round a fire outside."

The sentiment was received with loud acclamation, eighty arms lifted high an equal number of glasses, and all eyes turned instinctively to the mantelpiece to render homage to the incomparable gem.

The Star had disappeared.

The astonishment on the eighty faces was so manifest that the amphitryon turned sharp round to see what was the matter.

He fell back in his chair as if thunderstruck.

They crowded round him, loosened his cravat, dashed cold water over his face—and he soon came to.

"The diamond!" he roared. "The diamond! Who has taken the diamond?"

"See that no one leaves the room," said the chief of the police, ordering his men to the doors.

The guests looked at each other in dismay, or spoke in whispers. Not five minutes before all of them saw, or thought they saw, the diamond in its place.

"I propose we shall all be searched before we leave the room," said Steel, with his usual frankness.

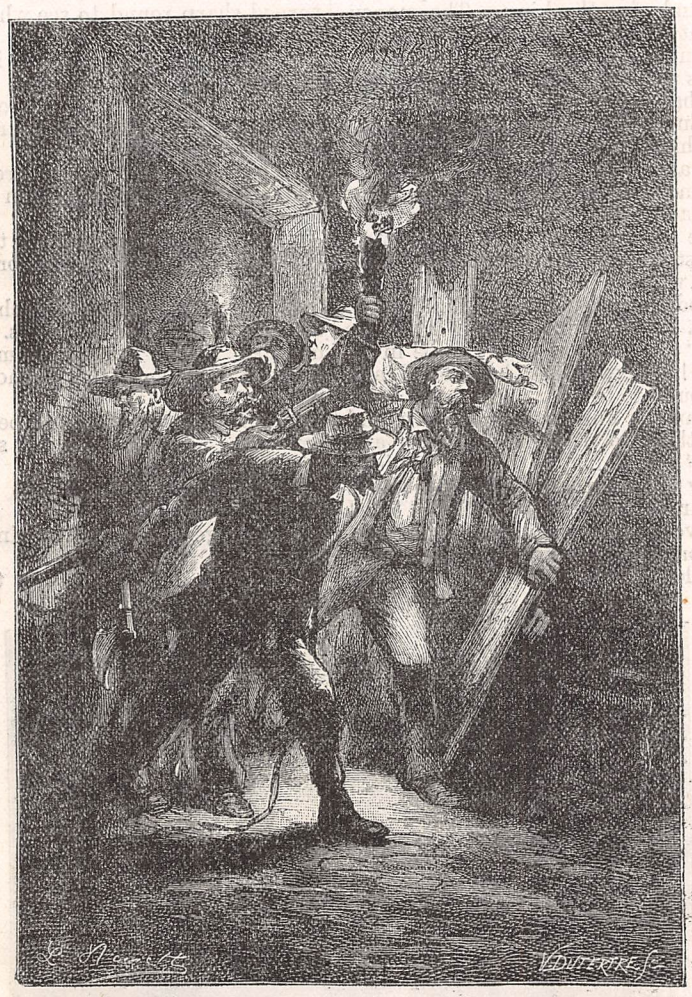
"Yes! Yes!" replied the company, seemingly unanimous.

The suggestion gave Watkins a ray of hope.

The police officer drew up the guests along one side of the room and began to search himself to begin with. He turned out his pockets, took off his boots, and patted his clothes in the customary professional manner. Then he proceeded to search the guests in similar fashion, and

then one by one they passed before him and were subjected to a more minute examination.

The investigation produced no result.



"Mataki was not there!"

Every nook and cranny in the place was then carefully pried into. Not a trace of the diamond was discovered.

"There are the Kaffirs who were waiting on us!" said the police officer, who did not yet like to own himself defeated.

"That is so!" was the reply. "The Kaffirs are quite thieves enough to have done it!"

The waiters had, however, gone out just as Watkins began his speech, and were now grouped round a fire outside making merry with the scraps of the meal that had been reserved for them. Their guitars made out of calabashes, flutes blown by the nose, and tom-toms of different kinds, had already commenced that deafening cacophony which precedes the musical manifestations of the natives of South Africa. The Kaffirs hardly knew what to make of it when they were brought back and searched in their scanty garments. And the search was as useless as all that had gone before.

"If the thief is one of the Kaffirs—and he ought to be—he has had quite time enough to clear off," remarked one of the guests, very sensibly.

"That is so," said the police officer; "and there is perhaps only one way of finding him out, and that is to apply to one of the native medicine men. That might succeed—"

"If you will let me," said Mataki, "I will try."

The offer was immediately accepted. The guests formed a circle round the natives, and Mataki, thoroughly accustomed to the work, began the ceremony.

He first breathed upon two or three pinches of tobacco, which he took from his pouch, and said,

"I will now try the wands."

He then stepped to a neighbouring bush and cut off a score of twigs. These he measured very carefully and cut them all down to the same length of about twelve inches. Then he distributed them one to each Kaffir, keeping one for himself.

"Now you can go away where you like for a quarter of an hour," said he, in a solemn tone, "and you will come back when you hear the tom-tom! If one of you is the thief his wand will be three inches longer than the rest."

The Kaffirs dispersed visibly affected by this little speech, knowing well that according to the summary proceedings of Griqualand justice they could be tried and hanged in a few minutes without a word being heard in their defence.

The guests, who had been much interested in the scene, were naturally impressed by it according to their different dispositions.

"The thief need not come back at all," objected one.

"Well, then, that would show who was the thief," replied another.

"What bosh! He can easily do Mataki by cutting off three inches, so as to counterbalance the lengthening he is afraid of."

"That is what the medicine man is hoping for, perhaps, so as to catch him on the hop."

However, the quarter of an hour elapsed, and Mataki beat the tom-tom and called in his compatriots. They all returned and handed back their sticks. Mataki formed a bundle of them, and found them all of the same length. He was going to put them on one side and declare that the honour of his friends was cleared, when he bethought him of measuring the bundle with the stick he had retained for himself.

He did so, and all the sticks in it were three inches short!

The Kaffirs had judged it best to provide against the lengthening, which, to their superstitious minds, was far from improbable.

A general shout of laughter saluted this unexpected result. Mataki seemed quite humiliated that this method, whose efficacy he had frequently proved in his kraal, should turn out a failure in civilised life.

"We must give it up for the present," said the police officer to Watkins, who was seated in his arm-chair, plunged in despair. "We may do better to-morrow if we offer a good reward for information that may put us on the track of the thief."

"The thief!" exclaimed Pantalacci. "And why should he not be the man who was trying his comrades just now?"

"What do you say?" asked the officer.

"Why, Mataki, who played the medicine man to divert your suspicions."

Had Mataki been noticed at this moment he would have been seen to make a curious grimace and hurriedly leave the room and run inside his hut.

"Yes," continued the Italian, "he was with his companions waiting on us during the dinner. He is a thorough cheating scoundrel! and why Mr. Cyprien has taken a fancy to him no one can make out."

"Mataki is honest; I will answer for that," said Miss Watkins, eager to defend Cyprien's servant.

"Eh! How do you know?" exclaimed the farmer. "Yes, he is quite capable of laying hands on the Star!"

"He cannot be far off," said the police officer. "We can soon search him."

An instant later Mr. Watkins and his guests were at Mataki's hut. The door was fastened. It was broken in.

Mataki was not there, and they waited for him in vain throughout the night.

Nor did he come back next morning, and it seemed certain that he had fled from Vandergaart Kopje.

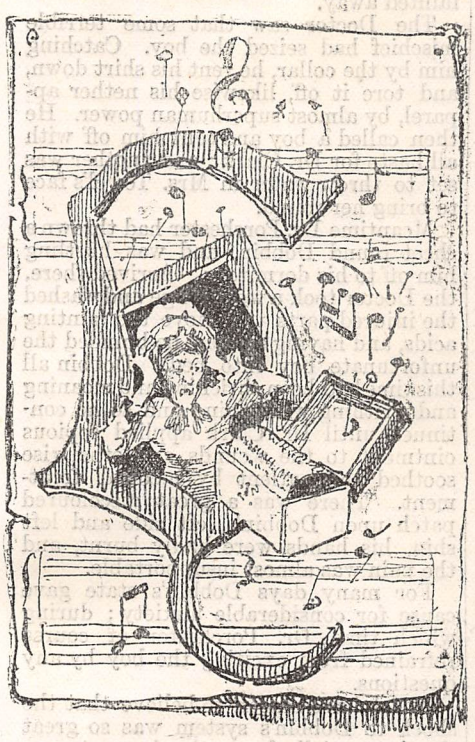
(To be continued.)

PETER'S PERPLEXITIES IN PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER IV.



A, good-morning, cook," said Mr. John Galpin, with a beaming smile, as he deposited his basket of "top-sides" at the kitchen door of Highfield House. "A fine morning, Mrs. Jones; and how rosy you look!"

It had been remarked for some time past by the other servants that Mr. Galpin was somewhat pronounced in his attentions towards Mrs. Jones; and that worthy person was by no means displeased at the thought of possibly exchanging her sphere of domestic duties at no distant date for a position in which she might execute the same in a home of her own.

"Good morning, Mr. Galpin; very glad to see you, sir; and I hope the beef's better to-day than it was last week. The Doctor complained of its being tough and stringy; and the young gents be very particular."

"There, Mrs. Jones, it ain't the fault of the meat. The Doctor couldn't get better, not if he were to go himself and cut it off the living beasts. It's the oven as wants repairing, I fancy; you can't cook these big joints not what I call thoroughly satisfactory-like, unless the oven be constantly looked to."

Mr. Galpin's brother was the village ironmonger.

"Don't talk to me about my oven, Mr. Galpin. I knows when the oven's right and when it's wrong."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, I apologise if I said anything rude; and I wouldn't for the world presume to cast a doubt on your professional knowledge. But there's no better meat in the London market than mine, though I say it who shouldn't. But I say, Mrs. Jones; d'you think I could speak to the Doctor on a little matter of important business?"

Mrs. Jones blushed and stole a hasty glance at the ruddy face of her admirer. Could it be that he was going to tell her master of his intentions to make a proposal? Less likely things had happened, and the thought caused a flutter of excitement in the worthy woman's mind.

"I dare say you could, Mr. Galpin. Step in, sir, and take a seat. Here, Jane! Jane! where is the idle hussey? Oh, there you are. Just go and tell Jinks to ask the Doctor if he could see Mr. Galpin, who wishes to speak to him on a matter of very important business."

Doctor Porchester sent word that he would see the butcher at once in his study.

The interview being granted, Mr. Galpin proceeded to narrate the mysterious affairs recorded in the last chapter, omitting the ghostly embellishments furnished by the boy Simon. "I thought it best to mention it, sir, in case you might be good enough to ask if any of the young gents has been up to a lark. The footmarks in my yard were undoubtedly made by slippers and those indiarubber shoes with lines across the soles; and I don't think any of the village lads ever wear them."

"Ah," said the Doctor; "it looks very suspicious, and I'm obliged to you for mentioning the matter, Mr. Galpin. But I cannot imagine any of my boys perpetrating such an egregious act of folly. What could they want with a sheepskin?"

"There, sir, boys will be boys; and there's no telling what they won't be up to when the spirit of mischief comes upon 'em. I'm sorry to have troubled you, sir; but it ain't a thing to be looked over, and it's very annoying."

"Quite true, Mr. Galpin. I'll do my best to ascertain if any of my boys have been guilty of the offence. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir; and thank you."

"I hope the interview was satisfactory, Mr. Galpin?" asked Mrs. Jones, as the butcher once more made his appearance in the kitchen.

"Quite so, thank you, Mrs. Jones. Good day to you."

"Good day, Mr. Galpin; and I hope we shall see you rather oftener up here yourself, Mr. Galpin. That boy of yours has what I call an off-handish way with him sometimes, which is very disagreeable. I told him I should mention it to you."

"Oh, I'll let him hear of it, Mrs. Jones, you may be sure; the young imperence!"

With which assurance the butcher took his departure.

Dr. Porchester pondered over the revelations just made, and his brow gathered gloom as he marched up and down his study.

He felt pretty certain that two of his boys must have perpetrated a nightly adventure, and he was profoundly vexed to think such a thing should be practicable in his well-ordered establishment.

He would assuredly find out the culprits and visit them with such severe retribution as might be calculated to deter them from ever again attempting such a breach of discipline.

But none the less did the doctor's spirit chafe and burn within the barriers of his deep chest as he hurried on his gown, snatched up his books, and went off to his lesson.

The boys were not slow to notice his irritable demeanour, and instinctively deduced the conclusion that there was something up, and they speculated afterwards in boyish fashion upon the probabilities afloat.

"What a wax the Doctor was in!" said one.

"I'm sure I knew my Rep. all right; why should he worry me so unmercifully?" said another.

"He told me I was incorrigibly idle, and didn't make the most of my opportunities, and a lot of bosh of that sort!" said a third.

"I expect some one 's been getting into a jolly row; and I wouldn't be in his shoes if he's caught!" said a fourth.

It was the "quarter-hour," that brief but truly excellent interval which so agreeably divides the solid hours of morning school work.

The Doctor had gone to the matron's room.

"Mrs. Towels, did you hear any one moving about the house last night?"

"No, sir, I didn't; and I sleep so light, sir, that I'm sure I should have woken up at the least sound."

"Well, I have my suspicions that two boys left the house last night. I don't want to ask publicly about it, in case I may be mistaken. Have you noticed anything this morning that might point to suspicion?"

"No, sir; nothing whatever."

The Doctor gave two powerful sniffs.

"It's very stuffy in here, Mrs. Towels. I think you should keep the windows open at the top; nothing like fresh air! There's a very odd smell indeed about the room. What is it?"

"I think it must be from Master Carruthers's jacket, sir. He was sent up to change it just now. He seems to have got it covered with grease. I can't think how he could be so careless!"

"Let me see the jacket, Mrs. Towels."

The garment was produced from a cupboard, and its more immediate presence instantly caused the unpleasant odour to increase sevenfold. Dr. Porchester armed himself with the tongs, and, taking up the jacket with that instrument, he held it at arm's length with his right hand, elevating his double eyeglass into position with his left hand, and thus made a very deliberate examination of the offensive article.

"Ah," said the Doctor, "just as I thought. The boy has contrived to saturate his coat with stale fat in a most

disgusting manner. Thank you, Mrs. Towels. Have the goodness to see that Jinks hangs this garment on a stout bean-pole in the orchard until I give further directions about it."

"Yes, sir, I will see to it immediately."

Dr. Porchester withdrew, feeling satisfied that he had discovered one of the offenders at any rate.

We return to Dobbin.

He had managed to take so much time in rectifying the faults of his toilet that he did not think it worth while to put in an appearance for the remainder of the Homer lesson. And Mr. Dunthorne, with a kindly regard for the boy's feelings, refrained from sending for him. So that Dobbin watched the clock, and at a quarter to ten slipped into his place for the arithmetic lesson.

He had reason to be grateful for the fact that boys at Highfield were placed in various classes, according to their capacity for each subject. Dobbin's mathematical powers being not equal to his classical attainments, he was only in the second class for arithmetic. Thankful indeed was he that none of the boys amongst whom he now sat had witnessed his late discomfiture over Homer.

He now looked far more respectable than was his custom on a week day. Like a snake that has cast its slough and comes forth with renewed youth, or as a stag, which the classic poets tell us puts off its years annually with its horns, so had Peter Carruthers cast off his old garments and come forth decked in his new. His handkerchief, liberally dosed with eau-de-Cologne, diffused a fragrant aroma round his person. His hair was neatly brushed. He had on a clean collar, and presented generally such a neat appearance that good occasion was found for young Dicky Tozer's remark that he looked as if he was going to an evening party.

Dobbin had recovered his spirits by the quarter-hour. The first class were privileged in the possession of studies. Dr. Porchester had lately built on a wing to the house for the special purpose of providing a small and cosy apartment for each of the ten senior boys. Dobbin had sped with the fleetness of a roe to his sanctum for a brief fifteen minutes' consolation.

He brought forth from his playbox two glass-stoppered bottles of nitric and sulphuric acid, surreptitiously procured from the chemist's assistant by Charlie Ross. Over these he gloated with the fervour of some ancient alchemist absorbed in his researches for the philosopher's stone.

Dobbin did not understand much about the properties of these dangerous liquids. He took out the stoppers and smelt the contents, and nearly dropped one of the bottles as its pungent fumes caused violent irritation to his nose. He was alarmed at the smoky vapours which ascended from the bottle of nitric acid, and fully expected it to burst into flame on the spot. He got some of the liquid on his fingers, which stung him painfully and produced a yellow stain not to be removed by any amount of licking. He began to feel a dread of the bottles, and noticed with apprehension the strong chemical smell which they imparted to the atmosphere of his study. He resolved that as soon as ever morning school was over he would take and hide the "beastly things" in some safe place out of doors, so that no harm might come from them to his study.

Hastily replacing them in his box as the bell rang, he went off to his lessons.

Dobbin was manifestly agitated during the latter part of the morning school. His mind was preoccupied with the important events of the last twelve hours. His heart palpitated as he saw the object of his hopes and fears apparently within his grasp. He would be off to the woods that afternoon immediately after dinner. With Ross to help him he would nail the fleece round a log of timber that he knew of in a very secluded glade of the wood. And on the Saturday afternoon, which was actually the next day, he would make the magnificent experiment.

"What are you mooning after now, Carruthers? Go on with your work!"

Recalled to sublunary matters from the sublimities of scientific meditations, Dobbin put on a studious attitude for the remainder of the lesson.

At last it was over, and he hastened to his study to convey the bottles to a safer place. Taking them out of his box, he put them carefully in the pocket of his jacket, which he buttoned up, and was hurrying along the passage when he encountered Browning and Tozer.

"We were just coming to find you, Dobbin. The Doctor wants to see you immediately in the matron's room. He can't wait a moment. What have you been up to, Peter, eh? Picking a peck of pickled pepper? Won't you catch it! Yoicks!"

And Tozer, who was carrying a piece of a broomstick, playfully administered therewith a dig in what he imagined to be Dobbin's ribs.

Little did he reck the consequences of that reckless deed!

I once remember making a chemical experiment with all due caution in following the directions given in the book. I was told to add sulphuric acid to a solution *while hot*. Now the author of that treatise has much to answer for, in thus deluding the unwary student. Had he written such instructions in these days, we might have connected him with the dynamite fraternity. For experience has stamped it on my memory that one might as well sit down upon a barrel of gunpowder, and stir up the contents with a red-hot poker.

But who can imagine the direful catastrophe that resulted from Tozer's heedless jest?

For the broomstick alighted upon the two bottles in Dobbin's pocket, and broke them both. The terrible liquids thus liberated mingled together with most frightful vehemence; surging and seething with relentless fury, like the fiery floods of Mauna Loa, or the flaming whirlpools of the fabled Phlegethon.

For a few moments Dobbin was hardly aware of the disaster. Then shriek after shriek burst from the lips of the miserable victim. He pulled at the buttons and with frantic energy tore off his jacket. But the acids had eaten their way through, and seized upon his waistcoat. They dropped in frothing clots down his trousers. They seized and devoured the substance of his garments. Yelling with terror and pain he tore at his waistcoat and rent it off. But his shirt was contaminated His trousers were rotting away under his very eyes. Screaming for help, he rushed to the matron's room, shedding fragments of clothing in his mad career. Into the very arms of Dr. Porchester rushed the frenzied Dobbin, startling that worthy pedagogue as though a maniac had burst upon him.

"I'm burning, sir, oh save me! I'm killed, oh-h-h-h!"

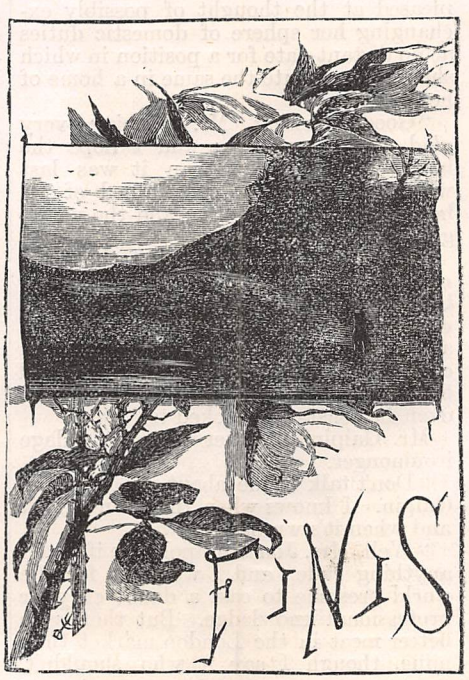
Mrs. Towels gave one scream, and fainted away.

The Doctor saw that some terrible mischief had seized the boy. Catching him by the collar, he rent his shirt down, and tore it off, likewise his nether apparel, by almost superhuman power. He then called a boy and sent him off with all haste for Dr. Clark; and another was set to throw water in Mrs. Towel's face to bring her round.

Meantime Dr. Porchester had thrown a sheet round Dobbin, and was hustling him off to his dormitory. Arrived there, the Doctor took a wet sponge and washed the injured parts to remove the tainting acids, and having so done he bundled the unfortunate boy into bed. Dobbin all this time had been shrieking and moaning and writhing with pain—and so he continued until Dr. Clark applied copious ointment to the wounds, and otherwise soothed the patient by medical treatment. There was a great discoloured patch upon Dobbin's left side and left shin, his hands were badly burnt, and the pain was almost insupportable.

For many days Dobbin's state gave cause for considerable anxiety; during which time Dr. Porchester of course refrained from exciting the boy by any questions.

And I have reason to believe that the shock to Dobbin's system was so great that he partially forgot the circumstances which led to his terrible suffering. Whether or not Dr. Porchester learnt the whole story I have not been able to ascertain. But one thing is certain, that when Dobbin was well enough to be moved he was sent home, and never again appeared at Highfield. And probably to this day his stupendous discovery, which was to electrify the world, remains an unsolved problem.

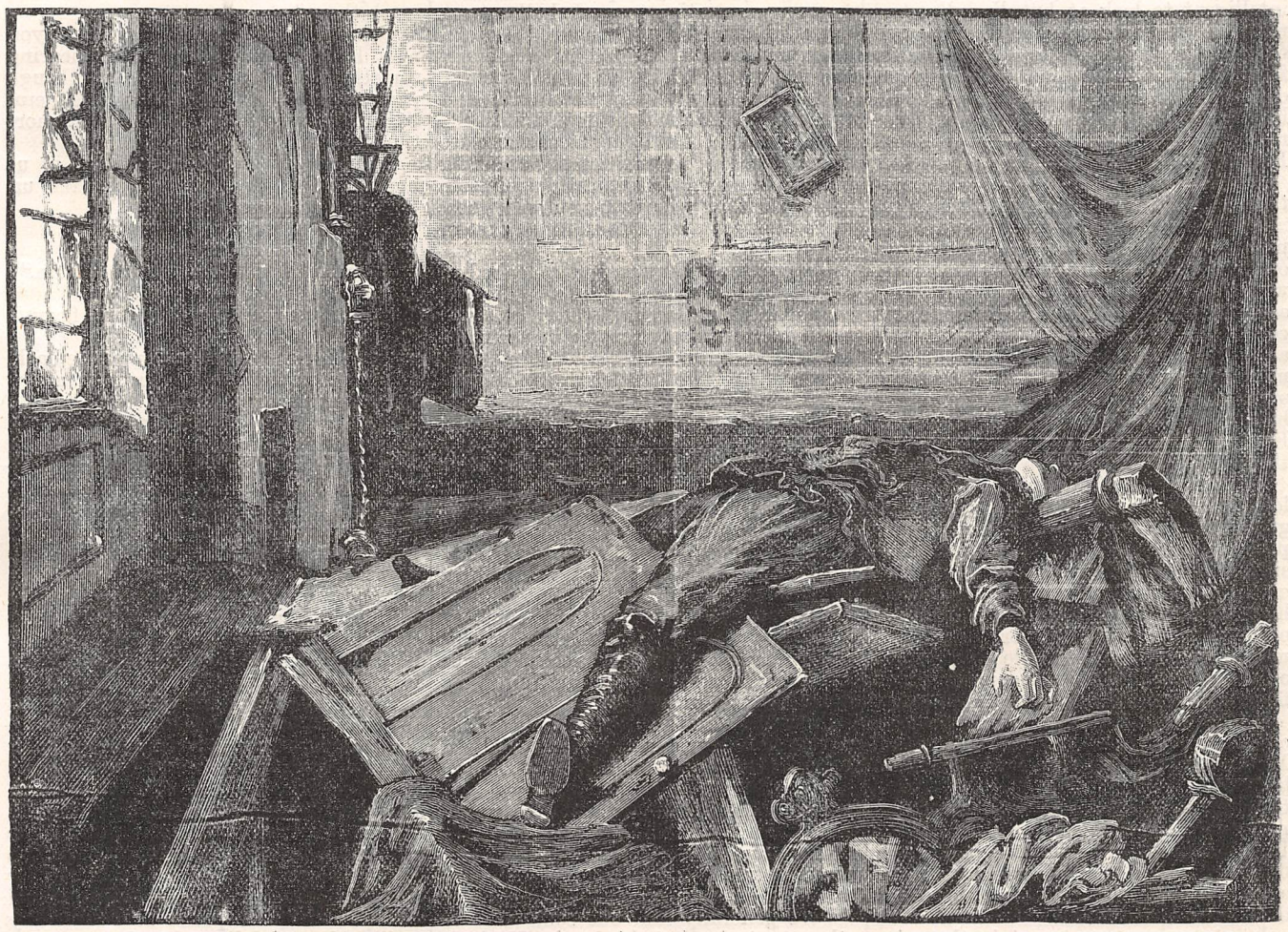


IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(*continued.*)



"What a scene was there!"

Smirnoff reddened, but said nothing, yielding to the irresistible will of the general. But they had hardly left the room before a terrific crash like the explosion of some terrible engine of war seemed to rend the air. For a moment they stood petrified with astonishment; another moment they were in the room where they had left the soldier.

What a scene was there! The windows were actually blown out of their frames, and the wooden wall against which the chest of library drawers had stood was shattered and blown down. The floor was frightfully ploughed up, and, with his arm blown from his side, and the right leg frightfully shattered, the Cossack lay, a stunned and blackened mass, flung some distance by the concussion.

The first act of Kakaroff was to rush to the disabled soldier, and to ascertain whether life were extinct or not; the next was to send off the other Cossack to the nearest surgeon to telegraph for men from the police barracks to keep off the crowd, and for the fire brigade to get the flames under which were seen to issue from the woodwork.

This promptitude was productive of excellent results. The surgeon was on the spot in an incredibly short time, and police-soldiers seemed to spring up from the very earth. It would hardly be believed in England if we were to state in how many (or rather in how few) seconds the pumps and other machines belonging to the splendid fire brigade of Moscow were in attendance. The surgeon pronounced life not to be extinct in the prostrate form of the Cossack, and a detachment of police-soldiers were told off to bear him to the nearest station; but on arriving there they found that the poor fellow had expired on the way.

The flames were soon extinguished, and, save in the room itself and the one adjoining, there was comparatively little damage done to the datche. The loss to Smirnoff in valuable papers was considerable. Still, as a true merchant, he showed no symptoms of distress or dismay. He only said to Kakaroff, as if in parenthesis,

"What an ungrateful scamp! So much for university training."

"I see you connect this with Palitzki, the missing student," said the police general.

"I fear I must do so. No one else had any interest in destroying papers in that chest of drawers; and the active means I have taken to discover him must have embittered him against me, while the use of dynamite points to a certain band of miscreants with which that very paper proves Palitzki to have been in league. Doubtless he picked the lock, abstracted the paper, and left the bomb to be exploded by opening the drawer."

"It was, luckily for you, a very small one," said Kakaroff; "had it been a regular bomb there would not have been a stick of wood remaining. As it is, my poor Cossack saved your life at the expense of his own. You see I was right in getting you out of the room, but I am sorry for the poor fellow; he was a good man as soldiers go."

"Of course I shall provide for his family, if he has any, and I dare say he has—poor people always have."

"His family are deserving people, but, as you say, very poor. You could not do a better deed than provide for them. The widow is an excellent specimen of a good Russian mother, and the children are industrious and well behaved. The father

was a disciplinarian, and the result is very satisfactory."

All this time the work of removing the rubbish and rescuing what could be saved from the ruin went on. The active posjarniks, or firemen, swarmed everywhere at once. The drill, based on the Prussian system, was admirable, and it is wonderful how much discipline can effect. The men were small and active, far from intelligent to look at, but discipline had made the corps a most effective one; and though the pumps were of the oldest form, and all the machinery of the queerest, the work done by the firemen would have put to shame many more elaborate arrangements in civilised Western Europe.

The damage therefore was comparatively slight, although, as before remarked, Smirnoff had lost some valuable papers. The furniture and decorations of the room had been terribly shattered, while the destruction caused by the water and the presence of the fire brigade was considerable. Of course the most valuable documents and deeds connected with mercantile speculations were all in the strong boxes, either at his own place of business or at the Koopetcheskie Bank. Equally of course he was insured, so that the affair might have been worse.

Kakaroff was highly incensed at the loss of his favourite Cossack, and after giving full and ample directions to the police officers of the "Tschast," or division of the town, drove back to the headquarters of the police, to concoct with his aides-de-camp plans for the detection of the miscreants, who were thus commencing to throw the whole government of the country into confusion, and were filling all classes with terror and dismay.

The palace of the prefect of police is one of the most imposing buildings in Moscow. It combines within itself many branches of the police administration of the city and district, which in any other place would be separate departments. It is the headquarters of the police, the fire brigade, of the telegraphic service, and of sundry other important branches of the civil government.

In a spacious apartment in the principal building of the cluster which formed this palace were two officers in the splendid uniforms of colonels of the gensdarmes, or mounted police. These are perhaps the best mounted, best uniformed, and altogether best appointed troops in Russia. They are (or used to be at the time of which we are writing) habited in a uniform somewhat resembling our Horse Guards, only without the cuirass, and instead of the ordinary sabre they wear a curved sword hung from the belt with the curve upwards, in the Oriental fashion. The colour of the uniform is dark green, and, unlike that of our Horse Guards, is double-breasted. But it is seldom seen, because in the autumn and winter the men wear the long grey overcoat, which conceals the uniform of all arms alike.

But besides these two colonels in their gorgeous uniform of green, scarlet, and silver, there was a third present who is not quite so much a stranger to us, for we made his acquaintance when our story opened, and Peter Ivanovitch Zakoffsky, whom we last saw at Berozovo, was now pacing the long room in company with the officers who were awaiting the arrival of Kakaroff. He was in the undress uniform of a general of cavalry, with the two broad red stripes down the trousers, which indicate more than any other distinction in Russia the rank of general.

"Your excellency must pardon me," said the elder of the two colonels. "I did not expect that our *chef* would have been so late. Perhaps you would like to call again, or, if you please to confide any communication to me I shall esteem myself flattered and honoured beyond all expression, and if I could be of any use myself, in advice or actual service, you have only to say the word, and everything shall be done as you wish."

"You are most obliging; but there are several reasons to prevent my speaking to any person on the subject but himself, although it may be that you will know more about it than I do in the course of the evening."

General Zakoffsky rose and looked at his watch, saying, as he did so, "I fear I cannot wait any longer," when the small shrill bell of the telegraph in the room announced a communication. The senior officer of the two colonels advanced to a small cupboard, which he opened, and disclosed a telegraphic apparatus.

With the ease of long practice he read off the message:

"All over. His excellency returning."

"What! has there been trouble?" inquired Zakoffsky.

"Nothing particular; only an accident at Zakolniki. His excellency will be here in half an hour."

"Then I shall trespass on your courtesy and beg you kindly to tell him, on his return, that I have only recently come from the Riazan district, and am very desirous to see him."

"I am certain that he will only be too glad to see your excellency, especially if you can throw any light on the 'Dobroff Mystery,' as we are beginning to call it."

"I thought, gentlemen, that you would be so familiar with mystery that nothing would have any special right to that name in the way of your professional work."

"We generally find out some clue to other mysteries, but this has baffled us."

"Indeed! Well, I wish I could throw some light on the subject, but I fancy it is out of my line. In half an hour I will call again. Adieu, gentlemen, many thanks. No—pray do not give yourselves the trouble to see me out."

But military etiquette would not allow of this, and the two colonels attended the general down the grand staircase, taking no notice of the footmen and guards who lined the way. A very graceful military salute was accompanied by a bow performed as only a Russian can perform it.

The two colonels (one being full colonel and the other lieutenant-colonel) returned to the room in which they had been pacing up and down while the general was waiting.

"What a close fellow is the general," said the senior. "I am convinced from his manner that he knows more about this queer business than he cares to acknowledge."

"He knows about the Berozovo part of it and nothing more. The real mystery is the disappearance of the boy here and the reason for it."

The two officials chatted until the return of their *chef*, whose drosky now rattled up to the official palace, and very soon Kakaroff stalked wrathfully up the broad stairs, having been greatly excited, annoyed, and exasperated by the events at Zakolniki which we have chronicled.

"This is getting worse and worse, gentlemen," said Kakaroff, entering the *salon*. "My guard murdered before my very eyes, our best precautions set at naught, and the dignity of the police of Moscow held up to ridicule. We must make examples of the miscreants—when we catch them."

"Certainly, your excellency; and you may have the satisfaction of hearing something bearing on the case, though perhaps only indirectly, from General Zakoffsky, who will be here in a short time."

"*Charmant*," cried the *chef*. "Let us hope that he has something to tell us. Where is he lodged?"

"Dusaux's, your excellency."

"Passport in order?"

"Perfectly. He is last from Riazan."

"What number at Dusaux's?"

"No. 15 on the grand tier (first floor)."

"Who is looking after him?"

The elder officer turned to a note-book, and after rapidly going through a few recent entries exclaimed,

"Major Ivan Gregorievitch Dolzoff, your excellency."

"Who is with him?"

"Boris Orloff and six men; one is a waiter."

"Very good. When is he coming?"

"We expect him in the course of the afternoon."

"*Bon*, we must wait."

Kakaroff flung himself into an easy-chair in front of a writing-table crowded with letters and papers. He selected a formidable-looking missive in an official envelope, sealed with a reckless disregard to economy in sealing-wax, and touched the spring of an electric bell. A secretary in the dress of a civilian made his appearance, and Kakaroff, rapidly writing, finished a letter in reply to this official despatch, and signed a number of formidable-looking documents of large foolscap size, partly printed and partly written; these he quickly signed, and stamped with the police seal which lay at his side, and delivered to the secretary, who disappeared without a word.

In the midst of these occupations a servant entered the long room by a distant door, and approaching the aides-de-camp, announced to them in a low tone the arrival of General Zakoffsky.

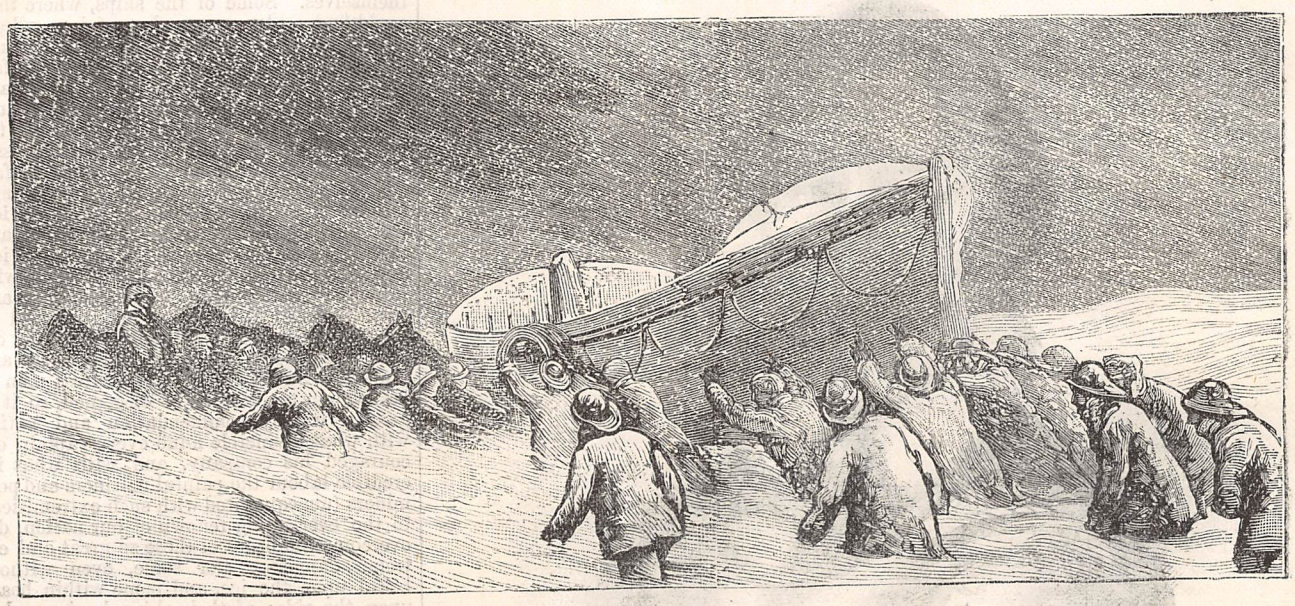
In a moment all traces of preoccupation and care had vanished as by magic from the countenance of the police master. He held up his hand to command silence, although the communication made by the servant had been made in so low a whisper as would have been inaudible to most ears. He held up one hand for a moment, and then touched a second electric bell, upon which another official entered the room and was soon standing by the side of Kakaroff, who only said:

"In the blue cabinet, and use the greatest precautions not to let a word escape."

"Not a word shall escape me," was the reply; and he immediately left Kakaroff's table, near which he had been standing, and went to a panel in the wall in which was a small keyhole, so small as to be imperceptible to any person unacquainted with the secret. He applied a key and opened the panel, which disclosed a square chamber well lighted from the top,

but having no window in the walls. It was handsomely furnished, and what is rare in Russian rooms, the floor was completely covered with a thick Turkey carpet. But the most remarkable thing about the room was that, owing to the partition between it and the larger chamber being of wood, every word uttered near this partition in the larger room could be heard in the smaller one. The chinovnik closed the panel, and Kakaroff gave a signal for the admission of our friend Zakoffsky.

(To be continued.)



THE PLEASURES OF THE SEA.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

'Tis pleasant to stand on the heaving deck,
When fresh and keen and strong
The fair wind whistles through the shrouds
A shrill and merry song.

Straight through the tall green billows
The good ship cleaves her way;
The surges drench the bursting jib
In showers of stinging spray.

'Tis pleasant to feel her curtseying low
Before the freshening blast,
That strives to crack the straining sails
And split the bending mast.

To hear the cheery mariners
Troll songs of hearth and home,
And to watch the circling sea-gulls sweep
Swift down the ruffling foam.

To see the big waves rise and fall,
And the white caps of the seas
Like snow-wreaths curl and crisp and flash
Beneath the jovial breeze.

To visit zones where dazzling breadths
Of lonely ice-land lie;
Or seas where fairy tropic isles
Bask 'neath a golden sky.

Reader, if thou dost care to prove
How sweet these pleasures be,
Trust one who knows the fickle foam,
From fireside warm be slow to roam,
Read all about these things at home,
And never go to *see*, my boy!
And don't run off to *see*!

THE SEA KINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

MARTIN FROBISHER.

ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE, where, on the 22nd of August, 1620, Oliver Cromwell married Elizabeth Bourchier, is famous for many things, but chiefly for its illustrious dead. Within it lies buried John Milton, the poet, whose grave in 1790 was so shamefully broken into, and the teeth knocked out and the hair cut off, and the corpse exhibited at twopence a head to all who cared to visit the horrible show.

> "Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
> Where Milton's ashes lay,
> That trembled not to grasp his bones
> And steal his dust away."

Close by these lies John Foxe, the family tutor of Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, who gained his early reputation as a writer of college comedies in elegant Latin, and made his name a household word to posterity as the author of that "Book of Martyrs" which finds a place in so many Protestant homes. And not far off Milton and Foxe there rests all that was earthly of a man as famous in another sphere among the greatest of England's worthies—Sir Martin Frobisher.

Frobisher was a Yorkshireman, born some say at Doncaster in 1536. He came to London to his mother's brother, shipped himself off to sea before the mast, and in 1554 went in the fleet to Guinea under John Lock. From 1560 to 1570 he was a commissioner of the coal trade with injunctions to "stop false measures," and in 1571 was employed at Plymouth superintending the building of a ship for service against the wild Irish.

Deeply struck with Cabot's idea of a north-west passage, he made it the object of his ambition to be its discoverer, and for fifteen years worked hard and unceasingly endeavouring to find some patron to give him the necessary ships. At last, thanks to Dudley Earl of Warwick, he was put in command of two small vessels, the Gabriel of thirty-five tons, and the Michael of thirty, and on the 7th of June, 1576, left Ratcliff for the north. As he sailed past Greenwich Queen Elizabeth shook her hand to him from one of the windows of the palace in token of farewell.

In these days it would be considered simple madness to go on such a quest in such vessels, but to the men of that time it seemed to be the most natural thing possible, and not a word was uttered betraying astonishment at the smallness of the expedition. All told, the crews amounted to thirty-five men! And with these the passage through the Arctic Ocean was to be made to Cathay! One thing, however, should be remembered in connection with these early attempts, and that is that the true geography of North America was unknown; and as South America had been found to terminate in a point, the northern half of the continent was supposed to end in a like promontory, which had only to be slipped round to sail on the other sea.

With the Gabriel and Michael there went a ten-ton pinnace, which began by "bursting her boultsprit," and ended by foundering off Labrador. The Michael ran away. "The

worthy captaine, notwithstanding these discomforts, although his mast was sprung and his toppe maste blowen overboard with extreame foule weather, continued his career towards the north-west, knowing that the sea at length must have an ending, and that

Sir Martin Frobisher.

some land should have a beginning that way." Labrador was reached on the 28th of July, and Hall's Island, Frobisher Bay, and Butcher's Island were visited, and the Eskimos first seen. So strange did these Eskimos appear to the wondering sailors, that as they paddled about in their kayaks they were mistaken for porpoises or some strange kind of fish. In order to give his countrymen a sight of "one of these strange infidels, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before," Frobisher kidnapped one and brought him home with him, together with a narwhal or "unicorn," and another prize in the shape of some iron pyrites, which he mistook for gold.

On what strange trifles great events do hang! This unfortunate iron pyrites gave the first great impetus to Arctic discovery. Frobisher returned to Harwich on October 2nd, and, thanks less to his bravery and enterprise than his "golden ore," became at once a famous man. A new expedition was organised; the Queen lent one of the royal ships, the Aid, of two hundred tons, and subscribed a thousand pounds towards the expenses, the Cathay Company was started, and Frobisher—made admiral of all the lands and waters he found anywhere but to the eastward—set sail in May, 1577. His squadron consisted of three ships—the Aid, the Gabriel, and the Michael. He made his way to his old hunting-ground, collected about two hundred tons of the "golden ore," duly certified by the "goldfinders" he had with him, and was back at Harwich in September.

Before the ore was assayed a third expedition was fitted out, and Frobisher, with fifteen vessels and a hundred settlers for the colony, left Harwich on May 30th, 1578. It was a failure. The gold was—well, pyrites. The geographical discoveries were, however, important. At first all went well. The old points were touched, "and, having a fair and large wind, we departed from thence towards Frobisher's Straits on the 23rd of June. But first we gave name to a high cliff in West England, the last that was in our sight, and for a certain similitude we called it Charing Cross. Then we bore southerly towards the sea, because to the northwards of this coast we met with much driving ice, which, by reason of the thick mists and weather, might have been some trouble unto us. On Monday, the last of June, we met with many great whales, as they had been porpoises. This same day the Salamander, being under both her corses and bonnets, happened to strike a great whale with her full stem with such a blow that the ship stood still, and stirred neither forward nor backward. The whale thereat made a great and ugly noise, and cast up his body and tail, and so went under water; and within two days after there was found a great whale dead swimming above water, which we supposed was that the Salamander struck."

Soon, however, storms gathered round; the Judith, Drake's old ship when under Hawkins, disappeared; the barque Dennis was struck by an iceberg and sank in sight of the fleet, the men being saved in the boats of the other ships.

"This sinking of the Dennis was," says Best, "a more fearful spectacle for the fleet to behold, for that the outrageous storm which presently followed threatened them the like fortune and danger, for the fleet, being thus compassed as aforesaid on every side with ice, having left much behind them, through which they passed, and finding more before them through which it was not possible to pass, there arose a sudden terrible tempest at the south-east, which, blowing from the main sea directly upon the place of the straits, brought together all the ice a seaboard of us upon our backs, and thereby debarred us of turning back to recover sea-room again; so that, being thus compassed with danger on every side, sundry men with sundry devices sought the best way to save themselves. Some of the ships, where they could find a place more clear of ice, and get a little berth of sea-room, did take in their sails and then lay adrift. Other some fastened and moored anchor upon a great island of ice, and rode under the lee thereof, supposing to be better guarded thereby from the outrageous winds and the danger of the lesser fleeting ice. And, again, some were so fast shut up and compassed in amongst an infinite number of great countries and islands of ice, that they were fain to submit themselves and their ships to the mercy of the unmerciful ice, and strengthened the sides of their ships with junks of cables, beds, masts, planks, and such-like, which, being hanged overboard on the sides of their ships, might the better defend them from the outrageous sway and strokes. But as in greatest distress men of best valour are best to be discerned, so it is greatly worthy commendation and noting with what invincible mind every captain encouraged his company, and with what incredible labour the painful mariners and poor miners (unacquainted with such extremities), to the everlasting renown of our nation, did overcome the brunt of these so great and extreme dangers. For some, even without board upon the ice, and some within board upon the sides of their ships, having poles, pikes, pieces of timber, and oars in their hands, stood almost day and night without any rest, bearing off the force and breaking the sway of the ice with such incredible pain and peril that it was wonderful to behold, which otherwise had, no doubt, stricken quite through and through the sides of their ships, notwithstanding our former provision. For planks of timber of more than three inches thick, and other things of greater force and bigness, by the surging of the sea and billows, with the ice were shivered and cut in sunder, at the sides of our ships, so that it will seem more than credible to be reported of. And yet (that which is more) it is faithfully and plainly to be proved, and that by many substantial witnesses, that our ships, even those of greatest burdens, with the meeting of contrary waves of the sea, were heaved up between islands of ice, a foot well out of the sea above their watermark, having their knees and timbers within board both bowed and broken therewith."

Although Frobisher's northern expeditions were really failures, his reputation as a skilful and dauntless seaman was made, and in 1585 he was sent out under Drake to the West Indies. In the fight with the Armada he was entrusted with the command of the largest vessel of the English fleet, an eleven-hundred tonner, indifferently named the Triumph or the Victory, and in her did most excellent service. In fact, on the fifth day of that glorious running fight, Frobisher and old Hawkins of the Swallow were knighted by the Lord High Admiral for their efforts in the battle. Frobisher had attacked the Spanish flagship and brought down her mainmast.

In 1590 Frobisher was out with Hawkins on the coast of Spain, and in 1592 was dispatched to recall Raleigh and take command of his fleet. In this expedition he captured that extraordinary craft, the seven-decker, Madre de Dios, which was the largest ship of her time, being one hundred and sixty feet long and of sixteen hundred tons burden.

Two years afterwards—in 1594—Frobisher was sent with ten ships to help the French king against the Spaniards at Brest. Crozan was attacked and taken, but Frobisher was mortally wounded in the hip while leading on his men to victory. He died a few days afterwards at Plymouth. The body was brought to London and laid to rest in St. Giles's.

"With the Compliments of the Season!"—*From our "Boy's Own Christmas Number."*

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

In an ordinary sail, either lug or gaff, without battens, and with the boom coming right aft, it is necessary to have some means of raising the boom over the occupant's head while tacking. (See diagram showing topping lift.) The topping lift (A A), on being hauled on, raises the boom (B B) to the position of

Sliding Gunter.

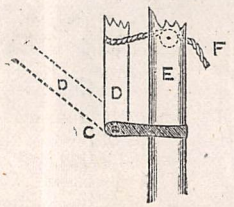


Fig. 7.

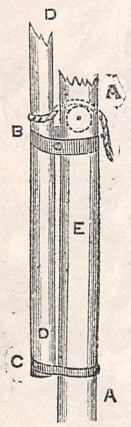


Fig. 6.

the dotted line, sufficient to clear the occupant's head; or, if required, the boom can be hauled up to the mast. The sliding gunter (Fig. 6) is a very useful rig for a canoe or small sailing boat, particularly if fitted as at Fig 7. In Fig. 6 the mast is A A, and the yard (D D) is fitted by rings to the mast, up and down which it slides. The halliard (B) passes through a sheave at the head of the mast, and lowers or raises the yard as required. It can either be made fast round the yard, or the upper ring can be fitted with a bolt and shackle for the halliard to be made fast to. On this yard a leg-of-mutton sail is generally set of a triangular shape, and the yard can be easily lowered for reefing; and when the reef is taken the yard is hauled into its place. By using a pintle at the foot of the yard (as at C, Fig. 7) the yard can be lowered away as indicated by the dotted line, and a triangular reef taken in at the foot of the sail, converting the leg-of-mutton into a gaff sail. And further reefs can be taken by lowering the heel-rope of the yard—an extra halliard must be fitted in this rig to the upper part of the yard, acting as a peak halliard.

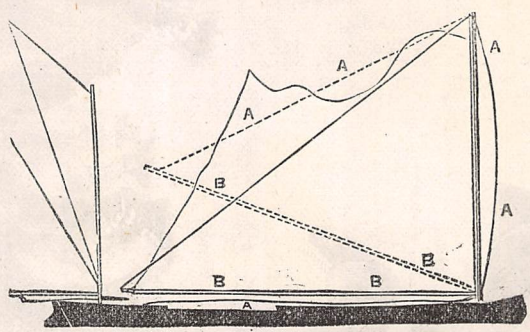
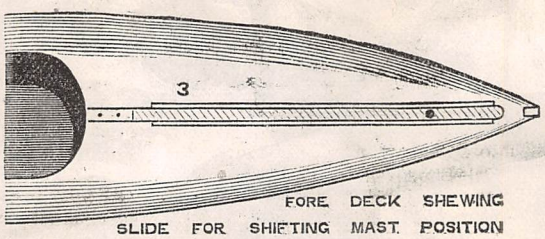


DIAGRAM SHOWING TOPPING LIFT

Fig. 9.



FORE DECK SHEWING SLIDE FOR SHIFTING MAST POSITION

Fig. 10.

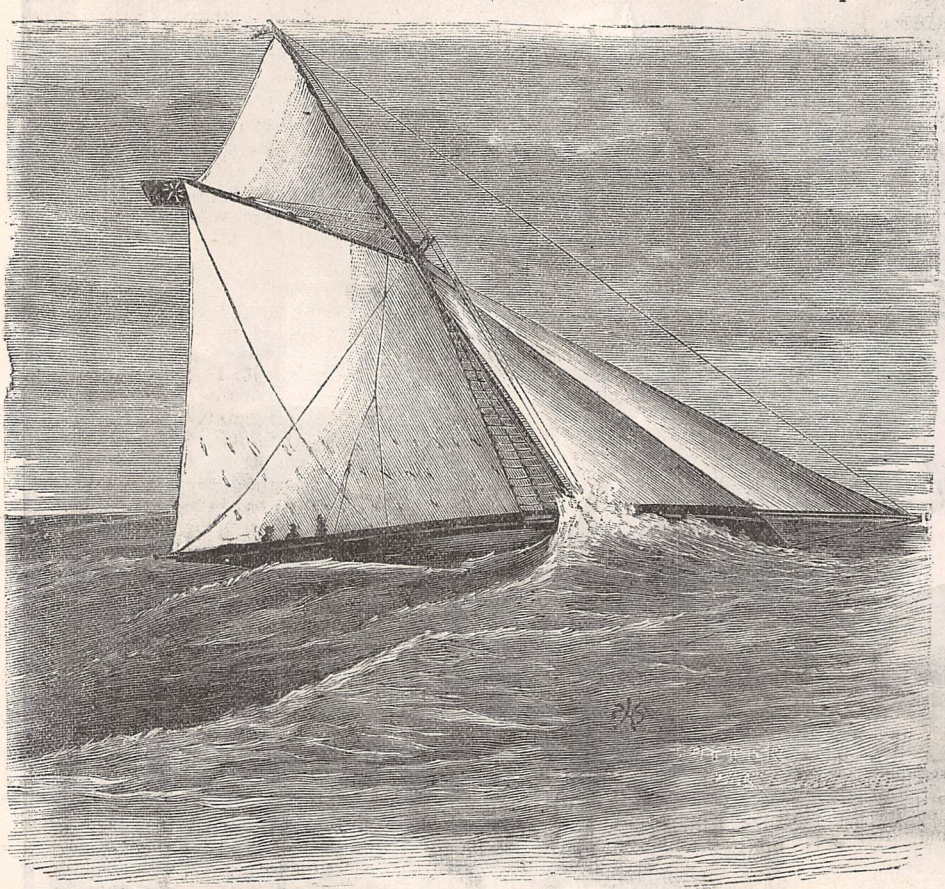


Fig. 8.—Cutter close hauled.

If complicated fittings and gear are undesirable, they can be avoided by having a main and mizen balance lug. You can reef down the main and carry the mizen as long as the canoe will bear the sail, and if it is too much for her you can strike the mainsail and set the mizen lug on the mainmast, or stow the mainmast and sail and set the mizenmast, with its sail in the step of the mainmast. For this purpose the lower part of the mizenmast—that part from the deck to the step below, which is generally square to prevent shifting—is frequently made of the same size as the foremast at the same place, though the remaining part of the mizenmast is generally slighter than the mainmast. All the mast-fitting should be watertight—and, better still, cased in; and all other openings in the deck should be so constructed that a minimum of water shall be shipped. What is taken aboard ought to be at once removed with a sponge. Many canoes are fitted with air-tight compartments at the ends, and of course such craft are far safer than those without. The air-cases may be made of zinc soldered, or of wood with the joints made watertight; or indiarubber bags inflated can be stowed in the ends of the canoe of sufficient size to float her. In the latter case the bags must be strong enough to resist the pressure of the water in case of an upset. Too slightly made bags in such circumstances

would probably burst, which would be rather awkward.

A very good way of making a canoe or sailing boat fitted with a mizen handy, is shown in the diagram of the mizen-sheet working from the rudder; or a neater way is to work it from the outer end of the tiller, which must be made purposely, as indicated by the dotted line. The effect of this arrangement is that when the helm is put up the mizen-sheet is eased off, and the boat falls off at once. By taking the main-boom and pushing it out to windward at the same time the boat will turn in her own length like a top, particularly if the sails are battened; and if tacking, when the helm is put down, the mizen is shoved up to windward and brings the boat about directly; and this handiness of working is no small matter in narrow and crowded waters. I have seen a boat with battened lugs fitted in this way work in and out of craft where there was hardly more than her own length to turn in.

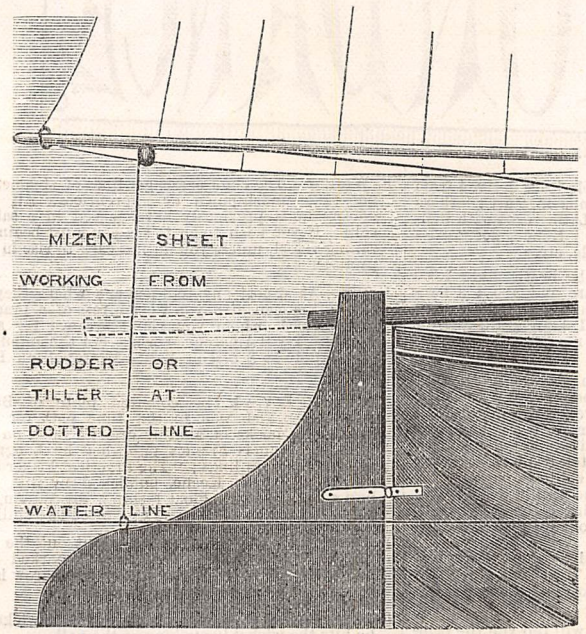
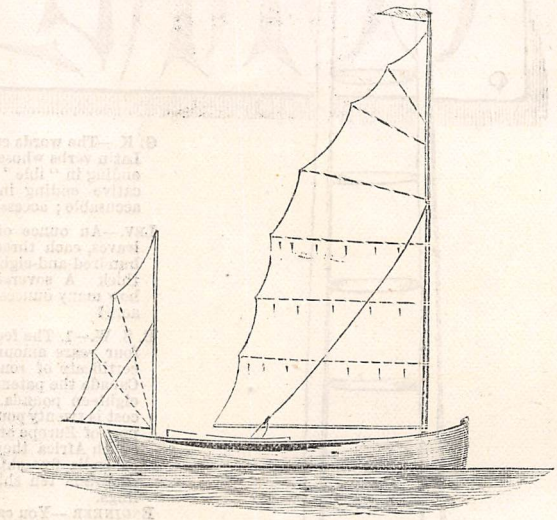


Fig. 11.



Sail fitted with Chinese battens.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 12 is a sketch of a canoe fitted with these battened sails. She has a kind of leg-of-mutton or jib-headed sail forward, and a smaller one of the same kind for a mizen aft. A sprit-mizen would perhaps be better, as it would set more canvas and keep the sail low. If such a rig were fitted with some adaptation of the principle of the sliding gunter, it would be extremely handy, as you could lower away the upper portion of the mast and take a reef in the sail with the greatest ease. A sliding gunter is best fitted at the back of the mast, not as a topmast in front, as the sail having to be laced to it, if it were forward of the mast it would set the sail badly.

In racing canoes a spinnaker is used when off the wind; it is of the same form as that used in an ordinary racing yacht, but of course considerably smaller. From the accompanying sketch you will get a very good idea of what a spinnaker is like. As you see, it extends from the masthead to the deck, and is hauled out on a boom called the spinnaker-boom, at right angles to the vessel, or at some larger angle, according to the wind, the spinnaker being kept on about the same parallel as the main-boom, as if the main-boom and spinnaker-boom were all one spar. When not in use the spinnaker is stowed away in the sail-locker, and the spinnaker-boom (which fits on the side of the lower part of the mast in a line with the main-boom by a goose-neck allowing universal motion) is hauled up and down the mast. It is generally short enough to pass under the fore-stay, as it frequently has to be dipped under it and the spinnaker set the other side should the wind haul round enough to jibe the main-sail. A canoe spinnaker is set as the owner thinks best; he has the general idea how to do it, and carries it out as he thinks will work most to his satisfaction, and if ever you carry a spinnaker you will probably know enough by that time to enable you to act in the same way, and I only hope it will pull your craft along as it appears to be doing our friend the cutter.

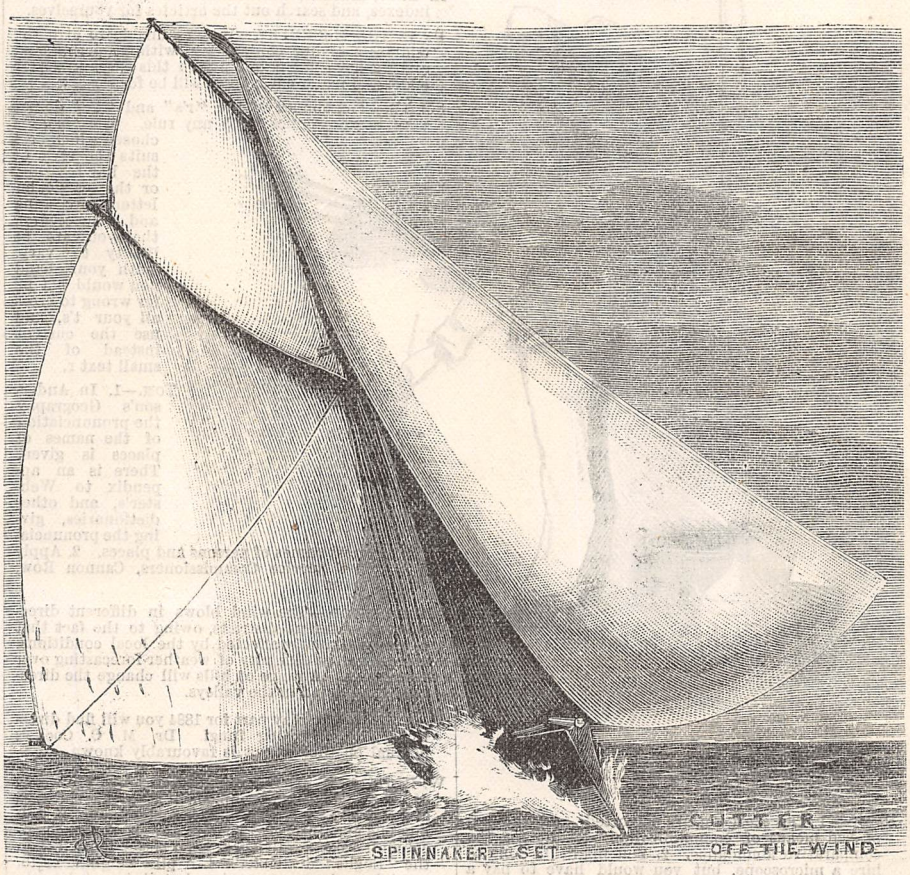


Fig. 13.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

G. K.—The words ending in "able" are derived from Latin verbs whose indicative ends in "are;" those ending in "ible" come from Latin verbs with indicative ending in "ere," etc. Hence, accusare—accusable; accessere—accessible, etc.

LEV.—An ounce of gold may be beaten into 1,600 leaves, each three inches square and about a two-hundred-and-eighty-two-thousandth part of an inch thick A sovereign weighs 123·275 grains. Now how many ounces of gold are required to cover an acre?

B. S. W.—1. The fees payable on patents for the first four years amounts to four pounds, and then the certificate of renewal costs you fifty pounds. In Canada the patent is taken for five years, and costs eighteen pounds. In the United States the total cost is twenty pounds. 2. The telegraph rates to any part of Europe are under two shillings per word, to South Africa they average nine shillings per word, to India five shillings, to China eight shillings, to Australia ten shillings, and to Japan twelve shillings.

ENGINEER.—You can obtain castings of model engines from Mr. Phelps, 257, Kentish Town Road, N.W., or from any of the model dockyards. See our articles in the third volume.

D. C. D.—Any advertising agent will tell you the principal newspapers published in the district, and undertake to insert an advertisement therein at a slight increase on the local charge. In colonial papers there is always a special group of missing friends advertised for. You could ascertain if the ship arrived safely or not by applying to the owners, or to Lloyd's.

A. B. J., HARRIS, LANDSEER, and Others.—Buy the indexes, and search out the articles for yourselves.

UP IN THE MONUMENT.—We are unable to give the addresses of our contributors without permission, and we have not permission in this case. A letter addressed under cover to us will be forwarded.

SCRIBE.—The shapes of the "r's" and "t's" do not vary in accordance with any rule. The shape is chosen which best suits the style of the handwriting, or the particular letters preceding and succeeding that you are at liberty to vary. With your hand you would not be far wrong to cross all your t's, and use the current instead of the small text r.

TOM.—1. In Anderson's Geography the pronunciation of the names of places is given. There is an appendix to Webster's, and other dictionaries, giving the pronunciation of most names of persons and places. 2. Apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster.

MACCLESFIELD.—The wind blows in different directions in different districts, owing to the fact that climate is greatly affected by the local conditions, and hence the difficulty of weather-forecasting over large areas. A range of hills will change the direction of the wind in the valleys.

FUNGUS.—In the May part for 1884 you will find directions for preserving fungi. Dr. M. C. Cooke's manual on the subject is favourably known.

W. H. HALLAM.—1. The cheapest edition of the works of E. A. Poe is that published at seven shillings and sixpence by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. 2. You must be apprenticed. That is all. 3. For mechanical matters generally there is no better journal than the "English Mechanic." 4. A pike weighing 28½lb. must have been a monster, but it is not by any means the largest. One weighing 40lb. was in the Fisheries Exhibition. 5. A 2lb. perch was well up to the average, and we congratulate you.

ANXIOUS.—To etch on steel or cast-iron mix together four drachms each of sulphate of copper, sulphate of alum, and muriate of soda, with three drachms of strong acetic acid. Smear with yellow soap, and use a quill without a split.

DINGO.—1. The sturgeon are imported, and the improved means of communication account for the comparative abundance. 2. You might be able to hire a microscope, but you would have to pay a deposit and give references.

FITZDOODLE.—Apply to headquarters. For instructions how to become a policeman, go to Scotland Yard or Old Jewry.

DIOGENES.—An application to one of the large advertising agents, such as Messrs. Street, of Cornhill, would procure you any newspaper in the world, after reasonable notice and prepayment of cost.

F. WIGENS.—The chief passenger lines of steamers do not take midshipmen or apprentices. All their officers must previously have served in a sailing-ship If you wish to go to sea you must begin in a sailing vessel, unless you do not care to rise in your profession.

J. S. F.—At almost any tool-maker's where they sell lathes they can give you the address of a practical turner, with whom you could arrange for a few lessons. Try "Amateur Work." For the ambulance corps apply at Scotland Yard—Metropolitan Police Office.

A FISHER BOY.—1. The coloured plate of British Freshwater Fish was in the June part for 1881. 2. The best books on angling are "A Book on Angling," by Francis Francis, published by Longmans, price fifteen shillings; "The Practical Fisherman," by J. Harrington Keene, published by Gill, price half-a-guinea; and "Float Fishing," by Martin, published by Sampson Low and Co., price two shillings.

A CRICKETER.—Should the bowler put out the batsman at his end, the score-sheet is marked "run out;" should he miss the wicket the throw is not counted as a ball in the over.

GINGERINERO.—A batsman is only out "hit wicket" if he hits the wicket in striking at the ball.

A HARRISONIAN.—1. It does not follow that the champions hold the bests on record. For instance, the long-jump champion for 1884 is E. Horwood, with 21ft. 9¾in., whereas the best on record is 23ft. 1¼in. by J. Lane in 1874. The putting-the-weight champion was Owen Hart with 39ft. 10in.; the "best" is E. J. Bor, with 42ft. 5in. in 1872. The hundred yards champion is Cowie, with 10⅕sec., the mystic number which every runner attains and never exceeds. The half-mile champion is W. G. George, with 2min. 2⅕sec.; the "best" is H. H. Sturt's 1min. 55⅘secs. in 1878. 2. An overthrow to the boundary must mean runs, and the batsman should certainly not be given out for the recklessness of some stupid fieldsman. What had he to do with causing the overthrow? 3. There is not, nor could there be, such a person.

HECTOGRAPH.—The simplest of the graph compositions is made by soaking a pound and a half of good glue in water until it becomes flaccid, and then boiling it in a water-bath—that is, a proper gluepot—with six pounds of common glycerine, keeping the heat up for some hours in order to drive off all excess water. There is another composition, consisting of two hundred and sixty parts of water, one hundred and fifty of sulphate of barium, sixty of gelatine, sixty of sugar, and three hundred and sixty of glycerine.

JOHN OF GAUNT.—The coin" is a token halfpenny Many such exist.

THE

"BOY'S OWN" CALENDAR 1885

JANUARY.

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NOVEMBER.

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Eunik & Binger, Chromolith. 15 Holborn Viaduct.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 312.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1885. Price One Penny.

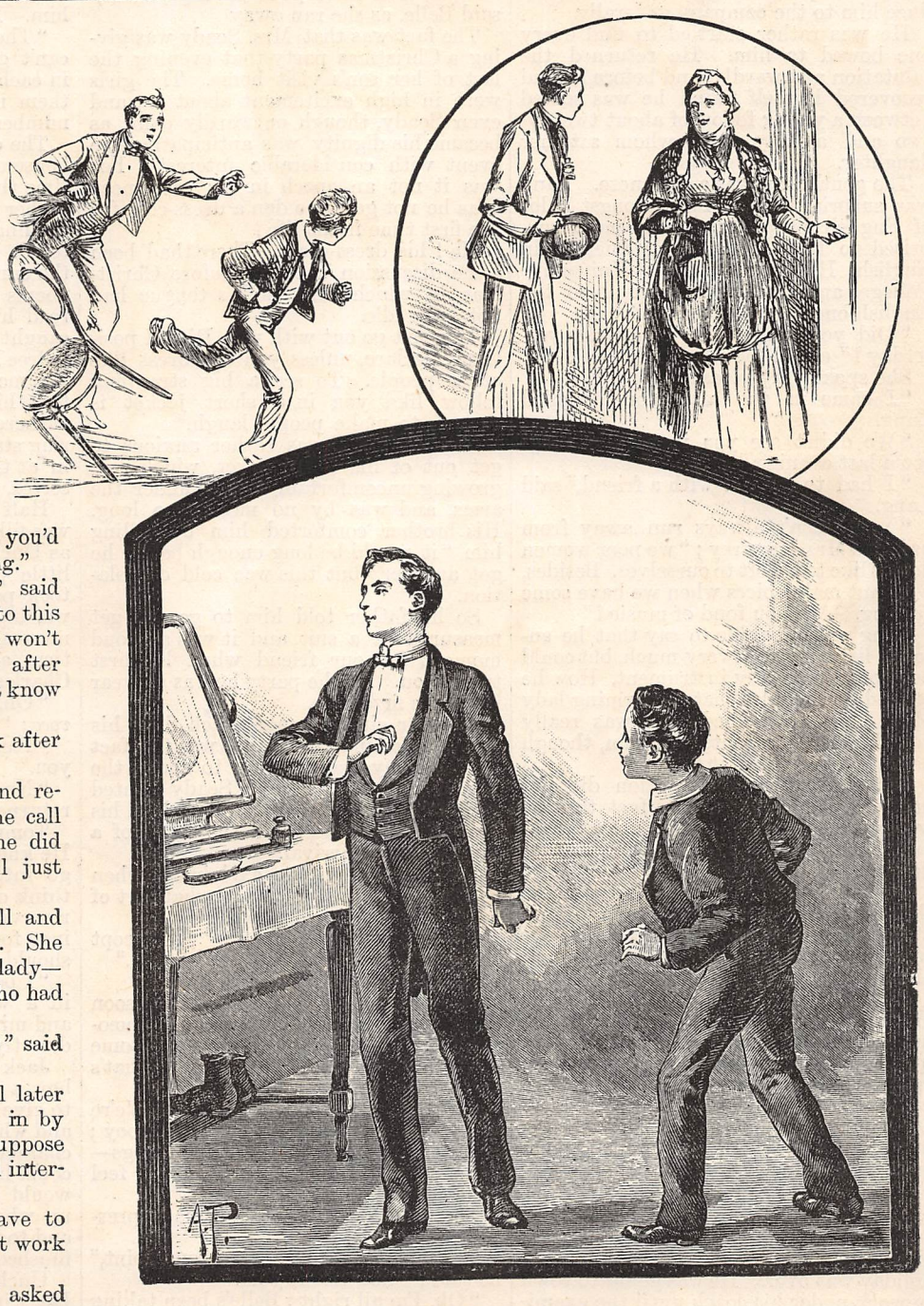
SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.



Soady's First Dress Coat.

They sat talking some time longer, then Fanshawe yawned, and proposed going out somewhere.

"I must be moving home," said Lang; "it's getting on for half-past nine."

"Bosh! You haven't to be in by ten, I suppose? and I told them you'd be late. We'll go and see something."

"I'd sooner go another night," said Lang. "You see, I've never been to this house I'm staying at before, and it won't do to turn up for the first time after they've all gone to bed; I shouldn't know my room, for one thing."

"Oh, there'll be a servant to look after you."

But Lang was firm for once, and refused to do more than make one call on his way home. As it was, he did not reach Mrs. Turner's house till just eleven.

Mrs. Turner met him in the hall and showed no anger at his late entry. She was a pleasant, motherly-looking lady—the widow of a City merchant who had failed, and died soon after.

"I hope I haven't kept you up?" said Lang.

"Oh, no! I'm seldom in bed till later than this, and you can always get in by ringing the night-bell. But I suppose you won't often be out late, it will interfere with your work?"

"No," said Lang; "I shall have to stick to it pretty hard, but I don't work late as a rule."

"Shall I show you your room?" asked Mrs. Turner.

Lang was hungry—very hungry. He had eaten nothing since lunch except that miserable tea at Fanshawe's. But Mrs. Turner, who naturally supposed he had been dining with a friend, made no sign in the matter of supper, and Lang, who was rather ashamed of himself for turning up so late on the first evening, did not like to mention that he was dinnerless. So he went to bed hungrier than he could remember having been in his life.

He did not sleep well; the strange bed, his hunger, and the effects of some whisky, to which he was unaccustomed, resulted in a bad night. He was not looking his best when he descended to breakfast in the morning.

He found the dining-room two-thirds full of people; altogether about twenty were there. He was announced as he entered—a proceeding supposed to introduce him to the company generally.

He was rather startled to find every one bowed to him. He returned the salutation awkwardly, and before he had recovered himself found he was seated between a young fellow of about twenty-two and a lady, next whom sat her daughter.

The gentleman was a Japanese. Lang was surprised to see him amongst a lot of English people, and still more surprised to hear him talking fluently in English. He was a student at University College, and a dangerous rival to the English ones.

"Did you only arrive in London yesterday?" asked the lady on his left.

She spoke very pleasantly.

"I came in the afternoon," replied Lang.

"We didn't see you in the drawing-room last evening."

"I had to go out with a friend," said Lang.

"You musn't always run away from us," said Mrs. Hawtrey; "we poor women do not like to be left to ourselves. Besides, we want male voices when we have some singing. Are you fond of music?"

Lang was only able to say that he enjoyed listening to it very much, but could not perform on any instrument. How he wished he could! What a charming lady Mrs. Hawtrey seemed! It was really very kind of her to talk to him, though he felt embarrassed at first.

But even her conversation did not make him oblivious of the fact that he was extremely hungry. He ate a breakfast that was enough to make Mrs. Turner despair.

He found out before he left the house that lunch was at half-past one, dinner at six, and tea about half-past eight. He resolved not to miss the dinner again, at all events.

He spent the morning with his coach. What Mr. Porter thought of him he did not like to ask, but he felt as if every question were an exposure of his ignorance. Had it not been for his last week's work at home it must have been yet more apparent. Even as it was, he felt the most transparent fraud that had ever been in the coach's care.

CHAPTER XX.

It was Soady's last day home; his brief holiday was over. He was going to town to work under his coach until the examination came off.

"It's about time I went," he said to Belle; "you girls are more than I can manage."

"Don't you think you had better leave off trying to manage us, then?" asked Belle.

"You must have some one to keep you in order, or else I don't know what would become of you. So I sacrifice myself for your good, Belle."

"Thank you. But from what you say your efforts don't seem very successful."

"That's one for yourself, miss!" said Soady.

"Yes; I must give you a chance sometimes. Are you going to come down to-night? or don't you think it will be better for you to spend the evening as usual, working upstairs?"

"I'm going to come down," said her brother, gravely; "and what is more, I'm going to dance with you!"

"You will have your revenge, I see," said Belle, as she ran away.

The fact was that Mrs. Soady was giving a Christmas party that evening, the last of her son's visit home. The girls were in high excitement about it; and even Soady, though outwardly calm, as became his dignity was anticipating the event with considerable interest. For was it not an epoch in his existence? Was he not going to don a dress-coat for the first time in his life?

Ha! his dress-coat! There had been some discussion about it before Christmas, in which Miss Belle's tongue had not been idle.

"I won't go out with you, Dick, I positively declare, unless you will dress like other people. To see a big strapping fellow like you in a short jacket is enough to make people laugh."

Soady himself was rather anxious to get out of his Eton jacket, which was growing uncomfortably tight under the arms, and was by no means too long. His brother comforted him by telling him "it would be long enough before he got another," but this was cold consolation.

So his father told him to go and get measured for a suit, and it was a proud moment for our friend when he first tried it on. At the party he was to wear it for the first time.

Another circumstance which filled his cup of rejoicing to the full, was the fact that Tommy was coming to spend the day and stay the night. Soady wanted to see the youngster badly, and shied his books finally aside when the sound of a cab told of his arrival.

"Well, Tommy," he exclaimed, when he had him safely indoors, "what sort of a Christmas have you had?"

"A 1," replied Tommy; "all except Boxing Day. I was a bit seedy then."

"Too much turkey and pudding?"

"Something of that sort, but I soon got over it; treated it on the homœopathic principle, you know—ate some more; *similia similibus curantur*—that's right, isn't it?"

"Near enough for you, Tommy. We're going to have times to-night, my boy; there's going to be all sorts of things—dancing too, Tommy. How do you feel about that?"

Tommy's face wore a curious expression.

"I'm afraid that isn't my strong point," he said; "how about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right; Belle's been taking me in hand."

"I wish she'd take me too," said Tommy; "I expect my feet want taking in hand a good bit."

"Oh, you'll get on all right; it only wants pluck. They've got some tableaux too, and you're to be in them."

"Can't do it," said Tommy; "I'm sure to laugh. I tried it once, and spoilt the whole show."

"If you laugh to-night, Tommy, I'll skin you."

"'Twould only make me laugh the more," was the reply.

The house was turned topsy-turvy. One end of the dining-room was reserved for the tableaux, and was sacred to the performers. A certain Uncle Charles was to read selections from poems, the curtain was then to draw up and exhibit an illustrated tableau. The unfortunate part of it was that Uncle Charles was rather deaf. However, he read so well that it was considered advisable to have him. Besides, he was an uncle.

"There," said Belle, triumphantly, "he can't go wrong now. I've put markers in each page he reads from and numbered them in big figures. If he follows the numbering he must be right."

The company were arriving. Jane, the housemaid, thought that it was quite time the dining-room gas was turned up higher; so she went to that room to give the final touches before the visitors entered. In passing by the small table near the curtain on which rested the book of poems from which Uncle Charles was to read his illustrative extracts, her dress caught in a chair she turned hastily round to free herself, when her arm knocked the volume to the ground. The markers flew hither and thither; Jane hastily gathered them up; a loud knock and ring startled her, she thrust the markers in at the first pages that offered themselves, and fled from the room.

Half an hour later the dining-room was filled by "a distinguished company," as Uncle Charles called his audience in a little preliminary address. Those who took part in the tableau were all posed waiting for him to begin to read. It was no small strain to stand in a fixed position, and they began to wish Uncle Charles would cut his oration short.

"Oh, dry up, uncle!" said Soady, *sotto voce*; "I'm getting the cramp."

"Hush!" said Belle; "they'll hear you."

"No fear of *his* doing so, I'm afraid," returned her brother.

Tommy was preternaturally serious. He knew that if he once relaxed he would go into convulsions. So he tried to think of all the serious things he could, reserving the most serious of all, a swishing, for the moment when the curtain should go up.

"I believe he's winding up," said Belle, in a whisper. "Keep still every one; and mind, Jack, you pull up the curtain directly he begins to read."

Jack nodded assent. He was a burly boy, a cousin, to whom they were obliged to give some part in the entertainment, and who was quite incapable of taking a character in a tableau. However, he could haul up a curtain well enough, and would obey orders. These were to pull up when Uncle Charles began to read, and to let down when the extract was finished.

Uncle Charles's oration was ended. He wiped his spectacles, took up the book, found marker No. 1, and commenced to read. Jack instantly hauled

up the curtain, and discovered a group representing the finding of the Sleeping Beauty in the Enchanted Castle. Soady was the Prince, Belle the enchanted Beauty lying on a couch with her hair let down; Tommy was the king, made up with an enormous white beard and wig; the rest of the company were courtiers, servants, etc. It was not a badly arranged group, and the lines which had been chosen to its illustration from Lord Tennyson's "Daydreams" were very appropriate.

Uncle Charles, with his back to the curtain and his face to the audience, began to read, slowly and emphatically, the following lines:—

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch, stitch, stitch."

The audience looked puzzled at first, then amused. As the reader went stolidly on, utterly ignorant of what was behind him, the smile on the faces of the listeners grew broader. Still the unconscious reader ploughed on; he could not hear the excited whispers behind him. Soady felt his blood running cold, Belle looked anything but a Sleeping Beauty; they tried to motion to Jack to let down the curtain.

In vain. Jack had his orders, and meant to keep to them. He did not know what all the signs meant; he heard Uncle Charles reading, and so he kept hold of his rope.

At last Soady could bear it no longer. Uncle Charles was finishing the second verse, and the audience were trying hard not to burst into a roar.

"Pull down the curtain, you donkey, Jack!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper that was heard all over the room.

This was too much for Tommy. He went off with an explosion which blew his beard off, and exposed his round face with a grin on it that stretched almost from ear to ear.

It was no good trying to keep up the illusion after that. The audience burst into a roar of laughter, in which the performers joined. Jack understood at last that he ought to lower the curtain, which he did. Belle was very indignant, but Tommy took a sensible view of the case.

"They've enjoyed themselves, I guess, and so've we, so where's the harm?"

"I wonder what uncle thinks," said Soady. "Somebody's been playing tricks with the book."

"I'll see it doesn't happen again," said Belle, rather angrily. She had taken a lot of trouble to get herself up for this tableau that she might look like the Sleeping Beauty, and it was too aggravating to be received with laughter instead of admiration.

Uncle Charles, who was dimly conscious of something wrong, was pulled behind the curtain, and the state of affairs was explained to him. Belle took the book, and altered the markers back to their original places, indignantly wondering who could have altered them. Tommy had an impression that she suspected him, an impression founded on the truth. However, Soady disabused her mind, and the affair remained a mystery, for Jane was careful not to divulge her share in the catastrophe.

On the whole, however, it was not to be regretted, for it put the audience in a good humour, and they received the remaining tableaux with great applause, which was well deserved.

Then came the event of the evening—Soady's getting into his first dress-coat. Tommy eyed it critically.

"It doesn't seem to do you justice, old man," he remarked. "There isn't enough about the tails of it to form a sufficient contrast to the jacket which you have now discarded for ever. What pleases me more is the gay and gorgeous shirt-front which you are sporting. I seem to want to draw a picture on it, or a problem of Euclid. And that poor little stud in the middle of that vast expanse—it looks like an oasis in the desert, five miles from everywhere."

"Tommy," said Soady, gravely, "don't let your envy get the better of your politeness. Personal remarks are not considered the thing in good society."

"All right, old boy; we're alone."

But Soady did not seem to think that it followed that he was not in good society because he was the only person present, so, at the imminent risk of spoiling his shirt-front, he chased Tommy round the room and administered "toko" unto him.

"You wait, you beggar; I'll pay you out," said Tommy, as he smoothed his ruffled plumes. "I'll watch you dancing, and have my revenge that way."

But Soady flattered himself that he knew enough about it to keep himself out of trouble. Tommy was ignorant of the very rudiments; he had not reached the age when boys desire the company of girls other than their sisters. It would have been a good thing for the youngster if he had learned more; he might have entered the room naturally instead of awkwardly, and would not have had such a sheepish look when he saw the others choosing their partners.

Boys ought to learn the rules of good society. Look at the boy who has never been taught. How helpless he is when he is thrown (as he probably will be) amongst people who are older than he. How uncomfortable and awkward when he meets girls of his own age at a party. How selfish he is in the way he behaves; with what rudeness often he treats those of the opposite sex. And this not so much from innate boorishness as from a want of training.

The first lesson to be learnt is, perhaps, politeness. Ah! boys want teaching that badly. It is the best possible lesson for a boy to learn that a young lady is to be shown every consideration, that it is his duty and his privilege to wait upon her, to anticipate all her little wants, and to make the time pass as pleasantly for her as possible.

The second lesson to be learnt is confidence. I don't mean cheek or forwardness, but that naturalness of bearing which should be possessed by every one. You see a boy who is active and graceful enough in the playground; watch him when he enters a room full of people. He is constrained and awkward; he fancies the eyes of every one are on him, the consequence is he makes a fool of himself.

But this arises from excessive self-consciousness. Do you, my dear boy, think your entry into a room such an important matter? Be assured it is not, and that if you walk in as you see the grown-up men do, you will have no need to blush and feel as if you would like the floor to open under you.

Never mind about the other lessons to be learnt later; master those two well, and my little lecture will not be without effect.

(To be continued.)

"B. B."

("*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*")

Oh, come, let us chant in melodious tones,
Let us warble a stave that is gay,
With Collard and Collard, with banjo and bones,
Let us drive "Atram Curam" away.

Let us tune up our triangles, string up our harps,
Let us buy penny-whistles galore,
Let us fix our attention on flats and on sharps,
And decipher the musical score.

And as it is well on some subject to seize
When we wish to burst forth into verse,
Let us choose the heroic exploits, if you please,
Of Captain Bartholomew Burse.

He was skilled in all mysteries—Aryan histories—
Ghosts—transmigration of souls;
All his dates he could say from the Flood to "to-day,"
And he understood currents and shoals

He was great at mechanics, including dynamics,
And sections relating to cones;
He could say off as pat as the size of his hat
The number of tropical zones.

But his nautical skill had acquired such renown,
That one day at Shoeburyness
There arrived for B. B., who abode in that town,
This document "O. H. M. S."

"Rex Georgius Tertius, Fidei Def.,
Greets his well-belov'd subject B. B.,
And he'll feel quite obliged to that gentleman if
He will get himself ready for sea.

"B. B. shall proceed to an island remote
(Which its name it is Wappiti Hi),
And the ways of the natives extensively note,
And report his results by-and-by."

Then joy was the portion of Captain B. B.,
And gaiety gleamed in his eye;
And choosing such things as were useful at sea,
He bade his dear aantie "Good-bye."

* * * *

And now let us sing of the boisterous wave,
With tambourine, fiddle, and harp;
Let us warble a very melodious stave
In the key of G major (One sharp).

We will also endeavour to mention in verse
The briny and billowy sea.
(When we come to the sorrows of Mister B. Burse
We will change to the minor key, E.)

The crew was a bo's'un, a tortoiseshell cat,
A sailor (whose aspect was meek),
A photographer boasting a chimney-pot hat,
Which he sported two days in the week.

Oh, blithe was their trip through the tropical seas—
Albeit their journey was long—
As they glided away with remarkable ease,
Beguiling their leisure with song.

For the captain would choose a Dibdinic refrain,
And pick out the tune on his lute;
And the bo's'un, when not engaged steering, was fain
To perform barcaroles on the flute.

* The animal could not be persuaded that the camera was not a novel and ingenious mouse-cage, and at the critical moment she *would* look in to see what was going on. The result was, generally, as follows:—

The photographer, too, would set up his machine
And focus them all as they sat;
And very effective the views would have been
If they had not been spoilt by the cat.*

* * * *

Now behold them arrived at the end of their cruise,
They have reached the said island remote.
(Pray observe the photographer taking his views,
And Bartholomew taking his *note*.)

"Oh, bring out a flag of a peaceful device,
And hoist it aloft in the breeze;
Let us send them a present of cocoanut-ice,
Or anything likely to please."

So they sent them the cat, the photographer's hat,
A pair of old Wellington boots,
And some eau-de-Cologne, and a gravy-beef bone,
And a cheque that was crossed "Coutts and Coutts."

And Bartholomew got on a barrel to sing—
Which often that purpose had served—
And selecting the following beautiful thing
He warbled it. (All rights reserved.)

SONG.

"I'll sing you songs of Araby, and tales of fair Cashmere;
I'll also give the *raison d'être* of our appearance here.
Oh, natives, flock around in boats and listen to my strain,
And worthy Mister Bo's'un here will join in the refrain.

"We've come to see your little ways, O natives of the isle,
My man will photograph you all, and I'll take notes the while.
Then walk up, natives, and be took, O walk up and be wise,
Our price is one-and-four the dozen, *carte-de-visite* size."

But they paid no attention; they collared the cat,
With the bones and the "Wellingtons" too;
And they boiled them all down in the chimney-pot hat,
And appeared highly pleased with the stew.

And wishing for more, the black gentlemen came
And boarded Bartholomew's barque;
And they said, "I say, cap., we'll take more of that same"
(A rude and exacting remark).

Poor Bartholomew gave them some cold mutton-broth,
Some tin-tacks, three hot buttered scones,
And some hat-pegs, and Tennyson's works (bound in cloth),
And a portrait of Inigo Jones.

Yet they did not seem pleased with the things I have named,
But much nasty temper they showed,
And (I think that their conduct is much to be blamed)
They used dreadful words such as "blowed."

And finding no tortoiseshell pussies to stew—
Oh, sad is the end of my lay—
They set-to and boiled up the whole of the crew.
Who have never been seen since that day!

SOME COMICAL BUTTONS.

By A. Chasemore.

Here are a set of six comical buttons, the exact size of the originals, in the possession of a friend of mine. Each one is set in a copper rim which does not appear to have been gilt, and is protected by a thick convex glass like that of a watch. The heads which you see are double—the chin of one making the nose of the other—and are painted very carefully and delicately in black and white on vellum, on a black ground. The date when they were originally worn would be, according to the hats and wigs, about the middle of the last century.

Number one, or, more properly speaking, the top button, represents the head of a serious-looking philosopher, and his double a jovial sailor; the next that of a grenadier, another with a peculiar headdress—half tortoise, half bellows; the upper head, for all we know, might be a portrait of the wearer of the buttons, joined to that of an officer in the army. The last but one depicts, I fancy, a peasant and a peer; and the bottom button of all that of another officer, and, say, the wearer again without his wig, who I should imagine to have been a bit of a wag in his way, hardly a sober citizen, and who wore these said buttons to give a jovial tone to the staid square-cut coat of George II.'s time.

the same that we see in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," and an individual who may be taken for a wild man of the woods; the next, a gentleman wearing his own hair, and an-

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES.

Besides the paddling and sailing canoe there are canoes propelled by other means. Amongst these are steam canoes, screw and paddle canoes, in which the motive power is supplied by the occupant through an arrangement of cranks and cog-wheels, something after the principle of a tricycle, and canoes driven by electricity or galvanic batteries.

A friend of mine a short time ago amused himself during the "long" (he is a University man) in fitting a canoe with steam-power. The boat he bought very cheaply; I think it cost about four pounds. It was fitted with a screw and screw-shaft, and was then arranged for propulsion by the working powers of the occupant. My friend removed all this gear and made a very neat engine, the cylinder turned by himself, and all the parts cast from moulds made from his wooden patterns. These castings he afterwards filed down as requisite. When he showed me the engine it was complete and screwed down to its bedplate ready for use.

Now, in these small steamboats—and indeed in most contrivances propelled by steam, large or small—much more depends on the boiler than on the cylinder. Of course the cylinder must be strong enough to carry steam and tight enough to hold it fairly well, but a very ordinary engine with a first-class boiler able to supply and keep plenty of steam is far better than a second-rate boiler and a first-class engine, though, to be sure, as is related in the legend with regard to the bishoprics of Bath and Wells, "Bauth is best." The difficulty with my friend, as indeed with many others, was how to get a boiler light enough, strong enough, and, lastly, and by no means leastly, cheap enough. This riddle he solved by making his boiler of hydraulic tube, having ends cast and fitted, while a number of small internal tubes enormously increased the heating surface, and at the same time acting as stays greatly strengthened the boiler.

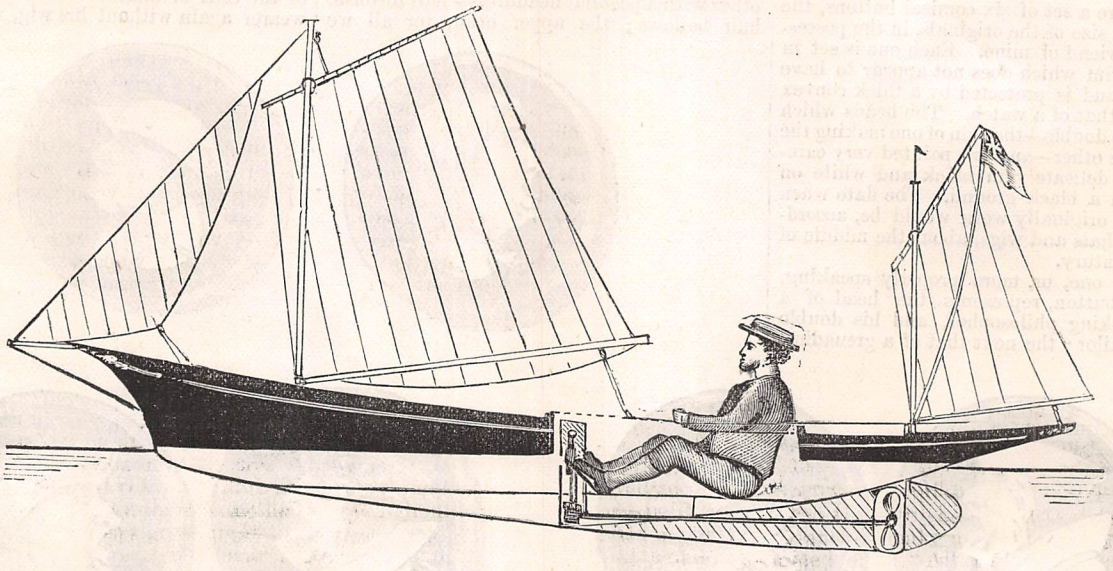
I cannot here describe in detail the whole of the *modus operandi*, but I will give you the result, which was that after several preliminary cruises in the Thames he sent the canoe by boat to France (Havre), and steamed up the Seine for some distance. To construct such a canoe as this would be above the ability and resources of most boys, and, indeed, after it is constructed it is a constant source of worry and expense. Still the fitting of an existing canoe with screw or paddles for manual propulsion is not very difficult, and indeed is within the capability of any handy lad. But you must remember that for speed nothing of the kind is as good as the oar, and for handiness nothing beats the paddle.

It was on the upper waters of the Thames, some years ago that I saw the canoe depicted on the next page. It was one of the first of that type ever produced, and created rather a sensation at the time. I was one of a party in a randan, and the canoe in question, with no sail set, and with the owner sitting with his arms folded across his chest, went through the water at some three knots an hour. It looked very pretty, and would be useful on a crowded river for dodging in and out of a multitude of craft, but I should think the work would be tiring and too much confined to one set of muscles; in rowing both legs and arms are used. The paddle-wheel is a simpler contrivance, and would do very well on a private pond, but the best application of it is for the double-canoe, where the worker is able to sit as on a bicycle over his work, and thus economise power. A description of this may be given later on. All such arrangements are only fancy ones (except the latter), as the power gained by the leverage of the oar is far greater than that obtained in any other known way of utilising one's strength for the purposes of propulsion of water-borne vessels.

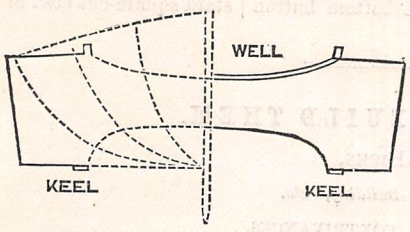
And while we are talking of curious forms of canoes it would not be amiss to look for a moment at the one depicted on next page, which represents a section of a double-keeled canoe, with a hollow bottom, that was on view at the Fisheries Exhibition. It was claimed in its favour that by the form of the bottom an enormously increased stability was obtained, and it certainly was a fact that you could sit on one side of the gunwale without greatly affecting the canoe in the way of heeling it, and for certain purposes, such as fishing, etc., where a stable platform is desirable, there is no doubt that this form of canoe might be found very useful, while in external appearance it does not differ from an ordinary canoe. It appears to me that the principle might be still further extended, and the sides and ends being separated from the well portion by watertight partitions, a well might be left each side, top and bottom, the seat being common to both wells. In this way if the canoe capsized it would only offer itself in a new form and one just as comfortable as the old one.

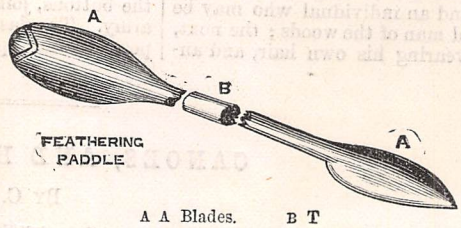
Such a principle was shown in some of the lifeboats at the Fisheries, which were something after the style of an enormous oval ring lifebuoy, with a perforated flooring filling the space inside, and so placed that if capsized it would offer the same facilities and convenience to the crew.

As the paddle is a very important element in a canoe it is as well to give some attention to it. A light short paddle is best for all-round use, but for racing a long paddle is used. The feathering paddle, as shown in the sketch, will be found most useful for long and continued use, as one of the greatest forms of fatigue is obviated—viz., the action of a head-wind on the elevated blade of the paddle. This may appear a small matter, but if you try half an hour's paddling against a strong head-wind you will find it offer a very perceptible resistance to your progress.



BODY PLAN OF CANOE WITH HOLLOW BOTTOM AND DOUBLE KEELS





A A Blades. B T

In the feathering paddle the paddle is cut in two amidships, and one blade being turned at right angles to the other, the handle is fixed in that position by means of a metal tube joining the two ends where cut. It is as well, if making such a paddle oneself, to make it from one six inches longer than you require. In this case you can halve the handles at the joint for six inches, and then when put together by the metal tube it will be almost impossible for the handle to shift and alter the position of the blades, which otherwise might be the case; or, if this is not done, a square tube will make the joint less likely to shift.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—MAKING READY.

In the morning, when Cyprien learnt what had happened at the banquet, the first thing he did was to strenuously object to the serious charge brought against his servant. He agreed with Alice that Mataki could not be such a thief as was supposed. In fact he would rather have suspected Pantalacci and his companions, who seemed to him very much more suspicious characters.

It was not likely, however, that a white man was the guilty party. To those who knew nothing of its origin, the Star of the Settlement was a natural diamond, and consequently of such value that the getting rid of it would be difficult.

"All the same," said Cyprien, "it cannot possibly be Mataki."

But then he suddenly remembered certain petty larcenies of which the man had been guilty. In spite of all his master's warnings the Kaffir had never been able to cure himself of his objectionable habits. What he had taken was, it is true, almost valueless, but still the tendency shown could not but tell against him in any judicial investigation.

And there were other things in favour of the presumption. There was his presence in the dining-room when the diamond was eclipsed as if by magic. There was his not having been found in his hut.

And then there was his flight.

For he had certainly left the district, and Cyprien waited in vain during the morning for Mataki to reappear. He could not believe in his servant's guilt; but his servant did not return. And further examination showed that sundry objects and utensils such as a man would take with him for a journey across the African desert had also gone. There was no further room for doubt. Guilty or not guilty, the Kaffir had fled.

About ten o'clock the engineer, very much more grieved at the conduct of Mataki than at the loss of the diamond, called at Watkins Farm.

There he found the farmer in conference with Pantalacci, Hilton, and Friedel. As he presented himself Alice, who had seen him coming, also entered the room where her father and his three cronies were noisily discussing what to do to recover the stolen diamond.

"We must follow Mataki!" exclaimed Watkins, angrily. "We must get hold of him, and if the diamond is not handed over we must rip him open to see if he has swallowed it! Ah, my lass, it was a capital notion of yours to tell us that story yesterday!"

"But," said Cyprien, in a quiet tone, anything but pleasing to the farmer, "to swallow a stone of that size Mataki would have to have a stomach like an ostrich!"

"A Kaffir's stomach is capable of anything, Mr. Cyprien," replied Watkins. "And if you think there is anything to laugh at—"

"I did not laugh, Mr. Watkins," said Cyprien, seriously. "But if I am sorry for the diamond it is only because you allowed me to give it to Miss Watkins."

"I am just as grateful for it," said Alice, "as if I still had it."

"There's a woman's head for you," exclaimed the farmer. "Just as grateful as if she still had it—a diamond whose equal exists not in the world!"

"Well, it is not quite the same thing," said Hilton.

"Not quite!" added Friedel.

"On the contrary, it is the same thing!" answered Cyprien. "For as I made that diamond I can make another."

"Oh, Mr. Engineer!" said Pantalacci, with a threatening look. "I should advise you not to try another experiment—in the interest of Griqualand—and of yourself!"

"Really?" replied Cyprien. "I am not aware that I had to ask your permission in the matter."

"Don't let us talk about that," said Watkins. "Is Mr. Cyprien sure that he will succeed in a second attempt? Can he guarantee that the second diamond he makes will have the colour, the weight, and consequently the value of the first? Can he even undertake to make a second stone, even of inferior value? Has not his success been due in a great measure to chance?"

The engineer could not but be struck with the reasonableness of these questions. His experiences were quite in accord with the teachings and practice of modern chemistry, but had not chance come in to make him succeed? And if he tried again could he be certain of a triumph?

It was important then that the thief should be captured and the diamond recovered.

"By-the-by, have you found any trace of Mataki?"

"None," answered Cyprien.

"Have they searched the neighbourhood?"

"Yes, and searched it well!" replied Friedel.

"The scoundrel probably cleared off during the night, and it is almost impossible to know where he has gone!"

"Has the police officer taken the matter in hand?" asked Watkins.

"Yes," answered Cyprien, "and he has found no trace at present."

"Ah!" exclaimed the farmer, "I will give five hundred pounds for him if they can catch him."

"Very likely, Mr. Watkins," said Pantalacci. "But I am afraid you will never see the diamond, nor the man who took it."

"Why not?"

"Because once he has got a start," replied the Italian, "he will never be fool enough to stop on the road. He will cross the Limpopo, plunge into the desert, and make for the Zambesi or Tanganyika, or go among the Bushmen if he thinks better."

Did the astute Neapolitan really think what he said? Was he not speaking thus to prevent any pursuit of Mataki, in order that he might undertake it alone? Thus thought Cyprien as he watched him narrowly.

But Watkins was not the man to give up the game because it was difficult to play. He would have sacrificed his entire fortune to get back the incomparable stone, and through the open window his eyes in their angry impatience seemed to gleam across the green slopes of the Vaal as if he hoped to find the fugitive on the horizon.

"What does that matter? I must have my diamond! I must catch this scoundrel! If I hadn't the gout it wouldn't take long, I tell you!"

"Father!" said Alice, trying to soothe him.

"Look here! what do you want for your trouble?" asked the farmer, looking round him. "Who'll go after the nigger? I'll make it worth your while."

And as nobody spoke he continued,

"You four want to marry my daughter! Well, catch me the man who stole my diamond"—he now called it "*my* diamond"—"and I give you my word that the man who does so shall marry her."

"Done!" exclaimed Hilton.

"Agreed!" said Friedel.

"Who would not endeavour to win so precious a prize?" simpered Pantalacci.

Alice blushed deeply and vainly endeavoured to hide her confusion, ashamed at seeing herself thus put up to auction, and that in the presence of the young engineer.

"Miss Watkins," said Cyprien, in a low tone and leaning respectfully towards her, "I should like to try my fortune in this, but have I your permission?"

"You have, and my best wishes, Mr. Cyprien!"

"Then I am ready to go to the end of the world!" exclaimed Cyprien, turning towards Mr. Watkins.

"You won't be far out," said Pantalacci, "for Mataki will lead you a nice dance. By to-morrow he ought to be at Potchefstroom, and he will have reached the hills before we have left our diggings."

"And what prevents our starting immediately?" said Cyprien.

"You can go if you like," replied the Italian. "But for my part I want some food with me—a waggon, a dozen oxen, and a couple of saddle-horses at the very least. And we cannot get that nearer than Potchefstroom."

Again, was Pantalacci speaking seriously? Was it his object to discourage his rivals? Perhaps; but he was nevertheless quite right. Without such means of locomotion, without such resources, it would be folly to attempt a journey in Northern Griqualand.

But a team of oxen, as Cyprien knew, would cost about four hundred pounds, and he had only one hundred and sixty.

"An idea!" shouted Hilton, who, as an "Africander" of Scottish descent, had a strong vein of economy in his disposition. "Why shouldn't we four go partners? The chances would be more equal, and the cost would be much less."

"That seems reasonable," said Friedel.

"I agree," answered Cyprien.

"Then," remarked Pantalacci, "it must be understood that each man retains his independence, and is free to leave his companions whenever he thinks fit."

"Of course," replied Hilton. "We club together to buy the waggon, the team, and the provender, but we can each leave when we please."

"Agreed," said Cyprien, Friedel, and Pantalacci.

"When will you start?" asked Watkins, whose chance of recovering his diamond was thus quadrupled.

"To-morrow, by the coach to Potchefstroom," answered Friedel; "there's no good thinking of getting there earlier."

"Right!"

As soon as this was settled Alice took Cyprien apart and asked him if he really believed that Mataki was the author of the theft.

"I am forced to confess," answered the engineer, "that all the presumptions are against him, chiefly on account of his flight. But I feel sure that Pantalacci has some interest in spinning things out as long as he can in regard to it. What a partner to work with! Well, all is fair in war. It is better to keep him in hand, and I can watch his movements more easily than by letting him go off by himself."

The four suitors soon bade farewell to Watkins and his daughter. As was only natural under the circumstances, the ceremony was a brief one, and consisted merely of a shake of the hand. What could the rivals say in thus going off together, each wishing the other at the bottom of the sea?

When he reached home Cyprien found Li and Bardik. The young Kaffir, since he had entered his service, had done his work most zealously. He and the Chinaman were having a quiet chat together, when the young engineer announced that he was going away with Friedel, Hilton, and the Neapolitan in chase of Mataki.

A look passed between them—only one. Then, without an allusion to the fugitive, they came up to Cyprien and said,

"Pa, take us with you."

"Take you with me? And why?"

"To do your cooking," said Bardik.

"To do your washing," said Li.

"And to stop the rascals from doing you harm," said both, in chorus.

Cyprien gave them a keen glance.

"Very well," he replied, "I will take you both, if you wish it."

Then he went out to bid good-bye to Vandergaart, who, without showing approval or disapproval of the expedition, shook him cordially by the hand and wished him success.

In the morning, as, followed by his two men, he walked down to the camp to join the coach for Potchefstroom, he lifted his eyes to Watkins Farm, which was still wrapped in sleep.

Was it an illusion? He thought he recognised behind the muslin curtain of one of the windows a slight girlish form waving a hand in token of farewell.

(To be continued.)

Studies from Nature.—Winter in the Woods.

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—A STRANGE PROPOSAL.

We left our hero in the care of a young woman whose appearance was in strong contrast with her surroundings. The two young people sat down to dinner in the company of the agreeable individual whom Ivan had nicknamed "The Cannibal."

The dinner was a very bountiful meal, and notwithstanding his exertions at the early luncheon which we have described, Ivan felt fully equal to the task before him, at which he worked "with a will," greatly to the surprise and amusement of the father of Anniesie.

"Well," said this extraordinary being, when dinner was over, "you were afraid of my eating you; but if the question be raised as to which of us two is most likely to eat the other, I do not think there would be much room for doubt or very long discussion, Master Ivan the Terrible."

"Can you tell me what has become of Mr. Palitzki?" asked Ivan, rather timidly, of his host.

"No, Ivan, I cannot; but he has left the house and will not return until to-morrow."

"Then what is to become of me?"

"In the first place, I can assure you that no harm will befall you."

"I am not afraid for myself now, but only about Mr. Smirnoff."

"Does he not know that you were in charge of that excellent young man, your tutor?"

"Well, I suppose so, but I did not say good-bye, and how could he know what has become of me if Mr. Palitzki's friend did not give the letter? Oh, dear me! How thoughtless I am! I began a letter to Mr. Smirnoff and have not finished it. I meant to send it to him. Now it is late, too late for the post. But I should be very much obliged if you would allow a servant to take it to him."

"To-morrow morning, my dear boy, will be time enough. I do not care to send away my German servant at night, though he is generally away in the daytime on business. He has been in the Prussian army, and is very useful here. You have seen the class of Russians that hang about the court outside. I could not trust one of them, so we must wait until the morning, when I shall have the whole plan out of Palitzki."

"What plan do you mean?"

"My dear young Ivan, I shall really turn cannibal if you are so inquisitive! But I don't mind telling you that he is a very bad man, and never does anything without some special design. What his design was in bringing you here I cannot now tell you, but to-morrow, after I have spoken to him, I will let you know. My advice is now that you go with Carl to the Baths near at hand, have a good warm bath, and then come back here and go to bed. Helena will give you a nice clean little bed, and as your clothes look too dirty for you to appear in the decent part of the town, we will try to find something that will suit you. Eleven years old and First Gymnasium; that ought to be able to produce a proper uniform in no time."

Ivan did not much like remaining where he was, but a look from Anniesie reassured him; he therefore replied, "All right," and the bargain was complete.

After some talk with Anniesie's father about the Prussian army, which delighted Ivan beyond any conversation he had ever had, our hero was carried off by Carl to the Russian bath, which is one of the great institutions of the country. Here he was stripped, rubbed, soaped, gently beaten with little boughs of trees on which the leaves were left, then plunged into cold water, next into hot,

"Means were found to equip Ivan as a girl."

then taken to a vapour room, where he was made to perspire freely, then plunged in tepid water, then put under a shower-bath of ice-cold water, then wrapped in a sheet and taken back to the first room, where he was placed on a couch for a given time, rubbed all over, and finally dressed and hurried by the German back to the House Hermann, into which he was now introduced by a different entrance. Before he knew where he was he found himself undressed and in bed in a charming little room, the furniture and linen being all new and clean.

When he had seen his charge to bed the Prussian withdrew, wishing Ivan "Good night." After he had left, the old female servant Helena entered the room with a cup of delicious coffee. This Ivan drank with great gusto, and then asked what had become of Anniesie.

"She is writing, but her room is next to this, and I sleep on the other side of the corridor. If you want anything in the night and just pull that bell-rope I will come directly."

"Why should I want anything? But many thanks all the same. I should like to say good night to Anniesie."

The old woman withdrew, and very soon after Anniesie popped her head into the room, saying, "Good night, little brother; I hope you will be all right to-morrow. Sleep soundly, and, queer as this place must seem to you, fear nothing. Say your prayers and do not forget your new sister in them."

"Good night, Anniesie." And she was gone.

It was very late the next morning before Ivan awoke. At first he rubbed his eyes and called aloud for Stephan—Saschinka—Gruscha. Becoming at last aware of his present position, he looked round him to examine the chamber. There was only one window, looking into the back court of the house, and that window was strongly barred. There was only one door, and that opened into another bedroom. It was not quite shut, and peeping in through the aperture he discovered that it was apparently the bedroom either of Anniesie or of some other young lady.

On a little table near the window he found his watch, his pocket-knife, his comb, and his pocket-book, in which were some bank-notes of small amount and some notes of lessons.

"Well," said Ivan to himself, "this is all right enough. Palitzki must be wrong about the Germans, and the priest is certainly wrong about the heretics if Anniesie is a specimen."

He now looked round for his clothes, and found on a chair, neatly folded up, a "ready-made suit" of plain clothes and a Gymnasium uniform with cap complete. "Come, that is very kind. I may choose which I like best. I vote for the greys."

When dressed he observed to himself that he felt much more of a "swell" than he ever did in the Loubiyanka; and then he rang his bell. In a moment after Helena appeared, and she, with the garrulity of the Russian servants, was loud in her praise of his appearance. Ivan presented her with a three-rouble note, and begged her to lead him to the sitting-room.

On entering what we have called the drawing-room he found Anniesie and her father already there, evidently waiting for him. On seeing him in his new clothes Anniesie sprang up, and clapping her hands in glee, called him her delightful little brother.

"They are just the thing for you," said Hermann.

"Never had any half so jolly," he responded.

"Now, Ivan," said Hermann, "first get your breakfast and then we must have a talk."

This seemed a sensible idea to Ivan, who, like many boys at his age, was ludicrously attached to the pleasures of a good meal. He was not by any means a glutton, but he was growing fast. Breakfast was consumed almost in silence, Hermann remaining in the drawing-room while Anniesie went with Ivan into the dining-room to make his tea. At the conclusion of the meal, the "Cannibal" addressed his guest:

"I have seen Palitzki this morning, and am now able to explain his plan to you. A more nefarious one never was conceived. It appears that when he took you from Mazielovo he had just been dismissed by Mr. Smirnoff, first, for neglect of you, and secondly, for belonging to an important political association of which you cannot understand the meaning."

"Nihilists?" asked Ivan.

"Patriots, who are doing their best to deliver this country from—"

"Never mind about that," said Ivan, "will they be good enough to deliver *me?*"

"Cleverly put, Ivan; you shall soon know. It seems that seeing you play with some children gave Palitzki the idea of making use of you as a means of getting money out of Smirnoff, both for his own use and for the great cause. Now I am one of the leaders of this great movement towards freedom."

Ivan shuddered.

"Palitzki brought you here to hide you from Smirnoff. He sought my aid, and as a commander of the 'Brotherhood' I dare not betray him, seeing that the success of his plan would further the good cause. Thus, however willing I might be to send you home to Mr. Smirnoff, I dare not do so. Now, in placing you here, hidden in this way, you are lost—lost for ever. No one can find you here. The police are either in my pay, or dare not enter the house, for below are terrible vaults or cellars whence there is no escape, and the police themselves can never penetrate to them, although they know that members of the great police army of Moscow have died in these very cellars."

"What! under this house?"

"Under this very house."

"How horrible! Have you any there now?"

Hermann laughed, and exclaimed, "No, that was formerly. At present, my only prisoner is Palitzki."

"Oh, I say, what are you going to do with him?"

"Don't interrupt me so; I will tell you. His plan being to keep you here until Smirnoff should pay a large sum to the 'cause' through Palitzki for your liberty, your tutor required a large portion of the money for himself. I threatened to expose him, or get a much larger part of the ransom for the 'Brotherhood,' but he reminded me that I could not betray him to the officials on account of my oath. If I write to Smirnoff and tell him you are here, I excite the wrath of a very rich man, whose money would be more useful than his wrath."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Don't interrupt me so. I shall now tell you. If I keep you here there may be a grand attack by the police on the house; the discovery of yourself and Palitzki in the cellars would do the cause much harm and bring it no money."

"Then you want me to go! I am quite ready."

"Stop a moment. Where are you to go to?"

"Back to Mr. Smirnoff, of course."

"Gently, Ivan. I wonder that such a clever boy should say anything so silly. How can I tell whether you would not tell him all about us?"

"Word of honour."

"Word of fiddlesticks! Nonsense, Ivan; I can't afford to send you back without a reward being duly placed in my hands, and I can't afford to run the risk of keeping you here; I must send you away."

"All right. May I go now?"

Hermann laughed at the boy's eagerness. "Not just yet, Ivan. I must have the money, but I must have no risk. So I am going to send you to Kursk to the aunt of my daughter Anniesie.

"Delightful. Will Anniesie really travel with me? I suppose that is the reason why you have given me this grand new rig out. I am awfully pleased."

"Glad of it, Ivan; but you are wrong about the clothes. You see I may be compelled by the Brotherhood to release Palitzki. In that case he will go any lengths to find you, and the moment he does so he makes Smirnoff pay an enormous sum for you. He will work upon the good merchant's fears and get a high price for you, and who knows to what den he may take you? *This* is bad enough."

"That's very true," said our hero.

"So," continued Hermann, "you must leave no trace behind you of your visit?"

"How do you mean?"

"Although I am not much afraid of the police, feeing some, frightening others, and making most of them think me a fool, there are many who watch very narrowly. The house is a 'suspected' house, and is constantly watched. Now if you leave in a drosky with Anniesie it would be known all over Moscow; you would be followed to the station, and telegraphed about all along the line. You must be disguised."

"All right! I will go as an Izvoschick or an English groom. I don't much care how, so long as it is neither a Jew nor a Tartar that I have to play."

"Neither one nor the other. You shall go as Anniesie's sister."

If Hermann had really been a cannibal, and had commenced preparations for making a meal on Ivan, that young gentleman could not have looked more scared. He stared first at one and then at the other in helpless dismay, but finally recovering himself, he said with decision and resolution,

"Not if I know it!"

Father and daughter regarded each other in silence, while Ivan walked coolly away, as if he had entirely dismissed the subject from his mind. He whistled unconcernedly as he strolled into the dining-room, and commenced a fresh attack on some jam with a spoon.

After a short pause Anniesie joined him, and tried to persuade him to adopt the proposed disguise, but he shook his head resolutely, exclaiming,

"Not like a girl. Anything else, but not as a girl. It won't do!"

"But," said Anniesie, very persuasively, "girls often dress like boys, and very nice they look too."

"Quite another question," said Ivan. "All girls would be boys if they could, but no boy that is worth anything would ever wish to be a girl. No, no, I tell you; it won't do!"

Finding him so determined, father and daughter gave up the attack for the present, and Hermann withdrew, suppressing his rising wrath as well he was able.

"Now, Ivan," said the girl when her father had gone, "you see that we are willing to show you every kindness, but the first suggestion we make to you, although for your good, you reject in the most decided way. As to disguising you like an Izvoschick, or any other boy, that is nonsense. I am going to travel with you, and as a boy I cannot take you with me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it would never do. You would be found out directly, for the very fact of my travelling with a boy would make the police suspicious."

"Brother and sister?" said Ivan, curtly.

"Won't do; I must go with my passport, and I am known to have no brother, although the police do not know my real name. But I had a sister once; she is dead; she would have been about your age had she lived, and I could pass you off for her, for nobody here knows of her death."

"Something in that," said Ivan. "I'll think it over; meanwhile, what shall we do?"

"We will go and look at the horses presently, but you know I have not much time, and if you don't make up your mind to go with me as my sister I must go alone."

"You don't mean that? What would become of me?"

"You would be locked up in one of the safe cellars down stairs."

"Are the clothes here?"

"They are in my bedroom. Helena will help you dress."

"Don't like the whole thing. But what is to be done? Not going to stop in a cellar! Only look here! Can't I take my own things with me, so that I can come out in boy's clothes when I like? Or, stop, I have it! You have a taste for dressing up—all girls have. You get a boy's suit, and we will be two boys, eh? That's better, and you can't say anything against it."

"Yes, I can. You see we travel to my mother's sister near Kursk, and I must, when we get there, confide you to her keeping—"

"What! as a girl? Grow up a woman! Not if I know it! No, no! I will travel with you in any disguise you like except as a Tartar or a Jew. I will sham being a girl, even, just for the journey, but there it stops. Then I must have my own things again, or take the cellar lodging you spoke of until better times; but I will not go in petticoats any longer after the journey is over, that's all about it; so if you want the pleasure of my company those are the terms. I wonder that you, such a quiet, good girl as you are, should propose such a thing. When the cannibal suggested it I was not at all surprised; but you!—I am ashamed of you!"

This was a long and very philosophical speech for Ivan, and it evidently produced its effect on Anniesie, for she thought a little before she answered, which she did at last in these words:

"I am glad you are such a good boy as to do what I want you so far. I will ask my father about taking your dress with us, and if he consents of course I can say nothing. My wish is to make you as comfortable as I can."

"All right, ask your father. He is not so bad perhaps as he looks."

Anniesie here called Helena and directed her to go to Feodor Karlovitch, and to ask him to come to her at once. Ivan rolled upon the sofa with his feet in the air, and was just trying a sort of back somersault when the master of the house appeared.

"What is that boy up to now?" was a not unnatural question under the circumstances.

"Taking leave of my liberty," was the reply of Ivan. "As long as I am a boy I'll *be* a boy."

"Well, Anniesie, you did not send for me to look at the child's gymnastics I am sure. What do you want?"

The girl explained the means by which she had so far talked Ivan over, and stated his firm objection to travel without having his boy's clothes to resume upon occasion, and his electing rather to remain in a cellar than go without this condition being fulfilled. After some thought Hermann decided on yielding this point, and then turning to Ivan, said in Russian (for he had been speaking German with his daughter),

"Now if I permit you to take your clothes with you I must insist on your conducting yourself quietly and properly during the trip, so as to bring no disagreeables upon us who are doing our best to get you into a comfortable home. If you play any tricks on the journey Anniesie will bring you back, and you will be locked up in a dark cellar until I make up my mind what to do with you."

"All right!" answered the boy, and the old woman Helena was forthwith charged with the task of completing his disguise. She carried him off a most unwilling captive, and it was long before, among the wonderful resources of that extraordinary place, means were found to equip our Ivan as a girl. A brown dress of the female Gymnasium student was altered to his size, and his hair was parted in the middle and flattened and smoothed, so as to become quite ladylike. But all his high spirits were gone; he was quite subdued by being thus compelled to assume a dress which he greatly despised, and he bitterly resented the insult in his heart of hearts. Unloving were the thoughts with which he regarded his former tutor for being the means of bringing him into this hobble. He fully resolved to be even with him should occasion serve.

(To be continued.)

GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

CAMERON.

CAMERON and Dillon left Zanzibar in January, 1873. They were at Unyanyembe in August, and thence decided to make their way by a new route to Tanganyika, north of that followed by Stanley and south of that of Burton and Speke. On the 9th November, 1873, they met the caravan with Livingstone's body, and then Dillon, who was ill, turned back, and Cameron went westward alone. Dillon soon afterwards died. The body was taken to the coast, and buried eventually in Westminster Abbey.

Cameron's progress was slow and sure. Resolving in no case to be the aggressor, he often had a very difficult and dangerous game to play amongst a people too prone to mistake forbearance for fear. That he succeeded in his attempt to cross the continent is sufficient testimony to his tact and good temper. The technical exploring was thoroughly and carefully done, and the survey of the lake is admitted on all hands to have been effected with marvellous accuracy and success. In all the levels and measurements the naval lieutenant's work was worthy of the service to which he belongs, and his geographical and ethnological notes were very full and important.

The Sindi was crossed on the 2nd of February, 1874, on a mass of floating vegetation, one of the peculiarities of intertropical Africa. Many rivers for a great portion of their courses are studded with these islands, which when in good condition are frequently used both by man and beast as natural floating bridges. At the point where they crossed there was only a clear channel about two feet wide on each side, the remaining hundred yards of the river's width being covered with this vegetable growth, which extended about three quarters of a mile down the stream. Stepping on these islands is accompanied with much the same sensation as walking on a quaking bog overgrown with rushes and grass. On boring with a pole through about three feet of closely-matted vegetation mixed with soil the river is found, and the hippopotami pass underneath.

These masses vary in thickness and stability from year to year. They owe their origin to the rushes growing in the bed of the river, impeding the course of floating *débris*, and causing it to accumulate and form soil for vegetation. Plants quickly spring up and flourish, and interlacing their roots a compact mass is the result. This continues to increase for about six years, when the limit is reached. Then the island begins to decay, and disappears altogether in about four years. Caravans sometimes pass over these islands when the stage of decay has already set in, and several have been lost in the attempt.

At Itambare Cameron was visited by the boy chief, only eight years old, who cried bitterly at the first sight of a white man, and had to be pacified with some cuts in a natural history book and sent away happy with a sheet or two of the "Illustrated News" that had been used for packing. At Luguva the explorer saw the men enjoying their liquid snuff, sniffing it up their noses and retaining it for many minutes by means of a pair of metal clips, carrying on the conversation meanwhile with the nippers on their noses.

At Ujiji the expedition refitted, and in May, 1874, a voyage was made to Ruanda, on the opposite coast, whence a start was made to survey the southern half of Tan-

ganyika, which was most efficiently done. At Ras Makurungwe one of the men accidentally shot himself, owing to his using the loaded rifle as a boathook and clawing at the boat's gunwale with the hammer.

Wonderful stories are told of the country round the lake. In one of the villages the people are said to live on friendly terms with the neighbouring lions, who walk in bridge from swaying about. Across the lower pair of cables sticks were laid to form a roadway. These were lashed in their places and wattled in with creepers, while a large network of the same connected the upper and lower cables on each side of the bridge." This was the first and last bridge of the kind seen by the explorer.

Nyangwe was reached in August, and then

Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N.

and about the village without doing any injury. On great occasions the lions are treated to honey, goats, sheep, and ugali, and sometimes as many as two hundred of them come to the feast. Each lion has its own name, responds to it when called, and is mourned for when he dies as if he were one of the villagers! So the story goes.

The tale of the three trees of Urguru, not so very far away, is almost as strange as that of the upas-tree. Under their broad green foliage a tribe of Warori camped, and were found next morning to be all dead, their skeletons and the ivory they were carrying being left there to this day as witnessing the fact.

From Meketo to Kwamrora Kasea, Cameron passed through some of the grandest scenery of Equatorial Africa. On the 22nd of June he was at Kwasere, and shortly afterwards he camped at Koana Mina, looking down into enormous gullies and ravines where sunlight never falls and breezes never stir.

On July 18th he crossed the Lulindi, a broad stream unfordable in flood, and there, at a height of twenty feet above the water, he found a very cleverly constructed suspension-bridge. "Four large cables of creepers were fastened to the trunks of trees, one pair about four feet higher than the other, and to these cables were secured other creepers from the tops of the loftiest trees on each side of the stream, while horizontal guys prevented the

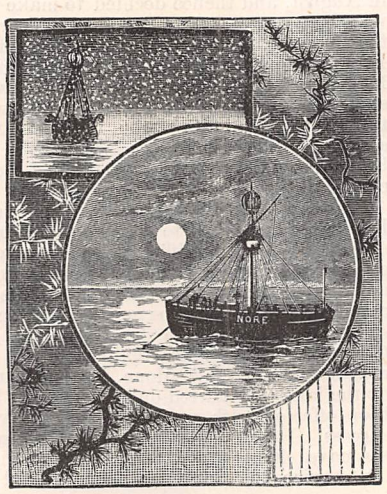
the course lay south-westerly. Lake Kassali, three hundred miles farther on, was visited from Kilemba; and from Kilemba, with many hardships and adventures, Cameron went on to Kalende, and then, having even had to sell his shirts for food, he crossed the Kakwevi river, and penetrating the mountainous districts, at last came out on the coast at Katombela a little north of Benguella.

Africa is a land with a future; in fact it is inconceivable that it can remain as it is. As described by Cameron and every other explorer, it is not so much emerging from barbarism as from brutalism, and the picture of the manners and customs of its various tribes are often so appallingly horrible that it is difficult to believe we are really reading of men and women. As an instance take the following description of the funeral of a chief, such as Kasongo's father, when a hundred women perished.

"The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief covered with his beads and other treasures is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and all the women are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered and their blood poured over the grave. After which the river is allowed to resume its course."

From stories of such hopeless brutality as this it is a relief to turn where some touch of human kindness is apparent, as in the legend of Lake Dilolo.

"Once upon a time where Lake Dilolo now is stood a large and prosperous village. The inhabitants were all rich and well-to-do, possessing large flocks of goats, many fowls and pigs, and plantations of corn and cassava, far exceeding anything that is now granted to mortals. They passed their time merrily in eating and drinking, and never thought of the morrow. One day an old and decrepit man came into this happy village and asked the inhabitants to take pity on him, as he was tired and hungry, and had a long journey to travel. No one took any notice of his requests, but he was instead pursued with scoffs and jeers, and the children were encouraged to throw dirt and mud at the unfortunate beggar and drive him out of the place. Hungry and footsore, he was going on his way, when a man, more charitable than his neighbours, accosted him and asked what he wanted. He said all he wanted was a drink of water, a little food, and somewhere to rest his weary head. The man took him into his hut, gave him water to drink, killed a goat, and soon set a plentiful mess of meat and porridge before him, and when he was satisfied gave him his own hut to sleep in. In the middle of the night the poor beggar got up and aroused the charitable man, saying, 'You have done me a good turn, and now I will do the same for you; but what I tell you none of your neighbours must know.' The charitable man promised to be as secret as the grave, on which the old man told him that in a few nights he would hear a great storm of wind and rain, and that when it commenced he must arise and fly with all his belongings. Having uttered this warning, the beggar departed. Two days afterwards the charitable man heard rain and wind such as never before, and he said, 'The words that the old man spoke are true.' He got up in haste, and, with his wives, goats, slaves, fowls, and all his property, left the doomed place safely. Next morning, where the village had stood was Lake Dilolo, and to the present day people camping on its banks or crossing in canoes on still nights can hear the sound of pounding corn, the songs of women, the crowing of cocks, and the bleating of goats. Such is the true and veracious legend of Lake Dilolo."

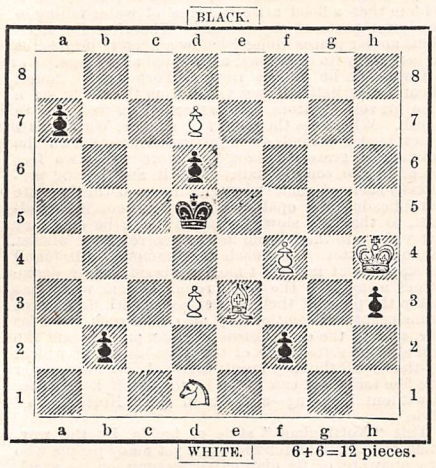


CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

Problem No. 91.

By H. F. L. Meyer.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

The solvers should particularly state the use of the R's Pawns.

Solutions.

Problem No. 85.—1, P takes Kt, becoming a Kt; R—K 4 (ch.). 2, B—B 5 (ch.), R × B (ch.) (or *a*). 3, Q × R mate.—(*a*) K moves. 3, Q—Q 3 or 7 (accordingly) mate.

Problem No. 86.—1, Kt—Q 3, K—B 5 (or *a*). 2, P—K 4, K—Q 5. 3, R—Kt 4 mate.—(*a*) K—K 5. 2, K—B 3, K—K 6. 3, R—K 5 mate.

Problem No. 87.—1, R—Kt 7, any move. 2, P—Q 8, becoming a Q mate.—There are seven variations, for the K has six flight squares, and is therefore mated on one of seven squares. In four cases the mating move attacks seven squares.—There might have been a black B instead of the Kt, and the R be placed on Q Kt square.

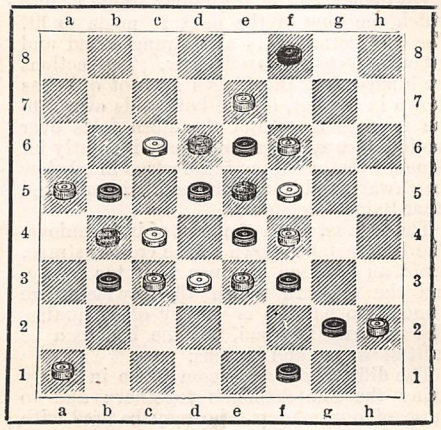
Problem No. 88.—1, R—Q R 7, Kt—B 2. 2, P × Kt, K × R. 3, P—B 8, a Q, disc. check and mate, attacking at once seven squares of the K's domain, as in Problem No. 87.

GO-BAN.

(*See pages* 6, 31, *and* 62.)

Game No. 3.

Played on the 14th of October, 1884, between A. A. (Black), and H. M. (White). Black's last move was from c5 to b4, and thus the following position was obtained in 17 moves.

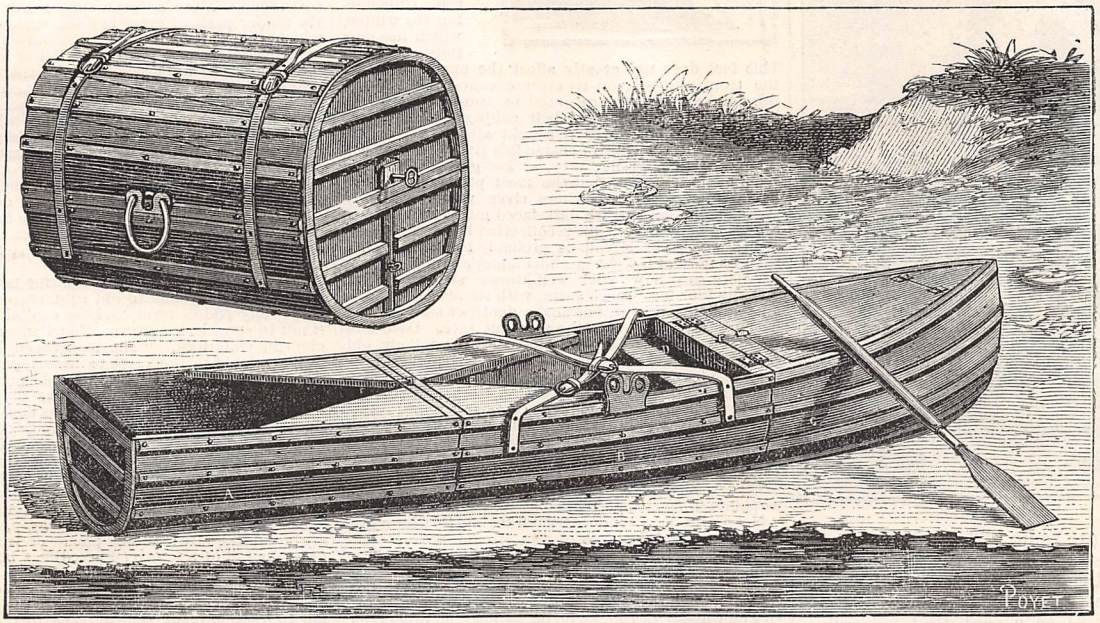


White to play, and win in six moves.

The black men stand on the squares b3, b4, b5, d5, d6, e4, e5, e6, f1, f3, f8, and g2.

The solution will be published in a few weeks.

THE BOX-BOAT.



In Max Adeler's amusing book, "Out of the Hurly Burly," there is an interesting little anecdote of the sufferings of a small family who invested in a patent combination pair-of-steps-cum-sofa-cum-ironing-table contrivance in the hope that they could obtain three articles for the price of one.

The disasters begin when the machine is in the steps form. The maid is aloft dusting the parlour gas chimneys, when she happens accidentally to touch one of the springs. There is a sharp creak, the steps suddenly become an ironing-table, and the maid finds herself on the floor with the shattered glass around her. The next experience with the arrangement is when it is in use as an ironing-table. A sudden jar is given by the flat-iron coming down too flat, or something of the sort, and before the cook can say Jack Robinson, iron, iron-stand, clothes, and ironing blanket are shot off in all directions, and the table whizzes up into its step-like shape. The third experience is with it as a sofa, when it rests in peace until sat upon by the cook and her admirer, when it deftly whips them oft in opposite directions, clatters up into a table, and before they have time to secure it undergoes another transformation and opens out on end into the steps with which it began its career. In short the combination proves too automatic, and is put away in the lumber-room, where it becomes a regular family ghost, and frequently indulges in a little performance all to itself.

Although the picture is somewhat overdrawn the moral it conveys is unfortunately a true one. Combination articles as a rule have the disadvantages of each of the combined articles and the full advantages of none. They, however, often afford convenient makeshifts, and it would be unfair to depreciate the ingenuity brought to bear in their construction, although we may take a respectable discount off the inventor's prospectus.

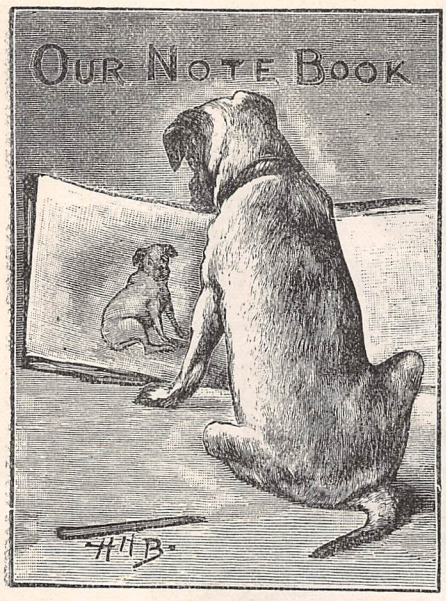
One of the most curious of recent American

"combinations" is the box-boat of which we give an illustration. In the one case we see it packed for travelling, in the other ready for use, as Mr. J. A. Olmstead, its inventor, has paddled in it in his many cruises.

It consists of three parts, which we have lettered A, B, and C. Each of these is complete in itself, and has closed ends. The frail section C has a lid and forms the box for clothes and stores. The central section D has the thwart for the occupant, and is strengthened by the triangular frame E, into which the bow of the boat is made to fit. The aft section A is also strengthened and cut out so as to overlap the bow. The sections are hinged, but the hinges are not quite as shown in the cut, for the bow folds over into the triangle at E, and the stern folds over the fore compartment and closes it tightly in. Beneath the box there is the space in B below the thwart, and in this the pointed sculls and other fixings are stowed.

The idea is, to say the least of it, ingenious. The box, fastened down by the crossed straps, is not an outsized one, nor is it too heavy, and the way in which the rowlocks are turned into handles is worthy of all praise. The material is wood, but the boat can be built of canvas and battens.

The difficulty would seem to be in firmly fixing the compartments together; and to those of our readers who may be fired with emulation to outdo Mr. Olmstead we would diffidently suggest that there is a possibility—just a little one—of the head and tail floating away and the boy in the box-boat suddenly finding himself in the wrong box.



A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.—The coloured sunset and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common unpoetic life.—*Faber.*

NOW, NOT TO-MORROW.—In one of the meetings held in Edinburgh by Mr. Moody was a miner in his working clothes, sitting near the front, very attentive and impressed. At the close of the meeting he rose to go away; but, after walking down the passage, he turned and sat down again. His friend came up to him and said, "Come awa' hame, John." "No," said he; "I came here to get good, and I havena taken it a' in yet." So he waited. There was more prayer and another hymn, and special conversation with himself. His heart was touched and changed. With his hard rough grip he shook the minister's hand, and said, "I have wondered if this might be true; I now believe it. It has brought peace to my soul. I know and trust my Saviour." On the next day, while working, a mass of coal or rock fell on him. The injuries were fatal. Death was close at hand. A fellow-workman approached him. "Bend down your ear to me," said the dying man; and then he added, "Oh, Andrew, I'm thankful I settled it last night."

FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

JANUARY.

ALMOST every river in this rain-favoured land of ours swells big with fluvial wrath some time during the winter, which has now fully set in. This fact does not greatly affect the angler so far as the trout and salmon rivers are concerned, for the salmonidæ are, as represented by trout and salmon, beginning to look after their conjugal affairs, and, therefore, are but sparsely sought after by the fishermen. But in the case of coarse-fish rivers, such as the Thames, Colne, Trent, Wey, *et hoc genus*, the floods are a bugbear to any but the most proficient angler. Lagoons have formed where river water naturally stood, eddies smile with dark-faced mirth where never dimpling eddy within his recollection before appeared—in a word, the stream is probably two feet higher than its normal height in midsummer's prime.

Where are now your well-known swims? Your gravelly four-feet roach swim, with its attendant two-mile-an-hour current, has now a depth of six feet, and hastens away at double the previous rate. Dace and gudgeon, chub and barbel, have deserted their old quarters. The voracious pike is not to be found near that patch of weeds which, as they slowly moved a week ago, was so beloved of his pikeship. The perch no longer haunts the hidden camp-sheathing. Disgusted, you tumble together all the carefully prepared ground-bait, the gentles, lob-worms, meal-worms, Cleopatra's spinning-baits, and the rest of your paraphernalia, and get away home.

This, reader, is what the imperfectly informed angler would do in flood time.

Not so the local and observant angler, to whom the movements and features of the stream are as well known as the features of those he loves. To him flood-time fishing is by no means hopeless, and, given simply a flush of water in winter, without the accompaniment of sleet and incessant wind and rain, and he will—if, of course, he be, as I say, an observant boy—make good use of the uncomfortable results of the weather. He knows that, like even man, sparrows and swallows, and nearly every other animal, there is an instinct of migration in fishes.

Coarse fish, it is true, do not go down to the sea like salmon; neither, be it said, do sparrows pass to other lands like the swallow; yet who will say that the London sparrow in winter is not the bird whose unrest in the sunny suburban hedgerows in spring and summer charms us with his pert twitter? Assuredly all fish migrate for climatic and other reasons, and the floods are generally the inaugural signal of such a change of habitat. My suppositious observant angler is supposed to have noted the peculiarities of such alteration of covert, and hence his increment of sport as compared with the ordinary town-bred fisherman.

Of course, however, it is not given to all anglers to be able to observe the curious phenomena of piscine life, and so to know how to overcome the disabilities which wind and weather create. The object of this paper, therefore, is to point out such salient differences of habitat of the chief of the coarse fish in season throughout the probable flood time as may enable the angler to fish, flood notwithstanding, and catch fish. The *motif* of such teaching is surely a good one, for it is one thing to know where fish are in clear, unswollen water, and a supremely and widely different one to be able to put your bait into their mouths when the bottom cannot be seen beneath six inches of water and the ordinary haunts are altered in features so greatly as to be almost unrecognisable.

For the sake of adding to the practical value of this short article, I will suppose a river like the Thames risen over its banks until the grass-lined shores are part of the river. The position of the angler, if possible, should be arranged according to this, for it is seldom that a flood arises because of water falling in the lower parts of any stream. Therefore the sagacious angler places himself below a flood if he desires to benefit by its occasional undoubted advantage.

Perchance he desires roach. Formerly he found them about half a dozen yards from the shore, on a nice gravelly bottom, the water about five feet in depth. Where are they now? I answer, Watch for a quiet lagoon behind some jutting obstruction on the submerged grass, perhaps not more than two feet deep. Stand some distance from it, and having previously scoured some lobworms in moss till they are coral-headed and opal-tailed, throw them in broadcast, so that the slow stream, if there be one, may carry them to the bottom in the centre of the almost stagnant water. The roach are commonly to be found in such a spot in flood time, and, besides their desire to get away from the thick rough stream which has taken the place of their former home with its current translucent and gentle, they also seek such quiet for the sake of the earthworms they can gather from the soil and the softer parts of the grass-blades, of which, by-the-by, all the carp family are fond. Let the angler use fine tackle—it can never be too fine if he can use it without breaking—and that of the "Nottingham" style.

This "Nottingham" style of tackle, by the way, must be explained, for there are yet many people who are unaware of its distinctive features or its excellence. Briefly, let us say, a roach-rod of this make is about twelve feet long, and of a deal butt and second joint and lancewood top, of course beautifully tapered, and as light in the hand compared with its actual weight as a jockey in the saddle compared with his dead weight. This lightness enables the angler to use, without undue chance of smashing, the exquisitely fine tackles made by the Trent fishers. The line is usually a silk twist, as fine as sewing-cotton, and the hook for roach is a round bend of medium size and long-shanked.

In seeking for barbel in flood time it must be borne in mind that this is a fluviatile fish, and, therefore, is ever found where there is a promise of shelter and earth-food. More so even than roach is it fond of the tender parts of grass and the various earthworms which the water either washes into retired places or entices from underground. Yet in the daytime it is not unusual for barbel to seek the upper banks, unless when the weather be warm and dull and the angler be extremely quiet. It rather seeks the immediate neighbourhood of the real bank which the flood has hidden, and if, therefore, by plumbing the depths, or by other means, the fisher can ascertain the exact whereabouts of this real bank, and fish outside, he will not fail to find *Cyprinus barbus*. Of course, that is if such a spot be contiguous to a barbel deep, which in normal seasons produces the fish. No better bait can be used than the tail of a lob, and leger or float tackle, according to the angler's taste. These have been described already.

Perch and chub may be sought for in flood-time in situations contiguous to old submerged trees, round which oily eddies form, making capital covert. Let it not be supposed, however, that I suggest perch and chub in fraternity. "The loggerhead" is much too nearly related to the carps to fraternise to any appreciable extent with the "hog-backed" perch. Besides, the latter fishes form communities of their own as winter approaches, and are often as densely packed as sheep in a fold during an east wind. Much more so at this time are they like sheep than is the roach, though Walton dubbed the latter "water-sheep;" for if a perch be hooked and lost, it instantly speeds away, and is followed by the whole shoal, not to return till the panic has been quite forgotten. Redworms from a well-rotted manure-heap, at flood-time are a capital lure; so are pieces of fresh beef, and even the tail of a prawn (skinned) has been known by the writer to do uncommon execution.

As to chub, they can be got in the deepest lagoons and quietest spots in the river. If the temperature fall to freezing-point, they descend in the river correspondingly; and one often has to fish some six feet in flood or winter time, when three feet would be amply deep enough. A common horse-leech is a fine bait in spring flood-time; the tail of a boiled crayfish, and the world-wide famous pith-and-brains of a bullock, not forgetting a piece of Gruyère cheese or Cheddar—all these are food for the chub.

And jack are to be taken by paternostering in quiet situations also. Poor fellow! If we can pity a brute with a pair of jaws over which Dante's "Voi ch' entrate lasciate ogi speranza" might be fitly written, his lot is harder than all others, for the muddy water obscures his Argus eye, and denies him the silvery dace and succulent gudgeon. Besides, he delights in clearer water than do other fish, and the muddiness of flood water irks him—renders him gloomy, taciturn, saturnine, sulky.

But touch him on the tail with the plummet of your paternoster, and round he turns upon the bait. True to his instincts—more true than other fish—he always seeks the neighbourhood of rushes, and best sport will always be got with pike just as the water clears. His

gift of vision is stronger than that of the vision he preys on, and, therefore, it is harvest-time for the pike when the clearing water allows him to hunt, and is not as yet lucid enough to enable his prey to see their destroyer.

The sum and substance of the proper method of winter flood-fishing consists in the certainty that each fish desires quieter quarters than the accelerated stream would allow in their whilom coverts. Just in proportion as the stream originally was wild or slow, and making allowance for the desire on the part of the fish, as with other animals, for an equable temperature, so will their haunts be found altered.

J. H. K.

THE POULTRY RUN.—No doubt by this time any new beginners in the poultry world will have quite prepared a place for their coming feathered stock, and those who have been keeping birds for a season or two will have had all repairs completed a month or more ago. The latter will by this time know by experience—dearly bought, perhaps—that there are certain things necessary for the bare existence of fowls in a state of health. Let me recapitulate these: (1) Room enough outside and in. (2) Space for exercise. (Where fowls have neither a large yard nor run, remember that much good is done by throwing garden refuse of various kinds into the run, mixing it with a handful or two of oats or barley. This gives the birds something to do, and tends to keep them healthy.) (3) Shelter from wet and stormy weather. (4) A dust bath. (5) Perfect cleanliness—perfect cleaning, methodical and regular. (6) Pure water, changed often, the dish or pan containing it being rinsed so as to be free from dirt and slime; and (7) good food suited for fowls.

Fowls mope and sicken, give up laying, "dwine," and die, for many reasons; but the chief generators of disease in the runs are wet and cold, and poison. Poison is a stiff word to use, we admit, but we repeat it—*poison!* And where does this poison come from? Why, it is generated in the run when not kept sufficiently dry and clean; it is generated in the nests when allowed to get dusty and filthy; in their bodies when a good dust bath is not allowed them; and in the water when not changed often enough, or if allowed to stand in a place where all kinds of mess get into it. The poison is also generated in the food or food dishes if allowed to get dirty or sour.

Now, we care not how well-arranged your run and fowl-house may be, if you do not feed well and judiciously your fowls will bring you no profit, but a deal of bother and loss.

To the older boy fancier we say, then, before you increase your stock reform your plan of diet; and to the beginner we add—learn to feed before you buy a single bird. Anything will *not* do for fowls. The kitchen scraps, vegetables, plate scrapings, bones, bits of pudding, and garbage of all kinds thrown into a big dish and allowed to ferment, and a handful of corn now and then when you think of it—this, we assure you, may suit a pig, but not a laying fowl, nor a fowl you want to form flesh and look handsome in plumage. We do from the bottom of our heart pity the poor bedraggled hens and cocks we see sometimes in cottagers' yards while riding about the country. Puny, woe-begone wretches, with tails that trail, white faces, discontented, pleading looks, moulting all the year round, and hungry enough to fight with each other for the carcass of a bluebottle-fly or a bumble-bee. But then it *is* such an easy thing to feed well if you know how to, and only take the trouble. Three times a day your birds should be fed—*early* in the morning, at midday, and before going to roost. Morning feed: Your soft scraps and kitchen-stuff—*fresh*, and *fresh* every day—mixed into half-dry lumps with bran or pollard or oatmeal dust, and thrown on a clean place for them. Midday: Grains thrown about or among the garden rubbish you have put in the run. Evening meal: Grains again. What grains? Any grains, if good and cheap, and the oftener they are changed the better.

If you are going to set fowls now, put them in a warm, sheltered, quiet nook, on dry earth or ashes, the bed of fine straw above this, and place food and water handy. Feed well in cold weather. A little cayenne and bullocks' lights, well boiled and finely chopped, will not be thrown away on laying fowls. If you have chickens this month you cannot feed too often, nor keep them too warm and snug—not hot, though. See that every bird in the run gets a due proportion of food, because the big will bully the little, and the cocks—the more gallant breeds—will stand aside and starve to see the hens feed.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Are you all repaired, and clean, and tidy for the coming season? Quite sure there are no nasty crevices about, that will get filled up with dust and filth, and breed disease when the weather gets warm? Have a look around and see. Stop up all cracks, and you will be on the safe side. The weather will often be stormy and cold this month; be certain there is no inlet for positive draughts. Ventilation is a fine thing, but it must be managed somewhat scientifically; a current of air blowing directly in upon a bird's perch may work mischief that will cost you both trouble and money. If you should have a bird with cold, moping, and without appetite, and his feathers all awry, away with him to the hospital pen, in a warm corner. Illness in a pigeon is bad to cure; if it is to be checked at all it must be taken at once. Do whitewashing only on fine days, and disinfect ladders, etc.; but do not forget that cleanliness is by far and away the best disinfectant. Last year we find we gave directions for making dove-cotes. A capital time of the year this is for doing carpentry of all kinds. You can always work indoors. Have you tools? If not, we earnestly advise you to get good ones, and not toy boxes, which are usually made to sell. Tools can always be got second-hand in towns very cheaply. The commoner kinds of pigeons do very well in dove-cotes erected either on a pole in yard or garden, or against a wall where vagrant cats cannot get at them.

THE AVIARY.—There is still nothing to be done in the canary world. Just continue to make your birds as happy and comfortable as possible. Feed and water them as nearly as possible at the same time every morning; they will soon know the time, and look for your attentions with pleasure. If dainties are ever permissible it is now, especially in cold weather.

Consider your mating arrangements, and if you mean to go in for any new kinds, study those well. If you are buying birds for the coming season, get them only from good breeders. It is easy to get the addresses of prize-winning breeders; you have only to write for a catalogue to the secretary of some past show.

THE RABBITRY.—Continue to preserve your rabbits' health; large roomy hutches that do not leak, plenty of clean bedding and good food, with exercise when the weather is dry and sunny, will keep them healthy, bright-eyed, and happy.

THE KENNEL.—Look out for stormy weather. Feed extra well, and give more bedding than usual. Have the kennel door turned away from the prevailing wind, and mind the wet does not get inside. Do not let indoor pet dogs loll much before the fire, and if long-coated, such as the Yorkshire terrier or Maltese, remember the bed should not be soft, else the coat will be sure to come out.

DOMESTIC PETS.—This is a new paragraph for our DOINGS. It is the month of January, a good month for starting innovations. We mean to give hints under this heading about a variety of pets. We have not much space, so must try to make our suggestions useful and to the point. Cats in this country are hardly yet properly understood. Many people do not feed their pussies at all, and make a point of turning them out of doors. Hence they become thieves, and are destitute of any natural affection for their thoughtless owners. A cat should be fed twice a day at least, and have meat once a day, or fish, if that can be had. She ought to have fresh milk every morning, and not only milk, but water as well. Feed the last thing at night, and this will keep pussy in all night. More about cats in our next.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—In last year's DOINGS for January we say, "Dig *a* trench, and throw up the ground as roughly as possible, the object being to permit the frost to get thoroughly in to kill the weed-seeds and weed-roots." Good advice, but it ought to have commenced "Dig *and* trench." So there, it is never too late to mend even a printer's mistake. There is little else to be done, but you may still get manure out, and get everything as far ahead in the shape of repairs to walks and borders as possible, and hedges and trees kept trim.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDEN. — Spring flowers may be planted and borders arranged, and even beds laid out and made, but everything depends upon the weather. If your flower-boxes for your windows are not done, do them, and you can get wire trellis-work arranged up the sides of the window, and your flower-baskets ready.

Correspondence.

S. J. JACKSON.—You will find detailed instructions in making holly-bark birdlime in No. 223, in the May part for 1883. We cannot repeat.

H. SHUTTLEWORTH.—For the Navy you have to be specially trained in the Marlborough; for the merchant service you must be apprenticed to some firm. Inexperienced men are not taken to sea in the engine-room.

MEDEA.—You will find an excellent criticism on Hamlet in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Get the original, or Carlyle's translation.

W. J. R.—A melancholy instance of the literal interpretation of a lecturer's simile. The iron exposed to sea water readily rusts or oxydises, and your friend must have jumped to the conclusion that that which is oxydised must be heated to redness.

AN ENTOMOLOGIST.—The articles on setting and preserving insects, by Rev. J. G. Wood, were in the first volume. The numbers have long been out of print, and you can only obtain them in the volume, price 6s., or in monthly parts.

YACHTSMAN. — Buy the indexes to the last four volumes, and choose for yourself among the mass of information we have from time to time given on building model yachts. You would find Mr. Ashworth's articles in the second volume of considerable use to you.

A. J. C.—Of the three chess books named we should give the preference to Staunton's Handbook.

A SUBSCRIBER FOR ABOUT FOUR YEARS.—All in good time. Meanwhile you would find Newman's "British Ferns," published at two shillings by Van Voorst, of Paternoster Row, of great service to you. It not only gives the botanical descriptions, but the mode of cultivation. We have a coloured plate of ferns preparing for issue.

SPOTTED CRAKE.—We do not sell the plates separately. You must buy the parts or the packet. All the coloured plates are available in volume form.

CHILBLAINS.—From "an interested reader" we hear that he cures his broken chilblains by wrapping them in a rag spread with "pommade divine," and gently bathing them with warm water when the rag is changed; and he generally prevents them from breaking by rubbing them well every day with camphorated oil. To which we add that if boys subject to chilblains will rub their feet with vaseline they will find their torture at an end. Chilblains will not come if the feet are kept warm and the circulation unchecked. It is on account of the warmth obtained that peoples in frigid countries eat and dress themselves with grease.

C. P. E.—How to grow your whiskers, and what to do to increase your height? Our advice is not to handicap your growth in any way; any extra weight above is prejudicial, hence always wear a very light hat, keep your hair cut very short, and postpone raising your whisker crop until you are long enough to carry it with safety!

C. HAZLEWOOD.—What difference there is in taste, and how manifold are people's troubles! No sooner have we soothed a youth who wants to grow tall by telling him to keep his hair cut short and reduce his top-heaviness, than you send in for information how to keep stunted and how to cultivate your head-thatch. Keep your hair as short as you can get it, and diminish your apparent height by broadening your shoulders.

PERCY W. S.—You will find the changes in the cricket field at each over given in Dr. W. G. Grace's articles in the second volume.

L. W D.—Plaster-of-Paris tinted to the colour of the wood you wish to imitate makes a very good "filler," and so does putty properly coloured. To make deal look like mahogany stain it with some of Stephens's wood stains, which you can get from any oilshop. You can there also buy French polish. If you prefer to make it yourself, take an ounce of shellac, add an ounce of gum lac, and half an ounce of sandarac, and warm them until they dissolve in a quart of spirits of wine. Dip a piece of flannel in the polish, and then covering it with a soft linen rag, wait till the polish oozes through, and slightly moisten the pad with raw linseed oil. Rub at first in a circular direction. You will find full instructions on polishing in the fifth volume, and many hints scattered through the correspondence of that and the preceding volumes, for which see the indexes.

MODELLER.—The articles on "Cardboard Modelling" were in the fifth volume.

CONSTANT READER.—The reason you received no reply is that your signature renders you practically anonymous. We have dozens of "Constant Readers" writing by every post, and it would be impossible to distinguish them. Put your initials, put anything you like, but pray do not retain the "Constant Reader." By the-by, how does it happen that a "constant reader from the first" has never heard of "The Two Cabin Boys"? Did he become inconstant for half a volume?

W. J. SCHOFIELD.—1. Apply to Messrs Cooke and Co., Museum Street, W.C., or any natural history specimen dealer, for the price of eggs. 2. Grease the saw—always grease a saw. 3. You can get fretwork patterns from Churchill and Co., Sun Street, Finsbury, and all vendors of fret saws.

FRANCAIS.—From any newsagent. Several of the French newspapers are now sold at the railway bookstalls. Try at Victoria or Cannon Street.

SAILOR BOY.—Apply at the nearest post-office for Government pamphlet on how to enter the Navy. It will give you the latest and clearest information. It cannot be too widely known that persons desirous of entering either of the services can now obtain particulars from the postmasters.

R. O. H.—"Rank Marks of the Royal Navy" was in the February part for 1884. "My Flagstaff, and how I rigged it," was in the second volume.

A. G. R., AN IRISHMAN, ETC.—For price of the packets of plates, see the last number in September of each year.

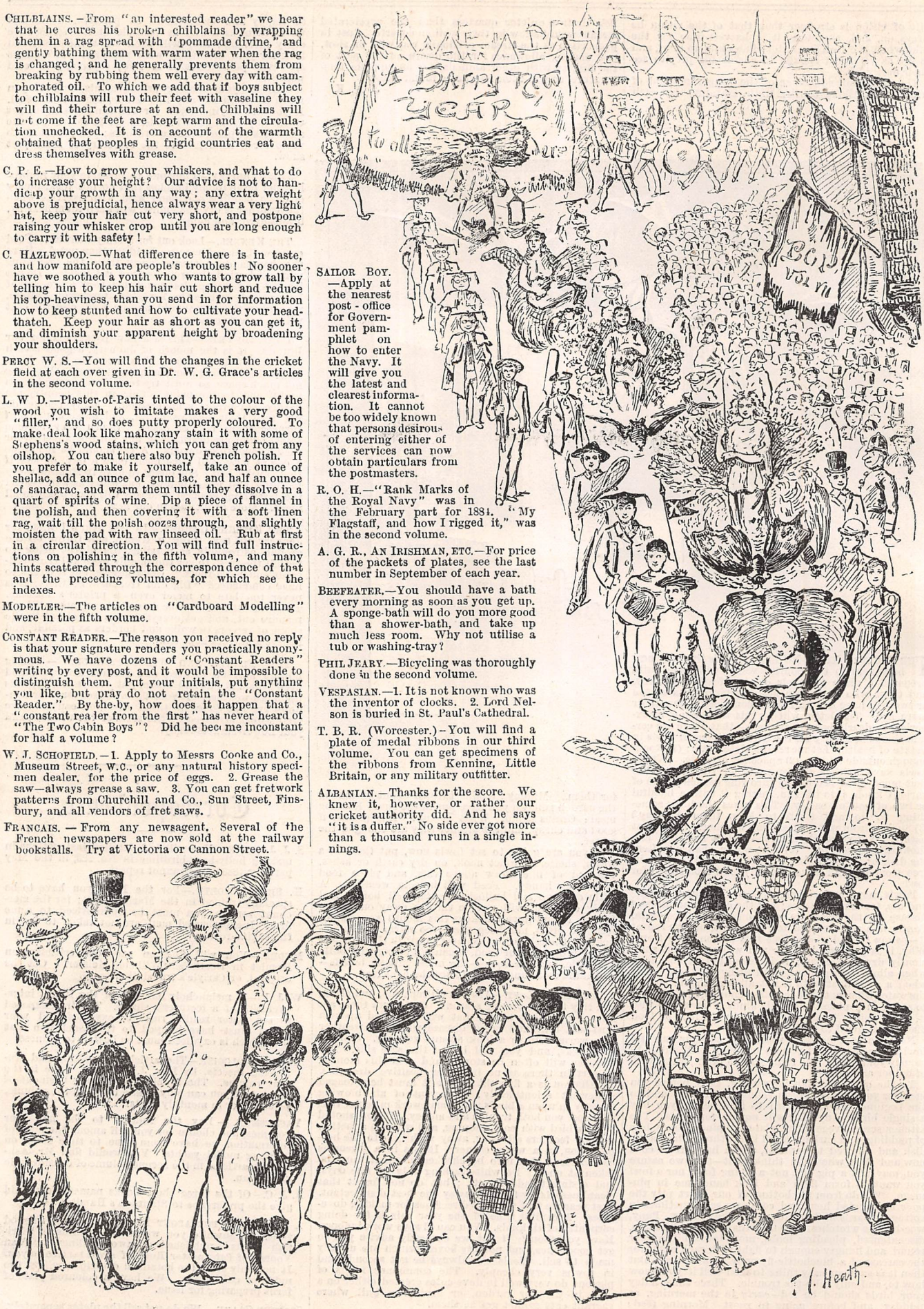
BEEFEATER.—You should have a bath every morning as soon as you get up. A sponge-bath will do you more good than a shower-bath, and take up much less room. Why not utilise a tub or washing-tray?

PHIL JEARY.—Bicycling was thoroughly done in the second volume.

VESPASIAN.—1. It is not known who was the inventor of clocks. 2. Lord Nelson is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

T. B. R. (Worcester.)—You will find a plate of medal ribbons in our third volume. You can get specimens of the ribbons from Kenning, Little Britain, or any military outfitter.

ALBANIAN.—Thanks for the score. We knew it, however, or rather our cricket authority did. And he says "it is a duffer." No side ever got more than a thousand runs in a single innings.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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SCHOOL AND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE party was a great success. Soady distinguished himself greatly, making up in good-nature what he lacked in experience. No one seemed to notice his dress coat, which rather annoyed him.

"Never mind," said Tommy, consolingly; "they think you've had one a long time; that's flattering to you."

That view commended itself to Soady, and he was comforted.

Next day he set off for town. But before detailing his adventures there we must return to Lang.

He spent a week at Mr. Porter's, a week full of painful anticipations to him, and then came the first day of the examination.

What a scoundrel he felt as he crept out of the house, to spend the time as best he might till he could return home again. He would

"Well, Mr. Lang, how are you?"

not have gone near the university for anything. His one fear was that he might meet some one he knew.

If he should do so, what excuse could he offer for his absence from the exam.? He forgot that not one person out of a hundred knows the exact date of the matriculation. To his excited imagination every one had his eye on him, and was saying to himself, "How is it that young fellow is out in the streets whilst his examination is going on?"

In fact the danger was sufficiently real, though by no means great. Most of Lang's friends knew he was in town, and there was the risk that Soady or Garland, or some other schoolfellow, would hang about Burlington Gardens, just to hear how things were going. Then two or three of the fellows at Mr. Porter's knew he was going up; suppose they should meet him?

This was his chief dread. He had refused to make any acquaintances at his coach's, so that he feared no questioning, but it would be very awkward if they met him. He slinked along back streets, looking so suspicious that several people turned round to gaze after him; he was afraid to go into any decent thoroughfare. Strange to say, he had not made up his mind how to spend his day. One thing soon became certain, however: he must spend it out of town.

He took the train for Kew, thinking he would spend the miserable hours in the gardens. He arrived there at a quarter-past ten. To his dismay he found the gates were not opened till one o'clock. What was he to do in the interval?

It was an unpleasant January day, cold and bitter. To add to his troubles it began to sleet. He could not walk about in the miserable weather, that bade fair to last; there was nothing for it but to go to an inn, and there idle away the hours as best he might.

He went into the first that offered. He ordered some beer, not that he wanted it, for the smell of the place made him nearly sick. He sat down on a hard bench and took up the morning paper.

He was as miserable as he could well be, but persuaded himself he had one consolation—no one would be likely to see him there. Of all unlikely places for any one in his senses to go to spend a morning, the bar of a small inn bears the palm.

He had been there about an hour, had read the paper through, advertisements and all, and was beginning to fancy that the landlord was looking at him unpleasantly, when the door opened and a young fellow of about twenty-five entered.

He nodded to Lang as if he had known him all his life, walked to the bar, and called for a drink to keep the cold out. Then he came over and sat by Lang.

The newcomer was rather loudly dressed, but had a free-and-easy way with him that was taking enough. However, Lang's chief desire was to be left alone, so he took up his glass as the other sat down and pretended to take a drink from it.

The stranger waited till he put down his tumbler, and then held out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Lang, how are you?"

If he had been shot Lang could scarcely have been more startled. To think that he had been hiding all the morning in this out-of-the-way place, and the first man who saw him knew him!

"You seem surprised," said his companion. "Don't you be afraid, I'm Jim Bayliss, pretty well known through England, you may bet. You didn't think I knew your name, did you?"

"No," said Lang; "I don't remember having seen you before."

Mr. Bayliss laughed long and loud; he was evidently immensely tickled at something.

A terrible thought came into Lang's mind. Mr. Bayliss said he was well known through England. Was it possible he was a detective, and that he had come down to arrest him?

"Spending the day here?" asked Mr. Bayliss, lightly. "Not the pleasantest place to do it."

"I was taking shelter," stammered Lang.

He did not like his companion's manner. He would not stay near him any longer. He went to the bar, paid, and then made for the door.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Lang," said Mr. Bayliss. "I should like just half a word with you."

This was terrible. Lang could not reply.

"I'm afraid I startled you with coming out with your name so pat. But you needn't be frightened; I ain't going to bite. I saw your name on your collar as you leant forward to drink your beer. No offence, I hope; I only meant a joke."

"No offence," repeated Lang. "Good morning; I'm in a hurry."

He pushed open the swing door and ran out.

"Well," said Mr. Bayliss to the barman, "he didn't look in much of a hurry when I came in. He doesn't seem able to stand my society, eh, Jim?"

"It's good enough for me," replied Jim, with a grin.

"Yes, I dare say it is, so long as you can keep me emptying my pocket and filling yours," retorted Mr. Bayliss, who was perfectly aware he was going to the dogs, but made no effort to stop himself.

Meanwhile Lang ran back to the station, relieved beyond measure to find that all his fear was unnecessary. None the less, the remembrance of that fear stayed with him, and he was far from as comfortable as he could have wished.

He missed the train he hoped to catch; in fact his day was one series of misfortunes. It was getting on for lunch time, too, and he was growing hungry. He could not make up his mind whether to return to London and have something to eat, or remain at Kew and visit the gardens.

He decided on the former; he could go to an eating-house and stay there till the time of the close of the examination. However, he had to wait an hour for a train, and a dismal hour it was. He bought a paper, but did not read half of it. He sat over the waiting-room fire, wishing with all his heart he were in Fanshawe's place and Fanshawe in his.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOADY meant business in London. He persuaded his people that if he lodged at a coach's the presence of so many other fellows would interfere with his evening work, so permission was given for him to occupy lodgings. This plan entirely approved itself to his sisters, who promised themselves pleasant visits to his rooms.

"You must have a piano, Dick," said Belle.

"Kindly produce your piano," was his reply.

"And mind you have plenty of plates and things, so that when we come to tea you won't run short."

"Bless the girl!" exclaimed Soady; "are you under the impression that I'm going to keep house for your benefit?"

"Then you won't get that pair of slippers I'm working for you," said Belle.

"All right; I'll get mother to work me some."

There had been an unexpected announcement of an examination for the Civil Service in a month's time. Soady was greatly exercised about it, not knowing whether to go in or not. His father recommended him to leave it to his tutor, and that he resolved to do.

His coach was the Rev. Peter King, a Fellow of Trinity, and a sound scholar. He had a brother a barrister, who assisted him by taking in hand those pupils who were aiming at Law.

Soady heard of it through Garland, who was to enter the Church. Garland wrote him a very pleasant letter in reply to his inquiry for a coach, and said that he was going to read with Mr. King for six months before entering for Christ's College, and that if Soady could work under the same tutor it would be very jolly.

Soady was delighted at the prospect. He had the highest opinion of Garland—as indeed had every one—and was sure that his assistance would be invaluable. Besides, Garland was a steady fellow, not noisy or rackety, and until he was serving his country as a clerk Soady meant to eschew even the most harmless amusements.

The first thing was to get a lodging. The Rev. P. King lived in a square in Bloomsbury, so that Soady began exploring that neighbourhood for rooms. His mother wished to come up with him, but Mr. Soady dissuaded her.

"He's no time to lose," he said, "and he will settle down more quickly if alone. He's old enough to look after himself, and a little experience won't do him any harm."

So Soady was put down at Euston with his portmanteau, a homeless wanderer. He left his baggage in the cloak-room, and then set off on foot to explore.

He tried Gower Street first. One house had "Apartments" in the window. He knocked, and asked to see them. They were very nice—gas laid on, every possible convenience, and a piano thrown in. Soady thought he had fallen on his feet the very first try.

"When do you want to come in, sir?" asked the servant, who was showing him round.

"At once," said Soady. "I've got my portmanteau at Euston."

"Oh, these won't be vacant till Lady Day, sir."

That was a facer, and Soady was indignant.

"Then what do you mean by putting up a notice in the window?" he asked.

"That's missis," was the reply of the girl, who seemed to think that was an all-sufficient reason.

Soady had no time to waste, so he left the house without further delay. He turned to the left soon, and tried some of the smaller streets. Plenty of rooms to let there.

"Some of these ought to do," he thought; "I'm not hard to please."

But he had to confess, in the course of an hour, that he was harder to please than he imagined. One set of rooms was unfurnished; he wanted furnished. At one house the look of the servant who opened the door was enough to take away his appetite for a week; at another they could not give him attendance. He tried patiently every house in the street that exhibited a card in the window, but it was all in vain.

At last he came to the corner house; the door was in the street, but the frontage faced a fine square. He scarcely expected to have found apartments let in such a house, but the card was in the fanlight over the door, so he boldly knocked.

"You have some rooms to let?"

"Yes, sir. Will you step inside?" said the servant.

"Could I occupy them at once?" asked Soady, made wary by his former experiences.

"Oh, yes, sir; they are quite vacant."

He followed the girl upstairs to the first-floor. There were two rooms—one a fine one—and a bath-room. The furniture was excellent, and the appointments seemed admirable.

"I will fetch Mrs. Lingard," said the servant, seeing that Soady seemed pleased.

Whilst she was gone Soady took a look around.

"These will suit me, I fancy," he said to himself. "I'm afraid the figure will be rather high, though. But pater wouldn't mind stretching a point to get me rooms so nice as these."

The amount which he was authorised to give was £1 a week. Soady was under the impression that £50 a year was enough to secure a house almost.

Mrs. Lingard appeared, and asked him to be seated.

"You can give me references, of course?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Soady; "any number."

"Will you want much attendance?"

Soady detailed his modest requirements, and then hesitatingly asked what was the rent. Everything seemed going on so nicely, it was a pity to have to ask such a question.

"With attendance, it will be three guineas a week," said Mrs. Lingard, quietly; "but that will not include gas or firing."

"Of course not," replied Soady.

Three guineas a week! Did she take him for a millionaire? It was flattering, but he wished he had not come into the place. The question was how to get out of it without a loss of dignity, for he shrank from telling this ladylike person that he could only give a pound.

A happy thought struck him. He put on a careless look, as if the price suited him admirably, and asked, lightly, "I suppose you have stables attached?"

"I'm sorry to say we have not," Mrs. Lingard replied, greatly to his relief.

"That's a pity," said Soady, gravely.

"I dare say you could get your horse taken care of at the livery stables in the next street."

"I'm afraid that would hardly do," said Soady, thoughtfully. "I've never kept a horse at livery yet, and I do not feel inclined to try."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Lingard.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," replied Soady, rising.

"Oh, don't mention it. You might think it over, and if you change your mind perhaps you will let me know?"

"Certainly, I will be sure to remember."

Mrs. Lingard rang the bell for the servant to show him out. He did not breathe freely till he was in the street; then he began to laugh.

"I'm well out of that," he thought; "but what an impostor I am. I wonder if she saw through me. It's evident I've got a lot to learn about London. Who could have guessed they would have wanted a hundred and fifty a year for two rooms and a bath? I must reduce my expectations."

He was getting weary of the search, when he saw a house that seemed to promise well. He entered it, and found two very tolerable rooms on the second-floor, which were to be let furnished for nineteen shillings a week. Mrs. Smith, the landlady, impressed him favourably, and the servant was not objectionable. In five minutes after his knock at the door he was no longer a houseless nomad, but an established lodger at No. 15A, King Street, W.C.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

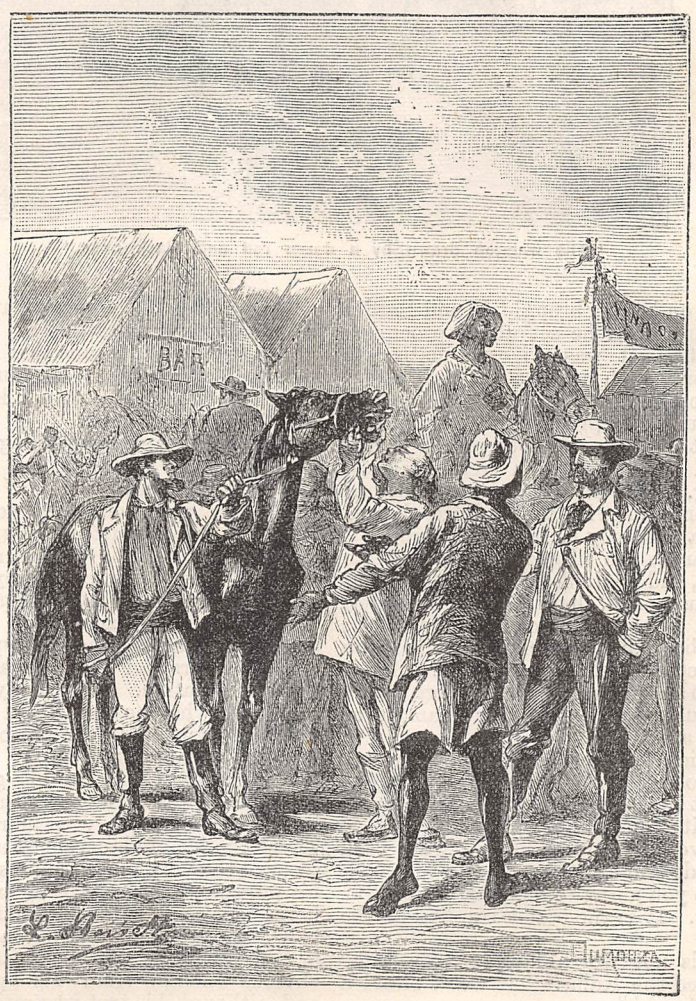
Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—ACROSS THE TRANSVAAL.

On arriving at Potchefstroom the four travellers ascertained that a young Kaffir, whose description tallied with that of Mataki, had passed through there the evening before. This promised well for the success of the expedition. But it seemed as though the enterprise would take some time, as the fugitive had provided himself with a light carriage drawn by an ostrich, and thus rendered it no easy matter to catch him.

For there are few better goers than these birds, either on the score of endurance or speed. Ostriches of burden, however, are somewhat rare, owing to the difficulty in breaking them in. Hence neither Cyprien nor his companions could obtain any at Potchefstroom, and Mataki was off to the north with a good start and an animal that could put a dozen horses on their mettle.

The only thing left was to follow him as quickly as possible. He had a great advantage in his superior speed as against that obtainable from the mode of locomotion his pursuers intended to adopt. But the strength of the ostrich has its limits. Mataki would be obliged to halt



"Bardik knows the desert, and says that that horse is not salted."

for a time, and if the worst came to the worst was sure to be caught at the end of his journey.

Cyprien soon had cause to congratulate himself on having brought Li and Bardik with him when he set about procuring his outfit. It was no easy matter to select only such articles as were useful and necessary. There is no guide like experience. Cyprien was an excellent hand at the calculus, but of the A B C of Veld life, of life "on trek," he knew nothing. And his companions, instead of helping him with their advice, showed rather a tendency to lead him astray.

"The waggon drawn by a dozen red and black oxen."

As far as the tilted waggon, the team of oxen, and the bulk of the commissariat were concerned, there was no difficulty. Mutual interest commanded that these should be judiciously chosen, and Hilton acquitted himself to perfection. But it was not so with matters that were left to individual choice, such for example as buying a horse.

Cyprien had noticed in the market a good-looking three-year-old, whose price was not excessive. He had tried his seat, found it suited him, and was about to hand over the money, when Bardik took him aside and said,

"Are you going to buy that horse?"

"Yes. It is the best I can find at the price."

"It is not worth having as a gift," answered the Kaffir. "It won't stand a week's travel."

"Why not? Are you trying the medicine-man business?"

"No, pa; but Bardik knows the desert, and says that that horse is not salted."

"Not salted? Do you want me then to buy a horse in a cask?"

"No, pa; but it means that he has not had the Veld disease. He must have it soon, and then if it does not kill him it will make him useless."

"Oh," said Cyprien, thinking there was something in the caution after all. "What is the disease?"

"A burning fever and a cough," said Bardik. "You must not buy a horse that has not had it. You can easily see those that have—and once they have had it they very seldom catch it again."

There was no excuse for hesitation under such circumstances. Cyprien postponed matters and went in search of further information. Everybody he asked confirmed what he had heard from Bardik. The fact was so notorious that it was seldom mentioned.

Having been put on his guard, the engineer became more prudent, and betook himself to a veterinary surgeon. Thanks to his guidance, he in a few hours secured the very mount most suitable for his purpose, in the shape of an old grey horse consisting of nothing but skin and bone, and only possessing a fragment of tail. That he had been "salted" was obvious enough from his appearance; and, although his trot was rather stilted, he was evidently a good one to go if a poor one to look at. Templar—such was his name—enjoyed quite a reputation in the country for endurance, and when Bardik had inspected him—for the Kaffir was of course consulted—he declared himself thoroughly satisfied.

Bardik himself was specially entrusted with the management of the waggon and the team, and therein had considerable assistance from Li. No mounts had to be bought for them, and Cyprien's horse-dealing terminated with his paying for his own steed.

Another difficult matter was the selection of the battery. Cyprien at last decided on a Martini-Henry and a Remington, which, though not very elegant in appearance, was a straight shooter and a rapid loader. One thing he would not have thought of had the Chinaman not suggested it to him, and that was a stock of explosive bullets. He had imagined that five or six hundred cartridges would be sufficient, and was greatly surprised to find that four thousand was the minimum prudence demanded in this land of wild beasts and savage men.

Cyprien also purchased a couple of revolvers with explosive bullets, and completed his armament by securing a superb hunting-knife, which for five years had hung in the window of the gun-maker at Potchefstroom without any inquiry being made for it.

It was now bought to please Li, he having assured Cyprien that nothing would turn out more useful than this knife, and the trouble he afterwards took in sharpening and polishing it showed that confidence in the cold steel which he shared with the rest of his race.

Of course the famous red box went with the careful Chinaman. In it he stowed away with other mysterious articles about sixty yards of fine strong line. When he was asked what it was for, he replied, evasively,

"Have not your clothes got to be dried in the bush as well as anywhere else?"

In twelve hours the purchases were all made. Waterproofs, wrappers, cooking utensils, tinned provisions, yokes, chains, spare harness, were stowed at the back of the waggon, and formed the basis of the general store. The front of the waggon was littered with straw, and served as the bedroom and shelter for Cyprien and his companions.

Hilton had done his part of the work thoroughly well, and seemed to have omitted nothing they were likely to require. He was very vain of his colonial experience, and to show his superiority, rather than from any feeling of friendliness, favoured his companions with a good deal of information on the customs of the Veld.

At last Pantalacci interrupted him with,

"What makes you want to tell the Frenchman all that? Do you want to see him win the prize? If I were you I would keep all I knew to myself."

Hilton regarded the Italian with sincere admiration.

"That is a good notion of yours. Such an idea would not have occurred to me."

Cyprien had honestly told Friedel what he had learned about the horses of the country, but to no purpose. The German thought no one knew anything but himself, and bought the youngest and most fiery steed he could—the very

one that Cyprien had refused. He also laid in a stock of fishing tackle, asserting that there would be no lack of sport.

The preparations were finished at last, and the caravan formed up in the order it was to keep on the march.

The waggon, drawn by a dozen red and black oxen, went first in charge of Bardik. Sometimes the Kaffir, whip in hand, walked by the side of his team; sometimes he took his seat in the front of the chariot, where, regardless of the jolting, he sat in triumph, enchanted with his mode of locomotion. The four horsemen formed the front and rear guards, except at such times as they separated to shoot a little game or make a reconnaissance.

After a very brief consultation it had been decided to make for the source of the Limpopo. All advices tended to show that Mataki was following this road—and, in fact, he could not well take another if his intention was to get as far from the British possessions as soon as he could. The Kaffir had an advantage over his pursuers in his perfect knowledge of the country and the lightness of his equipage. He obviously knew where he was going, and the best road to take thither, and, thanks to his friends in the north, he was sure of welcome and shelter, and even help if he wished it. There was indeed a chance that he might raise his tribe and turn to bay on those who were chasing him. Cyprien and his comrades were fully aware of this, and appreciated the need of their travelling together for their mutual safety and ultimate success.

The Transvaal, which they intended to cross from south to north, is that vast region of Equatorial Africa lying between the Vaal and the Limpopo. Geographically, it is divided into three regions—the table-land, or Hooge Veld; the hill country, or Banken Veld; and the Bush Veld.

The table-land is the most southerly; it is formed by the mountain chains, which extend westwards and southwards from the Drakenberg. It is the mining country of the Transvaal, and the climate is as cold and as dry as that of the Bernese Oberland.

The Banken Veld is more particularly the agricultural district. Extending along the north of the Hooge Veld, its deep valleys drained by pleasant watercourses, and shaded by evergreen trees, are inhabited by the descendants of the Dutch.

The Bush Veld—the hunting-ground of the Transvaal—comprises the wide rolling plains stretching up to the banks of the Limpopo towards the north, and to Bechuanaland towards the east.

Leaving Potchefstroom in the Banken Veld, they had to cross diagonally nearly the whole of it before reaching the Bush Veld. This first part of the Transvaal offered few difficulties to their progress. They were still in a half-civilised country. The worst that could happen was a wheel stuck fast in the mud or a sick ox. Wild ducks, partridges, and antelopes abounded, and each day furnished an ample breakfast or dinner. The night was spent at some farm, whose inhabitants, isolated from the rest of the world for three-quarters of the year, were sincerely glad to receive their guests.

At almost every farm they stopped at they heard news of Mataki. Everywhere he had been seen to pass in his ostrich carriage; at first, two or three days in advance, then five or six, then seven or eight. Evidently they were on his track, but evidently also he was gaining rapidly on his pursuers, who, however, felt sure of catching him at last.

Cyprien and his three companions began to take things easy, and to amuse themselves in their special ways. The engineer made a collection of rock specimens, the German botanised, Pantalacci tormented Bardik and Li, and atoned for his buffoonery by making delicious dishes of macaroni at every halt. Hilton's business was to keep the carav an provisioned with game, and hardly a day passed in which he did not bring down his six brace of partridges, his score of quails, and occasionally a wild boar or an antelope.

By easy stages they reached the Bush Veld. The farms became fewer, and at last disappeared altogether. The travellers were on the extreme verge of civilisation. Henceforth they had to camp out at nights; huge fires had to be lighted for men and cattle to sleep round, and a constant watch had to be kept.

The country became wilder. Stretches of yellow sand, clumps of thorn bushes, and at long intervals a marshy stream or so, took the place of the green valleys of the Banken Veld. Now and then the underwood was so thick and thorny that instead of keeping on its straight course the caravan had to go some distance round. The thorn-trees were from nine to fifteen feet high, with numerous branches spread out almost horizontally, and armed with spines from two to four inches in length, as hard and sharp as daggers.

This outer zone of the Bush Veld is generally known as the Lion Veld, but it hardly seemed to justify its name, for after three days' working through it not a lion had been seen.

"The name," said Cyprien, "is probably traditional, and the lions have long since retired to the desert."

But Hilton laughed.

"You don't believe in the lions? That is because you don't know how to look for them."

"Not see a lion in the middle of a naked flat like this!" said Cyprien, ironically.

"Well, I will bet you ten pounds," said Hilton, "that in less than an hour I show you one you didn't see."

"I never bet, on principle," said Cyprien, "but I shall be glad to see your lion, all the same."

The journey was continued. For about half an hour all went well, and nothing was said about lions, when suddenly Hilton exclaimed,

"Do you see that anthill over there on the right?"

"How beautiful!" said Friedel. "We have seen nothing else but those things for the last three days."

And, in fact, nothing is more common in the Bush Veld than these huge yellow

"Cyprien gave his horse the spur, and trotted off."

mounds, built up by ants innumerable, and, with the few clumps of straggling mimosas, forming the only break in the plain's monotony.

Hilton laughed sarcastically.

"Mr. Cyprien," he said, "if you like to take the trouble of galloping over there—where I am pointing with my finger—you will see what you want. Don't you go too near, however, or you may come to grief."

Cyprien gave his horse the spur, and trotted off.

"That is a family of lions over there," said the German as soon as he was out of earshot. "One out of every ten of those anthills is not an anthill."

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed Pantalacci; "you need not have told him not to go too close." And, noticing that Bardik and Li were listening, he added, "He'll get awfully scared, and we shall have the pleasure of a good laugh at him."

The Italian was wrong. Cyprien was not the man to "get awfully scared," as he phrased it. A couple of hundred yards from the "anthill" he saw what it was. An enormous lion, a lioness, and three pups were stretched on the ground like cats, and quietly sleeping in the sun.

At the sound of Templar's hoofs the lion opened his eyes, raised his huge head, and yawned. As he did so there appeared between the two rows of powerful teeth a deep wide throat, down which a child might easily have dropped. Then he glared at the horseman, who had pulled up about twenty yards away.

Fortunately the lion was not hungry, and so he did not trouble himself to move.

Cyprien, with his hand on his rifle, waited for a minute or two, and then, seeing that the lion had no desire to commence hostilities, and not having the heart to spoil the happiness of the interesting family, turned round and ambled off to his companions, who could not help recognising his coolness and pluck.

"I should have lost my bet, Mr. Hilton," was all he said.

That evening they halted near the right bank of the Limpopo. There, in spite of all that Hilton could say, Friedel went out to fish.

"It is a dangerous game, I tell you," said the Englishman. "In the Bush Veld people never hang about watercourses after sundown. Never—"

"So!" said the German. "Well, then, I'll be different."

"What harm can there be," said Pantalacci, "in his going down to the river bank for an hour or two? I have often spent half the day wet through to the armpits when I have been after wild duck."

"That is not at all the same thing," said Hilton, again endeavouring to stop Friedel.

"Oh! Bother!" answered the Italian. "My dear Hilton, just hand us over that tin of scraped cheese for the macaroni, and let our friend go and catch us a few fish for supper. We want a change!"

Friedel went off, and kept his line in so long that it was quite night when he returned. Then he made a hearty meal off the fish he had caught, and when he went to bed in the waggon complained of a slight shivering. In the morning when they rose to depart he was in a violent fever, and found it impossible to mount his horse. Nevertheless he insisted on their starting, affirming that he would be all right on the straw.

They did as he requested.

At noon he was delirious.

At three o'clock he was dead!

"You see," said Hilton, philosophically, "I was right when I said that you mustn't hang about water-courses after sundown."

They halted for a few minutes to bury the corpse, that they could not leave to the mercy of the wild beasts. It was that of a rival, perhaps of an enemy, and yet Cyprien felt profoundly moved as the last sad rites were accomplished. The spectacle of death, solemn and impressive as it is everywhere, seemed to gain increased solemnity in the desert, for in Nature's presence man is more fully conscious of his own inevitable end. Far from his friends, far from all who loved him, his melancholy thoughts flew back to home. "Perhaps," thought he, "I myself may lie on this plain never again to rise; perhaps I may be buried in a sandhill, capped with a bare stone, and have no friend to soothe my last moments." And thus putting himself in his comrade's place, and pitying him, he felt as though a part of himself lay buried there.

The day after the mournful ceremony Friedel's horse was seized with the Veld disease, and in a few hours followed his master to the grave.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

I.—ROBERT ROGERS.

February, 1759.

BROTHER UNCAS,—As it is for the advantage of King George to have a large body of Rangers for the next campaign, and being well convinced of your attachment, I wish, in pursuance of General Amherst's orders, to engage your assistance here early in the spring. Should you choose to come out as captain you shall have a commission; if not, I shall expect Doquipe and Nunnipad. You shall choose the ensign and sergeant. The company should consist of fifty men or more. . . .

Your humble servant,

R. ROGERS.

So, under date February, 1759, runs the letter addressed to the Mohican chief by the man who raised and headed the famous Rangers whose exploits furnished Fenimore Cooper with the groundwork of his tales of the "Leatherstocking."

How strange it seems to find in sober history the records of the deeds of the bush campaigns of Montcalm and Howe and Wolfe and Amherst, and the scouting feats of the Indians and backwoodsmen in the long French War which ended in the fall of Quebec and Montreal! Indians on the warpath, scalps and moccasins, tomahawks and pipes of peace, straight shooting and swift canoeing, untiring marching and unfailing tracking, seem to belong so exclusively to fiction, that it is almost distressing to us to find, after all, that they really belong to fact, and that he who likes can find them duly chronicled in official despatches!

Robert Rogers, the Ranger, afterwards Major Rogers, was born in New Hampshire, like most of those he led. During the French War the need of a body of men used to the ways of the woods and able to beat the Indians at their own mode of warfare, soon became manifest, and in 1755 steps were taken to organise a corps of seasoned backwoodsmen, whose duties were to scour the woods and ascertain the forces and position of the enemy; to discover and devise ambuscades; to acquire information by capturing sentinels and messengers; and, in short, to be thoroughly adept in all the duties of partisan war.

Rogers, a tall, athletic man, of great presence of mind, intrepidity, and perseverance, had early distinguished himself by his skill in woodcraft, and from the first was held in high esteem by the British regulars, who, with their knapsacks, belts, and pipeclay, had been turned into the primeval forest to fight the active Indians with the stiff geometrical drill introduced into Europe by King Frederick the Great. The journal in which his proceedings are recorded begins on the 24th September, 1755, with his expedition with four companions to Lake George, and it ends with the expedition to Detroit, and his return to Lord Amherst on 14th February, 1761. After the conclusion of the peace Rogers came to England and lived here till 1775, when he returned to America to be denounced by Washington as a British agent and forbidden to enter the Colonists' camp.

On March 23, 1756, the first regular commission to raise the Rangers was issued, and Rogers soon found himself at the head of sixty of the toughest specimens of humanity ever brought together. In Natty Bumppo Cooper has drawn the type of the scout, with considerable accentuation, of course; and of good old Natty, Rogers's men were very rough examples. In those days, thanks to the wild Indians, some fighting for France, some for Britain, men were not over particular; and with English scalps bought in by the French at sixty livres each, and English prisoners sold in Canada at fifty crowns apiece, the cruelties of war were indulged in to the full.

The first exploit of the sixty was the expedition up to New Charleston, then known as Number Four, when it was learnt among other things that a new general with two veteran regiments had arrived from France to press on the war. The new general was Montcalm, and matters up Ticonderoga way looked very blue for the eventual success of the British. On August 25 Rogers and five-and-twenty men were dispatched to reconnoitre this famous strategic point, then called by the French Carillon. The duty fulfilled, he was out again in September on a similar errand with fourteen men in a whaleboat. In January a stiff battle took place in the neighbourhood, in which the Rangers fought long and desperately, and so useful had they become that in February Rogers was empowered to raise more men. In July an expedition took place into Nova Scotia, about forty of the Rangers being told off to scout along the Bay of Fundy. And in fact the Rangers became invaluable, and were sent everywhere to clear the country and check the Redskin tactics.

Year by year the companies were increased, until Rogers at last found himself at the head of several hundred men. To give the details of their hairbreadth escapes and wonderful deeds of endurance is impossible here. We can but take a typical instance or so.

As a sample of the sort of fighting that took place in these American wild woods we may allow Rogers to tell in his own words the story of the great battle in the snow on the 13th of March, 1758:—

"Left our camp at sunrise on the twelfth, and having made about three miles, perceived a dog running across Lake George, and sent a party to reconnoitre the island, supposing the Indians were there in ambush; but not finding any, it was thought proper to take to the shore, and thus prevent our being discovered from the surrounding hills. We halted at a place called Sabbath Day Point, on the west shore, and sent down parties to look down the lake with perspective glasses. As soon as it was dark we proceeded down the lake. Lieutenant Phillips, with fifteen men, some of whom preceded him on skates, acted as an advance guard, while Ensign Ross flanked us on the left, under the west

shore, near which we kept the main body, marching as closely as possible to prevent separation, the night being extremely dark. In this manner we came within eight miles of the French advance, when Mr. Phillips sent back a man on skates to desire me to halt. Upon this the men were ordered to sit down on the ice. Mr. Phillips soon after came to me, informing me that he had discovered what he supposed to be a fire on the east shore, but he was uncertain. I sent him, accompanied by a Mr. White, to ascertain the fact. They returned in an hour fully persuaded that a party of the enemy were encamped at the place. The advanced guard was then called in, and we marched to the west shore, where in a thicket we concealed our sleighs and packs.

"Leaving a small guard with our baggage, we marched to attack the enemy's encampment if we should find one. On reaching the place where we supposed the fire had been seen, and finding no enemy, we concluded Mr. Phillips had mistaken some patches of snow, or pieces of rotten wood, for fire (which in the night and at a distance they resemble); we therefore returned to our packs and passed the night without fire. On the morning of the 13th a council of the officers determined that our better course was to proceed by land on snowshoes, lest the enemy should discover us on the lake. Accordingly we continued our march on the western shore, keeping on the back of the mountains which overlooked the French advanced guard, and halted at twelve o'clock two miles west of them, where we refreshed ourselves until three. This was to afford the day scout from the fort time to return home before we advanced, as our intention was to ambush some of the woods leading to the fort that night, in order to trepan the enemy in the morning. Our detachment now advanced in two divisions. On our left, at a small distance, we were flanked by a rivulet, and by a steep mountain on the right. Our main body kept close under the mountain, that the advanced guard might better observe the brook, on the ice of which they might travel, as the snow was now four feet deep, which made the travelling very bad even with snowshoes. In this manner we proceeded a mile and a half, when our advance signalled the enemy in sight; and soon after, that the force consisted of ninety-six, chiefly Indians.

"We immediately threw down our knapsacks and prepared for battle, supposing that the whole of the enemy's force was approaching our left upon the ice of the rivulet. Ensign M'Donald was ordered to take command of the advance guard, which, as we faced to the left, became a flanking party to our right. We marched within a few yards of the bank, which was higher than the ground we occupied; and observing the ground gradually descend from the rivulet to the foot of the mountain, we extended our line along the bank far enough to command the whole of the enemy at once. Waiting until their front was nearly opposite our left wing, I fired a gun as a signal for a general discharge. We gave them the first fire, which killed more than forty, and put the remainder to flight, in which one half of my men pursued and cut down several more of them. I now imagined they were totally defeated, and ordered Ensign M'Donald to head the flying remains of them that none should escape.

"He soon ascertained that the party we had routed was only the advance guard of six hundred Canadians and Indians who were now coming up to attack the Rangers. The latter retreated to their own ground, and regained it with the loss of fifty killed. Then they were drawn up in good order and fought with much intrepidity, keeping up such a constant and well-directed fire as caused the French, though seven to one in number, to retreat a second time. We, however, being in no condition to pursue, they rallied again, recovered their lost ground, and made a desperate attack upon our front and wings, but they were so warmly received that their flanking bodies soon retreated to their main body with great loss. This threw the whole in confusion and caused a third retreat. Our numbers were now too far reduced to take advantage of their disorder, and rallying again they attacked us a fourth time.

"Two hundred Indians were now discovered ascending the mountain on the right to possess themselves of the rising ground and fall upon our rear. Lieutenant Phillips, with eighteen men, was directed to gain possession of it before them, and drive the Indians back. He succeeded in gaining the summit, and repulsed them by a well-directed fire, in which every bullet killed its man. I now became alarmed lest the enemy should go round on our left and take post on the other part of the hill, and sent Lieutenant Crafton with fifteen men to anticipate them. Soon afterwards I sent two gentlemen who were volunteers with a few men to support him, which they did with great bravery. These gentlemen were officers of the line who had been desirous of witnessing an Indian fight. I had previously requested them to retire and offered a sergeant to conduct them. They at first accepted the offer, but being unused to snowshoes, unacquainted with the woods, and seeing us closely beset by the Indians, painted in the most hideous manner, and making the mountains ring with their horrid yells, like gallant men came back to our assistance.

"The enemy pressed us so closely in front that the parties were sometimes intermixed, and in general not more than twenty yards asunder. A constant fire continued for an hour and a half, during which time we lost eight officers and a hundred privates killed upon the spot. After doing all that brave men could do, the Rangers were compelled to break, each man looking out for himself. I ran up the hill followed by twenty men towards Phillips and Crafton, where we stopped, and gave the Indians, who were pursuing in great numbers, another fire, which killed several and wounded others. Phillips and his party capitulated to about three hundred Indians, and though he was promised quarter, they tied him and his men to trees and hewed them to pieces."

Rogers and his party escaped by sliding down a sloping eminence of a hundred feet to the river below, and the place is still pointed out as "Rogers's Slide." The number of the enemy was seven hundred, and of these six hundred were Indians. Rogers's battles generally ended in the other fashion, but we have given this as being the longest in which large numbers were engaged.

For the five years during which the war continued after the formation of the Rangers, hardly a week elapsed but what some daring deed was done or thrilling adventure took place such as would seem to have been accidentally omitted from Cooper's romances. On one occasion Rogers penetrated for over five hundred miles into the enemy's country!

The journal of the scout is the story of a group of men who went with their lives in their hands and did their perilous duties with marvellous success. In the woods or on the lakes, summer and winter, on the ice or the water, the Rangers seem to have been equally at home. Take for instance, in conclusion, Rogers's descent of the river from Coos to Number Four to bring back food for his starving men:—

"Captain Ogden, myself, and a captive Indian boy embarked upon a raft of dry pine-trees. The current carried us down the stream in the middle of the river, where we kept our miserable vessel with such paddles as could be split and hewn with small hatchets. The second day we reached White River Falls, and very narrowly escaped running over them. The raft went over and was lost, but our remaining strength enabled us to land and march by the falls. At the foot of them Captain Ogden killed some red squirrels and also a partridge, while I attempted to construct another raft. Not being able to cut the trees, I burnt them down, and burnt them at proper lengths. This was our third day's work after leaving our companions. The next day we floated down to Wattoquichie Falls, which are about fifty yards in length. Here we landed, and Captain Ogden held the raft by a hazel withe while I went below the falls to swim on board and paddle it ashore, this being our only hope for life, as we had not strength sufficient to make a new raft should this be lost. I succeeded in securing it, and next morning we floated down within a short distance of Number Four. Here we found several men cutting timber, who relieved and assisted us to the fort. A canoe was immediately dispatched up the river with provisions, and it reached the men at Coos on the tenth day after my departure, as I had promised."

A DUCK FOR A SLEEP;

OR, NEW YEAR'S DAY AT CALAIS UNDER THE TUDOR REGIME.

One of our artists has made for us a capital sketch of an incident in our national history not generally known perhaps even amongst historical bookworms, and yet of a semi-ludicrous character that boys will know how to enjoy.

During the occupation of Calais by the English, if a sentinel was found asleep at his post he was punished by being swung over the ramparts in a basket, with a loaf of bread, a jar of water, and a knife; there he remained until he had pluck to cut the rope and get a ducking in the moat, a boat being placed all ready to rescue him. We append full particulars of the curious custom.

Strict watch and ward were kept at Calais, according to "good, old, and wholesome laws." A knight or master porter, a gentleman porter, with a staff of subordinates, superintended the opening and closing of the gates. This was performed with considerable ceremony at appointed hours.

During the night there was a "scout watch" to perambulate without the walls, a "stand watch" to set as sentinels upon them, a "burgess watch" specially appointed for the castle hill, and a "search watch" to see that others did their duty.

The punishment prescribed for a sentinel caught napping was curious enough. If the search watch found any of the stand watch sleeping three times in one night the culprit was handed over the day following to the lord-deputy. On the next market day he was slung in a basket over the town wall, some ten or twelve feet above the water of the moat, and left suspended, having a loaf of bread, a pot of drink, and a knife with him. This provender being consumed, he must obviously either starve and perish or cut the rope with his knife and precipitate himself into the moat.

There was, however, little risk of being drowned, as one of the moat-keepers was always in attendance with a boat to "take him up when he falleth."

Perhaps the patience of the attendant was sometimes exhausted by the tardy proceedings, and urgent appeals were made to the suspended John to pluck up his courage and take it like a man, cut the rope, and drop into the water. The ducking over, the delinquent was confined in the mayor's prison till the next market day, and then publicly banished from the place for one year and a day.

New Year's Day at Calais.—*See p.* 231.

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science.

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—LOST.

"They saw a young girl struggling with another."

Ivan's belongings had been packed in a little box. He had been provided with a dozen shirts and other necessaries in a way which to him seemed almost miraculous. Anniesie opened the trunk, and showed him that her gift of Robinson Crusoe had not been forgotten, and somehow this little matter touched the boy's heart wonderfully. Still, he was far from being convinced that it was "all right." Sometimes he felt as though he was acting very foolishly in going away at all, but then he felt that the people among whom he found himself had the power in their hands to do with him as they would, and that up to the present moment he had been kindly treated. Yet feeling himself a prisoner was bitter enough to one who had all along been in the enjoyment of liberty and the power of free locomotion. He was but a boy, though a clever one, and a Russian.

When the Russians are in a dilemma the rule is to do nothing, but allow affairs to develop themselves, the ordinary phrase on such an occasion being, "What is to be done?" meaning there is nothing to be done. Something of this almost Asiatic phlegm might be seen in the manner in which Ivan resigned himself to fate, while ever and anon there came a flash of higher feeling which prompted him to action. He did not forget in all his mental trouble and affliction to reward those who had ministered to his comfort, and Helena received a gratuity

that made her fall on her knees straight away and demand special protection from her saint for him.

A ragged idler was sent for an izvoschick for our hero, but before getting into the vehicle he insisted on seeing that his own masculine garments were really and truly safely packed at the bottom of the box. The police under whose surveillance the house stood saw, when the prelotkah (a kind of hooded gig) passed out of the courtyard, a very pretty German-looking young woman, well, but not showily dressed, accompanied by a shy, awkward girl, in the Gymnasium uniform, who seemed very much inclined to withdraw from public notice and hide herself in a corner of the vehicle. The sharp eyes of the police, however, detected nothing more, and no conclusions appear to have been drawn by them at the time.

The vehicle rattled through the miserable district, but soon got into the grand street, called the Tverskaya. Here Anniesie began to regret having undertaken the adventure, for the awkwardness and shyness of Ivan seemed to increase as they came into the more public thoroughfare of the town. Fortunately the driver took a route leading through the less frequented parts of Moscow, and by the time the Kursk railway was reached her fears had in part subsided. She had originally resolved to travel third class, but Ivan's queer expression of disgust, dislike, and utter misery made her alter her plan. It was less likely that he would be noticed, she thought, by first-class passengers than by the ever communicative and chatty frequenters of the cheaper carriages.

So the two companions entered a first-class carriage. The guard, attracted by the strange, scared look of Ivan, asked Anniesie whether her sister were ill.

"She has been overworked to pass into the fifth class," said Anniesie. "I should be so thankful if you could let us have the coupée to ourselves during the journey."

Here Ivan interrupted with, "What are you talking about the fifth class? That shows what girls know of such things. Didn't you know that Palitzki was coaching me for third?"

To any one with less presence of mind than Anniesie this would have been fatal, but she had too much ready wit to allow herself to be daunted, so she said, with the greatest assurance,

"You see, now, with her mind in such a state, how very necessary it is for us to be alone. Pray accept this for your trouble in securing the coupée for us." And she placed a three-rouble note, of the value of about six shillings, in his willing hands, saying as she did so, "If you can keep us quite to ourselves during the whole journey I will give you another at the end."

"Many thanks, Barishnya (young lady). I will not admit a soul, and when you want refreshments you can tell me, and I will bring them to you."

Anniesie was congratulating herself upon the success with which she had overcome her first danger, when two boys in the summer uniform of the Imperial Gymnasium — unbleached linen tunics and trousers, the uniform belt and silver clasp, and the white summer cap, with its silver badge of two sprigs of laurel surrounding the device, M. 1st K. G. (Moscow First Classical Gymnasium)— passed the window. Instantly Ivan sprang up and shouted, "Abrazoff, Popoff! come here! Help! rescue me! Don't you know me?" The boys stopped and looked at the window whence the sounds proceeded, and saw a young girl in the Gymnasium dress of the female pupils struggling with another, who seemed much older than she. They were about to rush to the coupée where these two girls sat, but the signal was given, the train was in motion, they lost their places, and had to remain behind!

"Who was it? She seemed to know us both and called for help. Did you recognise her?"

"I certainly have heard the voice before and must have seen the face, but I cannot remember where. The tones were well known to me."

"Strange thing, though! How the big girl pulled down the little one and held her hand over her mouth! It was a fine struggle. I never saw the big girl before."

"Well, Popoff, it can't be helped. We have missed the train all through the botheration girls, and now we shall be late at Faustova."

At the next station the guard approached, and asked whether refreshments were required, or whether he could be of service in any way.

"We can dine in the coupée, can't we?" was the response.

"Oh, certainly. You will find a mahogany flap before you below the window. Raise this and fix it by the bracket, and there you have a table. What would you like to order?"

Anniesie gave a very fair order for dinner; indeed it would have been a fair order for twice their number, but Ivan pricked up his ears when he heard it and forgot for the moment the shame of his position in delightful anticipation of the dinner that was to come.

As soon as the train was again in motion Anniesie began to cry bitterly. This was too much for Ivan, who said at last,

"Look here, Anniesie, you have not been bad to me, though I hate these horrid things you make me wear, and if you will give me my own dress at the end of the journey and not cry, I will be quiet until we get to Kursk, or wherever it is we are going."

"You are a good boy, Ivan," she replied, "and I promise to let you have your things immediately on our arrival at my aunt's if you sit still and make no more efforts to escape or to attract the notice of those about us."

"All right."

The bargain thus struck there was no further effort on the part of the boy to "escape or to attract the notice of those about them." The dinner had been telegraphed for, and was duly awaiting them at the next grand station, where the faithful guard took care that everything should be served in due form. A very good dinner it was, and soon after the boy finished he began to grow drowsy and ended by falling asleep, from which he awoke to find himself in a roomy carriage with Anniesie and a dignified matronly woman of about fifty, who strikingly resembled Anniesie, save that where the hair of the younger woman was as of pure gold, that of the elder was as of shining silver. There were traces of care in her features, but she was very handsome and did not look her age. The conversation was carried on in a low tone in German, so that had Ivan been awake there would have been no chance of his understanding much of what was being said.

"It is too dangerous," said the elder lady. "The risk is far greater in proportion than any amount of profit that might be got by the stratagem. It was a bold idea, and a very clever one, to destroy all traces of the child by his leaving Moscow as a girl. Under ordinary circumstances that would have been quite sufficient to lose him to his friends for ever, and to baffle the police effectually. But the boy's character should have been studied first before this was decided on."

"You see, aunt, we had no time to study his character. It was a sudden resolve on my father's part, and certainly the longer he is absent the greater will be the reward for his discovery. The police would have found him at the dreadful place which my father has chosen for his abode, unless we had kept him in the cellars, and that would have been dangerous. As it is I do not quite know what my father intends doing with the student who acted as this boy's tutor."

"Well, Anniesie, I do not at all agree with your father in the wild political course he has taken up. It is the ruin of Russia that these dreadful secret societies have arisen; but that he should sacrifice position, rank, fortune, his family, everything, for such a dream, is what I never can understand; but I shall not forget how much I owe him on my husband's account, and shall always be ready to serve him where possible, and this is my plan."

"Speak gently," said Anniesie; "do not awaken him—he is such a difficult charge for me; you see, I thought my influence over him was far greater than it is. I thought I could have wound him round my little finger—but no, he has a will of his own, notwithstanding his evident goodwill towards me."

"You see, my dear," said the aunt, smiling, "you have forgotten that he is a boy. Had he been twenty years older, then you might indeed have led him to death, or anything else."

Anniesie blushed at this speech of her aunt's, and said,

"Nonsense, auntie. Poor little chap! I would not lead him to any harm whatever; and if I had not felt that he would have been safe with you, I never would have brought him hither. But tell me your plan."

"Well, child, I know you are very good at heart, and would not hurt a fly; therefore I am certain you will like my plan. By bringing him out of Moscow as a girl the police are thrown off the scent, and they will never recover it unless he has been recognised by those Gymnasium boys, which I do not think likely. He will be looked for all round Moscow, never having been seen to leave it. Now we have to throw off any suspicion of his being here. He will not play the girl long, so we must see that your promise about his dress is kept. But the coachman has seen him as a girl, which is fatal to his remaining as a boy. He must appear as a boy, but be got rid of as a girl. The latter feat must be accomplished first, and this is what must be done. You return at once to Moscow, and the household here must suppose that you take the *girl* with you. Your uncle goes

with you, and alights at a little station called Volkhova, taking Ivan with him. Here, in some out-of-the-way field, the boy gets rid of his female attire and appears as a boy, whom my husband takes to the monastery there, and introduces as his nephew. The Igumen is under very great obligation to my husband, and to his charge we will confide the boy. What do you think of the plan?"

"Nothing could be better, provided Ivan can be made to see the force of it. Of course I shall try to persuade him. A good night's rest is what he wants. He is quite a boy, and eats and sleeps and laughs just as nature guides him."

* * * *

It was a splendid evening; just one of those lovely Russian nights that ought to inspire the whole nation with poesy. The sky perfectly cloudless, the moon and stars bright. The way led through forests and through cornfields, which had yielded up their tribute to man, leaving but the stubble to cover the ground. On approaching the house the visitor became aware that the owner differed in many respects from the ordinary Russian proprietor. There was a neatness, a system about the whole that told of German influence. The very dogs that came out and barked at the carriage were not so savage as those in Berozovo, Ozoonovo, and Zakolniki. But they woke up little Ivan all the same, who, forgetting or despising his costume, called out, "Hullo, zabaki!" (dogs) and began to whistle, at which the two ladies laughed merrily. He now roused himself more and more, and soon discovered that he was in a carriage and not in the railway coupée, and that there were two ladies with him.

"Anniesie!" he exclaimed; "don't try to shuffle your promise about my things. I shall keep you to it, recollect."

"Never fear," she responded; "a German girl never breaks her word, but I must have some talk with you first. You had better hurry into my room with me and my aunt. To-morrow you will be a boy again."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ivan, much to the surprise of the coachman, who thought what a wonderful place Moscow must be for the education of young ladies. Fortunately Ivan committed no overt act, being too much absorbed in the contemplation of a charming little Skye-terrier which had got loose from the house, and had tried so hard to get into the carriage that the lady whom Anniesie designated auntie stopped the horses and allowed him to join their party, much to the delight of Ivan, with whom the dog fraternised immediately.

The aunt, whom we shall call the Frau von Steinfeldt, was evidently pleased with the good understanding existing between boy and dog. She laid her hand kindly on Ivan's head as she said, "I am sorry to say that we shall not be long together. You will leave us again to-morrow, but before you go I should be glad of some chat with you in my own particular boudoir."

Ivan was rather impressed with the dignified bearing of this lady. He knew quite enough German to understand that the aristocratic prefix von (pronounced fon) before the name meant hereditary nobility, and he was the more puzzled how to connect all this with the wretchedness of the dwelling of Anniesie's father in the Novoye Derayvnie. However, he said nothing, and only looked in childish wonder at the stately but kindly lady who regarded him with such favour.

At last they drove up the avenue that led to the house, and the boy was still more astonished at the order and comfort that reigned supreme. Herr von Steinfeldt possessed a large manufactory, which brought him in a considerable revenue, with which he was always ready to assist the needs of others who had been less favoured by fortune. He was a Prussian by birth, and had served in the war against Austria in 1866. His wife, who was the sister of Anniesie's mother, was of an old noble family of Prussia, haughty to her equals but kind to excess with inferiors, and as ready as her husband to help those requiring aid. She took a violent fancy to our hero, and had he not come in the guise of a girl she would have done much to serve him, but the impossibility of keeping up the disguise, and the difficulty of getting rid of it and reproducing him as a boy, determined her on sending him away to the monastery.

She therefore decided on having no fuss about reception, and told the servants that her niece and the young lady who accompanied her were going to leave again the very next day. A kind of closet opened from Anniesie's chamber, in which a bed was made up for Ivan, who had great difficulty in getting rid of his detested disguise, but before he went to bed Frau von Steinfeldt explained her plan, which, to the dismay of both ladies, he flatly refused to adopt.

"Why should I?" said he. "I have done nothing; I am not afraid of the police. The truth is, I suspect you want to make Mr. Smirnoff pay money to the 'cannibal' for finding me, and I don't want him to have the money. If it would do Anniesie Feodorovna any good, that would be another thing; but it would do her no good at all, it would only feed the cannibal and allow him to make fresh prisons and cellars. Now I have put on these horrid things to please Anniesie. She promised that I should have my own when we got here; now here we are. Where are my clothes?"

"My dear boy," said Frau von Steinfeldt, "we are all anxious to serve you, but my husband would get into trouble with the police, which might be his ruin, if it were said either that a boy came here disguised as a girl, or that a girl came here who had never been seen before, and who disappeared to give place to an equally unknown boy! You know that we must report your arrival to the police, and send your passport to them, or we shall be greatly troubled. Where is your passport? What are we to do? Now if you go away before the time when it is necessary to send in your passport to the police, disappearing as a girl with my niece, then no one has a right to say a word about it. You then appear in your own character, and we write to the authorities that we have found you, and give you up to them."

"I see," said Ivan; "and then you pocket the reward, not the cannibal!"

"Whom does he mean by the cannibal?" said the Frau.

"My father," answered Anniesie, quietly.

"Oh, indeed. What a sharp boy he is!"

"Now," exclaimed Ivan, "I will tell you what I will do. I will go back with Anniesie to the first station, and then your husband shall give me my own clothes directly. They must be made into a parcel and given to me there, so that I may feel safe. When I once have them on I do not so much care what happens. I don't think the cannibal's cellars would be so very dreadful as petticoats. Now I understand why people pity women so much! It is horrible. Fancy shinning up an oak-tree in things like these!"

As this was what was wanted, there was no difficulty now in striking the bargain. A good supper was served in the ladies' room, and assisted by the motherly care of the lady of the house, Ivan got to bed, and was soon sleeping the deep sleep of boyhood. When this result was brought about Frau von Steinfeldt said to Anniesie,

"I do not think that it was very considerate in your father to drag us into his schemes and plots. The whole plan seems to me sordid and cruel. The good man who adopted this poor child is made wretched; the welfare of the child is utterly disregarded; and no other consideration seems to influence your father than to sacrifice whatever is good and noble for these fanatical politics! I am really indignant when I think of the utter want of principle he shows!"

"But, my dear aunt, you must remember that he is my father, and has been a kind father to me."

"Kind father, indeed!" exclaimed the aunt, who was about to follow up this exclamation with some remarks on the wretched mode of life to which Anniesie had been subjected, but her better nature prevailed, and she only said, "Right, my *duschinka!* [darling]; never forget that he is your father. Honour and love him, and you have the promise which certainly will not fail. You are a good girl."

A loving kiss was the appropriate reply to this praise. Frau von Steinfeldt left Anniesie for the night, and went to meet her husband, who had just come in from the factory, where he had been detained over some complicated accounts.

"Well, Marie," said Steinfeldt, "how is Anniesie? Curious telegram that was. What does Hermann want with us? Remember, I am not going to be mixed up with any of his harebrain plots. I suppose he wants money? How much?"

"He does not want money," said his wife, who then proceeded to relate the story of Ivan, and how she proposed he should be got rid of.

Steinfeldt walked up and down the room in an uneasy frame of mind. At last he said, "It is altogether unfortunate. The feeling throughout Russia against the Germans is becoming stronger every day, and is greatly nourished by the police. I have studiously kept myself out of all political matters, and here is just the possibility—or, rather the strong probability—of my being dragged into a most unpleasant affair."

"Well," replied the wife, "it has not been my fault. The telegram announced the arrival of my sister's child, accompanied by a poor orphan, for whom she desired aid. I had no time to reply and say that I would neither receive my sister's daughter nor help the orphan; and if I had had ever so much time to think over it I should be the last to refuse to listen to such claims."

"That's all right enough! I don't blame you in the least, only what are we to do?"

"Let him apparently return with Anniesie, and then leave at the nearest station in your company. Let him change his dress, and then you take him to the monastery. He is a Russian, and they will be glad to secure him for their own service."

After much deliberation this plan was agreed on, and the next morning, after breakfast, the carriage bore off Anniesie on her return journey, accompanied by Herr von Steinfeldt and Ivan. Arrived at the station, Steinfeldt took tickets for Anniesie, himself, and Ivan, the two latter being only as far as the station Volkhova, not far from which was the celebrated monastery of Kupsk.

The train started, and everything seemed to promise well. Ivan was quiet. They had given him his bundle of clothes, which he held fast with both hands, and, to the surprise of all, never spoke.

Soon Steinfeldt and Ivan were walking along the path leading to the monastery. It was a hot day, for the reader must remember that we have gone back in point of time to take up the thread of our story. The increased rewards had not yet been offered for the discovery of Ivan, although the police were actively engaged in the search.

The path led Ivan and his new guide through one of the dense forests which form so important a feature in the scenery of this part of Russia The one in question was not of large extent, and a brisk walk of half an hour sufficed to bring them through that portion of it which they had to traverse. On emerging from the wood a broad, clear sheet of water spread before them an inviting surface.

"Now," said Steinfeldt, "strip, and jump in."

But this was more easily said than done, for before the hated vestments could be removed Steinfeldt's pocket-knife was often in requisition to cut strings, laces, etc., which to the boy had become objects of intense disgust. At last he was free, and waving his arms aloft in irrepressible glee, he gave vent to a wild hurrah of delight, and dashed headlong into the water.

Steinfeldt opened the parcel containing the boy's clothes, and arranged them in order on the grass. Then he made the female dress up into a parcel of similar form to that which they had carried with them. He took the precaution of enclosing a heavy stone in the parcel, which was well secured with plenty of string.

He now called Ivan to him, and giving him the parcel, bade him swim with it to the very centre of the pond and sink it there. If ever boy obeyed a command willingly it was Ivan when obeying this order of his new-found friend. He had some difficulty in carrying the bundle so far on account of its weight. Being a first-rate swimmer, however, he mastered this difficulty by taking a loose end of the string between his teeth, and getting the parcel itself on his back. When he reached the centre he heard the voice of Steinfeldt calling from the brink, "Enough! Drop it!" Instantly the parcel was dropped, and sank to the bottom noiselessly.

Steinfeldt could not forbear laughing. "What a thorough boy you are!" he said when the toilet was complete.

"The saints be praised for that!" said Ivan. "I was getting girlish enough in those things, and I am not sure that I ever shall be quite the boy again that I used to be."

"Never fear. You are all right," said Steinfeldt, "as thorough a little man as I should wish to see. But, look here, never say a word about this adventure of the girl's dress to any one."

"Who? I? Well, that's a queer thing for you to tell me. Do you think I am likely to speak of such a disgrace? Not I!"

The path led them on through the same kind of scenery that we have so often described, until the celebrated monastery of Kupsk was reached. But so important a place deserves a chapter to itself, and we have other personages in this strange story to look after. So we must take leave of Ivan for the present.

(To be continued.)

A BEAR STORY.

HUDSON'S BAY is not, perhaps, the pleasantest of places in the depth of winter. That is, however, the time when it presents most attractions to those who visit it, for the cold drives the animals from their hiding-places, and the difficulty of finding anything to eat makes them bold in the pursuit of food, even to the extent of snatching it from the jaws of a trap.

A small party of trappers were seated round a camp-fire one night a few years ago. They had a blaze big enough to attract all the animals of the forest, for it was bitterly cold and fuel cost nothing.

"I saw bear tracks to-day," remarked Coppée, a French Canadian. "I shall hunt him to-morrow."

"You're always seeing tracks," said Martin, a burly Englishman, "but you never seem to come up with the bear. Foxes are more in your line."

Coppée looked as if he would like to have retorted with more than words. But he was a good-natured little fellow, and could make allowance for Martin's want of amiability.

"I shall try and find this one," was his reply. His eye twinkled with joyful anticipation, for he had discovered the home of the bear, a discovery which he meant to keep secret.

"You can't go to-morrow, Coppée," put in Hopkins, a Yankee. "You're to go to the cache; the agent will be along soon."

"Ah, so I have," exclaimed Coppée, dolorously. "Never mind, my bear will keep for a day or two."

"Where's his hole?" inquired Martin, carelessly.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" was Coppée's evasive reply. "No, my friend, I mean to pay my morning call by myself."

"That bear will live a lonely life then, that's all I can say," retorted Martin, rising to throw more pine knots on the fire.

"We shall see," said Coppée, "only don't expect a paw all to yourself when I bring the skin home.'

"I'll eat the skin when you bring it," responded Martin, laughing.

Coppée made no reply, but his face showed the determination to carry out his intention of killing Bruin. Soon after all the trappers rolled themselves in their blankets and dropped off to sleep.

They woke early; the fire still smouldered. They made a hunter's breakfast, and each prepared to go his own direction.

"Where are you off, Martin?" asked Hopkins.

"Up by the ravine. I shall be back early to-day. Look out for that bear, Coppée."

"I shall not call on him to-day; I'm off for the cache."

"Well, it's all the same for the bear," was Martin's remark, as he shouldered his gun and lance and strode off.

Coppée gave one of his light-hearted laughs and started in the opposite direction.

"He is angry that he did not find the tracks himself," he thought. "Poor Martin! he has had bad luck this season. So have I, though, till now; but when I've shot this bear I shan't be able to complain."

He walked rapidly along, for he had a long journey before him. The "cache" he was about to visit was a hole beside a tree, carefully boarded up and covered over. In this were hidden the skins of the animals they captured. At stated times the Company's agent came round and took them away. One of his visits was nearly due, and Coppée had to make a preliminary inspection of the cache.

He was about four miles from the camp, swinging along with a hunter's stride, when he stopped as if he had been shot.

A minute after he was retracing his steps at a long trot. An unwelcome thought had struck him.

Martin had said that he was going to the ravine. Coppée knew that "the ravine" meant a certain gorge between some rocky hills, a part of the district which Martin rarely visited. It was to this very ravine that he had tracked the bear on the previous day.

By this time it was quite possible Martin had come across the tracks, and, forsaking his gins and traps, had set off to trace where they led. If so, he would never rest content till he had killed the bear. And that bear fairly belonged to him, Coppée.

That would never do. How could he endure the chaff of the camp after his tirade of the previous evening? No; he was resolved that come what might he would be first on the spot, and not leave to Martin the chance of killing the largest bear he had seen signs of during the whole season.

So the little Frenchman ploughed his way along, taking a short cut through the woods. What was it made him pause for a moment and then redouble his pace?

It was this. He remembered suddenly that all the tracks leading to the bear's cave were on the side of the ravine farthest from the camp. He had come across them on his way home; but Martin, entering the ravine from the other end, would see nothing to raise his suspicions till he reached the cave. The bear would have scented him long before, and the terrible fear which crossed Coppée's mind was that Martin would be attacked unawares. Such an unequal contest could have but one result.

Coppée forgot all about his own desire to kill the bear; his one hope now was that Martin might have succeeded in doing so. Never had he run so fast in his life. He pelted over the snow, choosing where possible the ground sheltered from the drift.

It seemed an age before the ravine was reached. He leapt from rock to rock with more agility than prudence. One more turn and he would be in sight of the cave.

He was at the very corner when a terrible cry reached his ears. He leapt forward to see his worst fears realised. An enormous bear had rushed on Martin, who had not even time to fire; his weapon was dashed from his hand, and he was thrown violently to the ground.

"He took a hasty aim, and fired."

Coppée raised a shout, hoping to turn the beast's attention. His idea bore fruit—the bear turned in his direction for a moment, giving Martin time to draw his long hunter's knife, but, before he could use it, the bear, with an angry growl, sprang on him again.

Another moment and it would have been all over, for the animal's enormous weight prevented Martin from even turning. But Coppée had made the most of the few seconds and was now but half a dozen yards off. He took a hasty aim, all trembling as he was with his tremendous exertions; the ball hit the bear under the shoulder. With a fearful growl he sprang off Martin's body and began biting the wounded part.

Now came Martin's turn. With a temerity born of a hunter's life he raised himself on his hand and plunged his knife into the body of his foe. It found his heart.

Martin rose to his feet and for the first time saw Coppée.

"I killed that bear," he said.

Coppée looked at him in astonishment for a moment and then burst into one of his merry laughs.

"You are right," he said; "you killed the bear. I came too late."

"No you didn't," replied Martin; "you came at just about the nick of time. If it hadn't been for your shot it would have been a case of 'killed by a bear' for my gravestone. I'll do as much for you if ever I get the chance."

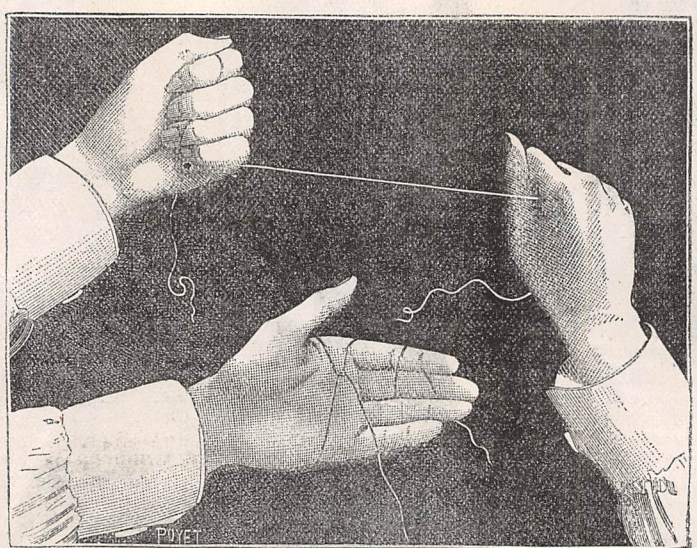
Coppée saw that he had conquered his rival's enmity for ever. When in the evening they were once more seated round the camp-fire, Martin told the story of his rescue, and told it in terms which showed he felt deeply Coppée's conduct. However, none the less could he resist ending his story with "But I killed that bear after all!"

STRING-CUTTING.

THERE are probably some hundreds among our readers who have cut their fingers severely in the endeavour to break a piece of twine in the way they have fancied they saw the shopman do it when he tied up their parcel; and of these it is likely a large percentage are still living in ignorance of "how it was done." A peculiar twist of the hand and all is over! With the shopman the string breaks; with the customer it gives his fingers such a nip that he does not care to repeat the experiment!

As the successful method is not without its lesson we give it herewith. In the lower figure, that of the open hand, the string is wound round the fingers in the proper style, and in the centre of the palm is shown the Y, which bears such an important part in the arrangement. Further description is unnecessary. The Y is kept stretched, the hand is shut as in the cut in the top corner, and then the hands are smartly drawn apart, and that with the string on is opened and the string breaks before the shock has time to travel to the hands. String-cutting is in fact an interesting demonstration of the principle of inertia.

The most delicate hands will be uninjured in this exercise, providing the string is arranged properly and the blow sharply given, and string of great strength can be snapped with ease. But should the cord be wrongly arranged or the blow feebly struck, even the finest string will be obstinate and the toughest hand may be hurt. It is as well, however, to begin experimenting with a fine string, as there is just a possibility that you have not quite got the arrangement you intended. It is a curious fact that at first the string will seem to have broken in the wrong place, but on measuring it you will find that the cut has taken place at the Y as it was designed to do.



THE BUTTERFLY TOP.

IN our first volume we gave a description of a flying top in which a piece of card shaped like ship's screw was thrown off into the air from a spindle consisting of an old cotton reel working on a penholder. This curious contrivance was found to work very well, and many of our readers succeeded in keeping the aerial machine afloat for some seconds after each spin. The card screw was merely a substitute for the silk fans stretched over cap-wire that used to do duty in the aerial tops which were common on the toystalls of the Crystal Palace in its more prosperous days, and which were frequently to be seen flying about the galleries and returning to the senders like so many boomerangs.

These tops, or rather machines on their principle, had been invented as long ago as 1784 by Lannoy and Bienvenu, and had been presented as noteworthy inventions to the French Academy of Sciences. The difference between the "helicoptera" and the top consisted only in the one being spun with string wound round the spindle, and the other bearing its motive power aloft with it in the shape of a piece of whalebone acting as a spring.

The distances traversed by this long-named invention were very trifling. The whalebone soon shot out straight and the tiny spindle was soon unwound. Nevertheless, it took three-quarters of a century to improve on the poor little helicoptera!

Penaud took the contrivance in hand, and for the spindle and whalebone substituted the indiarubber ring as shown in the cut. In order to give the affair some excuse for its name he fitted on the lepidopterous-looking wings, which offer a certain amount of resistance to its tendency to twist. The essential point of the apparatus is the screw at the top, consisting of two pieces of light cane such as are easily got out of a Japanese umbrella, and the silk or paper diaphragms pasted on to them. Two strips of wood with a cap at each end, one with a fixed hook and the other with a revolving hook coming through the top from the centre of the fans, form the rest of the little flying-machine; and if the indiarubber ring down the centre be well wound up, the force obtained from it will be sufficient to send the toy skimming along for ten or a dozen feet overhead.

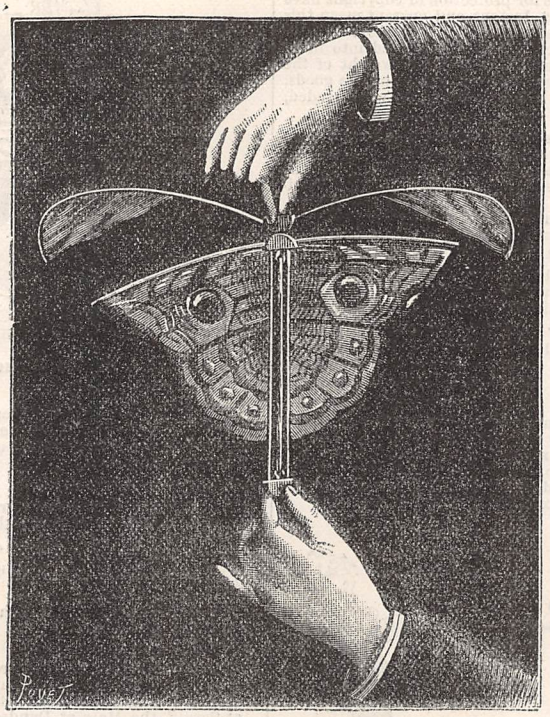
Several aeronautical machines have been made on this principle. One of them, Forlanini's, had a small steam-engine in place of the spring. This steam-engine, with boiler fitted complete, weighed about six pounds, and developed a quarter-horse power. It rose in the air and behaved well, but was on too small a scale to support anything but its own weight.

The difficulty in working upwards with screws is due in a great measure to the wind. In a perfectly still atmosphere the fans get a fair chance, but in a breeze they should be slanted to a certain angle to get their full power, and the regulation of this angle is anything but an easy problem for the sanguine inventor.

For many years Tatin has been experimenting with fans as elevators, and has produced several dozen "flying-birds" of all dimensions. Some of these have weighed a couple of pounds or more, while others have not turned the scale at half an ounce. Some have been a couple of inches across, while others have measured a couple of yards from wing-tip to wing-tip. But nothing of practical use has as yet resulted from his efforts. As he himself admits, he may have been on the wrong tack altogether. "Our grandfathers did not build the locomotive in the shape of the hare and the antelope, although they emulated the speed of those animals,"

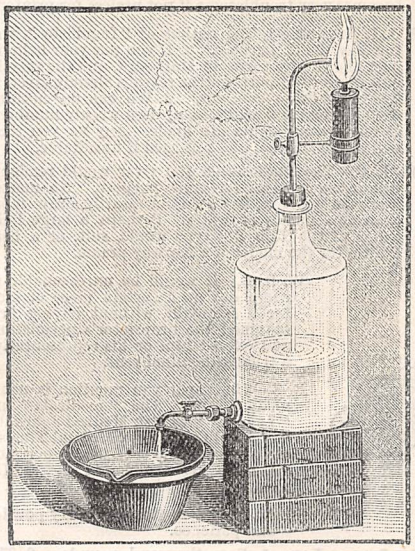
and the air-ship of the future need not necessarily be of birdlike form.

Meanwhile the "helicoptera" has found its way into the toyshops, and "butterfly-tops" are selling by dozens at sixpence apiece.

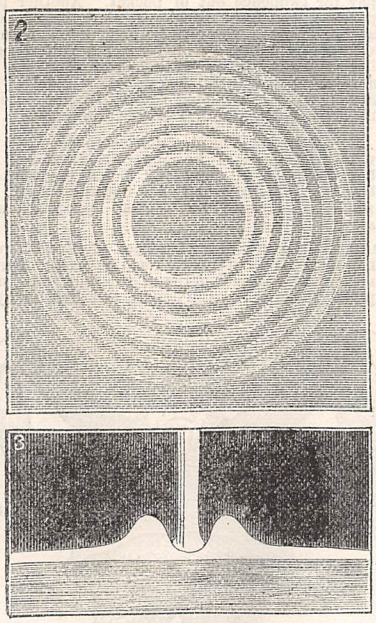


AERIAL RINGS.

A FEW very pretty experiments can be made with smoke rings, and as the apparatus is cheap and easily procurable it may be worth while to say a few words about them. The best arrangement for producing satisfactory results is that shown in Fig. 1, where a glass jar with a tap at the base is resting on a stand. Into the jar and through



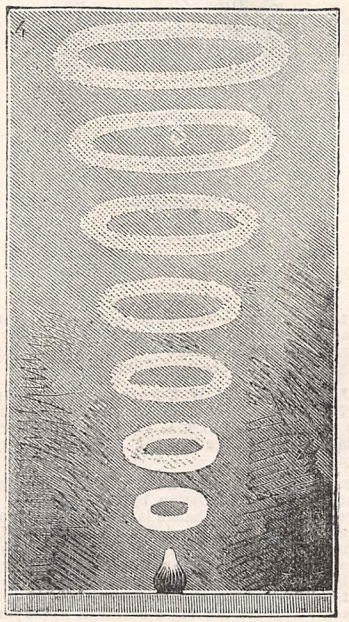
the cork a small tube is fixed and the whole sealed down, so that all air passing into the jar must come through the tube. The finer the tube the better; the material is of no consequence—it may be of metal, glass, or clay—so long as the passage down it is kept clear. To it, as shown in the cut, a holder is fixed, to which the candle or what not is attached, so that the centre of the tube points fairly into the smoke. The jar is filled with water, the cork fixed down tightly, and the candle lighted. The tap is then turned, and as the water runs out it sucks down the smoke, and the rings will be seen rising through the water and forming on its surface, as shown in Fig. 2. These rings will soon disappear and gradually merge into a sort of collar, shown



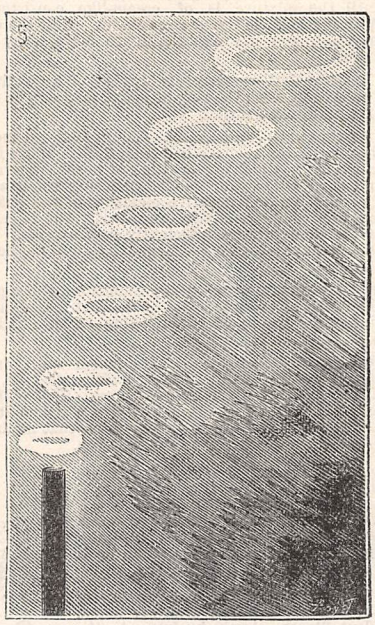
in Fig. 3, where the central bar is the tube leading up to the source of smoke.

There are other ways of producing smoke rings. For instance, rings such as shown in Fig. 4 are produced during the combustion of phosphoreted hydrogen, the white vapours of the phosphoric acid rolling up into the air in apparently whirling crowns. From guns and field-pieces the smoke often emerges in rings, and steam out of a small vertical jet is often shot forth in small circles, such as shown in Fig. 5.

There is, however, a far simpler way of making smoke rings than any we have described, and that is by procuring a cubical cardboard box with a small round opening in two of its opposite faces, filling it with smoke from burning brown paper, and sending the ring



into the air by hitting the palm of the hand against one hole so as to eject the smoke wreath at the other. In this way most excellent rings are formed, and if received on a



piece of damp glass the rings can be caught and held for a few moments for examination. In a quiet room free from draughts the regularity and duration of the rings will provide a surprise for those who have not tried the experiment.

Correspondence.

CANADIAN.—The distance from Liverpool to Cape Race is 1,977 miles; to Portland, 2,778 miles; the distance from Queenstown to St. John's is 1,734 miles. A modern ocean steamer consumes about one ton of coal for every knot she runs.

With the Compliments

APPLE BLOSSOM.—The large plate of British Birds was in the June part for 1882; that of the Birds' Eggs was in the second volume. The articles on dogs were in the second volume.

W. J. WHITE.—J. M. W. Turner was born on April 23, 1775. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1799, and a full R.A. in 1802. Perhaps "The Fighting Téméraire" in the National Gallery—but read Ruskin.

COLLECTOR.—1. To retire a bill of exchange is to withdraw it from circulation by buying it up. 2. To protest a bill of exchange is to give formal notice of non-payment on presentation; it is generally done only by a notary and in case of foreign bills. The mere process of noting is a sufficient protest for inland bills. 3. Co-optate is a long-winded word, meaning "to choose." The governor need not act unless he likes. 4. There are many excellent books on banking by H. D. Macleod, J. W. Gilbart, W. Bagehot, Thomson, Hankey, and others. For list apply to Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. You would find Warne's "Commercial Handbook," published by Warne, of great service to you. It costs five shillings.

DUOBUS.—Mix some vegetable-black with gold-size until the mixture is of cream-like consistency. With it "ebonise" your egg cabinet. Rest the eggs on wool, and use naphthalin to drive away the insects.

W. B.—The first egg is probably that of a chaffinch. The second, with the ring of spots, seems to be that of a red-backed shrike.

AN ARAUCANIAN (Valparaiso).—Yours is by no means the first letter we have had from Chili. Write for a catalogue to the firm you think of purchasing from, and then order your goods, enclosing remittance. The positive and negative elements of the battery must somehow have been in contact. The moisture of the air would act sufficiently on the acids. You should have cleaned it chemically—not mechanically.

OLD NEW ZEALANDER.—Many thanks for the copy of the "Nelsonian." It is one of the best school magazines published in the colonies that we have had the pleasure of seeing.

J. G. FENN.—1. Quite so. 2. To polish steel use a spongy piece of wood saturated with sweet-oil, and lightly dusted with powdered emery. This will not only clean off all rust, but will give a polish at the same time. You can get a burnisher that might be of some use to you from a bicycle shop.

WOULD-BE INVENTOR.—Consult the free library at the Patent Office in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. You will there find a classified index of all inventions, and can read the specifications yourself to discover if your idea has been anticipated.

A WELL-WISHER.—The headquarters of the Cyclists' Touring Club are at 56, Fleet Street. Apply by letter to the secretary for full particulars.

HEADER.—The best book on swimming costs six shillings. It is published at 56, Paternoster Row, and its title is, "Boy's Own Annual," Vol. 1.

JOHN and NORMAN (Montreal).—1. It is a *nom de plume*. 2. Mr. Ballantyne has travelled extensively, and visited the countries he describes. 3. We had sent to us the special supplements of the Canadian papers describing the winter carnival, the ice palace, etc.

C. H. BERTHON.—You will find instructions in making silk balloons in the March and April parts for 1882. The articles were called "Balloons, and all about them."

F. R. C. S.—The cost of your education and hospital course would be about £300. Eighteen is about the right age to take up special studies, if you are previously well grounded in generals.

T. M. B.—A railway engine, unloaded, weighs on an average forty tons; a truck, unloaded, about a ton and a half.

SPIDER.—1. The words "Entered at Stationers' Hall" mean that the steps for protection of copyright have been duly taken. 2. Instant and current mean this month, ultimo last month, proximo next month. The words are occasionally abbreviated into inst., curr., ult., and prox. 3. Tare is the weight of the carriage or package, tret the weight of the goods. A coal truck with 1. 5. 0. tare weighs, when loaded, 11 tons 5 cwt.

R. N.—The master is not mentioned in the articles on the Navy for the very sufficient reason that he does not exist. The rank has been abolished for some years. The master's place is taken by the navigating lieutenant, and the particulars of entrance, etc., were given in the "Life on the Ocean Wave," in the second volume, to which you allude, but which you do not seem to have read.

W. E. P.—All animals breathe. Fish breathe the air contained in the water. The remembrance of the existence of the air-bladder would have solved one of your difficulties.

AMBITION.—You will find a great deal of information as to schools and scholarships in Cassell's Educational Year Book. It will probably be obtainable at the free library.

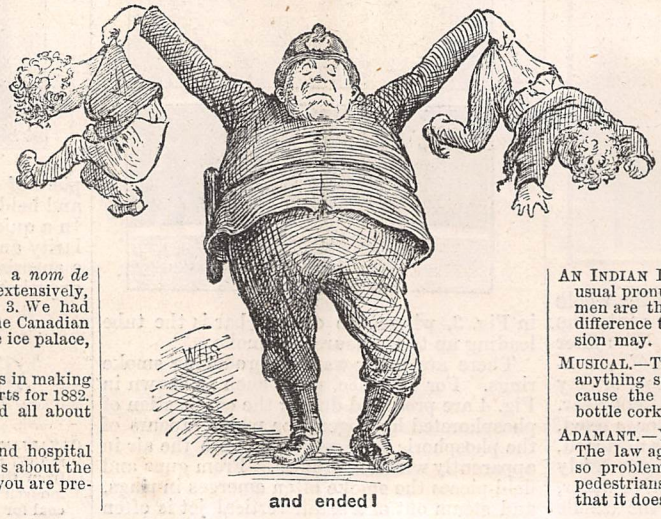
EDGAR.—You had far better leave your ears alone. The efficacy of the piercing as a cure for anything is merely a vulgar superstition. Earrings are but relics of barbarism. Why not wear a ring through your nose? Would you not find the counter irritation so set up an excellent remedy for baldness?

How it began,

J. EWART LITTLE.—1. In continuation of our hints to apprentices in our number for May 24th last, we now beg to add another useful detail for them to remember, and that is that a penny stamp will not pay for twopence out of pocket. Another point, perhaps, worthy of mention is that the Post Office authorities are thoroughly acquainted with the values of the stamps on issue. 2. You can get a list of Danish books from Messrs. Trübner, Ludgate Hill; or Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., Fleet Street. 3. A left-handed man will never become a right-handed one, unless disabled for a time.

P. A. SMITH.—1. The decision as to a no-ball rests with the umpire. If he cannot decide the ball must be considered all right. 2. When the wicket is bowled down the umpire has nothing to say. The man is so obviously out that an appeal is unnecessary.

PASTER.—The number of pieces of English paper-hangings required for a room is easily found by measuring all the lengths of the four walls, multiplying their sum by the height, and dividing by 63.



and ended!

of the Season!

H. J. BAGNALL.—A legal question. A river, however, is free for as far as it can be navigated by barges and has got a towing-path, but beyond that there are many exceptions.

RABBITS.—The first articles on Rabbits were in the first volume. Since the third volume we have treated the subject every month.

A YOUNG NATURALIST.—See the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in the third volume, and those on Waterton's method in the fifth volume.

FILIS.—Try Newman's "British Ferns," price two shillings, published by Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

JACK TAR and Others.—The training-ships for forecastle hands are the Clio at Bangor, the Gibraltar at Belfast, the Formidable at Portishead, the Havannah at Cardiff, the Mars at Dundee, the Cumberland at Glasgow, the Southampton at Hull, the Akbar, Clarence, and Indefatigable at Liverpool, the Arethusa, Chichester, Warspite, Cornwall, Exmouth, and Shaftesbury on the Thames, the Mount Edgcumbe at Plymouth, and the Wellesley at North Shields. Of these the Akbar, Clarence, and Cornwall are reformatory ships. For admission or information the best plan is to write direct to the captain. The training-ships for officers are the Conway at Liverpool, and the Worcester at Greenhithe. The fees for the first average £50 per year, those for the second £60.

PUER.—Unless we read the story we cannot say, and unless it is written on one side of the paper only we will not read it. Under the circumstances we think it better to decline. Why you should take the trouble to put yourself entirely beyond hope is to us inexplicable. A moment's thought would show you that, written on both sides of the paper, the copy becomes very troublesome if not useless for printers.

J. J. L. STUART.—1. The author of "Ingoldsby" was the Rev. R. H. Barham. 2. If you put your helm to port the rudder turns to starboard, and the vessel's bow turns from port, for the reasons already given at length in these columns. 3. We can do nothing with a story that will take up two weekly numbers, as our arrangements are made. Any MS. you send will be considered, and returned if unsuitable.

R. I. C.—The shallows on the river would render a catamaran useless for your purpose. No matter how you built it, it would necessarily draw more than two inches of water. Perhaps a large light canoe of the Rob Roy type would suit, or a boat built after the model of a Norway praam.

W. B. B.—It would be unreasonable to camp out on a certain piece of land for a fortnight without having first obtained the proprietor's permission, and offered him or his representative a trifle as nominal rent.

R. S.—The paper you mention is not a medical one. The "medicals" are "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," "Medical Gazette," "Medical Times," etc. The name of the paper and "London" is a sufficient address for a leading newspaper.

LENS.—To polish glass try putty powder—and patience.

AN INDIAN LAD.—1. Four thousand pounds. 2. The usual pronunciation is Clark, and your fellow-townsmen are therefore right. 3. Colour will make little difference to you in the world; feature and expression may.

MUSICAL.—The liquid is sugar-and-water, or gum, or anything sticky. The fingers sticking to the glass cause the vibration. Try an experiment with a bottle cork.

ADAMANT.—You are liable to an action for damages. The law against trespass is obscure, and the result so problematical, that proceedings under it against pedestrians are but rarely taken—hence the notion that it does not exist in your district.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 314.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885. Price One Penny.

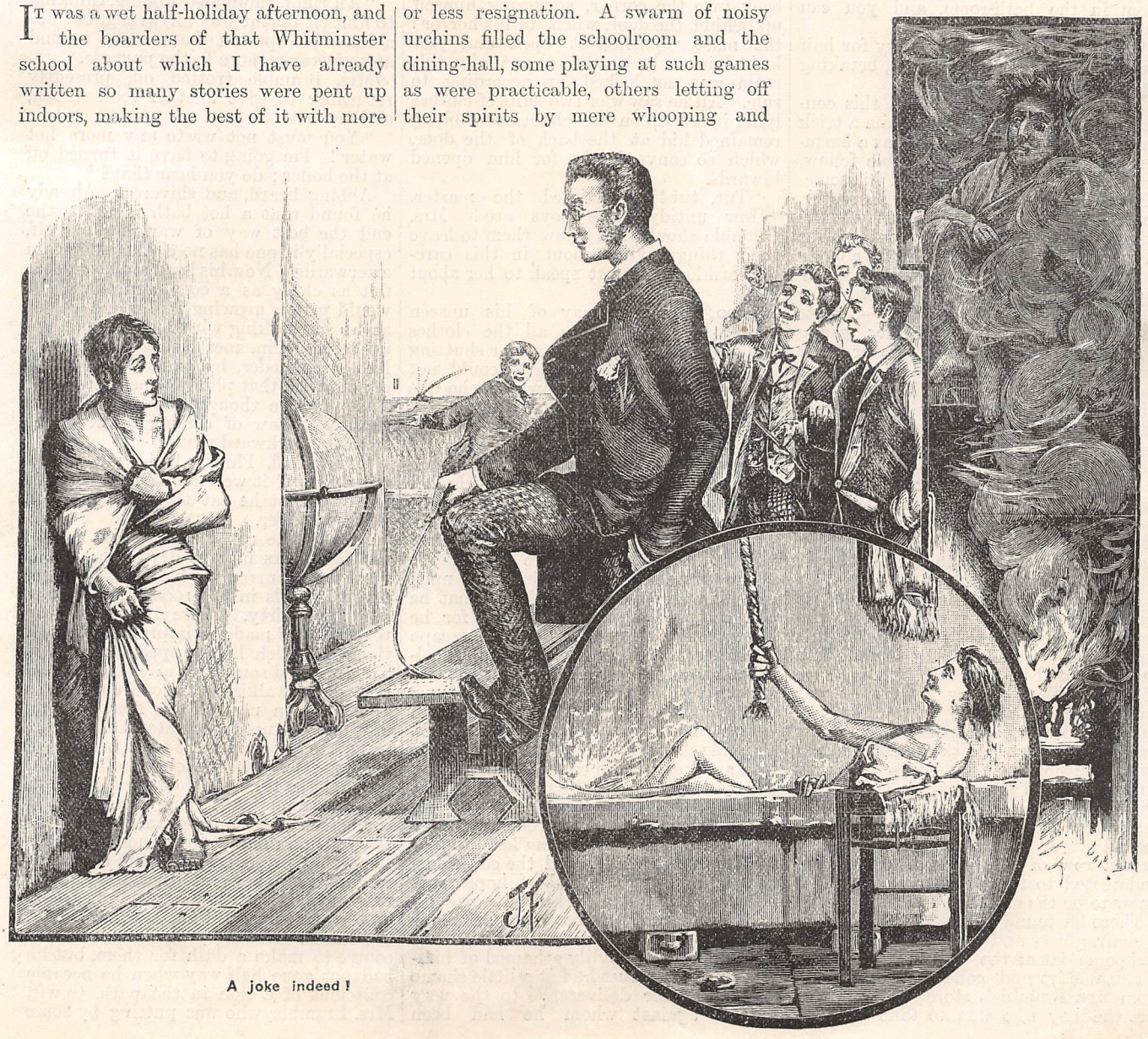
ABBING'S LITTLE JOKE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Amateur Dominie," "The Telltale," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wet half-holiday afternoon, and the boarders of that Whitminster school about which I have already written so many stories were pent up indoors, making the best of it with more or less resignation. A swarm of noisy urchins filled the schoolroom and the dining-hall, some playing at such games as were practicable, others letting off their spirits by mere whooping and



A joke indeed!

chasing, a few trying to devote themselves to quieter pursuits under difficulties, and one at least yawning and fidgeting in want of some mischief for his "idle hands to do." Since he could think of nothing else, Master Abbing had just hit upon the idea of going to tease a fellow called Phillips, who sat aside from the babel peaceably reading a book, when a small boy came up to the latter with a message from the matron of the school house.

"Phillips, Mrs. Bramble told me to remind you that it is your day for taking a bath."

"I know," replied Phillips, without raising his eyes from his book.

"And you are to be sure and do it before you go out to your uncle's."

"All right."

"And your new clothes have come."

"Have they?" said Phillips, looking up with interest.

"Yes; but you are not to put them on till you are ready to go out."

"Oh, ain't I?" said Phillips, sniffing a little at this order of maternal government.

"For fear of making a mess of them," continued the small boy, faithfully performing his errand. "So she has put them in the bath-room, and you can change when you go up there."

"Very well; there's no hurry for half an hour or so," quoth Phillips, betaking himself again to his book.

Now Abbing had overheard this conversation, and it suggested to him a trick quite after his mind. Phillips, as a harmless and by no means formidable fellow, was always a favourite butt of his somewhat ill-conditioned humour. Moreover, he felt unconsciously jealous of the other's luck in being asked out to dine in town with his uncle, whereas nobody had given Abbing any such chance of enjoying himself. Then Phillips set up for being a little bit of a dandy—a taste naturally resented by untidy young slovens like Abbing. For one of these reasons, or out of pure love of mischief, he thought of going up to the bath-room, slipping on Phillips's new clothes, running out into the muddy playground long enough to "take the shine out of them," and thus raising a laugh among scapegraces of his own kidney, whose notion of the choicest wit consisted in befooling or annoying some one—the fun, of course, seeming all the finer when their victim was likely to lose his temper without having any means of redress.

With a zeal that in some better cause would have been commendable, as the copybooks say, Abbing set about this business at once, not letting any one into the joke for the present till he made sure of being able to carry it out. It was strictly forbidden to go upstairs by daytime without special permission, so he had to run a certain risk of being caught by the authorities. To lessen this risk, he removed his boots at the end of the passage, hid them away below the staircase, then cautiously slipped up to the second storey in his socks, and, stealing past a row of empty dormitories, came undetected to that bath-room which he knew to be the one for Phillips to use.

There he found the clothes lying over a chair, glossy and spotless, just as they had come out of the tailor's parcel, with a clean shirt and collar brought forth from Mrs. Bramble's stores, as beseemed for the boy who was to dine with his uncle. Chuckling at the thought of Phillips's vexation by-and-bye, Abbing quickly undressed to array himself in this finery. Having taken off everything but his socks, he had already begun to finger the new suit when he heard a heavy tread in the passage, and at the same time a familiar sound of some one clearing his throat that might well make the trespasser start in sudden alarm. It was their strict master, who had such a way of *hawking* in his throat, a peculiarity for which naughty boys had often cause to be thankful, comparing it to the warning given by the rattlesnake before its deadly spring, for thus this disciplinarian would often announce his approach at times when it might otherwise have proved highly inconvenient. And now who but he, at this time of all others, happened to be passing through that part of the premises!

Abbing was in a great flurry, for though finding it very funny to hurt other people's feelings, nobody could be less fond than he of being hurt himself—indeed, he was a good deal of a coward, like many other tricksters. He had left the door of the bath-room ajar, and now he durst not shut it for fear of attracting suspicion. What he could do was to dart back into the corner, squeezing himself up behind the door, when, to his horror! the master pushed it open and just looked in as he passed to see why this room was not locked up according to rule. All he saw was two suits of clothes lying in a heap on the chair, and Abbing remained hid at the back of the door, which so conveniently for him opened inwards.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the master. "How untidy these boys are! Mrs. Bramble should not allow them to leave their things lying about in this careless fashion. I must speak to her about it."

Then, to the dismay of his unseen hearer, he gathered up all the clothes and walked off with them, after shutting the door upon Abbing, who could not find courage to make known how he was thus left destitute of everything but a pair of cotton socks. Here was an accident upon which he had not reckoned! How was he to come by his clothes again without betraying himself to punishment for having broken rules? How was he to get away from this forbidden place without exhibiting himself in his naked plight? And how was he to end the whole business without drawing upon himself worse than the ridicule that he had designed against another? for he knew well that, even if he could escape the master's tender mercies, his schoolfellows would never let him hear the end of such a good joke.

This was a nice trap, indeed, in which he had been caught so neatly. Mrs. Bramble kept the boys' clothes under lock and key; there could be no getting at any of his except by reclaiming that suit from the pound in which the master would place them, a dangerous adventure even for one equipped from head to foot with decent garments and the consciousness of innocence. His best hope must be that Phillips would soon come up and help him to a better condition for appearing in public. Abbing was not the fellow to be readily ashamed of himself, but let us trust he felt a little shame at looking for deliverance to the very person against whom he had been scheming mischief. But Phillips, all taken up with that stupid book of his, might be a long time in coming, reflected Abbing, ruefully, even though he could not help being a little tickled by the ludicrous side of his own misfortune. Meanwhile, to drown care and pass the time, he thought he might as well have a bath himself since he had the chance.

So he turned on the hot water and was soon splashing and ducking, when there came another footstep to scare him, the matron's this time. His first thought was that the master, having taken his clothes to her as wardrobe waifs and strays, she had come to look into the matter. But her first words, after she had knocked on the door to summon attention, showed that he was mistaken for the legitimate occupant of the bath-room.

"Are *you* in there?" cried Mrs. Bramble.

"Yes," replied Abbing, making a great plash in the bath the better to disguise his voice.

"Some one has brought your new things back to my room!" screamed the good lady at the pitch of her voice. "I will put them in your bedroom; you can dress there."

"All right," mumbled Abbing, thinking to himself that it was all wrong, but unable on the spur of the moment to find any utterance more to the purpose.

Mrs. Bramble trotted off, presently returning to give another loud knock, and cry out,

"You must not waste any more hot water! I'm going to have it turned off at the boiler; do you hear that?"

Abbing heard, and shivered. Already he found that a hot bath is not in the end the best way of warming oneself, especially if one has no clothes to put on afterwards. Now his head and shoulders felt as chilly as a cod's, and the water would go on growing colder and colder as he sat soaking with his knees drawn up to his chin, meditating in the bath like Archimedes, but wholly unable to cry out with that philosopher, "Eureka!" The more he thought over it the less chance he saw of coming off scot free from this awkward situation.

"That fool, Phillips!" he murmured, crossly, as if it were anybody's fault but his own that he sat there a chapfallen practical joker.

Anyhow, he could not stay all day in the bath. As he was drying himself a resource occurred to him. There were several towels in the room more or less damp and dirty. These Abbing knotted together and made an improvised toga of them, in which he wrapped himself up. Thus arrayed somewhat after the fashion of a ghost walking in broad daylight, a ghost too in need of his next washing day, he ventured out into the passage, not quite knowing what to do next.

He guessed where his own clothes would probably be if he could only get at them. They were no doubt lying downstairs in the matron's room, a general hospital for strayed and dilapidated garments, where she would presently find them and want to know how they came there. Phillips's new suit had been taken to his bedroom on the same floor but at the other side of the house. Abbing judged it the safer course to make a dash for them, but he had not gone half way when he became conscious of a lion in the path, to wit, Mrs. Bramble, who was putting by some

linen in a cupboard that he must pass. He had just time to slink round a corner out of her sight.

There was nothing for it but to steal back on his bare feet to the head of the stairs. If he could only gain the hall unperceived and possess himself at least of his great-coat! As he halted, trying to calculate the chances of this enterprise, he heard the master's voice below, and that made him draw back, ready for an immediate bolt into the bath-room or some other place of hiding. So he stood between Scylla and Charybdis, uncertain whether to risk the frying-pan or the fire, trembling with cold in his panoply of damp towels, and wishing with all his heart that he had hit upon some other amusement for a wet afternoon.

Oh, for his clothes! and now that he came to think of it, there were some things in the pockets of them that would not bear examination: a catapault for shooting stones, an engine strictly forbidden at the school house; a book scribbled over with caricatures of the masters and of the matron herself, perhaps other contraband articles certain to bring him into trouble if Mrs. Bramble took the opportunity of overhauling those well-stuffed pockets. A pretty mess he had made of it altogether with his little joke!

At last! Was that not Phillips's step upon the stairs below? But how long he was in coming, reading a book, of course, and stopping on every step! Abbing ran down one flight of stairs to meet him, then was just about to venture a loud whisper by way of hurrying him up. Luckily he first took the precaution of poking his head over the bannister, and to his consternation saw that it was not Phillips but Mrs. Bramble toiling slowly upstairs under a load of clean shirts to be put out for next morning's wear. She must have gone down by the other staircase.

Abbing once more took to flight, scuttling along the passage of this storey in search of a hiding-place. He popped into a dark cupboard that stood invitingly open, and, gently closing the door, stood quiet as a hunted hare till the matron had gone past.

He now felt so miserably cold that he was glad to find the floor of this place littered with a great heap of dirty linen, sheets and such litter collected there for the wash. He lay down among them, wrapping his whole body up thickly, a most agreeable change from that damp and airy costume of towels. In a few minutes he found himself so warm and comfortable that he ended by falling fast asleep before he had quite settled how long he should remain in this snug nest.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE NORTH OF THE LIMPOPO.

Three days elapsed before a ford could be found across the Limpopo. Even then it probably would not have been discovered had not some Macalacca Kaffirs undertaken to act as guides.

These Kaffirs are the subject race held in slavery by the Bechuanas as the Helots were by the Spartans of old—made to work without pay, treated with great severity, and, worse than all, forbidden to eat any flesh. The unhappy Macalaccas can kill as many birds as they please, but only on condition that they hand them over to their masters.

A Macalacca possesses nothing of his own, not even a hut or a calabash. Lean and half starved, he goes about nearly naked, with a bandolier over his shoulders, serving him for a water-bottle, made of buffalo intestines, and looking at a distance like yards of black pudding.

Bardik's commercial genius was soon displayed in the consummate art with which he extracted from these savages the avowal that, in spite of their misery, they were the owners of sundry ostrich plumes, hidden away in a neighbouring thicket. He immediately proposed to buy them, and an appointment was made for the bargain to be completed in the evening.

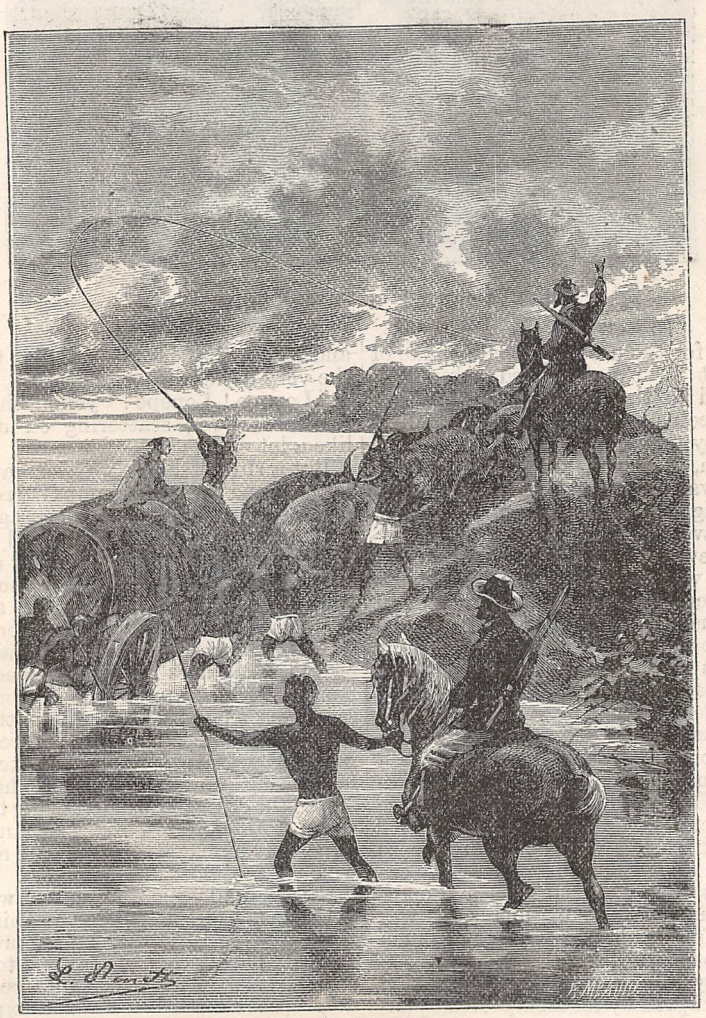
"You have some money with you, then, to give them in exchange?" asked Cyprien, much surprised.

And Bardik, with a broad grin, showed him a handful of brass buttons which had taken him a month or so to collect.

"That is not proper money," said Cyprien, "and I cannot allow you to pay these poor people with a few old buttons."

But he found it impossible to make Bardik understand in what way his idea was reprehensible.

"If the Macalaccas accept my buttons in exchange for their feathers, what is there to find fault with?" he answered. "You know that the plumes have cost them nothing to collect—they have not even a right to keep them, and can only show them to us on the sly. But a button is something useful, more useful than an ostrich feather. Why, then, do you stop



Fording the Limpopo.

me from offering a dozen for a dozen plumes?"

The reasoning was specious, but worthless. What the Kaffir did not see was that the Macalaccas took the brass buttons, not for the use they would make of them, but for the supposed value they attributed to the metal disks which resembled coins so much in shape. And therein lay the wrong.

Cyprien, however, saw that the distinction was too refined to be grasped by the intelligence of the savage, and so he had to leave him to act as he pleased.

In the evening, by torchlight, Bardik's bartering was resumed. The Macalaccas were evidently afraid of being taken in by their friend, and not satisfied with the fires prepared by the whites, brought with them a number of corn cobs, which they lighted and stuck in the ground.

They then brought forward the ostrich plumes, and proceeded to examine Bardik's buttons. And then began with much shouting and gesticulation a most animated debate on the nature of these pieces of metal.

What they said was unintelligible to all except themselves, but from their excited faces, eloquent grimaces, and occasional serious bursts of anger, it was obvious that the debate was one of much interest to them.

Suddenly the impassioned discussion was interrupted by an unexpected apparition.

A tall black, wearing an old red cotton mantle and the usual diadem of sheep-gut of the Kaffir warriors, stalked out of the thicket where the bargaining was going on, and with his spear struck away right and left at the Macalaccas thus taken in the very act of disobedience.

"Without a thought as to what he was doing."

"Lopepe! Lopepe!" yelled the unfortunate savages, scattering on all sides like a lot of rats.

But a ring of black warriors appeared from among the bush-clumps surrounding the camp and barred their passage.

Lopepe immediately possessed himself of the buttons. After carefully examining them by the light of the maize torches, he dropped them with signs of much satisfaction into his leather pouch. Then he stepped up to Bardik, and taking away the feathers that had already been handed over, he appropriated them in the same way as he had done the buttons.

Of this scene the whites had remained passive spectators, having no excuse for interfering in it. Lopepe, however, solved the difficulty by advancing towards them, stopping a few paces off, and in an imperious tone delivering a long address, which was almost unintelligible.

Hilton, understanding a few words of Bechuana, succeeded in catching its general drift. The Kaffir chief protested against Bardik being allowed to trade with the Macalaccas when they possessed no property of their own, and expressed his intention of confiscating what he had found as contraband, and asked what they were going to do.

Opinions were divided. Pantalacci wished to give in at once rather than cause a disturbance with the Bechuanas. Hilton and Cyprien were afraid that by doing so Lopepe's arrogance would be encouraged, and still greater risk run in consequence.

After a short whispered consultation it was agreed to abandon the buttons to the Bechuana and to claim the feathers, and this Hilton explained to the chief in a few Kaffir words eked out by pantomime.

Lopepe then assumed a diplomatic air, and seemed to hesitate; but the guns he caught sight of in the gloom soon decided him, and the plumes were given up.

Then the chief, who was really a very intelligent fellow, made himself somewhat more agreeable to the three whites, and to Bardik and Li he offered a pinch from his tobacco pouch, and then sat down at the bivouac. A glass of something offered him by the Neapolitan put him into excellent humour, and when he rose, after an hour or so, during which silence not unfrequently reigned for minutes at a time, it was to invite the travellers to visit him in the morning at his kraal.

This was promised, and after shaking hands Lopepe majestically retired.

He had not been gone long before all in camp were asleep except Cyprien, who, wrapped in his blanket, lay gazing at the stars. There was no moon, but the black field of the sky was aglow with its glittering dust.

He thought of his people, who knew nothing of this plunge of his into the South African desert. He thought of Alice, dearer than all to him, who was, perhaps, at that moment, stargazing as he was; and sinking deeper and deeper into his reverie he was about to fall asleep, when a trampling of hoofs, a curious agitation on the side where the bullock team was parked for the night, made him wake up and start to his feet.

In the shadow Cyprien fancied he saw a dwarfish figure, more compact than that of the oxen, and this he took to be the cause of the agitation.

Without a thought as to what he was doing Cyprien seized a whip lying close by, and stealthily moved towards the cattle.

He was not mistaken. In their midst, come to trouble their sleep, crept an intruder.

Hardly awake, and not thinking what he did, Cyprien raised the whip and brought it down with full force on the animal's snout.

A fearful growl arose as the reply to this sudden attack.

It was a lion! and the young engineer had treated it as if it were a cur.

He had only just time to snatch a revolver from his belt and step aside as the lion came leaping on to him and seized his outstretched arm.

Cyprien felt the pointed teeth grip into his flesh, and was borne to the ground by the angry beast. Suddenly there was an explosion, the lion's body gave a last writhe, stiffened, and fell back motionless.

With the hand that remained free Cyprien had coolly aimed his revolver at the monster's ear, and an explosive bullet had shattered its head.

The sleepers, aroused by the growling and the report, came running on to the

battle-field. Cyprien was half crushed under the weight of the beast, but his wounds were merely superficial. Li bathed them with a little lint steeped in brandy, and then the best place on the floor of the waggon was given up to the wounded man, and soon all were again asleep except Bardik, who remained on guard till the morning.

The day had hardly broken when the voice of James Hilton, begging his comrades to come to his aid, proclaimed that something else had happened. Hilton was lying fully dressed on the front of the waggon across the tarpaulin, and in an accent of the keenest terror told them without daring to move,

"I have got a snake curled round my right knee under my trousers. Don't move or I am a lost man. But see what you can do for me."

His eyes were dilated by fright and his face was of livid paleness. Under his trousers and round his knee was some foreign body like a piece of rope rolled round the limb.

The situation was serious. As Hilton had said, the first movement he made the snake would strike him.

But amid the general indecision Bardik resolved to act. Having noiselessly drawn his master's hunting-knife, he approached Hilton by a sort of worm-like movement that brought him almost imperceptibly towards him. Then with his eyes at the level of the snake he seemed for some seconds to carefully study the position of the dangerous reptile. Obviously he sought to discover how the animal's head was placed.

Suddenly, by a quick movement, he rose. His arm dashed down, and the knife gleamed as it cut in deeply across Hilton's knee.

"You can knock off the snake. He is dead!" said Bardik, showing all his teeth in a gigantic smile.

Hilton obeyed mechanically, and shook his leg. The reptile fell at his feet.

It was a viper, and had a black head about an inch across. Its least bite meant death. The young Kaffir had decapitated it with marvellous precision. Hilton's trouser had a gash in it about six inches long, but his skin was not even grazed

It was a curious thing that Hilton did not appear to dream of thanking Bardik. Now that he was out of danger he seemed to consider the intervention quite as a matter of course. The idea never occurred to him to seize the Kaffir's hand and tell him he owed him his life.

"Your knife is very sharp," was all he said, as Bardik replaced it in his sheath without appearing to think very much of what he had done.

The impressions of this eventful night all faded off during breakfast, which on this occasion consisted of a single ostrich egg cooked with butter, and quite sufficient to satisfy the appetites of the five travellers.

Cyprien had a slight fever and his wounds were somewhat painful. He insisted, notwithstanding, on joining Pantalacci and Hilton in their visit to Lopepe's kraal. The camp was thus left to Bardik and Li, who undertook to skin the lion—quite a monster of the so-called dog-muzzle species.

The Bechuana chief awaited his guests at the entrance of his kraal surrounded by his warriors. Behind them, in the second rank, were grouped the women and children, eager with curiosity to look on the strangers. A few affected indifference. Seated in front of their hemispherical huts they continued at their work. Two or three were making a net with some long textile weeds twisted into string.

There was a general look of misery about everything, although the huts were fairly built. That of Lopepe was raised a little in the centre of the kraal. It was much larger than the others, and covered with straw mats.

The chief led his guests inside, pointed to three stools, and seated himself on one in front of them, while the guard of honour formed a circle behind him.

The interview began with the usual interchange of civilities; in short, the ceremonial mainly consisted of drinking a cup of fermented liquor, made by the amphitryon himself, and each time the chief, to show that no perfidious scheme lurked behind, first raised the cup to his own thick lips before passing it to his visitors. Not to have drunk after such a gracious invitation would have been a deadly insult. The three whites drank the Kaffir beer, not without violent grimacing on the part of Pantalacci, who said in a whisper that he would rather have had "a glass of spirits than this nasty brew of the Bechuanas."

Business then began. Lopepe wished to buy a gun; but this was a satisfaction they could not grant him, although he offered for it a very passable horse and a hundred and fifty pounds of ivory. In fact the colonial edicts are very strict on this point, and forbid Europeans disposing of any weapons to the Kaffirs on the frontier except under special authority from the Government. To make up for this Lopepe's guests had brought him a flannel shirt, a steel chain, and a bottle, which constituted a splendid present and gave great pleasure.

The Bechuana chief, through Hilton, was only too happy to furnish all the information in his power. In the first place a traveller, answering in every respect to Mataki, had passed the kraal five days before. This was the first news the expedition had had of the fugitive for a fortnight, and it was received with gratitude. The young Kaffir had lost several days searching for the ford across the Limpopo, and now he was making for the mountains to the north.

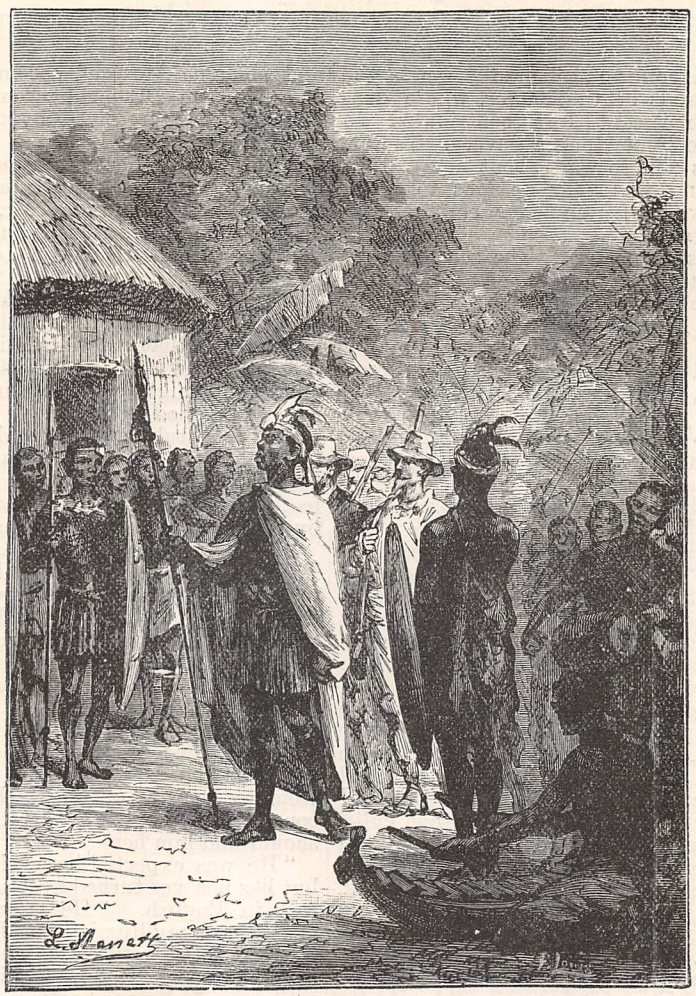
Would it take him many days to reach the mountains?

Seven or eight at the least!

Was Lopepe the friend of the chief of the district to which Cyprien and his friends were going?

Lopepe gloried in being so! Who would not be the friend and ally of the great Tonaia, the invincible conqueror of the Kaffir lands?

Would Tonaia give a good welcome to the whites?



"The Bechuana Chief awaited his Guests."

Yes, because he knew, like all the other chiefs, that the whites never failed to take vengeance when those belonging to them were hurt.

What was the good of fighting the whites? Were they not always the stronger, thanks to the guns which loaded themselves? The best thing was to remain at peace with them, to receive them cordially and trade loyally.

Such was what was ascertained from Lopepe. One thing only was of much importance, and that was that Mataki had lost several days on the road, and that they were still on his track.

On returning to the camp, Cyprien, Pantalacci, and Hilton found Li and Bardik considerably alarmed. They had, they said, received a visit from a lot of Kaffirs of a different tribe from that to which Lopepe belonged, and these had subjected them to a strict cross-examination.

"Whence came they? Were they not spying on the Bechuanas, collecting information about them, finding out their number, force, and equipment? It was not for strangers to engage in such an enterprise! The great chief Tonaia would have nothing to say so long as they did not enter his territory, but he would look on things with a different eye if they did cross his frontier."

This was the general drift of their remarks. The Chinese did not seem to be unreasonably scared. But Bardik, usually so composed, was suffering from quite a serious fright, and this Cyprien could not understand.

"Wicked warriors," he said, rolling his large eyes, "warriors who hate the whites and their 'be-quick'!"

What was to be done? Was much importance to be attributed to the incident? No! The warriors had done no harm and shown no disposition to pillage. Their threats were harmless. The great chief Tonaia only wanted a few civil remarks and explanations as to what really had brought the white men into the country, and all his suspicions would vanish and his good wishes would be gained.

It was agreed by all that they should keep on. The hope of catching Mataki and recovering the diamond overshadowed all other anxieties.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

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Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—TENTERTON.

We left our young countryman in the hands of the doctor, whose dextrous treatment had contributed so much to Tenterton's recovery. Tenterton was able to walk about now with a stick, and was very anxious to begin work, which Strammeller emphatically prohibited.

"It is of no use. The schools have commenced work, and none of those who want English have any time for it. Where did you learn German?"

"The little I know was taught me by a friend of my father's; not a very good teacher, I fear, to judge by his pupil."

"Oh, yes, I understand you very well. You do make a hash of the genders, but you are easily understood, and then you understand everything I say to you, which is perhaps of more consequence."

"It seems such nonsense," replied Tenterton, "to regard a lamp as a lady and a table as a gentleman, the former being feminine, the latter masculine; and most words for girls and women are neuter! I find it hard to recollect which is which in conversation."

"Practice, my young friend; practice makes perfect; and, really, from the practice we have had together, you have become much more proficient than I had expected in that short space of time. I wonder that you English do not cultivate German more; it would help you to understand your own language better. But we are growing quite philological, which is not amusing for you."

"On the contrary, I enjoy such a chat with you, so pray talk on."

"Hush! there are the bells. Madame Abrazoff is coming, so you will be able to hear the beloved 'th' again, which I confess puzzles me."

The pleasant bells (which a Russian has described to be the poetry of travelling) were heard noisily asserting their claims on the attention of all concerned in their approach. In short space the carriage, with its three horses, drove up, and Madame Abrazoff, accompanied by Fräulein von Drachenhausen, alighted, and was duly received by the doctor and his patient.

"Now, doctor, here is a countrywoman of your own to talk to," said Madame Abrazoff, "and while I and Mr. Tenterton chat in such English as I can command, you and the fräulein can converse in peace."

"But Mr. Tenterton speaks German too," said Strammeller. "We have got on famously in that as well as in physical strength, and I have no doubt that another fortnight will see him a sound man and a good German."

"I congratulate you," said Madame Abrazoff. "I had no idea that you were such a linguist. French you speak perfectly, and I am sure you have profited by your stay here to learn Russian."

"Ne mnozshko" (a little), answered Tenterton, smiling. "But Russian is too difficult for those who have not had the honour of being born under the Imperial flag ever to hope to acquire. At least one must begin from very early boyhood before there can be any hope of progress."

"You are too severe upon our lovely language, but your using the words 'early boyhood' reminds me of a letter from my husband about which I want to consult the priest. I was told that I should find him here."

"He was expected here this morning, but has not yet turned up," said Tenterton, in English. "He often comes to assist me in my Russian, and I quite look forward to his visits. Do you know, we have had some most interesting conversations on religious matters, and he is, with all his simplicity, a very well-read man. I am giving him lessons in English in return for his aid to me in Russian, and the lessons I receive from him are most enjoyable. I am expecting him to give me one now."

"Then I will wait here for him. Do you think you would be better for a drive? I should like to show you how the new building is progressing."

"Just the thing for him," said Strammeller; "only he must not climb into the carriage."

"How are we to get him in, then?"

In answer to this question the gigantic Prussian took the young Englishman in his arms as a nurse takes up a sick or refractory baby, and placed him with the greatest ease and gentleness in the vehicle. Madame Abrazoff stepped in and they drove off, leaving the doctor and the fräulein to chat happily together about "Deutschland" and their dislike of Russia and the Russians.

So actively engaged were they in this agreeable talk that they never noticed the arrival of the humble priest, who had driven to one of the huts in the village before coming on to see Tenterton. The peasant who drove him in had fallen into earnest conversation with the owner of the cottage, and the meek servant of the church, unwilling to interrupt their chat, did the rest of the distance on foot. He approached the verandah, which had been rapidly constructed for Tenterton's convenience, and was standing in the room before the two Germans, in their animated discussion, had time to be aware of his presence.

"Good morning, doctor," said the priest, taking no notice of the "start" he had given the lady (though it seemed odd to him that she should have been started at all). "Good morning, fraylayn" (so the Russians pronounce fräulein); "what has become of my interesting pupil and your model patient?"

"Oh, he is out!"

"What—gone for a walk?"

"No, I should hardly have allowed that, but he has gone for a ride with Madame Abrazoff."

"Otchen chorascho" (*very* good) was the reply. "Our English friend is in luck, first in having such an admirable medical friend as you—"

"And secondly," interrupted Stram-

meller, "in having such a good teacher as you!"

Whether this were meant as genuine praise or a sneer, the priest received it as a compliment, and with a bow that would have become an emperor, said,

"Oh, yes, I used to give lessons when I was in the seminary, and was accounted a good teacher then, and I like teaching. But that is not what I was thinking of when I spoke of his advantages. I was referring in my own mind to his good fortune in being so kindly provided for by the Abrazoffs."

"I don't think they could do less than provide for him," said the doctor. "He risked his life in their service, and is perhaps lame for the rest of his days in consequence of his exertions for them."

"True," replied the priest; "but I question whether in France, Germany, or England gratitude would have meant so much liberality as here in Russia. We Russians never forget kindness."

"I don't know about England," said Strammeller, "nor can I answer for France, but I am certain that in Germany there would be no end to the presents and other weighty expressions of gratitude for such service."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the bells of the returning carriage. As the doctor bore Tenterton back to the ingenious couch which he still used as a chair, he asked,

"Not shaken by the trip, I hope?"

"Not in the least; feel ever so much fresher."

Madame Abrazoff had gone into the house, and there found the priest and the fräulein still disputing, and she was much amused to hear the young lady speaking Russian, which she did after a fashion peculiar to herself.

"Good morning, Simeon Illitch. What a wonderful teacher you are! You make all my foreign friends speak Russian in no time!"

"You see it is their consideration for me," said the priest, "knowing that I cannot be expected to learn their forms of speech—German, French, and English; they accommodate themselves to my poor capacity."

"I did not think you could be so sarcastic, Simeon Illitch! But you were all so hard at it that it is a wonder you heard our bells at all. May I ask the subject of your debate?"

"We were speaking of the charitable custom so very prevalent in Russia of rich persons adopting the children of very poor parents, educating them as their own, and making them their heirs."

"What a curious coincidence! Do you know I have been looking for you on purpose to have a chat with you on that very subject? Of course you recollect a little boy who was confided to your charge by a dying peasant woman, and which boy you adopted as your own, but who was afterwards taken care of by a rich merchant in Moscow?"

"You mean little Ivan Dobroff. I shall never forget him. I could write a book of his early adventures and reckless daring!"

"A letter from my husband tells me that he is making quite a sensation at Moscow."

"Why, in what wonderful light has he appeared to the Moscovites?"

"That's just the very question. It is not his appearance, but his disappearance, that has puzzled them!"

"Batuschka! How! is he lost?"

"Vanished without a trace—gone! The very highest authorities are mad about him. Fancy! our dear friend General Zakovskie has been interviewed by the police in the hope of gathering information from him, and now they want me to find out what *you* know about him and his belongings."

Tenterton was sitting close to the priest, and as the conversation was carried on in a loud key, he heard every word that was said, and, proud of his progress in Russian, he asked Madame Abrazoff whether he had understood her aright. She, delighted with his proficiency, continued to speak still more distinctly, and occasionally translated a difficult expression into English.

The story obtained from the priest continued as follows. He had been sent for some six or seven years ago to attend the deathbed of an old woman named Olga Ivanovna, who had entrusted to his charge a little boy, saying that he had been given into her care by a rich and powerful "barin," who had forbidden her to reveal his name.

Tenterton started on hearing these words, and the first impulse of his young and ardent temperament would have led him to exclaim, "Why, it was Mr. Abrazoff!" for the name of the peasant woman after whom Abrazoff had so carefully inquired, and the news of whose death seemed to irritate him so fearfully, was no other than Olga! He had, however, sufficient self-control to repress all exclamation, but gave an involuntary start.

"I am sure the wound is painful," said Madame Abrazoff. "It was inconsiderate in me to take you out. I am afraid we have undone all the good."

"It is really nothing," said Tenterton; "only just a little momentary twinge. Does the doctor think his good work could have been so rapidly undone?"

"No, I do not," said Strammeller, decidedly. "But I do not understand why he should have had a sudden twinge of pain like that. The injury done to the bone seems to me to be entirely remedied. I think, indeed, that he might even walk without danger; only, as a medical man, I like to be cautious, and if I am mistaken in keeping him so quiet, it is erring on the right side."

"How soon do you think I may start for Moscow, doctor?"

"You had better remain three or four weeks longer."

"That is very disheartening."

"Why do you wish to leave us?" inquired Madame Abrazoff. "Are you tired of the country? Do you fancy that our quiet Asiatic-looking Moscow will in any degree remind you of noisy, dirty London?"

"Certainly not; and it does look ungrateful in me to wish to run away from such friends as you have all become. But I am getting very uneasy about this position in the family of Count Schaafstadt, for I want to work."

"There is no occasion for you to work, and I will not hear of your removal until you are quite strong enough to bear it. Nowhere could you be so quiet as in this snug little village. Now, Simeon Illitch, let us go on with your story."

"There is nothing more to add. The poor woman always told me that the boy was the son of a poor soldier who was killed at Plevna."

"Many, many Russian homes were desolated by that cruel war. We ourselves suffered severely," she added; "Mr. Abrazoff's elder brother was killed there too."

"Was he married?" asked Tenterton.

"Yes, to a very beautiful young lady, who, with her little son, followed the march of the army under Skobeleff, but nothing was ever heard of them. He was killed, fighting bravely under the 'white general.' But of them nothing was ever heard again, and it is supposed that they were among the numbers of those who perished in that terrible campaign."

This account seemed greatly to agitate the young Englishman, and Strammeller gave it as his opinion that he was not strong enough for such a strain on his attention as trying to follow so much rapid Russian.

The priest said that all he knew of the matter had now been told, and that if the doctor thought the patient too weak for more Russian then, he would call to-morrow. Madame and the fräulein took leave, so that Tenterton and the doctor were again alone.

"I can't think what is the matter with you," said the latter, after careful examination of the injured limb, directly the guests had departed. "The bone is all right, and where there was a dislocation of the hip-joint there is now nothing abnormal. In a fortnight, or at most in three weeks, I shall be able to let you go to Moscow. But excuse me, I am a much older man than you, and have taken so much interest in you, that I may be pardoned for speaking like a friend."

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful to you for all you have done for me, and for the sympathy you have shown in my troubles. It is absurd for you to apologise for taking a friendly interest in so friendless a creature as I."

"Not so friendless, my dear boy. You have already made friends here, and if I am not greatly mistaken they are true friends, who are most willing to aid you in every way. Now what I want to say is this: Do not allow any romantic or exaggerated feeling of pride to interfere with your true interests. They have recommended you in the strongest terms to perhaps the most important man for your purpose in all Russia. Don't fling this chance away. Of course, you know your own affairs best, and you may not require their aid—you may not want to go 'tutoring;' but if you have really come to Russia for this kind of work, you should be very careful first not to offend such friends as never turn up twice in a lifetime; and secondly, not to throw away the best chance ever man had to get his foot well on the ladder. You don't feel offended, I hope? And if you do, I can't help it; I have done my duty."

Tenterton wrung the doctor's hand as he said, "Offended at one of the kindest speeches ever made, and with you, who have shown yourself a friend such as can indeed only turn up once in a lifetime!"

"Don't be silly! I thought English people were not given to the romantics, dramatics, or whatever they are; I dislike those 'ics' very much. What you have got to do is to keep quiet, get well as quick as you can, and then be off to Moscow under the ægis of these good people. I shall come with you, for Abrazoff has really found some patients who

will, I think, prove interesting. He has offered me a suite of rooms in one of his houses, and I am only waiting for you to begin a new life with renewed vigour in a new capital. Only I must insist on no relapse on your part; that would throw me out altogether. You must be a 'good boy,' and do what I, your doctor, advise."

"I have no stupid feelings of pride in the matter, my dear doctor. If I had you would have conquered them all by your charming way of attacking them. Still, I have strong reasons to return to Moscow, and also to depend as little as possible on the patronage of these people."

"No doing anything with an Englishman," said Strammeller, much annoyed. "Well, I shall go for my ride and return in about an hour to dinner, and then I hope to find you more tractable. Goodbye."

The good doctor left the house, and in a few minutes was galloping through the village to find an appetite. He was attended by two dogs which had attached themselves to him and always accompanied him in his walks and rides. He would not yet allow Tenterton to ride, although he believed the cure really effected, because he wanted nature to have full swing in setting up his favourite patient once again, and he feared to allow him any violent exercise until the danger was completely over.

Tenterton, thus left to himself, fell into a deep study, in which very anxious thoughts were evidently passing through his mind. He took up his book of conversations, one of which he learnt every day, but he could not fix his attention upon the page. At last he rose and said aloud, "No, I can't stand this for another fortnight. The excitement and suspense and uneasiness will send me mad—mad as a hatter. And how to get away I cannot tell. Fifty miles over cross-country before ever a station is reached is bad, to begin with. Then I don't think I have enough to pay the fare to Moscow. How I wish that German would listen to reason and let me go! Three weeks? Impossible!"

Here he sat down, and was so wearied by his excitement that he fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by the return of the doctor and the preparations for dinner. Strammeller knew how to lead his thoughts into another channel, and a pleasant afternoon was the result.

(To be continued.)

"The gigantic Prussian took the young Englishman in his arms."

Joseph Sieg.—*See p.* 250.

JOE SIEG.*

WHEN, in a tale of old romance, you read some deed of fame,
You are spurred to emulation. Ah! if you could do the same!
Could vanquish with your single arm a score of fearful foes,
Or steer a fate-doomed vessel through the Arctic bergs and floes!
You find your daily duties unheroic, burdensome:
Well, never mind; some day, perhaps, the longed-for chance may come.
Not many months ago, my lads, Joe Sieg obtained *his* chance
To do a deed of daring never read of in romance.
He could not boast of high degree, he only drove a train
From town to town, day after day, in sunshine or in rain.
Monotonous you think it?—yes, a humdrum sort of work,
But yet 'twas just the very kind 'twas dangerous to shirk.
Swift ran the train from town to town on this eventful day;
The passengers in laugh and chat beguiled the hours away,
Till one by one the people who were near the windows thought
A scent of something burning by the passing air was brought.
'Twas engine smoke they fancied, so the windows were fast shut;
Then a glare lit up each carriage as they entered Bergen Cut.
From every window heads were thrust to learn what might transpire;
What is that fearful, piercing cry? "We're lost!—the train's on fire!"
The engine was a mass of flame; so furious was its force,
The drivers, scarce escaping, left the train to take its course.
The rapid progress fanned the flame, the sparks flew out like rain,
What hope to reach the lever which alone could stop the train?
The burning mass rushed onward like a meteor through the sky,
The swift wind fanned the cruel flames and made them burn more high.
Cold ran the blood of every man and blanched grew every cheek,
The roar of fire was almost drowned by piercing yell and shriek.
Six hundred precious souls were there, closed in a cage of flame,
A flame which grew more deadly as it near and nearer came.
"We're lost! can no one save us?" was the universal cry;
Then Joseph Sieg stepped forward with the simple words, "I'll try."
He pulled his oilskin cap well down, and with a long-drawn breath
He started on his journey for a stand-up fight with death.
Each eye beheld the hero as he crawled into the smoke,
Which wrapped itself around him like a monstrous funeral cloak;
It shut him from their anxious gaze, until a burst of flame
Revealed him creeping on and on, still faithful to his aim.
But onwards still the engine rushed, as though 'twould never tire,
And farther spread the thickening smoke and fiercer ran the fire.
"He'll never do it! we are lost!" and cries of deep despair
Rose once again upon the breeze, mingled with frenzied prayer.
"He's burnt to death!" the cry goes up as dies their one last hope;
How could one feeble man expect with such a foe to cope?
But what is this? Hope lights each eye, and hands are warmly pressed,
The fearful speed grows slower,—still more slow,—the train's at rest.
From out their dreadful prison-house the rescued people leap,
With fevered throats they gladly shout or in their frenzy weep;
No longer do the angry flames their ghastly terrors spread,
When "Where's Joe Sieg?" cries every one; "is he alive or dead?"
Upon the tender's burning mass he lies in fearful throes,
Strong hands uplift his tortured limbs, how tortured no one knows.
The red-hot bars have seared his flesh, his limbs are burnt and black,
Too late has come the rescue, for his manly head falls back;
Too strong for him has been King Death, whose terrors he has braved,
He lies beyond all earthly aid in the arms of those he saved!

H. M. P.

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SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LANG retired to his bedroom as soon after dinner as he could on the evening of the first day of his exam., not, however, without having to still further steep himself in the atmosphere of deception in which he was now living.

"I hope you have got on well to-day," said Mrs. Hawtrey, during dinner.

"Pretty well, thank you," was his reply.

"You look tired; you must not work too hard in the evening; you must reserve yourself for the day."

"I don't think I work too hard, and I want to pass very much."

"Naturally; but you won't do yourself justice if you don't feel at your best. Give up work for to-night, we are going to have some special music this evening. Mr. Palliser has promised to bring out his violin, and Meggie is going to sing."

There was nothing that Lang would have preferred, but he dared not face the roomful of people. It was bad enough to have to dine with them; he could not stand spending an evening in their company. Their very happiness was a reproach to him.

He shut himself up in his room and tried to read a story, but could not get along. Then he took out his chemistry, and forced himself to study that. There was some sort of consolation in feeling that even if he were not passing his exam. he was making himself fit to do so.

But he was not destined to spend the evening undisturbed. A knock was heard at his door, and the servant called out that a gentleman wished to see him.

A terrible thrill of fear ran through him, but it was over in a moment. It was absurd to think he had been found out and that some one was waiting to take him into custody. Of course his visitor was Fanshawe.

It was. His friend was waiting for him in the hall, smoking.

"How are you, my boy? Shall I come up to your room, or shall we have a little fresh air?"

"Let's go out," said Lang, who had a horror of being seen in the company of his accomplice. "I'll be down in a moment."

"All right; I'll stroll up and down outside."

Lang joined him in a minute. They began walking south through the squares.

"How have you got on?" asked Lang.

"Oh, pretty fair; quite good enough. I found myself rustier than I expected though in details, and I haven't had so much time to give to rubbing them up as I hoped."

"You aren't afraid you'll be ploughed?" asked Lang, eagerly. It would be too terrible to have all this deception and anxiety end in failure.

Fanshawe laughed. "Oh, bless you, no; I'm safe as the church. There's one little dodge of schooldays which I haven't forgotten yet. Do you remember this?"

He pulled down his shirt cuff from his sleeve; it was covered with minute notes and figures.

"Hey presto!" he exclaimed, as the cuff slid up his arm again. "I think that will help me over any little difficulty."

Lang did not know what to say. He was revolted, for, strange to say, he would never have dreamed of cheating at an examination. So complicated and inconsistent may become our notions of right and wrong, of what is allowable and what

is out of the question, that often a man who will shrink from one class of actions will commit others just as discreditable without hesitation.

"I've had rather a fuss with my governor," continued Fanshawe. "I've been taking rather more than my usual share of holidays lately. I had to invent a touching story of the expected death of an aunt to get him to let me off this week. So we're both of us rather in hiding just now."

Lang could not help feeling a contempt for his companion. Yet what right had he to do so? Was not he doing exactly the same thing?

In fact, was he not the more guilty of the two? Fanshawe was only passing again an examination in which he had already distinguished himself; he, on the other hand, was seeking to enjoy the benefits of a test of ability he was afraid to face.

Yes; it was worse than absurd to try and feel that he was the better man. Much wiser to kill all thought of right and wrong, and look upon the whole business as perfectly indifferent, as Fanshawe did. Until he could manage to do this all enjoyment was out of the question.

"Where shall we go?" asked Fanshawe.

"I don't care," replied Lang, desperately; "anywhere you like."

"All right, let's drop in at a music-hall; there's always something or other worth seeing."

Lang had never been to a music-hall, and was rightly under the impression that they were very low places of entertainment. However, he was in the mood for anything that might be suggested, so he followed Fanshawe into a big hall, first paying a shilling for his entrance.

It was brilliantly lighted, too brilliantly, for the gas had burnt up all the air, and the atmosphere was suffocating. The place was full of smoke, too, and Lang felt half choked.

"I don't think I can stand this," he said to Fanshawe; "it's knocking me over."

"Oh, nonsense! Have something to pull yourself together."

They adjourned to one of the bars, of which there were only too many. They remained some time, Lang wishing himself anywhere else.

"This is getting wearisome," he said to Fanshawe.

"'Tis, rather; let's have another drink."

Lang declined, but that did not prevent Fanshawe from having one.

Lang decidedly wished he were at home. He wished he were in the drawing-room, listening to Miss Meggie singing instead of to the rubbish that he was condemned to sit out here. The people around him seemed to enjoy it, but he could not. He had not yet been educated down to it. He resolved that when he wanted amusement he would not come to a music-hall to seek it in future.

He wished he were well out of this one. Fanshawe was a little excited with the whisky he had been imbibing, for he had treated himself to some before calling on Lang. He now began to applaud in a vociferous manner. Lang tried to quiet him.

"Oh, shut up," was his reward.

"Shut up yourself, you young counter-jumper," said a sailor who was standing near.

"Not for you, my jolly Jack Tar," retorted Fanshawe.

Before Lang knew what had happened the sailor had sprung at Fanshawe, who ducked; the sailor fell over him; there was a brief *mêlée*, in which an official took part, and then they both disappeared through the door. It was all over whilst the crowd were repeating a chorus, and only a small fraction of the audience knew that anything had happened.

Lang made his way outside, and found the sailor being marched away by his companions, whilst Fanshawe was standing against a pillar, trying to make his crushed hat resume its shape.

"You let me go, Bobby," he was saying to a policeman who was standing by him; "I'll do for him."

Lang went up to him; they were in the full blaze of light; how he hoped that no one he knew could see them!

"Come along," he whispered, taking his arm. "I must go back."

"Take him away, sir," said the policeman. "He'll get into trouble if he stays here much longer."

"All right, you Bobby, you mind your business," said Fanshawe, shakily, "or I'll take your number."

"Guess it's more than you'll remember by the time you get home," grinned the policeman.

Lang led him along the passage and into the open air. He took him up a quiet street, and the cold air partly pulled him together.

"All right, Lang, you needn't grip my arm so tight; I'm not going to fall, don't you fear. It was that atmosphere made me feel seedy for a moment."

It always is the atmosphere, or the salmon, or something, which makes young fellows on the downward road make asses of themselves. It is never the bad whisky they have drunk; oh, no! that would be a confession that their heads were not as strong as they would have them thought to be. Silly moral cowards!

Lang dropped his companion at the corner of Tavistock Square, and made the rest of his way home alone.

"I've been a fool," he said to himself. "This is the sort of fellow I've chosen for a chum, and he knows all about me, even that I was suspected of thieving at St. Mary's. I was mad to tell him that. The only good it may do is that he may come across Melhuish one of these days; he's always on the look-out for him to get back his money. If he does meet him I shall take care to hear of it, and I shall be able to clear myself about the football cash at any rate."

But this was manufactured comfort, and did not afford him much consolation. What was far more present to his mind was the fact that there were several more days of examination, and that he would have to contrive somehow or other to keep himself hidden. If he had been an outlaw it could not have been worse.

(To be continued.)

WITH THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

By the Marquis of Lorne.

The long levels of the prairie spread sea-like on each side of the Canadian Pacific Line, but there are sudden breaks caused by "coulies" or ravines near the rivers; and we pass one of the greatest troughs cut out of the plains when we come to the Assiniboine, and, crossing it, soon afterwards enter the territory of Assiniboia; and here we leave Provincial Governments behind us and enter the lands which are under the genial but despotic rule of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, who, with his council, governs a country bigger than France and Germany. You will soon observe at one of the stations a fine-looking trooper, clean, soldier-like, with white helmet and brass spike on head, scarlet jacket and broad yellow-striped trousers, boots and spurs, and carbine in hand. This is a member of the North-West Mounted Police—a force now five hundred strong, and having charge to keep order throughout the country between this and the Rocky Mountains. This cavalry regiment is well horsed and well officered, and woe to any whisky-trader whose barrels may come within their sight, for, owing to the trouble which spirituous liquors are sure to produce amongst the Indians, as well as amongst the white settlers in the initial stages of a country's development, none are allowed. Enterprising traders bring them in carts from the south, and often an exciting race occurs between the horses of the traders and the police, who have perhaps a long stern chase to undertake, but who finally ride up with pistols presented and make our friend disgorge his goods, which are forthwith spilt upon the ground.

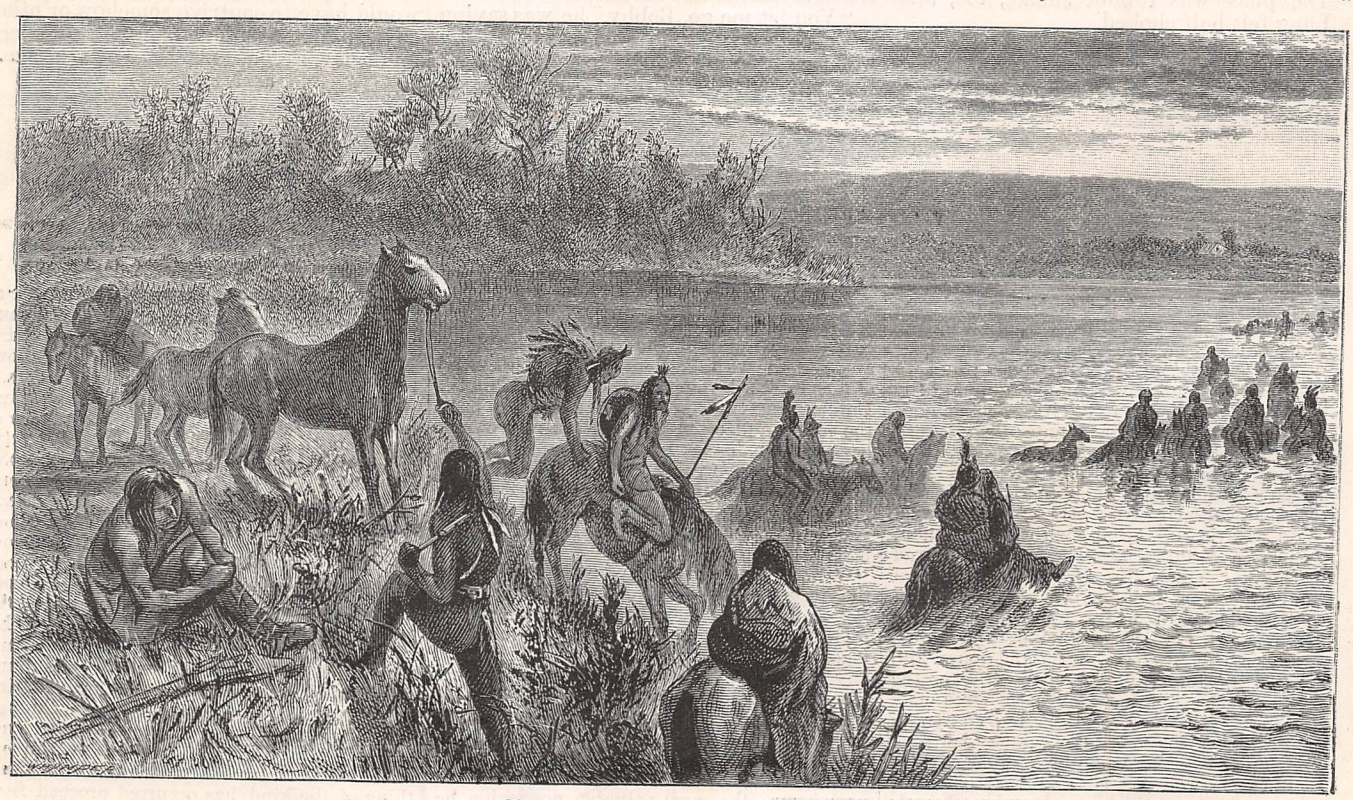
The work which has to be undertaken by the members of the North-West Mounted Police in winter time has hitherto not been light, for the detachments are necessarily placed where they can be available in case of any arrest of horse-stealers being necessary. Horse-stealing is prevalent in those parts where settlement is scarce, and where the manners and customs engrafted on the half-breed population by their Indian ancestors still obtain. The western highwayman takes your horse—the most valuable possession he can obtain—and the summons may come at a moment's notice that a theft has been committed, and it may be necessary to send a party of men prepared to camp upon snow, and to follow up the trail of the marauders.

We will suppose such a theft to have taken place, and the depredators to be Indians of the Cree tribe. The officer and his party, after two or three days' hard riding, have overtaken the redskins before they can cross the frontier. Now is seen of what advantage reputation or prestige—a thing sometimes derided nowadays—is in preventing bloodshed and maintaining order. The officer finds the Indians camped and numerous. Without a moment's hesitation he rides through the lodges to the chief's tent. He enters, his handful of men waiting in the meantime. He finds the chief, with his councillors round him, smoking in silence, and hardly daring to look at him. As he enters he says through his interpreter, that he knows that horses not belonging to the tribe have been run off. Grunts and universal protestation that nothing of the kind has occurred proceed from

An Indian Squaw with Papoose.

the savages. The officer maintains his ground, says that he knows the horses are in the camp, and that they must be at his bivouac before morning. Finally the chief says that it is impossible to give up the horses, that the young bloods of the camp would not allow him to do so even if he wished it. The officer now declares that the tribe will not be allowed to cross the frontier or move from the ground they now occupy until the horses are surrendered! He knows perfectly well that he could not enforce the demand, that the Indians are well armed, and that his own men would be cut off in a moment should hostilities commence. Yet a whispered consultation now takes place among the chiefs, and in a short while a promise is given that the horses shall be in the officer's hands before the morning. Out of the tent strides the officer; and sure enough at dawn the horses are brought to him. He insists upon the surrender also of the men who first took them, and he marches off with these men under guard back whence he came. The secret of his power is this—that the Indians know that the red-jackets mete out equal justice to white man and to red man, that a white settler would be punished in exactly the same way as the redskin for any crime he may commit, and that to set the Canadian authorities against the Indians will be for the Indians the cutting off of the only chance they possess of living in a country where they are treated with equal justice.

In a few more years no wild Indians will be seen except in the far north; and it is curious to observe them now, while as yet, in some tribes, their dress, manners, and habits are what they have been for centuries. As a



Blackfeet Indians crossing a River.

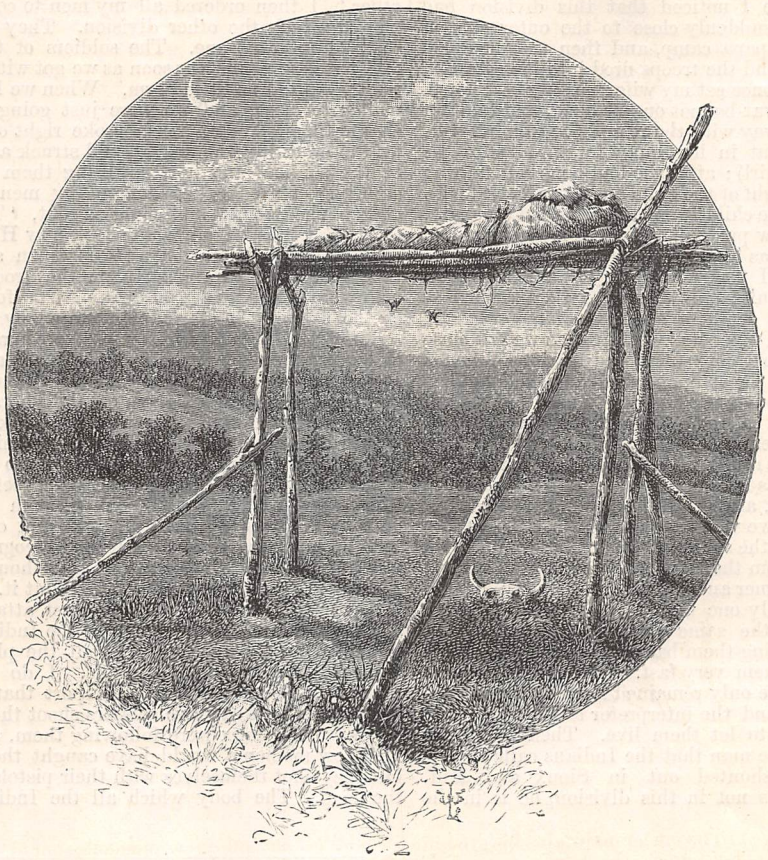
rule, they are well-made fellows, showing not so much muscle as a white man, but sleek and finely moulded in limb, and untiring in wind.

It is interesting to see how originally wild savage bands are becoming tame and half civilised. It is only a few years ago that near our line a band of Sioux, under the leadership of a chief named Sitting Bull, achieved a victory over a civilised force which has no parallel in the annals of any recent war between civilised and savage troops, except the single case of Isandula. General Custer, one of the most gallant officers of that gallant Northern army—a man distinguished for intrepidity and skill in the war against the Southern Confederacy—had been appointed to a command of cavalry not very far from our frontier line. As is too often the case, unnecessary quarrels had led to unnecessary fighting between Uncle Sam's boys and the braves under Sitting Bull. Custer, coming upon their camp in a place chosen with rare skill by the savages, impetuously ordered an attack. Accounts vary of the struggle which ensued, but the story must necessarily come from one side only, because no American soldier lived to relate the tale. The Indian account, given in Sitting Bull's words, is as follows:—

"During the summer previous to the one in which Custer attacked us, he sent a letter to me, telling me that if I did not go to an agency he would fight me; and I sent word back to him by his messenger that I did not want to fight, but only to be left alone. I told him at the same time that if he wanted to fight, that he should go and fight those Indians who wanted to fight him. Custer then sent me word again (this was in the winter), 'You would not take my former offer, now I am going to fight you this winter.' I sent word back and said just what I had said before, that I did not want to fight, and only wanted to be left alone, and that my camp was the only one that had not fought against him.

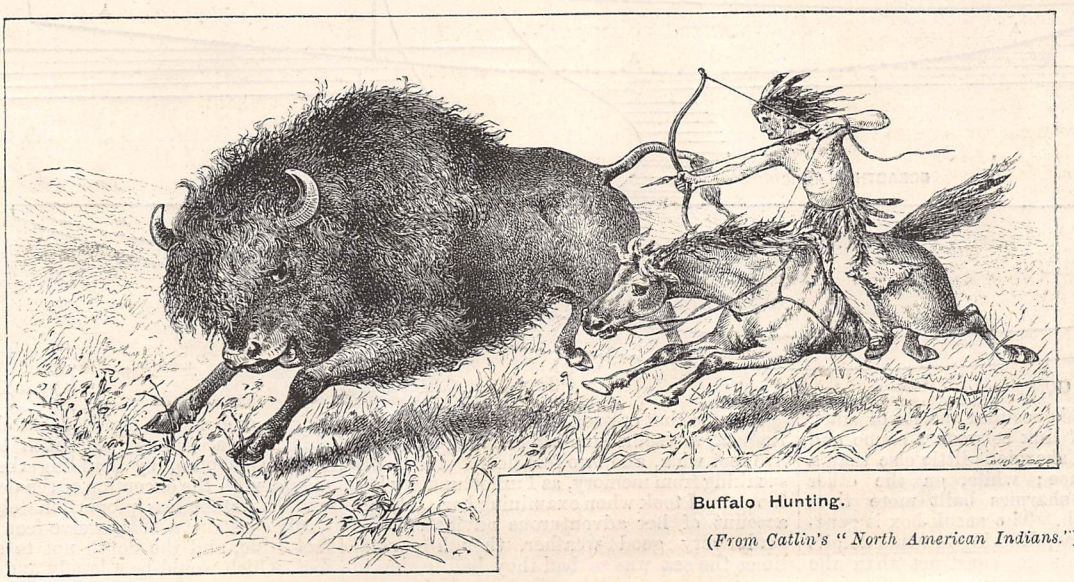
"Custer again sent a message, 'I am fitting up my waggons and soldiers, and am determined to fight against you in the spring.' I thought that I would try him again, and sent him a message, saying, I did not want to fight; that I wanted, first of all, to go to British territory, and after I had been there and came back, if he still wanted to fight me, that I would fight then. Custer sent back word and said—'I will fight you in eight days.'

"I then saw that it was no use, that I would have to fight, so I sent him word back, 'All right! get all your men mounted, and I will get all my men mounted; we will have a fight; the Great Spirit will look on, and the side that is in the wrong will be defeated.'



Indian Burials on the Plains.

"I began to get ready, and sent twenty young men to watch for the soldiers. Five soon came back with word that Custer was coming. The other fifteen stopped to watch his movements. When Custer was quite close ten young men came in. When he had advanced still closer two more of them came in, leaving three still to watch the troops. We had got up a medicine dance for war in the camp, and just as it was coming to an end two of the young men who had stopped out came in with word that Custer and the troops were very close, and would be upon the camp in the morning. That night we all got ready for the battle. My young men all buckled on their ammunition belts, and we were busy putting strong sticks in our 'coup sticks.' Early at sunrise two young men who had been out a short way on the prairie, came to me and told me that from the top of a high butte they had seen the troops advancing in two divisions. I then had all the horses driven into the camp and corralled between the lodges. About noon the troops came up, and at once rushed upon the camp. They charged in two separate divisions, one at the upper end, whilst the other division charged about the middle of the camp. The latter division struck the camp in the centre of the two hundred and fifty lodges of the Uncapapa Sioux, and close to the door of my own lodge. At the time that the troops charged I was making medicine for the Great Spirit to help us and fight upon our side, and as I heard the noise and knew what it was, I came out. When I had got to the outside of



Buffalo Hunting.

(*From Catlin's "North American Indians."*)

my lodge I noticed that this division had stopped suddenly close to the outer side of the Uncapapa camp, and then they sounded a bugle and the troops fired into the camp.

"I at once set my wife upon my best horse, put my war-bonnet on her head, and told her to run away with the rest of the women. She did so, but in her hurry forgot to take the baby (a girl); after she had gone a little way she thought of the child and came back for it. I gave the child to her and she went off again.

"I now put a flag upon a lodge-pole, and lifting it as high as I could, I shouted out as loud as I was able to my own men, 'I am Sitting Bull; follow me.' I then rushed at the head of them up to the place where I thought Custer was, and just as we got close up to the troops they fired again. When I saw that the soldiers fired from their saddles and did but little damage to us, I ordered all my men to rush through their ranks and break them, which they did, but failed to break the ranks, although we suffered as little damage as before. I then shouted to them to try again, and putting myself at the head of my men we went at them again. This time, although the soldiers were keeping up a rapid firing (from their horses), we knocked away a whole corner and killed a great many, though I had only one man killed. After this we charged the same way several times, and kept driving them back for about half a mile, killing them very fast. After forcing them back there only remained five soldiers of this division and the interpreter alive, and I told my men to let them live. Then the interpreter, the man that the Indians called 'The White,' shouted out in Sioux and said, 'Custer is not in this division, he is in the other.' I then ordered all my men to come on and attack the other division. They did so, and followed me. The soldiers of this division fired upon us as soon as we got within range, but did us little harm. When we had got quite close, and we were just going to charge them, a great storm broke right over us, the lightning was fearful, and struck a lot of the soldiers and horses, killing them instantly. I then called out to my men to charge the troops and shouted out, 'The Great Spirit is on our side; look how He is striking the soldiers down!' My men saw this, and they all rushed upon the troops, who were mixed up a good deal. About forty of the soldiers had been dismounted by the lightning killing and frightening their horses, and these men were soon trampled to death. It was just at this time that we charged them, and we easily knocked them off their horses, and then killed them with our 'coup sticks.'

"In this way we killed all this division, with the exception of a few who tried to get away, but were killed by the Sioux before they could get very far. All through the battle the soldiers fired very wild and only killed twenty-five Sioux. I did not recognise General Custer in the fight, but only thought I did, but I would not be certain about it. I believe Custer was killed in the first attack, as we found his body, or what all the Indians thought was Custer's body, about the place that the first attack was made. I do not think there is any truth in the report that he shot himself. I saw two soldiers shoot themselves. The Sioux were following them, and in a few moments would have caught them, but they shot themselves with their pistols in the head. The body which all the Indians said was Custer's had its hair cut short. There were seven hundred and nine Americans killed. We counted them by putting a stick upon each body, and then taking the sticks up again and counting them. We counted seven hundred and seven carbines."

It was greatly to the credit of the American people that when, years afterwards, we wished to get rid of Sitting Bull, who had taken refuge on Canadian soil, amnesty was granted to him and his people, and in reply to the query addressed by the Canadian Government as to his probable treatment should he surrender to the Americans, Mr. Evarts, United States Secretary, replied, "He will be treated as a great nation always treats its prisoners of war." We were anxious to be rid of his presence, for he and his five thousand were eating up the scanty game of our own Indians, and he himself, from his well-known astute and warlike character, gave anxiety to us, in that we never knew whether he were not harbouring against our republican friends some evil design. He was often reported as about to embark in a raid or cattle-lifting expedition, an amusement for him which it would have been difficult for us, at that time, to prevent, and which might have yet led to a rupture of that friendship and excellent understanding which has most happily always prevailed along our north-western borders. The redoubtable Sitting Bull and his tribe are now safely placed upon an American reserve of land, where the old warrior will be allowed to end his days in peace, and in whatever comfort the industry of his people and the generosity of the United States Government may bring him.

(To be continued.)

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

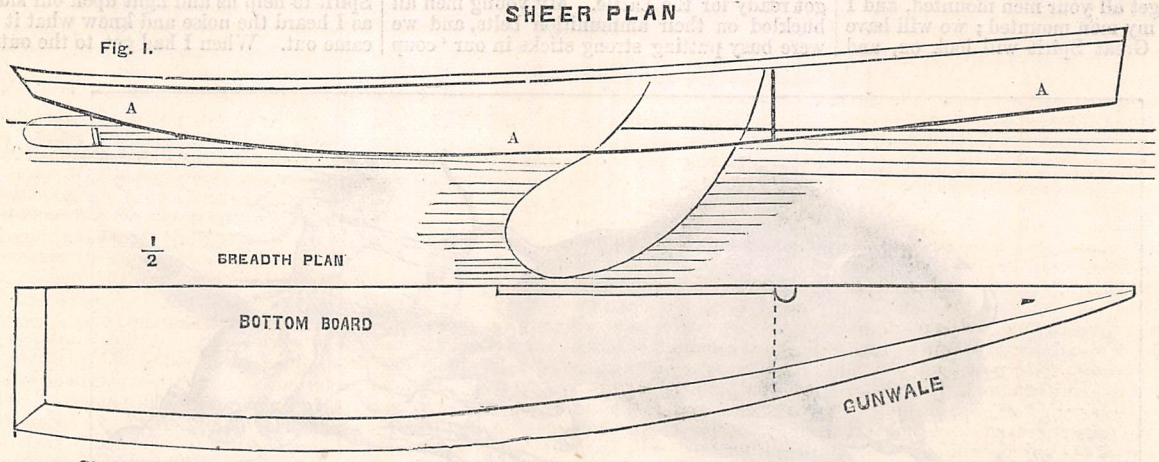
Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE AMERICAN FLAT-BOTTOMED CANOE OR SHARPIE.

From the illustration (Fig. 1), giving sheer plan, body plan, deck line, and the floor line (shown by the inner line), you will be able to form a very good idea of the general form of this peculiar species of craft, which is a kind of link between a canoe and a boat, as a small sharpie is little else than a flat-bottomed canoe; while, on the other hand, there are sharpies built more than forty feet in length. The sneak-box is generally a smaller boat, differing in some details and more difficult to construct than the sharpie proper. As an easy boat to build, useful in shallow water, and fairly good under canvas with the centreboard down, the sharpie is perhaps without a rival.

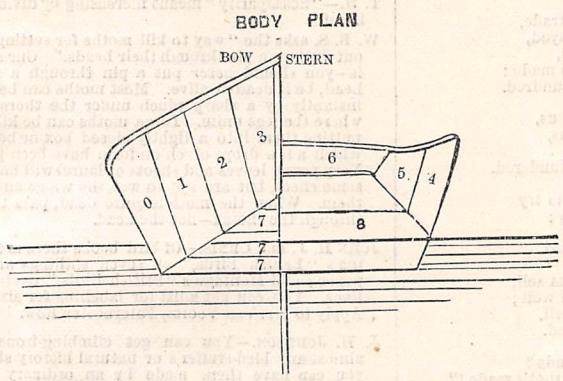
AMERICAN FLAT BOTTOMED CANOE WITH DAGGER CENTRE BOARD

Fig. 1.



The one that crossed from America (City of Ragusa) was some nineteen feet long by four or five feet wide, and two feet deep. I am only speaking from memory, as I unfortunately lost the notes I took when examining her. By the account of her adventurous navigators she made very good weather, though several times the sea was so bad they had to ride to a drogue, or sea-anchor, for twenty-four hours together. The plan given at Fig. 1 is about six feet long and a foot and a half wide, being approximately four beams to the length and about eight inches deep amidships, on a scale of one inch to the foot. From this plan, by doubling the measurements, with the exception of the depth, which will be rather less proportionately, you can easily construct a boat twelve feet long, three feet wide, and the depth not to exceed one foot, which would be a handy and safe boat.

The first thing will of course be to decide the dimensions of the sharpie or sneak-box you intend building, and draw your plans to scale on a large piece of paper; and the next to buy some wood to proceed with. The floor of the boat will be the best basis to proceed on, and in a small craft—say ten feet by three feet—this can be made out of three nine-inch planks, as the bottom will be considerably less in width than the beam at the gunwale—say nine inches for the three-feet beam, which would give two feet three inches greatest beam at the bottom. The bottom planks had best be tongued and grooved. A good and easy way of doing this is to run a saw-cut down the plank to admit the insertion of a strip of zinc for a tongue.



0. Midship Section. 1, 2, 3. Bow Sections. 4 and 5. Stern Sections.
6. Stern. 7 and 8. Bottom Sections.

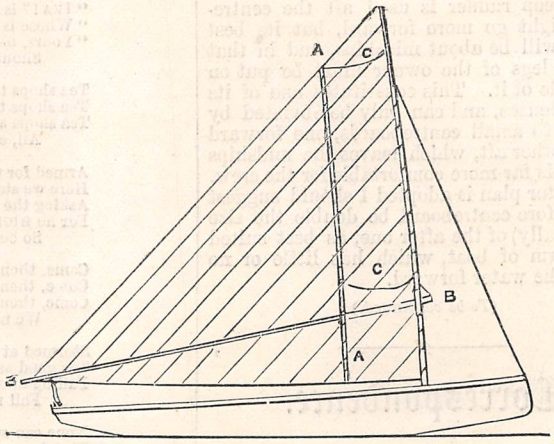
This zinc ought to be fairly thick to take a strain, and it makes a stronger job for small work than a wooden tongue; the bottom boards will have to be cut to the shape indicated by your plan (which will simply be an enlargement of Fig. 1, the bottom board being shown by the inside line of the half-breadth plan). The fore-and-aft rise of floor is shown in the sheer plan and in the body plan, and the bottom board will have to be bent to this position to meet the edges of the side boards, which will be cut out to take this rocker in the plan. This is shown at A A A, sheer plan. As the side boards join the bottom boards at a certain angle depending on the beam aloft as compared to the width of the floor, the edges of the floor boards must be bevelled off to this angle. If a deck is fitted the sides may be made of boards a foot wide; but if undecked, the sides ought to be at least eighteen inches deep. The most simple plan of building one of these canoes would be to get out the floor boards (say one inch thick) to the requisite shape, and then carefully measure off on your plan the amount of stuff necessary for sides and deck, and buy sufficient waterproof paper (Willesden paper) for the purpose.

In either case (wood or paper) a stem and stern post must first be fitted to the bottom boards to take the ends of the side planks. If Willesden paper (which is about one-eighth of an inch thick) is used a wooden gunwale must be fitted to nail it to, and in this case it would be better to fit a few timbers or ribs between the stem and stern post each side to strengthen the boat, running the gunwale over all the ribs, but siding it on to the stem and stern post, which should project above it about an inch, and the projecting piece be bevelled off on the inside (*i.e.*, that next the interior of the boat). If the paper is used it should be fastened to the gunwale with copper nails, and the deck secured in the same way, first running a few deck beams across and securing them to the gunwale by a mortise or other joint to give strength to the deck. There should be a certain amount of crop to the deck beams—that is, they should be semicircular, the highest point being amidships, which should be, say, two inches higher than the gunwales. A beam should be placed at each end of the opening for the well, and carlines or cross beams fitted running fore and aft on each side of the opening, and long enough to butt on the two beams, which should be stouter than the ordinary beams to take the extra strain which invariably comes at the ends of the hatchway or well. If necessary a sliding cover of the same paper can be fitted to the well. Such a boat is within the constructive capacity of any lad, as it does away with all trouble as to keel and fitting garboards, etc., and planking up and caulking.

After the deck is fitted a neat beading can be run over the junction of the deck and gunwale, and another outside to hide the edge of the paper side where it is fastened to the gunwale.

Even if it is decided to make the side of wood it would be advisable for the sake of lightness combined with strength to use the prepared paper for the deck. But if it cannot be procured light pine or cedar about a quarter of an inch thick will do instead; and if it is difficult to obtain wood sufficiently wide to deck the boat in one piece, a good job can be made by using two pieces joined down the middle in the centre of the boat fore and aft, such joint to be concealed and strengthened by a stout piece of mahogany or teak, say half an inch thick by three or four inches wide. Of course if you are going to use a mast this longitudinal strip must needs be wide enough to allow the mast-hole to be cut in it, or a wider piece can be inserted at the mast and the rest joined to it in two pieces.

It will be better if this form of construction is used to fasten the fore-and-aft strip to the two deck boards with small brass screws, screwed from the under side of the deck up into the strip, which is twice as thick as the deck, and better able to hold the screw; three-eighth screws will do, and the points should not appear through the mahogany. This of course must be done before the deck is screwed to the gunwales. After a deck is fitted, a coaming of three-quarter-inch stuff must be made to fit round the well; this coaming should be about an inch and a half high, and the end dovetailed. It will fit over the beams and carlines of the well, and will hide the joint of the deck with those fastenings, and make all complete. A rack should be fitted each side on the floor-boards to take the stretcher, and the back-board can be on the Rob Roy principle. If a sail is used, it would perhaps be best to adopt the American sail shown in the sketch; either one or two masts can be used. The batten A A, on being hauled close to the mast by the hauling-lines C C, which lead aft to the well, immediately reefs the sail; when this is done more sheet must be given to allow for the extra drift, or the sail allowed to run in on the sprit. The American plan of fixing a rudder is by a watertight tube fixed just where the stern rises from the waterline aft. I should not recommend you to do this unless you are a fair workman, as you might establish a leak; you could fix a rudder from the square stern aft, letting it come down far enough to obtain a good hold of the water, and making it as shown in Fig. 1—that is, shallow and long.



AA REEFING BATTEN
CC " BRAILS
BB SPRIT FITTED AS A BOOM

American Sharpie, showing Sail Plan.

If a centreboard is desired—and one must be fitted for sailing purposes, unless you use leeboards—a case must be made of wood one inch thick, the sides being spaced about one inch apart, and secured to the bottom boards by screws from the bottom of the boat up through the sides of the casing. A slot must be cut in the bottom boards in the centre line of the boat, at the place where the casing is to be fitted, sufficiently long and one inch wide; the ends of the case must be closed by a stout piece of wood one inch by three inches (hard wood preferably), well secured to the sides, and the joints of the casing with the bottom boards must be further secured by a beading run round them, the joint being first made water-tight with whitelead, and all the joints of the casing must be made water-tight in the same way. The upper part of the casing will serve to support the deck, through which a slot must be cut of the same form and dimensions as the one in the floor, and the deck screwed down tightly, a layer of whitelead being first given to the top of the casing and under side of the deck where it abuts the case; in fact every means must be taken to strengthen all the parts of the centreboard case and to see that all its joints are water-tight. The centre-plate can be made of wood or iron; if of wood a metal bearing must be fitted to take the pin on which it works, and such pin must be tightly driven (to prevent leakage) through holes bored at the forward end of the case about a couple of inches from the floor. A certain amount of drift must be given between each end of the case and the centre-plate to allow it to work easily. A hole must be bored in the upper after-end of the plate to fasten a chain or cord in order to raise or lower the plate as required, and some cleat should be fixed in a handy position to secure this chain or line to when it is desired to keep the centreboard in any required position without holding it.

If an iron centreboard is used the sides of the case may be spaced less than one inch; in fact just so close as to allow free play to the centre-plate; but if wood is used an inch will be quite little enough; in fact an inch centreboard would probably be required to give the requisite strength, and, if so, of course it would need the casing to be spaced suffi-

ciently apart to allow it room to work properly, possibly one inch and a half. A centreboard three or four feet long, dropping below the boat eight or nine inches at the after-end, and coming to nothing forward, would be amply sufficient to enable the boat to beat to windward under sail. The best position for the centreboard is to allow it to come as far aft as it is possible consistently with giving sufficient room in the well for the occupant to stretch his feet.

If a deep rudder is used aft the centreboard might go more forward, but its best position will be about midships, and in that case the legs of the owner must be put on either side of it. This constitutes one of its inconveniences, and can only be obviated by having two small centreboards, one forward and the other aft, which leaves the midships free, and is far more comfortable for the crew. If the latter plan is adopted I should suggest that the fore centreboard be double the size (superficially) of the after one, as best suited to this form of boat, which has little or no hold on the water forward.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

QUERIST.—For badges and special ribbons try Kenning, Little Britain, E.C.; or you could get them through Goy, Leadenhall Street.

A LOYAL SUBJECT.—The National Debt was principally borrowed from our countrymen, and they are the nation's creditors at the present time.

H. F. W.—Inquire of the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington. We are under the impression that the free admission to the museum and library is given only to students who have passed first-class in the advanced stage in Science. The ticket is not perpetual; it has to be renewed.

G. E. C. P.—1. You can average the price of a boat at £10 per ton. 2. Follow the advice of your doctor. You will never be eligible for Government employment, and had better give up all thoughts of volunteering. Never talk to strangers of your ailments, or be guided by the advice they give.

NAUTA.—In swimming the legs yield the chief propelling power.

L. W. A. C.—The best red for magic-lantern slide-painting is carmine; you can also use crimson lake. A good brown is madder-brown; and the greens can be got by verdigris or Prussian blue and gamboge. The best colour of the lot is Prussian blue, though indigo is also available. The "transparent" black is ivory-black. Of the other colours, which however are not so transparent, you can take your choice between raw sienna, burnt sienna, cappah brown, and vandyke brown.

LEARNER (Birkenhead).—Almost any aniline ink will fade if exposed to the light. Mix any of the common dyes with cold water, and write with the diluted colour. If you can turn out parodies like that on the back of your letter there is no necessity for you to write them in ink that will fade into nothingness. They would suit some of our readers to a T. Why not send a copy to Lord T.?

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward;
Into THIS TEA-SHOP
Plunged many hundred.

"TEA!" is the nation's cry;
"Whose is the best to buy?"
"Yours, most certainly,"
Shout many hundred.

Tea shops to right of us,
Tea shops to left of us,
Tea shops around us,
All, all have blundered.

Armed for the tea-pot trade,
Here we stand undismayed,
Asking the people's aid,
For no HIGH CHARGE is made;
So come, many hundred.

Come, then, to right of us,
Come, then, to left of us,
Come, then, before us,
We never have blundered.

Stormed at by those who try
Tea good as ours to buy;
Failing most dismally,
Fail many hundred.

None can such GOOD TEA sell,
That is now known full well;
From all we bear the bell,
Say many hundred.

When shall our glory fade?
"Oh! the light charge that's made!"
Shout many hundred.

POLE.—You can get French polish at almost any colourman's. At Gedge's, 90, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, you can have your choice of a dozen polishes, at prices varying from four shillings to ten shillings per gallon. Stains cost about four shillings and sixpence per gallon.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.—No British regiment is quartered in a colony belonging to a foreign State. You can obtain particulars on applying to headquarters, or consulting one of the many military books published by Clowes and Son, Mitchell, or Stanford, all of Charing Cross.

FRANK H. (Victoria.)—1. The first stroke of the bell is that which tells the time. Were it not so the clock would begin to strike at a different interval before each hour. The chimes serve as a caution. 2. We have never met a jeweller who gave a guinea for cigar-ash, nor have we ever seen a voucher for any such transaction. Thanks for the complimentary notice cut from the colonial paper.

A WOULD-BE SOLDIER.—All inquiries as to recruiting receive the same answer—apply at the nearest post-office for the pamphlet issued at Government expense for the information of all wishing to join the army.

DAVID.—A certificate from the Science and Art Department might procure admission into the designer's room in some of our large manufactories. Engraving in the majority of instances is purely a mechanical art.

JAMES BLACK (Manchester).—We have forwarded your letter to Mr. Theodore Wood, who replies as follows:—"1. No. If you dip the cards into the solution the gum will be partially or entirely dissolved, according to the length of time during which you leave them immersed. 2. Yes, by all means. 3. Your best plan will be to remove, with great care, the verdigris-covered pins, and re-pin the insects. The old hole of course will remain, but is far less disfiguring than the verdigris. You are in a capital district for entomological work, and ought to meet with success."

A LANCASTRIAN.—Your drawings are not sufficiently accurate to be of much use for purposes of identification. Of the eggs, No. 1 may possibly be that of a Tree Pipit; No. 2 looks like that of the Garden Warbler; Nos. 3 and 4 belong to one of the Titmice; and No. 5 is possibly a Willow Wren's. We cannot answer positively, however, without seeing the eggs themselves. Of the birds, No. 1 is the Baltimore Oriel. The remaining two are unlike any birds we have ever seen. Have you coloured them correctly? And where did they come from? Our plate of Birds' Eggs can still be had by purchasing the part in which it appeared.

H. SPENCER.—Your insect is a specimen of the common Tiger Moth (*Arctia caja*).

A. G. SHAW (Wincanton).—Your letter and its contents arrived in a most gruesome condition, mould prevailing to such a degree that much of the writing was quite illegible. The gall, too, was perfectly unrecognisable, and we cannot even hazard a guess as to its character. Do not pack anything in future until quite dry, or mould will be the inevitable result.

P. P. DARLING.—The cocoons from the hawthorn are those of one of the large Saw-flies—*Trichiosoma lucorum*; those from the grass stems belong to the Drinker Moth (*Odonestis potatoria*).

F. S. WELLS.—1. The small white objects on the eggshell you send are the eggs of some moth—rather a queer situation for them. 2 and 3. No.

A LANCASHIRE LAD.—1. You packed your birds'-eggs so badly that they were all detached from the card and broken to fragments. As far as we can see there were two of the common sparrow and one of the tree pipit; the others we cannot even attempt to name. If you send to us again, wrap each carefully in cotton wool, and do not fasten them to cards at all. 2. We do not know of any other poison which would answer the same purpose.

TEREDO.—The "flesh-worms" in your nose are a remarkable variety of spider! With the point of a needle work round the little dark spot. You can then squeeze them out by the two thumb-nails.

T. H.—"Scissiparity" means increasing by division, as if cut.

W. B. S. asks the "way to kill moths for setting without putting a pin through their heads." Our answer is—you should *never* put a pin through a moth's head, be it dead or alive. Most moths can be killed instantly by a sharp pinch under the thorax, just where the legs unite. Large moths can be killed by putting them into a tightly-closed box or bottle in which a few drops of chloroform have been placed. Very young leaves and shoots of laurel will have the same effect, but are apt to wet the wings and spoil them. When the moth is quite dead, pass the pin through the thorax—not the head.

JOHN H. J. and CRNIS.—Of bird books there are Harting's "British Birds," at seven shillings and sixpence; and Montagu's "British Birds," twelve shillings. You can get a list for labelling for sixpence. Apply to Mr. Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

J. H. JOHNSON.—You can get climbing-irons from almost any bird-stuffer's or natural history shop, or you can have them made by an ordinary blacksmith. They ought not to cost more than a couple of shillings.

CANADA.—Doubtless you have fine days, so have we; but just as our fogs and wet are characteristic, so are your frost and snow. All the world knows that there are more fine days than wet ones in both countries, but that which is common to both is least worth talking about. Now do you see? The poem on the Tilbury episode is by Dr. W. C. Bennett, and will probably appear in "The Lark." Macaulay's "Armada" is far better known.

O. T. C.—The first discovered of the asteroids was Ceres, easy to remember as being the first of the series. It was noticed by Piazzi in 1806. You will find a full list in the "Nautical Almanac"—a list invaluable to those in search of a vessel's name.

CHICH-HANE.—We cannot accept the responsibility of advising you. Your best plan would be to get one of the numerous guides to the public schools, such as Pascoe's, published by Sampson Low and Co., 188, Fleet Street.

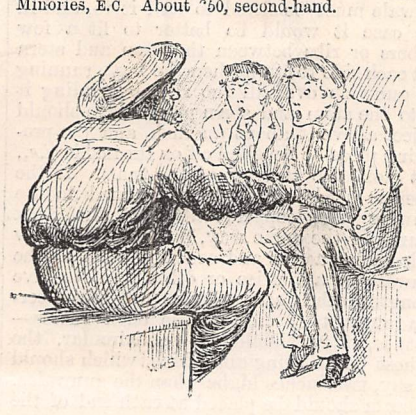
NUMMUS.—A "piece of eight" was worth four shillings and sixpence.

LANTERN.—Either your light is not bright enough, or it is not at the proper angle with regard to the picture, or the lens is not in focus. The fact of the image being visible is proof that you are on the right track, and that only a little alteration is necessary to ensure success. The lantern as described is that used by photographers for copying and enlarging.

W. F. M.—Type is sold at so much per pound. You can get some of the founts you send samples of at Squintani's, Ludgate Circus, or from any typefounder whose name appears in the London Directory.

A. W. D.—You can get transparent transfers from Brodie and Middleton, Long Acre, and other artists' colourmen. You should varnish with transparent varnish or thinned Canada balsam.

PAUL VARGAS.—The smallest vessel that ever went to Australia was a sixteen-ton Cornish lugger—the Mystery. Get a list of books from Norie and Wilson, Minories, E.C. About 50, second-hand.



THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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School and the World

A STORY OF SCHOOL & CITY LIFE.

BY

PAUL BLAKE.

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

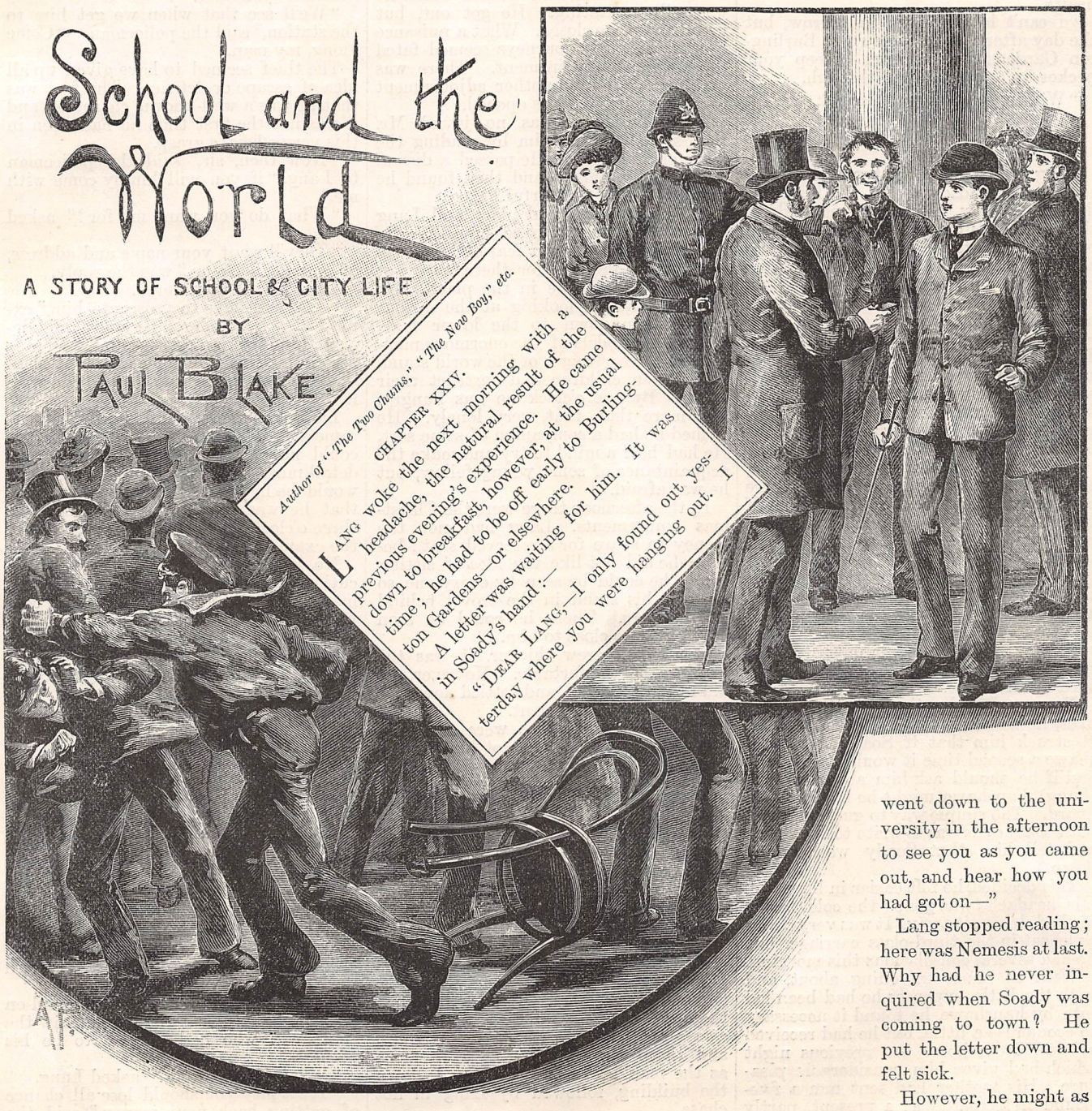
LANG woke the next morning with a headache, the natural result of the previous evening's experience. He came down to breakfast, however, at the usual time; he had to be off early to Burlington Gardens—or elsewhere.

A letter was waiting for him. It was in Soady's hand:—

"DEAR LANG,—I only found out yesterday where you were hanging out. I went down to the university in the afternoon to see you as you came out, and hear how you had got on—"

Lang stopped reading; here was Nemesis at last. Why had he never inquired when Soady was coming to town? He put the letter down and felt sick.

However, he might as



"The way of transgressors is hard."

well know the worst. He continued reading:

"I must have missed you somehow; for though I waited till every one had gone, you didn't turn up. However, I saw one face I knew—that beggar Fanshawe. I suppose he came down to see you too. I had half a mind to ask him if he had met you, but I refrained; I don't want to renew acquaintance with him. He looks rather going to seed; pimply, spotted like the pard, as the bard says.

"I've got some jolly lodgings, and I'm working up with the Rev. P. King, who's a rattling coach. He's got a brother who works up fellows for Law; it would be awfully jolly if you were to come here too and stay a few months. Garland's here. He's a brick, it's quite like old times.

"You must come and see me at my diggings. I'm working like a nigger, but knock off for two hours every day for my health.

"I can't look you up to-morrow, but the day after I shall be down at Burlington Gardens sure as eggs. Keep your pecker up and you'll pull through.

"Wishing you all sorts of luck,

"I am, yours,

"R. M. SOADY."

Lang looked up at the top of the letter to see where Soady lived. To his utter dismay he saw there was no address there. The unmethodical Soady had omitted that trifling detail. Hitherto all his letters had been written from school; to put his address there was superfluous; now he had got into the habit of omitting it.

Lang was floored. What could he do? That he would have a whole day to consider. The first thing was to make himself scarce. He hurried through his breakfast and ran off, scarcely replying to the good wishes which several of his fellow-boarders were kind enough to express.

He had made up his mind where to go, the Crystal Palace. He had been there once before, and had enjoyed himself immensely. Surely he could manage to pass a tolerable day with so many things to see.

As he went down in the train he thought over Soady's letter. It was an awful nuisance. This time Soady would be sure to station himself where he must see every one as he came out; it would raise his suspicions at once if he failed to turn up this time.

However, as he thought the matter over, he saw a way out of the difficulty. It struck him that if Soady saw Fanshawe a second time it would look queer, and if he should ask him about himself (Lang), Fanshawe might be taken off his guard. The simple way to guard against both these evils was to write to Fanshawe and tell him that Soady was coming down.

This decided, he felt easier in his mind. His headache was gone; the cold, frosty air had driven it away. It was very chilly as he sat in the third-class carriage, but he had several consolations this morning.

With so much travelling about, and with the little expenses he had been led into by Fanshawe, he found it necessary to economise a little, but he had received a letter from home the previous night which had given him considerable pleasure. His mother had sent him a five-pound note, partly as a present, partly that he might buy a few things in the way of linen which she knew he wanted.

Fanshawe had been bothering him again about the £5 which he was to give him on the news coming of his success at the examination. Of course this was not due for about three weeks, but Fanshawe wanted the money badly, and seemed to think that was a sufficient reason for asking for it.

Lang was anxious to give it him; he hated to feel under this obligation to him. This five-pound note would come in exactly. The couple of pounds which he had besides would purchase enough to make his mother think he had spent a fair proportion of the note on his personal wants, and thus he would get over his difficulties without risk of discovery. He had been considerably exercised in his mind as to where Fanshawe's payment was to come from, and he was now proportionately relieved.

The train reached the Palace whilst he was still cogitating. He got out, but found the place closed. What a nuisance it was! his early journeys seemed fated to end in disappointment. There was nothing for it but another adjournment to an inn till the doors opened.

This time there was no jovial Mr. Bayliss to frighten him by reading the name on his collar. He passed a dismal half-hour by himself, and then found he could enter the wonderful Palace.

For it is a wonderful place, and Lang in a sort of way enjoyed himself. He was alone, and had no fear of being recognised at present, for there were not twenty other people in the place. He wandered about, looking at the various courts, then down to the lower lake, where the models of the enormous monsters of the early ages of the world stand, to frighten children and instruct their elders. By one o'clock he was hungry, and more than that, very lonely. He wished he had a companion of some sort. He had half a mind to try and make the acquaintance of some young fellow, but he was afraid.

In the afternoon there were the Christmas amusements. Lang had not the money to spare for a reserved seat; besides he did not like the idea of sitting where he could be seen by every one, so he took his stand in the crowd behind the barriers. There he could be seen only by those close to him.

The crowd grew thicker, it was too close to be comfortable. However, he did not mind much, and settled down for an afternoon's enjoyment.

But his anticipations were far from being realised. He had not been standing there more than a quarter of an hour, the overture was just over, when he felt a hand in his pocket. He turned sharply round, and distinctly saw his purse in the hand of a man standing near him, though not next to him. He made a leap for the thief, pushing between the crowd; the man was too quick for him, and wriggled himself out of the throng, Lang after him.

"Stop him! he's stolen my purse!" cried Lang. A man put out his hand to seize the thief, who managed, however, to slip out of his reach. But by this time those in the immediate vicinity were aware of the cause of the disturbance, and there was considerable excitement as the man broke away and made down the building, followed by Lang in hot chase.

A few thought the game worth leaving the sight-seeing for, and joined in the hue and cry. Lang was in high excitement. He had not been captain of St. Mary's football team for nothing. He soon caught up the runaway, and with one dexterous trip sent him flying on to the ground. Two or three men helped hold him down, whilst some went for a policeman.

A policeman was already on the way, attracted by the commotion. He looked very pleased as he laid his arm on the man's shoulder. A dozen voices were explaining the case, and every one was asking Lang what he had been robbed of.

"Are you the gentleman, sir?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," said Lang, excitedly; "he put his hand in my pocket and took out my purse; I saw it in his hand."

"Never touched him," said the prisoner.

"Perhaps he's got it on him now," suggested a bystander.

"We'll see that when we get him to the station," said the policeman. "Come along, my man."

The thief seemed to have given up all idea of escape or defence. The fact was that he was a well-known character, and it was not the first time he had been in this very official's grasp.

"Now then, sir," said the policeman to Lang, "if you will kindly come with me."

"What do you want me for?" asked Lang.

"They'll want your name and address, of course, and so on," was the reply.

Lang looked bewildered.

"You will have to prosecute him," explained a bystander. He was a middle-aged, kind-looking gentleman. "Here is my card, I saw the whole affair. I shall be happy to act as a witness if you wish it."

Lang stammered and hesitated. It came across his mind like a flash that he could not prosecute. If he did, every detail must come out in public. Then it would be his turn to explain how it was that he was at the Crystal Palace at three o'clock in the afternoon of one of the examination days.

No, he must give up the idea of prosecution, though he was so incensed at the man that he would have seen him convicted with pleasure.

"I—I don't think I shall prosecute him," he said. "I shan't be in London, I expect. If he will give me my money I will let him go."

"Not prosecute him, sir! Why, he's a well-known customer!" exclaimed the policeman.

"I'm afraid you won't get back your purse unless you do," said the volunteer witness. "You can't have him searched unless you carry the matter further."

"You needn't bother yourself on that head," said the policeman; "he's passed that purse to one of his pals long ago, you may be quite sure."

"I don't care what you do with him," said Lang, in despair; "I shan't do anything more."

He turned away and pushed through the crowd. He was ready to cry.

A minute afterwards he felt a hand on his arm. He turned round and saw the gentleman who had offered to be his witness.

"What do you want?" asked Lang.

"It's a pity you should lose all chance of getting back your money," said the

stranger; "besides, the man is a known thief and ought to be convicted. Do you want to hide your name? Is that why you won't prosecute?"

"Yes," said Lang, hesitatingly.

"I thought so. Well, you can use my name if you like, and my address."

"It's no good, it would be sure to come out."

"You won't?"

"No, thanks all the same."

"There's only one chance of your getting your money back, then. Tell that fellow that if he will give up your purse you won't prosecute him, but that if he doesn't you will."

There was hope in that. Lang stepped quickly back to the place where the policeman had been standing with his prisoner. Both were gone, and the crowd had melted away.

"It's all U P," said the stranger. "I'm afraid I can't do any more for you."

"No, thanks," said Lang, turning away disconsolately.

The stranger had been kind in intention, whatever may have been the morality of his advice, but Lang was in such a state of depression and unhappiness that he scarcely thought of thanking him. He was anxious to get away from the man who had divined his position. What an irony there was in the stranger's offer to lend him another name! Why already he was supposed to be under another personality than his own.

All desire to amuse himself was now gone. He was in a miserable fix. The five-pound note that was gone for ever he had intended giving Fanshawe as an instalment towards the £10 he owed him.

Where should he get the money from now? His father had refused to let him go into rooms and allow him so much a month; he had announced his intention of paying himself for his board and lodging and tutor's fees, leaving Lang nothing to defray but minor details, for which he would allow him a small amount of pocket-money. Out of this meagre allowance it would take months to put away five pounds.

And all this had come on him because he was in a false position. He could not prosecute the thief who had stolen his money because he himself was a thief, stealing a certificate of knowledge which he had not earned.

People do not always find at first that the way of wickedness is hard. Fanshawe, for instance, had no scruples of conscience, and went on his way without a thought of his wrongdoing. Lang had a better nature; his conscience was not yet seared, and every wrong action he committed gave him pain. He thought himself miserable and envied Fanshawe, not knowing that to find the way of evil full of thorns is the happiest fate that can befall an evildoer.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—A PLOT.

In another week the expedition arrived in a country which in no way resembled that they had traversed since leaving Griqualand. They were nearing the mountain chain to which Mataki had fled. The approach to the highlands whence the numerous watercourses flowed down to the Limpopo was signalled by a flora and fauna differing entirely from those of the plain.

One of the first of these valleys was reached about sunset. A river so limpid that they could see down to its bed flowed through meadows of emerald green. Fruit-trees with varied foliage clothed the slopes of the hills which circled round it. The plain in the centre lay bathed in the sunshine, and beneath the shadows of the huge baobabs grazed herds of red antelopes, zebras, and buffaloes. A little farther off a white rhinoceros crossed the open and slowly moved towards the river, snorting with joy at the thought of rolling his mass of flesh in the cooling stream. An onager was braying, and a troop of monkeys were chasing each other among the trees.

Cyprien and his two companions stopped on the top of the hill to contemplate the unaccustomed scene. At last they had reached the virgin country, where the wild beast, still the undisputed master of the soil, lived on in happiness, without a suspicion of danger. It was not so much the number of the animals that surprised the engineer as the wonderful variety. It seemed like a diagram in which the painter had depicted each principal type of the animal kingdom.

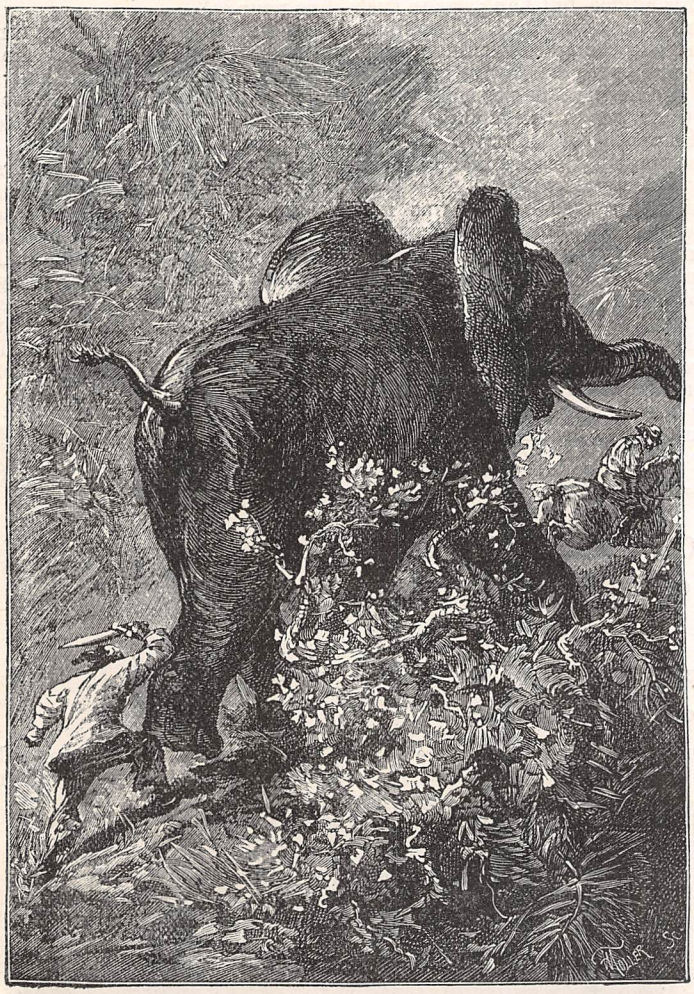
Of other inhabitants there were few. The Kaffirs could not but be well scattered in a district of such extent. Cyprien felt that his artistic and scientific instincts were fully satisfied, and allowed himself to think that he had been transported into the prehistoric age of the megatherium.

"It only wants a mammoth or two to make the scene complete!" he exclaimed.

And immediately Li extended his arm and pointed to several grey masses in

A White Rhinoceros.

the distance. From afar they looked like rocks in their motionlessness and colour. They were a troop of elephants.



"With one sweep of the hunting knife."

The plain was dotted with them for a space of several miles.

"You know something about elephants?" asked Cyprien of the Chinaman when they were halting for the night.

Li blinked his little oblique eyes.

"I lived a couple of years in Ceylon as hunter's help," said he, with the marked reserve he maintained as to all that concerned his biography.

"If we could only bring down one or two!" exclaimed Hilton. "It is excellent sport."

"And the game is worth the powder," added Pantalacci. "The tusks are excellent booty, and we might easily carry three or four dozen behind the waggon. We might pay the costs of the expedition out of them."

"That is an idea, and a good one," exclaimed Hilton. "Why should we not have a try to-morrow before we start?"

The question was discussed, and it was decided that they would strike the camp at daylight, and try their fortune in the valley in which they had seen the elephants.

As soon as supper was over they all retired under the tilt of the waggon with the exception of Hilton, whose turn it was to keep watch. He had been alone about two hours, and was beginning to nod when he felt a light touch on the elbow. He opened his eyes. Pantalacci was seated by his side.

"I could not sleep, and I thought I would keep you company," said the Neapolitan.

"It is very kind of you, but I could do with a few hours' sleep," answered Hilton, stretching his arms. "If you like we can arrange matters. I will take your place under the tilt, and you can stay here."

"No, stop here. I have something to tell you," answered Pantalacci, in a low voice.

He cast a glance around to see that they were alone, and continued,

"Have you ever hunted an elephant?"

"Yes," answered Hilton, "twice before."

"Well, you know it is a very dangerous business. The elephant is so ready and so well armed. A man does not always get the best of it against him."

"You speak of the clumsy men," said Hilton. "With a good gun and explosive bullets there is little to fear."

"So I should think," replied the Italian. "But there are such things as accidents. Suppose one was to happen to the Frenchman to-morrow; it would be a sad blow to science!"

"A great misfortune!" said Hilton, with a laugh.

"But for us the misfortune would not be so great," continued Pantalacci, encouraged by the laugh. "There would only be two of us then to follow Mataki and his diamond, and between us we might—"

The two men remained silent, gazing into the fire, each thinking out the dastardly idea.

"Yes," said the Neapolitan; "two can understand each other, but three cannot."

Again there was silence.

Suddenly Pantalacci lifted his head and gazed into the darkness around him.

"Did you see anything?" asked he, in a whisper. "I thought I saw a shadow behind that baobab."

Hilton looked in the direction indicated, but noticed nothing suspicious.

"There is nothing there," he said, "only the linen the Chinaman has put out to bleach."

Soon the conversation was resumed between the conspirators, but in a whisper.

"I can draw the cartridges out of his gun without his knowing it," said Pantalacci, "and when we ride up to the elephant I can fire behind him so as to attract the brute's attention that way, and then it would not take long!"

Hilton feebly objected.

"It may not be so easy as you think."

"Bah!" replied the Italian. "Leave me alone, and you will see."

An hour later, when Pantalacci resumed his place among the sleepers, he lighted a match to assure himself that no one had moved. All was well. Cyprien, Bardik, and the Chinaman were sound asleep.

At least they seemed to be. But if the Italian had been a little more artful, he might have suspected a certain artificiality about the energetic snoring of the Chinee.

At daybreak all were afoot. Pantalacci took advantage of Cyprien's bathing in the river to extract the cartridges from the gun. It took him but twenty seconds to do this. He was alone; Bardik was making the coffee, and Li was collecting the clothes he had put out to bleach on the famous line he had stretched between a couple of baobabs. Assuredly no one had seen him.

The coffee having been finished, the party went off on horseback and left Bardik in charge of the camp. Li had asked to accompany the hunters, and armed himself with his master's knife.

In less than half an hour they reached the spot where the evening before they had seen the elephants. But now they had to go farther on, out into the open between the foot of the mountain and the right bank of the river, before they came up with them.

In the clear fresh atmosphere illuminated by the rising sun, on the wide stretch of verdant carpet, wet with the morning dew, a group of elephants, two or three hundred in number, were busy breakfasting. The youngsters were playing round their mothers. The old ones, with heads to the ground, swinging their trunks as they strolled along, were quietly feeding on the thick grass of the meadow. Nearly all were flapping their huge ears as if they were cloaks of leather, fanning from side to side like Indian punkahs.

There was in all this calm domestic happiness something so sacred that Cyprien was profoundly moved, and asked his companions to abandon their projected massacre.

"What is the good of killing the inoffensive creatures?" he said. "Better leave them in peace."

But the proposition was not to the taste of Pantalacci. "What is the good?" he asked, with a grin. "The good is to fill our purses, to get a few hundredweights of ivory! Are you afraid of those big fellows, Mr. Cyprien?"

Cyprien shrugged his shoulders, and took no further notice of the impertinence. As he saw the Neapolitan and his companion continue their advance towards the clearing he went with them.

And now they were within a couple of hundred yards of the elephants. If with their fine sense of hearing the victims had not noticed their approach it was because the wind blew towards the hunters, who were advancing through a thick clump of baobab-trees.

However, one of the elephants began to show signs of disquietude, and raised his trunk interrogatively.

"Now is the time," said Pantalacci, in a whisper. "If we are to do any good we had better scatter; let each take his own position, and we will fire together at an agreed signal, for at the first shot the whole troop will take to flight."

The advice was adopted. Hilton moved off to the right, Pantalacci to the left, and Cyprien remained in the centre. Then the march towards the clearing was silently resumed.

At this moment Cyprien was much surprised to find himself grasped in somebody's arms and to hear the voice of the Chinaman.

"I have just jumped up behind you. Say nothing. You will soon see why."

He had then reached the edge of the underwood and found himself about thirty yards from the elephants. Already he lifted his gun to be ready for what might happen. As he did so, the Chinaman whispered,

"Your gun is not loaded! Never mind. It's all right! all right!"

At the same instant there came the sound of a whistle—the signal of the attack—and immediately a gun, only one gun, was fired behind Cyprien.

Turning quickly, Cyprien saw Pantalacci gliding behind a tree. But at the instant his attention was called off in front of him.

One of the elephants had been hit, and, infuriated by his wound, came charging towards him. The others, as the Neapolitan had foretold, were off in flight in a terrible stampede that shook the ground for a mile or more.

"All right!" said Li, clutching tight to Cyprien. "When he comes closer jump Templar aside. Then turn round that bush, and cut, with the elephant after you. I will look after him!"

Cyprien mechanically obeyed the orders. He had barely time to do so. With trunk erect, eyes shot with blood, mouth open, and tusks at the charge, on came the elephant with fearful speed.

Templar behaved like an old campaigner. Obeying the pressure of the rider's knee, he executed a violent swerve to the right, and the elephant shot past without touching him, straight across the spot the horse that moment had left.

Without a word the Chinaman slipped to the ground and leapt behind the bush he had shown his master.

"Here! here! Turn round the bush! Let him follow you!" he shouted.

The elephant rushed back more furious than ever from having failed in his first attack. Cyprien, though he did not understand Li's manœuvre, executed it most carefully. He galloped round the bush followed by the panting elephant, and twice foiled his attack by a sudden swerve. But would the manœuvre succeed in the long run? Did Li hope to tire out the animal?

This did Cyprien ask himself without being able to reply, when suddenly, to his great surprise, the elephant fell on his knees.

Li, with incomparable address, had seized on the propitious moment, glided from the bush up to the very feet of the pursuer, and with one sweep of the hunting knife had cut the heel tendon which in man is called the Achilles.

Such is the usual practice of the Indian huntsmen, and the Chinaman, thanks to his experience in Ceylon, had been able to deal the stroke with marvellous coolness and precision.

Fallen and helpless the elephant remained without a movement, with his head laid down among the grass. A stream of blood flowed from his wound, and with it his strength flowed away.

"Hurrah! Bravo!" exclaimed Pantalacci and Hilton, appearing on the scene.

"We must finish him with a shot in the eye," said Hilton, who seemed to feel an irresistible desire to take some active part in the drama.

And saying so he shouldered his gun and fired.

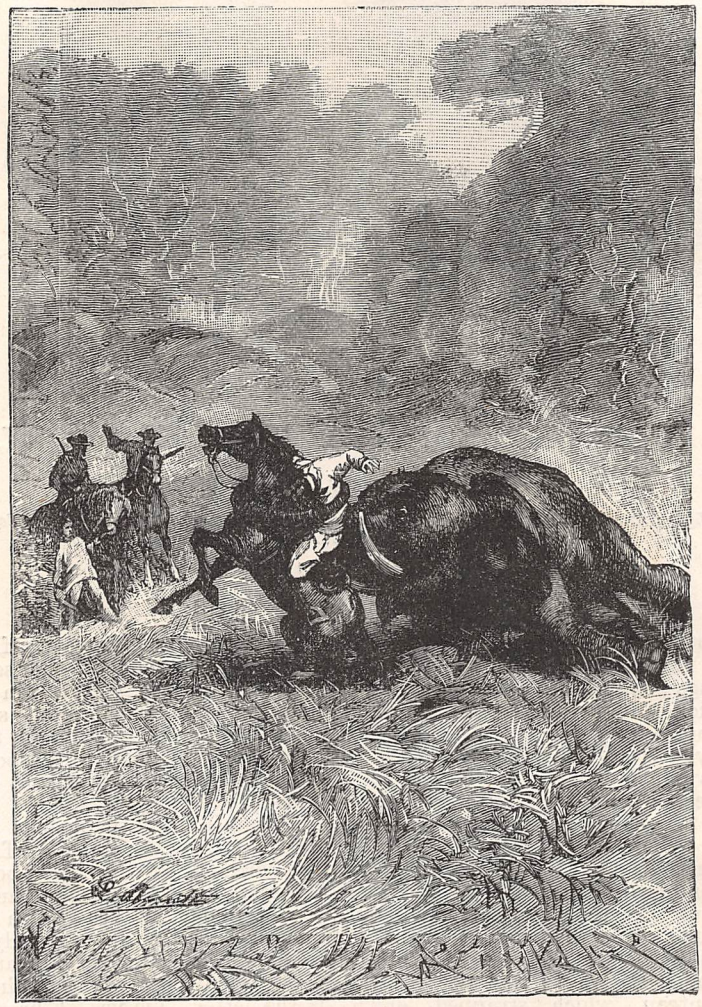
At the same instant the explosion of the bullet was heard in the body of the elephant. Then came a last convulsion. Then he remained motionless as if he were a piece of grey rock.

"All over!" exclaimed Hilton, riding close up to the animal to get a better view of him.

"Wait! wait!" said the Chinaman, with a look.

They had not long to wait.

As soon as Hilton reached the elephant he stood up in his stirrups, and in derision tried to lift one of the enormous ears. But the animal by a sudden movement, hurled aloft his trunk, and with one mighty blow brought it down on the hunter, smashing his backbone and crushing his head before the affrighted witnesses of the horrible scene could snatch him away.



"Brought it down on the hunter."

Hilton uttered but one sharp cry of pain.

In three seconds he was but a mangled mass of flesh, on which the elephant had fallen never to rise again.

"I was sure he would kill him!" said the Chinaman, shaking his head. "Elephants never fail when they get a chance."

Such was the funeral oration on James Hilton. The young engineer thought of the treason of which he was to have been the victim, and could not help recognis-

ing in the death a just punishment for the share in the plot to deliver him over defenceless to the fury of the angry beast.

Whatever were the thoughts of the Neapolitan, he deemed it best to say nothing.

The Chinaman was already digging down into the grass of the prairie, and, with the aid of a knife, scooping out the grave in which, with Cyprien's aid, the corpse was placed. All this took some time, and the sun was high above the horizon when the three hunters returned to the camp.

When they reached it Bardik had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—*(continued.)*

Toilsomely the days passed on, Tenterton fretting himself ill as his physical sufferings subsided. Each day was a repetition of its predecessor, until at last the time came for departure from the country and the entrance into life in Moscow.

Tenterton was a very young man—a boy, in fact—not yet twenty, and he had many of the faults of youth. He was not methodical. His papers were in considerable disorder. Indeed, since he had flung them into the top part of his portmanteau he had not thought of arranging them. There was a sort of cover or partition to this part of the portmanteau, which strapped down, intended to secure linen and lighter articles of dress, such as gloves, neckties, etc. But Tenterton devoted this division of the box to books and papers, keeping his linen, clothes, and smaller matters in what would be called the bottom. He now, without undoing his papers or changing their order (or disorder), packed such clothes as were to be packed in this lower compartment. Besides this he had a sort of travelling-bag, which contained toilet requisites and linen. A small leathern writing-case carried loose in the hand, a plaid, a macintosh, an umbrella, and a thick railway-rug completed his baggage.

The hour of starting was to be five o'clock in the morning of the following day, and doctor and patient were sitting after dinner, the former smoking and the latter busied as usual in thought, when a tarantass drove up, from which there jumped one of the servants of Madame Abrazoff, who, cap in hand, and beaming with exaggerated smiles, ascended the wooden steps of the verandah. It was a chilly afternoon, so that the servant had to knock at the closed door for admittance.

"Come in," said the doctor.

"Thank you, barin," said Trifon, who was dressed in the high boots, wide trousers, red calico shirt, and skirted coat without sleeves which we have already described. "Our lady told me to give this letter to Edward Tinteeteen. The young barin, I think. There is the letter. Oh yes! I brought it all right. Madame Abrazoff knows whom to send and whom to trust. Clever lady she is! Cold evening, though, gentlemen, 'specially riding!"

"All right, Trifon! Take some *vodkie*. Capital stuff this!" said the doctor. "Better than what you get at the cabak, isn't it?"

Trifon tossed off his glass and held it out for some more, which was immediately supplied. Tenterton busied himself with the letter. At last he exclaimed,

"Well! she is a brick, whatever her husband is!"

This being in English was too idiomatic for Strammeller to understand, so the younger man read it out to his friend. The letter was as follows:

Dear Mr. Tenterton,—When I reflect that the amount of suffering you have recently undergone has resulted from your readiness to serve me and mine, I feel how impossible it is for me to do more than thank you, and how inadequate my thanks are to express my real sense of your admirable conduct. You will therefore, I am sure, not feel hurt by the enclosed trifle, which merely represents the pecuniary arrangement entered into regarding the time you agreed to bestow upon my son, and which he was prevented from availing himself of. I regret that my own establishment in Moscow is too small to permit of my offering you rooms there during your stay, but my husband has promised me to have a suite furnished for you in the same house as that occupied by Dr. Strammeller, and on the same flat. This will be yours whenever you like to use it. I regret that the course of study at the First Gymnasium prevents my son from continuing his English studies during term time, but the enclosed letter to Count Schaafstadt, at the Kremlin, will secure you an entrance into the best society of Moscow, and in the Count's own family you will find some of the most interesting pupils possible.

My carriage will be at your service tomorrow, and the bearer of this has orders to take care of your luggage and secure your tickets at the station, so that you will have no trouble whatever. Hoping to see you soon in Moscow, and with every good wish,

I remain, yours ever gratefully,

Ekaterina Abrazoff.

Kind and grateful as this letter was, it seemed to be anything but consolatory to Tenterton. He read it twice over, then clutched it in his hand and stuffed it into his pocket. In doing this he never noticed the packet of bank notes which fell on the floor as he rose and paced up and down the room. Strammeller, however, saw the packet, stooped and picked it up, and gave it to Tenterton, saying,

"Now I know why you English are all so unpardonably rich; you despise fortune and she seeks you."

"It is very embarrassing," said Tenterton. "This lady sends me a lot of money which I have not earned, and offers me a host of favours which I do not feel at liberty to accept, and yet they are offered so prettily that it seems difficult to decline them."

"Difficult! I should say so! The proper word to use about declining them is just *impossible*, not difficult. Who can ever understand an Englishman? Hot and cold with one breath. Never knowing what to do, but generally blundering into the right path by mistake. Seldom doing wrong intentionally, but always offending everybody by morally treading on their softest corns. When I have cured your bodily infirmities I shall make a vow to have nothing more to say to you!"

The light manner in which the doctor viewed Tenterton's difficulty did not tend to comfort the young man. He was yearning for advice and for strength to pursue the path towards which duty pointed. Strammeller was a man of the world, whose ideas and opinions were bounded by the horizon of physical science; he had not been led to look beyond. In him, therefore, Tenterton could not seek for the sympathy he needed.

As soon as he could get to his own room he shut the door, and, flinging himself upon his knees, sought that peace which the world cannot give, and which men of the world never know. He arose refreshed and strengthened, and as Trifan had not yet left to return, he determined on sending a letter by him

enclosing so much of the money as seemed overpay. He went to the common sitting-room, which he found deserted, the doctor being engaged in packing. He sat down and wrote as follows:

DEAR MADAM,—Your extremely kind letter has just been placed in my hands by Trifon. I take up my pen to acknowledge your goodness, but find the task beyond me. I have no words to thank you. But however flattering your appreciation of the slight service which I have been enabled to render you may be to my vanity, I cannot allow your overestimate of that service to lead you into unjust because too liberal remuneration. I am more than repaid by the conviction of having gained your goodwill and esteem, and shall thankfully avail myself of your hospitality at Moscow for a few days until I can conclude arrangements with the Count whose acquaintance I am about to owe to your kind offices. But I cannot take advantage of your generous feeling on the subject and allow you to place a sum of money at my disposal so greatly in excess of the terms agreed upon between me and Mr. Abrazoff. As you may not be aware of these terms, I will, to avoid misunderstanding, mention to you that I agreed to devote a month to the care of your son, Mr. Paul Abrazoff, for one hundred roubles. It is true that I have been detained over a month, but that does not entitle me to receive the five hundred roubles which you enclose. You will pardon me, I hope, if I propose retaining the hundred roubles to which by the terms of the agreement I may be entitled, although I have not done the work, and as the second month has been broken in upon I will add to the hundred roubles fifty as the half of the month just entered upon. This will be much more liberal pay than I have any right to accept.

With renewed expressions of grateful appreciation of your generosity and kindness,

I remain, dear Madam,
Yours most faithfully,
EDWARD TENTERTON.

This missive he placed in an envelope, and the notes for three hundred and fifty roubles which he desired to return in another envelope of the same size. He then enclosed the two in one of larger dimensions, which latter he sealed and addressed to Madame Abrazoff. He then called Trifon and quite won his heart by giving him three roubles for *na tchai* (tea).* He begged him to hasten back and be sure to place the packet in the hands of his mistress without delay.

As they were to start very early next morning, the doctor made Tenterton get to bed long before the usual hour, and although he was restless and excited he was soon asleep. In Russia life begins early to the workers, and the men who polish the floors and lay the wood in the enormous stoves frequently commence work at four o'clock in the morning. After them come the housemaids, to arrange ornaments and so forth, and finally the lackeys appear with materials for breakfast; so that a man need never be too late for his train for want of calling. Even where few servants are kept the dvornik, or yard-man, is supposed to be up all night, there being in all houses a relief kept, so that when one sleeps another is on duty.

At the appointed time, therefore, everything was ready. The teleyga, or cart, with the luggage, started at three o'clock in the morning, and at four the carriage bells were jingling and jangling before the door. Trifon was on the box, with a letter for Tenterton, which he read as follows:

DEAR MR. TENTERTON,—I have received your long letter, and the three hundred and fifty roubles returned. I think you are wrong, but of course you must act as you think best. Wishing you a pleasant journey and all prosperity at its close, I remain, yours truly,

EKATERINA ABRAZOFF.

Tenterton was gloomy and Strammeller serious. Each seemed to feel that a pleasant holiday was over and a black Monday beginning. The English youth was quite depressed, and after a time the doctor noticed it, saying,

"You want *tone*. I shall give you quinine when we get to Moscow—but perhaps it is the influence of this chilly weather. Autumn is always gloomy, and I suppose you have so many suicides in England on account of the perpetual autumn there."

"Yes," said Tenterton. "I am rather seedy, but the cause of the depression is not physical but mental. You have made superhuman efforts to secure my bodily health, but I am very much troubled in my mind. I am, in fact, torn to pieces with anxiety, and that in a matter which I have no right, at present, to confide to any one, although greatly needing advice."

"Bad sign that!" observed the doctor. "Digestion out of order, or perhaps the liver affected. In that case quinine is dangerous—you must have a course of mineral waters at Moscow. There is a first-rate manufacturer there whom we must patronise. I am bound to pull you through!"

They soon reached the station, where they found the cart with their luggage awaiting them, and, to the great surprise of Tenterton and the doctor, Madame Abrazoff, her daughter, all the governesses, the maids who usually travelled with them, the butler, and the Moscow man. They had brought an amount of luggage with them that filled the little station to overflowing, and in his anxiety the station-master had telegraphed to the next station, which was an intermediate depôt, to be sure that there was accommodation for the party, or else to put on an extra carriage.

The surprise was great, but Tenterton seemed far from pleased. The doctor was quite taken aback. Madame Abrazoff explained her unexpected journey by saying that she had been telegraphed for by her husband to Moscow in all haste, and with only a few hours' notice she had left Madame Narishkin, and was on her way to join her husband.

In due time the train arrived, and a commodious first-class saloon car received Madame Abrazoff, our two friends, the governesses, and Thérèse, madame's particular maid. The other servants were bestowed in second and third class carriages, according to their position in the household. The luggage was placed in vans, save Tenterton's portmanteau, which the guard placed in the carriage with him at his particular request.

Merrily flew the train along the well-made line, and Tenterton was rejoicing in the feeling of health and vigour which he felt. He was just moving his portmanteau to a more commodious position, when a terrific jerk threw the whole party from their seats. A series of heartrending shrieks pierced the air, and the hinder part of the train was urged by the speed it had attained on to the front carriages, which had been arrested by some obstacle placed on the rails. There are no side doors in these carriages. You enter from the back or front, and walk through from one compartment to another and from one carriage to another. The carriage is more like a tramcar than ours are. The seats are not arranged as in a tramcar, but as in a Pullman car, transversely to the length.

(To be continued.)

* All gratuities to servants and workpeople in Russia are said to be for tea (*na tchai*).

THE BIG BELL.

WHEN winter nips one's ears and nose,
When water's scarce, for "taps is froze"
(As John remarks),
then who can tell
How we detest that clanging bell?

How warm the bed!
how nice and snug
To lie beneath an extra rug!
I *should* enjoy another turn!
That bell! oh, hang the old concern!
(N.B.—It *is* hung.)

Hark! yes, there goes the second chime;
We're fifteen minutes after time;
There's no mistake, we've done it now,
And won't there be a jolly row!

* * * * *

There was. Each sought his cold, hard seat
With fearful heart and laggard feet,
To find inscribed upon his slate,
"Write fifty lines for being late."

PAUL BLAKE.

DEATH DOTS.

There are few sadder sights to be examined by humanitarian eyes than the dotted wreck map called the "Wreck Chart of the British Isles for 1882-83," which is compiled for the Board of Trade Register, and is published in the current number of the "Life Boat Journal." There are 3,654 of these dark spots surrounding the coast-line of the British Isles, and massed, especially on the east coast, in dreadful clusters. As far as can be ascertained, in spite of the rescue of many precious lives by life-boats and rockets (which saved 450 persons), 1,020 human beings were lost. It is satisfactory to know that there is some decrease in the loss of life, which amounted to 77 cases less than in the preceding year. In one generation, *i.e.*, since the year 1854, there have been no less than 62,730 wrecks *on our own shores*, with the loss of 21,651 lives. Whenever we hear the wind howling, we feel grateful for the two "*Boy's Own*" *Lifeboats*, the one at Poole and the other at Looe, that our readers enabled us to place on our dangerous coasts.

WITH THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

By the Marquis of Lorne.

PART II.

Carvings by British Columbian Indians.

After the Sioux, the most interesting people now left, and still retaining much of their aboriginal traits and customs, are the Blackfeet. Their braves say that their first ancestor received from the morning star, their war god, a magic ointment, wherewith if he anointed his feet, he would be endowed with such swiftness that the antelopes would flee in vain before him. There are many stalwart men amongst these people, and it was most interesting to observe them in the great councils held with them by the Governor-General in 1881. They were under the leadership of a chief named Crowfoot. He maintained good discipline among his people, listened attentively to the suggestions made to him to encourage them in agriculture, and while he complained that his allowance was not sufficient he always advised his tribes to remain friendly to the white man.

The Indians came to the appointed place of meeting mounted, and in full battle array, firing their Winchester repeating rifles in the air, and shouting and waving their weapons. Behind them tripped in gay colours the women, bringing their children, for the children could not be left in camp, and the women must see what their lords and masters were after in their conference with the white chief. Arrived close to the tent where I awaited them, they sprang from their horses, and advanced to shake hands, which ceremony was performed by the chiefs and head men; these then sat down in front of me, the chiefs in the front row, the head men behind, and ranged around in a deep half-circle was the rest of the tribe, on the right an allied set of cousins, with their aunts and sisters behind them; while on the left, in triple ranks, crouched on the ground, sat the warriors, round-limbed and lithe young fellows, clad with little but paint on the body, and with long warlocks, braided with brass, depending from their temples; the rest of their hair—after being gathered up upon the crown, so that if an enemy wanted to have a good tug at the scalp he could do so without trouble—being allowed to fall in long dark masses over their shoulders.

From the flank of the line of braves, round in front to the right, stretched the ruck of the tribe and the women and children. A good deal of quiet sitting and smoking was indulged in before a word was spoken, and then it was always necessary to look on at a dance for some time longer before business was opened up, for nothing could be done until the pipe had been smoked and a dance had been performed. Strange and weird and uncouth these dances are; the magicians sit on the ground beating a tom-tom, and in a circle, following each other in single file, strut, bow, howl, and jig the braves detailed for the duty; pretending occasionally to be in pursuit or in flight, round and round they go until the music ceases, when all sit upon the ground. Sometimes the young men would insist on recounting their deeds in war, boasting of stealing cattle and of killing their foe. When by these processes the chiefs have sufficiently gathered together their thoughts to be able to detail their desires, each man rises in succession, and speaks, while the interpreter stands listening, and at intervals turns to the white chief, and tells him in substance the eloquent and fervid harangue to which all are listening. Usually, amid much flowery rhetoric, the speech resolves itself into a demand for more favours, and is, in short, nothing but an exclamatory beggar's oration.

Often the interpreters will not take the trouble to render all the flowery language, although they themselves are half-breeds. On one occasion, after much eloquence had been exercised, and the interpreters had said nothing, it was asked, "Why do you not interpret?—what does he say?" All the translation vouchsafed was—"Oh! he say grub!" The pleading for this very necessary article was backed by the certainly very cogent argument that the coming of the white man had taken from them their land, or rather, what they valued upon their land, that is to say, their great game, the buffalo; each year the white man's presence had marked a decrease in the buffalo; and what was the Indian without the buffalo? how could he get skins for himself, for his house? how procure food or sinews to sew the clothing together? how live without his beloved buffalo?

The argument would certainly hold good, for although it is the improvement in the weapons of the chase, and the introduction of fire-arms, which has mainly contributed to diminish the numbers of the buffalo, yet the very introduction of these fire-arms was due to the coming of the stranger. And what does the white man give in return for the evil thus inflicted? He gives five dollars for every man, woman, and child in the tribe every year to the chief, to be apportioned for the good of his nation; he gives, also, when he is obliged to do so, a ration of flour; and he gives above all, and every year to an increasing degree, that knowledge of husbandry which can alone save the red race. Already, in 1881, although these Blackfeet had but lately been engaged in hunting parties, some effect could be produced upon them by speaking of the advantages of potato growing. After haranguing them upon the subject, the chief warrior rose when the council had finished, and grasping my hand, and putting round my arm the bridle-cord of his horse, he asked me to accept the animal as a present (which of course could not be accepted), and repeatedly assured me that, although he had hitherto been the first in fighting, he would now be the first in working. I am sorry to say he did not seem very much pleased when he afterwards received a fowling-piece instead of a rifle for a present; but the latter would have been of no use to him for duck shooting; and I hear that he has kept his promise, and has cultivated his own potato patch this year.

There is another great and scattered people, the Crees, and yet another with a stranger name, dwellers in the rocky country on this side of Winnipeg, who call themselves the Ojibbeways. Differing in origin and language, the red men fought constantly against

each other, and these wars, and the epidemic diseases to which, as they averred, they had become subject after contact with the whites, made them less numerous than the enormous extent of country over which they hunted would lead us to suppose. It is, however, only when the savage cultivates in some measure the ground that he can greatly multiply. Champlain and Frontenac found the Indians of the St. Lawrence growing corn. There is no evidence that the wild horsemen of the plains ate of any plant sown by their hands. In warfare they employed some methods of defence and communication which show that recent European army regulations enjoin practices long known to Sioux and Blackfeet. Thus, pits, whence the archers could discharge their arrows, are seen within the lines of old entrenchments, and when the Canadian mounted constabulary regiment first entered the "Lone Land," they found that their movements were signalled to the tribes by a very good "heliograph" system of "flashes." No such signalling was at that time known in our armies, and the troopers, as they rode along over the vast grass-covered plains, wondered what the twinkling points on the horizon could mean.

Indian Graves.

Amongst all these tribes the custom, formerly universal, still obtains to have a great annual feast called the Sun Dance. This is the occasion appointed when the young men may show of what mettle they are made, by undergoing a voluntary torture. The medicine man, the sage, herbalist, doctor, and mystery man, stands in a great circular tent made of boughs or skins. Fantastically adorned with head-gear, and painted with streaks of orange, crimson, or blue, he holds in his hand a sharp knife, and when he is about to perform the final ceremony, the victims have already fasted for many hours. They come one after another and stand before him, and on the chest of each he makes four cuts, so as to divide the flesh into two bands. In the bleeding wounds he places two long spigots of wood, lifting the muscles so as to pass these through the incisions of the flesh. He then attaches cords and ropes to each end of each spigot of wood, run up round a central pole. Then the drums and tom-toms beat, and while all stand admiring their courage, one youthful warrior after another tries to break away from the attached cords. The muscles start and strain, and the flesh is extended far from the chest; the wounds gape, and the sight becomes horrible, for the agony is dreadful. Still the wild dancing or hanging on the cords goes on, until the man falls exhausted, but free. It is almost inconceivable how much can be endured by these young men in their efforts to prove themselves worthy, in the eyes of the women and others of their tribe, of the manhood which gives important privileges belonging to him who has shown himself bravest in the camp of the savage. Buffalo heads, guns, and other heavy objects are dragged about attached in the same horrible manner, while it used to be considered a proof that the man would be the best at stealing horses who tied himself by the shoulder-blade to the bridle of a horse, whose every motion, as it stooped to feed, brought a fresh pang of pain. But enough of these terrible rites: they still continue, but the number who undergo the torture is diminishing year by year, and we may trust to the Gospel and to missionary efforts to put an entire stop to them before long.

Much is said of the knowledge of simples possessed by the squaws. It is certain that they are very clever in producing decoctions and in making poultices from various trees and shrubs, whose healing properties are well known to science. Thus from the bark of a certain species of willow a preparation can be made which staunches hemorrhage, and quickly heals the wound. Strange tales were told us of the efficacy of some of their medicines.

The natives are very fond of a sweating bath. A little arbour of inwoven branches is formed. Heated stones are placed inside, and the Indian crouched over them is wrapped in the steam arising from water thrown on to the hot stones. After getting into a thorough perspiration, the patient (for this treatment is often practised in cases of illness) will run out and plunge into cold water, thus following the custom of other nations besides his own, for Russians and Turks are equally fond of such refreshment.

It is indeed fortunate for us that we have followed the good example set us by the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and have invariably kept faith with the aborigines in all our dealings. "Honesty is the best policy"—an old truth proved afresh in the North-West. The Americans have never been fortunate in their relations with the poor savages, and many a bloody scene has in consequence been enacted. We have a band of Sioux near Battleford, in Saskatchewan Province, which is a remnant of those who killed one thousand five hundred white

people in 1863 in Minnesota. An agent had, as they believed, robbed them, and they fell upon the white population around them, slaughtering all. A woman was pointed out to us as one who had the reputation, whether well founded or not, of having roasted nine American babies alive! It was impossible to substantiate the statement, for she naturally disliked to talk upon the subject; but there is no doubt that in all the feuds the Americans have had with the Indians it has always been found that the women participated in the work of slaughter. The man who pointed the woman out to me had himself escaped wounded from the massacre, after seeing his mother, sister, and others of his family shot down. I had held a council that day with a large number of redskins, and I asked him if at the time of his misfortune the whites had received any warning; his answer was, "No, they had been as friendly with us that day, to all seeming, as were your Indians here to-day." The cause of the outbreak was ascribed by him to the dishonesty of the agent appointed by the American Government, whom he accused of having perverted the goods sent for the Sioux to his own use. "If the agent had been killed, it would not have so much mattered," he said; "but they ascribed the fault of one to all, and hence the trouble."

The late President Lincoln, whose memory in revered in England as well as in America, was at that time at the head of the Republic. General Sibley was sent in command of forces in pursuit of the Sioux, and with great skill he drove them before him till he came to a large encampment where they were strongly posted. Pretending then that he hesitated, he waited with his force until, lulled into false security, the Sioux allowed themselves to be surprised, when the names of a great number were sent up to the President to receive their death sentence. It was a remarkable proof of the justice and clemency which signalised the character of Lincoln, that he cut down the number of those sentenced to death, and returned the list, when it was found that the names of those on whom justice was to take its course had been written down in his own hand. It is strange that the scattered remnant of these Sioux, who are still amongst us, bear the reputation of being good Indians, and the name, which was once one of terror, now never excites even a passing emotion of disquiet.

Some horrible cruelties have been practised in our day by Indians in New Mexico and in the American far west on their white prisoners, cruelties that recall the tortures described by the French voyagers, who saw with disgust the treatment to which their own allies subjected their fallen enemies. Champlain describes how his Indian friends, taking a captive, recited to him all the atrocious things the prisoner's nation had perpetrated against the French allies. They bade the poor man sing if he had the courage to do so, and the victim did manage to sing, but, naturally enough, "it was a song which was sad to hear." "Meanwhile," he continues, "our friends lit a fire, and when it was well aflame, each took a brand and burnt the miserable creature by slow degrees, so as to make him suffer more torment. Sometimes they left him to throw cold water over his back. They then tore out his nails, and put the fire to his hands and feet. After scalping him they poured hot resin upon the head. Then piercing the arms near the clenched hands, they seized the nerves and drew them forth. . . . The poor creature uttered strange cries, but yet suffered with such constancy of courage that sometimes one would have supposed that he felt not the pain." Champlain at last persuaded the fiends to let him kill the already half-dead prisoner by a shot from an arquebuse.

It is horrible enough to recall these nightmares of history. But it was the fate reserved for many a Christian martyr, whose successors in the Church now are the trusted and beloved guides of these Indians' descendants.

The modern redskin baby is treated much like a bundle of clothes. Swathed tightly in skins or other clothing, it looks perfectly happy with its brown bead-like eyes, but perfectly helpless. It is strapped down on a board, as seen in the engraving on page 252, which does not make the mother as happy-looking as she ought to look with such a prosperous and sleepy infant on her back. At the head of the papoose's board cradle is an upright arched piece of wood, from the centre of which usually hangs some toy to keep the child amused. An Indian's "lodge" or portable house is often a most comfortable abode.

It does not enter into an Indian's head to suppose that he is intruding if he walks unannounced into your house, and sits down silently staring at you in your sitting-room. Nor does he think you rude if you enter his abode.

Their mode of disposing of the dead is seen in the engraving on page 253, where a corpse is raised on a platform, out of the way of wolves. Sometimes they place the wrapped-up body in a tree. But the manner of sepulture is various. Many tribes bury. None burn the dead.

The few savage tribes which yet remain in possession of their old customs and manners do not form by any means a prominent feature of even the most unsettled portions of Canada. The talk is not of Indians, but of engines, of the plough, of the self-binder, of the reaper, of the hay-cutter.

People often speak of the difference and inferiority in worth of the Christian Indian as compared with the native, untouched by the influences of the white man. But this is not only a careless but singularly unhappy mode of speech. It is not, it need hardly be said, the conversion of the heathen which has bad effects, but the contact with a civilisation which has its debasing as well as its ennobling qualities. Nothing has kept peace among native tribes in their original wild state but the Christianity introduced by the missionaries, who have, isolated and unsupported as they were in old days, yet produced a marked effect wherever they took up their residence. The early French missionaries prepared the way for the agents of the great fur-trading companies. They gave to them the example to treat kindly, considerately, and justly the red man. It is only too true that the fur traders at one time dealt with that worst of poisons, brandy, in exchange for skins; but in the main they followed the advice and precepts of the bringers of the Gospel. Bitter conflicts were thereby avoided, and the foundation laid for the unhindered advance of civilisation.

It is undoubtedly true that the first effects of the advance does no good to the native. Just as his appearance and often his health suffers at the commencement for the change in his lodging and apparel, when instead of the birch-bark or hide tent he takes to bad hovels, and wears, in lieu of his buffalo robe and embroidered "leathers," the cast-off clothing—incongruous and gaudy if he can only procure such—of the European; so at first, in manners and habits he imitates, not the best of the white man's ways, but what he sees the most of, namely the worst. Although Cooper in his novels exaggerated the stateliness and virtues of the red man, yet in the main his picture of him is a true one. Singularly honest, the Indian would not touch the food supply of a friend, although he himself might be almost starving. He spoke the truth, and was true in his friendship, however merciless, cruel, and crafty against his enemies. It is natural that the savage virtue should vanish when brought in contact with the manifold vices of civilisation. The leavening element of that civilisation is the Christianity which may, and does, touch the savage also, so that he becomes in time better, materially and morally, than before.

ABBING'S LITTLE JOKE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Amateur Dominie," "The Telltale," etc.

CHAPTER II.

When Abbing awoke, it appeared that he must have slept for two or three hours. It was quite dark; the gas was lit in the passages; and below all was quiet. The boys would be at tea, or preparing their lessons. Abbing had not had his tea, and for the first time, perhaps, wished that he could be sitting comfortably at his lessons.

His absence was sure to be noticed now, and he would have to account for it sooner or later. If he could only put some clothes on, he felt that he would be at less disadvantage in the reckoning to follow. Anyhow, there was no good in staying hidden up here. So he stole downstairs to reconnoitre, first wrapping himself in a sheet after a style more classically graceful than convenient for rapid motion. Oh! what a laugh there would be against him if he got caught in this costume.

Once more the fortunes of adventure were unpropitious to him. No sooner had he reached the foot of the stairs than he heard Mrs. Bramble approaching. The matron seemed to pervade the whole house that Saturday evening, as indeed became a good housewife at the end of the week.

Abbing turned and bolted through a spring door shutting off a passage to the kitchen. He stopped to listen. Mrs. Bramble had heard the noise; she was following him to see who might be trespassing on this forbidden ground. There was no help for him but to fly through another door, opening upon the garden; but he went into the wind and rain, that soon drenched his sheet through.

"What a cold I shall catch!" thought this involuntary hydropathic patient, crouching down behind a dripping bush, as he saw Mrs. Bramble come to the door through which he had just escaped.

"Who's there?" she challenged, peering suspiciously into the darkness. "Puss! puss!"

Abbing held his breath, trying not even to betray himself by a shiver, and she saw nothing of him in his covert. It was too cold, as he calculated, for the old lady to stand there long, so presently she went in, supposing perhaps that she had been mistaken; it must have been a cat she had heard scampering in the passage. But she shut the door, and, to his horror, he heard the key turned in the lock!

Now he had to choose between staying out there all night, or seeking admittance at the cost of—what? Abbing had almost given up the game, and thrown himself on the mercy of Mrs. Bramble, as the most tender-hearted of the fates with whom he must deal. But she was gone before he had made up his mind. Then a ray of hope presented itself. There was a light in the lavatory. Some of the boys would be there. The door of it, communicating with a small courtyard next the garden, was not locked till later, only barred on the inside. The boys would let him in, and if, as he trusted, they were small boys, they would be the less free to laugh at him.

It seemed a chance worth trying. Treading gingerly over the rough gravel walk, Abbing climbed the wall, no pleasant job for his unprotected knees and elbows, and dropped into the courtyard with his drenched drapery clinging and fluttering about him. In this strange guise he approached the door, and knocked, not too loud, for fear of attracting more attention than he bargained for. How the rain pelted down upon him, and how the wind made him shudder, as he stood there in such sorry case! Phillips all this time, no doubt, was cosily seated at his uncle's table, feasting on the good things which Abbing would so gladly have given, if he had them, never to have entered upon such a bad business.

There were some small boys in the lavatory, who soon became aware of a mysterious muffled knocking. Wondering what this might mean at so late an hour, they came with a candle, and challenged through the keyhole, asking who was there; but a squall of the storm without drowned the answer. Then they cautiously opened the door a little way. In rushed a sudden blast, blowing out their candle at once, so that they had only a dim glimpse of a white-robed figure in the darkness.

"A ghost! a ghost!" cried one of them, and they all scuttled off in panic-stricken fright.

Abbing, for his part, afraid that the door would be slammed in his face, had sprung forward, and slipped and fell in a puddle of mud, barking his shins against the step and making his nose bleed. But he got up at once and made good his entrance, to find himself alone in a narrow stone-paved passage leading from the lavatory through the schoolroom. He hurried on into this large room, which was all dark and silent. In the dining-hall, close at hand, he heard the rattling of spoons and cups, showing the boys to be still at tea; but at once this sound gave place to an indistinct babble of voices, and he understood that the fugitive small fellows had communicated their alarm. In another moment the whole of them would be rushing out this way, and he was not prepared to be so publicly discovered.

Where should he hide himself! His first thought was to dart under one of the long bare tables, but there his white drapery could not fail to betray him, even in the dark. So he made for the fireplace, a huge mediæval chimney-piece, constructed to throw out as little heat as possible in proportion to the size of the fire, round which three or four boys could stand at once beneath the chimney, a favourite nook on cold winter nights. He slipped into this cavern, put his feet on the cold bars and heap of sharp coals, and with a spring hoisted himself up on to a ledge within the capacious opening above. It was not the first time he and other amateur chimney-sweepers had performed this feat of gymnastics.

No sooner was he safely ensconced than the whole troop of boys flocked in with excited uproar, the master at their head, as Abbing knew by his voice, and congratulated himself on being for the nonce out of sight.

"Ghost! Nonsense!" this voice was saying.

"Well, sir, it was something all in white—we all saw it—and it flew at us when we opened the door."

"An owl, I suppose, or a frightened goose, like yourselves!"

With this the tumult rolled away along the passage.

Now that they were all gathered at the door, examining into the supposed mystery, Abbing thought it would be his best chance to slip down and seek some further place of shelter while the coast was clear. He had a notion of appealing to the charity of one of the maids, who would be coming presently to take away the tea-things, and might be induced, not without gigglings and mild scoldings, to hush up his escapade by procuring him some clothes to replace his too light and airy, not to say ludicrous costume, ornamented as it now was with soot and mud as well as water. But before he could nerve himself for this bold step there was a clang of the outside door, and a grating of the key in the lock, and the noisy troop of investigators came pouring back.

"Silly little fellows, you must have been dreaming!" said the master, who seemed to have halted close to the chimney-piece that held Abbing and his evil fortunes. "But, come, how late you are at tea to-night. It is time to begin preparation. Light the gas and take your places."

Then arose a great tumult of scuffling, running, dragging about forms, bumping down on seats, and banging books on tables, gradually subsiding into orderly quiet, so that Abbing could follow the master's measured steps as he paced up and down the room.

The prisoner in the chimney knew his way only too well. He would certainly remain on sentry for half an hour or so, perhaps longer, to see his pupils' noses well on the grindstone, after which he might go away for a time, or might not. For this opportunity Abbing must wait before coming down to appear among his astonished schoolfellows; and, ugh! it was cold dismal work waiting up there in the dark chimney with a damp wind blowing down upon his head. Others better prepared to bear the cold felt it too, as seemed by what one of the older fellows approached the master to say.

"Please, sir, may we have the fire lighted to-night?"

"Fire!" grumbled the man in authority. "You boys, nowadays, are all brought up in cotton wool. When I was at school we had to stand far colder weather than this, and never wanted fires—at least we had to go without them. Well, you may put a light to it, the nights are getting chilly."

Abbing's hair almost stood on end. Now he was lost beyond help, after all his twistings and turnings upon adverse fate. There was a sudden crackling of flame below his feet, and soon a cloud of pungent smoke came rolling up the chimney, to be blown back again by the whistling wind.

Already, in anticipation, Abbing felt himself grilled like a young St. Lawrence. But as yet it was the smoke that troubled him, and that was bad enough. He nearly tumbled off his uneasy perch in the effort to hold in a tremendous sneeze, which burst out at last, resounding through the schoolroom, to be echoed back there by starts and exclamations of surprise.

"What's that?" asked the master, sharply, suspecting some trick.

"Something in the chimney, sir."

The nearest boys rushed from their places, and heads were inquiringly poked up the opening over the fireplace.

From above in the sooty darkness came a dolorous voice,

"Oh, put out the fire, please! I want to come down."

And down he dropped forthwith, tumbling on the edge of the bars, and sprawling forward on the floor, a wet, limp, begrimed object, hardly recognisable by the crowd that pressed round with open eyes.

"The ghost!" cried some one, in genuine alarm.

"Hallo!" shouted others, lost in wonder.

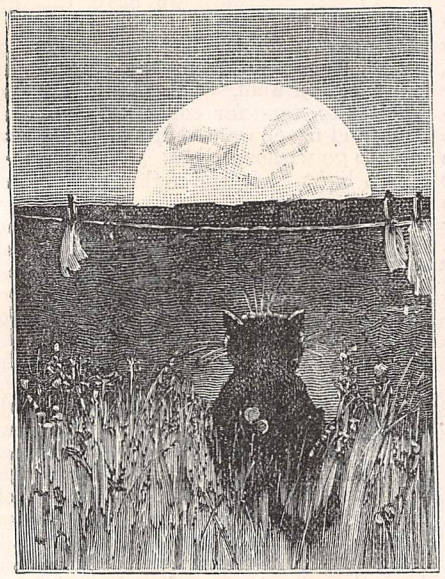
"Who is it?" asked others, beginning to laugh.

"Why, it's Abbing!" proclaimed some one, as the intruder picked himself up and stood woefully huddled against the wall in his penitential attire, looking like a victim just escaped from some *auto-da-fe*.

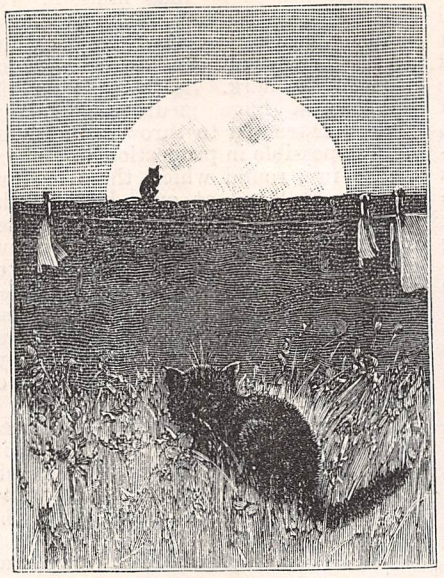
"Abbing," said the master, in his sternest voice, "will you be good enough to explain the meaning of this foolery?"

But as we know all about it we may here leave our mischievous friend shivering in his singular plight to explain it as best he could. His courage and cleverness were all gone by this time, and now instead of speaking he burst into tears. Whatever excuses he managed to make for himself, and whatever else happened to him in the way of punishment or ridicule or catching cold, it is quite clear already that Abbing got very little good out of his joke.

(THE END.)



Contemplation.



Expectation.

Frustration.

THE VOYAGE OF THE VICTORY.

HAVING recently devoted some attention to Cabot and Frobisher, our pioneers of the north-west passage, it may not be out of place to say a few words concerning the man who was entrusted with the first of the expeditions which have rendered our modern Arctic service illustrious.

This was Admiral Sir John Ross, who went north three times, and whose first voyage is noteworthy as reopening the volume of Arctic discovery. His second voyage was that in which was found the magnetic pole, and it is also celebrated as the one in which steam was first used for Arctic work; so that Ross's expeditions opened a new epoch in several senses.

John Ross saw an immense amount of sea service, and was employed in no less than seven-and-thirty different ships, and wounded thirteen times. He was the son of a Scotch minister in Wigtonshire, and was born near Stranraer in 1777. He entered the navy when he was very young, according to some authorities when only nine years old, and was immediately sent as midshipman to the Mediterranean. Thence he went to the Baltic, and was kept fully employed all through the long French war. He gained his lieutenancy in 1806; and was in due course captain of the Briseis, the Actæon, and the Driver, in all of which he found plenty to do.

In 1818, when the first north-west-passage expedition was resolved upon, Ross was given the command, with Parry as his second. He was in the Isabella, Parry was in the Alexander, and on the 28th of April they left the Thames. The expedition was, frankly, a failure. The ships got through Davis Straits into Baffin Bay, and were entering Smith Sound, when Ross, to the astonishment of his officers, announced that he saw mountains on ahead barring the road. These mountains are the most mysterious things in Arctic travel. They of course never existed, and Parry avowed that no one but Ross ever saw or thought they saw them. Anyhow, they were appropriately named "The Croker Mountains," the names of the ships were given to the two capes at the entrance of the Sound, and Ross made all sail for England. His officers were disgusted, and the captain's conduct even now is unintelligible. The first of Britain's new series of Arctic voyages was not one of which to be proud. The most charitable supposition is that Ross found that the passage would take him longer than he was provisioned for, and seeing all going smoothly, was driven to his wits' end for an excuse to return, and, finding none, boldly invented the barrier of hills.

Ross was not, like his nephew James, an enthusiastic explorer. His idea throughout was that of a captain sent to make a certain passage in the shortest possible time, and in this and his subsequent voyages he kept on his way past the mouth of many an inlet and promising channel to explore which might have delayed his progress. The results of the cruise were trifling, the only fact about it worthy of note being that at one point the snow that covered the cliffs instead of being dazzling white was bright red! Samples of the snow were taken, and it was found to thaw into a liquid "the colour of muddy port wine"! This red-snow story was received with much incredulity, but time has proved its truth. The colouring is due to a lichen of rapid growth.

The command of the next expedition northwards was given to Parry, who did not believe in the Croker Mountains, and was thoroughly imbued with that exploratory sense in which John Ross was wanting. Parry's discoveries were as numerous as those of Ross had been scanty. The mountains vanished, and Lancaster Sound, instead of a landlocked bay, proved to be the gateway to the Arctic seas.

In 1829 Captain Ross was given a chance of redeeming his previous failure. He was an enthusiast in steam navigation, and was quick to perceive the advantages of employing steam among the icebergs and icefloes. If a north-west passage existed it could be more rapidly traversed in a steamer than in a sailing vessel, and, as John Ross's idea of the Arctic problem was the purely professional one of making the voyage from point to point in the shortest possible time, a steamer was just the ship to suit him.

Mr. — afterwards Sir Felix — Booth advanced the funds for the expedition, and in May, 1829, Ross sailed on his great voyage. With him as his associate in command went his more famous namesake—and nephew—James Clarke Ross. The chief ship was the Victory; with her went the smaller Krusenstern, lent by the Government.

The Victory, unless her portrait belies her, was a most curious specimen of naval architecture. She was a three-masted paddle steamer, high of stern and bluff of bow, and with a smoke-stack rising from between her squat-looking paddle-boxes to very nearly the height of the foretopmast crosstrees. The diameter of this huge affair would seem to have been about a fifth of the vessel's beam, and its length considerably more than half the ship's length over all. Her masts were very lofty and rigged in a most peculiar fashion. The foremast had yards like an ordinary ship, but the main and mizen masts had no yards, but three gaffs apiece, one over the other. In fact, the Victory, as she started, was a barquentine with half a dozen spankers.

We say "as she started" advisedly, for when she got to work among the ice her preposterous sail-plan was abandoned. A wreck was met with—that of the Rookwood—and the masts out of the wreck replaced those she had started with from the Thames. The curious barquentine arrangement was abandoned, and the Victory became a smart-looking barque with a small mizen. The engine also was a failure; the boilers leaked, and the smoke rolled forth from the chimney in such volumes as to smother everything in soot and dirt. In the story of the voyage there is something quite comic in the horror and disgust with which the sailors seem to have regarded the engine which proved of so little use.

The cruise of the Victory was an adventurous one. The Rosses were lost to the world for four years, and were supposed to have died; and Back was sent out on an expedition from Hudson's Bay to search for them. Their route lay through Lancaster Sound into Prince Regent Inlet, and at Felix Harbour, on the east of the tract named by Ross Boothia Felix, after his patron, the winter of 1829 was spent. Year after year the course of the Victory was intercepted, the winters coming so close together that only a few days separated one from the other.

It was while frozen in here in 1831 that Sir James Ross made his expedition to discover the North Magnetic Pole. He started in May, and on June 1st reached the spot where were some Eskimo huts that had not long been abandoned. "The place of the observatory," he says in his report, "was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip as indicated by my dipping needle was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed. I

made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours, and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain." A cairn was erected from the stones around, and under it was buried a canister with a record of the proceedings. The latitude was 70° 5′ 17″, the longitude 96° 46′ 45″.

After the third winter it was resolved to abandon the ship, and in the spring of 1832 the stores were taken out of her and careful preparations made for a long boat journey. By the end of May all was ready, and on the 29th of that month the last farewell was bidden to the Victory. Says John Ross, in his story of his voyage:—

"We had now secured everything on shore which could be of use to us in case of our return, or which, if we did not, could prove of use to the natives. The colours were therefore hoisted and nailed to the mast, we drank a parting glass to our poor ship, and, having seen every man out, in the evening I took my own adieu of the Victory, which deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend, and I did not pass the point where she ceased to be visible without stopping to take a sketch of this melancholy desert, rendered more melancholy by the solitary, abandoned, helpless home of our past years, fixed in immovable ice."

"The colours were hoisted and nailed to the mast."

Ross led his men to Barrow Strait, and had to pass his fourth winter at Somerset House, on Fury Beach, where Parry had abandoned the Fury during his third voyage. In August, 1833, the ice broke up, and the boats made their way into Lancaster Sound, where a ship was seen. At first she was sailing away from them, but the wind fell, and in the light wind the boats got near enough to be sighted. A boat was put off from the stranger.

"What ship is that?" asked John Ross.

"The Isabella, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross!"

"I am Captain Ross!"

"I know you are not. He has been dead for the last two years!"

However, all doubts as to the identity of Ross and of the Isabella were soon cleared up, and another curious coincidence added to the Arctic records. For his expedition Ross received his knighthood and a gift from the nation of £5,000.

For the six years ending 1845 he was consul at Stockholm, and during the time made quite a famous pleasure voyage across the North Sea in a yacht of diminutive dimensions. In 1850 he once more visited the Arctics, going out in the Felix in search of Sir John Franklin. His third voyage, like his first, was, however, barren of results, and it is on his second voyage that his reputation rests.

He wrote a treatise on steam navigation and several other books. He died in 1856. The description accompanying his portrait by Maclise was rather more graphic than complimentary. "Sir John bears no small similitude to a walrus, one of the greatest personages about the Pole, and gets through the various straits, creeks, and bays of a miscellaneous party of prattlers with the same kind of heavy alacrity that we may conceive distinguished his attempts to find a North-West Passage!"

THE FLYING SHIP.

On Friday, 26th of September last, there passed and manœuvred over Paris the most successful of recent aeronautical machines. Tissandier's electric aerostat was on that day inflated with hydrogen gas, and at twenty minutes past four o'clock rose from the laboratory at Auteuil.

The wind was in the north-west, and at first the machine was allowed to drift with it like an ordinary balloon. Not for long, however, did this continue. The screw was set going and the helm put down; and the astonished spectators saw the aerostat make a long sweep to the south, and curving round work away to windward, with the wind only four points from her line of progression. Instead of drifting to Genouilly, the aerial ship proved as weatherly as a clipper, and headed up to St. Lambert.

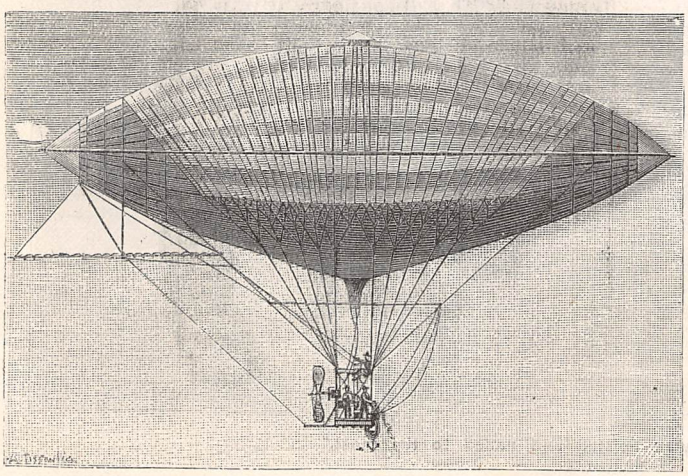


Fig. 1.

At St. Lambert she was allowed to fall off, and then she was guided so as to pass over the observatory and cruise up to the Luxembourg, again on the starboard tack. From the Luxembourg her course was laid almost due east to the Seine, and following the eastern bank she passed nearly over Charenton, running before the wind to Creteil. At Creteil she wore and bore away to the north, and then making another and final change she slipped along with the wind behind her south-eastwards to Marolles, where she descended at twenty minutes after six, after a cruise of about eighteen miles.

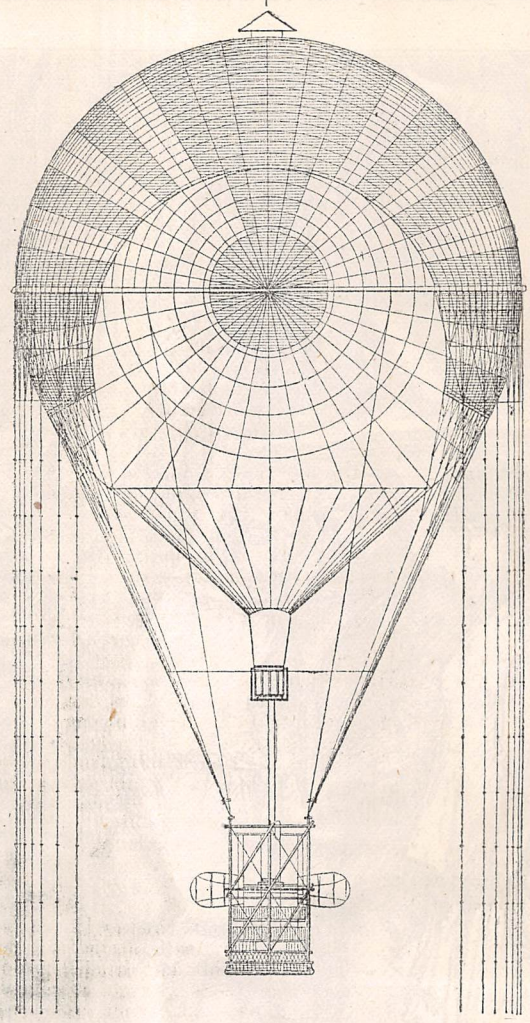


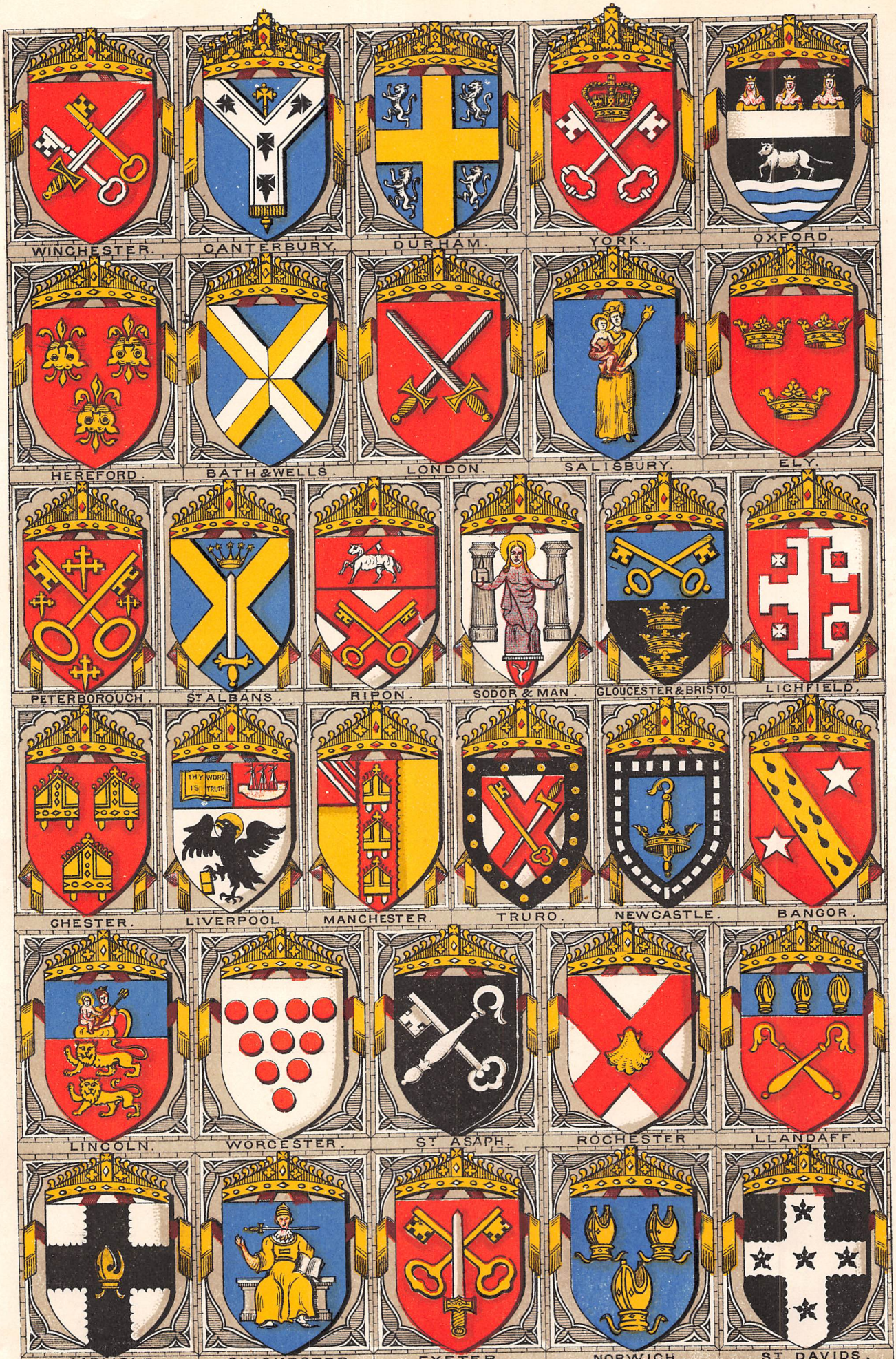
Fig. 2.

This is not a romance, but a statement of fact. Those who wish to go further into the details of the voyage will find the chart duly published in "La Nature" and the scientific journals, and the report in the daily papers. To drive an aerial machine of any sort against a head wind had been said to be impossible, and here it was done while thousands looked on and wondered.

There were three persons in the car—M. Lecomte, who was seated on the top in charge of the helm, M. Albert Tissandier, who was in charge of the ballast, and whose duty it was to keep the machine at the same altitude, and M. Gaston Tissandier, who was at the engine and fans, giving the motive power to the ship. This power was obtained from a large bichromate battery, and was sufficient to enable the vessel to outstrip the wind when driving in its direction, and to stand still or progress in the teeth of it.

The weights of the different parts of the apparatus were all carefully taken. The aerostat itself weighed three hundred and seventy-four pounds, the stretcher weighed seventy-five pounds, the car weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, the engine and battery weighed six hundred and sixteen pounds, and the grapnel and guide rope weighed one hundred and ten. The total weight of the machine was thus fifteen hundred and fifty pounds in round numbers, and to that should be added eight hundred and fifty pounds of ballast and the weight of the travellers, which, averaged at ten stone each, would give us four hundred and twenty pounds, and make the weight that left the ground at Auteuil and manœuvred to Marolles over two thousand eight hundred pounds, or about a ton and a quarter.

The shape and general appearance of the



ARMS OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER.

Emrik & Binger, Chromolith. 15 Holborn Viaduct.

56 PATERNOSTER ROW. E.C. LONDON.

machine can be gathered from the illustrations here given. The oval form had already been adopted by Giffard and Dupuy de Lome. It was a very difficult one to construct, owing to the complication of the gore curves. The length of the oval was ninety feet and the breadth thirty. It was made of glazed calico coated with impermeable varnish.

The car was a large cage, formed of bamboos lashed together with cords and covered copper wire, and it had a floor and edging of osiers and nut sticks. The ropes by which it was hung to the aerostat were, for fear of accident, sheathed at the end with gutta-percha, so as to be preserved from contact with the acid that fed the cells. The guide rope and grapnel were hung from the crown about six feet above the car.

The lifting power of the machine was provided by the hydrogen gas, the driving power was given by the Siemens motor. The screw had two blades, covered with varnished silk and strutted with steel bars, to give them rigidity and keep them in shape. The axis projected some distance in front, and the struts led down to the extremity. The propeller was about ten feet in diameter, measuring from the extremities of the fans. It was geared down to a tenth, so that 1800 revolutions of the motor gave 180 of the screw. There were four batteries, each of six cells, having eleven carbons and ten zincs side by side, the zincs being easily removable, and of such size as to work for three hours. Each compartment of the battery communicated by means of an ebonite tube with a very light bucket of ebonite, in a basketwork case, which was covered with indiarubber and contained the strong bichromate of potash solution.

The object of this arrangement was to allow of the battery's being thrown in or out of action by raising or lowering the acid. When the bucket was raised, by means of a line and pulley, the liquid flowed into the battery; when the bucket was lowered it flowed out. The four batteries thus gave twenty-four elements, fed by four buckets of ebonite, each bucket containing six gallons of bichromate of potash.

The batteries were placed across the centre of the car, two near the floor, and two on a shelf above them. The buckets were placed in front, two on each side, at right angles to the batteries, with the lines and pulleys all ready for lifting. On the other side of the batteries were the grapnel and ballast and valve lines, so that they formed the division between the driving and floating departments. It required two men to work the ship, one on the bow side of the batteries, to take care of her vertical course, the other aft of the batteries, to take care of the horizontal course.

On the occasion of the famous ascent the rudder, whose ropes lead down among the buckets, was in charge of a passenger, who sat above the machinery. Twelve months before an ascent had been made, meeting with only qualified success, owing to the rudder being ineffective, but now, with new gearing, the helm acted admirably, and the vessel, as we have seen, was manœuvred with almost as much ease as if she were a boat on the water. The rudder was of silk, stretched on a steel triangle, and fixed as shown in our illustration.

In our second illustration we have a view of the machine stem on, with the side ropes hanging down by which it was held during inflation. The blades of the screw are horizontal. The two dark lines of shading are the batteries, and the patches beneath them on each side are the buckets containing the acid. The grapnel and ropes shown in the other cut have been removed to clear the view.

In our "Adventures in the Air" in the fifth volume we mentioned that the machine was under construction, and we now chronicle its success, as being one more step towards the long hoped-for solution of that great problem of these later days, the navigation of the atmosphere.

OUR BISHOPS AND BISHOPRICS.

(See Coloured Plate.)

IDA, the Flamebearer, captured the rock of Bamborough in 547, and drove the Romano-Britons back around him until he had cleared sufficient space to found the kingdom of Bernicia. His fourth son, Æthelfrith, greatly widened the northern realm, and then turned the Bernician arms against Deira, whose once famous Ælla had become aged and infirm. The contest ended in the defeat of the ancestors of the Yorkshiremen, and the victory of Ida's son was one of the immediate causes of the Christianising of the English.

Ælla's son was driven forth a fugitive to wander through the land, and many of the natives of Deira were sold into slavery. Says the late John Richard Green:—

"The struggle filled the foreign markets with English slaves, and one of the most memorable stories in our history shows us a group of such captives as they stood in the market-place of Rome, it may be in the great Forum of Trajan, which, still in its decay, recalled the glories of the Imperial City. Their white bodies, their fair faces, their golden hair, were noted by a deacon who passed by.

"'From what country do these slaves come?' Gregory asked the trader who brought them.

"The slave-dealer answered,

"'They are English,' or as the word ran in the Latin form it would bear at Rome, 'They are Angles.'

"The deacon's pity veiled itself in poetic humour. 'Not Angles, but Angels,' he said, 'with faces so angel-like! From what country come they?'

"'They come,' said the merchant, 'from Deira.'

"'De irâ!' was the untranslatable word-play of the vivacious Roman—'ay! plucked from God's ire and called to Christ's mercy! And what is the name of their king?'

"They told him 'Ælla,' and Gregory seized on the word as of good omen.

"'Alleluia shall be sung in Ælla's land!' he said, and passed on, musing how the angel faces should be brought to sing it."

And Gregory did not forget the fair-haired slaves, and to him belongs the honour of having made the first great temporal conquest of the spiritual power. Hitherto the efforts of the Christian missionaries had been mainly if not wholly restricted to the Roman Empire; to no people had they gone to whom Latin was not the official tongue.

With the conversion of the English a new era begins. We were the first free people to come within the pale, and unfortunately, or fortunately, the conditions of the conquest were not then intelligible to those by whom it was effected. The ministrations of the Church, instead of being in the language of the people, came to be conducted in a tongue unknown to them. The languages of the Gauls and the other tribes of the Continent were but provincial dialects, into which it was deemed unnecessary to translate the service books; the speech of the English was looked upon as of similar unimportance, and hence the error which was to have such eventful consequences. Gregory wished himself to bring the Gospel to the English, but he was too able a man to be spared from Rome, and when he became Pope he entrusted the mission to Augustine—or, as it would be better to call him, St. Austin, to distinguish him from his great namesake, Augustine of Hippo, the famous father of the Church.

Meanwhile Æthelfrith had tightened his hold on Deira. Edwin, the son of Ælla, was in hiding among the minor kingdoms of the island; and Æthelberht, the King of Kent, had become the most powerful prince of his day, and been recognised as the one most capable of leading the nation. He was, in fact, Bretwalda—the third who bore the title—and his safe-conducts held good throughout the country.

Æthelberht had married Bercta, the daughter of one of the Christian kings of the Franks. She had not been required to change her religion, and so had brought with her to Canterbury her chaplain, Bishop Liudhard. The king had given him the old church of St. Martin to minister in, and thus familiarised the Kentish men with Christian worship before the coming of Augustine.

In 597 Augustine and his monks landed at Ebbsfleet, as Hengest had done. A cross recently erected by Earl Granville now marks the spot. The king, for fear of witchcraft, received them in the open air on the chalk down above Minster. Augustine spoke no English, and had brought Gaulish interpreters with him, and one of these translated the long sermon in which he told his mission to the king.

The king's reply was in that true spirit of fairness which distinguished the reception of the faith throughout the island. For in England the change of religion was honourable to both sides, and was the result of fair argument and conviction. There were no persecutions, no conversions at the sword-point. The watchword was that of free men, "Hinder none, constrain none!"

"Your words and promises," said Æthelberht, "sound very good unto me; but they are new and strange, and I cannot believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers and the whole English folk have believed so long. But I see that ye have come from a far country to tell us that which ye yourselves hold for truth; so ye may stay in the land, and I will give you a house to dwell in and food to eat; and ye may preach to my folk, and if any man of them believe as ye believe I hinder him not!"

And so the monks entered Canterbury, bearing in front of them a silver cross, and singing the litany, "Turn from this city, O Lord, Thine anger and wrath, and turn it from Thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluia!"

Augustine soon after went back to Arles to be made bishop of the English, and then returned and repaired the old Roman church to be his cathedral. The faith spread. Æthelberht became a convert, and his recommendations everywhere ensured the safety of those that bore them. Augustine met the old British bishops from Wales on the banks of the Severn, opposite Portskewet, but the conference ended in nought. The difference in keeping Easter and in a few other minor matters proved fatal to any scheme of coalition, and the old Church organised on the Eastern rite remained independent of the new. But the spot where the meeting took place still in its name of Aust Cliff commemorates the first bishop, or rather Archbishop, of Canterbury.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

A BLUECOAT.—There is no difference. The idea that an orchid is found on trees, while an orchis is found on the ground, is novel—but erroneous. One is the technical name, the other the popular.

J. McF.—The "Building of the Swallow" was in the second volume.

HENRI.—We fail to understand what you mean by a "clerk or that line." As a clerk you will be useless in the colony; as a clerk in the building or any other line you may get a situation, not for your knowledge of mechanical clerical duties, but for that of your special trade. Keep to a special business, and look on your clerkship as an apprenticeship to that business.

TOURIST, W. R. I.—To all such questions the reply is—buy a map and choose your own road. The ability to thoroughly understand a map, and to make your way by one, will always be of use to you in after life. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory; and when, as in this case, you have the means of acquiring useful knowledge practically, never neglect it. For clothes wear tweed or flannels, have a soft hat or cap, and a sound pair of comfortable old boots, that have been soled and heeled at least once, and worn for a week previously. Two meals a day would be enough—a meat breakfast and a meat tea.

CHERRY RIPE.—The stations of the ships of the British Navy on active service are published every month in the service papers, such as the "Army and Navy Gazette," and also in many of the weekly papers, and a reference to the list will inform you of the vessel's whereabouts.

J. A. FORBES.—We never heard of the guide, but there is a shilling handbook to New Zealand, obtainable from Shaw, Savill, and Co., another shipping firm. A reference to the "Times" will give you a list of shipowners. The fullest book on Australasia is Gordon and Gotch's Handbook; their address is Bride Street, Ludgate Circus. Messrs. Silver and Co., of Sun Court, Cornhill, also publish a handbook. Apply direct for terms, including postage.

M. H.—You should apply to the agency of the Canadian Government, and get a list of books on the colony by return of post. The Canadian Government Offices are at 9, Victoria Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

P. R.—The "Curfew will not ring to-night" is in the "Library of Religious Poetry," published by Sampson Low and Co., and in many of the "readings" books.

J. PAUL.—If you are foolish enough to give money without seeing the application in print you must put up with the loss. It is quite untrue that we ever made such an offer, or said anything that might be construed into our having done so. You must have been dreaming to suppose that a magazine like the BOY'S OWN PAPER would ever countenance such proceedings.

INFLEXIBLE.—You can obtain information regarding the Naval Volunteers by applying to the Admiralty, or looking out the address of their headquarters in the London Directory.

G. FRASER.—The uniform and head-gear of our regiments depend largely on the climate and the country in which they are serving. At home the Scots Greys wear bearskins and ride on grey horses.

SOUTHERN +.—Better underprint than overprint; you see modesty in this instance is the best policy, but we regret you did not have enough sent out to Brisbane. There are agents for the BOY'S OWN PAPER in California, and you will have no difficulty.

POTTER HEIGHAM.—The numbers for the time you mention had gone to press weeks before the date of your letter. It is useless communicating with us in matters requiring immediate replies.

WOULD-BE GEOLOGIST.—Not at all. It takes at least a year to form an inch of chalk, and the chalk is over a thousand feet thick It takes nine feet of peat to form one of coal. Peat accumulates at the rate of a foot per century, and in places the coal-measures are over three miles in thickness. A coral reef increases at the rate of one inch in height every eight years, and some of the existing reefs are two thousand feet thick. And these rates take no notice whatever of the consolidation by pressure and chemical action.

D. C.—The largest fresh-water lake on the globe is probably Superior, in North America; but the Victoria Lake in Central Africa is very nearly as large.

COW PAW.—Leather is dyed red in a solution of alum or tin salts in a decoction of cochineal. Or dissolve an ounce of cochineal in half a pint of hot water, and add to it a quarter of a pint of spirits of hartshorn.

W. G. S. J.—The papers for all examinations are supplied by the publishers who sell handbooks for the candidates. Apply to the Queen's Printers, Harding Street, Fetter Lane; or Messrs. Stanford and Co., Effingham Wilson, Harrison and Sons, or any other first-class firm.

C. B.—The best throw of the cricket-ball recorded is that by G. Brown in 1819, on Wolverton Common, when he is said to have thrown it one hundred and thirty-seven yards, but it is the custom to doubt the measurement. W. F. Forbes threw one hundred and thirty-two yards at Oxford in 1876. A hundred yards is a good throw.

ANXIOUS.—The articles on Hammock-making were in the July part for 1880.

HAROLD.—The chalk is carbonate of lime. Drop it into the vinegar or acid, and you will see the bubbles of carbonic acid gas rising through the fluid.

W. S.—A book on the woollen manufactures of Great Britain is published by Messrs. Stanford and Co., Charing Cross, in their "Manufacturing Industries" series.

W. WHITE.—You can get Stainton's "British Butterflies and Moths," which has coloured illustrations, and costs half-a-guinea; or Newman's "British Butterflies;" or perhaps your best plan would be to write to Wheldon, second-hand scientific bookseller, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and enclose stamps for his catalogue; or buy a number of the "Science Monthly," or "Science Gossip," or "Knowledge," and consult the advertisements.

B.—In the July part for 1883 you will find two articles by Dr. W. G. Grace, explaining how cricket-bats are made, and how they are best kept in order and repair.

MARS.—1. The kite-string should be fixed at the mast-hole, or just enough in front of it to avoid burying the bow. 2. The catamarans of the savage races undoubtedly sail as described, and reel off their knots in an astonishing way, but they do not beat to windward. A close reach is as near as the majority get. Our catamaran will do what we said it would, and no more. Two or three years ago the "Field" gave the lines of a catamaran, and particulars as to its behaviour. The lines are republished in Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing."

ANXIOUS.—The Agent-General for Queensland has offices in Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street. Apply there for information as to mode of proceeding to the colony. No charge is made.

M. M. M.—A contrivance such as yours for driving a sledge on ice by a toothed wheel driven bicycle-fashion was published in the "Scientific American" about twelve months ago.

NAUTA.—Get the shilling "Under the Red Ensign" from Kent and Co., Paternoster Row, or any nautical bookseller. It will give you full information as to pay and prospects in the merchant service.

WALNUT-WOOD.—The simplest way to blacken wood is to hold a slate over gas, lamp, or candle, and catch the black, and then scrape it off, mix it with French polish, and use in the ordinary way.

A MONTHLY READER.—1. There were five articles on Cardboard Modelling, beginning in the December part for 1882. 2. You can get shilling books on painting of the artists' colourmen. 3. The BOY'S OWN PAPER is as well known in the colonies as here, and can be procured from our agents on your arrival. 4. "Model Yacht Building," by Mr. Ashworth, was in the second volume.

JIM.—Buy "Practical Canoeing," published at 156, Minories. It will give you the sail plan complete, and tell you how to handle it.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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IVAN DOBROFF:

A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Roman Imperial College of Practical Science, etc.,

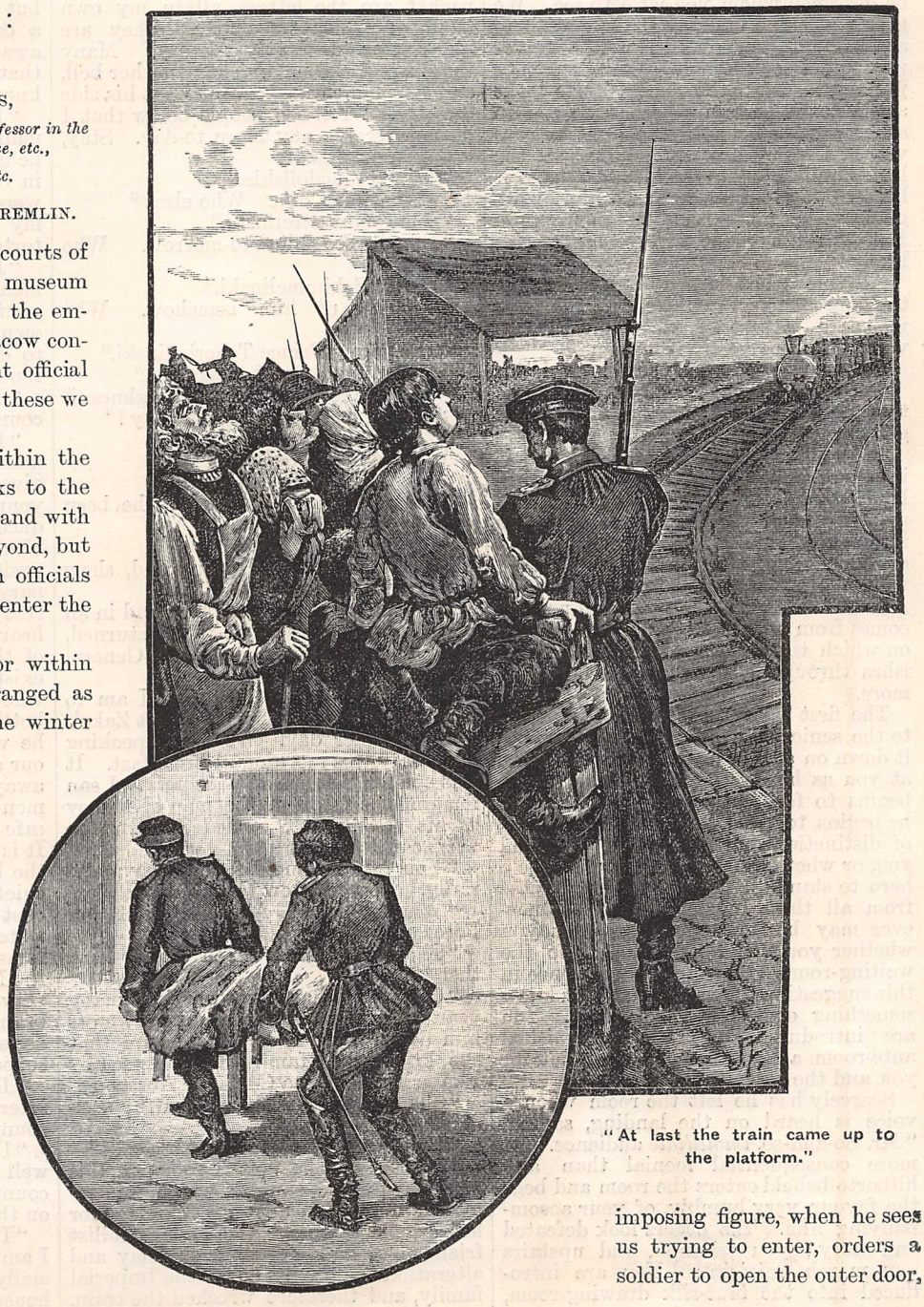
Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—SOCIAL LIFE IN THE KREMLIN.

Besides the churches, monasteries, courts of law, arsenal, barracks, armoury, museum of military curiosities, and palace of the emperors of Russia, the Kremlin at Moscow contains some of the most magnificent official dwellings in the world. To one of these we are about to introduce the reader.

We have to go down a street within the walls of the Kremlin with our backs to the river. The palace is on the right hand with the official residences referred to beyond, but in a continued line, so that the high officials there dwelling may at any moment enter the grand rooms of the palace itself.

We stop at a grand arched door within which are three other doors so arranged as to prevent the exit of heat in the winter or its entrance in the summer. On guard within is a stately functionary in black and green and red and gold. Black knee-"shorts" and white stockings clothe the nether man, who has on a dark-green livery with a high collar like those of the court dress at St. James's. Over this he wears a scarlet cloak bordered with a pattern produced by the repetition of Imperial eagles, so arranged as to form a stripe. The head of this functionary is surmounted by a low-crowned cocked hat with a broad border of rich gold lace. In his hand he carries a mace of office with a thick gilt globe at the top. This imposing figure, when he sees us trying to enter, orders a soldier to open the outer door,



"At last the train came up to the platform."

and receives us by opening the inner door for us himself.

The hall is vaulted and spacious. A magnificent staircase, covered with carpet of crimson velvet pile, leads to the rooms above. In the hall itself, for we cannot go upstairs yet, there are two or three magnificent fellows in the livery of the Imperial lackeys, grand as the footmen of our earls. Then three or four equally grand creatures physically, though attired in evening black "claw-hammers," white neckties and brilliant shirt-fronts, come out of a waiting-room where they lie perdue until wanted. They are not exactly wanted now, but they crowd out with a view to teaching a stranger how to bear Imperial glances as retailed by them. On each landing a liveried menial appears as if by magic, without noise, without effort.

A senior in claw-hammer and white tie approaches, and almost respectfully claims the favour of your name and to be informed whom you wish to see. We give our name and say that we wish to see "Count Schaafstadt," and he gives us a quiet look which says, "Can it be possible?—wants the count!" He looks again to be certain whether we are in sober earnest or not. He appears convinced that we are not joking, and the look significantly says, "He *will* have it his own way! I have warned him by my glances—he must rush on to his fate. But will the count receive him? Not likely!"

All this is but flashed from the eye of the gorgeous servant. At last his voice is heard—a sort of rich smooth oily voice flowing greasily from him.

"Here, Stefan. Gentleman's card."

Then he looks at us, as much as to say, "That is about as near as you'll get to the count."

First servant now takes card, puts it in silver salver, goes upstairs to first landing. Second lackey takes card, goes up *his* part of the staircase, and passes it on to a third. He is standing in a corridor richly carpeted and studded with chairs for the pampered servants. At last one in claw-hammer and necktie comes from a room with a silver waiter, on which the card is laid. And he vanishes through a door, and is seen no more.

The first lackey has given his salver to the senior in evening dress, who puts it down on a slab in the hall. He looks at you as he does this, and whether he begins to feel sorry for you, or whether he begins to think you may be a person of distinction and it won't do to offend you, or whether he thinks you must be a hero to stand all those Imperial glances from all those Imperial lackeys—whatever may be his motive, he asks you whether you would like to go into the waiting-room. Cheerful acquiescence in this suggestion shows him that you know something of the ways of court. You are introduced into a well-furnished ante-room, a handsome chair is put for you, and the servant withdraws.

Scarcely has he left the room when a voice is heard on the landing, saying, "Mr. So-and-so, *immediate* audience." A more consequential menial than any hitherto beheld enters the room and begs the favour, very humbly, of your accompanying him. The others look defeated and sorry; you triumph, and upstairs you march rejoicing. You are introduced into the blue-silk drawing-room, where the chairs are white-and-gold covered with blue damask silk. The curtains at the windows, the portiers before the doors, are of blue silk, and the cornices are richly carved and gilt. Sofas, settees, little tables, and the usual luxuries fill the numerous niches. To the left of this room is the count's "cabinet," or library as we should call it, well filled with rare books in various languages and in gorgeous bindings. At a handsome writing-table the count is sitting with piles of papers before him. He is a handsome man of about forty-five, in a plain morning dress of black. His countenance is calm and refined: he is closely shaven except a slight moustache. There is much dignity as well as kindness in his expression.

"My dear Dontchenko," says the count to a secretary who has just entered the library, "here are the drafts for all the letters for to-morrow. Here are all the documents signed, and in the third packet are the letters, all in my own hand, of which we spoke. They are ready for instant delivery. Many thanks." He then touches another bell, and a confidential servant is at his side directly. "Tell the people below that I do not receive any more to-day. Stay, is any one below?"

"Prince Bluedollskie."

"Never mind him. Who else?"

"The Count Strelinski."

"I will see him to-morrow. Who else?"

"Baron Schimmelinski."

"Get rid of him somehow. Who else?"

"The young Prince Tcherbolinski."

"Show him up to the countess."

"He asked for your Serene Highness."

"Do you understand what I say?"

"Yes, your Serene Highness."

"Then do it. Who else?"

"The General Kakaroff."

"Show him up to me. Has he been waiting long?"

"About an hour."

"Sorry for that. Never mind, show him up."

The man was gone instanter, and in an incredibly short space of time returned, announcing, "His Excellency General Kakaroff."

"My dear general, how glad I am to see you! That was sharp work at Zakolniki the other day. We were speaking of it only this morning at breakfast. It was splendidly done on your part. I can imagine the fright of the man of money as his strong box exploded! But in what can I aid you?"

"You can aid me, I fancy, very materially. Do you know the Abrazoffs?"

"What, Nicolai Alexandrovitch, of Berozovo?"

"The very same. You know him, then?"

"Oh yes, I have known him many years, but I think the countess knows him better than I do. I am sure that she knows his family well, especially Ekaterina Petrovna (Madame Abrazoff)."

"She has met with a frightful accident."

"How? what? Madame Abrazoff?"

"Precisely. She left Ozoonovo this morning by the express, which was retarded to put on an extra carriage for her people, and some of our Nihilist friends had an idea that such delay and alteration could only be for the Imperial family, and therefore wrecked the train. Ekaterina Petrovna was saved by a young Englishman, who contrived to pull her through a side window. He saved, at the risk of his own life, the lives of this lady, her daughter, a German governess, and a German doctor who were in her suite. Of course I do not know the particulars. Tamarinskie has stopped the traffic and has sent down a train of gendarmes, medical men, nurses, litters, and so forth. He came to me for the gendarmes."

"Curious! That young Englishman is coming to me to read English with Sascha and Serge. Why she should come I have no idea."

"She was telegraphed for at my request by her husband. Some of my people are inclined to connect Abrazoff with the Dobroff mystery, and I want your opinion of the man and any particulars which you may be able to give me about his history. My people already know something about him—in fact, much, but not what I want. I have examined a certain General Zakoffsky, who has awakened suspicions in my mind, and that is all. I want to know more, and know it for certain."

"How can I give you particulars of a man of whom I know so little? Besides, he is not at all sympathetic. He is not in our set, and, my dear general, in a word, I don't like him. So you see that my evidence would be partial and distorted, and not of the least use to you."

"Pardon me, but I value your judgment so highly that I would balance your words against the evidence of my own senses. Besides, what I want you to do is this. Do not think it treacherous; it is only necessary—"

"Mon cher général," interrupted the count.

"Excuse me, count," said the police-master. "What I want you to do is to give me opportunities of meeting this young Englishman freely here. Introduce me as a member of your family. You need not tell him what my official position is. There are most extraordinary interests at stake. A certain Princess Tcherbolinski has thrown herself heart and soul into it, and in the family of the Gosudar (Emperor) himself there exists immense interest about this boy, who is as completely lost as a needle in a bottle of hay. We have the house to which he was taken. It has long been under our surveillance, but he has been spirited away, although the most watchful of our men are there on duty. The student is safe in the house, *but the boy is nowhere.* It is like magic. The people who have the house in the Novoye Derayvnie are chiefly thieves and their associates, except a strange German, whom we are watching with interest. He has mixed himself up in the most open way with the Nihilist party, and whether he be a very deep villain or a shallow, crack-brained fool I am puzzled to make out. I have frequently been there, and he little suspects who I am."

"Is it possible? You with him? How interesting! Do come and delight the countess and Olga with this story."

"Pray excuse me, count. It would be well to say as little as possible to the countess—or, indeed, to anybody living—on the subject of the Dobroff mystery."

"I promise you to be discreet; but I am immensely interested myself, especially in the inhabitants of the strange house you have been describing. It is an

ugly neighbourhood. But what of the German?"

"He has joined a certain club or party of the so-called Nihilists; but either he is mad or very clever in hiding his real intentions from us. There is only suspicion against him yet, and we want him to do something to commit himself, and then we send him off to Siberia at once. I keep him as a decoy duck to bring other people in. This fellow Palitzki, for example, is really dangerous, and I only want a decent opportunity to send him to Siberia. I would send him now but for the use he will be to us. But he is as safe as though he were off already. The German calling himself Hermann is really [here he whispered to the count, who started]. His brother-in-law has a factory at Kursk, or near it. A singular thing about this man is the way in which he treats his daughter. In the midst of the vilest associates, in the very vortex of filth and misery, he contrives to have a refined and elegant home for her. In one of the most ruined houses in Moscow there are three or four rooms well furnished and perfectly respectable. I have several times wondered at the skill, muscular strength, and *will-power* of this man. I have conversed with his daughter, who is as fresh as though just out of a German village in Pomerania, and I have always found her a most refined and charming girl. I know his brother-in-law, Steinfeldt, near Kursk—"

"So do I," interrupted the count; "he recommended a German intendant to me, whom I greatly like and fully confide in."

Kakaroff smiled.

"Of course," continued he, "*you* would never confide in any one!"

"On the contrary, my dear count, I am confiding in you!"

"Certainly, and I am immensely flattered! Now, how about your introduction to and acquaintance with young Tenterton? Had you not better begin to 'cultivate' us at once? We dine at seven; now stay and dine with us, *sans façon*. The countess will be charmed!"

"You are too amiable. Perhaps you are right; but in that case I must telegraph to my people."

"Certainly. There is a telegraph in the office below. Will you write a message or send it in cypher?"

"Thanks, my dear count; I will accept all your offers, and will go down to your office and send my lines myself in cypher."

The count then led his guest to the telegraph-room and delicately left him alone, telling him that he would find a servant at the door of the chamber who would conduct him back to his (the count's) library.

"Many thanks; but I fancy I know the way about the Kremlin almost as well as you." The count looked surprised. "But I shall be glad of your man as a blind. So, au revoir."

The count was greatly amused with all these revelations. The wily police-master had just used the best means to secure the good count's aid. He would have had it in any case, for Schaafstadt was too loyal a gentleman and too true a servant of the Crown to flinch at anything to serve his master the Emperor. The whole *entourage* of Alexander II. was more or less imbued with a spirit of devotion to him, and this was perhaps one of the reasons why the Nihilists determined to get rid of him, naturally concluding that such devotion was not likely to be transferred to another monarch.

The count entered the boudoir of the countess, which was the room beyond the "white" drawing-room, a large chamber elegantly furnished in carved walnut and grey corded silk. The countess was chatting pleasantly with a gentleman in a blue tail-coat with gold buttons bearing the Imperial eagle. On the breast of the coat he wore two stars, one of the Order of St. Anne and the other of St. Stanislaus. He was a fine portly man with carefully-trimmed moustaches and well-shaven chin, exquisite shirt-front, wrist-bands, and boots. There was a beautiful ladylike girl sitting next to the countess, who could at once be identified as the daughter of the house. Two boys were chatting brightly with an elderly lady in black who was sitting between them on a sofa in a distant corner, and the gentle rippling laughter which occasionally broke very musically from that quarter told a tale of well-disciplined kindness of heart, of frankness without rudeness, and true politeness without stiffness.

The gentleman with the stars exclaimed,

"The boys and Madame La Roche are enjoying something, countess. I wonder what it is!"

"Ce n'est rien, mon prince," said Madame La Roche, who had been the governess always about the Countess Olga ever since she was two years old, and was looked upon as a sort of "grandmamma" in the family. "It is nothing but a story I was telling about General Aristovitch in the time of the Empress Catherine II."

"Pray let us hear it."

"'The old general used to live very much on his estates after a life of active service, and became awkwardly fat, but so sensitive on this point that nobody cared to refer to it in any way. Catherine wanted to see him, so he was sent for in a hurry, and arrived at St. Petersburg, taking his uniforms with him of course. At the reception he could hardly breathe, having been forced by his valet into clothes which were much too tight for him. To secure all, however, the sword-belt had been buckled as tightly as possible around his waist, and he was 'produced' to her Imperial Majesty in a state bordering on suffocation. He had taken cold on the journey, and just as he was bending to kiss the Imperial hand a sudden fit of sneezing attacked him, and instead of the respectful kiss down came a terrific 'tschoo,' so violent as to burst the sword-belt, which let the sabre clatter with an awful noise on the floor, and the centre seam in the back of the coat went r-r-rutsch, parting the garment in two. The august company were unable to contain their laughter, in which Catherine, who was not altogether so refined as she might have been, joined.' This is the story which has so tickled the boys."

The manner of the lady in relating the anecdote was irresistible. The story was nothing, but she herself was immensely stout, and acted the sneeze so well that the whole party were convulsed, and were laughing as the count entered.

"Bon jour, mon prince!" said Schaafstadt. "What a charmingly merry party! May I know the joke?"

The story was told again, and lost nothing of its queerness in telling. The count's happy laugh, one of the most musical sounds to be heard in Moscow, joined the chorus, and then he turned to the prince, saying,

"We dine early to-day, *en famille*. Can you remain? I will send a messenger to the princess. I want to have some chat with you, and Kakaroff is coming directly, he is in the house."

"Why, you see, count, I have been visiting schools with the minister, and am in this official costume, but if the countess will excuse that I shall be happy, especially if you will let Olga there write two lines to the princess and send them off."

The letters were soon ready.

"Send some one with this to the Princess Tchernyaffskie," said the count, turning to a footman in livery who had appeared in answer to a pressure on the knob of an electric bell.

"Sie tchass," replied the servant—literally "this hour," but having the effect and design of "this very instant."

The curtain fell over the door as he disappeared, but was raised again the next moment by another servant in plain clothes, who announced,

"General Kakaroff."

A cordial, graceful reception was accorded to this important functionary, but there was no fussiness about the people. Every one seemed at his or her ease, and the conversation was merry though subdued, not exactly witty but certainly bright.

"Where is Tcherbolinski?" said the count; "they told me he was here with you."

"He was here a short time back, and left the room with Boris to look at the new English books just arrived. Oh, here they are!"

Two young men now joined the group, Prince Dmietrie respectfully saluting the elder gentlemen, and Boris Schaafstadt cordially welcoming Prince Tchernyaffskie and the prefect.

"By the way, Boris," said Count Schaafstadt, "the general has told me quite a romantic story of your new English friend whom we expect so ardently."

"Oh, do tell us all about it, papa," cried the boys, in chorus.

"No, no, it is not my story. General Kakaroff must tell it if he will be so obliging."

The prefect told the story of the wrecked train and the rescue of Madame Abrazoff, which created an immense sensation. The Countess Schaafstadt seemed especially interested in the fate of the young "John Bull" who was on his way to join their family circle.

"But, count! he must be considered as one of us, although he has not joined yet. He was on the way, and as our house was the object of his journey we must really consider him as having joined. Don't you think so, prince?"

"Whatever the Countess Schaafstadt says is right, *must* be so, she is the best authority on all such points."

"Very well, then, what is to be *done?* Talking won't reset broken bones or heal wounds. Of course, now, if he be hurt they will take him to some hospital or lodgings to get well before he comes to us. My national pride revolts at such conduct. He has risked his life in saving that of a Russian lady, and I say we are bound to take him to us at once."

Here the butler announced dinner, and

the whole party rose. The reception rooms being on the same floor there was no "going downstairs to dinner" as with us.

"Now, general," continued the countess, during a pause in the dinner, and speaking French on account of the servants, "will you help me to get this English hero under our special care? Or is it better to let things take their course and wait until we hear from him?"

"I certainly should not advise," said the count, "bringing him here *vi et armis*, whether he likes it or not, under the convoy of some of our friend Kakaroff's interesting brigade."

This was answered by a smile from the prefect, who observed quietly to the countess,

"So much will depend upon circumstances. My men have been dispatched this morning to help the sufferers and to punish the assassins if necessary; at all events, to try to secure them and bring them to justice. I will promise you to send you the very first news I get myself, and more than that, if the train should bring your English hero much shattered or injured to Moscow, I will, if you wish it, have him sent on to you."

At this moment a servant in the Imperial livery came into the room, bearing a telegram on a salver, which he presented to the count, who read the superscription, saying,

"This is not for me, Zver; give it to his Excellency yonder."

The servant took the dispatch to Kakaroff, who asked permission of the countess to open it, and then bowed to the count, who returned the bow, saying,

"Pray consider yourself in your own rooms."

Kakaroff opened the paper, and exclaimed,

"How curious! It is this very business. I am informed that the train will be in at eight o'clock, and as the station is so near we can all drive thither together."

Prince Tchernyaffskie here asked the police-master whether he had quite recovered from the injuries he had received at Zakolniki, which led Kakaroff to explain that the injuries had happened not to him, but to a Cossack, who died of them.

This led to some further very vague chat on the subject of the missing boy and the "Dobroff mystery." At last the prince asked at which Gymnasium poor little Ivan had been placed.

"He was in the First Gymnasium."

"Oh, indeed; under Schwann?"

"Yes, that is the name of the director."

"Have you asked him to help you?"

"No, it never occurred to me. How could he help me?"

"He is a strict disciplinarian, knows all about his boys—understands them too. I have a very high opinion of his abilities."

"Will you give me a card to him?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Perhaps you will write on it in pencil that you want him to aid me. He would then be more inclined to do so, as being the wish of his *chef*. But you had better not write in Russian on account of the servants."

"Schwann does not know French, and, although bearing a German name, he is a very thorough Russian."

"Then give me two cards, one to be sent up with mine, and the other to be shown as a special voucher from you, and containing your express desire that he should exert himself."

Dessert was finished, coffee drunk, and everything was soon in readiness for the trip.

The prince's carriage was waiting for him, and he ordered the coachman to drive *damoi* (home). An open carriage was in waiting for the four boys, and the count sat with Kakaroff in his. Two empty carriages had been sent on in advance to bring people to the Kremlin or take them to hospitals. Three more empty carriages followed.

In due time the carriages reached the station, where a cordon of police had been drawn round the building, and a considerable crowd of lookers-on—at least a considerable crowd for Russia—had assembled. Kakaroff was received by the officers commanding the parties of horse and foot police, and he very soon gave orders to them to pass in the carriages belonging to the count, and to admit his party, although, to tell the truth, the count was as well known to the police as the prefect himself, and quite as much respected.

The carriages were all drawn up. Surgeons had, by the foresight of the police-master, been provided. Litters were standing in a row, which a tolerably large detachment of the ambulance corps was getting ready for immediate use. Everything was in as perfect order as discipline could effect.

When this result had been brought about, our little knot of friends, closely attended by officers of rank in the police and gendarmerie corps, formed a breathless group waiting for the advent of the train. As is always the case under circumstances of great excitement, the persons concerned spoke in whispers, although there was no one to overhear them; and if there had been, nothing was said that might not have been confided to anybody — to a newspaper reporter, or even to ourselves.

But the effect was oppressive. It was like awaiting the return of the wounded after a defeat. At last the train came up to the platform and stopped. Among those admitted to the yard of the terminus was Mr. Abrazoff, pale with apprehension. Rushing to the carriage, he could hardly get into the saloon-car for agitation. But his delight knew no bounds when he found his wife standing in the centre with no other damage apparently than some accident to her arm, which was supported in a white scarf made into a sling round her neck. Abrazoff embraced her tenderly, and asked how she had fared, whether she was injured, and many more questions of the same kind than she could answer in that brief time. But the question, "Where is Mr. Tenterton?" was easily answered by pointing to where he was sitting with a bandage round his head. Abrazoff went towards him, exclaiming in French,

"My dear sir, how can I ever show my gratitude to you?"

"I have only done my duty," said Tenterton. "And what I have done for your family I should have done for the meanest peasant on your estate."

Abrazoff did not seem to relish this speech, although Count Schaafstadt, who had entered the carriage at the same time, understood the whole sentiment. He advanced with outstretched hand, saying,

"Mr. Tenterton, I believe?"

"That is my name," said Edward.

"I am delighted to see you. My name is Count Schaafstadt, and I am only too happy to think that you are coming to me. I have brought a carriage for you, and there are people to take your luggage."

"Accept my best thanks, count," said Abrazoff. "I was an ass to forget the other people; but, in fact, I only thought of my wife when I heard of the accident this evening."

"Not of me, papa?" said a very sweet girl of some sixteen or seventeen summers, throwing herself upon Abrazoff's neck.

"Why, how did you come here?"

"I came with mamma, of course, and the fräulein, and mademoiselle, and all of them. Mr. Tenterton drew me through the window after he had rescued mamma and the fräulein, but mademoiselle objected to being saved or assisted by a person who could attend to a Prussian first. So she saved herself, and is badly hurt."

"Well, my dear," said Abrazoff, "Mr. Tenterton will tell us the whole story at home to-morrow."

"Excuse me," said the count, "but I flattered myself that as Mr. Tenterton was coming eventually to me he might as well come on now. His room is ready."

As all this was said in Russian the count was greatly surprised to hear Tenterton say in the same language, "If it would not be construed into a slight upon Madame Abrazoff, which I am far from intending, and if the count will be burdened with me, I should elect to go with him."

Abrazoff turned on his heel and left the carriage. Madame Abrazoff looked surprised; her daughter indignant.

"Now, Mr. Tenterton," said Schaafstadt, "I am sorry not to be able to offer you English comforts, but all my children speak English, and all much better than I do, so I shall give you one for your special companion home. Boris speaks best of all, and he shall accompany you. This is my son Boris."

We will not accompany Tenterton to the Kremlin. Boris saw the portmanteau taken care of and his new friend well seated in the landau, then gave the word —"Damoi" (home).

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—TREASON.

What then had passed in camp during the absence of Cyprien and his two companions? It was difficult to say, for the young Kaffir did not reappear.

They waited for Bardik, they shouted for Bardik, and they looked for him everywhere. Not a trace of him could they find. The breakfast he had got ready remained by the fire which had gone out, and seemed to show that he had been away from two to three hours.

Cyprien was reduced to conjectures, but the conjectures did nothing towards an explanation. That the young Kaffir had been attacked by some wild beast was not improbable, but there was not a sign of any struggle having taken place. That he had deserted and gone back to his own country, as Kaffirs often do, was very unlikely, and the engineer absolutely declined to accept the hypothesis when proffered by Pantalacci.

To sum up, half a day was spent in search, yet the young Kaffir had not been found, and his disappearance remained absolutely inexplicable.

Pantalacci and Cyprien took counsel together. They decided to wait till the next day before they struck the camp. Perhaps in the interval Bardik, if he had only wandered off, might return. But in thinking matters over, particularly with regard to the visit of the Kaffirs to one of the previous camps, and the questions they had put to Bardik and Li, they could hardly help asking if Bardik had not fallen into the hands of the natives, and been taken by them to their capital.

The day ended sadly, and the evening was even more lugubrious. A breeze of misfortune seemed to play over the expedition. Pantalacci was savage and dumb. His accomplices, Friedel and Hilton, were dead, and now he alone remained to face his young rival. But he was more than ever resolved to get rid of him.

Cyprien—whom Li had told all that he had heard about the withdrawal of the cartridges—had now to watch night and day over his travelling companion, though the Chinaman intended to share the task with him.

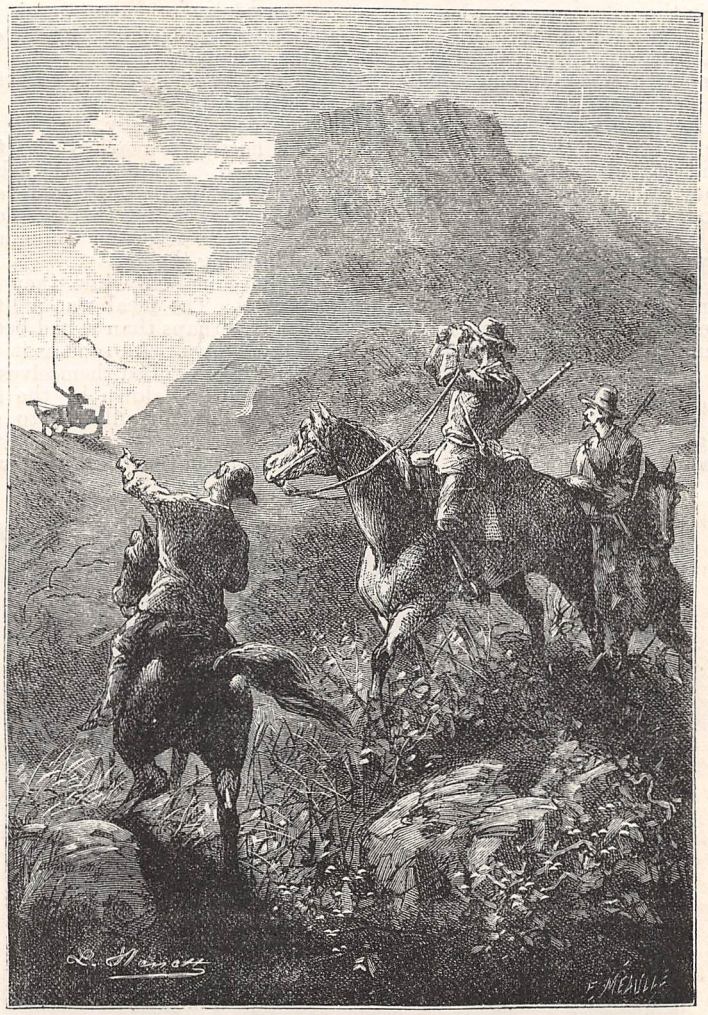
Cyprien and Pantalacci passed the evening silently smoking, and retired under the waggon-tilt without even a "good-night." It was Li's turn to watch near the fire and keep off the wild beasts.

The morning came, and the young Kaffir did not return. Cyprien would have waited four-and-twenty hours longer to give his servant a chance of rejoining, but the Neapolitan insisted on an immediate departure.

"We can very well do without Bardik, and to stop here is to risk being unable to rejoin Mataki."

Cyprien gave in, and the Chinaman set to work to put-to the team.

And here came a discovery, and a serious one. The cattle were not to be found! The evening before they had been sleeping in the high grass round the camp. Now they were nowhere visible.



"How far off is he?"

And then they became fully aware of the loss the expedition had sustained in the person of Bardik. If that intelligent servant had been at his post, knowing as he did the peculiarities of the South African ox, he would not have omitted tying up to trees or pegs the beasts that had had a day's rest. Usually when reaching the halting-places after a long march the precaution was unnecessary; the tired cattle never thought of straying beyond the outskirts of the waggon. But it was different after a day of rest and feasting.

Evidently the beasts' first care on awaking had been to seek for more delicate grasses than had satisfied them the day before. For the sake of mere wandering they had strayed off little by little, lost sight of the camp, and then, guided by that peculiar instinct that always leads them home, were probably on their way back again to the Transvaal.

The disaster is not an unusual one in Africa, but it is none the less serious. Without the team the waggon is useless, and the waggon is for the traveller his house, his store, and his fortress.

Great was the disappointment of Cyprien and Pantalacci when, after a wild chase of two or three hours along the track of the cattle, they found they must give up all hope of recovery. The position was thus changed greatly for the worse, and another consultation was held.

Only one practical solution could be arrived at, and that was to abandon the waggon, take as much provision and ammunition as they could carry, and continue the journey on horseback. If circumstances were propitious they might be able to meet with some Kaffir chief, and from him buy a new team. As for Li, he could have Hilton's horse, which now wanted a master.

A lot of the thorn-tree branches were then cut and stacked over the waggon so as to hide it in a kind of artificial bush. Their food and ammunition were stowed away in their pockets and in the large linen bag which each carried. The Chinaman, to his great regret, had to abandon the famous red box, but he could not tear himself away from his cord, and so he coiled it round his waist under his shirt as if it were a belt.

All being ready, the three horsemen gave a last look into the valley which had been the scene of such tragic events, and then set out for the hills. The road, like the others in this country, was merely a path formed by the wild animals, who always take the shortest road to water.

It was past noon when Cyprien, Pantalacci, and Li started; and beneath a burning sun they kept on at a good pace till the evening. Then they camped in a deep gorge, and, well sheltered by a rock, and seated round a fire of dry wood, they said to themselves that after all the loss of the waggon was not irreparable.

For two days they continued their journey, fully persuaded that they were on the track of him they sought. And on the evening of the second day, just before sundown, as they were making for a clump of trees ahead of them, in which to camp, Li uttered a guttural exclamation of,

"Heugh!"

And pointed with his finger to a black figure which had moved into view on the horizon in the streaks of the twilight.

Cyprien and Pantalacci looked in the direction indicated by the Chinaman.

"A traveller!" remarked the Italian.

"Mataki himself!" said Cyprien, looking through his glasses. "I can see his carriage and his ostrich."

And he handed the glasses to Pantalacci for him to satisfy himself that it was so.

"How far off is he?" asked Cyprien.

"Seven or eight miles at the least; perhaps ten," was the reply.

"Then we must give up any hope of catching him to-day."

"Certainly," said Pantalacci. "In half an hour it will be dark, and we could not think of moving then."

"Good! To-morrow we will start early and catch him."

"That is what I say."

The horsemen reached the trees and dismounted. As usual they began by carefully rubbing down and seeing to their horses before tethering them where they were to feed, the Chinaman being busy lighting the fire.

Night came on while they were so employed. The meal was a little more cheerful perhaps than it had been for the last three days. As soon as it was over the travellers rolled themselves in their wraps and lay down by the fire, with their saddles for pillows, to sleep till dawn.

Cyprien and the Chinaman were soon asleep—not a very prudent proceeding perhaps on their part.

The Italian did not sleep. For two or three hours he rolled and twisted about in his wrapper like a man labouring under some fixed idea. Temptation had again come to him.

At last he could withstand it no longer. He rose stealthily and silently, went to the horses and saddled his own; then setting free Templar and the Chinaman's horse he led them after him. The grass which carpeted the ground stifled the sound of the hoofs, and the animals followed in stupid resignation at being so suddenly awakened. Pantalacci took them down into the valley below the camp, fastened them to a tree, and returned. Neither of the sleepers had moved.

He took his rifle, his ammunition, and some provisions. Then he coolly and deliberately abandoned his comrades in the desert.

The idea which had possessed him since sundown had been that by seizing the horses Cyprien and Li would be prevented from reaching Mataki. He thus made sure of victory. Neither the odious character of the treason nor the utter heartlessness of the robbery had any influence over him. He descended the slope, jumped into the saddle, and rode off with the two horses in the first rays of the rising moon, that was just peeping over the distant hills.

Cyprien and Li slept on. About three o'clock in the morning the Chinaman opened his eyes, gazed at the stars growing dim on the eastern horizon, and said to himself,

"It is time to get the coffee!"

And immediately he threw off his blanket, jumped up, and set about his morning toilet, which in the desert, as in the town, was anything but elaborate.

"Where is Pantalacci?" he asked himself as he glanced round.

The day had begun to break, and the objects around were growing clearer in the light.

"The horses are not there!" said Li to himself. "Perhaps our gallant friend has—"

And suspecting what had happened he ran up to the pegs, to which he had seen the horses tethered the night before. Then he ran back to the camp, and at a glance assured himself that the Neapolitan's baggage had gone with him.

There could be no mistake.

A white man would probably have been unable to resist the temptation of waking Cyprien to tell him the important news. But the Chinese was of the tawny race, and thought there was no need to hurry in telling bad news. And he quietly set to work to get the coffee, remarking as he did so,

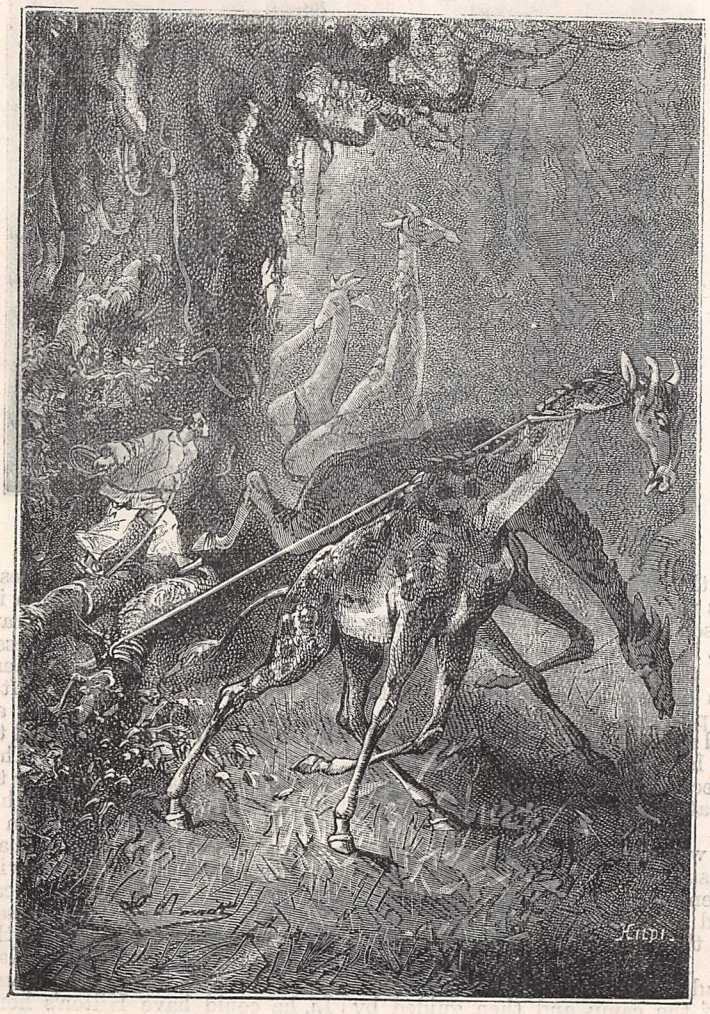
"It was very kind of the gentleman to leave a little behind him!"

The coffee having been strained through the linen bag he had made for it, Li filled two cups cut out of ostrich eggs, and went up to Cyprien, who was still asleep.

"Here is your coffee, Pa," said he, touching him on the shoulder.

Cyprien opened his eyes, stretched his limbs, smiled at the Chinaman, drew himself up, and drank the steaming liquor.

It was not till then that he noticed the absence of the Italian.



"Suddenly the cord stretched."

"Where is Pantalacci?" he asked.

"Gone away," answered Li, in the most natural way in the world, as if there was nothing at all unusual in his doing so.

"What! Gone away?"

"Yes, Pa—with the three horses."

Cyprien threw off his rug and gave a glance round, which told him everything.

But he was too proud to show his anxiety or his anger.

"Very well," he said. "The fellow fancies he has seen the last of us, I suppose;" and he walked briskly to and fro, and thought. "We must be off at once," he said to the Chinaman. "We must leave the saddles and bridles, and all that would encumber us, and take only the guns and the food we have left. We may get on quicker unmounted, and perhaps find the shortest roads."

Li hastened to obey. In a few minutes the rugs were rolled up and the bags shouldered, and then all that it was necessary to abandon were heaped together and hidden under a pile of brushwood.

Cyprien was right in supposing that, under certain circumstances, it would be better to travel on foot. He could go a nearer way, and climb heights that a horse was unequal to, but at the cost of what fatigue!

About one o'clock in the afternoon they reached the northern slope of the chain they had been following for three days. According to the information given by Lopepe, they could not be very far from Tonaia's capital. Unfortunately in the Bechuana language the indications were so vague as to the route to follow and the distance, that Cyprien was not sure if he had to travel two days or five days before he reached the kraal.

As he and Li were descending into the first valley, after crossing the ridge, the latter gave a short, sharp laugh.

"Giraffes!" he said.

Cyprien looked below and saw about a score of these animals feeding in the valley. Nothing could be more graceful from afar than their long necks, held upright like masts, or thrust like long serpents into the herbage for two or three yards from their brown-spotted bodies.

"We might catch one of those things to take the place of Templar," observed Li.

"Ride a giraffe! Whoever saw such a thing?" exclaimed Cyprien.

"I do not know if any one ever saw it, but that is no reason why you shouldn't see it," answered the Chinaman. "And so you shall, if you let me try!"

Cyprien, who had begun by thinking it impossible, ended by promising to help.

"We are to leeward of the giraffes," said Li; "that is lucky, for they have very quick noses, and would have smelt us. You go away to the right and frighten them with the report of the gun, so as to drive them this way, and I will look after the rest."

Cyprien dropped on the ground all that could hamper his movements, and hurried off.

Li lost but little time. He ran down the valley and reached a track along the bottom. This was evidently that used by the giraffes, for it was all marked with their hoofs. The Chinaman took up his position behind a large tree. He then unwound his long cord, which he was never without, and, cutting it in two, made two lengths each of about a hundred feet. To one end of each of these he tied a heavy pebble, and the other ends he hitched to the lower branches of the tree. Then he coiled the free ends over his arm, stepped behind the tree, and waited.

Five minutes had barely elapsed when the report of a gun sounded some distance off. Instantly a swift trampling began, as of a squadron of cavalry at the charge, and this increased from moment to moment, and announced that the giraffes were coming, as Li expected. They came right down on him along the track, little suspecting what was awaiting them.

With their nostrils dilated, their heads bristling, and their tongues hanging out, the giraffes looked really superb, but Li had something else to do than admire them. His post had been judiciously chosen at a narrowing of the way, where the animals could only pass two abreast, and where they would be sure to crowd.

He let two or three go by. Then, picking out one of extraordinary size, he flung his first cord. It whistled as it flew and swung round the victim's neck. Suddenly the cord stretched, squeezed the throat, and pulled the giraffe up short.

The Chinaman lost no time in looking on. Scarcely had he seen his first cord strike than he launched the second, and brought down another giraffe.

All was over in half a minute. The frightened herd escaped in all directions, and two half-strangled giraffes remained prisoners.

"Come on, Pa!" shouted the Chinaman, as Cyprien ran up, rather doubtful of the success of the scheme.

But the evidence was too much for him. There were two magnificent animals, strong, fleshy, with splendid hams and lustrous necks. But Cyprien thought only of admiring them; to ride them did not seem possible.

"How can you hang on a ridge which slopes at thirty degrees?" asked he, with a laugh.

"By sitting on the shoulders, and not on the flanks," answered Li. "Besides, we can roll up a blanket to put under the saddle."

"We have not got a saddle."

"I will soon find you one."

"And what is your bridle to be?"

"You'll see."

The Chinese had a reply for every question, and with him acts and words were not far apart.

The dinner-hour had not arrived before with part of his cord he had made two strong halters, which he slipped over the giraffes. The poor beasts were so frightened at their misfortune, and were, besides, so gentle in disposition, that they made no resistance. The other end of the cord did for reins.

This being finished, nothing was easier than to lead off the prisoners. Cyprien and Li went back to the camp and repossessed themselves of the saddles and other articles they had abandoned.

By the evening everything was arranged. The Chinaman was a marvel of cleverness. Not only did he alter Cyprien's saddle so that it would seat him horizontally on the giraffe, but he made himself a saddle of twigs; and took the precaution of breaking in the giraffes during half the night, mounting first one and then the other, accustoming them to the rein, and teaching them that henceforth they must obey.

(To be continued.)

Muff Brown.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

Week in, week out, straight through the terms,
At the foot of the form he sat,
With his simple face and sandy hair,
And queer eyes like a bat.
And if ever he did get up a place
He was safe to be taken down;
But nobody heeded him, down or up—
He was only old "Muff Brown."

In the playing-fields it was much the same,
We dubbed Sam Brown a flat;
Slow on the river, and slow at the goals,
And no end of a muff with the bat.
Alone about the school-ground Sam
Went mooning up and down,
For none of the fellows cared too much
To chum with old Muff Brown.

Our school days over we scattered far,
Like leaves before the breeze,
And some went east and some went west,
And some beyond the seas.
Some climbed life's ladder rung by rung
And won a fair renown;
Yet never a word had I ever heard
Of how it fared with Brown.

But yesterday in a supplement
Of the "Times" I wondering read
Of a little band through a wild lone land
By one white captain led.
A story of peril and toil and pain,
Of marches long and lonely;
Of a hope forlorn seven months upborne
By the word of that white man only.

Safe to the goal he led them on,
With a heart no fear could daunt,
And the story reads like the magic deeds
In the tales of old romaunt.
All England rings with one name to-day,
And the victor's shining crown
(It's here as plain as the "Times" can print)
They are giving to old Muff Brown.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be "a *little* true,"
Or "a *little* in the right."
Trifles even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as THOROUGH as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,
Spotless truth and honour bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says that *any* lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive *me*,
But believe me,
To *himself* he is a sneak!—*Anon.*

A Story Needing Words.—*See p 284.*

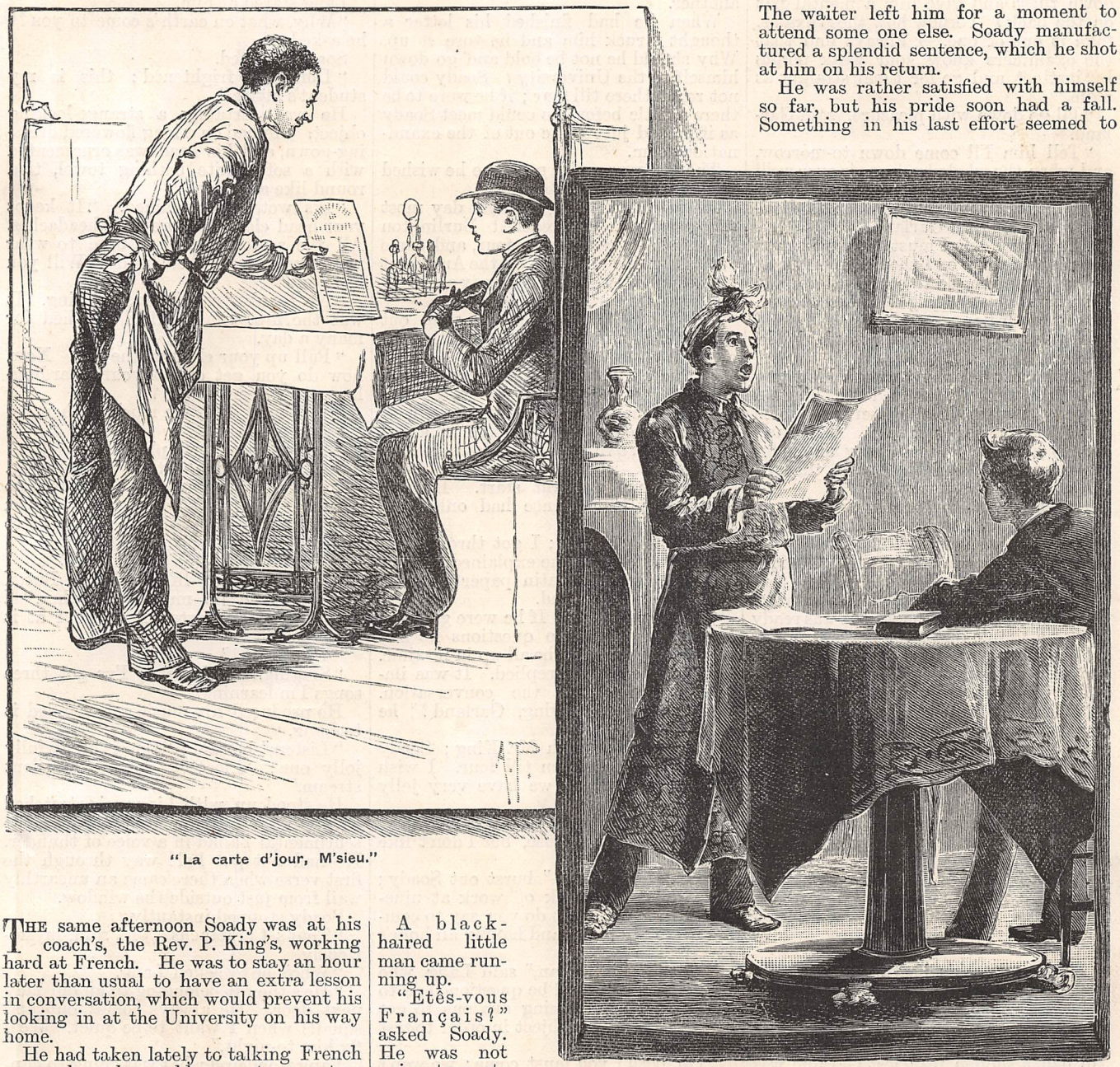
SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.



"La carte d'jour, M'sieu."

The same afternoon Soady was at his coach's, the Rev. P. King's, working hard at French. He was to stay an hour later than usual to have an extra lesson in conversation, which would prevent his looking in at the University on his way home.

He had taken lately to talking French as much as he could, so as to accustom himself to the language. The result was sometimes not very successful.

The evening before, for example, he had gone to a French restaurant for dinner. Not that he liked the French cookery, he was suspicious of it, but he wanted to try whether his conversational powers were improving.

He entered the place boldly, took off his hat to the woman behind the counter in the corner (he knew that was a French custom), and sat down at one of the little tables.

"Garçon?" he ejaculated.

A black-haired little man came running up.

"Etês-vous Français?" asked Soady. He was not going to waste his French on an Italian.

"Oui, m'sieu. La carte d'jour, m'sieu."

This would have floored Soady had not the bill of fare been handed to him at the same time.

"Parles lentement, s'il vous plait," said Soady.

"You talk English, sare?" said the waiter.

"Oui, mais je prefére le Français," returned Soady, studying the bill of fare.

"Biffteak"—evidently beefsteak. "Pommes de terre" he knew were potatoes.

The waiter left him for a moment to attend some one else. Soady manufactured a splendid sentence, which he shot at him on his return.

He was rather satisfied with himself so far, but his pride soon had a fall. Something in his last effort seemed to call for a reply from the Frenchman, and he proceeded to give it, at the rate of a hundred and twenty words a minute. Soady listened helplessly, and at the end said "Oui, oui!" the result of which was that he found he had pledged himself to a three-shilling table d'hôte, consisting of seven courses of messes, and not one satisfactory square joint amongst them.

He determined that in future he would get his conversational practice somewhere else than at a restaurant.

However, this is a digression. We left him at his coach's.

"I say, Garland," he remarked, as he relapsed for a moment into his mother tongue, "have you seen Lang since you've been in town?"

"No; I don't even know his address."

"I can give you that; we might look him up together one night. I went down to Burlington Gardens yesterday to see him, but missed him. I can't go to-day; do you think you could look him up down there and give him a mental pat on the back? I know how these exams. take it out of one. I always find that the examiners know your weak points by instinct, and go for them straight as a die."

"I'll go down with pleasure," said Garland.

"Tell him I'll come down to-morrow, and when the whole business is over we'll have a little kick-up at my rooms."

"I thought you had forsworn all dissipations?" laughed Garland.

"So I have, but I must blow off steam one night a week or I should go off pop."

Garland promised to come. More than that, he went off straight to the University to catch Lang.

Needless to remark, Lang was invisible. Garland thought it odd.

"I suppose he's got through his paper and left early," he said to himself. "Soady missed him yesterday, which implies the same thing then. If he can't occupy his time it doesn't say much for his chance. The inference is that he can't answer the questions."

He was about to turn home, when he saw Fanshawe, walking along poring over some examination papers.

"Wonder if he's seen Lang," thought Garland. "I'll ask him."

He by no means wished to renew acquaintance with Fanshawe, but was ready to risk a simple question.

"How are you, Fanshawe?" he said, as the latter approached.

Fanshawe started violently.

"What's it matter to you?" retorted Fanshawe, angrily. He had received a shock, for he had not seen Soady the previous afternoon, so Garland was the first acquaintance who had "spotted" him at his deception.

"It doesn't matter much, I confess," said Garland, quietly. "Have you seen Lang?"

"Lang? What's Lang to me?" said Fanshawe, with an oath.

"You were something to him," said Garland; "the greatest enemy he ever had."

He turned on his heel and left him to make what he liked of it.

Fanshawe sprang towards him and caught his arm.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. He had a sudden fear lest Garland was aware of the whole affair.

"When you can speak civilly I'll answer you," said Garland.

Fanshawe withdrew his hand.

"Why do you want to see Lang?" he asked.

"I thought he was in for the matric."

"So he is."

"I've missed him, I suppose; it's a pity. Good day."

Garland walked away, and Fanshawe made no effort this time to detain him. It was all right, after all. Garland had no idea of what was up. At the same time he must give Lang a word of warning, and it would be wise for himself to stay in the examination rooms till every one had gone. It would seem queer for him to be seen coming out three days running, though of course he could say he came to see some friends.

Lang, on his side, was anxious to warn Fanshawe. He wrote him a letter when he reached home that afternoon, telling him that if he saw Soady to-morrow he must explain that he (Lang) had left the exam. early. Thus one lie leads ever to another.

When he had finished his letter a thought struck him and he tore it up. Why should he not be bold and go down himself to the University? Soady could not reach there till four; if he were to be there a little before he could meet Soady as if he had just come out of the examination-room.

The idea was such a good one he wished he had thought of it before.

He carried out his plan next day most successfully. He reached Burlington Gardens at a quarter to four, and came out of the side entrance by the Arcade at four o'clock. There were Soady and Garland waiting for him outside.

"How are you, old boy?" sang out Soady, grasping his hand. "Getting on all right?"

Garland gave him a warm greeting as well.

"Where have you been hiding yourself the last two days after exam.?" asked Soady. "We've both been down to look you up."

Lang gave a slight start. He had hoped that his absence had only been noticed once.

"I came out early; I got through my papers in no time," he explained.

"What sort of Latin paper did you have?" asked Garland.

This was terrible. If he were going to be catechised on the questions he had never seen, it would be all up in no time.

"Pretty easy," he replied. It was imperative to change the conversation. "Where are you living, Garland?" he asked.

"I'm reading with Mr. King; Soady comes there from ten till four. I wish you could join us, we have very jolly times."

"I must try," said Lang. "I'm staying at a boarding-house, but I don't like it much."

"Look here, Lang," burst out Soady; "I'm going to knock off work at nine-thirty to-night, what do you say to coming up to my place and having an hour's jaw?"

"I don't think I can," said Lang, who feared that he would be questioned as to the papers, Soady being anxious to get "posers" in every subject in order to test his progress.

"Oh, bosh! you must come; we won't say a word about exams. the whole time. I expect we're both about sick of them."

"All right, I'll turn up," replied Lang.

"You can't come, Garland, I know, so it's no use asking you. Nine-thirty sharp, Lang."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE was a warning note from Fanshawe waiting for Lang when he reached home. There was a P. S. to the note, asking if that five pounds was available.

This was not calculated to raise his spirits. However, he hoped to rouse himself at Soady's. He had the address this time.

He turned up punctually, was shown to Soady's room, and knocked.

"Come in," shouted Soady.

Lang entered; Soady leaped up, shut up his dictionary with a bang that shook the place, and seized Lang's hand.

"I'm right glad you've come. I should have gone mad over a bit of Horace in two minutes more. Shy your hat over there."

Lang stared at him.

"Why, what on earth's come to you?" he asked.

Soady laughed.

"Don't be frightened; this is my student's attire."

He was certainly a strange-looking object. He had on a long flowered dressing-gown, and his head was ornamented with a soft white bathing towel, tied round like a turban.

"It's wet," he explained. "It keeps your head clear and prevents headaches. All the senior wranglers used to wear wet towels round their heads. Will you have one?"

"No, thanks," said Lang, laughing. It was the first time he had laughed for many a day.

"Pull up your chair to the fire. Now, how do you get on at your boarding-house? Decent people?"

"Yes, but I don't see much of them."

"Any music?"

"Yes, some of them play very well."

"Ah, I should like that," said Soady. "The worst of this crib is there's no piano. Perhaps it's a good job, though; I should waste my time at it if there were."

"You must get one if you pass."

"You bet your life I shall. But I haven't given up music altogether. I give myself a quarter of an hour at it every evening."

"What sort?"

"Singing. Look here; I've got three songs I'm learning."

He produced his music and handed it to Lang.

"Listen," he said; "this is an awfully jolly one: 'Floating down the silent stream.'"

He stood up, with his music stretched well out, and commenced to sing the sentimental ballad in a voice of thunder. He had not got half way through the first verse when there came an unearthly wail from just outside the window.

Soady stopped instantly.

"That's Caractacus!" he said, mysteriously.

"Who's he?" asked Lang.

"He's the cat belonging to an old lady next door. He always comes out and squalls when I want to be quiet. We'll fix him to-night."

Lang wondered what was going to happen. Soady went on tiptoe to a cupboard and began searching for something.

"That beast is the bane of my existence," he went on. "Whenever I've anything special to do he comes out on the roof of the conservatory under my window, and tunes up like you heard him. Isn't it enough to make a skeleton turn in his grave?"

Lang took a peep at the obnoxious animal, which was seated on the top of the greenhouse belonging to No. 15A. Every now and then a doleful wail proved that his lungs were in good order in spite of the effects of the night air.

"Keep steady, don't frighten him," said Soady, who had found what he was looking for.

"What have you got there?"

"A cracker. It's time to take serious measures to check Caractacus's trespassing. I've tried the effect of marbles inside mustard tins, but he's got accustomed to them. Let's see how he likes this."

He softly opened the window. Lang handed him a match, with which he lighted the twist of paper at the end of the cracker, then he dropped it on to the greenhouse roof.

A moment afterwards there was a bang, followed by a yell; Caractacus leapt to the top of the wall, and stood with back erect. Soady was trying to add to the effect by various noises, which, combined with the cracker, sent Caractacus nearly frantic. Then a window on the ground floor of the next house opened hurriedly, and a woman put her head out. She gave a shriek as she caught sight of Soady's turbaned head as he leaned out of the window, flourishing his arms like a windmill.

"I'll have the law of you, young man," she screamed. She had no time to say more, for Caractacus, mad with terror at the pursuing cracker, took a flying leap into the open window. There was a crash as of broken glass, followed by a scream; then came silence.

Soady drew in his head.

"I hope I've settled his hash for ever," he remarked, complacently. "He'll have to do his serenading on some other roof in future."

"The old lady next door seems to resent your interference with the habits of her pet," said Lang.

"Let her," returned Soady. "I haven't the ghost of consideration for her. She pets up that wretched cat and treats it as if it were a human being. Mrs. Smith, that's my landlady, had a fine old Tom when I came here, that gave Caractacus pepper one day. That sweet creature next door poisoned Mrs. Smith's Tom next day out of revenge, so I don't feel much compunction on the score of a cracker or two in the rear of Caractacus."

They shut the window down, for it was cold, and drew up to the fire. Ten o'clock soon struck.

"I say, Lang," said Soady, "this is rather different from St. Mary's, isn't it? No one to drive you to bed now, and be down on you like a ton of bricks if you don't show up at prayers."

"I'm jolly glad for one I'm out of that place," said Lang, "It will be much better in London."

"Rather, and I've got lots of friends about, only I'm keeping dark at present, or I should get going out too much. If I pass this exam. we'll have splendid times together. Then there's Garland, too; he is just the sort of fellow I like, though he's quieter now naturally."

"Why naturally?"

"You see he's going in for the Church. He had a talk with me the other day. He was doubtful whether he ought to be a parson, thought he wasn't good enough. I told him that if he didn't know his Hebrew yet he knew how to be a kind and honourable fellow, and that was something to begin with. But he's rather serious just now: he says it's an anxious time. He'll come all right by-and-bye though, and be the best parson you ever saw."

"I should think he'll make a good preacher," said Lang.

"Perhaps; but at any rate he'll be a good man, and that's more important. Isn't he just the sort of man to get a fellow to own up anything wrong and to put him right again? Eh?"

Lang assented mechanically.

"You remember at St. Mary's how many quarrels he made up, and how the new youngsters used to take to him? Why if I were queen I'd make him archbishop straight off."

A little more talk and Lang rose to go. Soady saw him off the premises, and then returned for half an hour's more work.

Lang walked moodily home. How he envied Soady, with no greater care on his mind than how to quiet a cat and pass his exam. successfully.

Was it too late for him? Yes, too late. He was too much entangled in the net. As far as he could see there was no way of escape, and now that his money was gone he was in a worse plight than ever. He half envied Melhuish, who at all events was safe from the prying eyes of his relations and friends.

If only he could tell some one the whole wretched story and ease his soul by confessing! But whom could he confide in? Garland? He was too ashamed of himself to let him know. He still valued Garland's good opinion; to lose that would be to lose one of the few things that kept him from going utterly to the bad.

(To be continued.)

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—ON CENTREBOARDS.

We have seen that in order to use the sails in a sailing vessel to the best effect some form of lateral resistance is absolutely necessary, and we have also seen that in a canoe the centreboard is the most handy form in which such resistance can be given. The next question will naturally be, What is the best form of centreboard to use?

This, however, is a question that cannot be answered offhand, as the peculiar form of the particular boat in question must be studied, and also the uses to which it is intended to put her. Thus, a canoe of very shallow draft, and with little or no rise in her floor, will require a larger board than one with more rise and greater depth; and again, there is no doubt that one centreboard amidships is easier to construct than two, one fore and the other aft, but the former system encumbers the most useful part of the canoe, and greatly interferes with the comfort of the occupant.

With a canoe carrying only a moderate sail plan a light centreboard answers very well, while one intended to carry a large sail area will necessitate the use of a heavy centreplate as well as shifting ballast. Again, it will be found most convenient as a rule to have the centreboard a fixture, but in isolated cases it will be found more handy to have it so constructed as to be easily removable without the necessity of hauling the canoe ashore. Such points as these must therefore be appreciated before the centreboards are constructed, and in the plan the position of intended bulkheads, etc., must be so arranged as to allow the board to be placed in the required position. Proper means must also be thought of for hauling up the centreboard when required. An ordinary small board of light weight will require no special appliance for raising it, as a piece of light chain will be amply sufficient with a strong cord attached for a hauling part; but with a large and heavy plate some better purchase will be required, and for this a short piece of chain can be attached to the centreboard just long enough to leave a part of the chain on deck when the board is down to its full extent.

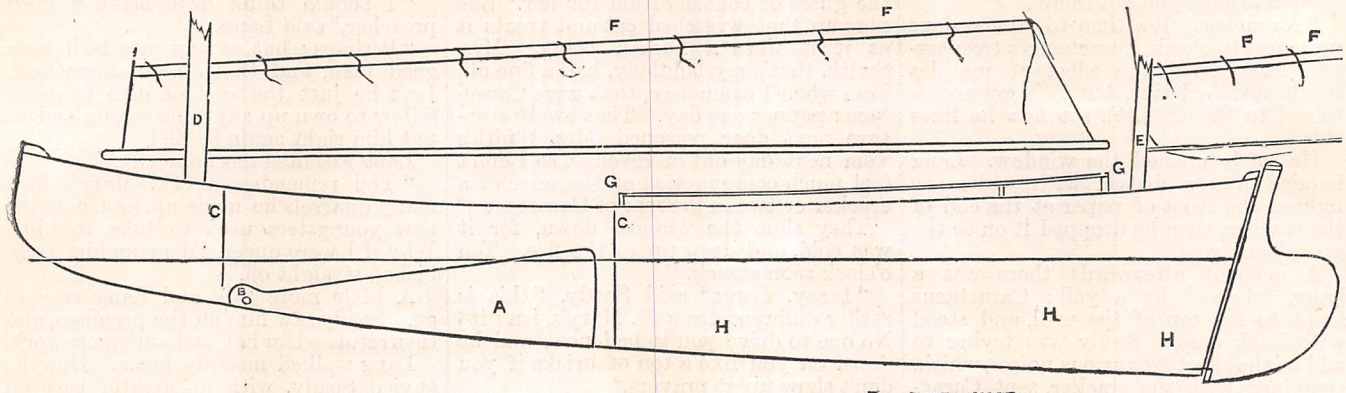
This chain may terminate in a ring just large enough in diameter to prevent it going down the well of the centreboard; to such ring a pulley can be attached, and a strong line, one end of which is fastened sufficiently far aft, being led through the pulley, the hauling part of the line goes aft to the well, the line being left long enough to enable the crew to use it with ease. If the line is passed into a small fairlead in the deck just in reach of the occupant's hand, and the end of the line is so knotted or otherwise arranged as to stop it from passing forward through the fairlead, it will be always at hand for use, and if a cleat is placed next the fairlead the line can be made fast immediately as required.

The knot in the line must be made when the centreboard is fully down. By this arrangement the line is always at hand for use, and is never in danger of getting loose and entangled, and it also affords a powerful purchase to help in lifting the plate.

With a heavy centreboard it is advisable to use an indiarubber spring of sufficient strength to take the greater part of the weight of the board or plate. The fitting of this spring has been described in a previous article.

In the plan of the canoe shown at Fig. 1 you will see that only one centre-plate is used (which is shown hauled up), and this plate is placed extremely forward; this is necessitated by the form of the canoe, which has a great deal of drag aft given by the amount of dead wood there. This immersed surface gives sufficient resistance aft to enable the canoe to carry her sails to advantage, but without a centreboard forward she would be likely to fall off from her shallow draft forward, besides being unsteady on her helm. This only applies when on the wind, as when her sheets are eased off the forward board would be hauled up as having a tendency to make her steer wild, besides offering unnecessary resistance. Such a form of canoe is an extreme one, and being very difficult to build and having few advantages when built, is a design that it would be unwise to imitate; sufficient lateral resistance could be given in a simpler form by making a canoe whose body should draw little more aft than forward; the immersed area thus cut away could be given in a centreboard placed aft. With two centreboards the boat would be far handier, as by pulling up the fore board when on a wind the boat would immediately fall

off, and when off the wind by letting go the forward board and hauling up the after one the boat could immediately fly up into the wind. The dagger form of board is shown in the article on the sharpie; this style of board is useful where it is desired to haul the plate completely out on occasions without trouble.

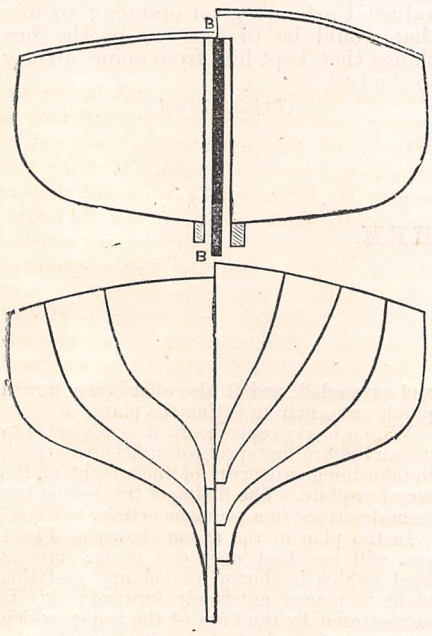


SHEER PLAN

SAILING CANOE

Fig. 1.

B B Side of Case. Black line indicates the Centreboard.



BODY PLAN

Fig. 2.

Another style of centre-plate is shown in Fig. 3. It is a very simple form and can be pivoted either from the top or bottom or left movable as in the case of the dagger board. Enough has been said on the article on the sharpie to impress on you the necessity of making a strong and watertight fit of the centreboard case, which is slightly longer than the centreboard, and is constructed of two sides and the ends well put together by screws or rivets and the joints red-leaded and made watertight (see notes on the sharpie). The centreboard in English boats is generally pivoted at the bottom, as in Fig. 1, but if it is easier to fit you may pivot it at the top as in Fig. 3; the latter way is the best for removing the board if necessary; the ends of the case are shown A A, Fig. 3, and the sides at Fig. 2, where B B is the centreboard. Two centreboards are sometimes fitted; the advantage is that this arrangement leaves the centre portion of the boat entirely free, which is very much more agreeable to the occupant. The fore centreboard is placed just aft of the fore mast, which is stepped well forward, and the after board is placed just behind the mizen mast right aft.

In constructing a boat of any kind for a centreboard the keel ought either to be made in two pieces (see Fig. 2) or of an extra width to admit of fitting the case for the board. The strongest way to fit this case is to let it run from the keel B up to the deck B, thus securing great strength, for nothing needs strength and good fitting more than a centreboard case, which, particularly in a heavy boat, after a time will generally become a source of leakage.

The centreboard is generally made of iron (boiler-plate is very good); after being fitted it is galvanised, but in fitting you must not forget that the galvanising will increase slightly the thickness of the plate. In American boats wooden centreboards are sometimes used. The centreboards are of very different forms, as Figs. 1, 2, 3. Fig 1 is the common form; Fig. 3 is a very useful form, as it is easily made and is effective. Fig. 2 is called the dagger or sword centreboard, and is American in design; it can be lifted right out of the boat. It is used generally in small boats, such as the design given in Fig. 2, which is a flat-bottomed boat of the sharpie type. The American boat that crossed the Atlantic of this build, had no centreboard. The American sneak boat is of the same type but smaller. The sharpie is perhaps the most easily built of any, and I should advise you to try your hand at one if you have not had much experience in boat-building.

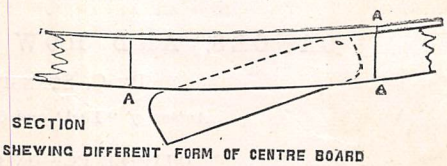


Fig 3.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

V.—"A Story Needing Words."

In our first volume, it may be remembered, we sought to train and encourage our readers in composition by offering various prizes for the best story written up to suggestive engravings. These literary tournays proved very popular, and we have reason to know did not a little good in inducing thought and effort.

This week we print on page 280 another prize essay subject; and it may give additional interest to it if we mention the fact that this drawing has been made for us by one, now beyond the age at which our readers may compete, and already winning honours as a professional artist, who narrowly missed a prize and carried off a certificate in the Tournament drawing competition in one of our earlier numbers. Nor is he the only one we could mention who, beginning with our competitions, is now engaged in professional life.

For this "Story Needing Words" we offer *Three Prizes*, of *One Guinea and a Half*, *One Guinea*, and *Half-a-Guinea* respectively, for the best story founded on the picture. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24: second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit.

The last date for sending in is May 30th.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, and no story should exceed in length half a page of the Boy's Own Paper. In addition to the prizes, handsome "Certificates of Merit," suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes.

The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hand and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible.

All MSS. must have at the top of first page the *full name*, *address*, and *age* of sender, clearly and legibly written, thus:—

Name.....
Address .....
Age.....

All contributions should be certified by parent, clergyman, minister, teacher, employer, or other responsible person, as genuine unaided work. By this certificate we simply mean a letter, or even an endorsement under the competitor's name, thus:—"I hereby certify that the accompanying article is the unaided work of ——." Signed ——.

All letters or packets must be plainly marked *outside* "Prize Competition, Class —," and must be addressed to "The Editor, Boy's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London," carriage being, of course, prepaid. Nothing can be returned, whether accompanied by stamps or not, and no answers or acknowledgments of any kind can be sent through the post. For the general "rules," etc., in all our competitions, refer to page 15 of the present volume.

A page from history!

HISTORICAL GHOSTS.

In the year 1820 a mysterious murder was committed at Southam. No clue was at first found to the perpetrator of the crime. Eventually, however, a certain person living in the neighbourhood declared that the ghost of the murdered man had appeared to him and told him the name of the murderer. The information was conveyed to the proper authorities, and the man accused by the ghost was arrested. The magistrates were satisfied with the evidence and committed the prisoner for trial at the Warwick Assizes.

Chief Justice Randolph sat to try the case, and as soon as the man began to relate what the ghost had told him, the judge pulled him up short with,

"Stop! That is only hearsay evidence!"

The counsel for the prosecution was staggered. In vain he asked for the case to go on. The judge informed him that he might call the ghost if he pleased, but that he would not allow the witness to give second-hand information. The counsel agreed for the ghost to be summoned, and the judge very gravely ordered the usher to call it in the usual manner. This was done three times in all due form. The ghost did not appear.

The judge dismissed the case with a censure on the magistrate for such a committal, and noticing how uncomfortable the witness had looked while the ghost was being called, he directed that gentleman to be carefully watched. The result was that fresh evidence was found, and at the next assizes the witness was put on his trial for the murder. He was convicted, confessed, and was hanged.

This is a very fair specimen of one class of ghost story. As a sample of another kind, in which a man lived for years under the impression that he had actually seen a ghost, we may take that of the young fellow who to frighten his companions dressed himself up in the usual sheet and hied to the churchyard to be ready for them when they approached. At the time he had rigged himself out for the adventure, and was crossing the churchyard to take up his post, a gentleman happened to be making a short cut through it on the way to visit his future wife. He caught sight of the ghostly figure moving among the tombs, and was at first somewhat scared, but noticing that its step was firm, and that as it hurried over a path it wore trousers and hobnail boots, he uttered a tremendous howl and gave chase. The poor ghost fled like the wind, scrambled up the churchyard wall, and fell sprawling into the brook that flowed beside it, while the lover, satisfied that he had frightened it off the premises, and ignorant that it had hurt itself, resumed his way to see his young lady.

The young man's terror was extreme. He was picked up by his companions as they came along and brought home, and often told the story as a warning to others of how when he went to play the ghost he had seen and heard a real spirit. In fact he died many years afterwards without knowing the real state of the case,

and it was only the day he was buried that the gentleman by chance happened to be passing through the town, and hearing the story, gave his version of it, and cleared up the mystery.

One of the commonest descriptions of ghost stories is where a friend or relative appears "the very moment" he dies in a distant land. Of these stories by far the greater proportion ignominously collapse when the difference between local time and Greenwich time is taken into account. In a good many instances it will be found that the ghost puts in an appearance several hours before the death occurred, and in the others several hours afterwards. In fact the ghosts of the future are likely to be considerably indebted to the Prime Meridian Conference at Washington for having persuaded the world at large to adopt "Greenwich mean."

In another kind of ghost story there is no apparition, but the spirit is shown by sound or damage. Of the first variety the famous Cock Lane Ghost is an example, where a servant girl by scratching a board in bed endeavoured to convict an innocent person of murder, and persuaded a good many worthy people that they were in communication with a disembodied spirit.

Of the damage class the Woodstock Ghost may be quoted. Here John Collins, otherwise Funny Joe, attended the Commissioners of the Long Parliament who came down to dispark that royal residence; and he led them the most unsettled life imaginable. Under the name of Sharp he had been appointed one of their clerks. He was a concealed loyalist, and thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of the mansion. He saw more extraordinary sights and visions than all the rest of the party. "Their bedchambers were infested with visits of a thing resembling a dog, but which came and passed as mere earthly dogs cannot do. Logs of wood, the remains of a very large tree, which they had splintered into billets for burning, were tossed about the house, and the chairs displaced and shuffled about. While they were in bed the feet of their couches were lifted higher than their heads, and then dropped with violence. Trenchers without a wish flew at their heads of free will. Thunder and lightning came next, which were set down to the same cause. Spectres made their appearance, as they thought, in different shapes, and one of the party saw the apparition of a hoof, which kicked a candlestick and lighted candle into the middle of the room, and then politely scratched on the red snuff to extinguish it." Other and worse tricks were practised on the poor Commissioners, and at last they fled from the spot in despair.

The Stockwell Ghost is another example of the same kind. On Twelfth Day, 1772, the crockery of a Mrs. Golding living in that neighbourhood began to fly about in a most wonderful manner. Plates and dishes whizzed through the kitchen most alarmingly, and the smashing became so great that the old lady was in despair. Her maid looked on apparently unmoved, and exhorted her mistress to be patient; but when her best set of china had gone all but two cups the worthy matron moved off hurriedly to visit a friend.

At last the maid was dismissed, and the ghost went with her, for it afterwards turned out that she had tied horsehair to the plates and dishes and pulled them off the hooks, set them on wires and shaken them down, untied the hams and bacon sides so that the least movement would dislodge them, and, in fact, amused herself hugely at her mistress's expense owing to there being "no followers allowed."

In Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology" is an excellent example of another class of ghost story, where the appearance was real and the man, as has often happened, was taken for his own ghost. At Plymouth a literary and scientific club used to meet whose members presided alternately. On one occasion the president of the evening was reported to be very ill and on his deathbed, and out of respect to him the chair was left vacant. While the members were talking about the sick man the door suddenly opened and the appearance of the president entered the room.

He wore a white wrapper, a nightcap round his brow, and his face was that of death itself. He stalked in with unusual gravity, took the vacant place of ceremony, lifted the empty glass which stood before him, bowed around, and put it to his lips. Then he replaced it on the table and stalked out of the room as silent as he had entered it. The company were terror-stricken, and deputed two of their number to see how it fared with the president who had thus strangely appeared amongst them. They found that he had died that evening!

The explanation of the mystery was discovered a few years afterwards. The nurse of the sick man told the story on her deathbed. She had slept when she should have been watching her light-headed patient, and when she awoke the bed was empty, and he had gone. She hurried out of the house to seek him, and found him coming back, and only got him into bed to die. The delirious patient had taken the road to the club from some recollection of his duty of the night, and had gone there and back by the most direct route. The two who were sent to inquire had gone round by the road, and hence the president had had time to get back and die before they reached his house.

A good many ghost stories are due to reflection—or perhaps we should say the want of reflection. In our articles on mirror magic and other popular optics, we have shown what wonderful deceptions have been caused by mirrors and lenses, and the powers they possess are, with certain degrees, shared by the watery vapour in the air. The spectre on the Brocken is a case in point, where the figures of the spectators are thrown forward and magnified on the mist.

All the ghosts of armies and battle-fields are due to this principle. Horses and cattle feeding on a hill have been multiplied and magnified until the imagination has been persuaded that a battle was in progress below. In all mountainous districts we have wholesale ghosts of this character. Perhaps the most famous of them is the Edgehill story, where the people gathered near the Round House saw the battle fought over again night after night, with the sound of the guns, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded, and were so persistent in their assertions that Charles I. sent Colonel Nugent to investigate and—as it turned out—partially confirm it.

The times of Charles I. are peculiarly prolific in ghost stories. The picturesque costume of the period is admirably suited to the purpose, and even immaterial characters must be appropriately dressed. Family ghosts must be of respectable age to be believed in, and must at least date back to Caroline times if they are to confer any credit on their descendants.

One kind of ghost—the gallery ghost—is very common. Pictures are said to become endowed with life and walk out of their frames, while the rest of the family portraits look on and follow with their eyes the terror-sricken ghost-seer. Such ghosts are but exaggerated compliments to the painter. The walking out of the frames is a testimony to the life-like attitude of the portrait, and the apparent movement of the eyes is due to the fact that the face has been properly painted. Let the experiment be tried with any good portrait, and it will be found that by sunlight, as well as by candlelight, lamplight, moonlight, and starlight, the eyes will seem to look at you from whatever position you look at them. This holds good with all full-faced heads, and as we had practically no proper portrait painters before Jamesone and Vandyck, so we get no peripatetical or inquisitive oil canvases of earlier date than theirs.

A good many of the graveyard ghosts are due to sextons and similar people following their ordinary occupation amongst the tombs. Some of them belong to a sadder class—the visits of the bereaved to weep over the grave of the departed. Of the sexton type we have that excellent story of the man who, passing by the church at dead of night, beheld a mysterious light streaming up from the ground, and heard a ghastly "thud, thud!" go every now and then in a most alarming fashion. Being a man of strong nerves, he made his way into the churchyard and found the noise was due to a sexton digging a grave ready for the early morning, and that the light came from his lantern.

Sound has had a good deal more to do with ghost stories than sense. In fact, more tales have been told about what has been heard than what has been seen, and in the majority of instances the noise has been eventually explained. We have the trees and the creepers, and the birds beating against the window pane. We have the wall-paper blown by the wind, and the mutton-bone nibbled by mice beneath the piano; and we have the ginger-nuts in the boy's coat-pocket going "patter, patter!" as he ran down the steps of the haunted tower, increasing his speed and his terror with every bound against the stone. But perhaps the best-known story of this kind is that of the Fakenham Ghost, so well told by Robert Bloomfield.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before!
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.
Out came her husband much surprised;
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.
An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park,
And simple as a playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

OUR BISHOPS AND BISHOPRICS.

(*Continued from page* 271.)

KENT was the first Christian kingdom; curiously enough Sussex adjoining it was the last. The faith had to make the circuit of the island before the South Saxons surrendered. Sebehrt, king of the East Saxons, received a bishop in his subject city of London. Rædwald to the north of him resolved to hold the balance level and serve his God according to the religion of his forefathers and the religion of his neighbour, and notwithstanding this curious decision Rædwald proved after Æthelberht to be the next great helper of the new faith.

For now again we take up the story of King Edwin. Æthelfrith prospered exceedingly and became the chief monarch of the north. In 607 he fought and won the battle of Chester, where the Britons for the last time appeared as a nation. Two thousand monks were on the Christian side praying for victory.

"Bear they arms or no," said the Northumbrian king, "they war against us when they cry against us to their God."

And the monks were cut down and the Britons dispersed to fight henceforth merely as separate tribes.

In addition to his victory over the Welsh, Æthelfrith had conquered the Scots at the battle in Liddesdale, and was at the head of a powerful host when he met his fate at the hands of the cautious Rædwald.

Edwin had taken refuge in East Anglia, and Æthelfrith hearing of it demanded his surrender. Rædwald refused at first to deliver him up, and then was on the point of yielding when the queen interfered, and he resolved to fight for his guest. The night that he did so Edwin had gone out of the king's house for fear of being killed, and the legend runs that a stranger appeared to him and foretold that he should be a mightier king than any of his forefathers, and that a man should come to him who would tell him of a new life and a new law better than any his fathers had known. Edwin promised to believe in and obey all that would be then told him. The stranger gave him a sign by which he should know when the time had come, and thereupon vanished.

Rædwald gathered his men and marched north, and near Retford on the Idle the battle was fought, and Æthelfrith was killed. Edwin became King of Northumbria; Rædwald was our fourth Bretwalda, Edwin our fifth. Edwin conquered the Welsh, captured the Isle of Man, and took possession of the other Mona off the coast of Carnarvonshire, which ever since has borne the name of Anglesey, or the Isle of the English. He also turned his arms against the Scots, and founded the city on the Forth which still bears his name—Edwinesburh (Edinburgh).

Æthelberht had died, and Edwin sent to Kent to seek his daughter Æthelburh—better known as St. Ethelburga—in marriage. Eadbald consented for his sister to go on condition that she should not revert to paganism. With her to the north went Paulinus, who was consecrated bishop by Justus, a successor of Augustine in the see of Canterbury.

Gradually the King's mind was changed. He had a narrow escape from assassination, and one day Paulinus came to him, laid his hand on his head, and asked him if he knew the sign. Then Edwin recognised the bishop as the man he had seen outside Rædwald's house, and henceforth became a Christian.

He built a wooden church for Paulinus in the city of York, and was baptized in it on the 12th of April, 627. Six years afterwards he began to build the cathedral of stone, which Oswald, his sister's son—the sixth Bretwalda—afterwards finished. And thus by Augustine at Canterbury and Paulinus at York were the chief sees of the English founded.

The conversion of the people formed an interesting contrast to the conversion of the Britons. The race swept back by our forefathers into the hills of the north and west was nominally a Christian one. It had a fairly organised church, with several bishoprics, and of these the chief were London, York, Caerleon, and Llandaff, all founded about 180.

The early missionaries were the legionaries, and the conversion of the Britons was made from the Roman camps. Hence the old British Church was of the continental type, where the bishop was bishop of a city; the converts were chiefly the citizens, and the dwellers in fields and woods—the countrymen or "pagani"—remained in their old religion, and retained their name of pagans, the word receiving the additional signification of an unbeliever in the Saviour.

The English, socially and politically, have always been a peculiar people; and even in their church, where uniformity would most be looked for, they managed to differ from their neighbours. The British bishops were bishops of great towns, the English bishops were bishops of tribes and districts. In fact the first of them were really the chaplains of the kings, just as in after years the chaplains of the nobles became our parish priests. The kingdom gave its boundaries to the diocese, the manor gave its boundaries to the parish.

Realms long forgotten are still traceable in the limits of existing sees. The old kingdom of West Kent lives in Rochester, the old frontier of Mercia was, till lately, the boundary-line of Lichfield.

Many of the early dioceses thus fixed their headquarters in out-of-the-way places, and it was not until after the Conquest that, thanks to Lanfranc, the bishops began to leave the villages and follow the continental example of settling in the towns. It was then that the sees of Devonshire and Cornwall were removed to Exeter; that Hermann moved Sherborne and Ramsbury to the hill fortress of Old Sarum, for Poore to move it afterwards to the river bank, as told in our sketches of the cathedrals in our part for last April; that Stigand the Little brought Selsey to Chichester; that Peter took Lichfield to Chester for his successor, Robert of Livesey, to take it on again to Coventry; that John of Tours took Wells to Bath; that Remigius, the dwarf in stature but giant in soul, took Dorchester to Lincoln; and that Herfast took Elmham to Thetford for Herbert Losinga to move it on again to Norwich.

And many other places, now insignificant, have lost their bishops—among them Dunwich, Lindisfarne, Hexham, Lindsey, Chester-le-Street, and Wilton. The districts of the Church have indeed been constantly changing; even Westminster and Leicester were at one time bishops' sees.

To Theodoric of Tarsus the old English Church owed much of its organisation. He it was who was sent over here in 668 to definitely arrange the dioceses. The great organiser after the Conquest was Lanfranc, and he, as we have hinted, did his utmost to reduce the National Church to the narrower lines of the continental model.

(THE END.)

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 221.)

CONSULTATION GAME

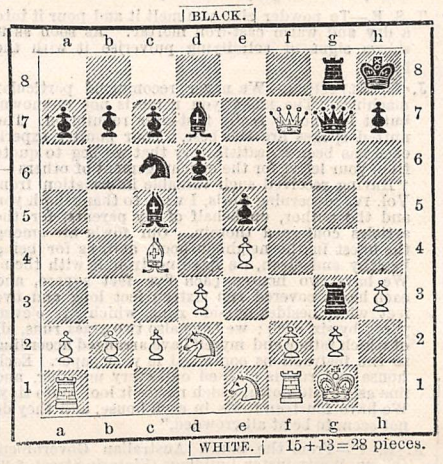
played in November, 1884, between S. and S. (White), and H. M. (Black).

Opening: Giuoco Piano,
or the Italian Game.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3. B—B 4	B—B 4
4. P—Q 3	P—Q 3
5. Kt—Kt 5 (*a*)	Kt—R 3
6. Castles	Castles
7. Kt—K B 3	B—K Kt 5
8. B × Kt	P × B
9. Q—Q 2 (*b*)	K—R sq.
10. Q × P	R—K Kt sq.
11. Q Kt—Q 2	R—Kt 3
12. Q—R 4	Q—K Kt sq.
13. P—K R 3	B—Q 2
14. Kt—K sq.	Q—Kt 2 (*c*)
15. Q—R 5	R—K Kt sq.
16. Q—B 3 (*d*)	R—Kt 6 (*e*)

17. Q × P, and the position is now the following:—

Problem No. 92.



Black to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

NOTES.

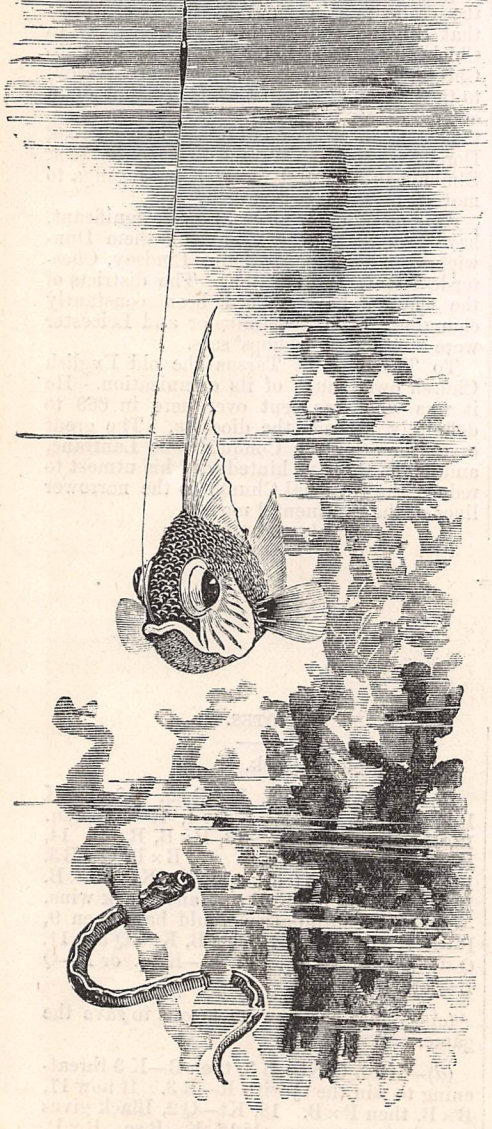
(*a*)—A useless attack.

(*b*)—If 9, Kt—B 3, K—R sq. 10, P—K R 3, B—R 4. 11, P—K Kt 4, R—K Kt sq. 12, K—R 2, B × Kt P. 13, P × B, R × P. 14, R—K Kt sq., P—K R 4. 15, B × P, Q—B 3. 16, B × P, R—R 5 (ch.). 17, K—Kt 2, R × B. 18, K—B sq., R—K B sq., and Black wins. —A better continuation would have been 9, P—K R 3, B × Kt. 10, Q × B, Kt—Q 5. 11, Q—Q sq., K—R sq. 12, K—R sq. or P—Q B 3, etc.

(*c*)—White has now no means to save the game.

(*d*)—If 16, Q Kt—B 3, then B—K 3 threatening to win the Q with R—R 3. If now 17, B × B, then P × B. 18, Kt—Q 2, Black gives mate in four moves. If 16, K—R sq., R × P. 17, Q—B 3, R—Kt 8 (ch.). 18, K—R 2, R × R, and Black wins.

(*e*)—Kt—Q 5 would have been equally effective.



HUSSAR.—The pamphlet you allude to is that we invariably mention in these columns when applied to for information as to how to enter the army. It is official, and obtainable at all principal post-offices, or it will be sent direct from the Horse Guards on application.

A READER OF THE "B. O. P." FROM ITS BIRTH.—Hornblende, felspar, and mica would form a syenite; quartz, felspar, and mica form typical granite. There are no such things as carclerzyte and the other zyte—the words must have been misprinted. Hornblende is so variable that it is difficult to give a formula unless you are satisfied to have one with R in it, where R represents differing proportions of lime, magnesia, protoxide of iron, and protoxide of manganese. The best definition is perhaps that hornblende is a bisilicate of various protoxides and peroxides. It is the name of a group more than of a particular mineral. The typical hornblende crystallises on the oblique system, has a hardness of from 5 to 6, and a specific gravity of from 2·9 to 3·4. Quartz is pure silica; mica is—well, better get Rutley's "Rocks," or Bristow's "Glossary of Mineralogy," both published by Longmans.

A. TURTON.—In the March and April parts for 1883 you will find illustrated articles on Cage and Hutch Making. There is no other treatise on the subject.

S N. S.—The principle on which the earth is weighed is that the force of attraction exercised by certain bodies of known dimensions is first ascertained, and then, the size of the earth and its attractive force being known, a rule-of-three sum gives the result. Thus, as the size of the earth is to that of the body tested, so will be its attractive power if the specific densities are the same, attraction being proportional to density. Mr. Bailey, after two thousand experiments, found the earth to have a density of 5·67 times that of water, and the weight of a spheroid of water the size of the earth multiplied by 5·67 gave him the number of tons you have seen quoted.

CHEYNE.—The degree of M.A. can be conferred by Oxford, Cambridge, London, Manchester, and other universities qualified to grant degrees. For the curriculum you had better consult the calendar of the university you think of choosing. The London degree ranks as high as any, and is less costly than most of the others. The course of examinations for it are, however, proportionately difficult.

T. S. E.—To powder zinc you melt it and pour it into a dry and warm cast-iron mortar. As soon as it shows signs of solidifying pulverise it with the pestle.

J. H. FLETCHER.—We never recommend particular machines. The make you name is not unknown, but it has not a really first-class reputation. The nutted spokes are the best. Your poultry experience has been so satisfactory that we beg to quote from your letter for the encouragement of others:—"Having received such valuable information from Vol. IV. concerning fowls, I wish to thank both you and the author, on behalf of my parents, for the articles contained therein. Our fowls are among the finest in the neighbourhood, and, as for being healthy and clean, we have no trouble with them. We have two houses, each five feet square, and each has a covered run sixteen feet long and five feet wide, besides outside runs, which are eleven yards by six each; we have also two grass runs, all of which father and myself have arranged according to the instructions contained in your paper. Each house and run is cleaned out every morning, and fine ashes laid down, which makes it look quite tidy. We have fourteen fowls in each house, and they do not seem to be at all crowded."

A. E. P.—From the South Australian Government Offices, Westminster Buildings, Victoria Street, S.W.

C.—The description was that of a boat for model sailing. More sail aloft forward does not necessarily mean more speed. You have spoilt the whole sail plan by cutting the jib into two and adding the huge flying-jib, which is quite useless. The foretopsail-yard is too much by the fore. A jib-header on the foremast would be more serviceable. Refer to our articles in second volume for dimensions.

H. H.—Powder up an egg-shell into fine dust, and then mix it into a paste with isinglass and brandy. Oil your mould, pour in your mixture, and when it is set you "will have made artificial ivory."

ERNEST and SEBERT.—The early history of the games has been given. See "Cricket, and how to excel in it," in the second volume, and "Mediæval Football" in the third.

C. H. C.—1. The best marble used by the Greeks and Romans came from Mount Marpessa, in the Island of Paros, in the Ægean. That from Pentelicus and Hymettus, near Athens, was next in quality. 2. The Nummulite of the limestone is Nummulites gizehensis. 3. A bovistrephedon inscription is one that reads alternately from left to right and right to left, and is so called from the course taken by oxen in ploughing a field—up one furrow and down the next.

G. H. F.—You will find model yachts advertised in "The Model Yachtsman," price one penny monthly, obtainable from Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

H. G. J.—Apply at one of the electrical schools; but you will not become an apprentice without a premium, unless under very exceptional circumstances. Your best plan would be to work at the practical part of your profession during the day, and study the theory at some such classes as those at the Birkbeck Institution during the evening.

E. F. B. G.—The telegraph alphabets, single needle and dot and dash, were given in the part for June, 1884.

A WOULD-BE MIDDY.—1. "Is it possible to transplant a hair from your head to your arm, so that it will grow there? When I say transplant, I mean to make a little hole in your arm with a needle, to pull out a hair from your head, and to put the root into the hole." We have never heard of this being done, but you could easily experiment for yourself. A single specimen would hardly be a fair test, so perhaps it would be as well to prod yourself over with two or three dozen needle-holes! 2. Midship man, so called from being originally berthed amidships.

THE CONSTANT READER.—The Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.

FIDDLER.—You should consult an oculist, and wear the spectacles he advises. Do not act on the recommendation of an ordinary optician or spectacle-seller, as you will then probably get a pair of glasses that will do you more harm than good. Always be careful with the treatment of your eyes.

P. H. TAYLOR.—All large engineering firms take apprentices. You can do nothing without an introduction. Consult the Post Office Directory.

TOM.—Through the portals of your imagination. The rank of ensign has been abolished for years, and there are no means by which you can attain it. You must pass through Sandhurst. Your first commission will be as lieutenant.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 317.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885. Price One Penny.

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

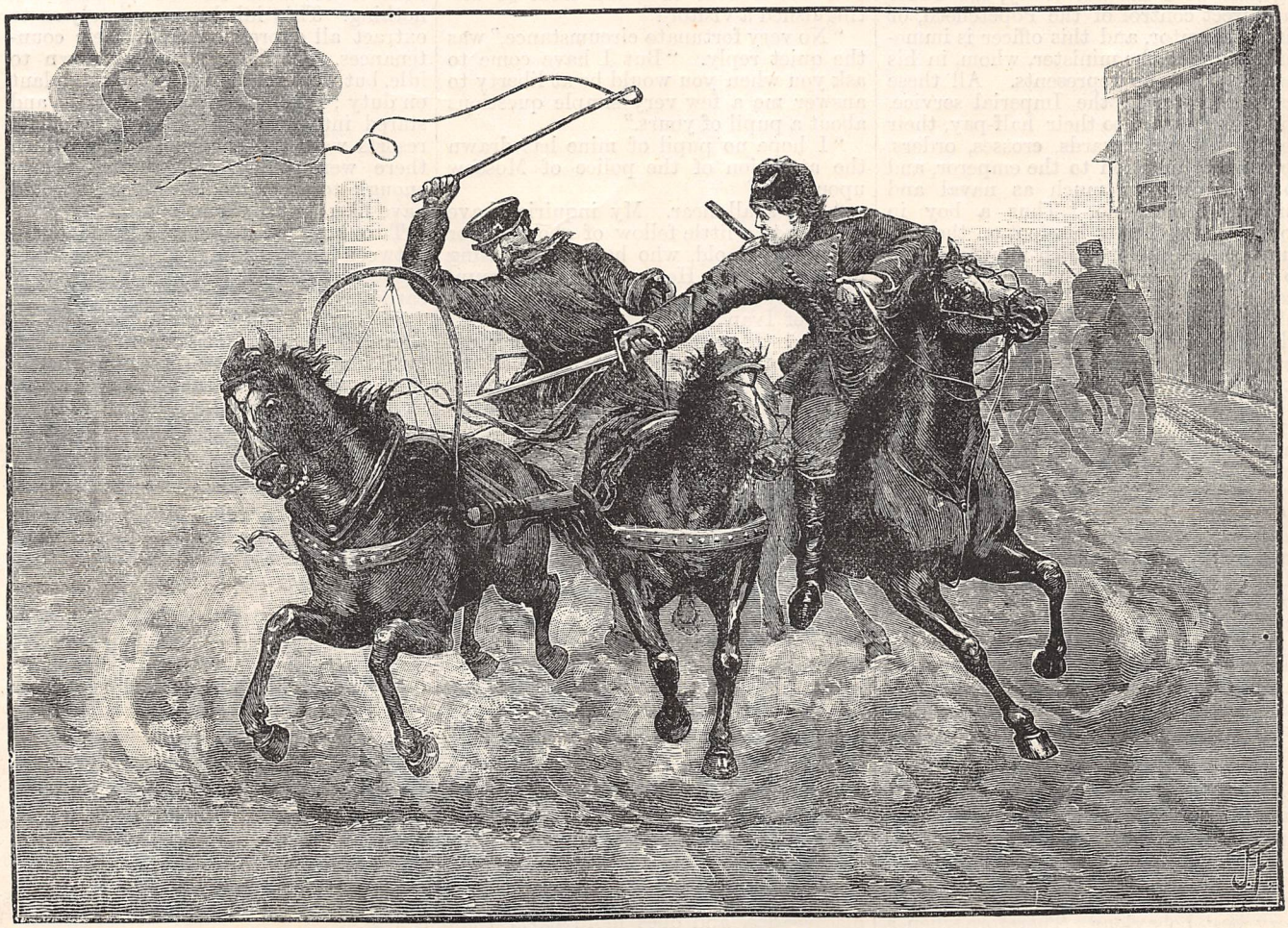
By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER X.—THE GYMNASIUM.

Nothing is perfect in this world—at least, nothing that is of human invention. But perhaps the nearest approach to perfection is to be found in the Russian system of State education.

In each large town there are as many high schools as the governing powers deem adequate to the wants of the population. Each Gymnasium has eight classes, of which the first is the lowest or most elementary. Every boy is therefore supposed to pass eight years in school before he can be admitted a student at the university. But sometimes, nay, very often, it happens that a



"Arrest him at all hazard. I *must* have him."

boy fails in an examination or two, in which case he has to stop another year in the class. Hence cases arise where boys have been *sixteen years at school* before they become students. A clever boy will get through in eight years, but the average seems about ten.

Each Gymnasium takes a certain number of gratis pupils, whose uniform, books, etc., are all found by the State. The uniform is like that of our policemen, only the tunic is of a much lighter blue; the buttons are plated and look like silver. A narrow white braid runs round the collar, on each side of which a sprig of laurel is worked. The cap is like that worn by our postmen, only of the same light blue as the coat. It is corded at the seams with white cord. On the front of the cap the number of the Gymnasium is marked, nearly surrounded by two laurel sprigs, the stalks of which are united under the letters and figures indicating the Gymnasium. The trousers are of a grey mixture. This uniform prevails all through Russia, and we meet with it everywhere from Archangel to Odessa.

The usual dress of the professors is a blue tail-coat with hip flaps, like the naval uniform in England, but the collar turns down and is of blue velvet. The buttons bear the eagle of Russia in gold. Ordinary teachers wear no uniform.

The Gymnasium is governed by a director, who usually has the rank of full general. Under him stands the inspector, with the rank of colonel. Professors have the rank of colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, according to their standing in the service. All the schools, together with the university, are under the direct control of the Popetchetil, or district curator, and this officer is immediately under the minister, whom, in his own district, he represents. All these gentlemen are in the Imperial service, and look forward to their half-pay, their pensions, their rewards, crosses, orders, honourable mention to the emperor, and so forth, just as much as naval and military officers do. Thus a boy in going to school puts his foot on the first rung of the ladder which may lead him to the position of cabinet minister at last.

The director of the Gymnasium to which we are about to introduce our readers was a "tartar," we mean in the boys' sense of the word.

Anton Gregorievitch Schwann was a very tall ungainly man, with a fiery red face, and an eye that told tales of temper. The flash of that eye was enough to quell the most stubborn disposition, and boys have been known to faint with sheer fright on being threatened with an *interview* with their director. His terrorism, alike as regards both teachers and pupils, kept the establishment in machine-like order. The boys spoke in whispers except when on the playground. The masters rarely reported boys for ill-conduct, either for fear of inordinate severity towards their pupils or disagreeable consequences to themselves.

To do this tyrant justice, he cared little for what the masters said about the boys, because he would himself constantly visit the classes at the most unexpected times, and the dread lest he should suddenly drop into the class was a sufficient stimulus to keep the boys on their very best behaviour. Therefore when a Government inspection took place, or the curator paid an official visit, everything in the house was sure to be in apple-pie order. The inspector was a German from the Baltic provinces, whence indeed many of the more important "Russians" have come.

The schools had now begun again to display the alarming forms of the Latin grammar and other deadly foes to schoolboy happiness. The monotony of class life droned lazily on, and boys thought listlessly of the "pleasant fields travelled so oft," instead of *amo, amas, amat.*

Mr. Schwann was walking moodily in the grand reception room one morning early in September when a soldier (for the Gymnasium being a Crown establishment, soldiers are used as attendants all over the house) brought up a card and presented it to the director, saying as he did so,

"The police-master himself is below!"

"Show him up. Show him up directly!"

The man was gone like a shot.

He returned as briskly as he went, and standing erect on one side of the doorway, with his hand placed to his forehead, he remained as stiff as a ramrod while he made the announcement,

"His High Excellency General Kakaroff!"

The police-master entered the hall of audience with an engaging bend of the body. He was in full uniform, with all his orders on, and wearing the tremendous silver epaulettes of his rank. Schwann stepped forward with almost cringing politeness, saying,

"To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the honour of a call from so distinguished a visitor?"

"No very fortunate circumstance," was the quiet reply. "But I have come to ask you when you would be at liberty to answer me a few very simple questions about a pupil of yours."

"I hope no pupil of mine has drawn the attention of the police of Moscow upon him!"

"You shall hear. My inquiries have relation to a little fellow of about ten or eleven years old, who has been missing for some time. He was, I hear, a pupil of this Gymnasium. He is known by the name of Ivan Dobroff."

"Ah! I thought that was coming. Little rascal! Always in mischief. Talented boy though. Very clever; very impudent. Absolutely fearless. Why—would you believe it?—he was actually not afraid of me!"

Kakaroff made mental notes of all these particulars, but he wrote nothing down. He asked, after a pause,

"Was this boy on particularly good terms with any of his schoolfellows? Had he any special chum?"

"Certainly. Paul Abrazoff, a boy of the fifth class, or rather the sixth now. He has passed his examination very creditably, and is promoted."

"In what class was Ivan Dobroff?"

"In the second, but he would have gone into the third this term—there is no doubt about it—he was the head of the class in everything; and, although no end of trouble to me and the masters, he was a great favourite with everybody."

"Can I see this friend of his?"

"Not now, unless you particularly wish it. You see the boys are in class, and calling one of them out is always a disturbance, and does more harm than good. But if you would wait a quarter of an hour all the classes will cease for the pause at noon for play and lunch. If you care to wait, Abrazoff can be sent to you here as to an ordinary visitor."

"Quite wise. I will wait, and you will kindly send the boy to me at the time you mention."

In due course the bell was rung by a corporal, and on the instant the various professors in their uniforms thronged out of their respective class-rooms and poured through the room where the prefect was. The director was about to leave, when the prefect put the card which he had received from Prince Tchernyaffskie into his hand."

"Oh, I see. But it was not necessary. You, of course, are your own introduction anywhere. But you have to excuse me now, I have much to do. You shall have the lad you want sent to you."

The boys flocked out into the large playground, and were soon running about shouting, as is the way with boys all the world over. Here, however, a circumstance was remarkable that put the Russian playground out of all comparison with its English namesake. There was an individual on the watch in the same uniform as the professors, although he was none; he was only an usher, whose duty it was to look after the boys in their play.

Amongst these youths, representing all classes of Moscow society, many stood aloof from play. Some grouped themselves together in little knots of threes and fours. Others walked alone, engaged in committing tasks to memory. Others—and these were certainly half the number of those on the ground—did nothing. They idled so completely as to extract all expression from their countenances. Of these some lay down to idle, but were roused up by the attendant on duty; others leant against walls and stared into space. The most favourite resorts were the garden seats, of which there were many, though not nearly enough to accommodate all who would have liked to use them.

Two boys of about the same age—between fourteen and fifteen—were walking apart from the rest and talking very earnestly.

"I say, Popoff!" exclaimed one of these, "do you remember in the summer, when we were going off together to Faustova, we lost a train through a girl shouting out our names as we were on the platform? Curious thing that was. I cannot to this day call to mind who the girl was. Can you?"

"No. I can't imagine. She seemed to know us both so well. I knew the voice too, and the face seemed familiar to me, but I can no more recall who it was than you. A pretty face it was, too. Wasn't it?"

"Lovely! But that has nothing to do with it. I only wish I could hit upon a clue to the mystery."

"Decidedly. I have asked my sister to tell me the names of all the girls she knows, to see whether she might happen to hit upon the right one; but no, not one was right."

"I mean to ask the boys whether the sister of any one travelled at that time by train."

"Do you recollect the date?"

"*Kak-je!*" an expression of universal application meaning "How not?" or "Of course."

"Abrazoff wanted!" shouted the play

ground inspector; and the shout was taken up by all the boys who were not too idle to use their voices. "Abrazoff wanted!" resounded on all sides, in all keys, and all possible tones.

"Hullo," cried Popoff. "What have you been going in for? If old Schwann *wants* you, you are in for a wigging. I'll clear out."

"If it's too bad I'll send for you," said Abrazoff, jestingly. "But my conscience is clear, any way."

He crossed himself, however, very solemnly, as he hurried through the little army of bluecoats and ran up the schoolboys' staircase. At the head of this staircase the inspector met him with a very serious face, and said,

"Make haste, Abrazoff! The police are after you! Nice fellow you are! Now, make haste, will you?"

Greatly alarmed, Abrazoff hurried on. The very name of police is a sound of fear to most people in Russia. It generally means something disagreeable, and always money out of pocket.

But he was not prepared for the politeness of Mr. Schwann, who presented him to the police-master in due form as "Pavel Nicolaevitch Abrazoff." Nor was he prepared for the kind manner of the gorgeous individual who addressed him as his "dear young friend"!

"I am told," said Kakaroff, "that you were very intimate with a little boy of the third class—or, I beg pardon, the second, I think—known as Ivan Dobroff. Now his excellency your director has kindly permitted me to have a private conversation with you on this subject. You would greatly oblige me by telling me something about this little fellow that might guide us in discovering him, or, at least, in obtaining traces of him."

"I wish I could give you any hint, I would do it with all my heart, but I know as little about his present life as you do; perhaps less!"

A smile of not exactly displeasure at this delicate piece of flattery—for to the police mind it certainly was flattery—passed over the countenance of the official. He said nothing, but looked at Schwann, who withdrew.

"Now come to this window—we are away from everybody—and try to recollect something—anything will do—which may connect itself with little Ivan during the summer. I am not going to put you through a regular course of examination. I don't want to trouble or distress you. On the contrary, I want you kindly to bend your mind to the task of assisting me. Try to think of some circumstance in your intercourse with this boy which may lead you to a new train of thought connected with him. But tell me first, Why were you so attracted to him?"

"I fancied he was like my sister in the face."

"You don't mind my taking notes of what you say? It is not for the purpose of testing your truthfulness—which nobody doubts—it is only to act as a guide to my memory in the Dobroff mystery."

Abrazoff started. When had he last heard that expression, and how applied? Was it the Dobroff mystery he had heard about? Mystery, mystery? What other mystery?

Kakaroff saw the puzzled look, and saw also that something was coming that would not come, so he wisely said nothing.

"We are from the same 'government,' Riazan, and then everything connected with Berozovo has an uncommon interest in my eyes. I love it very much. Ivan does not recollect much about it, but he remembers some things which I liked to hear him talk about."

"For example—?"

"He would talk about his old nurse by the hour."

"What was her name?"

At this question a new sensation seized Abrazoff, for which he could not account. He said, "He called her 'Olga Ivanovna.'"

"Now think well before you answer my next question. Have you, since the disappearance of this poor little fellow, had no clue offered to your mind suggesting what may or might have become of him?"

"Unhesitatingly I can reply, *not the faintest.*"

"You have seen nothing recalling him?"

"Nothing."

"Then since that time you have neither seen his form nor heard his voice?"

This form of the question caused a shudder for which Abrazoff could not account. Something, he could not tell what, would not allow him to answer so unhesitatingly as before, but he replied in the negative notwithstanding.

Down went several entries in the book.

At last Abrazoff cried out, "There goes the bell for class! I must leave you."

"Quite right; I will not detain you. But was there any one else who knew him well?"

"Oh, yes; Popoff."

"Well, there is no time for more at present; but think over this matter during class, never mind having bad marks. And if you think of anything—never mind how trifling to your mind—come to me at once at the headquarters in the Tverskaya Boulevard, and give this card to the official in waiting. I will ask your director to let you off from the class at any moment you may feel it right to come to me. Adieu. Many thanks."

Abrazoff left, and Schwann returned.

"I owe your excellency many thanks," said Kakaroff, "for your ready aid in permitting me to talk so freely with that intelligent young fellow. *There is something there!* Now I want you to do this. Let him leave the Gymnasium and come to me the moment he thinks he has found a clue. I have told him I should ask your permission for him to do this; I hope you will not withhold it. And if he wants any other boy with him let him bring him. And pray, if he wants money for the carriage, see that he has it. I must now depend on you for assistance in this important matter. It is of very much more importance than can be measured by the magnificent reward offered. Please to see that he gets off—if he wants to do so—at once. Good morning, and accept my very best thanks."

And Kakaroff was off, leaving Schwann astonished at his politeness. "Ah!" he said, aloud; "the fellow can't mean any good or he would not be so polite;" with which sound reflection he went on his rounds through the school.

Kakaroff was right when he prophesied bad marks for Abrazoff. He was absent in mind, and answered at random all the questions put to him by the professor from the "cathedra," or professorial chair. He was excited and preoccupied, until at last, as though Kakaroff had been an inspired prophet, and had seen the whole thing coming, he jumped up from his seat and begged permission to leave the class. In some astonishment, this permission was accorded. He was known to be a steady, hard-working boy, one of the best in the school for order and propriety of conduct, so he was permitted to leave. He rushed from the room, and the professor as he left very considerately scratched out the bad marks which he had given him in the official class-book.

Abrazoff ran through the corridor until he came to the soldier at the end, whom he begged to send for the director. The man called a comrade, who found one of the ushers, who immediately went in search of Schwann.

"Hullo, Abrazoff! What's the matter? Taken Kakaroff's hint, eh, to get off from work?"

"Can you let me have Popoff with me, please? The whole thing has flashed across my mind in class. Send an usher with me if you doubt my word. But I never deceived you yet."

"I'm not so sure of that. However, this is serious as far as Kakaroff is concerned; and if you *do* make fools of him and me too, it will be an expensive pleasure in the long run."

But he had sent an usher for Popoff, and a soldier for a prelotkah, and when it arrived he saw the two boys in and said,

"If you can be back for the last lesson, do. If not, never mind. Shall I pay?"

"No, thank you, I have money."

"Be off then—Pasholl!"

No sooner were they seated than Abrazoff seized Popoff by the hand and exclaimed,

"I have it, Costya [Constantine]. I have found it all out. It came like a flash in the class. But what made me put the two parts of the story together was your calling the girl in the train a *mystery*, and Kakaroff calling little Ivan a *mystery*, and the two flashed across me in class, and she's he and he's she!"

"I say! Abrazoff—let's go back—you're not well; come, there's a good fellow."

"Certainly not," said Abrazoff, laughing. "It's all right. Kakaroff is a wizard or a conjuror, or a something of the kind. He has bewitched me. During class I made the most awful blunders. I don't wonder at your thinking me cracked. What do you think first put me on the true scent?"

"I have no idea. I don't know what scent you mean now, and am perfectly at my wits' ends to know what on earth you are driving at."

"Well, I told you that we are trying to find little Ivan."

"My dear Abrazoff, I beg your pardon, but I solemnly assure you that you have said nothing of the kind to *me*. You mentioned little *Ivan*, it is true, and you said he was a mystery; and the girl in the train being also a mystery, you seemed to draw the conclusion that they must be not two mysteries, but one mystery, therefore Ivan is a girl and the girl is Ivan, Q.E.D."

"Not bad, Popoff; but what set me on the scent was a strange question of Kakaroff's. He asked me whether since the disappearance of Ivan I had 'seen his shape or *heard his voice*.' I answered frankly *no* to this double question, but I had an undefined feeling that my reply was not truthful, and when in class it

came across me that the voice of that girl in the train was the voice of Ivan, so that though I had not seen his shape I had heard his voice!"

Popoff became as grave as a judge in a moment.

"Why," he cried, "I believe you are right!"

When they presented themselves at the palace of the police-master the official at the entrance observed that the general would see nobody.

"I think he will see me," said Abrazoff, presenting the card.

A military functionary then came down the stairs leading to the first grand hall of the mansion—for there are two, the lower and the upper, in this curious building. The upper one we have passed through already when we introduced Zakoffsky to Kakaroff. The boys were taken to the lower hall by the military gentleman who had descended from the upper hall to meet them. He bade them follow him until they reached a certain door, at which he knocked. It was immediately opened, and the boys were at once admitted. On again producing the card they were immediately confided to an officer, who took them without loss of time to his *chef*.

"Well, Abrazoff," said Kakaroff, "whom have you brought me? I need hardly ask, I see he is a Popoff. Now what is the news?"

"Your excellency asked me whether I had seen Ivan or heard his voice since his disappearance. I fancy that I have heard his voice; so has Popoff here."

"Go on."

"Just before the schools were beginning I came into Moscow, and one day—I think, too, it must have been on the very day that Ivan was really missed, or at all events soon after—Popoff and I were thinking of taking a little trip to Faustova to see the tame wolves, when just as we were going to jump into a carriage we heard a voice which sounded very familiar to both of us, proceeding from the window of a first-class coupée. We ran to the window, and saw two girls in the carriage; they were struggling together. One was much younger than the other, and she was calling our names in a very familiar voice. 'Abrazoff! Popoff! help!' she cried. Now, we both knew the voice, but not to whom it belonged, and we did not know either girl. The face of the younger one seemed most familiar to me. The elder I never saw before, but the other was the very image of my sister, only much younger. I rushed to get into the carriage, but you know you have to get in at one or other end of the carriages in general: I forgot that this was a coupée and ran to the end of the carriage to try to get in, when the horn was blown and off they went. Now, when you asked me this morning whether I had seen Ivan or heard his voice, your question recalled this scene, and I feel sure now that this voice was Ivan's, and in comparing notes with Popoff it seems that we have both noticed the likeness of Ivan to my sister. But what led me to connect the railway story with Ivan in the first instance was a remark of Popoff's coupling the girl mystery with the Dobroff mystery, and I feel certain now that the girl who called us from the carriage window was Ivan Dobroff disguised."

"My dear young friend," said Kakaroff, "you are a model of skill. But have either of you breathed a word of this to any one else?"

"Not a syllable to any living soul. I was very stupid in class after you left."

"My influence is not good for much," observed the general, laughing.

"I won't say that," replied Abrazoff, seriously, "for you seemed to have filled me with the idea that I was to discover something. We had Roman history this afternoon, and when the professor asked me who defended the bridge against Lars Porsena I replied, 'Ivan the Terrible,' and I must have got some bad marks in consequence. But I kept thinking on what you said about wanting to see you in the middle of the class—about Ivan Dobroff and this girl in the train—when all of a sudden, like a shot, I saw it all, that she was he and he was she! I got leave to quit the class, and Mr. Schwann permitted me to come to you and bring Popoff to prove that we had heard Ivan's voice proceeding from a girl who knew us, and who was in a Gymnasium uniform."

"Of course you did not let the driver hear you talk this over?"

The two boys looked at each other, and then at Kakaroff, without speaking, and they looked as foolish as two boys could look.

"Well, I see how it happened. Never mind."

He touched an electric bell, and instantly a servant out of livery stood in the room.

"Has the izvoschick who brought these two young gentlemen left or not?"

"I will find out this moment."

The man was gone like a shot. Presently he returned, saying,

"He has just driven off."

"Arrest him at all hazards and bring him back at once. Send Serge Malenko to me."

The servant was gone without a word, and in a very few minutes a tall official in undress uniform was standing in his place.

"Now, Pavel Nicolaevitch, did you pay the izvoshchick?"

"No, I told him to wait!"

"Then you see how guarded one must be in speaking. He knows all about it. Perhaps he is one of the gang. I am nearly certain not to catch him. Of course, you do not know his number?"

"But I do," chimed in Popoff, "it was five *ones* (11111)—eleven thousand one hundred and eleven."

"First-rate, youngster. You hear, Malenko? Send that number round and let me have the driver in half an hour. He must be stopped before he can reach the Novoye Derayvnie. Send gendarmes, cossacks, and budeschicks so as to cut him off. I *must* have him!"

The official vanished as if by magic, and Kakaroff went on dressing. Then he asked Abrazoff whether he would know the elder girl again.

"Amongst a thousand," was the reply. "She was very pretty and very fair. I should know her directly, and so would Popoff.'

"That is something like business. Just touch the top knob in that row of electric bell-knobs. Thanks."

A servant appeared on the instant.

"Have my drosky for two immediately got ready. Let drosky No. 4 be prepared for Colonel Marinikoff and this young gentleman. Cossacks! Telegraph to surround the house of Hermann in the Schoualovsky Peryoulok, and to place it under police arrest instantly. No person to leave or enter it till I arrive. Send Schuleikin."

The man was gone and another appeared. This time it was a brilliantly uniformed officer of gendarmes. Kakaroff wrote rapidly on a large sheet of printed and stamped paper, signed the document, sealed it, and said,

"Take men enough to render resistance impossible. This is an order for the arrest of Feodor Karlovitch von Hohenhorst, known as Hermann, and his daughter Anniesie. Let her have a carriage and bring her here. After I have interviewed her at her father's house, she must be taken great care of and treated with the greatest respect. He is going to Siberia. It does not matter what you do to him, only don't shoot him or cut him down. But this has to be done sharp. March!"

It is quite impossible for us to describe the delight and excitement of our boys at being in such a stirring adventure. They forgot all about home, school, everything. Kakaroff, however, was more prudent; he wrote a note to Director Schwann, asking him to excuse the absence of the two boys to their respective families by writing letters explanatory of their absence on any grounds he liked to assume. He then caused tea and cake to be set before them, while he went to his office to interview many people who were waiting for him, and to give orders in other business as pressing as that of Ivan Dobroff, though not so interesting to us.

While engaged in this manner the bell of his telegraph office rang, and a message was read out by his private telegraph secretary as follows: "Izvoschick No. 11111 taken driving furiously to the Novoye Derayvnie. Resisted desperately. Papers found connecting him with the stupid Hermann section. On the road to you now."

"That's business," said Kakaroff, rubbing his hands.

He had many papers to sign, and much to do, and many people to see. But at the end of three-quarters of an hour he was ready, and sent an officer to bring the boys to identify the driver. They had greatly enjoyed their refreshments, and came into the official presence with great glee.

"Now," said Kakaroff, pointing to a cleanly-shaved intelligent-looking young man, "do you know that person?"

"No," said Abrazoff, "I never saw him before."

"Nor I," said Popoff.

"Nevertheless," said Kakaroff, "he is No. 11111. Dress him," he added, turning to some officials.

Immediately they arrayed him, much against his will, in the izvoschick dress, adding a large red beard, a red wig to match, and the hat, when the boys knew him directly.

"Well," said Kakaroff, "this gentleman will keep. So we will make our way to the house in the Novoye Derayvnie. See him secured" (to the police).

The horses were all ready. Abrazoff took his seat next Kakaroff, two Cossacks with their lances rode next, then followed the police colonel, whom we have already seen with Zakoffsky. Beside the colonel sat Popoff, and they all rode off as merrily as if to a wedding.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN AFRICAN STEEPLECHASE.

The aspect of the horsemen—or rather the giraffemen—when they started in the morning was curious in the extreme. It is very doubtful if Cyprien would have cared to have appeared in such guise before Miss Watkins in the chief street of Vandergaart Kopje. But in Rome people must do as do the Romans. Our hero was in the desert, and giraffes were just as good mounts as dromedaries. Their gait was very much the same. Their backs were horribly hard, and they rolled and pitched in a way that nearly made their riders seasick.

In two or three hours Cyprien and the Chinee were sufficiently acclimatised, and after a few attempts at rebellion, which were promptly suppressed, the giraffes became quite docile, and sped along at a rapid pace.

The object now was to hurry on as much as possible, so as to make up for the time lost during the last three or four days. Had Pantalacci caught Mataki? Cyprien resolved that nothing should keep him from reaching him.

On the third day the giraffemen entered the plains. They were following the right bank of a much-winding watercourse which flowed to the northward, and was probably one of the secondary affluents of the Zambesi. The giraffes, thoroughly subdued and weakened by the long stages and spare diet to which Li subjected them, were driven with the greatest ease. Cyprien could even let go the rope-reins and direct his steed by the mere pressure of his knee. Free from anxiety as to his mount, he took a good deal of pleasure in noticing around him the traces of advancing civilisation. In one unbroken series there stretched away fields of manioc or taro, carefully tended, properly irrigated by means of bamboos placed end to end, and reached by broad and well-made roads. In fact, the district had an air of general prosperity. On the hills which bordered the horizon there appeared the groups of white huts, built of rushes, which served as the homes of its scattered population.

One thing that showed they were nearly out of the desert was the extraordinary number of wild animals peopling the plain. Here and there innumerable swarms of birds, of all sizes and species, darkened the air. Herds of antelopes and gazelles crossed the road before them. Occasionally a monstrous hippopotamus lifted his head in the river, brayed noisily, and plunged again beneath the stream with a sounding splash.

The last thing in Cyprien's thoughts was what greeted his eyes as he turned the flank of one of the small hills. This was no less than Pantalacci at full gallop in pursuit of Mataki! About a mile separated the men from each other, and Cyprien and Li were some four miles behind the Italian.

The delight of the latter was unbounded. Cyprien gave a loud "Hurrah!" Li a sounding "Hyugh!" meaning the same thing, and then they put their giraffes at the trot.

Evidently Mataki had seen the Neapolitan, who had begun to gain on him, though he could not see his old master and his companion, who were still too far off over the plain.

The young Kaffir, at sight of Pantalacci—who was not a man to give quarter, and who, without waiting for explanations, might kill him like a dog—hurried along furiously in his ostrich cart. The swift bird almost flew over the ground. It flew at such a rate that it suddenly crashed up against a large stone. The shock was so violent that the axletree broke, one of the wheels slipped off, and Mataki and the bits of his chariot were scattered in the road.

The unfortunate Kaffir was dreadfully injured by his fall, but the fright that possessed him was only thereby increased. Convinced that he would be killed if caught by the Italian, he picked himself up, caught the ostrich, jumped astride of its back, and sped off at a run.

And then began an exciting steeplechase such as the world had never seen since the days of the Roman hippodrome, when ostrich and giraffe races formed part of the programme.

While Pantalacci chased Mataki, Cyprien and Li chased them both. They wanted the Kaffir for the sake of the stolen diamond, they wanted the Italian to settle accounts with him for his cowardly treachery.

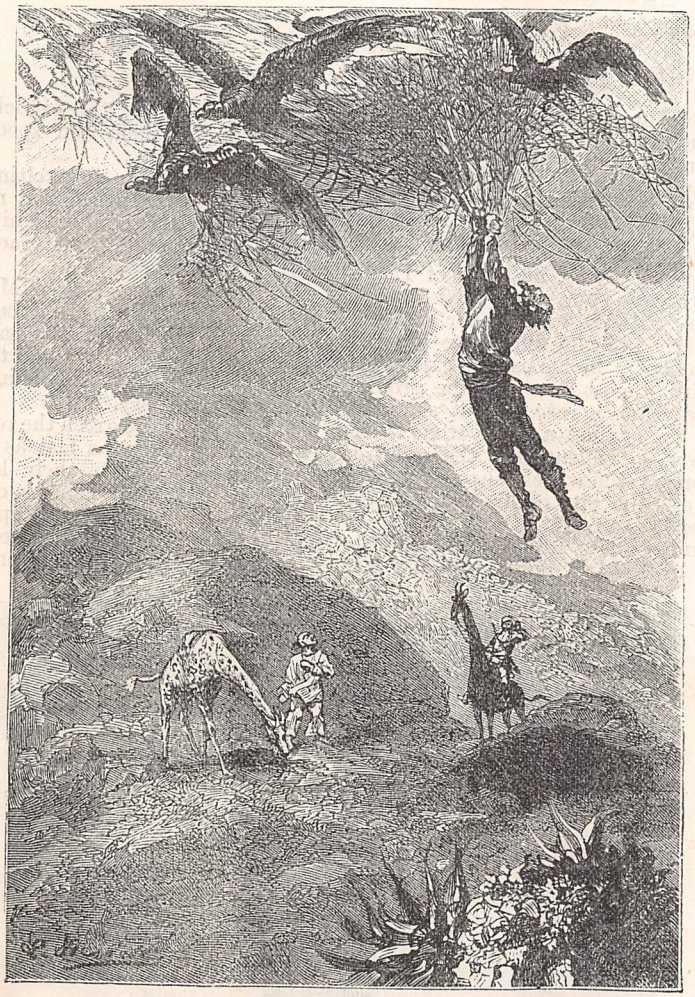
The giraffes were given the reins. They swept along almost as fast as thoroughbred horses, as with their long necks stretched out, their mouths open, their ears flung back, they were spurred and whipped to their topmost speed.

Mataki's ostrich proved a prodigy. No winner of the Derby would have had a chance against him. His short wings, though useless for flying, helped him

"And then they put their giraffes at the trot."

greatly. So fast did he speed over the ground that in a very few minutes the young Kaffir had regained all he had lost.

Mataki had chosen his mount well when he took the ostrich. If he could only keep up as he was going for another quarter of an hour he would be safe from the Italian's claws.



"A most extraordinary thing happened."

Pantalacci saw that the slightest halt would lose him all his advantage. Already the distance between him and the fugitive had sensibly increased. Beyond the mealy-field through which they were racing a thick mass of lentisks and Indian figs lay waving in the wind and bounding the view. If Mataki once reached it he would escape, as it would be impossible to keep him in sight.

At full gallop Cyprien and the Chinee followed in chase. They reached the foot of the hill; they were tearing across the field; but three miles still separated them from the Kaffir's pursuer.

They could see that by a great effort the Italian had gained a little on the fugitive. Whether it was that the ostrich was exhausted or had hurt itself against a stone, its speed had greatly slackened. Pantalacci was not more than three hundred feet from the Kaffir.

But Mataki had reached the edge of the wood. Suddenly he disappeared, and at the same moment Pantalacci was violently thrown, and his horse bolted.

"Mataki has escaped!" said Li.

"Yes; but Pantalacci is ours!" answered Cyprien.

And they pressed on their giraffes still faster.

In half an hour they had nearly crossed the mealy-field, and were only five hundred yards from where the Italian had come to grief. Had he gained the wood, or did he lie on the ground grievously wounded—or perhaps dead?

The unhappy man was where he had fallen. A hundred paces from him Cyprien and Li reined up their giraffes. And this is what they saw.

In the ardour of his pursuit the Neapolitan had not noticed a gigantic net which had been set by the Kaffirs to catch the birds that wage incessant war on their crops. In this net Pantalacci had become entangled.

And it was not a small net. It measured at least fifty yards along the side, and already contained several thousand birds of all sizes and plumage, and among them half a dozen of those enormous vultures, a yard and a half from wing-tip to wing-tip, which abound in South Africa.

When the Neapolitan fell into their midst the birds were naturally alarmed.

Pantalacci was stunned for a moment by his fall. Then he tried to rise. But his feet, legs, and hands were entangled in the meshes of the net, and he could not at first disengage them.

He had not much time to lose. He gave such terrible kicks and wrenches that he tore up the net from the pegs that fixed it to the ground. At the same time the birds, big and little, endeavoured to escape.

But the more the Italian struggled the more he was wrapped in the meshes.

And a crowning humiliation was in store for him. One of the giraffes came up—the one that bore the Chinaman.

Li jumped to the ground, and thinking that the best way to secure the prisoner was to roll him in the net, kicked it off the pegs in front of him and began to throw it over.

But a most extraordinary thing happened.

There came a tremendous gust of wind, bending down the trees as if a waterspout were sweeping over the ground.

Pantalacci in his struggles had torn the net from many of the pegs, and seeing himself on the point of capture, made a desperate effort to get free. With a violent wrench the last peg was torn up, and the feathered colony that the net held down took flight with noisy tumult.

The small birds escaped, but the large ones were caught in the meshes by their talons at the same time as they spread their wings for flight and together rose. All these aerial paddles and pectoral muscles working together, helped by the fury of the squall, formed so colossal a power that a hundredweight was but a feather-weight to it.

The net, rolled and heaped and entangled on itself, became the sport of the wind, and, with Pantalacci hanging to it by his wrists and hands, rose thirty yards from the ground.

Cyprien arrived as the net rose, and beheld his enemy flying up to the clouds.

The vultures, tiring at their first effort, began to descend, describing a long parabola as they did so. In three seconds they had reached the lentisks and Indian figs to the west of the mealy-field. Then, having shaved the tops of the bushes at about a dozen feet from the ground, they rose again into the air.

Cyprien and Li looked on with horror at the sight of the unfortunate man borne upwards for a hundred and fifty feet by the prodigious efforts of the vultures and the force of the breeze.

Suddenly a few meshes broke, and the Italian clutched wildly at the cords. But his hands missed their hold, and he fell in a heap to the earth.

The net, freed from his weight, shot up in the air, and was soon shaken off by the vultures.

When Cyprien reached him to help, his enemy was dead—killed in this horrible way.

And now there remained but one of the four rivals who had started on the Kaffir chase across the Transvaal.

(To be continued.)

RIVALS:

THE STORY OF AN EVENTFUL PAPER-CHASE.

By Herbert P. Dollman.

CHAPTER I.

"A Danvers! A Danvers!"

"Butler! Butler! Rescue!"

"Down! You're down! Butler for ever! Hurrah!"

It was "recess time" at Malton House School — that welcome interval of a quarter of an hour devoted to recreation in the middle of the morning studies — and the Fifth Form boys were noisily engaged in what was known at Malton House as "tilting."

As perhaps you may not recognise the sport by that name, it may be as well to explain that tilting is indulged in by those taking part forming two sides, each of which has a "home." From the "home," hopping and with arms folded, the champions charge forth, with the result that one or other of them, unable to stand the shock of the encounter, is, if not completely overthrown, at least compelled to resort to the use of both legs for the preservation of his equilibrium. Vanquished thus from either of these causes, the defeated one must withdraw to the victor's home, there to remain until one of his party approaches sufficiently near thereto to grasp his hand, or until the game is ended by the capture of one entire side.

Now, of course, it is a common and well-known diversion in schools, but at Malton House it was a very favourite pastime, and was played with an elaboration not often bestowed upon it. By the Fifth Form, I mean; of course, you could not expect from the small boys of the lower forms anything but an indiscriminate pellmell struggle. But the Fifth Form fellows went in for tactics. Each side chose a leader, whose orders were to be implicitly obeyed. And, though the battles usually commenced with a haphazard sort of scrimmage, not all the combatants, by any means, took part in it at first.

No. A leader would begin by sending out a few of his men just to skirmish. Then, when he judged that a fit moment had come, a signal recalled his skirmishers, and, swift as lightning, a thick line of fresh men sallied out, and would often capture the whole of the pursuers, spent as they generally were. Not always, for reinforcements from the opposite goal would change the tide of the conflict.

Then what schemes were employed for the rescue of prisoners! While some few scattered men sustained the fight skirmishing, a body of fellows in the shape of a wedge would charge along the space between their own home and that opposite, bearing down all before them, and setting free their comrades in a mass. This phalanx was not to be attacked with much success by solitary champions, but a double line of opponents drawn up in front of their comrades' prison was a formidable obstacle to overcome, leading often to the front angle of the phalanx being broken. When that happened, the strength of their formation was gone, and the best plan to adopt was a swift retreat and a fresh effort.

Sharp-eyed and ready-witted leaders were needed, I can tell you! And such on this particular morning were the two commanders, whose names so often resounded through the playground. "Ivanhoe," sent as a birthday present to one of the boys, had rapidly circulated through the Fifth Form. The description therein of the tournament had fired many a breast, and, imitating the example of the gallant knights, the boys encouraged one another by shouting the names of their leaders as war-cries and rallying-words.

Fiercely the conflict raged that day. The skirmishers had been driven in very quickly, and lines had charged from either side with varying success. Many a champion had dejectedly made his way into his vanquisher's "home," and the ranks had become sadly thinned. But the majority of the prisoners had been taken by Butler's side, and Danvers made desperate efforts to liberate them. Twice had he resorted to the phalanx attack, only to lose more followers; and, after trusting to individual efforts, then to simultaneous onslaughts by two lines of fellows in Indian file, was now about to make a third charge in triangular formation, purposing to join in it himself—a thing which the commanders seldom did, for they had, of course, plenty else to do. But Danvers chose the post of honour at the foremost angle of his phalanx and charged, determined on retrieving his losses.

Drawn up in front of Butler's "home," however, was a triple row of foes, in the centre of the last of which stood Butler. There was a hard tussle as they met. Down went some of the fellows who closed in on the phalanx! Down went some of the fellows in the phalanx itself, but the rest closed up the ranks, and, with Danvers at its front angle, that part was safe enough.

And Danvers had done well. Two men had fallen before him, and he was through the second row. But then he met his match; Butler barred the way. Again and again Danvers bore down upon him. In vain. Butler, though standing on the defensive only, held his own like a rock, while Danvers's exertions began to tell upon him. Then, as he momentarily recoiled after a third attack, his opponent changed his tactics and suddenly charged with all his force. Nothing could well have withstood so quick and vigorous an onslaught. Danvers's arms, from being folded, burst apart. He staggered, and only by placing his raised foot upon the ground did he save himself from falling. And as, bitterly mortified, he entered Butler's "home," his party, dispirited by his conquest, broke and fled for refuge to the other end of the playground, while Butler's fellows raised cheer on cheer.

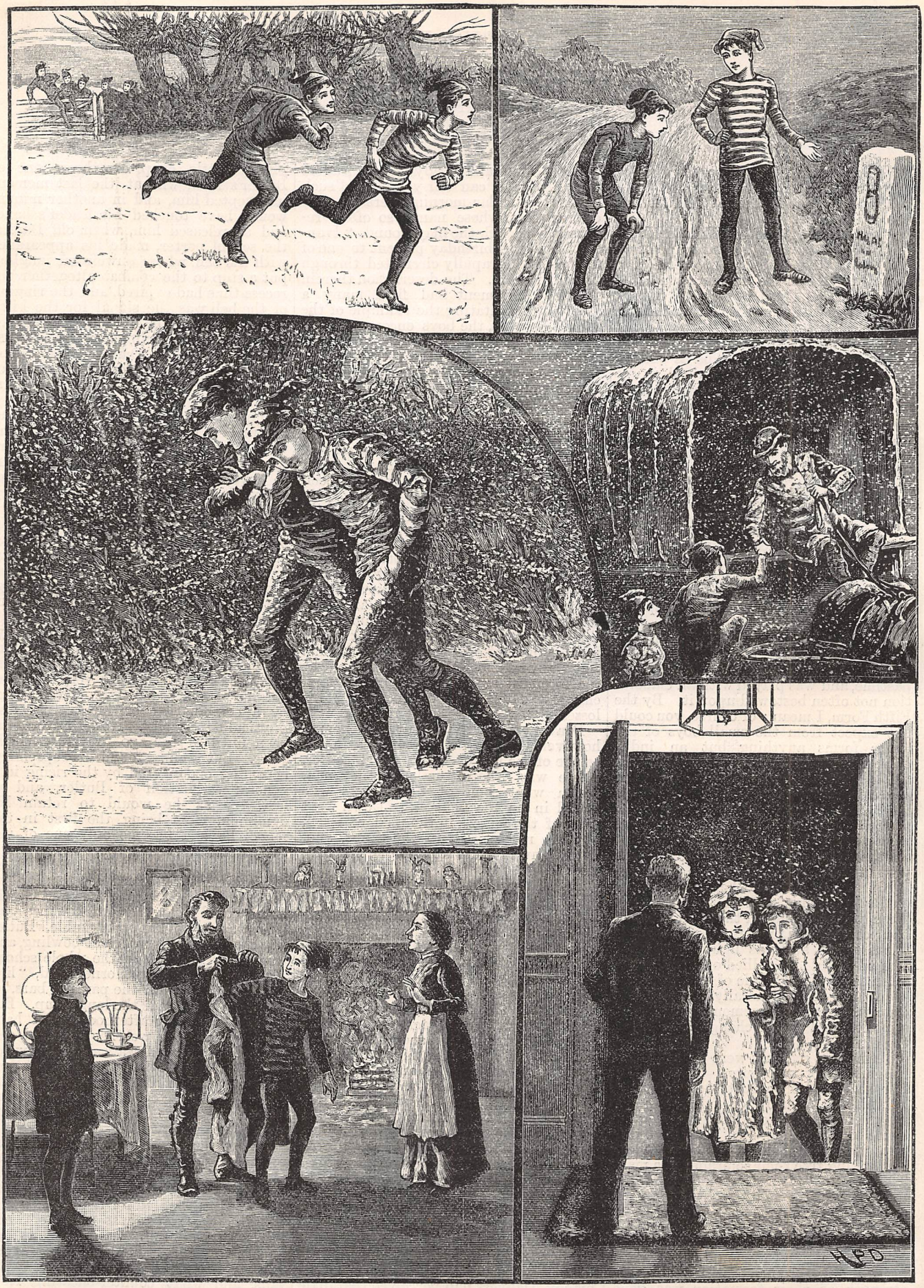
Vainly his side tried to rescue him. Small in numbers, and ever getting smaller, their efforts were unavailing. But the worst of all was to come, for, to his joy, Danvers had perceived that little Horner, unnoticed, had made a circuit and come quite close to his prison. The plucky little chap overthrew one of Butler's men, who at the last moment intercepted him, and in another minute would have touched his leader's hand, and so released him, when old Davies, the school porter, made his appearance with the bell, whose unwelcome jangling put a stop to the combat altogether, for recess-time had expired, and the ringing of the bell was the signal for the Fifth Form to reassemble in their class-room.

It was with feelings of the deepest mortification that Danvers obeyed the summons, following slowly the crowd of boys who went chattering up the staircase. If he had only been set upon by a number of fellows just now and had succumbed to their united efforts, he would not have minded his defeat. There would have been no disgrace in it. But to have been worsted by a single opponent, above all by Butler, was very galling, for he knew it entailed on him a loss and on Butler a corresponding gain in prestige. And that was a thing not to be borne. For between Butler and himself there was, and had been for some time, a great rivalry. Not in tilting only, but in class, in all sorts of sports, in everything.

There is in most schools a head boy. Sometimes you may find his position has been gained in the class-room, sometimes in the cricket field; but very often he obtains his place as captain of the school by a combination of intellectual and physical superiority. Now Danvers had been until a year ago in this enviable state. But then he found his supremacy becoming endangered by the rising into general estimation of Butler, and at last, try as he would to retain his dominion, from being the first in the school he had become only one of the two foremost.

If he could get the better of Butler in mathematics, Butler was ahead of him in French and German, Latin and Greek. If he could "slog" at cricket in a way that was quite unapproachable, Butler was more than his match at bowling, and was the best catch in the whole school. He could, as young Horner said, "lick Butler into fits" on the parallel bars, at the high jump, and the long jump. But then of a winter afternoon, on a half-holiday when the weather was bad and they could not go for a walk or go out of doors at all, Butler would get every fellow in the "Fifth" round him by the fireside, listening eagerly as he told those wonderful stories Danvers could not for the life of him invent.

When the first eleven—there were fourteen fellows in it really, but of course they called it an eleven—when the first eleven had, at the beginning of the cricket season, voted for the election of a captain, the result was a tie between Butler and himself. So he and Butler had to toss up. When he won the toss, what cheering there was from his partisans, and what counter-cheering from those who had voted for Butler! As a set-off to this, when football came in



The Story of an eventful Paper-chase.—*See p. 295.*

Butler was chosen captain of the first team, a post which he himself had held last year, in addition to the captaincy of the first cricket eleven!

Now it is not pleasant to find oneself being overtaken in this way when one has been "king of the castle" all round. If the two lads had been left to themselves, though, there would have been no harm done, and a generous rivalry between them might have been the only result; as Danvers, though hot and quick-tempered, was a good fellow at heart, while Butler, stubborn and unyielding as he often could be, was frank and honourable, and would have scorned to have been guilty of any malicious or underhand conduct.

But, as with the wider outside world, Malton House had, unfortunately, its share of mischief-makers, both of the malicious and the thoughtless order, so that where there might have been a friendly competition, there sprang up a feeling of bitter hostility which impelled them to outvie one another in everything, little or great, and entirely stopped all healthy intercourse between them.

On one thing both had set their hearts, and that was the possession of the school medal. Though there were plenty of prizes in the shape of books given at the conclusion of each term, there was only one medal for the whole year, and that was awarded at the Christmas breaking-up to the boy who had gained the greatest number of marks during the period from January to December. The last week but one in the Christmas term was devoted to an examination, and the marks then obtained were reckoned in the aggregate of the year.

Danvers and Butler had a pretty equally balanced score up to the present, so that it was in the examination that the advantage would have to be won. This was not to come off for five weeks yet, but already speculation was rife as to the result. Praiseworthy as their desire to excel in it might have been, the bitter feelings which now incited them to the contest quite outweighed any of the advantages of the competition.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

"He will be all right in a few weeks," said the doctor.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Come, Soady," said Garland, next afternoon, "you've had enough of that excellent grammar for an hour; come and make a call with me on your way home."

Soady closed the book, murmuring some mystic facts about increasing short in the genitive, and announced he could give him half an hour.

"Plenty of time; it's only up by Endsleigh Gardens."

He named the address.

"Why, he won't be home," said Soady.

"He? I'm going to see a l dy."

"Don't you know that's the house where Lang is living?"

"No," replied Garland; "you don't say so? I'm going there to see an old friend of my father's, Mrs. Hawtrey, a charming lady."

"Any daughters?" asked Soady.

"One—Maggie. She's very pretty and sings like a nightingale."

"I'll come," said Soady; "perhaps she'll let me play her accompaniments some day."

They arrived at the house about half-past four. Mrs. Hawtrey welcomed Garland warmly, and Soady was introduced to her and her daughter.

"We were old schoolfellows," said Garland, "and we are at the same tutor's now. Oddly enough I only knew just now that you know another schoolfellow, Lang."

"Is Mr. Lang a friend of yours?" asked Mrs. Hawtrey.

"Yes; do you see much of him?"

"Quite enough," put in Maggie. "He scarcely has a word to say, and always seems in wretched spirits."

"It's the exam.," explained Soady; "you've no idea of the depressing effect of keeping company with grammars and so on for months together. I'm in the middle of it now."

"It doesn't seem to have the same effect on you," said Mrs. Hawtrey, with a smile.

"I don't stick to it so hard as Lang," exclaimed Soady; "I take an hour and a half or so off every day. Then I've my music to practise and Caractacus to circumvent."

"Who's Caractacus?" asked Maggie.

That necessitated an explanation from Soady, which he gave with considerable humour. He was in the middle of it when Lang entered.

He stood the picture of surprise when he saw his two friends sitting there, as much at home as if they lived there. Garland, however, explained the situation, and Lang looked unaccountably relieved.

"How have you got on to-day?" asked Mrs. Hawtrey.

"It's all over," said Lang, with a sigh of relief.

"You must be glad of it."

"I am, very."

"Now," said Mrs. Hawtrey, kindly, "you must take a holiday and do nothing for a month. You look tired and worn out."

"You don't look well," said Soady; "try a wet towel round your head."

"I don't think I am very well," acknowledged Lang; "I shall go home to-morrow, I think."

"I think it would be wise," said Mrs. Hawtrey. "By-the-by, whilst I remember it, I want all of you to be at your best in the course of three or four months, for I am going to enroll you all in my company for helping at a bazaar they are having near here. Can I count on your aid?"

All promised to do what they could to assist.

"What is the bazaar for?" asked Garland.

"It's for the Home connected with St. Peter's."

"Mr. King was talking about it," said Garland; "some relation of his is the secretary."

"I shall make you work pretty hard," said Mrs. Hawtrey, warningly, "so don't promise too rashly."

"We're all accustomed to hard work," said Soady, "so you need not fear our breaking down."

The two visitors left soon after, and Lang took the opportunity of retiring to his room.

"Charming woman," said Soady, warmly. "What does she live at a boarding-house for, though?"

"Her own house in Tavistock Square is being done up, so she's staying there for a couple of months," explained Garland.

"I say, doesn't Lang look awfully seedy? This business has quite knocked him up."

"I don't at all like the look of him," remarked Garland.

He had been wondering a good deal lately what was the matter with Lang. He had not formulated his suspicions yet, but he fancied something was up which would not bear inspection. Not a word of this, however, did he breathe to any one, not even Soady.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LANG was more than thankful the exam. was over. The relief was tremendous. More than that, he felt really ill.

The events of the past week, the constant strain on him, the anxieties he had passed through, had proved too much for him. He was not aware how ill he was. He thought a few days' rest would set him all right.

He wrote home to say he was coming next day. He resolved to start in the morning. That plan would have its advantages.

In the first place he would escape seeing Fanshawe. As he had no money to pay him it would be worse than useless to see him.

He wrote him a short letter telling him he had been robbed of all his money, that he could not ask his people for more, and that he must ask him to wait for some time, when he would pay £12 instead of the original £10. He did not say he was going away, as he did not want Fanshawe to know where he was.

He also wrote short notes to Garland and Soady, asking them not to let Fanshawe know his address if he should inquire it of them. He hesitated some time before sending these, but did so at last.

"What's it matter if they do know that I want to keep clear of him?" he asked himself. "They will think it a very good job."

The night before he left he went to bed early. He was in the middle of packing when there was a knock at the door.

"A letter for you, sir."

He took it in. A strange hand. He felt unmanned for a moment. What a condition to be in, when the sight of a stranger's handwriting can throw you into a cold perspiration.

He opened it and glanced at the signature—C. Melhuish.

"Melhuish!" he exclaimed. "How does he know where I am?"

A moment's reading, however, showed him that it was not from his old schoolfellow, but the latter's father.

It ran thus:

"My dear Sir,—I heard by accident the other day that you were in London, so I obtained your address from your father, and write to you on a subject which will excuse a letter to a stranger. As you know, my son ran away from St. Mary's last half; since then we have heard nothing of him except one letter to his mother, in which he said he was well but would never return home. The postmark was London, and we conclude he is hidden somewhere in that city. We fear he must be in distress, but are powerless to aid him. It has struck me that possibly he might be more ready to communicate with an old schoolfellow than with any one else. May I place an advertisement in the papers, saying that you would be glad to hear from him, and giving your address? I would even promise that no effort would be made to trace him if only I could be assured of his safety, and of his not being in want. Should you see him you might be able to work on his feelings and induce him to return home. Do not mention my request to any one."

There were a couple of pages more, partly devoted to a touching picture of the misery caused by the wrong-doing of a son. Lang felt that his parents might have the same sad tale to tell one day.

He determined, however, to write to Mr. Melhuish in the morning, and tell him that it was impossible he could grant his request. How could he have his address advertised when he was trying to keep it unknown to Fanshawe?

A cruel fate his! to be shut out from the possibility of doing a kind action.

He *would* try and do Melhuish a good turn. He sat up and wrote to Mr. Melhuish, saying that he was quite at liberty to make any use of him he wished; the only stipulation he would make was that the address given should be "A. B. C., care of R. Soady, 15, King Street, W.C."

Then he wrote a line to Soady, asking him to forward to him any letters that came to him for "A. B. C."

He reached home next day. Before night was over he was in a fever, and the doctor's face was a great deal more grave than his parents could see without anxiety.

"He will be all right in a few weeks," said the doctor, "but he will not be able to work for two or three months."

CHAPTER XXIX.

ABOUT a fortnight later Soady thought he would stroll down to the university and see if Lang had passed or not. The lists were due at nine in the morning, but he could not manage to run down till the afternoon.

He had heard nothing of Lang's illness. He had been too busy to write to him; however, he now hoped he could send him a letter of congratulation.

He was as much surprised as pleased to find Lang's name in the first division. He looked again, but there was no mistake.

"Well," he thought, "if I want to pass my exam. the best way evidently is to shy away all my books and go in for football like Lang. Why, he hasn't worked a bit till the last fortnight, and here he comes out high up, just as if he'd been burning gallons of midnight oil."

He could not make it out. He knew that exams. were often very uncertain in their results, but this beat everything.

He turned down the broad steps to return home when he found himself face to face with Fanshawe.

"Hallo, Soady, you here?" exclaimed the latter, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I came to see if Lang has passed."

"How odd; so did I. Has he?"

"Yes, first division."

"That's lucky; he'll save a year's articles," said Fanshawe. "We must have something together over this. Come to the Café Royal with me and I'll stand you treat."

Soady would have declined if he could, but Fanshawe gave him no time.

"I've been in luck lately," he said confidentially to Soady. "An old aunt of mine died the other day, and I've come in for a hundred pounds of the pickings, so I'm having a high time just now."

"I'm very sorry," said Soady, referring to the death of his aunt, to which he thought he ought to make some allusion.

Fanshawe laughed. "That's more than I am; she was no good to me whilst she was alive, she is some good now. I expect I shall make the coin circulate faster than she did, and that's good for trade; so I'm a benefactor of society."

He proved his word by spending half-a-crown in needless refreshments. Soady had had enough of him by now, and wished he had not yielded so far as he had. But Fanshawe's talk always amused him, and perhaps one of Soady's weak points was want of decision in avoiding those whose companionship might lead to evil.

"Where are you off now?" asked Fanshawe.

"I'm going straight home," he replied.

"Are you? I'll walk up with you. I haven't seen your rooms yet."

But this was a touch too much; Soady meant to do piles of work that evening. He compromised the matter by promising to go to Fanshawe's lodging for an hour the next evening.

He regretted afterwards he had done so. He did not like Fanshawe at school, and from what he had seen of him since he left he disliked him still more. He resolved this visit should be his first and last.

He wrote to Lang to congratulate him, and asked him when he should see him back in town. His own examination came on in a fortnight; after that he too was going to leave London for a season.

He turned up at Fanshawe's at nine o'clock. The rooms did not look so bad this time, for the occupier had spent a pound or two in a new table-cover, a bookshelf, and so on. Still Soady thought they appeared dirty.

To his annoyance he found there were two other men there, and it was evident that cards were to be the amusement of the evening.

"Here you are at last, old man," cried Fanshawe; "let me introduce you."

This was a pleasure which Soady could well have dispensed with. He did not like the looks of either of the visitors; they were unintellectual, and rather coarse-looking.

He must stop, however, he thought, now he had come, and so he tried to make himself pleasant. But by-and-by money began to change hands, and the stakes to be increased. He could stand it no longer.

"I think I'll get you to excuse me," he said, rising. "I've got some work to do to-night."

"Oh, bosh! you can't go yet," said Fanshawe. "Have some whisky?"

"No, thanks; I want to keep my head clear for mathematics."

"Are you going to break up the game?" asked Mitchell.

"I'm sorry to do that," said Soady, "but I had no idea there was going to be one, or I'd have asked Fanshawe to excuse my coming."

"Perhaps it's the fear of losing half a quid that frightens him," said the other visitor.

Soady looked at Fanshawe to see if he would say anything to the speaker; but as he did not Soady reached his hand for his hat.

"Oh, confound it all, Soady; what on earth do you want to trot away at ten o'clock like a baby for?"

"To work," was his reply. "Good-bye."

"What do you mean?" asked Fanshawe, angrily. "Do you want to insult us?"

"I've no wish to insult you as I'm in your house. As to your pair of friends, after what they said to me without your interference, I don't care two straws whether they think themselves insulted or not."

Mitchell sprang to his feet, but Fanshawe pushed him back.

"Sit down," he cried; "this is my business."

Soady made a step towards the door. Fanshawe caught his arm; he wrenched himself free. Mitchell made for him, but Soady's blood was up, and he gave him a blow which knocked him over a chair. Then he slipped out of the room and out of the house.

"I'm well out of that," he said to himself as he crossed the street. "I've broken with that Fanshawe for good and all; I was afraid every moment he was going to ask Lang's address. I wonder what Lang wants to conceal it for?"

(To be continued.)

REX.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

Rex—Rex Lorrain—and we owned him *king*,
Both in and out of school;
Who so safe for a neat drop-kick?
Who so steady and cool
When the game was going against us? Then
He played with heart and soul,
Played as Hector fought for Troy,
And won us many a goal.

'Twas good to see our captain row
With thews like heart of oak;
We feared no foe on the river I know
When Rex Lorrain pulled stroke.
And what a skilful general he
When we took the field for cricket—
We were safe to win two games in three
When Rex Lorrain kept wicket.

And the other day, after long long years,
I met him in London city,
And the change in our dear old football king
I could not choose but pity.
Seventeen stone! And the envious years
Had thinned his bonny brown hair;
Rich he was, but his wealth had brought
Its tally of thought and care.

We dined together, Rex and I,
And after a little while
Our talk brought back to his handsome face
The ghost of his old fine smile.
And we told again how 'gainst St. Bede's
We played that uphill match,
When he turned the tide of a losing game
By his famous running catch.

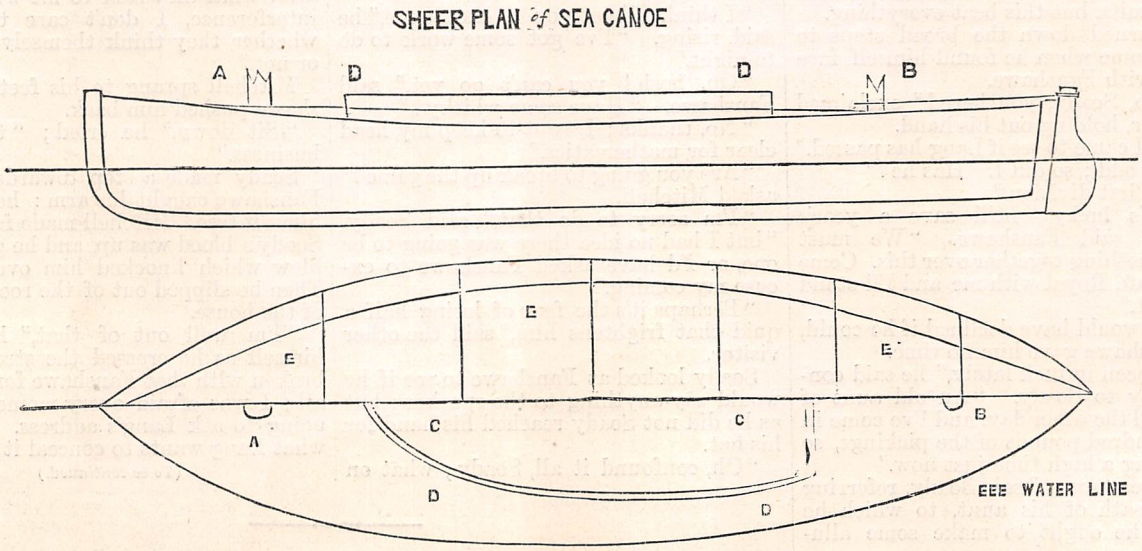
"Well, well, they call me lucky," said he,
"And I suppose it's true;
My freighted ships are on the sea
From Ind to far Peru.
But never a stroke of luck I've had
Can for one moment match
The thrill of pride that day, old lad,
When I made that famous catch."

CANOES, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks,

Author of "Yacht and Canoe Building," etc.

CHAPTER X.—ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SAILING CANOE.



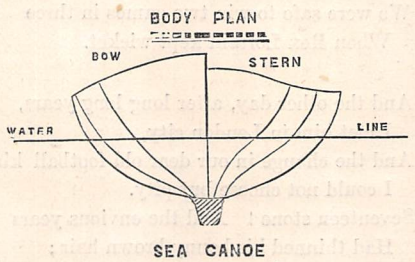
A Place for Mainmast. B Place for Mizenmast. C C Well. D D Coaming of Well.

As we have seen, a canoe built for the purpose of sailing must have sufficient lateral resistance given in one form or another to enable her to hold to windward, as nothing is more annoying than to have a boat which after a dozen tacks closehauled is no more to windward than when she first started, or in an extreme case is actually to leeward of her starting-point. Now this can be obviated by proper attention being given to constructing the immersed portion of the canoe with sufficient depth to have a good hold of the water; this can either be given by a deep form of body and a fixed keel, or by means of a centreboard.

The first plan is that generally adopted in yachts, however small, but is not suitable to any but large canoes and those which are kept almost always afloat; for such, however, it answers well, and saves the troublesome centreboard. But in most instances it will be found that the centreboard, with all its disadvantages, is the best system of obtaining sufficient hold of the water.

The different forms of centreboards have already been commented upon, and the directions given for building the sharpie afford sufficient information as to the method of fitting centreboards, while the details of the Rob Roy's construction, combined with previous articles on boatbuilding, will give you sufficient information as to the best way to construct such a canoe, full details being there given ("Boat Building" in Vol. iv., page 676) as to the construction of clinker, carvel, and diagonally-built boats, together with a description of the riband carvel, which is perhaps the most suitable method of building a canoe. However, I should advise you, if you have not had previous experience in boat-building, to turn your attention to the flat-bottomed form of canoe as a first essay; it will cost little, and you are far more likely to make a good job of it than of a canoe built in the usual way with keel, ribs, etc.

The last form of canoe we shall now consider is the sea canoe, this canoe being larger and stronger in build than a river boat; and being generally used in deep water may be constructed without centreboard and with sufficient draught and false keel to give the requisite hold of the water. Such a form of canoe is shown in the plan. As you see, she has considerable beam in proportion to her length, the plan being a little more than three beams to the length; the depth is rather less than was intended, half the beam being the proper proportion for depth, the measurement being from the under side of the deck to the top of the keel. A little more draught of water would do no harm, as shown in the body plan, Fig. 2. E E E in the half-breadth plan shows the shape of the canoe at the water-line, and D D shows the coaming of the well. The rudder-head is fitted with a brass yoke; a similar yoke, to which a tiller is attached, is pivoted to the deck just forward of the mizenmast, the yoke being in a line with the one on the rudder, and at the same height. These yokes are connected by



light chains or lines so that the tiller forward of the mizen on being moved immediately acts on the rudder as required. By this plan the boat can be steered as easily as if the position of the mizen allowed an ordinary tiller to be used. For particulars as to building I must refer you to the Boat-building articles already referred to, and shall merely give a few details not touched on in them. The timber required in the construction of the Rob Roy will be as follows, in the rough:—

The keel, oak, thirteen feet long, one inch and a quarter by one inch.

The hogpiece or kelson, thirteen feet long, three-quarters of an inch by three inches.

The ribs, quarter inch by half inch, bent to shape.

The deck may be in four pieces, one for each end, one for each side of the well, and should be about five-eighths of an inch thick; the coaming of oak one inch and a quarter by one inch and a quarter, standing about three-quarters of an inch to an inch above the deck. The planking of the Rob Roy should be a quarter to five-eighths of an inch. I have seen such a canoe planked with Willesden paper, and it appeared to make a very good job.

The corners of the hatchway or well, and other such places, should be strengthened by means of copper brackets, and the stem and stern parts may be made of about the same dimensions as the keel, but rather deeper. Two ways of constructing them are shown in a former article. Strong knees should be introduced, and the posts strengthened in every way, as such a canoe has a great deal of knocking about to undergo. The hatchway may be three feet long by half that width. The other dimensions are given in the chapter on the Rob Roy.

The sea canoe may be built rather heavier than the Rob Roy, as she is not intended for so much land transport. The planking may be three-eighths of an inch or even half an inch, as such a canoe is to all intents and purposes a small decked boat, and will carry two or even three people. Her length is about eighteen feet, beam five feet, and depth two and a half feet. But such a beam is extreme, and three feet six inches or four feet would be ample for most purposes. It is, of course, impossible to paddle such a craft, which is only a canoe in name. Short light sculls are used with brass crutches to fit in holes in the gunwale. The size of the hatchway is seven and a half feet by three and a half feet. The ballast is best carried in the form of an iron keel, which will give an enormous amount of stability to the boat at a small expense, and leave the interior unencumbered by ballast, save a small amount in

Poor, but Happy!

shot bags for the purpose of trimming the boat. The balance lug is perhaps the best form of sail, though a couple of sprits and a staysail set on a short iron bumpkin forward will answer extremely well, and under them the boat can be kept very close to the wind. However, before you attempt such a craft you will do well to try your prentice hand on some easier form, and it would not be a bad plan to build a model about two or three feet long as an experiment, which would hardly cost you anything, and would teach you more than all the books you could read. The tools, etc., required and the mode of steaming the planks have been treated exhaustively in Vol. iv., pages 742-3.

The woods most suited for your purpose are English and American elm, spruce, larch, cedar, teak, and mahogany; oak, English and foreign; pine, red, white, yellow, and pitch. Of these, pine, oak, mahogany, and cedar are more used for small work, and the other woods for large boats, steam launches, and yachts. Elm is excellent to use if it is to be kept under water, but if between wind and water it soon rots. Pitch pine is a very good and cheap wood for large work, but it is heavy, and not at all suitable for small craft. Spruce, larch, or red pine is the cheapest and easiest wood to work for small boats and canoes, while cedar and mahogany are useful for deck fitting, but are too expensive for amateur boatbuilding, at all events to commence with, though no doubt very handsome craft can be built of these woods.

Oak is best for travelling canoes, but is difficult to use; and except for the keel, which might be of oak or elm, and the timbers, which must be of the oak, American elm, or ash, soft wood can be used for planking, except where great strength is required. As a general rule it may be laid down that soft woods are not so strong, and decay sooner than hard woods; but still, for some purposes and in some places, soft wood answers as well as hard, and costs much less.

The nails used were fully described, except French wire-nails, which were not alluded to. These answer very well for cheap boats, being inexpensive, strong, and pliable. Ordinary clout-nails, too, are very useful if good, which can be tested by bending them; they ought to bend easily without breaking. They must be just long enough to go through the wood and leave about a quarter of an inch to turn over with the hammer until buried in the wood, which must be done in the direction of the grain of the wood. If the nails project too much they should be cut with a pair of cutting nippers until only sufficient is left for a turnover. A hole should be first bored with a small bradawl before the clout-nail is driven in the wood; but the copper nail and roove, as described, is by far the best, though most expensive, fastening. Clout-nails, if used, should be galvanised.

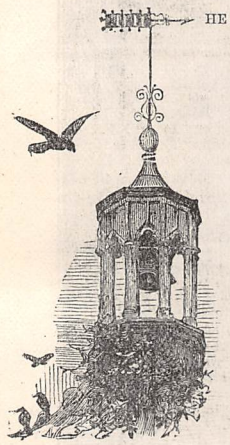
Copal varnish is best for canoes, but it is expensive, the best being about eighteen shillings per gallon. There is a cheaper kind, not nearly so good, called boat varnish, at about ten or eleven shillings a gallon. Two coats of varnish will do, but the first must be given time to thoroughly dry before the second is put on. For a cheaply-built boat paint will do as well as varnish, and is far cheaper; but a well-built and handsome boat is worth varnishing, and it would be a pity to "spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar."

And now, in conclusion, I would advise those of you who intend establishing private boatbuilding yards to write up to the publisher for all the numbers which treat of boatbuilding, for you will save the few pence they cost over and over again in the construction of your boat, and you will find it far more handy to have them by you, stitched in a neat little cover, than to be always wondering what number it is that has some especial bit of information that you are just most anxious to obtain to go on with your work. If you succeed in building the canoes you have had described to you, the next step you will take will be the construction of a sailing boat or small yacht, and the BOY'S OWN PAPER will be of help there.

(THE END.)

FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY.



THE angler will probably have but little sport during this month except on very fine days, and then he can try the roach or dace with every prospect of success, if a well-scoured worm, either lob or giltspur, be the lure. The last eight monthly references to fishing have probably put him *au fait* with most of the methods pursued in the capture of our coarse fish, and I need not therefore further detail them when recommending him to try any fish which seems to be handiest. As this is a time for indoors rather than outdoors, I shall now touch on a subject about which little is known, though it is a very interesting one for those fishermen who like to see that their piscatory success ministers to the comfort and pleasure of others as well as themselves.

During five-and-twenty years of extensive experience by lake and river, the writer has noticed how little people know how to make their fish palatable for the table. Of course I do not expect boys to cook their own victuals—though it may be handy to some of them to know how to do that some day or other—but after they have caught, say a nice dish of perch or roach, it is a pity that they should be thrown or given away when, if they are in really good condition, they make remarkably good fare. Neither do I want to insult mamma or cook by insinuating that they do not cook freshwater fish aright, or that I can teach them. My object is simply to point out to boys the simplest means by which their captures may be made eatable, and in some cases delicious, let the epicure say what he will. Let us begin with the smallest fish that boys catch—namely, the minnow.

It is quite possible during winter to gather large quantities of these lively little fellows, as, like other fish, they have a tendency to herd at this period, and are easily taken by means of the casting-net. As they do not now feed much, there is no necessity to attempt to clean them beyond throwing them into strong salt-and-water for a few minutes. They are then to be taken out and treated in precisely the same way as whitebait, and excellent they are. Isaac Walton gives an elaborate recipe for what he calls a "minnow tansy," but it is too out of date to reproduce here.

Gudgeon.—These fish are if anything more toothsome than smelts, to which fish they have, however, a slight resemblance in flavour. The wives of the Thames fishermen cook them to perfection, and their secret is the extreme freshness of the fish. The fishermen in cleaning them scrape off the scales, and make a cross-cut through the belly. The viscera is then squeezed out, and the fish simply wiped with a cloth and pitched into the pan over a clear fire. Of course egg and bread-crumb can be used, but the secret is to cook them immediately they are dead.

Roach and *Dace* are cooked in a similar way, but previous to putting them in the pan of boiling fat they should have been salted slightly and allowed to remain for some little time. This treatment extracts the superfluous moisture, and renders them firm and sweet. After they are opened no water should be allowed to touch them, simply a damp cloth.

Barbel I never could manage to make eatable, do what I would. *Bream* are by no means despicable if cleaned, filleted, and then slightly salted. Lay each fillet on a layer of clean pebbles to drain, and fry in boiling olive-oil. The way to tell if the oil is hot enough is to dip in a sippet of bread; if the bread turns a light brown the oil is ready. The fish is dipped in egg and bread-crumbs, of course. *Chub* are very coarse fish indeed. I know of no method by which it can be said to be anything but very poor eating. Walton gives a recipe, however, which I quote as a curiosity, as well as, perhaps, the best method even in these days of dressing the fish. He says, "When you have scaled him and cut off his tail and fins and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle as a salt fish is usually cut, then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal or wood coal that is free from smoke, and all the time he is broiling baste him with the best sweet butter, and a good store of salt with it; add to this a little thyme cut exceedingly small or bruised into the butter." These directions are best followed out by means of a toasting gridiron, which can be arranged in front of the fire.

While I am about it, the other more elaborate recipe of Walton's might as well be given; and if the cook can make chub palatable by its means the space will not be wasted: "First scale him"—I suppose by this time you have learned how to catch him!—"and then wash him clean. Then take out his guts, and to that end make the hole as little and near to the gills as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean it will make him taste very sour. Having done so, put some sweet herbs into his belly, and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit and roast him, basted often with vinegar and butter, with a good store of salt mixed with it. Being then dressed, you will find him a much better dish than you or most folk, or even anglers themselves, do imagine."

I have in the foregoing articles termed the *Perch* the freshwater sole, and to my taste so it is. The scaling of the fish is very hard work, but if the fish be dipped in scalding water there will be no difficulty in getting them off. My plan of preparing them does not include scaling at all. I simply take the fish as it comes from the water, and remove the gills, attached to which the viscera comes away also. After wiping the perch with a damp towel, it is placed on the gridiron over a clear fire. When done it is split with a knife along the back, and the armour scales come away in a piece; the flakes of flesh come away entirely from the bones, and are placed on a very hot dish to be served with fresh butter and whatever condiments are preferred. Some persons prefer lemon, as with soles, myself amongst the number. Dressed this way, in its own juices, it is a most delicious fish—the roe is especially a delicacy, being of a rich creamy flavour.

Pike from clear waters are far from being worthless, notwithstanding that the Rev. J. J. Manley, in "Fish and Fishing," describes its flavour as being like blotting-paper. If a nice fish of three pounds be boned and filleted, and broiled or fried in oil, there is much worse fare to be found. Especially is this the case in reference to the pike taken from a trout river. The boning process is not very difficult, and is best puzzled out by yourself, as I am afraid no one could learn from a written explanation. Of course you commence with the backbone, and there is not much to do if you are careful.

Eels are dressed in a multitude of ways, and are always palatable. The silver or sharp-nosed eel is the best species, the others requiring to be kept some days in clear water before cooking. Fried eels, unless they have been previously parboiled, are very rich, and quite unfit for consumption by delicate people. What says Ingoldsby?—

> "*Credo experto*, trust one who has tried,
> Have them spitchcocked or stewed, they're oily when fried."

Here is a famous way of stewing them, which is the recipe of an hotel on the Thames whose proprietor was famous for its production.

Ingredients.—Two pounds middling-sized eels, one pint of medium stock or liquor in which the eels are boiled, quarter of a pint of port wine, salt, cayenne, one teaspoonful essence of anchovy, one teaspoonful Indian soy, and a thickening of cornflour.

First, skin and carefully cleanse your eels, cut them up into pieces three inches long, and put them in your saucepan and cover with water, adding a good-sized piece of salt; after they have simmered, say twenty minutes, take them up and pour off all the liquor; have ready some boiling water, with the usual addition of salt, and cover the eels with it as before. This takes away the extra richness which disagrees with so many. Now allow them to stew for fifteen to twenty minutes longer.

That done, take them up and keep warm while your gravy is being made. Save the last water, as it will answer for stock. Put your salt, cayenne, anchovy, Indian soy, and cornflour into a basin and carefully blend to a smooth paste with your port wine; have your last water from the eels boiling, and gently pour it into the basin, constantly stirring, or it will be lumpy, instead of a smooth, rich-looking gravy. Put the whole back into your saucepan with the eels, bring to a boiling point, and serve.

Carp, to cook.—The editor of "Food and Health" gives the following ways:—

Carp boiled.—Scale and clean the carp well, dry it,

wrap it round with a piece of larded paper, and put it on the pan that has been slightly greased. When done, sprinkle a few drops of lemon-juice over it if you prefer it.

To stew in gravy.—Make a gravy with a small piece of melted butter, some flour stirred into it, add a couple of shalots chopped very fine, some peppercorns, mace, two cloves, salt, and now amalgamate with a little warm water. Put in additionally some claret or port, or if you do not wish to use these, some malt vinegar, and a spoonful of sauce or mushroom catsup, also a couple of lemon slices. Place your carp into the sauce, either whole, cut in half, or in slices, according to its size, cover up tight, and let it gently simmer for half an hour or so. Some put a few slices of ham under the carp. The carp and gravy, eaten with potatoes, salad, parsnips, and cabbage stewed, or mushrooms, make a good dish.

Carp, to bake, when stuffed.—Clean your carp and prepare your stuffing, some bread, finely-chopped suet, a little parsley and thyme, a small chopped onion, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, chopped lemon-peel, moistened with the yolks of eggs; stuff the fish up with it, and tie up. Wrap the fish in greased paper, and either place butter in the tin, or some lard, or a few slices of bacon. Place this in an oven, or cover over on top. When done, make a brown gravy with fat in the pan, and pour over the fish, or eat dry if you prefer. Beetroot salad or potato can well be eaten with it. Also fried or mashed potatoes, and various vegetables, green peas or beans.

J. H. K.

The Poultry Run.—In our last month's Doings we gave some hints about the management of fowls in general, and on their food and feeding, and also said a word or two about the meaning of the word "poison." Boys who have not read these should read them, and boys who have, ought to be *au fait* in the principles they teach.

We should like here to say a word or two about books on poultry-keeping. A boy should have a book of some kind about the particular fancy he takes up, whatever that may be. A penny or sixpence put aside now and then in a money-box or drawer soon accumulates to a very handy sum; and how much better is it to expend money thus saved on books than upon toys! Our advice always is, buy your books, and make your toys, whether they be scientific or otherwise. Well, then, the first book deserving of notice is Lewis Wright's "Illustrated Book of Poultry" (Messrs. Cassell and Co.). We believe it can be bought secondhand through the "Exchange and Mart" for about 27s., though it is published at 45s. It is a most excellent work. Then Tegetmeier writes a large work; we do not know the price, but it is published by Routledge and Sons. Messrs. Orr and Co., of Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, also publish a good poultry book. These may be called the advanced text-books of the poultry world. There are others, however, good enough for beginners. Two of these deserve special mention. Mrs. M. A. Wilson's "A B C Poultry Book," price one shilling; and L. Wright's "Practical Poultry Keeper," three-and-sixpence, both published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Lastly, there are the thoroughly practical and comprehensive illustrated articles, by Rev. J. G. Wood, Dr. Gordon [illegible]es, and other authorities, that have already appeared in the Boy's Own Paper. These are really the best [illegible]now of on their respective subjects.

We must in [illegible] month of February remember that Winter is still with [illegible], and never weary in seeing after the poultry-run comforts. No leakage, please, through even the roof of your outdoor shelter; the dust-bath *must* be dust and not mud; no puddle out in the run; no mess left about to breed diarrhœa; ventilation in fowl-house imperative, but no nasty draughts to bring on colds and put the hens from laying; good food, especially for laying fowls. Do not forget that too much grain is fattening, and that fat fowls will not lay.

Of course your run will be clear long ago of all wasters or supernumerary birds. Have an eye to utility, and keep nothing that will not keep itself and help to swell the credit side of your account-book.

You will be sitting fowls now. A warm nest is still required, but sprinkling of eggs, or the dipping of them for a second or two in warm water—which is often necessary in dry, warm weather—would at this season be useless, if not dangerous. Continue to feed chickens well if you are fortunate enough to have any, and look well after gallant cocks.

If you have not any fowls that want to sit, buy one or two, preferably from a neighbour, as during a long journey a fowl may change her mind and refuse to sit at all. Dorkings make good sitters, so do Cochins and Brahmas. Feed sitting hens well, and keep them warm.

The Pigeon Loft.—You will, like your brother the poultry-keeper, have nothing in your loft or garden pigeonry that is not thoroughly useful—nothing that is superfluous—nothing that will eat grain without the prospect of paying for it. It will be far too soon yet to mate, although some do so at the end of this month. We, however, deprecate hurry. Early hatching, unless a very mild spring follows, is very likely to result in weakly birds—if, indeed, you succeed in rearing them at all. Besides, the parent bird is more likely to become the victim of many troublesome and even fatal complaints in unpropitious weather, so take the Scotchman's advice, "Bide a wee and mak' siecar."

But you can make up your mind as to what you think best to mate. Do not forget that your birds must be young, and strong, and healthy, as well up in properties and points as possible. Remember also that you must not mate two faults together: thus if one bird is deficient in any particular property, the other must have it in perfection, else the progeny will not be worth much. Buy new stock only from the very best of strains. We repeat here—and we do not care how often we repeat it—that the only way to secure anything worth breeding from is to get it from a successful breeder and exhibitor; and the address can be obtained from the secretary of some past show by sending stamps for a prize catalogue. If you choose to buy your stock in Leadenhall Market, Seven Dials, or any grubby old birdshop whatever, you deserve to suffer, that is all. This hint should be taken by young breeders of all other kinds of live stock as well as pigeons. Well, now, be good enough to look over your loft and its arrangements, and see that not only is everything clean, dry, and tidy, but that you have all things necessary for the coming season. So may you have success.

The Aviary.—As with pigeons, so with canaries—there must be no hurry in mating. St. Valentine's Day, some may tell us, should see canaries mated. We give Punch's advice to people about to marry, and cry "Don't." But consider what breeds you are to go in for, unless you have done so long ago, and consider which pairs among these you should mate. Look for good points, and look for health, strength, boldness, and beauty. Do not let cages containing those you mean to mate hang together in the same room yet. If you have any superfluous stock, unless indeed it be old favourites or songsters, sell them or give them away. We hope you will soon have something much better to supply their place. Now we warn you that unless you have plenty of time on your hands, and plenty of common sense and brains in your head, not to bother with too many pairs. Two or three at most you will find amply sufficient. If you happen to have a deal of spare time, and a fair allowance of pocket-money, with an upper quiet room or attic at your disposal, you may go in for being a regular breeder; and if you have good stock to commence with—pedigree is essential—you may make money cent. per cent. of your expenditure.

See that everything is ready and clean, and all arrangements perfect for next month. If you are lucky enough to have an attic with a southern exposure, prepare it by thoroughly cleaning it and scouring the floor, for dust and dirt will assuredly breed disease.

The Rabbitry.—Have you the back numbers of the Boy's Own containing our papers on rabbit-keeping? If not, you would profit by getting them. Everything laid down in these papers is practical and to the point. Prepare new hutches now, and if you mean to go in for a rabbit court now would be the time, but you must be quick about it; the sooner it is ready the better. Mind that we believe—and we have large experience—that rabbits pay almost better than any other fancy.

The Kennel.—Keep warm and comfortable. If your dogs sleep at night in an outhouse that does not leak—here is a hint worth having — lay down the whole floor with dry peat mould, and put your bed of straw on top of that. Continue to feed your dogs well, for the weather will still be cold, stormy, and inclement. Give plenty of exercise.

Domestic Pets.—Cats (*continued*).—The ignorance that prevails almost universally about the treatment cats require is very deplorable, and the cruelties perpetrated on these harmless creatures are sad to think of. Never go from home and leave pussy shut up. Never forget to feed her and give her water and milk. Never keep more than two kittens, and do not keep them if you are not sure of a good home for them. We will tell you how to destroy cats in a humane manner in our Doings for April.

The Kitchen Garden.—If the weather is fine and the ground dry sow your seeds. Beds will not do well unless they have a fair allowance of manure and be exposed to the sunshine. Potatoes may also be got in, but it is time enough yet. Plant greens for summer crop; put in peas and broad beans. Tidy up all over, and down with every weed you see.

The Flower Garden.—If you have put in all your bulbs and spring flowers in the end of the year, they will be now doing well; but for ordinary spring flowers it is not yet too late to plant. The season will soon be with us, so be prepared; the worst thing a gardener can do in February is to procrastinate.

The Window Garden.—Have you a hotbed in your garden? If not, make one. Any gardener will give you a lesson, or refer back to our papers on gardening. Sow and rear your annuals on this till ready for planting in your window-boxes, and you will have a beautiful show all the year round.

Correspondence.

H. B.—In Messrs. Crosby Lockwood's list you will find many books on estate management. You generally have to pay a premium as a farm pupil.

Fungus.—See answer to Boletus in No. 276. You would find Dr. M. C. Cooke's book on the Fungi of considerable use. Another manual is by Rev. M. J. Berkeley; and there are sheets of edible and poisonous mushrooms, with descriptions by Mr. Worthington Smith. All these books are procurable from W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, who also publish Nare's "Collector's Handbook of Algæ, Fungi, Lichens, etc.," price half-a-crown.

A Lover of Nature.—Alleyne Nicholson's "Manual of Zoology," and Henfrey's "Botany," are the books you want. The first is published by Blackwood and Sons, the second by Van Voorst. Twelve shillings and sixpence or fifteen shillings is about the price of all such books. A handy book for studying the British flora is Messer's "British Wild Flowers by Natural Analysis," price half-a-guinea, published by D. Bogue, 3, St. Martin's Place, W.C.

W. McK.—To take stains out of marble wash it with a mixture of finely-powdered pumice-stone and vinegar, and leave it for some hours. Then brush it hard and rinse it clean.

WELLS.—The population of Melbourne, with its suburbs, is 282,947; the city itself contains only 65,859. The population of Victoria is 862,346.

J. T. DAVIES.—You can hardly be a fireman until you have been on the water. The brigade is recruited from sailors, and you have little chance of joining it until you have had experience at sea.

ARRANDOON.—As you have learnt to swim from our articles, so you will find you will learn to float if you are not nervous. Of course you float more easily in salt water than fresh. The best diet for training is good solid food taken in moderation.

W. COWEN.—Coating brass with mercury is easily done. Clean the brass, and the mercury will stick on. At the same time do not run away with the idea that you have "silvered" the door-knob, or that you have improved it in any way. There is no connection whatever between silver and quicksilver, and you had far better leave the mercury alone.

W. J. B. and TELESCOPE.—The chief petty officers of the Royal Navy are head schoolmaster, master-at-arms, naval schoolmaster, writer, chief gunner's mate, chief boatswain's mate, chief captain of forecastle, admiral's coxswain, chief quartermaster, chief yeoman of signals, chief carpenter's mate, chief stoker, engine-room artificer, ship's steward, ship's cook, and chief bandmaster. The warrant officers are the gunner, boatswain, and carpenter. For gallantry and daring warrant officers are eligible for promotion to the commissioned ranks, but the promotion is of very rare occurrence. A gratuity of a hundred pounds is given by the Admiralty to the officer so promoted, and a gratuity of twenty-five pounds is given to petty officers promoted to be warrant officers.

A. H. D.—A "Guide to the Medical Profession" is published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand. It will give you all the particulars you require.

POLISHING.—One of the prize-winners in our recent competition informs us that hoofs can be purchased from any tripe-shop at a penny per pair.

L. E. PALMER (Melbourne).—The drawing of Australian beetles does you much credit, but the subject is not one of sufficient interest to the bulk of our readers. The outlines of the parts are not nearly detailed enough to guide a lithographer. The whole of the beetles we are able to copy from the Museum collection.

E. JENKINS.—Send to Messrs. Marion and Co., Soho Square, for price list of dry-plate cameras; or get a copy of the "Photographic News" or "Gazette," and consult the advertisements.

PLANET.—Yes, they are mostly printed, and procurable from French, bookseller, Strand.

BLUE BEANS.—Smart boy! How many blue beans make five? Well, write down blue like this—BLVE—and then knock away the foot of the L and the lower loop of the B and the curve of the upper loop, and you will get the FIVE, which gave rise to the saying. And that is the number you require.

HARDUP.—The best plan is to take the book to Mr. Quaritch, of Piccadilly, or some other of the high-class secondhand book dealers. If you advertise or sell it by auction they are the people who will buy it, and you might just as well go to them first as last. The value of a book depends so much on the edition and the binding that it is impossible to quote a price without a view. From your description we should estimate its value at eighteenpence.

MACCLESFIELD.—Apply to Messrs. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh; or Messrs. Stanford, of Charing Cross, for list of their guide-books. Both firms have several that may suit you.

H. WALTON.—Hens lay soft eggs because they have not lime enough to peck at. Put a few chunks of old mortar within their reach. Poultry do not evolve calcic carbonate from the depths of their inner consciousness.

G. T. VINCENT, T. CLYDE, and Others—You can get full particulars from the headquarters of the volunteer corps you wish to join. You can get a list of the London corps from the Post Office Directory.

A WOULD-BE TRICYCLIST.—1. The average speed of a tricycle on roads is about seven miles per hour. 2. A fairly good tricycle will cost you twenty pounds. 3. We have already treated the subject.

KOHLENMUNKPETER (St. Kilda).—1. A hot iron passed over the back will clear the plate from sticking. The stickiness is caused by the heat on the voyage. 2. St. Martin's-le-Grand is the Great St. Martin's, an old collegiate church on the site of the present Post Office, demolished when the monasteries were dissolved.

ONE PERPLEXED.—Apply for a prospectus to the nearest school in connection with the Science and Art Department, and see if you cannot manage to attend one of the courses of lectures, go up for examination, and pass in honours.

C. G. CRICK.—1. Get the October part for 1882, and read about the launch of the lifeboats for yourself. 2. Yes. You should watch the paper.

A. L.—A hectare is ten thousand square metres, or 2 4711431 acres.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Boys before the mast—that is, ordinary sailor boys—have to pay no premium, but must find their own clothes. The only plan is to go to the Mercantile Marine Office at one of the principal ports, and get employment through the superintendent. Never speak of your intention to go to sea to any one outside the office unless he has the Board of Trade mark on his cap. There is now a special Government department to look after such matters, and the officers are employed to prevent your being cheated. The "Life on the Ocean Wave" articles can only be had in volume form, price seven shillings and sixpence. Get Mr. Thomas Gray's "Under the Red Ensign," from Kent and Co., or any publisher, price one shilling. In its latest edition it is the recognised guide on "going to sea."

C. HADEN.—There are several shilling books on mixing colours, procurable from Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., with titles such as the "Painter and Grainer," "Painting Guide," etc. Try Brodie and Middleton, Long Acre, for a copy. The second series of "Workshop Receipts," published by Spon and Co. at five shillings, contains a good deal of information on the manufacture.

J. H. K.—Coat your pencil drawings with milk or a thin solution of collodion. This will prevent their getting rubbed.

G. H.—An inquiry of Goy, Leadenhall Street, would give you price and easiest terms. Canadian canoes cost from ten to twenty pounds.

J. MCNEILL.—The mixture of size and whiting applied to wood previous to water-gilding is to give a smooth surface for the work. The proportion must vary with the size, but the mixture should be about as thick as cream. Air-bubbles in laying on can be prevented by your always working in one direction.

J. E. K.—You will find an article on Rounders in the first monthly part of the third volume. The game described is the ordinary one played with the stick.

C. J. I.—We really cannot oblige you. Any copy you want will be sent by the publisher on application to him enclosing stamps, but the number must be distinctly stated. The editorial department has nothing whatever to do with the sale of the paper. As we have already stated in these columns, we cannot guarantee an answer to any question, and we cannot undertake to forward copies of the issue in which the answer may appear.

NEMO.—1. The patterns and colours of the stamps are frequently changed in order to render forgeries as difficult as possible. 2. We do not find the abbreviation J. J. in any list. Perhaps it is a misprint for S. J.—Society of Jesus.

CLAUDIAN AURELIAN.—1. The population of Portsmouth in 1881 was 127,989. 2. In Edwardian days. 3. The coin is called a sovereign from its bearing the monarch's portrait.

WINTER.

"He giveth snow like wool."—(Ps. cxlvii. 16.)

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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IVAN DOBROFF:

A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Roman Imperial College of Practical Science, etc.,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—THE MONASTERY.

The delight of Ivan at finding himself again encased in the masculine garments to which he attached such importance was too great for description, while Von Steinfeldt led the way in silence, wondering whether he was doing right to mix himself up in the matter at all.

He was a proud man, and dreadfully afraid of compromising himself in any way. Yet now he found himself hopelessly compromised all round. If he sheltered Ivan he was running counter to the law; if he gave him up to the authorities he was giving up his wife's family, so to speak, to disgrace.

Unfortunately he did not decide in his own mind what was the right and open course to adopt, and take it at all hazards. He thought only of what was safest—in a worldly point of view—to his own interests, and as usual when people decide from unworthy motives he took the very course least adapted to secure his ends. Had he at once telegraphed to Smirnoff that the child was in his hands, all would have been well; but fear of identifying himself

"He was astonished to see a tall soldierly figure coming towards them."

with his wife's unpleasant relative actually made him an accomplice.

The monastery of Kupsk is famous all through Russia for the possession of several miraculous relics and a holy picture that would work cures. Trains of pilgrims may be seen in the summer, just before the harvest work begins, toiling along the dusty roads to Kupsk. They hope by the self-imposed fatigue of the journey to propitiate St. Sergius of Kupsk, who, taking compassion on them for their confidence in him, will do his best to secure them a full pardon for their sins.

The theory is that they are too unworthy to approach the throne of grace directly, and therefore they have to get some one whose virtues have placed him (or her) in the light of sanctity, and given him a right to demand indulgence for the shortcomings of others. They have not been taught Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Light, and Whose ear is ever accessible to the prayer of the contrite.

The monastery is like a fortress; it is surrounded by a high wall, surmounted by the strange-looking battlements peculiar to Russian architecture, and already referred to as being met with in the Kremlin at Moscow.

Outside the building is the moat, or ditch, and at intervals along the walls cylindrical towers are placed, with pointed roofs, looking very much like the shot now used for very big guns in the English navy set on end. There are two gates, one to the east, which is still used, and the other to the west, which has long since been closed up.

The grand leaves of the eastern gate are only opened once a year, at Easter, when the Metropolite, or Archbishop of Moscow, comes to inspect the state of the establishment. Access is gained by means of a side portal in one of the towers flanking the gate, while a large wicket cut in the big gate itself permits of the passage of carts and carriages. Within the space included by the walls are the little stone dwellings of the monks, which are built in a sort of irregular square, having the celebrated church in the centre.

There is a monotony in the style of church architecture in Russia that saves the writer an immense amount of time in description, for having described one we describe all. There are the five domes with the turnip-looking tops, surmounted by the crescent, from which rises the Greek cross, invariably richly gilt, and hung all round with gilt chains. Then there is the belfry, built separate from the church, so that the vibration of the gigantic bells shall not shake the walls of the building itself. At Kupsk the domes are not gilt, but are painted a rich grass-green, profusely studded with gilt stars. The walls are carefully white-washed outside, as are indeed the outer walls of this curious edifice—or rather collection of edifices. The staring white, the bright green, and the glittering gold unite in giving a glaring, brand-new look to these places which is at variance with our ideas of the solemnity and somewhat sombre nature of ecclesiastical remains. Milton's

> "Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light,"

are seldom found in Russia. Nor are there any very ancient churches. Around the church lies the burial-ground of the monks, to which the remains of certain wealthy benefactors to the monastery are admitted. To these proud monuments are raised, but no monumental effigies are found — nothing but the name, patronymic and surname of the departed, and (if his living friends like to pay for them) plenty of flowers.

The Russian monks are not to be confounded with *priests*, who are quite a different set of people. The monk may not marry, the priest *must;* and the priest is consecrated and set aside for performing the rites of religion, which the monk is not; he only acts as one of the congregation. The whole body is governed by an abbot, called an Igumen or Archimandrite. The dress of the monks is a black under-tunic and a black robe fastened at the side. They wear a curious high-crowned cap, something like the high Persian turban, and from this depends a sort of veil, or ornament, which always hangs behind. They do not shave, or cut the hair of the head or beard.

The central house on the northern side of the irregular square in which the church stands is distinguished from the rest of the houses by its superior size and general appearance. It is the residence of the Archimandrite, and to this house Steinfeldt conducted Ivan on the morning of his departure from the inhospitable home of Anniesie's aunt.

He approached the centre door, which stood invitingly open. He pulled the handle of a bell, which rung out loudly, sounding through the house like a notice to the inhabitants that it was time to "get up." A young monk, without the external robe, and dressed only in the under-tunic, appeared in answer to this summons. He was bareheaded, and when he saw Steinfeldt and the boy he made the profound and graceful bow for which all Russians seem to have a natural talent, improved by art to perfection.

"I want to see the Archimandrite," said Steinfeldt. "Is he visible just now?"

"He is at prayers, but if you will be so obliging as to walk into this room I will tell him that you wish to see him as soon as he is at liberty."

"Many thanks. There is my card."

The servitor led Steinfeldt and Ivan into a spacious room, with no carpet on the floor, which, however, was scrupulously clean. There was a large sofa in the middle of the wall opposite the window, and before this stood a common square table on four legs, like an English kitchen-table in size and appearance, only it was of dark mahogany, nearly black with years. Opposite the door was a large press of common deal wood, painted to resemble mahogany, which it singularly failed to do. Half a dozen old-fashioned chairs, with cane seats, a great number of wretched portraits of former Archimandrites, and the obrass, or sacred picture of the household, with its gorgeous frame of gold and adornments of plates of the precious metals, completed the arrangements of the room.

Steinfeldt and Ivan sat on chairs placed on each side of the sofa at each end of the table, Ivan having reverently crossed himself before the obrass. He was quite awestruck at being in such a place, and felt something between a detected pick-pocket and an angel—the first impression arising from a feeling of his own unworthiness, and the second from his delight at finding himself so near heaven and those who knew all about it!

They had not to wait long before they heard some shuffling steps approaching the door, which was flung open and gave admission to a venerable old man singularly pale in the face but with unusually brilliant eyes. He wore the monk's dress already described, only in the front of his high black cap there was a white cross displayed, and instead of a black veil depending from the summit this ornament was white. Round his neck he wore a thick chain of silver gilt, from which depended a cross of the same. He was supported by an inferior monk, though not a servitor, and the expression on this man's countenance was more of this world than that which beamed from the pale features of his superior.

We have already told the reader how the Russians call people by their Christian names, followed by Christian names of their fathers to which the suffix vitch is added. This is easy for them to do in cases of Russian names, but they find a difficulty with foreign names occasionally. Steinfeldt's name was Hans. He had really been so christened, although the word is generally regarded as only the abbreviation of Johannes, which is equivalent to John or Ivan in Russian. His father's name had been Johann, therefore Herr von Steinfeldt was called by the Russians "Ivan Ivanovitch," and by his wife Hänschen or Johnny.

The Archimandrite accordingly with a grand bow addressed our friend as Ivan Ivanovitch, and asked him in what way he could be of use to him.

"Your eminence will feel for me when I tell you that a connection of my wife's—"

"Marie Feodorovna?" inquired the abbot.

"Precisely so. A connection of Marie Feodorovna's has been foolish enough to mix himself up with certain political troubles in Moscow. I, on my wife's account, have done my best to shield him and to help him, but it seems in vain; he *will* get into hot water. One of his plots had nearly cost him his life, but by means of heavy *na tchai* I obtained a verdict for him on the ground of insanity. Well, he has now been attempting another piece of nonsense which will bring the police upon him, and he has asked me to take charge of this little orphan until he can clear himself. Should he succeed in doing this he will return to Germany and send money for the boy afterwards. In the mean time I cannot undertake the charge of a Russian. I am a Protestant and quite opposed to the Greek Church, I therefore thought it best to bring him to you with the request that you should educate him in your own faith and in your own manner, only let him be taken off my hands. Of course I am ready and willing to pay for his board and education, and am glad to leave him in your hands to take care of until we see what can be done with him."

"Take a seat, Ivan Ivanovitch, and let us talk this over a little."

The abbot indicated with his hand the sofa seat to Steinfeldt, who declined the honour, stating that the abbot of so renowned a monastery must always *preside* and take the sofa seat. This is a great point of etiquette amongst the Germans and Russians. At last the Archimandrite did as Steinfeldt wished. His aide-de-camp sat next him. Steinfeldt sat on one of the large chairs at the side of the sofa, and Ivan on the other.

"And," said the monk, "what is the name of this little waif?"

"He is called by my own name, Ivan Ivanovitch," answered Steinfeldt, adroitly. "His father is said to have been killed before Plevna, and his name I do not know, so that you may call him what else you please."

This was very subtle, because there was nothing to rouse Ivan's suspicion or to make him declare that he was known as Ivan Dobroff. He had heard the story of his father's death at Plevna, so that everything seemed just as he had heard it. Steinfeldt had thought it best not to caution him in any way yet, and to leave the whole matter to the chapter of accidents.

"No Russian can be indifferent to the fate of a true believer," said the abbot, "and I shall gladly take upon me the charge you propose, but we are not rich, and therefore can do little for him should your bounty fail or should you pass away!"

"I shall take the liberty of arranging for him half-yearly in advance, and in case of his sudden removal, which may take place at any moment, the sum paid is to be considered as a donation to the monastery."

"It is a very fair and handsome proposal, Brother Ambrosius," observed the abbot. "Can you say anything against it?"

"I would gladly have known more of the boy, but I suppose that coming from Ivan Ivanovitch Steinfeldt we ought to be satisfied. I cannot say that I am."

This speech was a lucky one for Steinfeldt, because Ivan greatly resented it. He was just about to blurt out something relating to Smirnoff, the Gymnasium, Mazielovo, etc., when this insulting manner of speaking of him stopped him. Besides which he had taken a great liking to Steinfeldt, and had formed as marked a dislike to the monk whom the abbot called Brother Ambrosius."

"Now the question arises as to the sum which you think you would require to reimburse you for your expenditure. As you don't seem to like to mention it yourselves, let us say something. Would five hundred roubles be too little?" (Five hundred roubles are just £50.)

The monk looked at the Archimandrite, who looked at the monk again in amazement. For their simple habits of life the offer appeared magnificent, and was evidently viewed by the monk with suspicion. But the abbot at last said, quietly,

"If we have to clothe him it may cost us nearly that, but we should render you a strict account."

"Certainly not," replied Steinfeldt. "You render me a very important service for which I am prepared to pay, and as yet I only offer what I think it would cost you to keep him. I should like him to be well taught whatever you can teach him, but what is beyond that would be considered as a separate matter to be paid for as a distinct charge. His clothes will be sent."

All this time Ivan had been thinking what to do. Should he rest satisfied with the statements made by Steinfeldt? They were strictly true, though not the whole truth. He was but a boy, and though a shrewd boy, he could not be expected to have the experience, tact, and knowledge that would have put him on an equal footing with a man of the world, a thorough man of business, and master of the situation. He would have liked to say something about Smirnoff, but remembered that he could reserve that for a trump card at any time. So he thought he would wait. He had no idea that such large rewards had already been offered for him. How could he know of them? And he thought the whole matter would resolve itself into Hermann's receiving a reward for finding him.

"He is backward in arithmetic, I fear," remarked Steinfeldt, "and several things which he ought to know. Now I don't want his education to be neglected, and you cannot get teachers to attend gratis, so whatever you find you require more than these five hundred roubles let me know, and I shall be only too happy to pay. It is quite absurd to think of including any articles of dress for such a sum. I shall send my own tailor, or you can engage one here and I will pay the bills."

It was finally arranged that a tailor should come and measure little Ivan for clothes according to his taste, and that the bills were to be sent in to Steinfeldt; that books and such necessaries should also be charged extra, but that ordinary tuition was to be included. He was to be taught the *true* faith (*i.e.*, the traditions of the Greek Church), the Russian language and Slavonic, arithmetic, geography, music, and drawing. French and German were to be extra, but Latin was to be included.

All these things being arranged, Steinfeldt rose to depart, but the abbot suggested that he might want some chat with Ivan, and withdrew with Brother Ambrosius, leaving Steinfeldt and the boy alone.

"You are very good to me," said Ivan. "I wonder why?"

"Anniesie begged my wife to do all she could for you, to keep you quiet for a time, and not to let any one get hold of you. I would do anything for Anniesie."

"So would I," said Ivan. "But why is no one to get me? Her father wants to squeeze money out of Metrotan Dmietrievitch for delivering me back to him."

"He does not know where I have put you, and the best way to keep persons from finding out that money is to be had from Mr. Smirnoff is never to mention either his name or your own until the time comes. *I* don't want to make money of you. But you had better say no more to the monks about yourself than I have told them."

"All right!" said Ivan.

Steinfeldt laughed pleasantly, and seeking the abbot, paid half a year's board and lodging for Ivan in advance, and took leave of the monastery.

Ivan, left to himself, found it rather dull amongst the Brothers, but he was not a badly disposed lad. Like all boys who are worth their salt, he had a deep and very sincere reverence for religion. He was an early riser, and liked nothing better than getting up in the small hours of the morning to assist the brethren in getting ready the church for early matins. In a very short time he became a great favourite among the members of that singular community. Thus weeks passed on, and Ivan became more and more interested with all he saw.

There is no rule without an exception; and even amongst these inhabitants of a sort of living tomb, there were spirits who, in the great world, would have been revolutionists or innovators—Nihilists, or something of the kind. One of these, a certain Brother Angelo, greatly interested Ivan. He had held an important public position, and was a rich man of noble family. Domestic troubles had broken up the home, his wife was dead, his eldest son had been shot in a duel, his second was in exile, working in the mines of Siberia. In grief and bitterness of heart he had retired to this monastery, endowing it with his whole fortune, hoping thus to escape from himself. But this is always impossible, and the maddening thought that he had brought all this misery upon himself sometimes tormented him beyond endurance.

Like everybody who came in contact with Ivan, he was charmed with the boy's frankness and willingness to please, so he took an active interest in the boy's studies, helping him materially in mastering the difficulties of that bugbear of boyhood, the Latin grammar.

One evening, after Ivan had just completed the first month of his sojourn at Kupsk, he was sitting indoors with Brother Angelo, who had invited him to his cell for the purpose of studying more at ease. It was beginning to be cold, the huge stoves in the monastery were heated three times a week, and the double windows all through Russia were being fastened in, secured with putty and wool from all attacks of cold from without or escape of the warmth from within. Brother Angelo was warmly wrapped up in a long black mantle lined with fur, and Ivan sported the long-coveted red silk *rubaschka*, or outside shirt, black velvet trousers, and high-made boots of the national costume.

"You have been well taught so far, Ivan," said the Brother.

"Oh, yes; our arithmetical master was a good one, and the German master under whom I was placed was a good teacher, much better than the professor in the fifth class, who was said to be a muff. He looked it."

Curiously enough this was the first intimation that the monk had received of Ivan's having been a pupil in a Gymnasium. The monks did not talk much as a rule in the monastery about their antecedents and the life they had lived before joining, and no one had cross-examined Ivan yet on these points.

"Was your Gymnasium in Kursk?" asked Brother Angelo.

"No; in Moscow."

"Oh, indeed! Do you know Moscow well?"

"I should think so!"

"And you worked well at the Gymnasium, I see."

"I got good marks, though old Schwann did get savage with me at times."

"Ah! then you were in the First Gymnasium?"

Ivan felt that he was being pumped, and so he answered briefly, "Yes."

Brother Angelo asked him no more questions, but he made a mental note of what he had heard. It was a Saturday evening, and the grand service was soon to be performed, for in Russia the Sabbath begins at sunset on Saturday, and lasts through till sunset on Sunday, when all kinds of amusements are indulged in. The result of this is that people do not wait for the evening of Sunday, but turn the whole day into one of pleasure and business. The churches are generally well attended on Saturday evening, but

there are many men in Russia who only go once a year, at Easter time.

The serving monks pulled the strings in the belfry which set the merry bells in motion, and one of these men was so clever at his work that he could ring seven bells at once. The cords of two were attached to levers, which he moved with his feet. One stout rope was stretched behind him, and he played it by bumping backwards upon it when the big bass boom was wanted; the remaining cords he held in his hands. It was a sight for a painter to see this weird figure in his tightly-fitting long black under garment and long flowing hair tossing about in the bellringers' loft of the belfry, where he could be plainly seen in the light of the setting sun, dancing within the arches of the loft, which were unprotected by glass and were open to the free fresh air of heaven.

As a great treat Ivan had been allowed to assist the bellringer on many occasions, and he told Brother Angelo that it was the only accomplishment he had that was worth a rap, as they stepped from the cell to cross the cemetery to reach the church. As we have said, Brother Angelo was warmly wrapped up in his black mantle lined with fur. Ivan had thrown a black velvet frock without sleeves, a sort of skirted waistcoat, over his rubaschka, and he walked quietly beside his friend, looking at the strange figure of the monk in the belfry, whose black dress formed a strong contrast to the bright colours of the sky, which glowed like molten gold. Inside, the church was lighted up with a profusion of wax candles, varying in size from the tremendous candles near the high altar, four feet high and three inches in diameter, to the feeble taper not much thicker than an ordinary penholder.

The icon or screen was richly gilt, and contained some curious efforts of the painter's art, so covered with gold and silver as to be almost invisible as paintings. Then there was the picture of "Our Lady of Kupsk," to see which and to appeal to which for aid in various stages of distress all sorts and conditions of Russians came flocking from the country round.

In a large silver vessel, made in the form of a coffin, a few blackened bones were enshrined. These were said to have once formed part of the mortal frame of St. Sergius of Kupsk. The shrine was about two feet in length, and was of solid massive silver, with richly-gilt feet, handles, and ornaments. On the day of the saint, *i.e.*, the day set aside for his service in the calendar, the lid of the coffin was removed so as to expose the remains, which were the bones of one leg, of a hand, and an arm. These remnants of the departed are viewed with awe and veneration by the simple.

On the present occasion the shrine was closed, but high mass was being celebrated. There was the priest in cloth-of-gold pall, with a purple and gold mitre on his head; there was the deacon in silver-thread garment over his brown vestments. There was the choir singing the magnificent chants of the Greek Church, in which they were joined by the whole body of monks present at the ceremony. At a certain portion of the service the priest turns his back on the people, and ascends the steps leading to the holy screen, and, when there, the gates of the screen, called the Imperial doors, are flung open, and the sacred interior is revealed. The music is entirely vocal.

The service over, Ivan was leaving the church with his friend and traversing the courtyard on his way to the house of the Archimandrite, when he was astonished beyond measure at seeing in this very court, hitherto so still and unrelieved by any change, a tall figure in a long grey overcoat, surmounted by a glittering helmet, and wearing the peculiar sabre of the gendarmes, the mounts of which shone in the twilight with a strange unwonted lustre.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE TALKING OSTRICH.

AFTER this dreadful catastrophe Cyprien and Li thought only of hurrying from the spot as quickly as possible.

They skirted the north edge of the wood, and after an hour's walk reached the bed of a torrent, which was then dry. The torrent bed formed a path through the lentisks and figs. Into it they turned.

There a fresh surprise awaited them. The torrent led into a good-sized lake, surrounded with luxuriant vegetation. Cyprien tried to follow the banks, but these were in places too steep.

To return by the road he had come would have been to give up all hope of catching Mataki; and as on the other side of the lake there were ranges of hills leading up to mountains of considerable height, the travellers set off round the sheet of water in the hope that they would there obtain a good view over the surrounding district. The absence of any road made the operation a somewhat difficult one, owing to their having to occasionally dismount and lead the giraffes by the bridle. It took them more than three hours to advance five miles as the crow flies.

When they reached the point on the other side of the lake opposite to that they had started from, night came on; and, thoroughly tired out, they decided to camp. But with their scanty resources they could not be very comfortable.

Li busied himself with his usual zeal, and did what he could, but the result was not encouraging.

"You are very tired, Pa!" said he, sympathisingly. "Our provisions have nearly all gone! Let me go off in search of something to some village close by. I am sure to bring somebody to help you."

"Leave me, Li?" asked Cyprien.

"It is necessary that I should," said the Chinaman. "I will take one of the giraffes and strike off to the north. Tonaia's town that Lopepe spoke of cannot be far off, and I will manage it so that they will welcome you. Then we can go back to Griqualand, where you need no longer trouble yourself about the three scoundrels that have died."

Cyprien thought over the Chinaman's proposition. He saw that if the Kaffir was to be caught it would be in this neighbourhood, consequently it would not do to leave it. On the other hand, more provisions must be obtained. And so he with great regret decided to separate from Li and wait where he was for forty-eight hours. In that time the Chinaman on his giraffe would be able to secure assistance and return.

Li did not delay an instant. Thinking nothing of his own rest, and abandoning all idea of sleep, he wished Cyprien good-bye, kissed his hand, jumped on his giraffe, and disappeared in the night.

For the first time since his departure from Vandergaart Kopje Cyprien found himself alone in the desert. He felt profoundly miserable, and as he lay rolled in his blanket gave himself over to the gloomiest thoughts. Isolated, almost without food and ammunition, what was to become of him in this unknown country, hundreds of miles away from civilisation? The chance of catching Mataki was now a very feeble one. He might be only half a mile from him, and yet be ignorant of his whereabouts. The whole expedition had been disastrous. Every hundred miles had cost the death of one of its members. One only remained —himself! Was he destined to die miserably like the others?

Such were Cyprien's reflections as he gradually fell asleep.

The freshness of the morning and the night's rest gave a more confident tone to his thoughts when he awoke. While waiting for the Chinaman's return he resolved to ascend the mountain at the foot of which he had camped. He could from the summit command an extensive view, and might with the help of his glasses discover some trace of Mataki. But to do so he had to leave his giraffe, for no naturalist has as yet grouped that animal with the climbers.

He began by taking off the halter so ingeniously contrived by Li. One end of

it he tied to the animal's leg, the other to a tree surrounded by long luscious grass; and he left sufficient length for the giraffe to feed at its ease. And if we add to the length of the rope the length of the giraffe's neck we must admit that very little rope was required to give it an ample radius of action.

Having secured his mount, Cyprien threw his gun on to one shoulder and his blanket on to the other, and, giving the giraffe a friendly pat in token of farewell, began the ascent of the mountain.

The ascent was long and difficult. The whole of the day was passed in scaling its steep slopes, turning its rocks and unclimbable peaks, and recommencing on the east or south an attempt made unsuccessfully on the north or west. When the night came Cyprien had only got half way up, and he had to wait till morning to continue the ascent.

Starting at daybreak, after assuring himself by means of his glasses that Li had not returned to the camp, he reached the top of the mountain about eleven o'clock. There a cruel deception awaited him. The summit was wrapped in cloud, and a thick mist hung over its lower flanks. In vain Cyprien tried to pierce the curtain and see down into the neighbouring valleys. The whole district had disappeared, covered with a mantle of shapeless vapour which hid everything beneath it.

Cyprien was obstinate, and waited, hoping the fog would clear off. He hoped in vain. As the day wore on the clouds grew in density, and when night came the mist turned to rain. He was on a bare plateau with not a single tree or rock to shelter him, and night coming on, with an increasing downpour of fine steady rain that gradually soaked through his blanket and his clothes and wetted him to the skin.

Matters were growing serious. To descend under such circumstances would have been foolish. Cyprien made up his mind to shiver in the rain all night and dry himself in the morning in the sun.

The rain was most refreshing after the drought that had preceded it, and Cyprien soon persuaded himself that there was nothing very disagreeable about it after all. One of its most unpleasant consequences was that he would have to eat his dinner uncooked. To light a fire or even a match in such weather was out of the question, and so he had to content himself with opening a tin of meat and eating it as he found it.

In an hour or two, in a half-torpid state from the continual rain, he fell asleep on a large stone for a pillow and his dripping blanket for a bed. When he awoke he was in a high state of fever.

Knowing that he was lost if he remained any longer beneath the deluge—for the rain was still falling in torrents—Cyprien made an effort, rose to his feet, and, using his gun as a stick, began the descent of the mountain.

How did he reach the bottom? It would have puzzled him to say. Sometimes slipping down the greasy slope, sometimes sliding over the shining rocks, bruised and breathless, and wrung by the fever, he kept on his downward way, and about noon reached the camp where he had left the giraffe.

The animal had gone, impatient probably at having been left alone, and perhaps pinched with hunger, for the grass within the circle of which the halter formed the radius had all been cropped. The giraffe had bitten through the rope and gained its liberty.

Cyprien would have keenly felt this new piece of ill-fortune had he been in his normal state, but extreme lassitude and weariness had almost crushed the life out of him. He could only throw himself on his waterproof bag, which he fortunately found untouched, change his wet clothes for dry ones, and then drop back to sleep under the shelter of the baobab beneath which he had camped.

Then began a strange period of half-slumber, of fever, of delirium, in which everything was mixed up, wherein time, space, and distance retained not a ghost of reality. Was it night or day? sunshine or rain? Had he been there twelve hours or sixty? Was he alive or dead? He did not know. Pleasant dreams and frightful nightmares followed after each other without intermission. Paris, the School of Mines, his home, Vandergaart Kopje, Miss Watkins, Pantalacci, Hilton, Friedel, legions of elephants, Mataki, and flights of birds spread over a boundless sky, all his remembrances, sensations, sympathies, and antipathies jostled each other in his wandering brain as if in a straggling battle of incoherences. To the creations of the fever were added the impressions of what was going on around him. And what made things all the more horrible was that in the thick of a storm of jackals barking, tiger-cats molrowing, hyenas laughing, he painfully pursued the romance of his delirium, and thought that he heard the crack of a rifle, followed by a deep silence. Then the concert began again, and lasted till morning.

During this delirium Cyprien would probably have passed from the fever into everlasting rest if the strangest, most extravagant event had not happened to bring him back to reason.

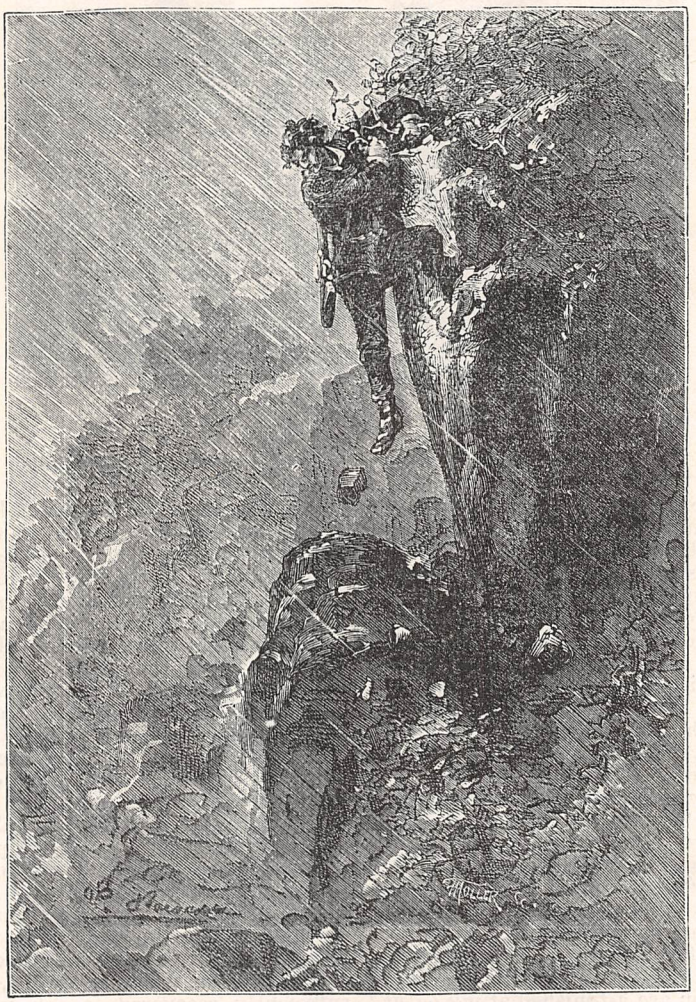
The morning came. It rained no longer; the sun was high on the horizon. Cyprien had just opened his eyes. He looked, not without curiosity, at an ostrich of large stature that, after approaching him, stopped still a yard or two off.

"Is that Mataki's ostrich?" asked he to himself, still pursuing his main line of thought.

It was the bird itself that spoke, and that in excellent English.

"There's no mistake! Cyprien! My poor fellow, whatever are you doing here?"

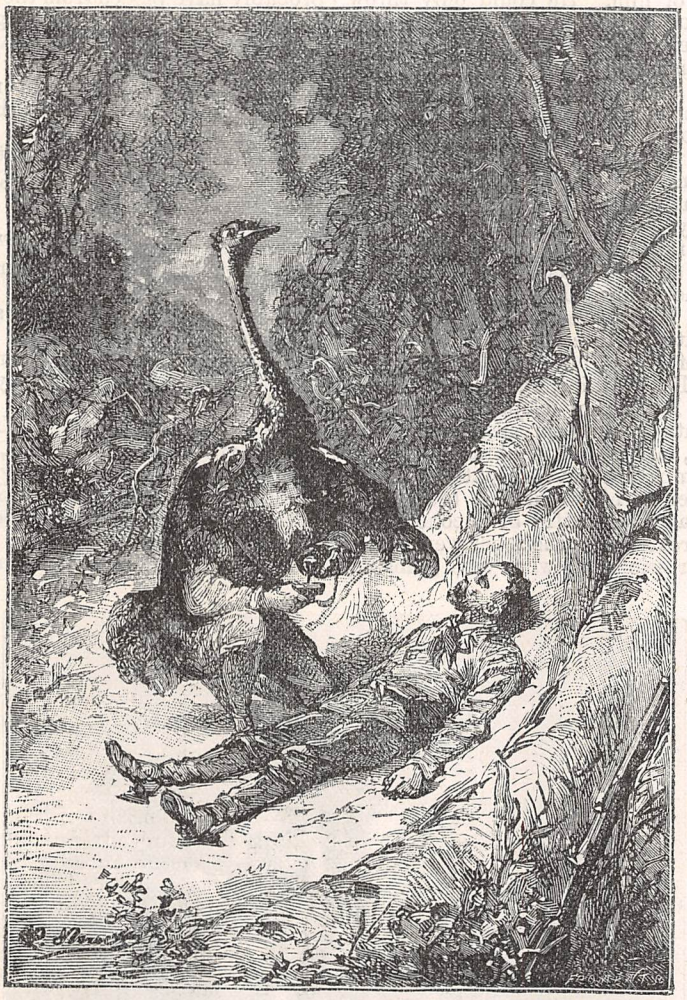
An ostrich that spoke English, an ostrich that knew his name, was certainly enough to astonish any man even in his sober senses. But Cyprien was not in the least astonished, and took the remarkable phenomenon as a matter of course. He had seen so many strange phenomena during the night, it seemed quite a natural consequence of his mental derangement.



"Sometimes slipping down the shining rocks."

"You are not very polite, Mrs. Ostrich," he answered. "What business is it of yours?"

He spoke in that dry, jerky way peculiar to those suffering from fever, and which left no doubt as to the state he was in. The ostrich seemed greatly troubled.



"Is that Mataki's ostrich?"

"Cyprien, my friend, you are ill, and all alone in the desert!" exclaimed the bird as it knelt by his side.

This was a physiological phenomenon no less abnormal among struthious birds than that of the gift of speech, for kneeling is a movement generally denied to them by nature. But Cyprien in his fever persisted in showing no astonishment. It seemed just as natural when the ostrich felt under its left wing and took out a leather flask and gave him a mouthful of the contents.

The only thing that began to surprise him was when the strange animal rose and threw off what seemed to be his plumage, and took off his neck and head, and then changed into a tall, sturdy, active man, and no other than that mighty hunter, Pharamond Barthes!

"Yes, it's nobody else!" exclaimed Barthes. "Did you not recognise my voice? You are astonished at my outfit? It is a dodge I learnt from the Kaffirs to get nearer the real ostriches and reach them with their assegais! But let us talk about yourself, my poor fellow. How came you here, sick and abandoned? It was the merest chance I saw you as I went by. I did not even know you were in these parts."

Cyprien was hardly in a state to talk to his friend, and could only make a few signs. Barthes saw that what was wanted was to get the sick man the help he needed, and to attack the fever as soon as possible.

His experience in the desert had been a long one, and the bold hunter had learnt from the Kaffirs a method of treatment of great efficacy in marsh fever such as his companion was suffering from. He dug in the ground a sort of ditch, which he filled with wood, having arranged it so that there was a good draught through it When the wood had been lighted and consumed it converted the ditch into a veritable oven. Barthes laid Cyprien in the ditch, after carefully wrapping him up so as to leave only his head exposed to the air. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before an abundant perspiration showed itself—a perspiration which the amateur doctor took care to foster with the help of five or six cups of an infusion he made with some herbs he had gathered; and then Cyprien dropped off into a refreshing sleep.

At sundown, when he awoke, he was sufficiently recovered to ask for something to eat. His ingenious friend was quite prepared for him, and immediately offered him some excellent soup which he had made out of the spoils of his rifle and different sorts of vegetables. A wing of roast bustard and a cup of cold water with just a suspicion of cordial completed the meal, which greatly strengthened Cyprien, and began to clear his brain of the fumes which clouded it.

About an hour afterwards, Barthes having treated himself to some dinner, sat down by the engineer and told him how he came to be there so strangely disguised.

"You know what I am capable of in search of any novelty in sport. During the last six months I had killed so many elephants, zebras, giraffes, lions, and all sorts of big game and little game, fur and feather—without counting a cannibal eagle that is the pride of my collection—that a few days ago I was seized with the idea of making a change in my sporting proceedings. Up to then I had only travelled escorted by my Basutos—thirty resolute fellows, whom I pay at the rate of a bag of glass beads a month, and who would throw themselves into the fire to please their lord and master. But I was very hospitably received by Tonaia, the great chief of this country, and with a view of obtaining the right of shooting over his territory—a right of which he is as jealous as a Highland laird—I consented to lend my Basutos with four guns for an expedition that he was thinking of against one of his neighbours. The reinforcement rendered him simply invincible, and he gained a signal triumph over his enemy. Hence a close friendship sealed in blood—that is to say, we mutually sucked a pin-prick in our forearms, and for the future Tonaia and I are brothers for life—and death! Assured of being let alone wherever I might wander throughout his possessions, I started off the day before yesterday in chase of tiger-cats and ostriches. As far as tiger-cats are concerned, I had the pleasure of shooting one last night, and I am rather surprised that you did not hear the row which preceded the shot. The fellow had been attracted by the odour of raw flesh, and two or three hundred jackals and hyenas had been favoured with the same idea. You can imagine the concert that took place!"

"I think I heard it," said Cyprien. "I even fancied it was given in my honour."

"Not at all," said Barthes. "It was in honour of a buffalo's carcass at the bottom of the valley opening to your right. When day dawned nothing was left of it but the bones. I will show you; it is a very creditable piece of anatomising. You shall also see my prey, the biggest I have brought down since I landed in Africa."

"But why the strange disguise you wore this morning?" asked Cyprien.

"It is an ostrich dress. As I told you, the Kaffirs often use it to approach the birds, for they are very shy and difficult to get within range. You will say that I have my capital rifle. So I have, but what of that? The fancy struck me to go out in the Kaffir style, and to that I owe my finding you, don't I?"

"And just in time. Without you I shouldn't have troubled the world much longer," answered Cyprien, as he cordially clasped his friend's hand.

He was now out of his ditch and comfortably lying on a bed of leaves that his companion had arranged at the foot of the baobab. The gallant fellow's kindness did not stop at that. He went down into the neighbouring valley in search of his tent, which he always took with him on such expeditions, and a

quarter of an hour afterwards he had pitched it above the invalid.

"And now, Cyprien," said he, "let us have your history, if you are not too tired to tell it."

Cyprien felt himself well enough to satisfy Barthes's very natural curiosity. Very shortly he told him of what had occurred in Griqualand, why he had come in pursuit of Mataki, and his diamond, and what had been the chief incidents of the expedition. He told him of the deaths of Friedel, Hilton, and Pantalacci; the disappearance of Bardik; and how he was waiting for Li to return to the camp.

Barthes listened with profound attention. When asked if he had come across a young Kaffir whose appearance tallied with that given by Cyprien he replied in the negative.

"But," added he, "I found a horse that had been turned adrift, and which may be yours."

And he explained how the horse had fallen into his hands.

"Two days ago," he said, "I was out hunting with three young Basutos in the mountains to the south when I suddenly saw a grey horse dash out of one of the ravines. He had no harness, only a halter and a rope trailing behind him. He seemed very undecided which way to go, and I called out to him and showed him a handful of sugar, and he came with me. I took him prisoner. He is an excellent brute, full of courage and fire, and 'salted like a ham.'"

"He is mine! That is Templar!" exclaimed Cyprien.

"Well, Templar is yours, then," answered Barthes, "and I am glad to return him to you. Now good-night; go to sleep, and at daybreak to-morrow we clear off from here."

Then, adding practice to precept, Barthes rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep by the side of Cyprien.

In the morning the Chinaman returned with provisions, and before Cyprien woke, Barthes explained matters to Li, and left him in charge while he went off to fetch the horse.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

Four months have elapsed since the day when Lang received official intimation that he had passed the matriculation in the first division. When the news arrived he was still in bed; his recovery bid fair to be a long and weary one.

He is now, however, back in town. The physician whom he has consulted has decided that he may begin work again, so for the last month he has been a fairly regular attendant at the Rev Peter King's, reading law with Mr. Edward King, barrister-at-law, who spends some of his spare time in coaching backward students.

Not that Lang is supposed to be backward; his passing his examination so well puts that idea out of the question. But it is not thought wise to article him just yet.

"If I were in your place, sir," said the physician to Mr. Lang, "I should not insist on his settling down to steady work for a month or two. There is every reason to believe that he has perfectly recovered, yet there is a strange depression about him which I cannot understand. Has he any secret trouble or anxiety?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mr. Lang.

"He is not in debt, I suppose?"

"I cannot imagine that he is; I may say that I am sure he is not."

The physician looked thoughtful.

"Then I should let him lead a fairly easy life for the next month or two, or even three. Then, if he seems to regain his spirits, well and good, let him have steady work. If he still remains depressed you must come to me again."

So it happened that Lang was in clover, according to most fellows' idea of clover: doing just as much work as he liked and no more.

But he did not lose the feeling of depression. How could it be expected, remembering that the effects of his deception were only beginning to make themselves felt?

He had been able to send a five-pound note to Fanshawe soon after he returned to town. He was ashamed of himself for hiding his whereabouts from him so long, for after all Fanshawe had fulfilled his part of the contract and was entitled to his pay.

It was a source of continual wonder to him that he had not heard from him. Fanshawe was always more or less in want of money, generally more; and he was not the sort of fellow to forget to remind another of a promise to pay.

Fanshawe's acknowledgment of the note showed the reason:

"Dear Lang,—Thanks for the cash, which was very handy. I should have bothered you about it before, but I had a windfall at the beginning of the year, which has kept me going ever since. I'll stand you an evening's fun out of your fiver if you'll come up to my place."

It was the postscript which gave Lang a shock.

"P.S.—Can I be of any use to you for your 'Intermediate'?"

Could he never get rid of the tempter?

No, never. He had commenced his career by a fraud. Even supposing he were articled, became a successful practitioner and made his fortune, he would have to endure the constant fear that some one would whisper to him some day, "You are no lawyer; your articles were obtained by fraud; go and stand in the prisoner's dock, that is your proper place!"

Is it any wonder that he did not regain his spirits?

He had heard nothing from Melhuish. He had never expected news of him, and had now in his own troubles forgotten those of others.

Garland was living at Mr. King's, expecting to go to college after the long vacation. Soady had passed his examination with very creditable success and was now a clerk in the Patent Office. He was still a lodger at No. 15A, and had gained a signal victory over Caractacus. He saw a great deal of Garland, and as much as he could of Lang, but the latter rather avoided him.

"Can't make out what's the matter with Lang," he said to Garland one day. "He isn't half the fellow he was. Do you know anything about it?"

"No," replied Garland; "perhaps it's his illness."

"He was just as bad at Christmas, so 'tisn't that. I wish we could stir him up a bit. Perhaps this bazaar of Mrs. Hawtrey's may wake him up."

"I hope it may."

Soady was on quite the wrong scent about Lang. The note the latter had sent him asking him to receive letters addressed "A. B. C." had roused the strangest ideas in Soady's imaginative mind, but none of these bore any resemblance to the actual fact.

Yet the actual fact was nearer discovery than any one imagined.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the day before the bazaar in aid of St. Peter's Home for Cripples. Mrs Hawtrey had kept her word, and had made the young men whose services she had enlisted work nobly.

"It's as hot as Vesuvius," sighed Soady, as he wiped his forehead. He had been engaged for the last hour in fixing up a platform in the schoolroom of St. Peter's, Garland giving him valuable aid.

"Who'd think 'twas only May?" asked Garland.

"I don't know," was Soady's guarded reply. "I don't care what month it is, it's a baking one in here. Do you think that platform looks firm?"

"Try it."

Soady stepped on to the planks from the side. There was a sudden elevation of the other end of it, and Soady subsided backwards.

"Oh, I do hope you haven't hurt yourself!" exclaimed Meggie, who was standing near.

"Not much, thank you," was his reply.

"Didn't your head strike that pole?"

"I don't remember its doing so," said Soady. "The worst of the affair is, we shall have to fasten down these planks, or else we shall have every one shooting into the air to-morrow."

"That would spoil your tableaux rather badly, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, the Sleeping Beauty would have a rude awakening," said Soady, for he had been getting up some tableaux, the

admission to which was to be twopence only, and Miss Hawtrey was to be the Sleeping Beauty. (Belle had heard of it, and had volunteered the observation that she didn't think she would do it very well; which had caused a scene between the brother and sister, the former attributing the remark to envy, which was indignantly denied. But this is a parenthesis.)

At this moment Mrs. Hawtrey came up. She had just given the final touches to her stall.

"Isn't it time we all went home?" she asked. "It's nearly ten, and I'm sure you have all worked enough for to-day."

"I must just fasten down these planks to the trestles," said Soady. "I shan't be half a minute."

"Look, mamma," cried Miss Meggie, "the men are bringing in the piano."

Garland went off to superintend placing it, whilst Soady whacked the nails with a big hammer, and raised such a tumult that no one could hear what any one else said.

"Oh, do be quiet for a moment!" shouted Garland. "Get up early and finish it."

"There," said the unconscious Soady, proudly, "that's done. Why, here's the piano. How do you like it, Miss Hawtrey?"

"I haven't tried it yet."

Soady opened it, and gave the keys a dust with his handkerchief.

"Do just see if you like the touch," he said.

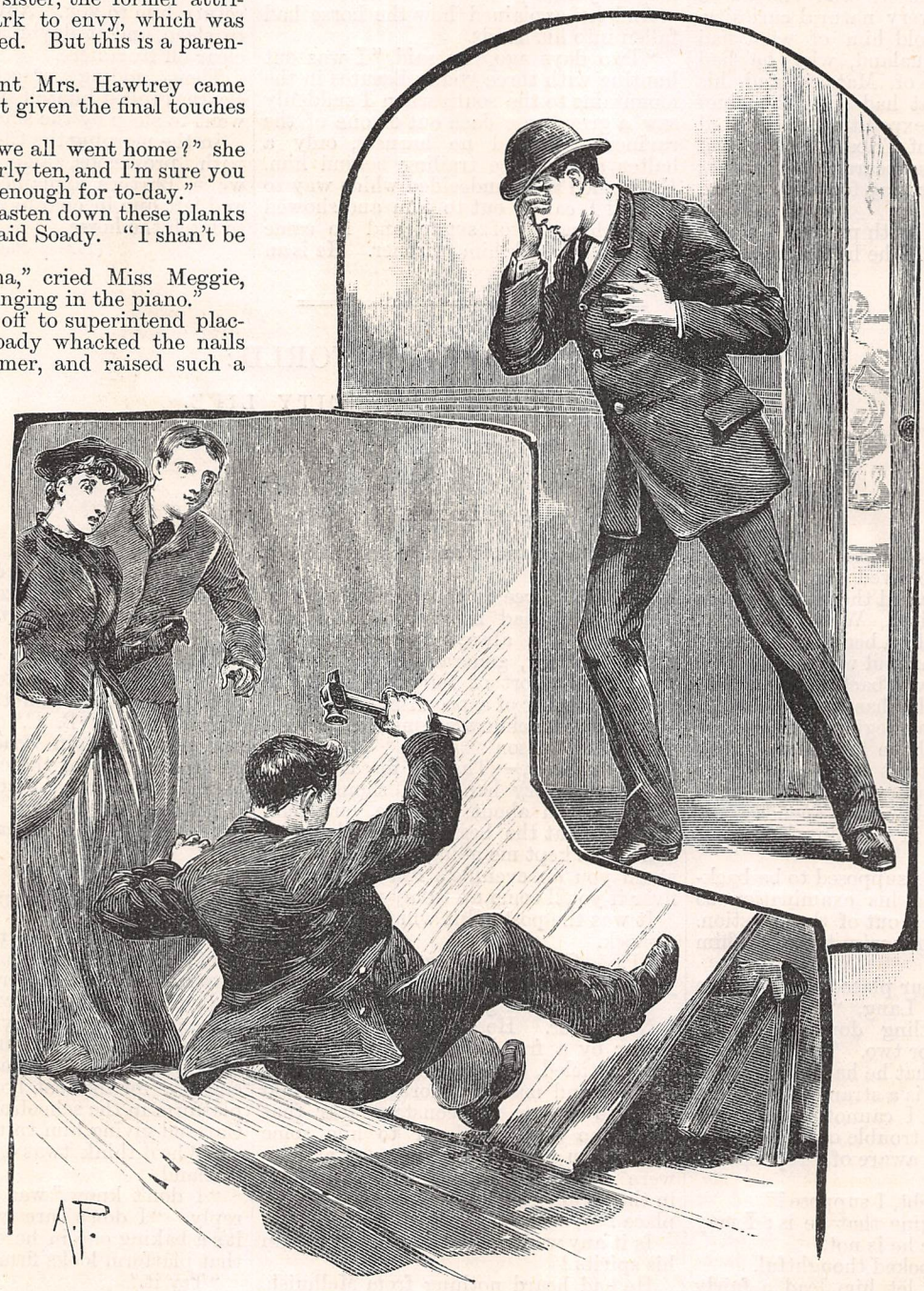
"You may have three minutes," said Mrs. Hawtrey, graciously.

There were only a dozen people present—ladies and gentlemen who had been working hard all the evening in the cause of charity, and one or two workmen. The big room was lighted by a couple of chandeliers only, which left most of it in gloom, through which the white stalls loomed strangely.

Meggie sat down to the grand piano, and began playing a reverie of Heller's. She was a skilful and feeling pianist, and she had now an instrument worthy of her powers, and an audience in the right mood for appreciating their display. Piece after piece she played, from a tender andante of Beethoven's to a spirited tarantelle of Raff's, passing from one composer to the other skilfully. The three minutes were lengthened to fifteen, and then twenty, before she ceased.

She had the best reward she could have had, and she appreciated it. No one thanked her, but there was a dead silence as she closed the piano. Then there was a sob heard in the farther recesses of the hall, and hasty steps of some one going out.

That broke the spell.



"Soady subsided backwards."

"Who was that?" asked Mr. King.

No one knew; the hallkeeper was sure that no one was there when Miss Meggie began to play.

Who would have guessed that it was Lang? Yet so it was; he had come round to walk back with Soady for the sake of companionship, had heard the wonderful music, and it had touched his very soul. He felt so shut out from all that the music expressed, so lonely and miserable. He burst into a sob, and, ashamed of his emotion, hastened home alone. Would that he had looked away from self to Christ, to save and help him in his hour of repentance and need.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE LONDON.

THE London foundered in the Bay of Biscay on the 11th of January, 1866. On the 16th of that month there landed at Falmouth from the Italian barque Marianopolis only eighteen survivors out of the two hundred and thirty-nine passengers and crew that had left Plymouth eleven days before.

The London, like the Royal Charter, was one of the old class of auxiliary screws, fully rigged and sparred as a clipper, though of the longer build of the steamers of to-day. She had been launched in 1864, and became quite a famous ship, having distinguished herself by a run to Melbourne in fifty-nine days. She was of 800-horse-power and 1,752 tons register, and was owned by Money Wigram and Co.

She left the docks on the 28th of December, 1865, and Gravesend on the 30th. The year ended in a storm, and the London started in the thick of it. She had to lay-to off the Nore. With difficulty she made her way down Channel, and so threatening grew the weather that Captain Martin ran for shelter into St. Helen's Roads. The gale lulled a little, and the London left Spithead and steamed out to sea again past the Needles.

To take her into Plymouth Sound a pilot was signalled for. The pilot's boat capsized. The ship's boat was launched to the rescue; but though his two companions were picked up the pilot was drowned.

After this ominous commencement the ship anchored inside Plymouth breakwater and completed her passenger list. At midnight on the 5th of January she left for Melbourne. The storm had blown itself out. The sea was calm and there was a light wind ahead. On board of her, amongst others of lesser note, were the Rev. Dr. Woolley, the head of Sydney University; the Rev. Daniel Draper, a Wesleyan minister, who had been sent home on a mission as representing the Methodist Conference of Australia at the Methodist Conference of Great Britain; his wife, the daughter of one of the first missionaries to Tahiti, who went out in the Duff, as related in our article on the Martyr of Erromanga; Mr. G. H. Palmer, the editor of the "Law Review;" and last, though, as it proved, by no neans least, a Mr. George "Vaughan," who had taken his passage in that name in order to ensure a certain amount of quiet and privacy during the voyage.

Regardless of the sailors' superstition, it was Friday when Captain Martin put to sea. Friday was fine; Saturday was fine; but on the Sunday the wind began to freshen, and on the Monday it had increased to quite a gale.

The London rolled tremendously. She had fifty tons of coal on deck, and twelve hundred tons of railway iron below, and this did not improve her behaviour. She would go over, down, down, as if going for good, and then whip up with such a sudden recovery as to throw the passengers nearly off their legs. As the wind increased the seas came dashing over her, and as the hatches were not quite tight the water found its way into the saloons until it was washing about nearly a foot deep.

The gale grew in violence, and at eight o'clock on Tuesday the foretopmast and jibboom were carried away, and during the afternoon the port lifeboat was swept off by the sea. The night was rough, the weather threatened worse to follow, and the ship was headed back to run for shelter to Plymouth. Soon afterwards the starboard lifeboat was lost, and then the starboard cutter broke away.

The jibboom had been saved and was lashed along the engine skylight. It shook loose, and about half-past ten at night a tremendous sea swept over the deck, dashed it on to the glass, and poured down the hole it had made. The wind roared through the wire rigging, the lights shining up the masts showed the foretopsail, the only sail set, blown to ribands, with the tatters streaming out straight from the yard, and only one corner standing; and the phosphorescent waves foamed round the ship in hills ten or fifteen feet above her deck.

Captain Martin, of the London.

The seas dashing down into the engine-room drowned out the fires. In vain sail after sail was hurried along to place over the hatchway; the wind was so fierce, and the waves were so wild, that the canvas was torn away as fast as it could be placed in position.

The hold slowly filled with water in spite of all that the pumps could do. The donkey-engine was kept going full speed under charge of Mr. Angel, the third officer; and all hands, passengers included, were called to take their turn at the manuals. The seas broke over so that at times the men were up to their armpits in water, and still they stuck to their work. Each time the pumping slackened, "Keep them going," shouted the third mate; and again the speed would quicken, though the effort was in vain. Cheering on the passengers as the mate did the men, stood Mr. Vaughan, now recognised as G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, who, bareheaded and barefooted, in only his shirt and trousers, kept at the pumps for hours, and worked to the last like the giant that he was.

At four o'clock on the Thursday morning the sea drove in four of the stern ports and the water poured down in torrents into the saloon. The passengers, women and children, were gathered there trying to follow Mr. Draper as he read snatches of the service and led them in prayer. But the rolling of the ship, the washing about of the water, the howling of the storm, and the rattling of the pumps, rendered the attention of his audience almost impossible. Yet, happily, even when words fail, Christ can listen at the heart.

When the ports drove in, the captain entered the cabin and confessed that there was no longer any hope of safety. The scene that followed was heartrending. Families clustered together, some in hopeless despair, some cool and resigned to the last, some on their knees praying for deliverance, some nervously twitching over the leaves of their Bibles in search of some well-known text they hoped might comfort them in their final agony.

The ship, however, kept afloat. Angel and Brooke did not let the pumps rest for an instant; the water streamed overboard fast, but not fast enough.

At ten o'clock an attempt was made to launch the starboard pinnace, but the sea smashed her as she floated and five men were thrown into the water struggling for their lives. At the news that a boat was being got ready one of the passengers appeared on deck with his carpet bag! "Fancy a man thinking of his goods at a moment like this!" said the captain, turning away in disgust.

At one o'clock the ship was down to her main chains, and was slowly settling. Still the pumps were going, and still the sea kept heaving in. Two small boats were all that were left. One of these, the port pinnace, was rated to Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, and the captain ordered the crew to launch her.

"There is not much chance for the boat," said he, "but there is none for the ship. Your duty is done, mine is to remain here. Get her out and take command of the few it will hold."

The other boat, a very small one, was provisioned by the boatswain, but she was never launched. The ship went down too quickly to allow of her being got off.

With difficulty the pinnace was lowered, and then came the question who were to go in her. "Fetch a lady," said one, and a man ran in search of a friend of his, but not finding her brought a strange girl to the side to give her a chance of her life. But as she saw the little boat tossing in the raging sea she drew back in terror and refused to move.

Another of the men dashed down into the saloon in search of his friend John Hickman, who was sitting with his wife and children. When asked to leave them, "No," he said, "I promised to stay with them to the last, and I will do so!" On the side where they sat the bunks were covered with water. "Lend us a hand, Jack, to move them over," and the two helped the wife and the children across the saloon, and then, with

a "Good-bye, old fellow," they were left to die.

"Well, we are going to go," said another who was left in the ship. "There is only one thing I regret. I had a draft of £500 on Ballarat, and only had £20 of it. I should like father to get the balance." And the wish was afterwards complied with.

The captain was asked to come.

"No," he said, "I will go down with the passengers. But I wish you God speed and safe to land."

The wind was so fierce round the boat that the men in her could not hear their own voices. There were fifty people clustered on the poop, but none dare venture into the boat.

She pushed off. As soon as she left the ship a woman rushed to the rail, and shrieked, "I will give you a thousand pounds if you will take me!"

The boat had not got eighty yards away before the end came. The London sank stern foremost. As she went down the keel was out of the water as far as the foot of the foremast.

The captain was on the poop; Brooke in his red shirt was leaning on one of the half-doors of the companion; Angel was still running the donkey-engine, and had his hand on the lever as the waves closed over him.

In the boat were three passengers, the three engineers, a midshipman, a fireman, and ten of the crew. They had not been afloat two hours before a full-rigged ship sailed past them. At three o'clock on Friday morning a brig saw them, but lost them as she tacked, and went on her way. At daybreak a cutter was sighted and a shirt hoisted on an oar to attract her attention—in vain. Then the barque came by, sighted them, and picked them up, and, after a stormy voyage, brought them safe to Falmouth.

RIVALS:

THE STORY OF AN EVENTFUL PAPER-CHASE.

By Herbert P. Dollman

CHAPTER II.

Malton House was not the only school in Thetfield. The town boasted another establishment of equal size and importance. But the inmates of Malton House held the Priory School to be a very inferior place, and equally contemptible to the Priory scholars was Malton House. When, therefore, pupils of the two establishments happened to meet, there was always an exchange of very doubtful compliments.

The principal of the Priory was Dr. Bottrell; his pupils, when cricketing, always wore blue caps. These two facts were quite sufficient to obtain for the Priory fellows the nickname of "Blue-bottles;" they, in return, dubbing the Malton House boys, I do not know why, "Pussies."

Now the Priory fellows had had very recently a grand paper-chase, and had been so very triumphant in their speeches about it, that Malton House made up its mind to indulge in a paper-chase too. And, the permission of Dr. Whatman obtained, a date was fixed and all Malton House was thenceforward in a ferment. Enough paper was torn up to form scent for use on half a dozen occasions. At recess time, even tilting was given up, and the playground was filled with boys running round and round it at the top of their speed.

One or two even took the trouble to measure parts of the recreation-ground in order to gauge correctly their speed and endurance. Not content with this, Fred Poynter, whose "big brother" was a great man at amateur athletics, and had taken several prizes at Lillie Bridge, said he should go in for serious training and be very careful in his diet. This announcement of his was greeted with cries of "So shall I!" from a score of fellows. So that at dinner-time so many potatoes were left uneaten, so many plates of jam pudding even remained undevoured, that Mr. Marston, who always presided at the table, imagined some demonstration was intended against the cook, and made inquiries as to the meaning of this unprecedented event.

Well, it was not a matter of very great importance whether they took their pudding and potatoes or whether they did not, for a boy, luckily for himself, runs an ostrich very hard in the strength of his digestion. The best result of it was that a little self-denial was called into play, although Watkins, that incorrigible young glutton, whose nickname was "The Alderman," suffered from a bilious attack owing to the number of helps of pudding he consumed after appropriating them from his abstaining comrades.

The appointed day came at last, and that morning the masters had a troublesome time of it with the restless young spirits under their charge. But the excitement rose to a climax after dinner, when the lads, all, with one exception, in their football costume, assembled in the playground. Our friend the Alderman had loudly proclaimed for the past week his intention to run in his ordinary everyday garments. It was all nonsense, he said, putting on jerseys and the rest of it. That was all very well for football, but, just for running, why they were not wanted, and he should not put them on. So there he was, in his jacket suit, boasting that he would show them all that he could run just as well in that as they could in their football attire.

There had been a little hesitation at first as to the hares. Danvers and Butler would have been the men, of course, but every one saw that it was quite impracticable to get them to act together. After a good deal of discussion, Poynter and Carson had been appointed. They were good runners, and it was their boast that, owing to the attention they had given to training, they were in better condition than anybody.

It was not a bad day for the chase. The air was cold and the sky cloudy, as wintry skies are apt to be, but that was of no consequence. Chilly though it might be to the boys while standing about, when once they were in motion this keenness would be all the better. Poynter and Carson were quite ready, with their big linen bags full of "scent" slung at their sides. They were fuming with impatience to set off, but were put out of their misery at length. Then down the road they went, and turning the corner were soon out of sight.

If the hares had been impatient, how much more so were the hounds! It seemed to the eager crowd thronging round the school gate a wondrous long ten minutes that intervened between the starting of the hares and the moment when the Doctor let them off in pursuit. At his signal, away they sped.

Have you ever taken part in a paper-chase? If so, there is little need for me to describe the delight there is in careering over the country roads, down the lanes, across the fields, jumping over the stiles and ditches that come in the way, with the fresh air blowing round you, and your limbs all glowing with the jolly exercise. A merry-hearted crew they were that day as they bounded along full of health and spirits and bent on catching the hares if they were to be caught anyhow.

There were two among them, above all, who meant to do their best. All foresaw that there would be a pretty keen competition between Danvers and Butler. Danvers, who was still sore with the recollection of that tilting defeat, had determined not to be outdone by his rival. And he went ahead at such a pace that he was soon the leading hound. Butler, equally intent on triumph, was going to work in a different way. He kept well to the front, but did not put his greatest speed on at once, and after the first mile and a half, Danvers, glancing back, noticed his position, and began to have an inkling of his intentions. So he altered his plan, and relaxed his speed in such a degree that, while he maintained the advantage gained, he was enabled to husband his strength to pit against the effort to overtake him, which he rightly guessed was to be made.

By this time the hounds were scattered a bit. No longer was there any semblance of that line in which they had been drawn up at starting. The youngsters were beginning to fall in the rear a little, and—alas! for the Alderman. That young gentleman, unaccustomed to such exercise as this, or to voluntary exercise of any kind, had soon lagged behind, although, to justify his boast, he had tried hard to keep up with the rest. His plump legs became more and more weary, he grew more and more scant of breath, and, habited as he was in a thick winter suit, he perspired, spite of the temperature, in a most distressing manner, so that presently his running degenerated into a sort of amble, and the amble into a walk, ending in a full stop. The derisive cries of those who saw him halt came faintly borne on the wind to him as they ran farther and farther away, and he sat down, very disconsolate, on a stile, gazing moodily after them. But a smile stole peacefully over his face as the idea occurred to him of tacking back to the town and reviving his drooping spirits with a feast of "Turkish delight" at the sweetstuff-shop. Inspired with which notion, he sprang to his feet and retraced his way, bounding along like an indiarubber ball. While the Alderman thus ingloriously gave in, the others kept gallantly on. And presently Butler,

thinking the time had come, shot forward. He fancied Danvers was getting a bit fagged from the change in his pace. Not a bit of it, as the spurt which he made showed at once!

A little accident favoured Butler, though. Danvers tripped over a tuft of grass, and though he was quickly up, Butler had meanwhile come within a couple of yards of him. Now it was a race if you like! They came to a gate. Danvers jumped over it clean and gained two or three yards on Butler, who could only pass it by vaulting. But the latter quickly recovered his place. Recovered his place! Ay, did more! He shot ahead of Danvers for a few steps. Not for long. In a few minutes they were side by side. Each was trying his utmost to outrun the other. Vainly the fellows behind shouted out to them not to go on at such a tremendous pace; they paid no heed to these cries. Concerned as any of the others might be about the straggling of the pack, they did not trouble themselves about it.

The one idea prevalent in the mind of each of them was not to let himself be outstripped.

In jumping over a ditch Butler slipped on the farther edge. He happened to be just in front; the passage-way was narrow, and Danvers falling against him as he leaped, both tumbled into the muddy water! This, luckily, was not deep. They were out again in a moment, and, beyond a wetting of their feet and legs, no harm was done. But neither was in a humour to bear even this pleasantly, and angry words were bandied between them as they ran, until, finding that it interfered with their progress, they ceased their unprofitable discussion, and, with eyes keenly looking for the patches of "scent" which marked the course taken by the hares, flew along side by side.

They came presently to a roughly-made stile at the end of an uphill path, so that even Danvers could not jump it. The path diverged on the other side into two worn tracks, one going straight on, the other passing at right angles by the side of the hedge. They did not notice this, however. They saw a patch of scent ahead, clambered over the stile, and on they went. A little while after, they heard shouting behind them again, but, as before, disregarded it, continuing their race at the top of their speed.

Past some farm-buildings, down a great hill-side covered with clumps of gorse, along in the valley a little while and then up the opposite hill, skirting a small plantation, then along a rough cart track, and striking off again by the side of some ploughed land and over some bare stubble-fields, they followed the course marked. Sometimes Danvers led, sometimes Butler. They were always close to one another. Their pace was not what it had been at first. The exertions they had made had taken a good deal of "go" out of them, but they were pretty equally matched and stuck to it pluckily.

Presently something wholly unlooked for happened. They had noticed, though neither of course spoke to the other about it, that the scent latterly had been more sparsely scattered. The intervals between the patches were greater and the patches themselves were smaller, until one was passed consisting of three little pieces of paper only. And after that there seemed to be no more. The way appeared to be clear, however; they were going down another hill, and the trail had previously bordered the hedge, which went in a pretty straight line down its side. So they kept on, though they came to no more scent, and gradually the impression that they were going wrong stole over them. Yet neither opened his lips to say so. At last Danvers stopped.

"Look here, Butler," he said, "it's humbug going on. It's plain we've lost the scent."

Butler only stayed a moment.

"You can do as you like," he said. "If you are done for, I am not. There'll be scent right enough presently, and I'm going on."

Danvers was not the fellow to stand being spoken to in this fashion.

"Done for!" he exclaimed, wrathfully. "I'll keep on as long as you will, anyhow."

And he set off again with such an increase of energy that he passed Butler and kept the lead too.

How long they would have continued this foolish contest it is impossible to say, but the hedge came to an end presently. A bare open piece of down lay before them, and both felt it would be sheer folly to go on.

So that when Danvers called out, without stopping, "Which way are you going now? or do you see yet that we've gone wrong?" Butler made a desperate effort, came up abreast of Danvers, and then said,

"I don't care which way. We'd better stop, I suppose, and go back to that last bit of scent."

And stop they did, and back they went accordingly They reached the three little slips of paper at last, a little out of breath with their climb up the hill, and looked around for indications of more, but none could they see.

And the two lads, placed in a dilemma as they were, stood looking about, obstinately maintaining silence, afraid to consult one another for fear of compromising their dignity!

You must know that for the past month, at least, they had not spoken to each other at all, and before then had been by no means on cordial terms. If any one had been at hand to indulge in a hearty good-natured laugh at their expense, I believe they would have been shamed into joining in it and would have become better friends. However, it was absurd to go on looking about like this for ever. They explored the place pretty thoroughly, and then at last Danvers, as Butler approached him after making a wide circuit, said,

"Well, there's nothing more about here, that's evident. These bits must have got blown here by the wind. I'm going back to the next lot, to see if there's any scent round it anywhere."

Butler made no answer, though presently he followed. They searched round the next lot of papers; to no purpose. Then it occurred to Danvers that the scent having given out, the hares were hiding, and he expressed curtly his opinion to that effect.

"We should have found them if they had been," Butler answered, shortly.

They were silent again and stood about in rather an aimless fashion till Danvers said,

"What are you going to do?"

Butler did not answer for a few minutes. Then he said in a surly sort of way,

"There's nothing to do but wait for the others to come up."

It was all very well to say this, but time passed and there was no indication of the approach of any of the pack. Danvers began idly kicking at the bits of paper with his foot. Suddenly he bent down and examined some of them minutely. Then, jumping up, he exclaimed, impetuously,

"We've been a couple of nice duffers!"

Butler looked at him superciliously.

"Speak for yourself," he said.

"I'll speak for us both!" retorted Danvers. "Look at these bits of paper? They are exercise books torn up, but not the books we use. Our paper is whiter. And what's more, look at this bit. See that name on it? Thistleton! That's the captain of the Bluebottles' first eleven! We've been following on a wrong scent. This is some old trail of the Bluebottles!"

He was right. This was precisely what they had done. If they had not been so intent on outrunning one another, they would have noticed, on getting over that stile spoken of just now, as the rest of the pack did, that there were two lots of scent. There was some going straight on, which they had followed, and which was the trail laid by the "Bluebottles" three days back in another chase; and there was some distributed along the path at right angles to the one crossed by the stile, dropped there by Poynter and Carson. If they had turned their eyes to the right then, they would have seen, and in five minutes have come up with, the hares. Poynter, looking back, had seen the two rivals as they tore fiercely on, following the "Bluebottles'" trail, and he and Carson were in high glee over it. Danvers and Butler learnt this afterwards. At present they did not know how it was they had gone astray. But that they had done so was quite evident.

Then what was to be done? Butler settled that question.

"I'm not going back by that trail," he said. "We shall be a long time getting home at that rate. I shall make for that road at the bottom of the hill."

Had Danvers thought that the route marked by the trail was the shorter way back he would have followed it, letting Butler go by the road if he liked. But both fancied that the latter would be more direct. They were mistaken, for the road in question led to Thetfield in a circuitous manner, passing through one or two villages first. Ignorant of this, they turned and went down the hill again. The difficulty, when they reached the road, was to settle in which direction to go, to the right or to the left, for they were not acquainted with the country. They had paid no attention to the landscape as they raced along, had consequently quite lost their bearings, and now there was not even the sun to guide them. Just a little to their left they saw a milestone. It did not prove much of a guide, for all they found marked thereon was "Thetfield 7 miles." They agreed to continue in the direction in which they were going, and then, side by side, without any further exchange of words, walked on.

It was not very comfortable for them. They were quite uncertain whether they were going right or wrong. They felt

cold, too, for a cutting north wind had risen. It was getting dusk, and the thick clouds covering the sky had an ominous look about them suggestive of coming snow. That mile seemed a very long one. By-and-by, though, they perceived with pleasure a white spot by the roadside, and increased their pace in their anxiety to ascertain if they were proceeding aright. An unpleasant discovery was in store for them when they got up to it.

"Thetfield 8 miles," said the milestone.

(To be continued.)

A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

A STORY OF THE LIMITED MAIL.

It was a cold bright night in the early part of February, and the Limited Mail was speeding its way north. The passengers had settled down to a long ride, and had made themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Those within range of the lamplight pulled out their evening papers and began the perusal of the *rechauffé* of the morning's news, which they had already devoured.

"Not much in the papers to-night," remarked Mr. Barker to the company generally.

He was a stout little gentleman, evidently communicative.

"What have you got?" asked his friend Smithson, who was sitting opposite.

"The 'Globe.'"

"So have I."

A stranger here joined in the conversation. He was tall and spare; he looked like the typical Yankee.

"Have you the last edition?" he asked. "If so, you'll find as pretty a little story on the third page as you'll meet with in a month's reading."

"The escape of that convict?" inquired Mr. Barker.

"Yes: he's a plucky fellow."

"He's a consummate scoundrel, at all events," remarked Mr. Smithson: "a well-known burglar, and more than suspected to have been a murderer."

"Yes, I'm afraid he's a bad lot," said the American; "I wish he weren't. if he gets away he saves himself ten years' penal servitude: 'twas worth the risk."

"How did he manage it?" asked Mr. Barker. "I haven't read it."

"Broke out of the prison van," replied Mr. Smithson. "Watched his opportunity and stunned the policeman inside, got the keys, let himself out, and bolted. It shows what a desperate man can do."

"Will they catch him?"

"That remains to be seen: the police are on his track," replied the American. "I should like to be there when they try to capture him."

Nothing could have been further from his thoughts than the possibility of his having to take part in the capture himself. The three men settled down to their papers again in silence.

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Barker.

"What is it?" inquired the others.

"I'm certain I saw a face outside the window," he replied.

"The reflection of one of us," suggested his friend.

"Perhaps 'twas the guard going by," said the American.

"If so, the guard isn't wearing a cap," said Mr. Barker, moving towards the window.

"Got it blown off, perhaps," said Mr. Smithson. "Pray don't open the window: we shall be frozen to death."

But Mr. Barker let down the strap and peered out into the darkness.

The engine was throwing up a shower of sparks, and the blaze from the fire illuminated the tender. Those windows which had no blinds drawn threw a dim light on the hedges, but otherwise there was darkness.

"Anything there?" queried Mr. Smithson.

"I fancy I saw something."

"Well, do settle about it one way or the other, and shut the window."

Mr. Barker withdrew.

"I'm certain I saw a man's head," he asseverated. "And I'm nearly sure I caught sight of something moving when I looked out."

"Hadn't you better call the guard and stop the train?" asked Mr. Smithson, ironically.

Mr. Barker did not reply, but looked uneasily into the darkness.

He had not been mistaken. A man, hatless and coatless, had passed along the footboard of the carriage. He had given a quick glance into the compartment, and seeing it occupied by four men had hastily passed onwards.

The next compartment but one was labelled "Ladies," and was tenanted by one lady only. The convict, for it was he, stopped in front of this. With a dexterous movement he opened the door, and before the lady knew what had happened she saw a desperate looking ruffian standing beside her.

"Don't be frightened, miss," he said, "I ain't going to harm you: I've no time. I want some money. It's life or death to me, and I must have it. Your purse, quick!"

She glanced at the little handle which was the means of communication with the guard: the convict was standing between her and it. There was nothing to be done. She drew her purse from her hand-bag and gave it him.

He put it in his pocket and in a moment was outside the door again.

Instantly she flew to the handle and pulled it with all her might again and again. Then the fright she had undergone overcame her, and she sank on to the seat, unable even to go to the window and give the alarm.

The convict had acted with the sagacity and daring which had made so many of his enterprises successful. He had calculated that his victim would give the alarm directly he left her. This was what he wanted.

It would have been madness for him to go on to the next town. He knew that men were on the watch at every station for him. He had mounted the train at the risk of his life as it had passed slowly through one of the tunnels in the north of London, before it was free from the network of intersecting lines. He must somehow escape before it reached a stopping-place.

But to leap from the Limited Mail meant probable death, certain disablement. If, however, the train could be stopped he might slip down unseen between the carriages and make his escape with a fair chance of success.

It is not usual, however, to stop a train on a signal by the communication. The bell aroused the attention of the guard, but all he did was to lean out of his window to see if there was any sign that it was necessary to do more.

There was nothing to show that the ringing implied more than a practical joke, such as is sometimes indulged in by those who have subsequent cause to regret it. He was on the point of drawing in his head when he saw a white shawl being waved from a window. The lady had recovered sufficiently to drag herself to the side of the carriage and open the sash.

This was enough: the guard put on his break and signalled to the driver to slacken. In half a minute the pace was palpably slower.

"What's up now?" exclaimed Mr. Barker, springing to his feet. The others followed him to the window.

They had not hitherto noticed the fourth occupant of the compartment. He was a well-built, tall man, but apparently very uncommunicative. He pushed his way to the window and looked out.

He uttered an exclamation, and to the surprise of his companions flung open the door and began making his way along the footboard.

The others followed his course in wonder. What did it all mean?

He had seen the shawl hanging from the window. He knew to whom it belonged.

He was travelling north with his sister, and rather selfishly, though with her full consent, had put her into a ladies' compartment whilst he enjoyed a cigar in a smoking carriage. He had intended rejoining her at the first stopping-place. No wonder he was anxious when he found the train stopping and saw his sister's shawl.

The pace grew slower and slower. The convict bided his time. What was the good of hurrying? No one would care to follow him in the dark.

He had calculated without a knowledge of all the circumstances. Half a dozen words told Mr. Fairbairn, the fourth occupant of the smoking compartment, what had happened to his sister. He looked around as she spoke, and distinctly saw a man drop on to the rails from a carriage near the end of the train and make for the country.

Without a moment's hesitation he leaped to the ground and followed him. The Yankee was at the open door, a not uninterested spectator. Mr. Barker had seen the convict's escape and gave the alarm. In another moment all three were after him.

Mr. Barker and his friend soon gave up the pursuit. They were elderly and quiet business men, by no means fitted for a midnight steeplechase across country. But the American was stronger and accustomed to wild life: the excitement of the chase seized him, and he was soon close on the heels of Mr. Fairbairn.

Nothing could have surprised the convict more than the fact that he was pursued. He soon saw, however, that he was. He still had about him the weapon with which he had stunned the policeman: he determined to put it to further use as he saw Fairbairn gaining on him.

The country was too open for concealment, and the grey dawn was beginning to brighten the horizon. The convict grasped his weapon and prepared to receive his pursuer.

What would have been the result it is useless to guess: at any rate, Fairbairn would not have stopped. But the American caught him up and put his hand on his arm.

"Don't you go for him," he said; "'tisn't worth while you're getting damaged. I think I can persuade him."

Fairbairn tried to shake his adviser off, but in vain. The convict was about to make a fresh bolt for liberty, seeing there were two

A Story of the Limited Mail.—*See p. 316.*

against him; but the American's voice called him to stop.

"If you don't, I'll fire!" he cried, and the click of his revolver showed that his threat was not a meaningless one. The convict had no choice but to obey.

"Throw down that thing," ordered the American. He was obeyed: the short iron bar was dropped.

"Now march back to the train. No games, remember, or 'twill be the worse for you."

A few minutes later the convict was in a luggage van, securely barred in. At the next station he was handed over to the authorities for reconveyance to London.

Needless to say the American was welcomed effusively by his former companions, who congratulated him on his success.

"Well, perhaps it was not I so much as this little toy," he said, complacently. "It's a bad habit I got into years ago when I used to live among a wild lot out West."

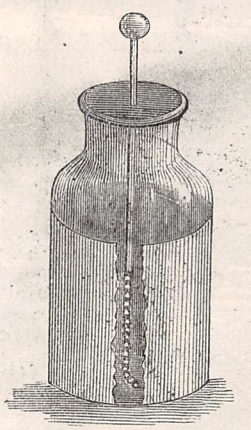
"Is it loaded?" asked Mr. Barker, nervously, eyeing the weapon uncomfortably.

The American smiled, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye that suggested more than his words.

"Well, now that you come to mention it, sir, really I don't believe it is!"

H. M. P.

THE LEYDEN JAR; AND HOW TO MAKE IT.



Our mention of the Leyden jar in the "Storm in a Teacup" article in our Christmas Number has led to several inquiries how to make it. Nothing can be easier.

Procure a smooth glass bottle, that is to say an unpatterned one; and let it have a wide mouth, though this is not essential. Thoroughly clean it and dry it and paste on to it inside and out to the height shown in the illustration some sheets of tinfoil. Let the tinfoil cover the glass two-thirds or what not from the base, and leave no breaks below the line.

The best plan is to coat the inside first. Cut a circular piece of tinfoil a little larger than the bottom of the bottle, and paste it down with the edge pressed up against the side. Then drop into the bottle a well pasted strip of foil the height you have selected, and just a trifle longer than the internal circumference of the glass on which it is to be stuck.

Having finished the inside, do the out. Cut a circular plate for the bottom, press it up round the edge and paste on the glass the strip for the exterior circumference, which should be of the same height as that inside. Then insert a piece of brass through a cork or mahogany stopper, fix a brass ball to one end and a brass chain to the other just long enough to rest on the bottom, wax or varnish the stopper, and the jar is complete.

Instead of lining the bottle with tinfoil, thin gold leaf or copper leaf can be used; and instead of the brass ball and bar a ball of baked wood and a copper tube. It was Harris who first used the baked wood; Hopkinson has experimented with Leyden jars in which sulphuric acid has taken the place of tinfoil! The form we have described is, however, the usual one, and as it is the cheapest it would be best to start with it.

To charge the jar the outside tinfoil is connected with the ground, and the inside is excited by means of the knob from the prime conductor of the machine. The electricity is, as the phrase goes, "bottled off," though "the fluid" is no fluid, and is not "poured" at all. Two conductors of large surface are separated by a rigid insulator, and hence the conditions are favourable for powerful attraction. That is all.

This simple apparatus, which takes such a prominent part in electrical experiments, obtained its name from having been invented at the old Dutch University, where Muschenbroek was at the time professor. In Germany it is called Kleist's jar, from the name of another inventor, but it has been the custom amongst us to ascribe the honour of invention to either Muschenbroek, or Cuneus, his assistant.

It seems that Muschenbroek had noticed that excited electrics soon lost their electricity in the open air, and that this loss was quickened when the atmosphere was charged with moisture. Hence electricity was retained by surrounding its retainer with bodies that did not conduct it. To prove this he poured some water into a glass flask, put it into communication with the prime conductor of an electrical machine, and for fear of accidents judiciously handed it over to Cuneus to hold. When they thought it was charged enough Cuneus tried to disconnect the chain from the conductor, and thereupon received such a lively shock in his arms and chest that he dropped the bottle and smashed it to pieces.

The professor was pleased; the assistant was not. He was ill for two days afterwards. "I would not take another shock for the kingdom of France," he wrote to Reaumur. And all the first experimenters with electrical apparatus were much alarmed at shocks which to us would seem hardly worth noticing. Poor Winkler, for instance, was so frightened at the unexpected experience that he "betook himself to cooling medicines to allay the fever."

The shock received by Cuneus soon led up to the jar as we now know it. First water was tried, then mercury, and finally tinfoil. Muschenbroek's experiments took place in 1746; in the next year Watson began to come to the front. He first fired gunpowder by electricity, then he mixed camphor with gunpowder and discharged muskets by electricity. Then hydrogen and spirits of wine were fired by the spark by means of a drop of water or a lump of ice.

Watson it was who put the inside and outside tinfoil coatings on the jar. Bevis suggested the outside; Smeaton, of Eddystone Lighthouse fame, suggested the inside. Watson's experiments before the Royal Society attracted much attention to the science, though he had in some things been anticipated by the French, who had sent a discharge through twelve thousand feet, and on one occasion had used the great basin of the Tuileries, giving an acre of water as part of the circuit.

Nollet sent a discharge from a jar through a regiment of fifteen hundred men holding each other's hands, and they were all shocked in the arms and shoulders. But perhaps the best known experiment is that of Franklin with his kite.

Two strips of cedar, fixed crosswise, with a large silk handkerchief tied at the corners, and a sharp-pointed wire projecting a foot above the upright, was all that Benjamin Franklin's famous kite consisted of. It had an ordinary paper tail, a bellyband, and a long fine string, with a short piece of silk ribbon tied at the end. Just where the ribbon was knotted to the string he hung a key.

It was in June, 1752, when he let his kite up in the thunderstorm. He and his son, after some little difficulty, got it out to the full length of the string, and then stood up inside a doorway to keep the ribbon dry. A thundercloud passed over, and nothing seemed to happen. The experiment promised to be a failure. Gradually, however, the loose filaments of twine began to stand out at right angles, and were found to be attracted by the fingers; then a knuckle held to the key extracted a spark from it, and as the string got thoroughly wet in the pouring rain the electricity became abundant. With it the experimenters charged the Leyden jar, whose discharges afterwards proved the identity of the electricity of the thundercloud with the electricity of the machine.

Another famous experiment is that known as Lichtenberg's figures. It is generally performed as follows. Hold the jar, charged positively, in the hand, and with the knob draw on a glass plate, cake of resin, or sheet of vulcanite, a series of patterns. Then put the jar on an insulator, and, lifting it by the knob, trace another series of patterns with the outer coating, so as to cross and intertwine with those made by the knob.

Having designed the patterns, make a mixture of red-lead and flowers of sulphur and dust it on to the slab. A curious thing will happen. The red and yellow will sort themselves out. The sulphur will stick to the positive lines, the lead to the negative ones, and the pattern will be given in two well-marked colours. The sulphur will be in tufts, the lead in spots. In mixing the powder the sulphur became negatively electrified, the red-lead positively so, and hence the disposition of the materials.

The terms negative and positive were first used by Symmer as alternatives for resinous and vitreous. Symmer was the man who discovered the electricity in his stockings and charged the jar by their aid. His experiments were the same in principle as those of Cigna with his silk ribbons, but were much more astonishing.

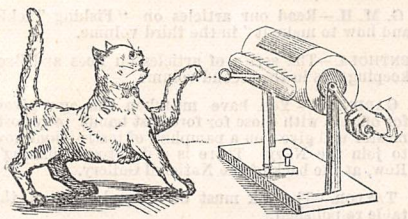
When Symmer pulled off his stockings he noticed that they often gave a crackling sound, and when he undressed in the dark he saw sparks issuing from them. When he wore silk stockings for show and worsted beneath them for warmth the effects were more powerful. When one stocking was drawn out of the other they appeared inflated, and attracted and repelled each other like electrified bodies!

He experimented with a pair of white silk stockings and a pair of black silk stockings. When he wore both white or both black on the same leg nothing happened, but when he wore a white and black on the leg, and pulled them off after ten minutes or so, they remained inflated, and showed the shape of his leg! Brought within eighteen inches of each other, they rushed together; then they were separated, and again became inflated, and again rushed together.

Experimenting with the two pairs held against each other, he found that they sorted themselves out, rushing each to each, until they gradually wasted away, and from legs substantial enough for the foundation of a family ghost story—a ghostly legacy—dwindled down into mere flabby pieces of silk. The electricity he obtained from these classical stockings was considerable. He charged a Leyden jar from the four of them, and secured enough electricity to shock himself up to his elbows, and to light a teaspoonful of spirits of wine!

But we are trenching on the text-books. One caution before we conclude. In every experiment, whether it be merely in shocking, in rendering luminous half a dozen eggs placed end to end by sending the shock through them, in perforating a card by passing a spark through it as it rests on the foil,

in splitting wood by driving the wires in until their points are close to each other, in breaking a glass by passing a spark from knob to knob in water, however simple it may be, remember always to discharge by touching the outside first. Otherwise you may receive an unpleasant surprise, and, like Cuneus, come to grief with your Leyden jar.



THE MUSICAL GLASSES.

THE harmonicon is not a very difficult instrument to make. It consists of a box and a series of plates—of metal, stone, or glass—to give the sounds.

Take a piece of deal free from knots and shakes, and plane it smooth and true. Let

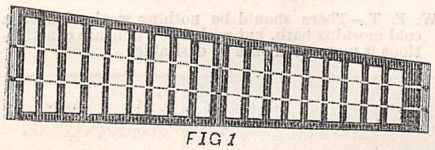


FIG 1

it be of the shape of Fig. 1, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, six and a half inches wide at the top, four and an eighth inches wide at the bottom, and twenty-three and a half inches along the side which is at right angles to the ends. The slope will be just a trifle longer.

This piece of wood is for the bottom of the box. Now for the sides. Make them out of quarter-inch stuff, twenty-three and a half inches long and one inch and five-eighths wide. For the ends take two pieces of three-eighths stuff an inch and five-eighths wide; and let one be six and a half inches and the other four inches long. For the tops, as

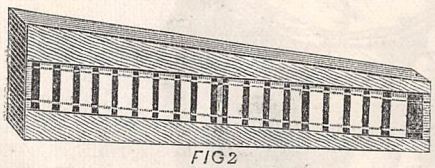


FIG 2

shown in Fig. 2, take two slips a quarter of an inch thick and two inches wide at one end and an inch and a half wide at the other.

Let the wood be as perfect in quality and equal in thickness as possible, and glue up the box—without the tops—as evenly as you can. The box can be nailed or screwed if you think it will be easier for you, but the result will not be so satisfactory. The box is like a fiddle, and the more of a perfect shell it is the truer and fuller will be the sound.

In the centre of the box glue in the bridge, which will be about five and a quarter inches long and half an inch wide, and should stand clear of the bottom and clear of the tops. Then in the broad end at two and a quarter inches from its sides cut the slots, as shown

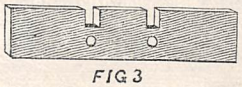


FIG 3

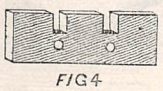


FIG 4

in Fig. 3; and at the other end, as shown in Fig. 4, cut the slots one inch and a quarter from each side. Below each slot is shown a small circle. This represents the head of the screw or tack round which the twine is strung on which the musical plates are to rest.

For the string use very fine twine, crochet cotton, or silk, and stretch it very tightly and fasten it off at the end it started from; that is to say, fix it at the broad end under the tack, then pass it under the tack at the narrow end, then under the other tack at the narrow end, and then bring it up to the broad end and there finish it off. It should be very tight and just rest on the bridge in the middle.

The next thing is the glass, which should be cut in inch strips, and fixed on to the strings with a drop of sealing-wax. Let us have eighteen notes ranging from B to E in the key of C. The true dimensions and position will have to be found by experiment, but for glass a sixteenth of an inch in thickness the following will be found the suitable lengths. B should measure five and three-eighths; C, five and a quarter; D, five; E, four and seven-eighths; F, four and five-eighths; G, four and a half; A, four and three-eighths; B, four and a quarter; C, four and an eighth; D, three and three-quarters; E, three and five-eighths; F, three and a half; G, three and three-eighths; A, three and a quarter; B, three and an eighth; C, three and an eighth; D, three and an eighth; E, two and three-quarters. These are the lengths for glasses an inch in width.

The glasses should be laid on the strings, which gradually approach each other, and they should be shifted about until the correct note for each is obtained. In Fig. 1 we have shown how they rest on the strings, and in Fig. 2 we have boxed them in and shown by the space at the end how they may have to be closed up to keep the proper intervals. As soon as the notes are right, fix the glasses on to the string with a tiny drop of sealing-wax. And also fasten the string on to the bridge with wax so as to make everything secure. Then glue on the tops to hide the ragged ends, and the harmonicon is complete. For the hammers glue a piece of cork or wood on to a length of whalebone or split cane, or any springy stick about eight inches long. A convenient shape is that shown in

FIG 5

Fig. 5, where the black head represents the cork cut to a wedge.

Although many tunes can be very pleasingly played on this simple instrument, do not let it be supposed that it at all resembles the harmonica for which music was written by the great composers. That was a different affair altogether. Perhaps a few notes concerning it may not be uninteresting.

One of the first allusions to an instrument of the sort is by Harsdörfer in 1677, though among savage nations, Burmese and what not, rock, bone, and wood harmonicas have existed for ages. On St. George's Day in 1746, Gluck played a concerto on twenty-six drinking-glasses, "tuned with spring water." The instrument was of his own invention, and he played it accompanied by the whole band. It was said to be capable of producing all the effects of the violin and harpsichord.

When Benjamin Franklin was in London in 1762 he saw Puckeridge and Delaval amusing themselves by playing tunes on ordinary drinking-tumblers. The tumblers were tuned by the water poured into them up to different levels—the higher the water the lower the note—and were sounded by wiping a wet finger round their brims. Franklin was so much struck with this that he straightway took the matter in hand and invented the harmonica, for which the music used to be written, and of which a specimen now rests in the South Kensington Museum.

The harmonica—Franklin called it the "armonica"—consisted of a series of glass bells fixed in regular order on an iron spindle made to revolve like a lathe with a treadle. The sound was produced by pressing the wet fingers on the bells as they rotated, and it could be increased or decreased in volume and tone by varying that pressure.

Franklin presented his invention to the Davies family, with whom he was connected, and one of them, Marianne, performed on it with great success in London, Paris, Florence, and Vienna. The constant thrilling of the fingers affected her nerves, however, and she had to abandon it, just in the same way as had Naumann, the composer, who "found it necessary to restrict himself in practising."

Some of the music played by Miss Davies was specially written for the instrument by Hasse, and when, in 1791, the blind Kirchgässner went to Vienna, Mozart wrote an adagio and rondo in C for harmonica, flute, oboe, violin, and violoncello. Who in these days would imagine that the "musical glasses" once stood so high in the world?

Three years afterwards Kirchgässner came to London, and there played on a new harmonica built by Fröschel. At Darmstadt the harmonica held its place in the Court orchestra, and C. F. Pohl "professed" it. Beethoven even condescended to write for "the glasses," and Naumann's half-dozen sonatas for them still exist.

The instrument, however, has been laid on the shelf—or rather consigned to its case as a curiosity—and the musical glasses of to-day are the harmonicon we have described and the tumblers performed on by itinerant minstrels at street corners. These are easier of arrangement than our glass slips. Simply procure a number of glass cups or bowls, make them give forth different notes by pouring in different quantities of fluid, so as to check their vibrations, and then proceed to hammer or wipe them, as may seem best to you.

BY THE POND.

AH! that looks something like a slide!
Well polished, only two feet wide.
In length a hundred yards or so,
And not a particle of snow.

Down go the boys; just watch the pace;
One boy looks on with envious face.
'Tis Jenkins: though he's often tried
He somehow *cannot* learn to slide.

The others shoot off like a dart,
Head back, feet not too wide apart;
And Jones can travel at a pace
To put a skater to disgrace.

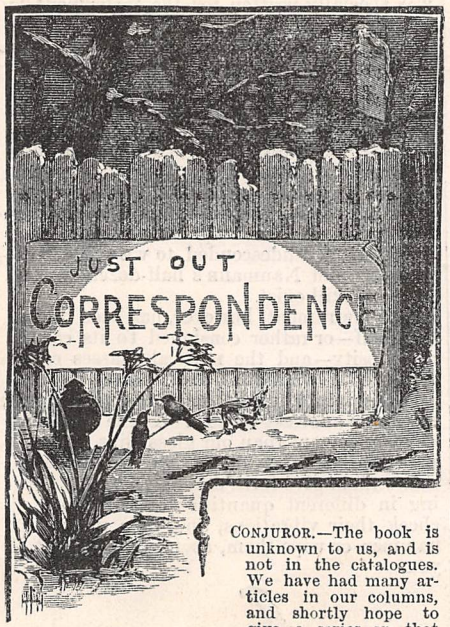
But Jenkins bumps his flattened nose,
He hurts his knees and spoils his clothes;
And once he bent his fingers back
So far he thought he heard them crack.

He polishes the shiny track
By sliding down it on his back,
Or treats it as one treats a seat,
But he can't keep upon his feet. [A

A Scotchman doing Highland reels
Flings pretty high his active heels,
But Jenkins sends his higher still
When comes the inevitable spill.

He's given it up; he's had enough;
He trots home in an awful huff;
And almost hopes, just out of spite,
A thaw will spoil the frost to-night!

PAUL BLAKE.



CONJUROR.—The book is unknown to us, and is not in the catalogues. We have had many articles in our columns, and shortly hope to give a series on that subject.

W. P. M.—There are workshops for practical carpentry at King's College. Advertisements of carpentering schools appear occasionally in "Amateur Work."

A. N. P.—The increase in the population is sure to increase rent and prices. In the days of Henry VIII., although the labourer received only sixpence halfpenny per day, yet he could pay his rent for the year with six or eight days' work, earn a cow in three weeks, a quarter of wheat in a fortnight, and a pig in seven days.

S. YARD.—It would take too long to work out all the questions, but here is something like what you want. The 35,000,000 of our population annually spend £500,000,000 on food, and consume upwards of 300,000,000 quartern loaves, 93,000,000 cwt. of potatoes, 17,000,000 cwt. of vegetables, 30,000,000 cwt. of meat, 700,000,000 lb. of fish, 5,000,000 cwt. of butter, 2,000,000,000 lb. of sugar, 170,000,000 lb. of tea, 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer, 37,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 14,000,000 gallons of wine.

SAILER NO. 1.—It is impossible to say without seeing the lines of the boat; but, speaking generally, the foresail for a sprit-rig is best fastened to a short iron bowsprit projecting a few inches from the stem-head. If you want a longer bowsprit you must get your mainsail farther aft, and this you cannot do unless you fit it with a gaff and boom instead of a sprit.

S. P. G. K.—You require no licence unless the boat is for hire. So long as your garden goes down to the water's edge you are all right, but you cannot land elsewhere without paying pier and other dues.

T. P.—1. Shorthand books cost only a shilling or two. Apply to Mr. Pitman, Paternoster Row. 2. The first volume costs six shillings. 3. Do not know the gentleman's name. The Empress of China is the important personage now.

ASTER.—The articles on Waterton's method of bird-stuffing were in the August, September, and October parts for 1883.

TELEPHONE.—We never give an opinion in such matters. A boy's position and capabilities must in nine cases out of ten be better known to his friends than to strangers, and to them it is you should apply for advice as to your future occupation. It would be better if we could all choose the work we are best qualified to do; in the majority of cases, however, we have to take what we can get, and gratify our special gifts in our hobbies. Employment in the telegraph companies is generally obtained through the telegraph schools, such as the one in Princes Street, Hanover Square.

A CRICKETER.—In Nos. 231 and 232 you will find articles on how cricket-bats are made, and a reference thereto will give you the information as to splicing.

P. P. S.—You can get the "book of the words" of Punch and Judy from French, bookseller, Strand, W C. As you have the puppets, and know the order of their exits and entrances, and the general business, why not make it up yourself? It would not take you long to compose such a libretto.

SID.—The wetter the flowers were gathered the worse they will keep. They want well drying when under pressure. Do not use gum or paste, as that is sure to discolour them.

K. H. C.—1. You want a reversing eyepiece. The instrument behaves exactly as was intended; all "astronomical telescopes" show their objects upside down. Your glasses are all right. 2. Use dumb-bells weighing about a couple of pounds, and do not give more than two shillings for them.

T. MAY.—Certainly; the Great Council of the Nation both elected and deposed the monarchs. In 755 it deposed Sigeberht of Wessex, and appointed Cynewulf instead; in 1013 it deposed Ethelred II.; in 1037 it deposed Hardicanute; in 1327 it deposed Edward II.; in 1399 it deposed Richard II.; in 1688 it deposed James II. In 866 it elected Ethelred instead of his elder brother; in 871 it elected Alfred instead of Ethelred's son; in 925 it elected Athelstan instead of his legitimate brother; in 946 it elected Edred instead of Edwy; in 955 it elected Edwy instead of Edred's son; in 1042 it elected Edward the Confessor instead of Ironside's brother; and in 1066 it elected Harold, and ignored the old house altogether. The numerous instances since the Conquest you can pick out for yourself.

G. S.—It is not impossible. Some years ago Mr. Rolt wound off the silk from twenty-four garden spiders, and obtained 18,000 feet of it only the 30,000th of an inch thick. Gloves and stockings of spider silk were at one time manufactured in France.

A. A.—1. The rook differs from the crow in having the base of its bill covered with a rough scabrous skin. 2. The present Pope, Vincenzo Pecci, was born in 1810.

C. D. V.—To clean white straw hats dissolve some salts of lemon in a pint of boiling water, wash the hat with the hot solution, hang it up to dry, and before it is quite dry press it with a hot iron. You can get sufficient salts of lemon for a penny and your hat will look quite new again.

G. G. M. H.—Read our articles on "Fishing Tackle and how to make it" in the third volume.

MENTHOLA.—The series of articles on Bees and Bee-keeping was in the second volume.

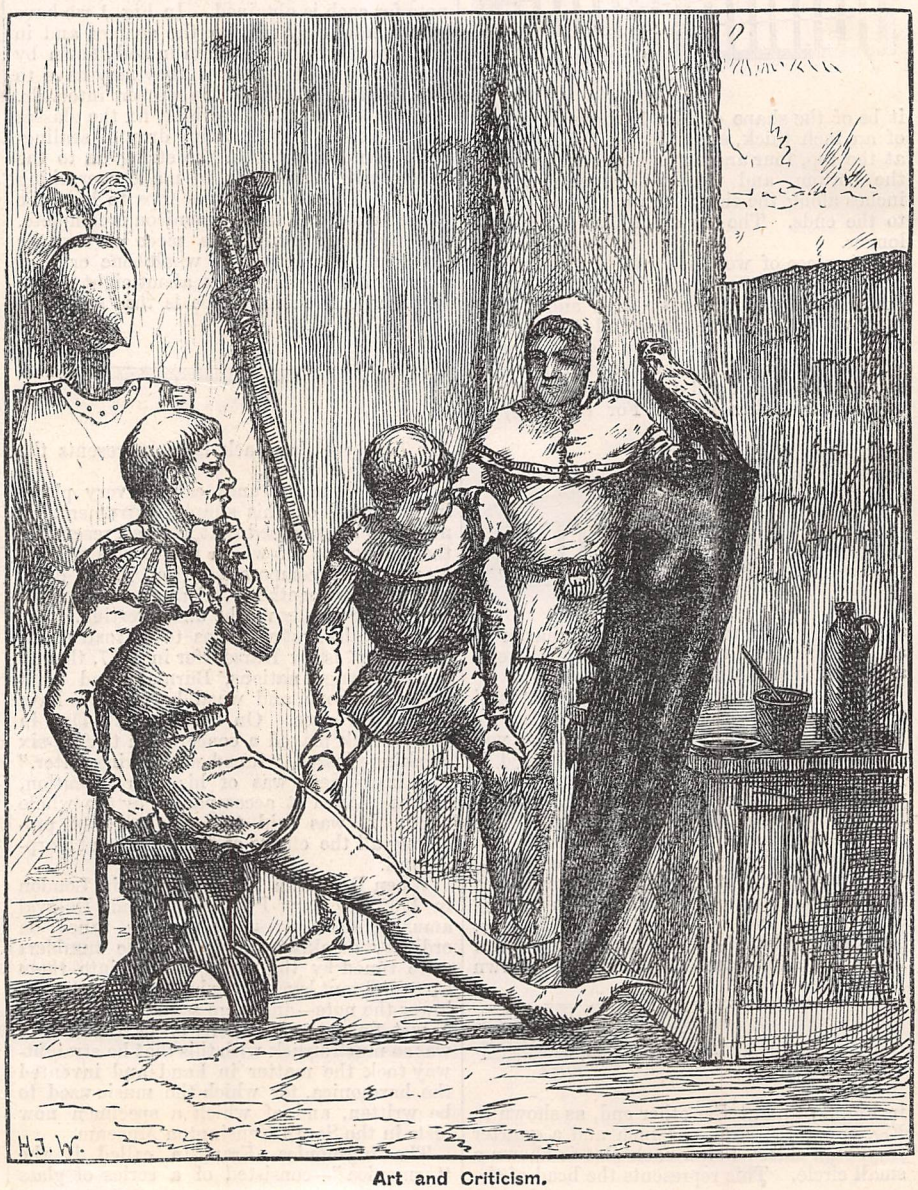
D. GARDNER.—You have mistaken the ages given for officers with those for foremast hands. Any postmaster will give you a pamphlet of instructions how to join the Navy. There is a depôt at Hemming's Row, at the back of the National Gallery.

G. TAYLOR.—The ink must be scraped off, and the table re-polished.

A BERKSHIRE LAD.—1. In all the colonies you can buy land by paying a certain portion of the price as a deposit, and spreading the balance over a term of years. 2. The cost of the land depends on its quality and position, and the preparation it requires. 3. Speaking generally, about three pounds per acre as against thirty. 4. Our own colonies can offer every advantage; why go to a foreign State? 5. An English farm labourer's wages range from a pound a week downwards. In Australia a steady man who knows his business can earn from two pounds a week upwards. That is the difference.

PHAROAH can turn to page 451 in the May part for 1881, and there he will not only learn how to make the serpents, but to spell the name.

W. F. T.—There should be nothing weakening in a cold morning bath, but with some delicate constitutions it may not always be desirable.



Art and Criticism.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 319.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1885. Price One Penny.

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc., etc.

"It was flying up with the velocity of a comet."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Soady was at Mr. King's earlier than usual next day, for he had taken a holiday on the strength of the bazaar. He had come to fetch Garland.

"Hurry up, my archbishop in embryo," he said; "there's lots to do before Sir Robert proclaims the affair open and gives the public permission to ruin themselves without reserve. Where's Lang?"

"He's in the library; do you want him?"

"Rather; I've got a message for him. Mrs. Hawtrey wants to know why he didn't turn up yesterday, and we're to bring him with us to have lunch at her house at twelve o'clock. Lucky I had an early breakfast, wasn't it?"

Lang heard Soady's voice and came into the room. Soady delivered his message.

"Thanks. I don't think I can come," said Lang.

"Why, what's the hindrance? Aren't you well?"

"Not very; and I've some work to do."

"But you know the doctor told you not to work too hard," persisted Soady; "you'd better come."

But Lang declined, and Soady could not press the point, so they started without him.

No sooner had they gone than Lang threw himself back in his chair, leaving his books unopened.

"I wish I were dead," he said to himself, sadly.

Soady wus puzzled at Lang's refusal to accompany them. "'Tisn't as if he had a lot of work to do by a given day; he won't have to sign his articles till he likes. I'm afraid his head is going, aren't you?"

Garland did not reply; he seemed in a reverie.

"Don't you think so?" repeated Soady.

"Eh? I? I'm afraid I didn't hear what you said. I was thinking."

Mrs. Hawtrey welcomed them very kindly. Her house seemed thrown open to the world; the rooms were full of people who were to take part in the opening ceremony or the succeeding sale. There were an M.P. and a couple of deans, and various small celebrities, so that the two friends felt themselves rather smaller than usual. But Mrs. Hawtrey had the gift of putting every one at ease, and Soady was soon explaining in detail to a young lady the subjects of the tableaux.

An adjournment was made soon after lunch to the schoolroom, which had a gay appearance. It was hard to imagine that it was the same place where Meggie had witched their souls away the night before. Flags were hung about in profusion, the stalls were arranged for display, flowers and plants filled the corners and gave a pleasant cool look. A fountain had been arranged at one end of the room, and in the basin below gold and silver fish swam swiftly about.

"How pretty they look," said Soady's latest friend, Miss Richardson.

"Yes, a great deal too pretty to be eaten, perhaps that's why they never cook them."

"Who has lent them?"

"No one," replied Soady, "they are for sale. Everything in the room is for sale. Look at those kittens with the label on their necks."

Miss Richardson drew near to inspect. The pretty little soft balls of fur were each placarded, "Please buy me, or I may be drowned to-morrow."

"What a shame!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," acquiesced Soady, "it does seem rather hard on them, doesn't it?"

"I'll buy one of them," said Miss Richardson. "I couldn't bear the thought of their being drowned."

"Thank you," said Soady; "they are only five shillings." He took the money and handed over a white kitty.

"I'm glad that my suggestion has been so successful," he said, complacently. "I thought people wouldn't be able to resist that appeal."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Miss Richardson, "that you put that placard on?"

"Yes," replied Soady; "it wasn't a bad idea, was it?"

Miss Richardson seemed uncertain for a moment whether to be angry or not, but her good-nature prevailed, and she began to laugh.

"You said everything was for sale, and this is a sell," she remarked; "but I shall have my revenge, so take care."

Soady learnt later on what she meant. She beguiled him into purchasing a smoking-cap (he didn't smoke) at fourteen shillings, the facsimile of which he saw next day on a stall marked four and sixpence. But, as he told Garland, it was in a good cause, so he didn't care.

Garland was cashier, and made a round of the stalls every two hours to collect the cash, which he then took to the vestry of the adjoining church and counted. He had just finished one instalment, and tied it up carefully in chamois-leather bags, when something curious occurred.

A concert was being held in a side room, and it had been found that there were not enough seats. A messenger had been sent in hot haste to a contractor, ordering the immediate delivery of a lot of rout seats or chairs.

As Garland stood at the vestry window for a moment the chairs were being brought in. The face of one of the porters seemed familiar to him.

"Where have I seen that fellow?" he thought. "I know his face perfectly."

He thought over all the working men he knew, but could not identify this one. He waited till the young man should return to the van; then he would have a better glimpse of him.

No sooner had Garland caught sight of his full face than he started back in amazement

"Melhuish!" he exclaimed.

He drew back out of sight. What should he do? Go out and speak to him? That would scarcely be wise. Supposing Melhuish saw himself recognised, he might fear discovery and bolt. No, the wisest plan would be to go more quietly to work.

He could see the van from the door of the vestry; he took a careful note of the contractor's name and address.

"I'll look him up to-morrow," said Garland to himself, "and see what I can do for him. Poor fellow! he doesn't seem to have been making his fortune."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THEY don't work you so hard as this at the office, do they, Mr. Soady?" asked Miss Hawtrey, with a smile, when evening had come and the crowd began to throng the stalls.

"It's a different sort of work," replied Soady, "and the hours are not quite so long; but this is the pleasanter," he added, gallantly.

"Won't you take some refreshment yourself? I'm sure you must need some."

"I think I will now you suggest it. I hadn't thought of it."

For the last hour or so Soady had appeared in a new character—that of bottle-opener in chief to the refreshment stall. He had his best coat on, and a beautiful little bouquet (which cost him half-a-crown) in his button-hole, so he was not quite in a state to handle dirty lemonade bottles; but he stuck to his work, and in return his work stuck to him, for lemonade is one of the stickiest things on earth.

"I wish I could take off my coat," he confided to Garland; "but I suppose it wouldn't be quite the thing."

"I'm afraid not, unless you could get out of sight."

"I did try to hide, but this lemonade is so tremendously up that unless you have the tumbler close at hand you lose half. Directly you slip the wire, the cork is up like a rocket."

"I've heard a report to that effect," said Garland; "have you had any accidents?"

"Only two. One cork hit the dean on the head, but he thought it was a piece of plaster from the ceiling, and sent out to get a man to inspect it. I ought to have owned up, but I shirked; besides, I had a big order on just then."

"What was the other accident?"

"Ah, that might have been a nasty one. There was one bottle that looked as if it was ready to burst, but when I took off the wire and eased up my thumb, nothing happened. So I brought a corkscrew to bear on it, and I couldn't stir the thing. Then I shook the bottle to try and raise the wind, and before I knew where I was, the cork, with the corkscrew in it, was flying up with the velocity of a comet."

"Damage anybody?"

"No; fell into a globe of goldfish and made them scatter, I can tell you. Mrs. King told me I really must be careful, as if I'd shied it up out of pure amusement. Have some lemonade?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Garland.

"All right; there's a bottle. Open it yourself and see how you like it."

As the evening advanced the crowd became thicker and the heat greater. Immense business was done, though chiefly in the smaller articles. Garland was glad to find his "pile" increasing. If things went on as well as this the required sum would be more than obtained.

He found himself obliged to concentrate his attention on his business when he was checking the returns from each stall. His thoughts were continually wandering. He could not get Melhuish's face out of his mind. When for a moment he managed to do so he found himself thinking of Lang.

It was easy to see that Melhuish had passed through trouble, and that even now he was in need of help. It was not so easy to see how to help him, yet Garland had resolved to do his utmost to give him aid.

For he had now taken upon himself, so far as it lay in his own power to do so, the profession of a clergyman, and had devoted his life to doing what good he could in the world. He was humble enough to know that it is not the simplest thing to do. He saw already how many mistakes were made by good people who went blindly though earnestly to work to do good to others. He saw that

to help Melhuish would require care and delicacy. He could not go to him and say, "You must go home at once." But, happily, he knew how in every time of need and perplexity to look up in simple trust to a Higher Power and seek the strength never asked, in humble faith in Christ, in vain.

No; supposing he were the same boy as he was when at St. Mary's it would be of little use for him to be put into respectable paths again; he would only sink once more, and cause more pain and anxiety than before. If only he could be brought to see the error of his ways! That would be the reformation needed; the rest could come after.

So Garland resolved to move cautiously; to say a word to no one. Then when he should see Melhuish he could inspire confidence by telling him his secret was safe.

But, unexpectedly to Garland, he had another duty to perform before he was able to seek Melhuish. It was a duty which he dreaded, though he knew it must be performed. He must have a talk with Lang.

There was a terrible suspicion in Garland's mind, and he could not rest satisfied till he had cleared it up. He dreaded doing it; he tried to persuade himself that it was no business of his; that Lang would justly resent any interference with his private affairs; but he could not thus satisfy himself. He must speak.

The opportunity came earlier than he expected. The bazaar next day did not open till two, but Soady and Mr. King, who were both on the committee, had to be at the schoolroom by twelve. Garland stayed behind for an hour's reading. Lang was in the house, and had promised Soady he would come up some time in the afternoon.

"Yes, mind you do," said Soady; "you'll have no end of a time and pick up some things awfully cheap. I saw a splendid wax doll go for two and a penny last night. I'd half a mind to buy it for Belle."

"I don't hanker after wax dolls," said Lang, with an attempt at a laugh; "but I'll try and come."

"That's right. I shouldn't bring too much money if I were you, for they fleece you rather—if you don't take care. I've only eighteenpence with me to-day, and that's going in refreshments; I've done my duty by this show; I shall be hard up till pay-day comes round. Good-bye. I must be off now."

Lang looked wistfully at him, but settled down to his work. He was reading a law book, and didn't seem to make much progress.

Garland had a Horace before him, but was only pretending to work. He felt his heart beating great thumps. He wished himself miles away. But he set his teeth, and by pure force of will calmed himself. Then he spoke to Lang.

"Been feeling better lately?"

Lang looked up. He half hoped Garland was going to talk a bit. He liked talking to Garland, though he always felt more ashamed of himself than usual afterwards.

"Yes, thanks," he replied; "I think I'm getting all right. The doctor says there's nothing much the matter with me."

"That's right; you find you can work now without feeling the effects?"

"Oh, yes. I've been trying to stick at it lately. How do you get on?"

"Pretty well on the whole. I'm floored just now, though; that's what made me interrupt you. I wish you would give me a hint about this bit."

Lang laughed. "Not much good my hints, I'm afraid."

"I don't know about that; you managed your exam. first-rate, anyhow."

Lang gave a start. He hoped Garland had not noticed it.

"I must look out," he thought. "I've got the credit of knowing more than I do, so I had better keep it up as well as I can." Unhappy boy!

Meanwhile Garland had pushed his book across the table. Lang did not observe that the title was covered with a piece of manuscript laid carelessly over it.

"I shan't make much of a job of it unless I've seen it before," he said, looking at the lines Garland was pointing at.

"Perhaps you have seen these?"

"No," replied Lang, looking carefully at them, "I never did that ode, I'm certain."

He tried, however, to construe the lines. They were not easy, and he made a terrible mess of them. He gave it up at last.

"You mustn't come to me for off-hand translations," he said; "it's too bad. It's a very different thing to get up a few odes by heart for an exam. from reading off anything that's put before you."

Garland looked at him silently, and then took the paper off the book.

Lang said nothing, and made no sign of any sort.

"Do you see what it is?" asked Garland.

"Yes; Horace."

"Are you quite sure you have never seen it before?"

Lang looked up now in earnest. His lips were parted in terror, and his face became white.

"That ode," continued Garland, pointing to the lines Lang had never seen, "was the very one that was given for translation at the last matriculation."

Lang opened his mouth as if to speak, made an inarticulate sound, and then let his head fall on his hands over the table.

It was true, then. Garland knew now he had made no mistake.

But the greatest difficulty was before him, and should he make a mistake now it would be serious. He acted on the impulse, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Lang, old man," he said, gently, "hold up your head. 'Tisn't the time to cry now, you've something better to do."

But Lang would not show his face, and still sobbed with his head on his arms.

"Come," said Garland, "don't despair. It's bad enough now, but not so bad as when you knew it and no one else did."

"I wish I were dead," sobbed Lang.

"Thank God you are not," said Garland. "You've time to repent, and mean to do it. Be thankful that your one great sin hasn't gone on hidden and made your life miserable."

"It's made me the most miserable fellow on earth," said Lang, chokingly.

"All the more reason that you should be glad it's over."

"But it isn't over," cried Lang, suddenly lifting his head and looking wildly around. "It never will be over; I've done it, and it can never be undone."

"Don't say that; it's never too late to repent of an evil deed."

"Repent!" cried Lang. "What else have I been doing for the last four months and more? Hasn't my life been one long purgatory?"

Garland interrupted him. "Are you ready to take the consequences of your repentance?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you only sorry you did it because you are afraid of being found out, or are you ready to be found out and bear the consequences, sooner than go on as you have been—even if you make your fortune by this fraud?"

Lang hesitated, and Garland's belief in him gave way for a moment.

"I wouldn't go on as I have been doing if I knew I should become Lord Chancellor."

Garland held out his hand and Lang took it in both his.

"Then we are friends," said Garland, "and you will come out of this business better than you went in."

"I couldn't come out of it worse," said Lang; "and if you'll stick by me I don't care what they do."

"We'll hope for the best, and be ready to endure the worst. We must talk this over to-night; there's the bell for lunch. I'll come back at nine."

"I'll come and fetch you; I shan't go to the bazaar this afternoon after all."

"All right, I'll be ready."

"You don't know how different I feel already," said Lang. "What a fool I've been not to tell you before!"

"I'm not the only One to be told," said Garland, gently.

Lang knew what he meant.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE WONDERFUL GROTTO.

It was indeed Templar that Cyprien saw before him when he awoke. The interview was most affectionate. The horse seemed to be as much pleased as his master at again meeting his travelling companion.

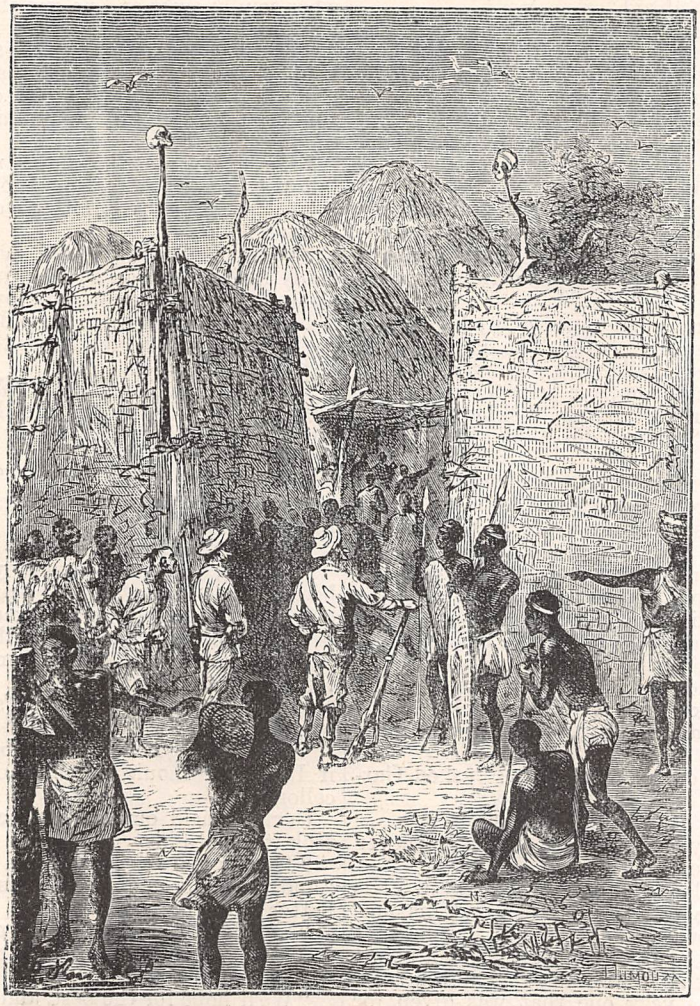
After breakfast Cyprien felt well enough to mount and set out. Barthes put all the baggage on Templar, and then took him by the bridle and led the way to Tonaia's capital.

As they went along Cyprien told his friend more in detail of the principal events of the expedition since leaving Griqualand. When he came to the final disappearance of Mataki, whose description he gave, Barthes burst out laughing.

"Oh!" said he; "that is news! I can tell you something about the thief if not about the diamond!"

"What do you know?" asked Cyprien, much surprised.

"This," replied Barthes, "that hardly twenty-four hours ago my Basutos took prisoner a young Kaffir, whom they found wandering about the country, and handed him over bound hand and foot to my friend Tonaia. I fancy he would have made it hot for him, for he doesn't like spies, and the stranger evidently belonged to a tribe at war with his. But his life was saved! Fortunately they found out that he knew a little hanky-panky business, and was something of a medicine man—"



Entering Tonaia's Palace.

"That must be Mataki," said Cyprien.

"Well, he got off easily," said Barthes. "Tonaia has invented all sorts of punishments for his enemies; but you need not be in the least alarmed for your old servant. His reputation as a wizard protects him, and you will see him this afternoon in excellent health."

The news could not be otherwise than grateful to Cyprien. He would, after all, attain his object, having no doubt that if Mataki had the diamond in his possession he would hand it over.

The two friends continued in conversation as they crossed the plain which Cyprien had galloped over on giraffe-back a few days before.

In the evening Tonaia's capital appeared in sight, lying like a huge amphitheatre on the side of a hill which formed the northern horizon. It was a regular town of from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, with well-marked roads and good-sized huts, some of them almost elegant in shape, bearing outward signs of ease and affluence. The king's palace, surrounded by high palisades, and guarded by black warriors armed with assegais, occupied almost a quarter of the city.

Barthes had only to show himself for the barriers to fall before him, and he and Cyprien were immediately conducted across a series of large courts to the hall of ceremony, where the "invincible conqueror" sat in state, surrounded by his officers and guards.

Tonaia was about forty years of age. He was tall and well built. A sort of diadem of boars' teeth was on his head, and he wore a red sleeveless tunic, and an apron of the same colour richly embroidered with beads. On his arms and legs were numerous copper bracelets. His face showed intelligence and refinement, but he had a crafty, hard-hearted look.

He accorded a grand reception to Barthes, whom he had not seen for some days, and in it Cyprien shared, as the friend of his faithful ally.

"The friends of our friends are our friends," said the chief.

And learning that his new guest was not very well, Tonaia bestirred himself to install him in one of the best rooms in the palace, and to provide him with an excellent supper.

Acting on the advice of Barthes, all mention of Mataki was deferred till the morrow, when Cyprien had sufficiently recovered to appear before the king.

The whole court was assembled in the great saloon of the palace. Tonaia and his two guests were in the centre of the circle. Barthes opened the negotiations in the language of the country, which he spoke fluently.

"My Basutos," he said, "have recently brought to you a young Kaffir. The young Kaffir turns out to be the servant of my comrade, the learned philosopher, Victor Cyprien, who trusts to your generosity to surrender him. And I, as he is my friend and your friend, ask you this favour."

As soon as Barthes began his speech Tonaia assumed an appropriate diplomatic air.

"The great white philosopher is welcome!" he answered. "But what ransom does he offer for my prisoner?"

"An excellent gun, ten times ten cartridges, and a bag of beads," answered Barthes.

A flattering murmur ran round the audience in recognition of the splendour of the offer. Tonaia alone did not appear dazzled at it.

"Tonaia is a great prince," he said, rising on his throne, "and the gods watch over him! A month ago they sent Pharamond Barthes with his brave warriors and wonderful guns to help us conquer our foes! That is why, if Pharamond Barthes desires it, the servant shall be given over safe and sound to his master."

"And where is he at this moment?" asked the hunter.

"In the sacred grotto, where he is guarded night and day," answered Tonaia, with all the importance of one of the most powerful of the Kaffir chiefs.

Barthes translated the reply to Cyprien, and asked the king's permission to go with his companion and seek the prisoner in the grotto.

As he said so there was a murmur of disapproval among the assembly. The demand of the Europeans seemed unreasonable. Never under any pretext had a stranger been admitted within the mysterious grotto. A cherished tradition declared that the day the white men learnt the secret the empire of Tonaia would crumble to dust.

But the king was not particularly pleased at his decisions being prejudged in this way, and the murmur induced him, from mere caprice, to grant what without it he would probably have refused.

"Tonaia is the blood-brother of Pharamond Barthes, and there is nothing he need hide from him! Can you and your friend keep an oath?"

Barthes nodded affirmatively.

"Then," said the Kaffir king, "swear to touch nothing that you see in the grotto! Swear to live ever afterwards when you come out as though you had never known its existence! Swear to never seek to enter it again, nor even to attempt to do so! Swear that you will tell no one what you will see!"

Barthes and Cyprien raised their hands and repeated word for word the formula of the oath that had been delivered to them; and then Tonaia gave a few orders in a low tone, the court rose, and the guards formed into two lines. Slaves brought in a few pieces of fine linen, with which the eyes of the strangers were bandaged. Then the king sat down be-

tween them in a large palanquin of straw, which several Kaffirs lifted to their shoulders, and then the procession moved off.

The journey was quite long enough; it took nearly two hours. From the motions of the palanquin the friends made out that they were being carried over hilly ground.

Then the coolness of the air and the echo of the steps of the escort resounding from walls quite close together indicated that they were journeying underground. Then the puffs of resinous smoke which floated into their faces told them that torches had been lighted to show the way.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the palanquin was unshouldered. Tonaia made his guests step out, and ordered their bandages to be removed.

Dazzled with the light after so long a darkness, Barthes and Cyprien thought at first they were the prey of some ecstatic illusion, so splendid and unexpected was the sight that greeted their eyes.

They were in the centre of an immense grotto. The ground was covered with fine sand bespangled with gold. The vault was as high as that of a Gothic cathedral, and stretched away out of sight into the distant darkness. The walls were covered with stalactites of varied hue and wondrous richness, and from them the light of the torches was reflected, flashing back with all the colours of the rainbow, with the glow of a furnace fire and the wealth of the aurora.

Colours the most dazzling, shapes the most extraordinary, dimensions the most unexpected, distinguished these innumerable crystals. They were not, as in most grottoes, pendants, monotonously similar to each other, but nature had given free scope to fancy, and seemed to have exhausted every combination of tint and effect to which the marvellous brilliancy of the rocks could lend itself.

Blocks of amethyst, walls of sardonyx, masses of rubies, needles of emeralds, colonnades of sapphires deep and slender as forest pines, bergs of aquamarine, whorls of turquoise, mirrors of opal, masses of rose gypsum, and gold-veined lapis lazuli—all that the crystal kingdom could offer that was precious and rare and bright and dazzling had served as the materials for this astonishing specimen of architecture; and, further, every form, even of the vegetable kingdom, seemed to have been laid under contribution in the wondrous work. Carpets of mineral mosses soft and velvety as the finest gauze, crystalline trees loaded with flowers and fruits of jewels recalling the fairy gardens of Japanese art, lakes of diamonds, palaces of chalcedony, turrets and minarets of beryl and topaz, rose pile upon pile, and heaped together so many splendours that the eye refused to grasp them. The decomposition of the luminous rays by the thousands of prisms, the showers of brilliancy that flashed and flowed from every side, produced the most astonishing combination of light and colour that had ever dazzled the eyes of man.

Cyprien doubted no longer. He beheld himself transported to one of those mysterious receptacles whose existence he had long suspected, in which nature stored and crystallised wholesale those precious gems which she only gives to man in favoured spots and in fragmentary and isolated specimens. For a moment he was tempted to doubt the reality of his vision, but as he passed a huge heap of crystal he tried to scratch it with the ring on his finger, and found the attempt was in vain. The immense crypt was built up of genuine diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and in masses so prodigious that their value was beyond all calculation.

Only astronomical numbers could be called in to give an approximate amount. In fact, there, buried in the earth, unknown and unproductive, lay a mass of wealth that could be reckoned only in trillions and quadrillions.

Was Tonaia acquainted with the enormous wealth he here possessed? Probably not. Even Barthes, who knew little about such matters, did not suspect for a moment that the marvellous crystals were precious stones. Most likely the Kaffir king thought himself simply the master and guardian of a particularly curious grotto, whose secret an oracle or some traditional superstition forbade him to reveal.

One thing seemed to confirm this opinion. In several corners of the cave Cyprien noticed heaps of human bones. Was this, then, the burial-place of the tribe, or—what was more horrible and more probable—did they here shed human blood in the rites of sacrifice or the practice of cannibalism?

Barthes was of the latter opinion, and whispered to Cyprien,

"Tonaia told me that since his accession nothing of this sort had occurred, but the sight of those bones rather shakes my confidence in him," and he pointed to a huge heap that had been recently formed, and which bore obvious marks of having been cooked.

The impression was confirmed a few minutes later.

The king and his guests reached the end of the grotto, before an opening which ran back into a recess similar to one of the lateral chapels in a basilica. Behind the iron grating which shut it in there was a wooden cage; in the cage was a prisoner. The cage was just large enough to allow him to crouch, while—the fact was too obvious—he was fattened up for an approaching feast!

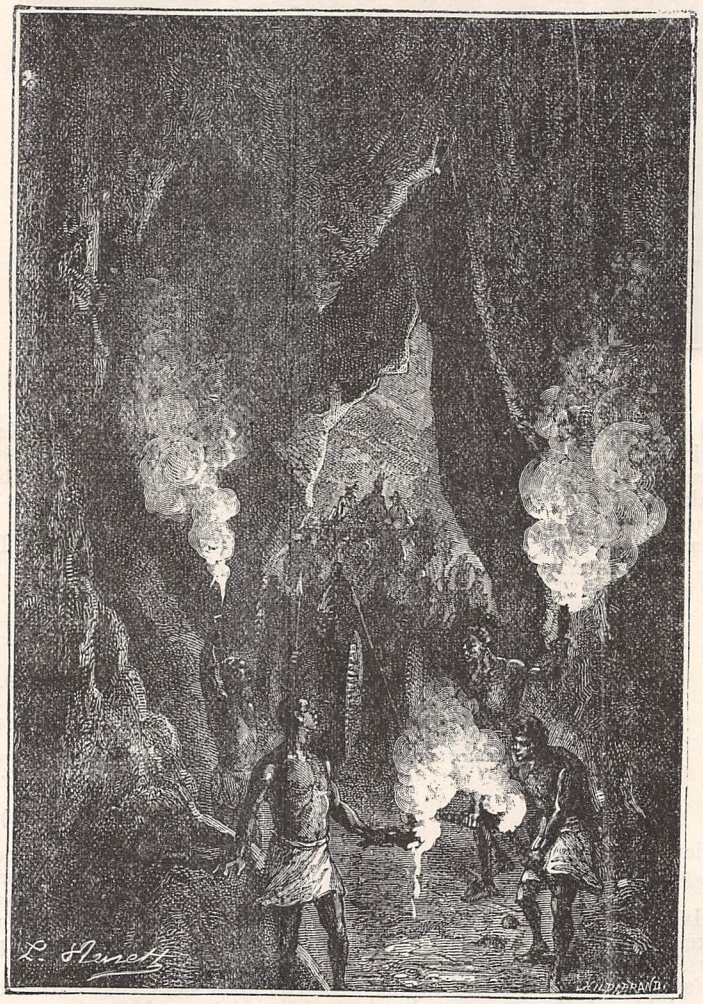
The prisoner was Mataki.

"You! you! Pa!" exclaimed the unfortunate Kaffir as soon as he recognised Cyprien. "Take me with you! Deliver me! I would rather go back to Griqualand and be hanged than remain in this poultry coop for the horrible punishment Tonaia intends before he eats me!"

This was said in such a pitiful voice that Cyprien was quite moved at it.

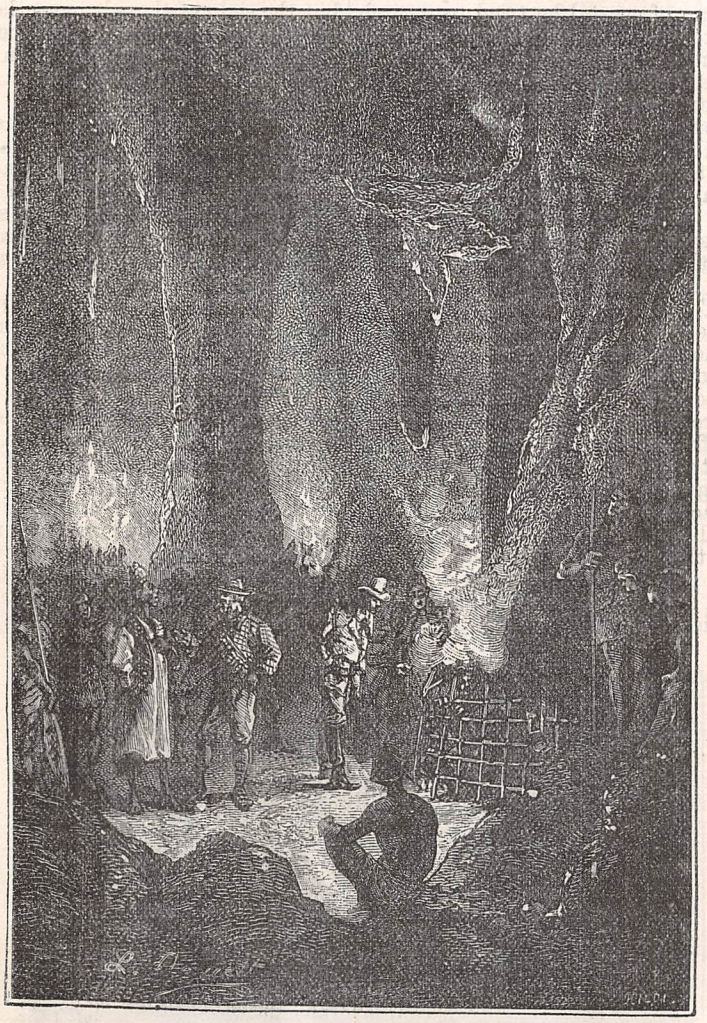
"Be it so, Mataki," he said; "I can obtain your liberty, but you cannot come out of that cage until you have given up the diamond—"

"The diamond, Pa!" interrupted the



"They were journeying underground."

Kaffir—"the diamond! I have no diamond! I never had it! I swear it! I swear it!"



"Fattened for an approaching feast."

He said this in such a tone of truth that Cyprien had no doubt of his veracity. Besides, he had always doubted that Mataki was the thief.

"But then, if you did not take the diamond," he asked, "why did you run away?"

"Why? Because when my comrades were tried with the wands they said that I must be the thief, and that I had acted as I did to disarm their suspicion. When in Griqualand you accuse a Kaffir you know it is not long before he is sentenced and hanged; and, for fear that they should catch me, I ran away, as if I had been guilty."

"He is speaking the truth, I think," said Barthes.

"So do I," said Cyprien; "and perhaps he was not far wrong in getting out of the way of Griqualand justice."

Then he turned to Mataki. "Well, I do not doubt your innocence, but at Vandergaart Kopje they will not believe you when you tell your story. Are you willing to take your chance, and go back?"

"Yes; I will risk everything rather than remain here!" said Mataki, who seemed a prey to the keenest terror.

"We will see about it," answered Cyprien—"my friend will do so at once."

And Barthes stepped up to the king.

"Speak out," he said. "What do you want for the prisoner?"

Tonaia reflected for a moment, and then said, "Four guns, ten times ten cartridges, and four bags of beads. That is not too much, is it?"

"It is twenty times too much, but Pharamond Barthes is your friend, and he will give you what you ask;" and then he stopped for an instant, and continued, "Listen, Tonaia. You shall have the four guns, the ten times ten cartridges, and the four bags of beads; but you shall give us a team of bullocks to take us back across the Transvaal, with the necessary provisions and an escort of honour."

"That I will do," said Tonaia, in a tone of complete satisfaction.

Then he whispered confidentially into Barthes's ear, "The team is all ready. They came out of your friend's waggon when my men came across them on their way home."

The prisoner was at once handed over; and after a final glance at the splendours of the grotto, Cyprien, Barthes, and Mataki were blindfolded and returned to Tonaia's palace, where a grand banquet was given in honour of the treaty.

It was agreed that Mataki should not appear immediately at Vandergaart Kopje, but should remain in the neighbourhood and re-enter the engineer's service when he was sure it was safe to do so.

On the morrow Barthes, Cyprien, Li, and Mataki departed with a numerous escort for Griqualand. But the Star of the Settlement seemed to be irretrievably lost, and Mr. Watkins might as well give up his idea of sending it to the Tower of London to sparkle among the crown jewels of Great Britain.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(*continued.*)

The soldier came forward, saying,

"Ivan Ivanovitch Dobroff, I believe?"

Little Ivan was thunderstruck, and could make no reply.

Brother Angelo stepped forward, and asked the soldier haughtily why he disturbed the child and what he wanted.

The soldier replied that he had orders to secure the person of the boy and to take prisoners all who should attempt to retain him and keep him from the custody of the police.

"And who are you?"

"Sergeant of gendarmes, in command of a party under orders to carry Ivan Ivanovitch, commonly called Ivan Dobroff, a pupil of the First Gymnasium of Moscow, to the commander of police at Kursk."

"You must show your authority to the Archimandrite. No other person has any power to deliver up any one who has become an inmate of this house, and we stand immediately under the Metropolite of Moscow, whose orders are superior to those of any police-master."

"There is no necessity for my showing anything but my soldiers," said the sergeant. "However, I do not wish to be hard upon monks or upon the boy. I will, therefore, go with you to your 'Igum' (abbot). Show the way and be sharp about it, as I have to catch the train to Kursk."

"But I won't go with you!" exclaimed Ivan. "I have done no harm, and I don't want to go to Kursk. I want to go to Moscow to Mr. Smirnoff."

"Quite so," said the soldier. "You are the boy we want quite exactly described. I hope his eminence won't be angry,

because, you see, we are only doing our duty and obeying orders. So if he will be kind enough to help us we shall be glad, but if not—why, what is to be done?"

The brethren now came flocking to see so unusual a sight as an armed man within those peaceful walls; and soon it became current news in the whole brotherhood that Ivan was to be carried off by the police. He was always a mystery. What had he done? Was he, at that tender age, a Nihilist? Impossible!

At last the servitor of the Archimandrite came down to say that his master would see the police officer directly. Would he walk in? Oh, yes, he would, but still keeping his hand on Ivan's shoulder.

On entering the room in which the Archimandrite had first interviewed Steinfeldt and Ivan, the sergeant sat heavily down on one of the large chairs as if he were performing some very serious act to which he was not accustomed, but which, notwithstanding, he meant to go through with. He sat square on the chair as though he were afraid of breaking it by resting all his weight, and therefore only occupied the extreme verge of the seat. He retained his helmet until the entrance of the Archimandrite, at sight of whom he first sprang up into an ultra-erect attitude, assuming a military bearing, and making a most military salute. But the appearance of the venerable figure was too much for him. The soldier was forgotten—for the moment—in the man, and he fell on his knees before the abbot, removing his helmet as he did so, which he placed beside him, and, crossing himself devoutly, at length prostrated himself entirely before the man whose sanctity was a household word all through the district and beyond. The abbot advanced to the prostrate soldier and extended his hand, which the sergeant saw, and, raising himself to his knees, kissed. The Archimandrite then made the sign of the cross over him, and he rose to his feet.

"You have come, my brother, armed with authority to remove a very young lamb from the fold. I trust you will be careful in guarding him so that no harm may befall him. He has become very dear to us."

"Your eminence, I will answer for the boy's life with my own! Will you please to see my papers?"

"Certainly," said the abbot; "but I do not doubt their accuracy."

He sat down on the sofa while the soldier showed him his orders, which were to proceed to the monastery of Kupsk and from thence to bring the person of the Gymnasist Ivan Ivanovitch Dobroff.

"But," said the abbot, "is Ivan's name Dobroff? I never knew he had a surname."

"Is there no surname on his passport?"

"He has no passport," answered the abbot, calmly.

"No passport!" exclaimed the gendarme—"no passport! How could you take him in without a passport?"

"I did not think it mattered, as he is under twelve years of age."

"Not matter!" exclaimed the soldier, all the policeman in his heart being alarmed at this fearful breach of discipline. "Such a thing has never happened in Russia! I dare not take him without a passport."

"Then leave him here," said the Archimandrite. "We don't want you to take him away."

"My orders are imperative. I am to take the boy. There he is; there is no mistake about it. But without a passport I never receive even the lowest prisoner! I must ask my men what they think."

So the sergeant went to his troopers, who were all as much puzzled as he at the new phenomenon of a boy without a passport; but it was resolved that as he was of more importance than the document he should be taken without that formality. The men were admitted, and rode clanking and jingling into the court, which perhaps now for the first time rang to the sounds made by armed men. They were hospitably regaled on porridge quass (a beverage like very thin beer made with bread, and greatly affected by all classes in Russia) and such things as the monks could lay hands on. Ivan's wardrobe was packed in a neat box, which was strapped on to the back of one of the horses. A spare horse had been provided for him. And when the troop had well supped the men all begged the Archimandrite to give them his blessing and pardon for taking away "his little boy." They then mounted, and putting the boy in the centre, trotted off from the monastery, the abbot standing in the gateway.

As long as the troop was in sight the almost spectral figure of the abbot might be seen solemnly blessing both captors and captive. The moon had risen, and the pale rays fell on helmet and accoutrement as the forms of the horsemen receded from the view, and the same mystic light showed the unearthly pallor of the abbot's face still more strikingly ghost-like.

The unwonted excitement was too much for his gentle frame, still more unnerved by fasting and vigil. When the little band of troopers had passed quite from view, and the last gleam had been reflected from the metal adornments of their dress, his strength failed him, and he was borne back to his chamber by the united efforts of Brothers Angelo and Ambrosius, assisted by a crowd of officious monks.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE WITH MOONLIGHTERS.

By James Cox, R.N.,

Author of "Fascinated by a Fakir," "How I Saved My Aunt's Diamonds," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Just as the last batch of Dr. Jonas's young gentlemen was leaving Blenheim House for their Christmas holidays a smart little telegraph-boy suddenly appeared at the door of the worthy Doctor's house, where that gentleman was standing shaking hands with his departing pupils, and, after giving him an oblong envelope of a brownish-red colour, as suddenly disappeared.

"Dear me, what can this be?" said the Doctor, fumbling in his pockets for his spectacles. "One moment, boys. Ah, let me see."

From	To
Captain Brown, Hampshire Regiment, Portsmouth.	Dr. Jonas, Blenheim House, Clifton.

Am ordered to proceed to Malta immediately in the Crocodile, in place of a brother officer. Ship sails at noon. Tell Reggy he must remain with you during vacation. Will write by next post.

"Ah!" said the kind-hearted man, handing the telegram to a handsome dark-eyed boy who a few seconds before had been busily employed strapping a portmanteau; "I'm afraid, Reginald, this will be very disappointing to you."

Disappointing, indeed! The poor boy looked crushed, but he managed to gulp down the choking sensation that would arise in his throat, and looking up in the Doctor's face, said,

"I must try to make the best of it, sir."

The Doctor hurried away to his study, leaving the boy to the commiserations of his schoolfellows.

"Don't look so glum, old fellow," said his chum, Charley Fitzgerald, a lively young Irishman.

"I fancy you wouldn't look very cheerful yourself," replied Reginald Brown, "if you had to stick in this fusty old place instead of going home. Just imagine eating one of Sally Jonas's plum-puddings all alone on Christmas Day."

"Oh, it's too bad altogether, old man," chimed in Master Silas Cadbury, a regular Job's comforter. "I remember Biggs Senior told me that when first he came here some other fellow told him that a youngster in the first form was left behind. He only managed to get through one week, then suddenly vanished. Anyhow, he was never seen or heard of again. Some said that he tried to kill himself by swallowing sticks of slate-pencil. At any rate, when the fellows came back to school all the pencils had disappeared from their desks. But good-bye; we must be off."

"Tell you what it is, Reggy," said Charley Fitzgerald, lingering on the doorstep; "I've just thought of something. Directly I get home the pater shall write and ask the Doctor to let you come over to Galway and stay with us. Good-bye, old man; keep up your pecker."

"Come along, Fitz!" shouted the other boys from the cab that was about to bear them off to the railway-station.

"Thanks, old chap," said Reggy, "you are a brick!" and, shaking his chum's hand, he turned into the house.

Giving his portmanteau to one of the servants, he wended his way to the deserted playground to think over the state of affairs.

It certainly was a great disappointment to Reginald Brown. He had looked forward all the half to spending his Christmas at Portsmouth with his father, and although naturally of a happy, cheerful disposition, and inclined to look on the bright side of things, he could not help feeling down in the mouth. However, his chum's promise to get him an invitation to go over to Galway was some slight consolation, and so he determined, as he had told the Doctor, "to make the best of it."

The next day a letter arrived for him, from Captain Brown, dated on board H.M.S. Crocodile, and after he had read the contents he brightened up considerably. The letter was as follows :—

H.M.S. Crocodile, Portsmouth,
3rd December, 18—.

My dear Boy,—My telegram, I fear, will have caused you some unhappiness, as I know how anxious you were to see me before I left England. As you are aware, it was arranged that I should join my regiment next year, but the sudden illness of F——, just as his detachment was on the point of sailing for Malta, capsized this, and, in obedience to orders from headquarters, I am now proceeding to Malta in his place, or shall be in a few minutes, for I hear the captain giving directions to the sailors to stand by to cast the hawsers off in five minutes' time.

You must cheer up, my boy. I hope to meet you again before long, as I understand that I am to be offered a staff appointment at home in a month or two.

This news I only heard just now.

Your loving father,
PERCY BROWN.

P.S.—It is quite settled that you go to Sandhurst next year.—P. B.

"Presently the Policeman gave a low whistle."

It was the postscript to the letter that made Master Reginald so cheerful. He had always longed to join the army, but had almost given up hopes of doing so, as recent reverses of fortune had made it doubtful whether his father would be able to afford the necessary expense.

The boy was tall for his age, fond of athletic sports, and full of pluck, both moral and physical—one of those lads who was not afraid to say "No" when it was right to do so.

He was by no means of a quarrelsome disposition, but there were one or two bullies at Blenheim House School who had felt the weight of his metal, and respected him accordingly. His mother died when he was almost a baby, but his father had early taught him the "beginning of wisdom," and also to "ride, shoot, and tell the truth."

In the course of a few days the Doctor received a letter from Colonel Fitzgerald, begging that he would allow Reggy to come over to Ireland and stay with him.

"I have no objection to your going, my boy," the Doctor remarked to his pupil, "but I am not quite sure whether Captain Brown would quite approve of your visiting Galway just now."

"Why not, sir?"

"Well—ahem!—the country is reported to be in a very disturbed state at present. The tenants, they say, have a mania for shooting their landlords."

"But, sir, they are not likely to mistake me for a landlord, are they?"

"No, no, my lad," chuckled the good Doctor. "There, I'll take the responsibility. Run off now, pack up your traps at once, and you'll be just in time to catch the Bristol steamer."

Reggy was off like a shot, and, having received all necessary instructions from the Doctor as to his journey, proceeded without delay to Bristol, and was fortunately in good time to secure a berth on board the steam-packet Juno, bound for Cork.

It was the first time he had been afloat, and he enjoyed the novelty immensely. Fortunately for him the weather was fine, and he escaped the penalty usually paid by landsmen in the shape of offerings to Neptune. Very early the next morning the Juno was off Roche Point, and as she steamed between the headlands under the frowning guns of Forts Carlisle and Camden, the curtain of mist, through which the shadowy forms of the ships anchored in the roadstead were dimly visible, suddenly commenced to disperse beneath the rays of the morning sun, revealing the lovely scenery of Cork Harbour to the admiring gaze of Master Reginald.

Passing Spike Island, and then rounding the beacon on the harbour shoal, scattering the white-winged gulls from their perch on the buoys that marked the channel, the steamer slipped through the calm water, churning up great sheets of foam with her paddles, and sending long undulations inshore, which caused quite a commotion among the small craft moored to the wharves.

On the right the hills, dotted here and there with pretty white villas, swept upwards from the beach, and as presently they neared Queenstown, with its terraced houses and fine cathedral, the sunlight flashed on the pinnacled roof and gilded image of St. Colman, and then gleamed on the bayonet of the sentry pacing the forecastle of the great line-of-battle ship bearing the flag of the Port-Admiral. Now they have passed the round tower on Haulbowline, and are gliding up the placid water of the Lee, leaving Monkstown, Glenbrook, and the crowded docks at Passage far astern. Soon the river winds round to their left, and a few minutes after Blackrock Castle is in sight, and the towers and spires of the City of Cork are right ahead. A little later and the steamer is at her berth alongside the quay below St. Patrick's Bridge.

Young Brown found his way to the railway-station, and from thence he was borne swiftly by the "iron horse" westward to Galway, at which place he arrived rather late in the evening, after a long and cold journey.

On the platform of the station he met his schoolfellow and Colonel Fitzgerald waiting to receive him; and as he stepped out of the carriage Charley rushed towards him, shouting, "Here we are, Reggy! Welcome to ould Ireland! This is my father; he's awfully glad you've come—aren't you, dad?" said the boy, appealing to the colonel.

"Very glad indeed. Your father was an old comrade of mine; we served together in India, and I'm delighted to have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of his son," replied the colonel, as he shook the boy warmly by the hand. "But now, my boys, come along; Mickey is waiting for us outside with the car, and we have a long drive before us."

"You jump up this side with me, Reg.!" exclaimed Charley; "and hold on well, for Mickey always drives like fury!"

As Mickey cracked his whip, and the car commenced to rattle through the streets of Galway, a mounted policeman trotted out from the entrance of the railway-station, and, touching his cap to Colonel Fitzgerald, took up a position on the right side of the car.

"That's father's body-guard," explained Charley. "Whenever the governor drives out after dark he's obliged to have one of these chaps with him."

"I suppose he's a landlord, then?" said Reggy, remembering what Dr. Jonas had told him.

"No, he isn't; but he's Lord A——'s agent, and that's worse. Not that father's afraid of the cowardly fellows," continued Charley; "but, you see, it's just as well to be on the safe side."

By-and-by the car emerged from the town, and while the two lads were chatting together, and laying out plans for enjoying their holidays, unmindful of the bleak wind that whistled round their ears, Mickey was urging his steed along the road skirting the shores of Lough Corrib. Presently the road trended away to the left, and as the horse gradually slackened his pace Reggy noticed that they were ascending the mountain side, and that the few stars that had hitherto served to make the darkness visible were gradually being obscured by dark patches of cloud.

"Another five miles and we shall be home, Reggy," said his chum, drawing his collar well up. "This is the worst bit of road we have to get over. Our place is just the other side of the mountain."

Suddenly the policeman, who was now a little in advance of the car, gave a low whistle, at which signal Mickey pulled up his horse with a jerk that nearly precipitated the occupants to the ground. At the same moment the moon sailed over the crest of the mountain and showed the figure of the colonel's body-guard sitting motionless on his horse a few yards ahead of them, with his carbine levelled at something in the hedge on the roadside. There was a flash of light, and as the report of the gun broke on the stillness, Colonel Fitzgerald leaped from the car, followed by Mickey.

"By the rock of Cashel!" shouted the latter, as he jumped over the fence that separated the road from the bog, "you've done for the murdhering villains this time."

"Is the poor fellow killed?" exclaimed

the colonel, in a concerned tone, as he prepared to follow.

"Killed!" shouted Mick, with a roar of laughter. "Shure, yer honour, it's cold mate the peeler's made of him. Faith! *it's old Biddy Nolan's cow!*"

The policeman protested it was impossible, and averred that he had heard a rustling in the hedge, and had distinctly seen in the moonlight the gleaming barrels of two rifles through the blackthorn.

"Thrue for you, peeler!" screamed Mick. "The poor crater's horns are tipped with illigant brass ferrules; didn't I buy them same for Biddy last week in Galway?"

There was no getting over the fact that the policeman had made an unfortunate mistake in his zeal to protect the colonel, and that gentleman having satisfied himself that the cow was actually dead, remounted the car and desired Mickey to drive on.

Mickey, nearly choking with laughter, resumed the reins, and during the remainder of the journey chaffed the policeman unmercifully.

"Shure, it's a crack shot ye are. Begorra! there ain't anither man in the Royal Oirish that 'ud hit a bull's-eye in the dark. Axin' the poor baste's pardin, it's the *cow's*-eye I mane."

"Quiet Mick!" said Colonel Fitzgerald; "don't bother the man. You must ride over to Ballybriggan Farm tomorrow, and find out what Biddy will take to console her for her loss."

(To be continued.)

RIVALS: THE STORY OF AN EVENTFUL PAPER-CHASE.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER III.

There was something in the look of that big "8" which struck dismay into the hearts of the two boys. Danvers gave vent to a loud exclamation of disgust, and Butler could not refrain from a dismal grunt. The prospect was so very unpromising. Besides, they resembled in one respect that nightingale of the poet Thomson's which "began to feel, as well it might, the keen demands of appetite." They had made only a light repast at dinner-time, so as not to interfere with their running, and now they were decidedly "peckish." Moreover they had no money with which to get even a biscuit, for, in changing their ordinary garments for football costume, they had paid no heed to the contents of the pockets.

An eight-mile walk along this deserted road, after what they had already done, was not exactly an undertaking for which they had a relish. But there was no help for it. So they ruefully went back, observing from time to time with apprehensive looks the cloudy sky. They seemed to have been alone together for a very long time, and their companionship in this mishap was beginning to influence their bearing towards each other.

It had not been easy to interchange those few remarks which necessity had demanded, but these had paved the way for other observations not strictly called for. Not that the two rivals conversed cheerfully. Oh, dear no! their dignity would not allow of that. But, at rare intervals, there would pass between them some scrap of talk evoked by the generally disagreeable state of affairs.

Thus Danvers, after a glance at the dark sky, observed, tetchily, "And it's going to snow now on top of all, I verily believe!"

To which Butler, looking straight in front of him, and trudging on, made answer, gruffly, "Well, we must put up with it, I suppose!"

It was all very well for Butler to philosophise in this fashion, but when the snow came down, as it did presently, thick and fast, whirling round, settling on them and covering the ground with a white coating in a very little while, the situation was not at all pleasant.

With great satisfaction they reached that wretched seven-mile milestone again. How dark it had grown since they saw the thing first! It was quite as much as they could do to make out the inscription on it now. And the north wind blew pitilessly in their faces, and penetrated through the thin clothing they had on, so that Danvers, after one or two involuntary shivers, said, "I vote we run;" and they quickened their pace accordingly.

It was a relief to Danvers, and he found himself so much to the fore that two or three times he waited for Butler to overtake him. This, however, did not please the laggard; it hurt his pride. So that at the fourth halt of this kind he called out, "You'd better go on; I don't want you to stop for me."

They were not in the best of humours, either of them, and he spoke so roughly that Danvers, in a huff, answered, promptly, "All right; I don't want to stop," and went off as fast as he could.

He had got well on in front, when, wondering how it was that Butler was lagging so, he remembered that, as he stopped the last time, his companion seemed going a little lame on one foot. He was not certain about it—and that was not to be wondered at, for Butler had pulled himself together at once, determined that his rival should not see him discomfited. But Danvers was not quite easy in his mind. If there was anything the matter with Butler's foot, rival or no rival, he must not be left.

He stopped and listened. He could hear nothing of Butler. That might be accounted for, perhaps, by the snow deadening the sound of his footfall. Still, Danvers judged it best to see if all was right or not. It was fortunate that he did. Some little way back he came upon Butler, sitting down on the bank at the side of the road, adjusting the shoe on his left foot.

"What's the matter?" called out Danvers.

Butler had not heard him approach, and, at the sound of his voice, quickly finished with the shoe and sprang to his feet.

"Oh, nothing much!" he said.

Danvers knew the other was not the sort of fellow to stop unless something was wrong, so he asked if anything was the matter with the foot.

Pressed like this, Butler could not deny the fact altogether. Therefore, in as offhanded a manner as he could, he said, "Yes; a little sprain, or something."

It might have been only a "little sprain, or something," but he was suffering much pain from it.

For all that, he continued, "Don't you wait; I shall get on very well."

Danvers did not quite know what to do. Butler evidently did not appreciate the offer of help implied by his returning, and had intimated that nothing much was the matter. But he would not have confessed to so much as this, Danvers knew, if he was not in a bit of a strait. Reflecting thus, he said,

"I'll walk for a little, I think. I've had a good spell of running."

Now, if Danvers had departed, Butler's pride would perhaps have borne him up, and he would have limped on unseen, congratulating himself that he had not shown he was at all wanting help. How far, though, that feeling would have sustained him was very problematical, and there was, after all, comfort in the thought of his comrade's presence, for he was in reality uncertain if he could get along without help after a time.

Moreover, Danvers's intention of standing by him had been so delicately expressed. There was in it no attempt at hinting any superiority of endurance, nothing about offering help even, although Butler knew perfectly well that to give this, if necessary, was his rival's only reason for walking, and that he had purposely abstained from offering it out of a kind consideration of his own feelings. As he realised the full extent of this forbearance and generosity, he felt ashamed of the harsh reception he had accorded his companion, and after they had gone a few steps side by side in silence, he blurted out, in an unsteady sort of voice,

"Thank you, Danvers."

There was not much in those three words, perhaps, but, somehow, when they were uttered a lump seemed suddenly to come up in the throat of each of them, and a moisture dimmed their eyes for a moment in a fashion that was not at all unmanly. While, if there had been light enough to have made out Danvers's face, you would have seen that it flushed with a deep colour as Butler spoke. This was all that passed, but with it a great revulsion of feeling swept over them, so that when, as they plodded on in the snow and darkness, Danvers said presently, "Hadn't you better take my arm for a bit? It might help you, perhaps," Butler gladly profited by the support offered him.

And, what with that and the aid of a faggot-stick picked up from the roadside, his progress, if laboured still, was far easier to him.

Though they halted now and then to

shake off the snowflakes, these soon collected again. They found, too, that the cricketing-shoes which they wore, however good they had been for running, were not the best footgear in which to tramp along in the snow. It was intensely cold, and Danvers seemed more susceptible to it than Butler. More than once a chill shiver ran involuntarily through his frame, and the other could not help noticing the fact.

"I say, it's too bad of me, Danvers, making you go at this snail's pace. You'll catch a horrible cold."

But Danvers laughingly replied,

"Oh, no, I shan't. And, even if I do, all the better. I shall have two or three days' coddling-up in bed, with plenty of good things to eat and drink and nothing to do."

As soon as the words had left his lips he wished he had answered otherwise. For at once it flashed across him that any enforced absence from work would entail loss of marks and diminish his chance for the medal. Butler, he knew, would scorn to avail himself of such an advantage and would be pained at the thought of it. To dismiss the subject, he tried to start a cheery conversation about what the other fellows were doing, whether they had caught the hare, and so on. It was difficult, however, to keep this up amid all the discomfort of that walk, and after a while only a word or two passed.

What a relief to them as thus they toiled painfully on was afforded by the approach of a cart, whose driver, a carrier, willingly complied with their request for a lift! What a luxury it was to settle down among all the boxes and parcels, protected in a great measure from the wind and snow by the tilt and front-board of the van!

And arriving, after an hour's jogging, at the carrier's home, what a cheerful glow was revealed when the door was opened by the buxom dame, his wife! It was impossible for them to resist the invitation to alight and have a warm by the old-fashioned fireplace; and it would have been churlish, as well as a great effort of self-denial, to have refused to partake of the meal which was already on the table, and in which they were pressed in a respectful but very hearty way to share. But they did not stop long. The Doctor, they knew, would be alarmed at their protracted absence, and the school was more than a mile off yet. So, availing themselves of some of the carrier's coats to put on over their jerseys, our friends, after warmly thanking the good couple, started.

Butler's foot was painful, but he managed to get along somehow, and they battled manfully on together through the snow back to Malton House. Very glad they were to reach the school at last, and very welcome was the aspect of the lamp-lit hall as the porter answered their summons at the door.

CHAPTER IV.

I NEED scarcely tell you that the Doctor was very glad to see the missing hounds again, and that the other fellows sought eagerly to obtain full details of their adventures.

This thirst for information was but scantily supplied that night. The wanderers were very tired and glad to retire to rest as soon as possible. Butler's foot was dressed with some wonderful lotion of the housekeeper's manufacture, and though much swollen in the morning, it was far less painful. A few days' rest sufficed to cure it altogether, and Butler was in consequence not much the worse for the events of that day.

Danvers, however, was not let off so easily. He was not troubled with much of a cold, but awoke next morning with pains and aches in all his limbs. These grew worse, sleep was out of the question, and when visited by Dr. Marsh, the usual medical attendant of the pupils at Malton House, he was pronounced to be suffering from an attack of rheumatic fever. After several days of constant pain, during which he was often delirious, the crisis of the fever passed at last, and, weak and suffering though he was, the doctor declared him out of danger.

Butler through this anxious time had been tormenting himself ceaselessly with self-reproach. If Danvers had not, like a good fellow, stopped to help him crawl along, he would have caught no chill and suffered no ill consequences. He had been to the sick-room frequently, only to be turned back with "He must not be disturbed now, Master Butler," from the nurse. And on one occasion, when he was admitted after hard pleading, Danvers did not know him, but rambled on in an incoherent manner, so that Butler went away more distressed than ever.

Tilting had now no interest for him; he did not even bestow proper attention on his work, so that all the boys came to notice it and made fresh speculations as to the result of the competition for the medal, the final stage of which was imminent. Danvers was out of it, of course, and Butler too, if he did not set to work in earnest. Hurst and Moncey were known to be well up in marks; both of them were working hard, and the examination was close at hand. Butler, apparently, was indifferent about this affair, but his delight on hearing the invalid pronounced out of danger, and needing only careful nursing to ensure his recovery to health, was great. Joyfully he made his way up to the patient's room, and the half-hour the boys spent together was a very happy one. Butler was often up there after that, talking or reading to the invalid, and one evening found him out of bed and propped up in a big armchair before the fire. That day had been the first of the examination, and a fruitful topic of conversation was thus afforded them. When it had been pretty fully discussed, they delved into their book. Too weak to read himself, Danvers looked forward to his friend's visits, for Butler was a good reader. But to-night he interrupted him after a few minutes.

"I say, Butler," he said, "it's too bad of me keeping you here to-night. You want to look up to-morrow's exam. subjects."

Butler protested that he did not want to bother about it; he should not have much chance, he said.

Danvers did not understand this. He did not know how affairs had been going, and when, on pressing for an explanation, he heard of Moncey's improved position, did not understand how that had come about either. Allowing even for this, though, Butler could, he was sure, beat Moncey in the examination if he only utilised his leisure as others doubtless were doing. So he insisted on Butler forthwith setting to work. He drew so glowing a picture of the success certain to ensue that Butler's enthusiasm was kindled, and for a moment he thought of leaving Danvers and following his advice. But they had just arrived at a very critical point in the book. The invalid was, he knew, eager to hear the context, and as he looked on his former rival's wan face, and thought how lonely it would be for him if he went, he at once dismissed the idea of going.

"I don't care about the medal, old chap, let's get on with the book," he said. Danvers began to protest, but Butler added, quickly, "It will be all right. I shall get up quite early in the morning and have a go at my books; and now, if you don't shut up, I'll punch your head!"

They settled it that way, with a laugh. Butler was up early next morning, and throughout the week, and profited by it.

There was much excitement that year about the medal, as Moncey and Butler were known to be so close together. All depended now on the examination, and Danvers was one of the most eager to learn the result. When the breaking-up day arrived, he begged to be allowed to witness the prize distribution, but the doctor judged it inexpedient for him as yet to leave his room. So he sat up there alone during the ceremony, having made Butler promise to come up directly it was over. He could hear all the bustle incidental to the important occasion—the arrival of visitors and parents, the trooping of the boys into the "assembly-room," as they called it, and the frequent clapping of hands.

At last there came a longer pause, then a tremendous round of cheering. That was for the possessor of the medal!

Five minutes afterwards he heard a footstep on the stairs, and then Butler entered with some half-dozen books under his arm. Though there was a smile on his face, it was not a very bright one, and there was a something in his general expression that was not reassuring.

Danvers looked up eagerly at his friend's entrance.

"Well?" he said.

"No go!" answered Butler, coming to the fireplace and trying to speak unconcernedly. "Moncey got it. He was just twenty marks ahead of me!"

Danvers's face fell. Butler saw that his old rival could not have been more disappointed had he just received the news of his own failure. However, it could not be helped, and it was all over now. So, to dismiss the troublesome subject, they fell to examining the books. They were minor prizes won, some by Danvers, some by his companion.

So, after all, neither of them gained the coveted medal. Who would have thought a few weeks ago that it would have turned out thus?

But, could our friends have had the opportunity of cancelling the events of those past few weeks, they would not, I am sure, have done so. The medal was a distinction to be proud of, but each felt that in the losing of it he had gained something far more worth having.

Of greater value than any number of medals was the insight each had gained into the character of the other, revealing the existence of good qualities therein of which neither had hitherto been aware, and which laid the foundation between them of a firm and lasting friendship.

(THE END.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

DURING a recent visit to North Wales we found ourselves at Beaumaris, and on a bright summer's morning we walked out to Penmon. After a look at the curious old priory—half dwelling-house, half church—and an investigation of the huge stone dovecot with its hundreds of nests, we strolled on across the rabbit warren to the edge of the cliff, and looked down on the lighthouse. Then after collecting about a dozen specimens of the well-weathered carboniferous corals that thereabouts crop out from the hillside, we struck northwards along Red-wharf Bay to Llanalgo, and stood above the little sandy cove with its scattered rocky teeth a mile south of Moelfra, where five-and-twenty years ago the Royal Charter was wrecked.

A Terrible Moment.

The storm on that eventful Tuesday night—the 25th of October, 1859—was the fiercest in our recollection. It swept over the country dealing death and destruction along its path. On the Welsh coast it seems, however, to have been truly terrific, and many are the stories told of its fury. One of the most pathetic incidents we heard was that of the two little fellows, aged respectively nine and eleven, who came ashore at Conway, and whose father, finding his ship going down six miles out at sea, had lashed them to a plank

and launched them out to the mercy of the waves.

Many were the wrecks, but all sink into insignificance beside that of the Australian steamer. Of contemporary accounts of it there are many. Perhaps the most graphic is that of Charles Dickens. "A man," he says, "living on the nearest hilltop overlooking the sea being blown out of bed at about daybreak by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbour to construct some temporary device for keeping his house over his head, saw from the ladder's elevation as he looked down by chance towards the shore some dark troubled object close in with the land. And he and the other descending to the beach and finding the sea mercilessly beating over a great broken ship, clambered up the stony ways, like staircases without stairs, on which the wild village of Llanalgo hangs, in little clusters, as fruit hangs on boughs, and gave the alarm.

"And so, over the hill slopes, and past the waterfall, and down the gullies where the land drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales came running to the dismal sight—their clergyman among them. And as they stood in the leaden morning, stricken with pity, leaning hard against the wind, their breath and vision often failing as the sleet and spray rushed at them from the ever-forming and dissolving mountains of sea, and as the wool which was a part of the vessel's cargo blew in with the salt foam and remained upon the land when the foam melted, they saw the ship's lifeboat put off from one of the heaps of wreck. And first there were three men in her; and in a moment she capsized and then there were but two; and again she was struck by a vast mass of water, and there was but one; and again she was thrown bottom upward, and that one, with his arm stuck through the broken planks, and waving as if for the help that could never reach him, went down into the deep."

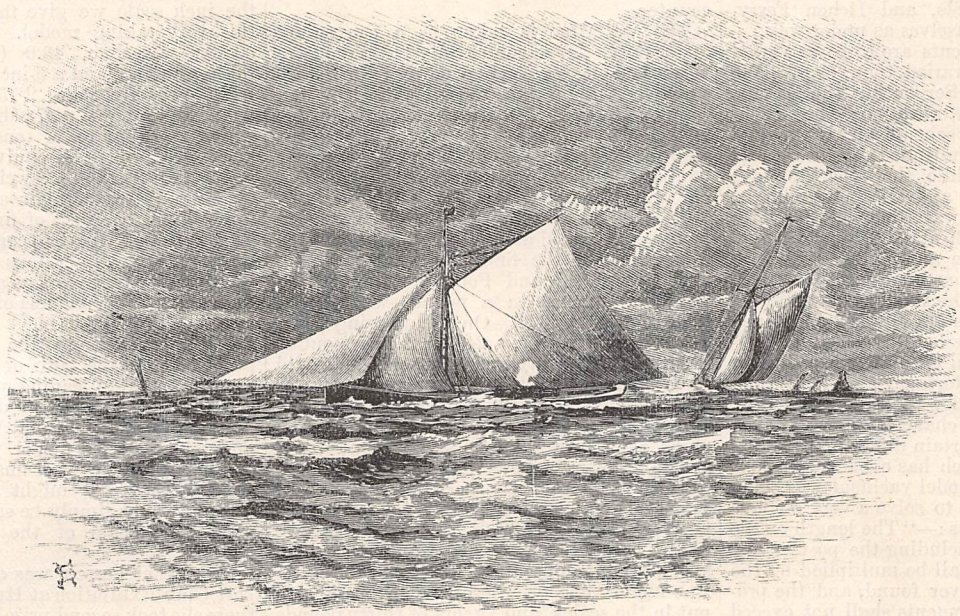
The Royal Charter was a full-rigged ship with auxiliary screw. She was built at Sandicroft, on the Dee, and belonged to Gibb, Bright, and Co., of Liverpool. She left Melbourne on the 26th August, 1859, with three hundred and thirty-eight passengers, and one hundred and twelve officers and men; and she had a light cargo of wool and hides and from £500,000 to £800,000 in gold.

Beyond a narrow shave from an iceberg in coming round the Horn all went well, and on the 24th of October she touched at Queenstown and landed thirteen of her passengers. She then stood off for Liverpool, and the next morning picked up eleven riggers to take on to the Mersey, thus making the people on board four hundred and forty-eight.

Slowly she made her way up to Holyhead in the increasing gale, with all her spars aloft and even the skysail yards across. At a quarter to nine on the Tuesday night she was abreast of the Skerries, and about a mile and a half away from the shore. After passing Holyhead Captain Taylor began to signal for a pilot, keeping close in so as to more readily meet with one, and sending rocket after rocket aloft in request.

At half-past ten all hands were called to put the ship about, and sail was set to keep her off. The effort was, however, in vain, and she began to drift to leeward. So fierce was the wind that the screw was overpowered, and not a foot did the vessel gain. The night was very dark, and Port Lynas light could be just seen but not reached, as slowly the great ship drifted to her doom.

The port anchor was let go, and seventy-five fathoms of chain run out. The screw was going full speed, and yet the anchor dragged. The starboard anchor was let go,



A Pleasant Day.—*See p. 334*

and the addition proved useless. The stream anchor was being got up from the after orlop deck when the starboard cable parted. And faster the ship neared the shore.

The mainmast was cut away to relieve her and trust to steam alone. Then the foremast was cut away, and the mizen broke off short as the ship struck. Orders were given to drive her hard on to the bank, but the wreckage fouled the screw, and she was left at the mercy of the waves which every instant broke over her.

There is no need to dwell on the scene of terror as the vessel lifted and fell with a crash at every heave of the angry sea. At first the passengers did not recognise their danger, but it soon became only too apparent. In the saloon the Rev. Mr. Hodge, of East Retford, attempted to hold a service and read portions of the prayer-book, while the women and children clustered round; but the fearful beating of the ship rendered the effort vain. The passengers were told they were aground on a sandy beach, and would be left high and dry when the tide went out. And so they hoped—but it was not to be.

The wreckage was cleared off the boats, and all but one were stove in, and nothing was done during the night to save the lives of those on board, it being thought that the ship was safe. When the day dawned the land appeared about thirty yards away.

The wind and sea were still terrific. The captain gave the order to clear away the port lifeboat. It went down as we have seen. Then it was resolved to get a line to the shore. The question was who would take it.

Rodgers, one of the sailors, asked the boatswain's mate what he was going to.

"Go ashore, and you go too!"

Both men went to find a line. Rodgers found one in the forecastle, and hurried forward. As he was fastening it round his waist the chief officer, Mr. Stephens, told him to take a lifebuoy with him, but he refused, and, going along the bowsprit, dropped into the sea from the flying jibboom. Meanwhile the boatswain's mate had found another line, and was being lowered amidships when there came a shout that a man had gone off from the bow.

Three times was Rodgers washed back to the ship, and at last, bruised and exhausted, he was seized by the Welshmen, who had come down to the beach.

"Give us the line!" they said, as soon as he touched the ground, and they pulled him up out of danger and away while they hauled a hawser ashore and fastened it to a projecting rock. To the hawser a boatswain's chair was attached. It had hardly come into use before the end slipped loose as with a tremendous crash the vessel broke in half amidships.

A child was washed out of her mother's arms, and was being dashed about the deck, when the captain shouted to the mate to give a hand and lash it to something with a rope, and this was done without a moment's delay.

One of the apprentices, Hughes, was standing in the waist when the vessel parted under his feet, and with the wrenching ironwork he fell into the water. He was struck and battered about and the skin was torn off his hands and face, and yet he came to land.

One of the passengers was on the deck with his wife and two children. He clutched them as the sea broke over, but it washed them out of his hands and swept him off. They were drowned and he was thrown safely ashore.

But the end was near. With another huge heave of the sea the hull split again across the forehatch, and all forward were dashed into the water.

Not a superior officer was saved, nor a woman, nor a child. The captain met a sailor's fate. He was seen on deck from nine o'clock exerting himself to the uttermost. Time after time was he knocked down by wave and spar, and saved himself only by seizing a rope. He was on deck giving orders to the last with a spar lashed to him so that he might be prepared to float. He was again seen struggling in the water clutching at a yardarm which every now and then was washed from his grip. Twice during this struggle did he shout, "There is hope yet!" and although in his heart he may not have thought so, yet the cry did much to encourage those around him. Soon he and Mr. Cowie, the second officer, were seen on the lee-side of the ship trying to reach the beach,

and then a boat fell from the davits and struck them both on the head to rise no more.

Of the four hundred and forty-eight on board only thirty-nine lived to tell the story of the wreck. The ship speedily broke up, and the northern coast of Anglesey was strewn with her fragments and cargo. Of the gold over £300,000 was recovered by the divers in the salvage operations which were conducted for some time afterwards.

The effect of the sea upon the great iron safe in which the treasure was contained, and even upon the iron boxes into which it was subdivided, was extraordinary, and of itself sufficient to show the power of the gale. Not only was the bullion safe totally broken up and destroyed, but the iron boxes were crushed and torn, and their valuable contents dispersed, and sovereigns and lumps of gold were forced into the very substance of the iron. The fragments became the nucleus of a gold formation richer than the richest auriferous bed, and the sands around richer in gold-dust and bullion than the richest washings of Australia. Sovereigns drifted in with the sand and lay scattered like shells on the beach. One ingot of gold had penetrated the ship's ironwork like a shot from a gun, and loose sovereigns were driven in as if the iron had been melted around them.

MODEL YACHTING IN 1884 AND 1885.

THE model yachting season of 1885 promises to be even busier than its predecessor. The new London begins its sailing matches at Kensington; the new club at Liverpool starts on Newsham Park; and the other newcomers at Grimsby, Manchester, Ryde, the Hartlepools, and Itchen Ferry, have announced themselves as under way.

And the measurements are to be as varied as, or rather more varied than, ever. We are still to have the Serpentine, the Albert, and the Liverpool working on the Yacht Racing Association scheme of beam and waterline squared multiplied by beam and divided by 1,730; while the other tonnage clubs, the Greenock and Glasgow, cling to the older rule of waterline less breadth multiplied by breadth and half-breadth and divided by 94. Ryde and Belfast will still take their length from stem-head to stern-post on deck; while the Hartlepools will take it from stem-head to stern-post on waterline; Clapham will take its length over all; Kingston and Victoria will take their length over all and along the waterline; and, lastly, the London will sail under their new 240 rule, designed for giving a chance to every type of boat not exceeding certain dimensions.

This new rule, which has evoked considerable interest among model yachtsmen as being a promising attempt to solve a very obvious difficulty, is as follows:—"The length on the load waterline, not including the post of any permanent rudder, shall be multiplied by the greatest beam, wherever found, and the product of these measurements shall not exceed 240; and no boat exceeding forty inches in length on the load waterline shall be eligible. If any part of the immersed portion of the hull of the boat should project beyond a perpendicular drawn from either end of the load waterline, it shall be added to the length taken for the purposes of this measurement; and no part of any permanent rudder shall be allowed to project abaft of such perpendicular more than half an inch. In measuring the beam no allowance will be made for wales, doubling planks, or mouldings of any kind. Channels, if used, shall not exceed three-quarters of an inch in width on either side of the boat, nor be more than three inches in length, and must be of such a shape as the committee may approve. Every other dimension of the model will be at the discretion of the owner."

So runs the latest edict in model yacht measurement. The members of the club for whose use it was formulated have taken advantage of the latitude allowed, and in the new boats "built to fit" have gone in for long counters and raking stems, giving a length over all of about 42 and a waterline of 34. This is the starting type. Whether it will be beaten by a narrower or broader one remains to be seen.

The meaning of these figures when compared with tonnage models on the present Y.R.A. scale, taking an inch to a foot, is very well brought out in the scheme recently issued by the Serpentine Club. A model ten-tonner on that club's system may be 30·7 by 10·3, 33·2 by 9·5, 35·6 by 8·8, 37·3 by 8·3, 39·3 by 7·8, 41·0 by 7·4, or 42·6 by 7·0, the latter being the "six beams" beyond which a wise builder for all-round sailing will not go. A model fifteen-tonner may be 34·7 by 11·7, 38·0 by 10·9, 40·5 by 10·1, 42·7 by 9·5, 44·7 by 9, 46·3 by 8·5, or 48·6 by 8·1. These represent measurements taken on the waterline, not the length over all, which may be a very different thing, owing to the bow and counter.

The waterline is taken as a convenient factor only. It is confessedly but a delusive measurement of a yacht's power; for the instant the wind strikes the sails the bow and counter dip in to leeward, and the waterline is increased in length in proportion to the angle of heel. The best 240 boat will obviously be that which secures the greatest increase to her waterline in the shortest possible time.

It is a pity that the 240—which seems to have been arrived at as approximating to the dimensions of the first-class boats hitherto sailed on the Round Pond, or as being the number of pence in a pound—was chosen instead of 200 or 300. On yacht racing scale, at an inch to a foot, a 240 boat comes out as a seven tonner, whereas 200 or 300 would have given a standard size—five tonners or ten tonners, and thus have brought the London more in harmony with the tonnage clubs.

The problem of measurement was attacked during 1884 from another standpoint. In October a Model Yacht Regatta took place at West Cowes, in which Admiral De Horsey of the Channel Fleet acted as umpire. The system then adopted for classifying the boats was merely one of weight. The boats were put in the scales, and yachts of thirty pounds and over, yachts of fifteen pounds and over, yachts of five pounds and over, and yachts of three pounds and over, formed the classes. Arrow, a 53-pounder (we beg pardon, tonner), won in the first class; Snail, a 23-pounder, won in the second; Elk, a 13-pounder, won in the third; and Dot, a very narrow 3-pounder, won in the fourth. The winners were all cutters, but one of the curiosities of the day was that of a schooner, Tide, beating the cutters to windward.

At the regatta of the Liverpool Club on the 25th of August, held on Hollingworth Lake, near Todmorden, at which clubs from all the three kingdoms were represented, the measurement was on the 1730 rule, and in the all-comers race boats 54 inches on the waterline were, irrespective of beam, admitted as 30-tonners. Galatea and Thought, both built to tonnage measurement, occupied first and second places, but one of the Kingston boats, the Comet, 50 inches on the waterline, ran into the third, somewhat to the astonishment of the spectators.

On the same occasion a race took place for model steamers. It was won by the Greyhound, a six-feet boat. The same boat took part in the steamer races held by the Liverpool Club on Sefton Lake during May, when there were eleven entries, ranging from a twin screw thirty inches on the waterline working at a pressure of ten pounds, up to a powerful boat 78 inches on the waterline, whose engine was driven at a pressure of a hundred. The winner turned up in Vampire, a five-feet boat; Snark, the monster, being second; and Greyhound, whose propeller fouled some weed, being third.

Considerable attention was directed to the Liverpool Club during the year owing to the publication in the "Field" of the 9th of February of the working drawings and dimensions of the commodore's 10-tonner Ethel. As a further guide to the way in which tonnage measurements work out on the inch scale we give the chief figures of this very taking model. Length over all, 50·50; waterline, 43·0 (the Ethel has a raking forefoot and a 5-inch counter); beam, 7·25; lowest freeboard, 2·75; extreme draught, 8; mean draught, 6·87; displacement, 27lb., which is equal to 21 tons; weight of lead keel, 17lb., which is equivalent to 13 tons; inside ballast, 2·5lb.; weight of hull, spars, etc., 8lb.; area of mainsail, 942 sq. in.; of foresail, 221 sq. in.; of first jib, 242 sq. in. The Ethel, it will be seen, is a very narrow boat, but the dimensions will be welcomed by such of our readers as are anxious to produce satisfactory models of the "real yacht" type.

As a contrast to the Ethel there was published on the 30th of September in the same paper—the leading yachting journal of the world—a wonderful design from South Yarra, showing what our Australian colonists understand by a model yacht. It had a curious arrangement of fins and centreboards, and, whatever it might do on Australian waters, would simply be sailed round on our ponds by boats of the Ethel and other types.

The Ethel herself was on view at the Albert Club Exhibition at Hull in April, though there she took second prize to Mr. Donaldson's 40-tonner Tara. This exhibition was a very fine one, and included, amongst other splendid models, the steam fishing cutter of Mr. Toozes, and the North Sea trawler by Mr. Hodgson, both members of the Hull Model Yacht Clubs, and both winners of gold medals at the South Kensington Fisheries Exhibition for the ships they showed.

During the year a series of inter-club matches was sailed between the Albert and the Kingston, resulting in favour of Kingston on each occasion. Like the Albert, the Kingston held an exhibition of models. It took place earlier in the year, and comprised between forty and fifty yachts all made by members of the club. The proportion of built boats to carved ones was about three to one—a fact easily accounted for by the large size of the boats, the classes ranging up to fifty-four inches on the waterline, and the favourites being the forty-twos.

Model yachting seems to have taken firm hold of the good folks of Hull. Among the noteworthy events of the season, certainly not the least was the birth at the Yorkshire seaport of "the organ of the sport," the "Model Yachtsman," an excellent publication recording with accuracy and enthusiasm the doings of the graceful craft whose beauties its primitive frontispiece so cruelly belies.

North of the Tweed the programmes for last year were full and varied. The Greenock, which this year has an exhibition at the Western Hall in March, held their annual regatta on the Gryffe Reservoir on July 5. The winners in the several classes were Rival, Flora, Flower of the Forest, Gawary, and Ell, while Fairy Queen won the Consolation Race. At the annual meeting on the 24th

of October the chief prize-winners of the year turned out to be Vision, a 40; Will o' the Wisp, a 51; Royal Sovereign, an 83; Rival, a 20; Lizzie, a 20; and Flower of the Forest, a 68.

In the Glasgow Club the chief winners of the year were Queen of the Clyde, Pomona, Thistle, Madge, and Gleam. The race for the prizes given by Mr. Campbell, of Tullichewan, took place on Loch Lomond on the 20th of September. The starters were Chieftain, a 60-tonner on Y.R.A. measurement, inch to a foot; Gleam, a 41; Mary, a 20; May Bell, a 46; Midge, a 43; Siren, a 42; Stygee, a 54; Swallow, a 38; and Volant, a 48. They started from Balloch Pier, rounded the beacon, and ran to the Keeper's Lodge on Inchmurran, nearly four miles away. The same course was sailed on the return, making it a dead beat to the beacon and a reach to Balloch. A course of this length and character ought to have been a very fair test of the merits of the boats. Gleam proved the winner both out and home, and so carried off the cup.

The regatta of the Belfast Club took place at the Twin Islands on July 12th, the race for Mr. Harland's cup being won by the lugger Lulu, which did the mile and a quarter in exactly twenty minutes. The wind, however, was fresh, and dead abeam, so that the lugger had every chance. The Belfast Club seems to have prospered much since it was started by Messrs. Hill and Gaffikin at Easter, 1882; and quite a cloud of boats, to judge by the reports, take part in its races. The acquisition of the right to sail in Clear Water Basin at the local waterworks has done a great deal towards this success. The chief races of the year were won by Lulu, Flirt, Benroe, Waterwitch, Madge, Egeria, Will, Meg, Primrose, Snowbird, Latonia, Foam, and Spray. One of the Belfast boats, the lugger Liz, took part in the Hollingworth Regatta.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

"Var da Vaigher."

Rev. W. P. Goudie, B.A., writes from Derby: "Will you allow a 'Lichen from the Old Rock,' who passed the first twenty years or more of his life in the Shetland Isles, to make a little clearer for our boys the title of Mrs Saxby's poem which occurs in your Christmas number?

"The words 'Var da Vaigher' are not foreign words, as might seem at first sight. 'Var' (better spelt *war*, I think) is from our own Anglo-Saxon verb werian, to defend, the Anglo-Saxon substantive from the same being weriend, a defender. Connected with the same root are the Anglo-Saxon words warian, to guard, waru, a defence; waer (pronounced war), wary; weard (pronounced ward), a guardian, guardianship. Da is only a softening of the Anglo-Saxon thorn þ in the word þá or þe, our present article. Vaigher is only the word voyager, an *a* having taken the place of *o*, an *a* for the modern *o* being a very common mark of the northern English dialect. The word *vaidge* for voyage is still very commonly used in those northern islands.

"As one who has spent many happy hours with the 'yüle bau,' I would say I always saw the players have goals, though the rules might be few and not those of Rugby."

Mr. Gladstone's Latin Version of the Hymn "Rock of Ages."

The well-known and beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages," by the Rev. Augustus Toplady, has many interesting facts and anecdotes associated with it. Every English and American hymn-book includes it, and it has been translated into almost every modern language.

Many years ago an American traveller, Dr. Pomeroy, was in an Armenian church at Constantinople. He was much struck by the singing, although he could not understand the words. Many of the people were deeply moved, and he noticed some of them in tears. He asked one of the missionaries what the hymn was, and was told it was "Rock of Ages," then recently translated.

Dr. Moffat, in his African Recollections, speaking of the hymns in the Sechuana language, the dialect used by all the Bechuana tribes, describes his failure, after repeated attempts, to translate this hymn. At last he succeeded, although not to his own satisfaction. What followed we give in his own words. "I did what I could, and manufactured a translation. 'It is good,' said one. 'Oh, it is very fine,' said another, while I was pitying their sad want of taste. From some circumstance, which never could be explained, it disappeared either in my study or printing-office. I was not sorry, except for the hours I lost in seeking it. It was in vain to ask me to reproduce it. My plea was want of time.

"During one of my sleepless nights, and there were many, while musing over various subjects, 'Rock of Ages' passed vividly through my mind, and I felt no difficulty whatever in repeating the first verse in the native language, just as I desired it to be. It was not long before I had concluded the whole hymn. It was soon printed, with three more hymns, to make four pages of the size of the hymn-book. A copy was given to the members of the church, that the hymn might be tried in public worship.

"It got abroad that a new hymn had been added, with the name 'Rock of Ages.' Persons came from all quarters—from distances of ten to more than twenty miles—with books in hand, to have 'Rock of Ages' inserted. An elderly man, chief of his village, came with a score of hymn-books, some old, torn, and patched, belonging to his people. To the question 'What do you want?' the answer anon was 'The Rock of Ages!' and of course the leaves were inserted in the old books, and away they went well pleased."

Deeply interesting it is to find the poor African converts delighting in the same hymn which brought consolation to the lamented Prince Consort on his deathbed!

But it is time to give the translation into Latin, made by Mr. Gladstone in 1848, and published in a work rarely met with. The lines are now reproduced by special permission:—

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus,
Tu, per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mî redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem
Quamvis totâ vi laborem;
Nec si fide numquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus Vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

Mr. Darwin in Tierra del Fuego.

Charles Darwin was in early life, from 1831 to 1836, attached as naturalist to the surveying and exploring expedition of H.M.S. Beagle, under Captain Fitzroy, R.N. He told the story of his adventures and experiences in a volume entitled, "Journal of Researches," now familiarly known as "A Naturalist's Tour round the World."

When the Beagle reached Tierra del Fuego, the desolate region at the extremity of South America, Mr. Darwin saw what he describes as "the most curious and interesting spectacle" he ever beheld, in the aspect of the natives who came down to the shore to gaze at the ship. "I could not have believed," he says, "how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man; it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is greater power of improvement;" adding that "one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world." He gives an interesting account of what seemed to Europeans their unutterably wretched life; but comes to the conclusion that, as there is no reason to believe they decrease in number, "we must suppose they enjoy a sufficient share of happiness to make life worth having." Their language seemed scarcely articulate; in winter, when pressed by hunger, they killed and devoured their aged women before they killed their dogs which were useful in hunting; they were almost like the wild beasts in their apparent incapacity to reason on some simple subjects.

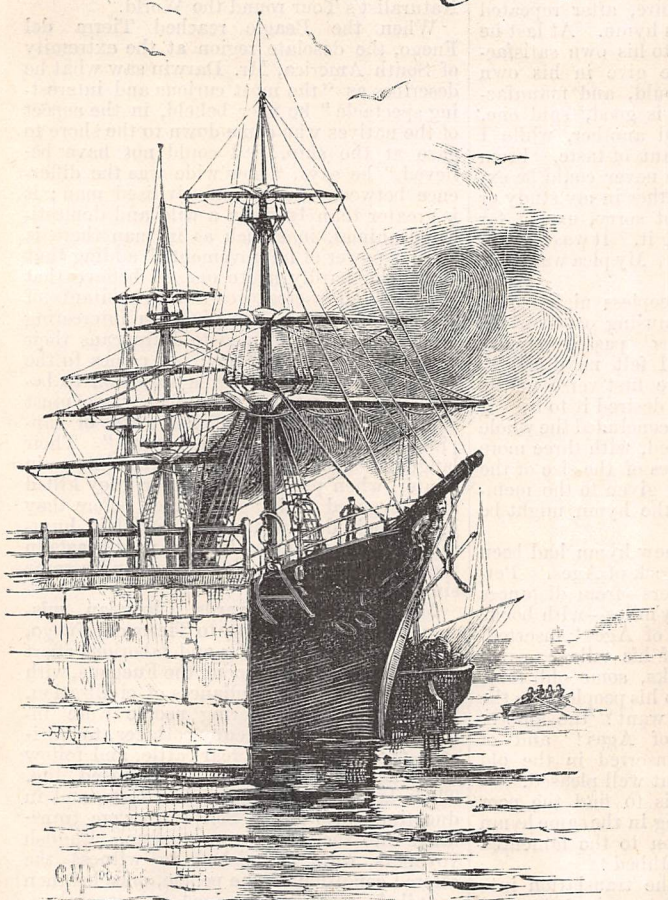
Many years afterwards Christian missionaries found their way to Tierra del Fuego, and as the result of long and laborious effort established a church among the Fuegans, with schools and all the appliances of civilisation. The wild and wandering people were induced to build and occupy cottages, to cultivate their gardens, to rear cattle, and follow the various occupations of civilised life. Their language was reduced to form, and in due time parts of the Scriptures were translated into their barbarous tongue. English voyagers were astonished to witness the altered condition of the people, once heathen cannibals and now engaged in peaceful industry and commerce.

When Mr. Darwin heard what had taken place he wrote to Admiral Sullivan, who had been his shipmate in the Beagle, expressing his surprise and satisfaction. "I had always," he wrote, "thought that the civilisation of the Japanese was the most wonderful thing in history, but I am now convinced that what the missionaries have done in Tierra del Fuego is at least as wonderful." Not content with expressing his admiration in words, he gave proof of it by sending a donation to the South American Missionary Society, by whose agents the work had been accomplished.

Among the many tributes to the memory of the great naturalist, called forth at the time of his death, none was more touching than the reference to Mr. Darwin in the annual Report of that Society. It paid "a sincere tribute of respect to the memory of a man of unblemished character, of the highest intellectual capacity, and of rare attainments." The incident is honourable to Mr. Darwin and to all concerned in the civilisation of Tierra del Fuego.

"Do right. And thou hast nought to fear;
Right hath a power that makes thee strong;
The night is dark, but light is near;
The grief is short, the joy is long."

CORRESPONDENCE.



E. T. S.—1. The Pyx is a box in which coins are deposited. At first the name was used only for the vessel containing the sacred elements; then it came to mean, in addition, a box for pious offerings; and now it has the meaning we have given. The Trial of the Pyx is a ceremony which takes place every year, in which the weight and purity of the gold and silver coins issued by the Mint are tested. A few specimens from each day's mintage are put into the box, and a jury of goldsmiths is summoned to Goldsmiths' Hall to assay them. There proper furnaces, balances, etc, are provided, and the testing takes some hours. The Pyx of 1884 contained 1,816 sovereigns, 700 half-sovereigns and £420 10s. of silver. A few of the coins were selected, melted down into ingots, and these ingots compared with the standard trial-plates kept in the custody of the Board of Trade. This is the test for fineness; for weight ordinary delicate scales are used. The verdict is always satisfactory, and the trial is always concluded in time for a sumptuous banquet. 2. The 1883 coinage of gold was a small one only—£1,763,197: the coinage of silver was the largest since the introduction of the present series—£1,272,025. The number of coins struck during the year being 36,442,214, or, say, one per head of the population.

S. H.—The Nottingham County captain for 1884 was Alfred Shaw. You can get back numbers of the cricket annuals by applying direct to the publishers.

P. S. STRANKER.—The "Burgees of [illegible]acht Clubs" was given away with the first C[illegible]ber number of the B. O. P. in 1883.

FORTIS IN ARDUIS.—A brig is square-rigged on both masts, a brigantine is square-rigged only on the foremast. See our plate of ships in the second volume.

PUER.—The address of Messrs. Brock, the pyrotechnists, is either Crystal Palace, Nunhead, or Cheapside, whichever you prefer.

R. A. N. SOPHIE.—See our articles on the Victoria Cross in the part for May, 1882. The cross can only be given for bravery in the face of an enemy.

IGNORAMUS.—There is a depôt for the publication of Swedenborgian works in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury; and an inquiry there might procure you the information you want.

YACHT.—As a general rule a ship over three hundred tons will carry half as much again as her register. A two-thousand-ton ship would thus carry three thousand tons burden.

ENGINEER.—1. The cement under the edges and rivets of copper boilers is made by mixing quicklime with bullocks' blood and using it immediately. 2. To make a cork airtight boil it two or three times in melted paraffin.

A MISSING ONE.—Of the three first volumes the numbers are out of print, but the parts are not. Orders for any parts can be executed.

E. J. W.—As we fully described the University Boat-race of 1884 you can refer back.

A WOULD-BE PURCHASER.—1. When a tricycle is geared for speed the lower wheel on which the chain revolves is larger than that on the axle, and in consequence the driving-wheels have to revolve oftener than the pedals. 2. Mix the blacklead into a paste with milk. 3. Any sewing-machine shop will supply you with a bottle of oil. Always clean your machine with paraffin before you change your lubricant.

W. T.—The training-ships for officers for the merchant service are the Worcester on the Thames and the Conway on the Mersey. For particulars as to mode of admission see back numbers.

A. W. P.—To remove tar from black clothes first soften it with olive-oil, and then dose it with successive applications of turpentine. Naphtha or benzine will answer the same purpose as the turpentine. The secret consists in getting the tar-spot thoroughly soft before you begin; and the best way to prevent the oil confining itself to the tar is to apply it with a pledget of cotton wool.

CONDOR.—In models the only sails are forelug, jib, and mizen; but in the full-sized luggers you can carry a mizen-staysail and mizen-topsail. Use a lug-mizen for fair weather, a lateen for foul. There is no doubt about it; you must use swing rudders if your boat is to keep her course in all winds. Make them of lead and wood, with the wood nearest the sternpost. You should have two or three of different weights; but you do not require a rudder in a dead thrash to windward.

F. WOOD.—Look at the date of the book. Australia has the third longest navigable river in the Darling. It is navigable for 2,345 miles.

A. H. WALTERS.—Haulan was never beaten on the Thames. You have been misinformed. Glad you made such a success of the "Boy's Own Penny Whistle." Others have done the same.

HENRY KIRABY.—If this should meet the eye of H. K., we are desired to entreat him to write at once to his mother. We are authorised to say that "he may stay where he may have settled if he wishes to do so, but on no account should he neglect to write immediately." The boy who, after such an invitation especially, should neglect at once to comply, is hardly the lad we should like to feel was numbered amongst our readers.

WALTER.—1. It was distemper your dog had. You must be careful now with the feeding. Feed only twice a day. Give a fair allowance of meat, but no oatmeal, and not much green food if there be a tendency to diarrhœa. 2. We will soon have an article on training dogs. We cannot write one through the correspondence columns. Treat him kindly; rule by love and firmness; never lose your temper. Speak slowly to him. These are golden rules in dog-training.

WAVERLEY.—1. Only experienced men are on the staff of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. 2. The remedy for the rabbits' ears is cleanliness and good food. Do you really attend to them as well as you ought. Wash the sores, and anoint with carbolated oil.

C. A. HAYTER.—You ought to have placed your eggs as soon as laid in bran, the small end up, and covered them over. You kept shifting yours about too much. Let them be as new-laid as possible. Not over ten days, say.

W. A. D.—There are several books on the Thames. Apply for list to Stanford, Charing Cross, or others. We have had two series of articles on the subject—one describing it from Oxford to Richmond, the other tracing it from Oxford to its source. You would find Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames," published at a shilling by Macmillan and Co., full of information.

C. R.—Baa! Where can you get a piece of "ewe" tree? If you mean yew, you can usually obtain it cheap from a good mahogany merchant, but whether there is one in your neighbourhood we cannot say. Try Mr. R. T. Perry, 8, Penton Street, Pentonville.

RUPERT.—The ages for outdoor officers of customs are from 19 to 25, and candidates must be 5ft. 4in. in height, and 34in. round the chest; or if 5ft. 10in. in height, then 35in. round the chest. The examination is in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic, and composition. The salaries rise from £55 to £100, and the officers are eligible on further examination for higher posts, with salaries ranging up to £300. The Civil Service Department of King's College, London, publish a penny paper, "The Civil Service Candidate," which gives the latest information on such matters, but your best course is to apply direct to headquarters.

A GENTLEMAN COMMONER.—Ordinary knighthoods are now given for so many reasons that they are no test of ability or merit. The amount of income necessary varies with the social position of the knight, which is, however, hardly affected by the title. No poor man is made a knight, except by mistake. Of course it is understood that knights bachelors are meant; a knighthood of one of the orders is a different thing altogether.

W. WILLIS.—1. "The King of the English in their old country"? There is no record at present of the existence of a king amongst them until this country was colonised. 2 Ducks and drakes. Perhaps this is it?

> "O Nature to Old England then
> Continue these mistakes,
> Give us for all our Kings such Queens,
> And for our Dux such Drakes!"

T. JONES.—The work of the lapidary is a very interesting one. Miniature monuments, pyramids, etc., look very pretty as paper-weights or mantelpiece ornaments. We hope to give an article on the subject in this volume.

D. A. M. SCOTIA.—Take away the millet-seed. Let the bird have plenty of fresh air and a sunshine bath occasionally. Put a little saffron in the water; you cannot do more.

M. F. W.—Yes; begin with avadavats and budgerigars. Gain experience with these before you spend money on more expensive birds.

E. O. R. T CKERMAN.—Thanks for your letter on foreign birds. Any advice we can give you on this or any kind of bird or beast you are right welcome to.

C. TWITCHAM.—1. Food for thrushes and blackbirds. A paste of ground oats damped with milk and water, shredded raw meat now and then, a few grocer's currants, beetles, snails, caterpillars, earthworms, etc. Plenty of pure, fresh water. 2. Your rabbit has some skin complaint. What we could only say if we saw it. Keep bedding and hutch very clean, dust sulphur into the coat. Give a pinch of Glauber salts in water, and put a little sulphur in the food.

PAKIPIKA.—Get a little Sanitas ointment, and use it on the bare part of the thrush's head. Change the food; that crushed hemp-seed that you are giving it is the cause of the complaint. Stop it. See answer to C. TWITCHAM.

A. M.—There are dozens of mixtures in the market that will remove hair, but few of them are harmless, and none of them really permanent. You do not say if the hair is to be removed from your skin or some dead skin, and so we cannot advise. You would find it better to keep your hair on.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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"Each knew that it was for life."

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—SCHOUVALOVSKY PERYOULOK.

When Kakaroff arrived at the house in the Novoye Derayvnie, in which our old friend Hermann was so curiously housed, he found all proper precautions had been taken to guard against the escape of any of its inmates.

The police were in possession of quite sufficient evidence against Hermann to send him off to Siberia with no loss of time, and without the formalities of a regular court of inquiry. He was marked by the police; his connection with a band of disaffected and dangerous characters had been discovered and winked at by them in the hope of his leading other and more important criminals to detection; but the outrage in Zakolniki, the harbouring of Palitzki, and the mysterious disappearance of Ivan Dobroff, had all been most clearly traced to him by the police, who had immediately connected the departure of Anniesie with the loss of their clue to the boy, when they heard the story by the two schoolfellows of their missing comrade.

The guard who attended the train on the day of Ivan's departure to Kursk had been found and brought to the doomed house in the Novoye Derayvnie, where he was now waiting in company with a strong body of police.

Kakaroff and the colonel entered the room, which we de-

scribed as being a sort of low vodka-saloon, or drinking-place, and here they found Hermann in charge of a sergeant of gendarmes, whose troopers had been posted at each door leading from the apartment. He looked savagely at bay as he surveyed the overwhelming force in whose hands he found himself.

Foot soldiers of the police corps were posted in the courtyard, the street was patrolled by the mounted troopers of the gendarmes, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were cowed by the overwhelming force, and scowled malignantly on the soldiers, none knowing whose turn it might be next to have them as visitors.

Kakaroff, with his attendant colonel, strode into the room, and, taking his note-book from his pocket, he addressed Feodor Karlovitch thus:

"Your name is Friederich von Hohenhorst, but you are known as Feodor Karlovitch Hermann. You have connected yourself with a set of desperadoes who defy the law and endanger the welfare of the community. Do you attempt to deny that the names I give you are correct, the one being your real name and the other assumed?"

"I do not deny it; but I deny the right of the police, or any other authorities, to interfere with me in the peaceful exercise of my trade."

"That you were not asked about. The name is correct—not that your admission of the fact matters much."

"Then why do you ask me to admit it?"

Kakaroff took no notice of this question, he only made a tick with a pencil in a note-book, and, turning to the sergeant, said, "To what room does that door lead?"

"It is closed, your excellency; and having no orders to break open anything, but only to prevent the escape of the inmates, Captain Strankevitch has placed sentinels at the windows, back doors, and all points from which escape might be made."

"Send a trooper for him."

In a shorter time than it takes to write, the man was gone and had returned with the officer.

"Why was that door not opened?"

"I had no directions to use force save in preventing escape."

"*Bon!* But does it require any great amount of force?"

"Yes; it is as firm as the wall of the room."

"Then you were right. Open it now."

The officer gave the necessary order, and a budeschnik, or foot soldier of the police, approached with a crowbar, and in a few moments the massive door was wrenched, not from its fastenings, but actually asunder. The fastenings were found to be two heavy bars of iron, fitted into sockets in the wall, and massive catches or rests screwed into the woodwork of the door, which, on opening inwards, only pressed upon these bars without weakening them. The boards forming the door were literally picked to pieces by the crowbar before entrance could be gained.

When this had been effected Kakaroff was the first to enter, and he was struck at the elegance and refinement of the room thus disclosed, and still more with the quiet dignity and singular beauty of the only occupant—a lady evidently, well but simply dressed, and looking queenlike in her calm and haughty bearing. We who have seen Anniesie as the bright and almost childish companion of Ivan might well have failed to recognise her in the noble woman who now confronted Kakaroff.

"How dare you break in upon my privacy in this disgraceful fashion? What charges have you against an unoffending lady?"

"I am sorry to say," answered Kakaroff, "that I cannot answer any questions. I come, unfortunately, to ask some, to which I must beg you to reply. And first, is your name Anastasia von Hohenhorst?"

"That is my name."

"Do you know anything of the student called Palitzki?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know anything of a boy, a pupil of the First Gymnasium, who was brought here some six weeks back, and has never been heard of since?"

There was no answer.

"*Bon!* we shall see. Captain Strankevitch, will you oblige me by asking whether the guard from the Kursk Railway is in attendance?"

"He has just arrived."

"Chorascho! Then let him be brought here, and bring in the student Abrazoff, of the First Gymnasium, who is waiting without."

On the arrival of the guard Anniesie turned very pale. She went back to her sofa, sat down, and drank a glass of water, and then seemed ready for action. Abrazoff she just glanced at and no more, as if deeming him unworthy of any special attention. Popoff did not appear, having gone round with a police colonel to the back of the house.

Kakaroff, whose eye took in all these matters at a glance, turned to young Abrazoff, saying,

"Is that the lady in whose company you saw the supposed girl in the uniform of the female Gymnasium, but whose voice recalled your schoolfellow, on the 25th of July?"

"No doubt about it," replied Paul.

"Stefan Gorkoff, conductor on the Moscow and Kursk Railway. Is that the young woman who travelled with her sister on the Kursk line?"

"I could swear to her anywhere."

"How is it you are so certain; you see so many passengers?"

"Yes, but none like her. Poor creature! she was greatly troubled by her mad sister, who struggled and fought, declaring in her madness that she was not a girl but a boy."

"Should you know the mad girl if you saw her?"

"Yes, she had a remarkable face, and was not unlike that young gentleman in the Gymnasium dress," said the conductor, pointing to Paul.

There was a silence of some moments, during which Kakaroff made some rapid entries in his note-book. At last, turning to the colonel, he said, in quiet, stern, official tones,

"Colonel, there is your prisoner. Remember, however, that she is to be treated with courtesy. Is the carriage ready?"

"Ready," was the reply.

"Anastasia von Hohenhorst, I must ask you to do me the favour to dress for a little journey—a mere formality, but one unfortunately demanded by the law. No harm will happen to you; a little inquiry is necessary in which you will have to assist. I must urge upon you the great necessity that exists for despatch."

Without a word Anniesie rose and entered a further chamber, whence, after a short space, she reappeared habited in a walking dress. The soldiers made way for her and the colonel, presenting arms as they passed to the close carriage which was to convey them to the palace of the prefect of the Moscow police. They entered and drove off.

Kakaroff noticed that between father and daughter there was no leave-taking. Hermann was sitting dogged and sullen on the wretched sofa in the intermediate room between his vodka-store and the apartments so completely set apart for Anniesie.

"Colonel Schuleikin," said the general "you are to take charge of the body of Friederich von Hohenhorst, and you will be answerable for its security until you are relieved of your charge by the proper authority in the official manner at headquarters."

"With what am I charged?" asked Hermann.

"With murder, felonious abduction of a pupil of one of the Imperial Gymnasia, and with high treason against the person of our sovereign lord and master the Emperor."

"With whose murder am I charged? I have never shed the blood of any human being."

"You have no right to question me," said Kakaroff, "but I have no objection to reply that the person you are accused of murdering is a student called Palitzki, who was last seen alive in this house."

"Upon such evidence you may accuse me of the murder of my daughter, who was last seen alive in this house. If the other charges are as flimsy as this one there is not much danger for me."

"You are not on your trial, but you may say what you please to me."

"Well, then, I will tell you. Palitzki is here, alive and well. I will lead you to him if you particularly wish it."

"I should wish to see him of all things," replied Kakaroff; "and as one of the charges against you would be removed by the sight of him 'alive and well,' I could, on my own responsibility, erase that part of the denunciation against you."

"You must remove that table."

This was done, when Hermann drew aside a very disgusting-looking mat or carpet, showing that the floor had been cut in that part, forming a trap-door. He seized a ring in the flooring, raised the trap, and showed a break-neck-looking ladder leading into perfect gloom.

"Send some men down with lights," said the German; "you will find it dark down there."

Accordingly candles were lighted, and two gendarmes descended the ladder. They came into a long, dark, vaulted passage with stout wooden partitions, with doors on either side. At the foot of the ladder they waited, at Kakaroff's command, for him to descend, which he did, accompanied by the German. No sooner, however, had this worthy reached the ground, than he pulled a rope at the side of the ladder, which caused the trap to fall with a noise like the report of a gun. Quick as light he turned on one of the soldiers, and presenting a revolver at him, shot him through the heart. The man sprang upwards with

the convulsive motion peculiar to death so produced, and then fell down a corpse.

Rapidly, before the second soldier had time to seize his revolver, Hermann had sent a bullet crashing through his brain; and then turned the revolver on Kakaroff, who, however, had grappled with him before he could discharge the shot, and when it was fired the ball flew high above his head.

Now commenced a fearful struggle between the two men, both resolute, both muscular, and both apparently well skilled in athletic exercises. The noise of the three shots had alarmed the officers and men above, and efforts were made to raise the trap. Unfortunately the strong springs securing the door held too securely for the efforts of those above to avail in loosening the hold. The crowbar which had destroyed the door leading to Anniesie's apartments met with resistance from as solid iron here, for the inner part of the trap was thickly coated with metal, so that few men save Hermann could raise it. It was now fastened by the old-fashioned cumbrous springs, which served to hold the entire mass most securely.

While the police above were toiling at the door, the conflict between Hohenhorst and Kakaroff was as deadly as could well be. Each knew that it was for life; each fought with desperation. The sounds above grew louder as iron rang on iron. The prospect for Hermann of escape through some hidden passage became fainter as time was consumed in the struggle with the police-master. This thought seemed to madden him as he grappled with deadlier grip the stalwart form of Kakaroff, whose muscles were beginning to relax. The victory would have been in the hands of the German but for a most unexpected piece of assistance.

During the struggle some person imprisoned in one of the cells parted off from the cellar in the way we have indicated had succeeded in wrenching open the door which had confined him so long, and on which he had, as afterwards appeared, been labouring for many weeks past. Excitement produced by the sounds of strife outside had led him to apply almost superhuman strength in a last, and, as it proved, successful effort to wrench off the lock. In the glimmer of the expiring candle which lay on the ground he had just time to recognise the face of Hermann. He flew at him like a cat, held his throat with both hands so as nearly to suffocate him and to cause him involuntarily to relinquish his hold on Kakaroff, to whom the breathing-time thus gained was of incalculable advantage. In a minute or two he was himself again, and came to the assistance of the new-comer with fresh energy. He disengaged a sword-belt from one of the dead gendarmes, and the two now succeeded in forcing the German to his face on the ground. They then seized his arms, and with the sword-belt bound and strapped them behind him.

"Whoever you may be, you have a friend in me for life," said the police-master. "That was splendidly done!"

Still holding down the prostrate form of Hermann, notwithstanding the secure bandage of his arms, the two new comrades in darkness and danger awaited the result of the attack on the trap-door with feverish anxiety. At last, a blacksmith having arrived with his sledge-hammer, the work went on merrily; and when an aperture had been made large enough for the passage of a man with a light, the sense of relief was indescribable.

Soldier after soldier dropped through the opening. Soon there was light and to spare. Soon the hands of Hermann were fastened together with iron handcuffs, the feet were garnished with similar preventives to flight, and the heavy chain between the lower fetters was caught by a leathern support and held up to a belt round his waist. This permitted him to walk, although the clanking of the chain was far from a pleasant accompaniment to pedestrian performances. With great difficulty he was got through the hole in the trap, which had now been made wider to permit of the passage of the bodies of the two soldiers who had met their fate in so sad a manner.

The cellar was now examined, and found to contain a considerable number of arms and a large quantity of ammunition, besides certain suspicious-looking articles, which Kakaroff declared to be dynamite bombs. All these things were taken possession of by the police. An officer was left in charge, and a strong body of budeschniks posted as a garrison, with strict orders to permit no one to enter any part of the premises unless furnished with a special order signed by Kakaroff.

The sad procession of the two unfortunate gendarmes, and the equally mournful spectacle of the fettered desperado, had left before Kakaroff could find leisure to continue his interrogations. He now asked several very minute questions of the guard who witnessed the struggle between Anniesie and the "girl" in the train on the way to Kursk. Kakaroff further elicited that the two girls had got out some stations this side Kursk.

On hearing this Kakaroff wrote the following words in his note-book:—

"To Colonel Masloff, commanding the Imperial Gendarmes at Kursk.—Try to find and bring to Moscow the Gymnasium pupil, Ivan Dobroff. Wanted immediately.—KAKAROFF."

Besides which, he wrote on another leaf—

"To the Police-master commanding at Kursk.—Will you kindly allow Colonel Masloff to undertake the search for and capture of Ivan Dobroff? *I want him here.*—KAKAROFF, General and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor."

He tore these two leaves from the book and sent a sergeant with them to the nearest telegraphic office. The man mounted and galloped off at full speed.

General Kakaroff now commenced the return to his official dwelling in the same order as that in which he had left, save that the strange man who had so unexpectedly risked his life to save that of Kakaroff had been provided for in another carriage, in which an officer of police and a sergeant were likewise seated, with secret orders not to let him escape, but yet to treat him kindly—rather as a guest than a prisoner. Still, behind the carriage rode two mounted gendarmes, and there was a budeschnik on the box with the driver.

Kakaroff drove rapidly, and on the way passed the carriage in which Anniesie was making the same journey. As his drosky passed she looked sadly on at the window, and Kakaroff nudged Abrazoff, saying, "Are you now quite sure about that face?"

"Yes; it is a face I shall never forget. It is the 'other' girl who was struggling with Ivan when we lost the train; I knew her in the house, but, seen at the carriage window, there is no doubt whatever."

"Just so," said Kakaroff. "I wanted that bit of evidence to complete the case."

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

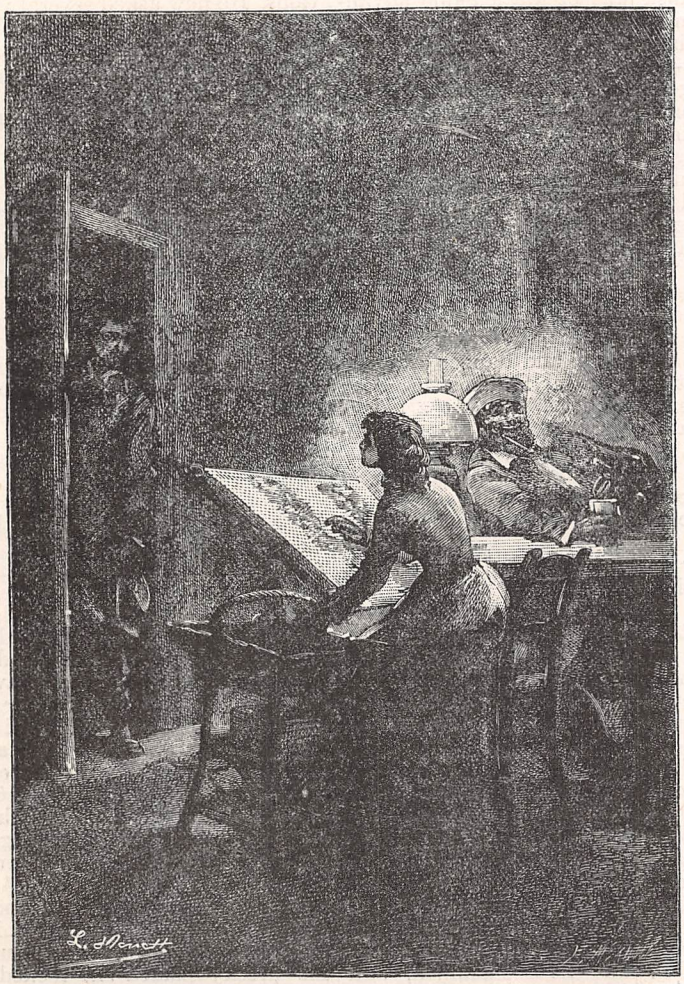
CHAPTER XX.—THE RETURN.

JOHN WATKINS had never been in a worse humour than since the departure of the four rivals in search of Mataki. As the days and weeks went by it seemed to him that all chance of recovering the precious diamond was rapidly vanishing. And his companions had all gone; and Friedel, Hilton, Pantalacci, even Cyprien, whom he had been accustomed to see so often, were much missed. So he betook himself to his gin, and, as may be easily imagined, the alcoholic support he administered to his grief was not much calculated to sweeten his character.

At the farm the greatest anxiety prevailed as to the fate of the expedition, for Bardik had been carried off by a party of Kaffirs, and escaping a few days afterwards, had made his way back to Griqualand with the news of the deaths of Hilton and Friedel. Alice was very unhappy; she sang no longer, and her piano remained dumb. Even her ostriches but slightly interested her. Dada no longer made her smile at its greediness, and impudently swallowed the most extraordinary things without the slightest protest.

Miss Watkins had two causes of alarm. The first was lest Cyprien should never return; the second, lest Pantalacci, the most hated of her admirers, should bring

back "The Star" and claim the reward of his success. The idea of becoming the wife of the Italian was absolutely abhorrent to her. She thought of it by day and dreamt of it by night; and her bright cheeks grew paler and paler, and her blue eyes clouded still deeper with gloom.



"Come in!" she said.

Three months had passed. It was evening. She was sitting near the lamp in the parlour; her father was on the other side of the table, smoking and drinking as usual. Her head was bent over her woolwork, which she had taken up in place of her neglected music, and in silent and sorrowful reverie she was thinking over her fate.

There came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" she said, somewhat surprised, and wondering who it could be at such an hour.

"It is only I, Miss Watkins," said a voice which made her start—Cyprien's voice!

He had come back—thin, sunburnt, with a long beard which disguised him, and clothes faded and worn by travel, but active and courteous and cheery as ever.

Alice jumped up and uttered a cry of astonishment and gladness. With one hand she strove to check the beatings of her heart; the other she held out to the engineer, and he was clasping it in his when Mr. Watkins awoke from his slumbers and asked,

"What's up?"

It took the farmer two or three minutes to grasp the situation. But scarcely had the first gleam of intelligence struck him than a cry—a cry straight from the heart—escaped him.

"And the diamond?"

The diamond, alas! had not come back.

Cyprien briefly told the story of the expedition. He related the death of Friedel, of Hilton, of Pantalacci, the pursuit of Mataki and his imprisonment by Tonaia—without mentioning his return to Griqualand—and explained his reasons for feeling sure of the Kaffir's innocence. He did not forget to mention the devotion of Bardik and Li and the friendship of Barthes, and enlarged on what he owed to the gallant hunter, and how, thanks to him, he had been able to return with his two servants from a journey that had proved fatal to his companions. He said nothing of the criminal schemes of his rivals, and he did not forget his promise to keep the secret of the wonderful grotto and its mineral riches, to which those of the Griqualand diamond field were as worthless ballast.

"Tonaia," said he, in conclusion, "faithfully kept his engagements. Two days after I reached his capital everything was ready for our return—provisions, teams, and escort. Under the command of the king in person about three hundred blacks with flour and smoked meat accompanied us to the camp where we had abandoned the waggon, which we found untouched beneath the brushwood we had heaped upon it. We then bid good-bye to our host, having given him five guns instead of the four he expected, and thus made him the most redoubtable potentate between the Limpopo and the Zambesi!"

"But how about your return journey when you left your camp?" asked Miss Watkins.

"Our return journey was slow, but devoid of accidents. Our escort left us at the Transvaal frontier, where Pharamond Barthes and his Basutos separated from us to go to Durban, and after a forty-days' march across the Veld here we are very much as we were before we left."

"But why did Mataki run away?" asked Watkins, who had listened to the recital with much interest, without showing the slightest emotion about the three men who would never return.

"Mataki fled because he was afraid."

"Is there no justice in Griqualand?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, but justice that is often too summary, Mr. Watkins; and I hardly blame the poor fellow, when wrongfully accused, for having thought it best to disappear during the first excitement at the diamond's loss."

"Nor do I," said Alice.

"And I repeat that he is not guilty, and I think they will leave him alone for the future."

"Hum!" said Watkins, apparently unconvinced. "Don't you think Mataki shammed that fear, so as to get out of reach of the police?"

"No! He is innocent! I am sure of it," said Cyprien, rather drily, "and I think that I have bought the assurance rather dear."

"Oh! You are welcome to your opinion, and I am welcome to mine."

Alice saw that the discussion was likely to end in a dispute, and so struck in by way of diversion with—

"Do you know, Mr. Cyprien, that during your absence your claim has turned out a splendid one, and that your partner, Mr. Steel, is on the road to become one of the richest diggers in the Kopje?"

"No, I did not," answered Cyprien, frankly. "My first visit I paid to you, Miss Watkins, and I know nothing of what has happened during my absence."

"Perhaps you have not had any dinner?" asked Alice, with the instinct of the thorough little housewife that she was.

"I am sorry to say I have not," said Cyprien, blushing, though why he blushed he did not know.

"Oh! But you must not go without food. An invalid like you—after such a trying journey. Why it is nearly eleven o'clock!"

And without heeding his protestations she ran to the kitchen, and reappeared with a tray covered with a spotless cloth, and bearing some cold viands and a beautiful peach tart that she herself had made.

The tray was deposited in front of Cyprien, who seemed much confused, and as he hesitated to use the knife on a superb "biltong," a sort of preserve made of ostrich,

"Shall I cut it for you?" asked Miss Watkins, with one of her sweetest smiles.

And the farmer suddenly getting hungry at the sight of the gastronomic display, asked for another plate and a slice of biltong. Alice was delighted to wait on them, and merely to keep the gentlemen company, as she said, began to eat a few almonds.

The hurriedly-prepared supper was simply delightful. Never had the young engineer experienced such a triumphant appetite. He had three helpings of peach tart, and quite won the heart of Mr. Watkins, who, however, soon dropped off to sleep.

"And what have you been doing during the last three months?" asked Cyprien. "I am afraid you have forgotten all your chemistry."

"No, sir; you are wrong. I have been working very hard, and I have been trying some experiments in your laboratory. Oh! I didn't break anything! You needn't look so frightened. I am very fond of chemistry, and cannot understand how you could leave such a splendid science to become a digger or a bushman."

"But you know why I gave up chemistry."

"I know nothing," said Alice, with a blush, "and I think you were wrong. Were I in your place I should try and make another diamond. That is much better than looking for one underground!"

"Is that an order, then?" asked Cyprien, with his voice all of a tremble.

"Oh, no!" answered Alice, with a smile, "only a request. Oh, Mr. Cyprien," she continued, more seriously, "if you only knew how unhappy I have been in knowing that you were exposed to all the fatigues and dangers you have been through. You have not told me all, but I can guess. A man like you, so learned, so well prepared to do good work and make great discoveries, ought not to have been exposed to perish in the desert from the bite of a snake or the grip of a lion without any gain to science or humanity. It was so wrong to let you go; and it was only by a miracle that you escaped to come back. Without your friend Mr. Barthes—"

She did not finish, but the tears welling up into her eyes completed the thought for her.

"Those tears," said Cyprien, "are more precious to me than all the diamonds in the world, and make me forget all my troubles."

There was a short silence, which Alice broke with her usual tact, by resuming her account of her chemical studies.

It was past midnight when Cyprien returned to his hut, where a packet of letters awaited him, carefully arranged on his work-table by Miss Watkins.

These letters, reaching him after so long an absence, he hardly dared open. If they brought him news of some misfortune! His father, his mother, his little sister Jane! So many things can happen in three months!

He rapidly glanced through them, and found they contained nothing but good news. All his people were well. There were the warmest congratulations on his excellent theory of diamond formation. He could stay another six months in Griqualand if he thought his doing so would be in the interests of science. Everything was for the best, and Cyprien went to sleep with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day.

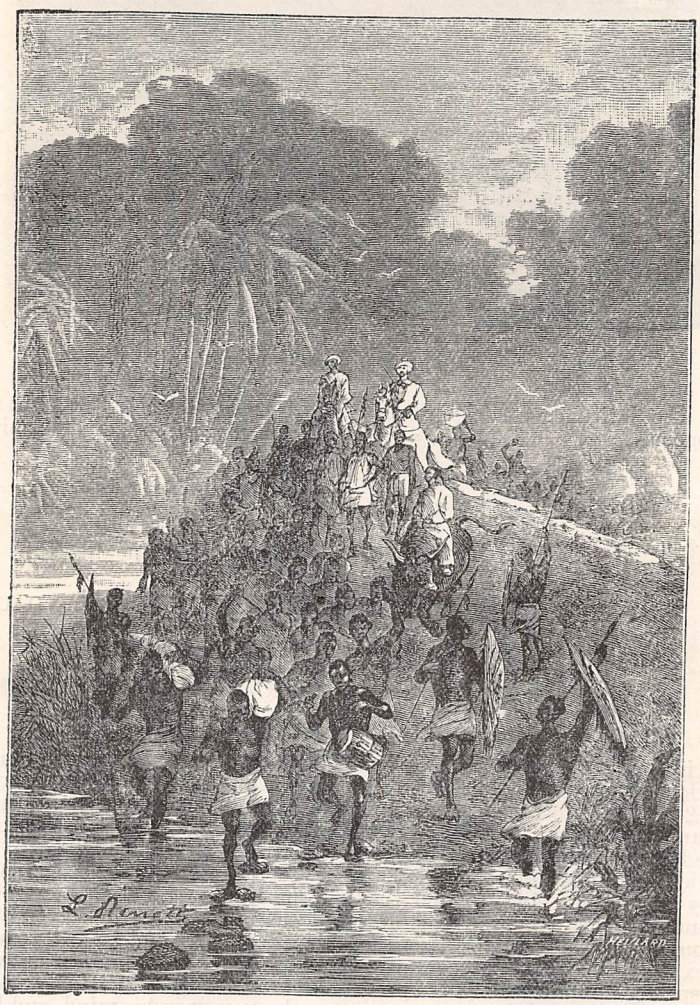
In the morning he visited his friends, and stayed some time with Thomas Steel, who had been working to considerable purpose. The hearty Lancashire lad received his partner with the greatest cordiality. Cyprien arranged with him for Bardik and Li to resume work as before, intending, if they were successful, to give them a share in the claim.

On his part, he had given up all thoughts of again trying his hand at digging, and, in accordance with Alice's wish, resolved to resume his chemical researches.

His conversation with her had confirmed him in his own ideas. He had for some time thought that his true course was to abandon the rougher work, and leave travel and adventure alone. Too loyal and faithful to his word to think for an instant of abusing the confidence of Tonaia, and profiting by his knowledge of the cavern with its marvellous minerals, he found in it a valuable confirmation of his theory of gems, which could not but increase his ardour in research. And so he returned to his laboratory and resumed his investigations.

And he had a strong incentive to do so, for since the artificial diamond had been lost, Mr. Watkins said no mor about his daughter's marriage. If the engineer could make another gem of extraordinary value, the farmer might again be induced to entertain the subject.

And so Cyprien resolved to set to work without delay, and made no attempt to conceal his proceedings from the diggers of Vandergaart Kopje. It would have been well, perhaps, had he done so.



Tonaia's Escort.

He obtained a new tube of great resisting power, and filled it in the same way.

"What I want," said he to Alice, "to crystallise the carbon—that is to say, make the diamond—is a proper solvent, which by evaporation or cooling will give the crystallisation. We have a solvent for aluminium in sulphide of carbon, and by analogy we must find something similar for carbon, such as boron or silicon."

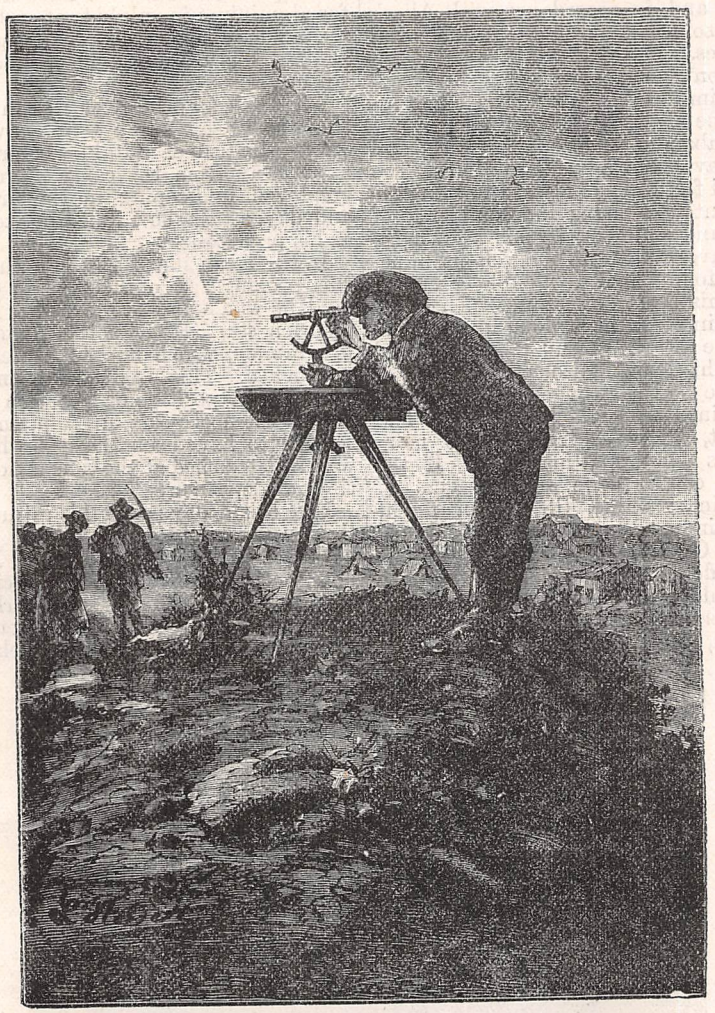
Although Cyprien was not in possession of this solvent he went on with his work. Instead of Mataki, who prudently kept away from the camp, Bardik was employed in keeping in the fire night and day, a task he fulfilled as zealously as his predecessor.

In the meantime, foreseeing that after this prolongation of his stay in Griqualand he would have to leave for Europe, Cyprien started on another item in his programme, which he had hitherto left untouched. This was the determination of the exact position of a certain depression in the north-east of the plain, which seemed to have been the spot where the waters debouched at the time the diamantiferous deposit was formed.

Five or six days after his return from the Transvaal he was working at this with all his usual precision. For an hour or more he had been placing his poles, and noting his bench marks on a fully detailed map he had procured at Kimberley, and, strange to relate, in every case he found that nowhere did his figures agree with the plan! At last, after repeated trials, there was no resist-

ing the evidence that the map was out of truth as regards its compass bearings, and that the latitudes and longitudes were erroneous.

He was using an excellent chronometer, that had been duly rated, and which he had specially brought out with him for the purpose of determining the longitude, and the time was high noon. Hence, feeling assured of the infallibility of his compass and his declination needle, he had no hesitation in deciding that the map on which he was marking his observations was entirely untrustworthy, owing to some serious oversight.



"The map was entirely wrong."

In fact, the north of the map as shown by the arrow was really the north-north-west, and all the positions had necessarily to be altered.

"I see what it is," Cyprien suddenly exclaimed, "the asses who did this forgot to allow for the variation, and that is nearly twenty-nine degrees west! All their latitude and longitude lines ought to be swung round twenty-nine degrees! They must have been funny surveyors that produced this masterpiece."

And he chuckled loudly at the blunder.

"Well, to err is human. Let him throw the first stone at these fellows who never made a mistake in his life."

Cyprien had no reason for keeping secret the rectification he had made in the orientation of the diamantiferous beds of the district. As he was returning to the farm he met Vandergaart, and casually mentioned it to him.

"It is very curious that such a huge mistake was not found out before. It affects all the maps of the district."

The old lapidary pricked up his ears and looked Cyprien straight in the fate.

"Are you sure you are right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And will you swear it in a court of justice?"

"In a dozen courts if you like."

"And no one can deny what you say?"

"Certainly not; I should only have to point out the mistake. It is open, gross, palpable. They have omitted the magnetic variation, that is all."

Vandergaart shook hands and walked off without another word, and Cyprien soon forgot the strange way in which the intelligence had affected him.

But two or three days afterwards, when he went to call on the old lapidary, he found the door shut. On it was a notice, "AWAY ON BUSINESS."

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Money is a great institution. What glorious times we should all have if only the £. *s. d.* were forthcoming in sufficient quantities. What a nuisance it is when one has some grand scheme in one's brain which will inevitably bring honour and glory when completed, to find that "the want of pence" puts a complete stopper on our cherished plan. How can one be expected to make a score with this old sprung lump of willow? Ah, if only that splendid match bat were ours! wouldn't the hundred soon appear on the telegraph board!

There are different ways of spending money. Some like to lay it out on fleeting pleasures — "truck," riding, shows. Others, when they get a windfall, are more careful, and buy a long-desired book, to which they can return many times. But the greater number of those who come into money unexpectedly let it depart with equal lightness.

When Fanshawe found he was a legatee to the extent of a clear hundred pounds he was in the seventh heaven of delight. He was in debt, not to any great extent, but just enough to make him uncomfortable. Mr. Ferris, the tailor, was apparently uneasy in his mind, and had made several calls on him, at one of which he had expressed himself strongly.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Fanshawe, I haven't got enough time to be always looking you up."

"Haven't you?" retorted Fanshawe, who was angry at being dunned. "You ought to have time enough, for I'm going to pay you in time."

But Mr. Ferris did not see the point of the joke, and returned to the charge (which was six pounds ten).

"I'm not going to have any more shillyshallying," he said, decidedly, "and if this money isn't paid by Wednesday I go straight to your governors and lay a complaint."

Fanshawe was not dismayed by the threat, only annoyed. It would be a nuisance to have all the fellows know the state of his finances. At the same time they would probably "take it out of" the tailor should he be ill-advised enough to venture into the office where

Fanshawe and his fellow-clerks spent as little time as possible.

So Fanshawe was very pleased to be able to pay off Ferris, and show him what a mistake he had made in trying to bully him. Mr. Ferris begged his pardon most humbly, and entreated the continuance of his favours, but Fanshawe rode the high horse, and went to a better, or at least a more expensive, man.

Finding himself in the very unaccustomed position of having eighty pounds to spare, he decided that he could spare some of them very easily, so he proceeded to have a high time of it for a fortnight. He went out every night, spent a pound or two in giving a supper, bought a few trifles in the way of jewellery, had a hack once or twice, went to the music-hall pretty frequently (a proceeding necessitating a considerable expenditure in drink), and generally lived the sort of life which he liked. However, at the close of the fortnight he happened to have occasion to make up his accounts, and was surprised to find that he had spent twenty-eight pounds out of the eighty.

"This won't do," he soliloquised; "I'm a fool and no mistake. I might be a lower-school boy with a half-sovereign from the way I've been flinging my cash about. Where the mischief it's all gone is more than I can tell."

He had a heavy fit of repentance on that day, for the previous evening he had indulged in unlimited "brandies," and was suffering the natural consequence. The fit lasted long enough for him to go to the Birkbeck Bank and deposit fifty pounds.

"I won't touch that for a couple of months," he said to himself. "My allowance is due next week, and I'll worry along on that."

His resolution lasted for about six weeks. By that time his quarter's allowance was gone, for it is impossible for such as he to be as careful as usual of money when they know they have fifty pounds in hand, only waiting to be drawn out.

So it happened that, by the beginning of May, things were in a not much better condition with Fanshawe than they were before he had his legacy.

And what had he to show for his money? Some studs, a pair of gold sleeve-links, a good ebony walking-stick with chased silver top, two suits of clothes, a hat or two, four novels, a fine collection of empty bottles, and a file of receipts. Anything else? Yes, a meerschaum pipe, value three pounds; and a conscience more seared than before.

Not much of a show for eighty or ninety pounds. And more than that, Fanshawe had got into a habit of spending far more than formerly in questionable amusements, and it would be a nuisance, he thought, to fall back into his old ways.

He had forgotten Lang during the last few months. He had called at Mrs. Turner's soon after Lang had returned home, and hearing that he had left town, and was ill, had given up all thought about him for a time. Lang owed him money, but he had no need of money just now; besides, Lang was safe enough. It would be rather pleasant to know that when his cash was all gone he could fall back on Lang.

So it happened that the morning of the day on which Garland had made Lang confess the fraud, Fanshawe was employing his time at the office in reckoning up his liabilities and assets. The result was not gratifying.

"Hullo, Fan," said one of his companions known as Dick, "what's up? You look as if you'd lost a threepenny-bit."

"That's a misfortune that won't happen to you," retorted Fanshawe.

There was a general laugh at this, for Dick was known to be in a constant state of impecuniosity.

One of the partners came in at this juncture, and every one glued his eyes to the desk. When he had departed Fanshawe renewed his calculations.

"I owe that fellow Turner six fifteen," he said to himself, "and he's written three times and threatens to county-court me. I suppose he means business. I must get the cash somewhere. I'll try Lang, I think. He must have come back to town by now."

Lunch time came, and Fanshawe as usual was the first to take his hat and go. He ran down the stairs and into the arms of a seedy-looking man who had a pen behind his ear.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man, who, however, still stood between the door and the stairs. "Could you tell me if Mr. Fanshawe's office is up here?"

A sudden thought came to Fanshawe. He had never seen the man before, but he knew in a moment that he was an officer, and had in his pocket a summons for him. He was, as we know, not the man to stick at trifles to serve his own ends.

"Mr. Fanshawe? Oh, yes. You'll find him on the second floor, first door on the right."

"Thank you, sir. What sort of a man might he be?"

"He's a sandy-haired fellow, with short whiskers and no moustache. Anybody will tell you which it is."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning."

The man crept cautiously upstairs with his hand in his breast-pocket. Fanshawe waited till he was out of reach, and then walked quietly out.

"That was a narrow touch," he said to himself; "it's lucky he came just at lunch time. Poor Dick! he'll get a fright when the fellow is on him. Serve him right; he's played me many a trick before now. But what a sell for Turner and Co.!"

Turner and Co. were his new tailors, who did not show any more inclination to give him long credit than Mr. Ferris had. Fanshawe was almost sorry he had left Ferris, who seemed to regret his harshness when he was paid. But in the meantime Turner's account must be settled.

"I shan't be able to go back to the office to-day," thought Fanshawe. "That fellow will be certain to come to my rooms to-night. I must tell Mrs. Gunter to be sure to say I'm out."

He spent the afternoon in the park, and strolled back to Mrs. Turner's about five, hoping to catch Lang in. How lucky it was that he had not bothered him about his debt before. If he had he would not have been able to fall back on it now, when it was urgently needed.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lang is in," said the servant, in reply to his inquiry.

He was shown into the breakfast-room, in which boarders received private visitors. Lang came down a few minutes later.

It had caused him a shock when Fanshawe was announced. He had to make up his mind in a minute. In the first place he owed him money, on that point there could be no doubt. But he might send that. Next, he wanted above everything to cut Fanshawe—to never see him again. Since his confession to Garland he looked upon his old companion with perfect detestation.

However, he decided he must see him.

"Hallo, Lang, here we are again!" was Fanshawe's greeting. "How are you? I heard you'd been jolly ill."

"Yes, so I have."

"Knocked yourself up with working too hard for matric.?" laughed Fanshawe.

Lang gave a frightened glance around the room.

"Don't speak of that," he whispered, "I wish I'd never done it."

"But you did," retorted the other, lightly, "so you may as well make the best of it. When are you going to sign your articles?"

"I don't quite know. July, I expect."

"Lucky beggar you are to have saved a year's drudgery. But I say, old boy, you haven't forgotten our little arrangement?"

"No," muttered Lang.

"Very well, then; you recollect we haven't had a final squaring up yet. When shall we have it? The sooner the better, for I'm as hard up as a lower schoolboy."

"I'm sorry for that," faltered Lang.

"Not so sorry as I am. You can't say I've not given you rope enough, old boy. How long ago was it you were to have paid up?"

Lang did not know, but he was ready to acknowledge that he had overstepped the mark.

"I'll give you what I can," he said; "yet Pater allows me so little that I only have a pound or two."

"Now look here, Lang, you owe me money, and you'll have to pay it, you know. You must borrow it if you haven't got it. Why, hang it, man, there's a fellow at my rooms this very minute with a summons in his pocket for this very suit of clothes I'm standing in. If I don't pay up to-morrow there'll be a pretty shine."

"I'll see if I can get it for you," said Lang. "I'll try and send it you to-night."

"Don't forget it," said Fanshawe, "because it would be uncommonly awkward for me—and perhaps for you," he added.

What did he mean? Lang was afraid to ask. He thought it was a veiled threat, intimating that there was a means of extracting the money if persuasion did not have its due effect.

"I won't forget," he said; "don't be afraid." He rose to try and show the interview was ended. Fanshawe took the hint and his hat, shook hands, and departed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

When Lang met Garland that evening by appointment he had to tell him of Fanshawe's visit. He had no secrets from Garland now. It was a great relief to have some one to whom he could unburden his mind.

His first sensation of relief had, however, to a great extent vanished. It

was an immense load off his mind to find that Garland, whom he so admired and liked, had not turned away from him on finding out the manner of man he was. For a few hours he was almost elated; then came the reaction, intensified by Fanshawe's visit.

"It's all up, Garland," he said, after detailing his conversation with his tempter. "He says he must have the money, and I've promised to send it him to-night, yet I don't know where I'm going to get it."

"I wish that were the greatest difficulty," said Garland, kindly. "I can lend you seven or eight pounds, if that will do. You can pay me back when all this is over. I dare say you would sooner have me for a creditor than him."

"Garland, you're the best fellow in the world," cried Lang, warmly. "I only wish I deserved what you are doing for me."

"Oh, nonsense; you'd do as much for me. Let's get that part of the business over first. Just wait half a minute. I'll get Mr. King to write a cheque and you can send it off at once."

Lang could only murmur his thanks. He felt as if the most pressing danger were over when the letter was sent to post.

"Now," said Garland, on his return, "just settle down in that chair, because we have a good deal to talk over."

Lang obeyed. He was ready to obey in anything.

"What are you going to do?" asked Garland.

Lang looked up surprised. What could he do?

"What would you advise?" he asked, humbly.

"In the first place, of course, you mustn't dream of signing your articles."

"But if I don't every one will find it out, father will want to know the reason, and I shall have to bolt and hide like Melhuish."

Garland left him to go on.

"No, you're right," he continued; "I can't sign my articles; that's fixed, at any rate. I've had enough shuffling and deceiving, I'm going to be straight now."

"Of course," said Garland. "What sort of a life would you lead with the constant fear of some one's turning up and saying, 'Come out of that, you cheat; you've no business to be a solicitor'? No; there's only one way out of it that I can see."

"What's that?"

"You must pass the matriculation in June."

"He ran into the arms of a seedy-looking man."

"But I'm already supposed to have passed it."

"That makes no difference. We want to stand you on your legs, so you must begin at the point where you went wrong. You have almost six weeks before you; you have been working well lately, you ought to be able to pass. In fact you *must*; it's your only chance of avoiding exposure."

"But won't they find it out?" asked Lang.

"No, I don't think so. Your name is not an uncommon one. You must make your application to be allowed to go up from a different address; that may help you. And you must keep the fact of your going up a secret from every one."

"I see," acquiesced Lang.

"It's the sort of job I don't like at all," continued the other, "but it's the best we can do. It is underhand to a certain extent, and I hate anything done in secret, but there is no help for it."

"I'll do it," cried Lang, who saw the path clearing before him. "I'll work day and night. I know the subjects pretty well, for I used to work at them at Christmas time to keep my thoughts off the miserable business."

"Yes, it's a miserable business enough as it stands," said Garland. "If this does come to light you would certainly be liable to be punished for fraud."

"Yes; if I signed under false pretences."

"In any case the guilt is the same."

"Yes," said Lang; "I know that only too well. Only five weeks and a day or two! I shall have to stick at it."

"I tell you what I'll do," said Garland. "I have to read some classics for practice, so I may just as well read your subjects with you."

"Thanks, awfully, I shall get on ever so much faster."

"You must let your law slide for the next few weeks."

"That will be easy enough," said Lang, sadly. "I've only been playing at it."

"Then do your best, and remember how much depends on it. Pass your exam., and you will be able to sign your articles with a free conscience, knowing that you've earned the right to the year's exemption you claim. If you fail, you must either postpone entering till after the next exam., or else go in for the preliminary and face the explanation which must come out."

"I'll do it," said Lang, determinedly. All seemed bright and smooth now. He was clear of Fanshawe, he need never see him again and never would. Once pass his exam. and the whole of that unhappy episode in his existence would be blotted out for ever.

So Lang thought. But he had to learn that the consequences of evil deeds are not always so confined as we should wish. Even repentance is not invariably sufficient to destroy them.

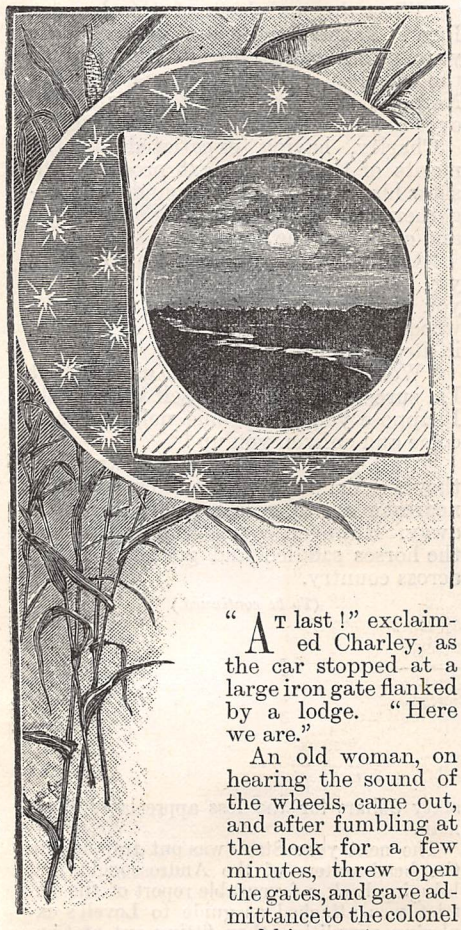
(*To be continued.*)

A SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE WITH MOONLIGHTERS.

By James Cox, R.N.,

Author of "Fascinated by a Fakir," "How I Saved My Aunt's Diamonds," etc.

CHAPTER II.



"At last!" exclaimed Charley, as the car stopped at a large iron gate flanked by a lodge. "Here we are."

An old woman, on hearing the sound of the wheels, came out, and after fumbling at the lock for a few minutes, threw open the gates, and gave admittance to the colonel and his escort.

A short drive through an avenue, and the car was pulled up in front of a large house, from one of the upper windows of which a solitary ray of light gleamed out into the darkness.

In response to a hearty pull of the bell, the said window was cautiously raised a few inches, and a sweet voice was heard saying,

"Is that you, papa dear?"

"All right, Eileen darling. Tell Dan to let us in at once."

The window was closed, the light disappeared, and a few seconds later there was a sound of the removal of bars and chains from the hall-door. Another moment, and the door was thrown wide open, disclosing to view a very pretty girl and a white-haired old man who held a candle above his head and peered out into the darkness.

"Welcome home, papa dear!" said the former, throwing herself into the colonel's arms and kissing him.

"And you too, Charley!" exclaimed the young lady, as she disengaged herself from the embrace of her father and threw her arms round Reggy's neck, much to that young gentleman's astonishment, and gave him a hearty kiss.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Charley, in intense glee. "You are as bad as the policeman. Never mind, Reggy, old fellow, you needn't look so uncomfortable; she won't do it again."

"Where's your aunt, Eileen?" asked the colonel, to cover the confusion and divert attention from the mistake his pretty daughter had made.

"Oh, papa dear, the moment you went away she locked herself up in her room, piled all the furniture against the door, and made old Dan march up and down outside with the blunderbuss. She's dreadfully nervous."

"Poor old lady! However, let's get in. I suppose there's a fire in the dining-room."

Mickey and the policeman drove off to the stables, and Eileen led the way into the dining-room, where, after the colonel and the two boys had divested themselves of their great-coats and wraps, they all sat down and did ample justice to the supper which Eileen had thoughtfully prepared for them.

After the meal was concluded the colonel looked at his watch. "Come, Charley, show Reggy his room; do you know it's nearly midnight? and no doubt he'll be glad to get to roost after his long journey."

"This way, old chap!" cried Charley, lighting a candle in the hall and conducting his guest up a wide oak staircase to a long corridor on the first landing. "Your crib is next mine at the end of this passage. I say, Reg., you ain't afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"Not a bit! Why?"

"Well, it's said—but of course I don't believe it—that once a year the ghost of old Oliver Cromwell haunts this wing of the house. This is a precious ancient house—at least one part of it is—and there's a yarn that when Cromwell was over in Ireland he stayed in it, and had Lady Desmond, to whom the place belonged, put to death for harbouring some rebels. I'm not sure, though, whether it's Cromwell's ghost or the old lady's that haunts the place. Perhaps it's both of 'em; I'll ask old Dan to-morrow. Here we are. Good night."

Reggy turned into bed pretty smartly, for he was tired and glad to get to rest; but he found it rather more difficult to fall asleep than he had anticipated. The strange bed and surroundings, the long journey, and the tragic death of Biddy's cow, kept him awake. At last, however, as the clock on the stairs struck the hour of one, he turned over on his side for about the twentieth time and commenced saying the alphabet backwards, hoping that this monotonous mental exercise would have the desired effect. He had just arrived at the letter O when a noise resembling a stealthy footfall in the corridor near the door attracted his attention, and he at once sat up and listened.

"I wonder who can be wandering about at this time of night?" thought Reggy, feeling a little uncomfortable. "Ghosts? Phoo! that's all nonsense; there are no such things! Hallo, though! What's that?"

By the feeble light emitted from the dying embers of the fire in the grate he saw, or fancied he saw, a small white hand glide round the edge of his door, which he had left ajar, and flutter for a moment over the place where the lock should be, as if feeling for a key. Before he could recover his astonishment the hand was withdrawn, and he heard footsteps rapidly passing along the passage, while a weak, quavering voice outside muttered in low tones, "This house will be the death of me, I know it will!"

Reginald sprang out of bed, saying to himself, "One of Master Charley's tricks! I'll serve him out for this!"

Flinging the door wide open, he peered into the darkness. "Surely I'm not dreaming!" he thought. "What was that at the far end of the corridor, where the light from an open door streamed across the polished oak floor? A little old woman in white, with a peculiar-shaped scarlet cap on her head, appeared to his astonished gaze for one brief moment in the spot thus illuminated, and instantly disappeared, the light vanishing.

"Very odd," thought the boy. "Can there be any truth in what Charley told me?"

Returning to his bedroom, Reginald lit his candle and proceeded to his chum's bedroom. There he found Charley, fast asleep and snoring contentedly.

Then he walked down the whole length of the corridor, and stopped for a moment opposite the door at the upper end, where he imagined the apparition had disappeared. All was quiet; and so, thinking perhaps that he must have been dreaming after all, he returned to his own room, blew out the candle, got into bed, and fell asleep.

* * * *

"Hallo, Reggy! Rouse out, old chap! I've been hammering at your door for the last five minutes! Look sharp, or you'll be late for breakfast!"

Reggy, thus admonished, sat up in bed and told Charley to come in.

"Why, how white you look, Reg.! Had a bad night's rest, eh?"

"Yes," said Reggie, yawning. "I can't say I slept very well. Strange bed, you know. However, I'll look sharp and dress now."

As Reggy turned out and commenced dressing, the vision of the old lady flashed across his mind. "I don't think I shall say anything about it to Charley," he muttered, aloud; "I may have dreamt it."

On reaching the breakfast-room Reginald found Colonel Fitzgerald, the fair Eileen, and his schoolfellow already seated. Eileen was presiding at the head of the table, and looked, if possible, prettier than ever. She smiled as their guest entered the room, and motioned him to a chair on her right.

"I hope you slept well last night?" she said as she helped him to a cup of coffee.

He was about to answer when the door

was suddenly opened, admitting an elderly lady, who trotted nimbly across the room and seated herself in a vacant chair opposite to him. Her dress was somewhat quaint, of a fashion long out of date, and her manners were rather peculiar. She looked sharply at Reginald, and then, turning to Colonel Fitzgerald, gave an angry sniff, and in a rasping tone of voice said, "Fitzgerald, you ought to have known better than to have brought that boy here!" Then, jerking her head round, and fixing Reg. with her little grey eyes, exclaimed, "Boy, is your life insured?"

"My what, madam?" replied Reggy, feeling slightly astonished at the lady's brusque behaviour.

"Your life, boy!—your life! Poor innocent! don't you know that you are surrounded by assassins, Moonlighters, dynamitards, and blackguards of all descriptions? Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I leave Dublin?"

Reggy mumbled out something to the effect that he did not think his life was insured, but would ask his father, on which he received a kick under the table from Charley, and, looking up at that young gentleman, saw that he was doing his utmost to suppress a violent attack of laughter. Eileen whispered at the same moment to him, "You must excuse aunty, she's so dreadfully nervous, poor dear!"

There was silence for a few moments, presently broken by Eileen saying to Reginald, "You didn't tell me how you slept last night?"

"Sleep, indeed!" said the old lady; "who *can* sleep in this house? I tell you, boy, that since I was foolish enough to leave Dublin to come to this place I never go to bed without expecting to wake up some morning to find myself murdered!"

"Bravo, aunty?" cried Charley. "A regular Irish bull that!"

"Silence, Charles!" rejoined the lady, with dignity.

After breakfast the colonel retired to his study, and the two boys and Eileen went to the stables, as Charley wanted to show Reggy the horse that he was to ride during his stay at the Castle.

On their way Eileen said, "I'm afraid you had a bad night's rest. Did you dream of Lady Desmond's spirit? Charley told me that he had been telling you that stupid story."

Reggy looked a little confused, and little by little Eileen drew out of him the account of the mysterious apparition.

"What was the ghost like?" asked Charley.

"I didn't see her face; but I know she was dressed in white, and wore a very bright red cap."

"A what?" exclaimed Eileen, with a smile.

"A red cap."

Eileen clapped her hands, and her bright eyes gleamed and sparkled with amusement.

"Oh, Charley, the mystery's out! It was Aunt Mary! You know, Charley, she never can rest until she has locked every door in the house. Don't you remember the last time you were home she locked you in, and afterwards forgot where she put the key? How fortunate it was there was no key to your door!" she added, turning to Reggy.

"Now then, Mick, let's have a look at the horses!" exclaimed Charley.

"What do you think of this beauty, Reg.? Father bought her for Eileen last year. That animal in the next stall is the colonel's, and this chap—dear old Nero—is my own, which I shall turn over to you. I shall use the governor's."

Charley, having expatiated on the merits of the horses, next proceeded to show his chum over the grounds, and together they explored nearly every nook and corner of the demesne.

"Our place doesn't look up to much, you know, at this time of the year; but you should see it in summer, when the woods are green? What do you think of it, Reg.?"

"Well, it looks a wee bit gloomy, but I'm sure I shall enjoy myself very much. I suppose you have some neighbours to come and enliven you up?"

"Well, yes; we have one or two, but they seldom look us up now, and the nearest place to ours is quite five miles away. However, come along; we'll have the horses saddled and go for a gallop across country."

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

II.—JOHN STARK.

THE most trusted lieutenant of the Rangers was John Stark, who afterwards rose to considerable eminence during the Revolutionary War. He was born at Londonderry, in New Hampshire, in 1728, his father being Archibald Stark, a Glasgow man, who landed on the Kennebec in 1721.

John Stark's first recorded adventure is a thrilling one. On the 28th of April, 1752, when out trapping with his elder brother William, and two friends, Stinson and Eastman, the party was surprised by ten St. Francis Indians. The Indian trail had been struck two days before, and the Starks were preparing to leave the ground, John being away from the rest collecting the traps.

The Indians found him alone and captured him, and on asking about his companions Stark gave such information as led them a couple of miles out of the way. Unfortunately the three trappers, thinking he had lost himself, fired their rifles as a signal, and this betrayed them to the savages, who made their way to the river to intercept their canoe as it returned.

The trappers, suspecting what had happened, slowly came down the river—William Stark and Stinson in the canoe, and Eastman scouting on the bank. At sunrise Eastman fell into the hands of the Redskins, who at the same time ordered Stark to hail his brother and decoy him ashore.

Instead of doing as he was requested, John coolly hailed the canoe, told William how they were situated, and advised him and his friend to paddle to the opposite bank. They did so. Four of the Indians fired at them. As the guns went off Stark knocked up two of the barrels, and the men in the canoe were untouched.

Again the Indians fired, and again did the trapper knock up two of the rifles. And then he shouted to his brother to paddle for dear life, as all the guns were discharged. The canoe was driven furiously across the stream, but before it was out of range one of the Redskins had reloaded, and with a long shot killed Stinson. William Stark escaped; we shall meet with him again.

The Indians took the furs the party had collected, and having given Stark a good drubbing for his pluck, marched him and Eastman off into captivity at St. Francis. Here they were made to run the gauntlet—that is, run between two lines of Indians armed with heavy sticks, who struck at them furiously as they passed.

Eastman was severely handled as he went through, but Stark snatched a cudgel from the first man he came to, and dashed down the lane, hitting out right and left, and scattering the astonished Indians in all directions, greatly to the delight of the old men who witnessed the scene and heartily enjoyed the confusion of their young warriors.

With these Indians Stark remained three months, and was admitted into the tribe as a chief, owing to the respect they entertained for him. They at the outset ordered him to hoe their corn; but he, knowing that such work was in their opinion only fit for squaws and slaves, deliberately occupied himself in cutting up the corn and sparing the weeds. The Indians were naturally rather cross at this, but did not relieve him of his task. And so he threw away his hoes into the river, telling them that it was "the business of squaws and not warriors to hoe corn." The sentiment pleased his masters, and he was adopted as the son of the Sachem.

Soon afterwards two commissioners from Massachusetts arrived at the village to redeem prisoners, and finding Stark and Eastman there, ransomed them at the rate of one hundred and three dollars for Stark, and sixty dollars for the less appreciated Eastman.

The next year Stark was out trapping up the head waters of the Androscoggin, and bringing back a favourable report of the district, was attached as guide to Lovell's exploring expedition, then fitting out at Concord for the upper Coos country. In 1754 Stark was the guide to another expedition, that which first explored the fertile meadows on the banks of the Connecticut about Haverhill and Newbury.

In the winter of 1756 the Rangers were raised under Rogers, and Stark was chosen by him as lieutenant. In the April following he arrived at Fort Edward, and was told off to scout round Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Soon afterwards he took part in the defeat of the French at the Bloody Pond, where on the same day and on the same field there were three several battles, with the loss of three commanders and an Indian chief. The commanders were Colonel Williams and Captain McGinnis, and the French general Baron Dieskau; and the Indian chief was the famous Hendricks, the leader of the Mohawks. Dieskau was captured mortally wounded, but lived to reach England.

On the 21st of January, 1757, the Rangers, seventy-four strong, were snow-shoeing up Lake Champlain, when they sighted a sled on the road from Crown Point to Ticonderoga. Stark, with twenty men, was ordered to head it, while Rogers cut off its retreat. Rogers soon saw ten other sleds passing down the lake, and tried in vain to warn Stark before he showed himself on the ice. The moment Stark appeared the sleds hastily turned back, and the Rangers pursuing, took seven prisoners, three sleds, and six horses. From the prisoners they learnt that there were then over a thousand men in Ticonderoga; and, fearing immediate pursuit, Rogers

gave the word to march back to the fires they had kindled the night before, and prepare for battle by drying their guns, as the rain had come on.

In single file, Ranger-fashion, they "advanced half a mile over broken ground, and passed a valley of fifteen rods breadth, when the front, having gained the summit of the opposite hill on the west side, fell in with the enemy drawn up in the form of a crescent to surround them, and were immediately saluted with a volley of two hundred shots at a distance of five yards from the nearest and thirty from the rear of the party." A move was ordered to the opposite hill, where Stark was already covering the retreat. The pursuit was close, but Stark's fire was so deadly that the French were driven back so as to allow of the line being re-formed.

The French and their Indian allies then attempted to outflank the Rangers, but the attempt failed. The Rangers made the most of their shelter behind the large trees on the hill, and kept the enemy at bay till sunset. Stark was the only officer not wounded, and when a retreat was spoken of declared that he would shoot the first man who fled. He had the lock of his gun shot away, but jumped out of his shelter and seized a rifle from a dying foe.

Rogers was hit twice—once in the head, once in the wrist; and it is related as a curiosity of surgical practice that one of the men cut off the major's queu and used it to stop the hole in the major's wrist.

In the darkness the Rangers retreated, and next morning reached Lake George, six miles south of the French advanced guard, and forty miles from Fort William Henry. The wounded were unable to march any farther, and Stark, with two of his men, volunteered to proceed to the fort for sleds.

The snow was four feet deep on the level, and could be traversed only on snowshoes, and yet the three Rangers reached the fort before sundown, and returned with the sleds by the next morning. The Rangers had lost fourteen killed, six wounded, and six captured, out of seventy-eight; the French had one hundred and sixteen killed out of two hundred and fifty. Stark was promoted to be captain in place of Spikeman, who was killed in the action.

In the following March, Stark was at Fort William Henry, and defeated the French attack under somewhat curious circumstances. Among the regular troops then in garrison were a number of Irishmen, and these had laid themselves out for keeping St. Patrick's Day in their usual convivial fashion. This the French knew, and arranged their plans accordingly. Stark, however, resolved that the Rangers should keep sober, and declined to serve them with spirits. The Irishmen made themselves excessively drunk, and the French, under Longee, expecting all the troops were alike, suddenly assaulted the fort. They were, however, met by the sober Rangers, and held at bay until the regulars came to their senses and cleared them off. Some months afterwards the fort was captured by the French, and the prisoners were dragged from their ranks and tomahawked in the sight of the French officers.

With the failure of Lord Howe to capture Ticonderoga there began a long string of reverses under General Abercrombie; and until the arrival of Wolfe and Amherst, Montcalm carried all before him. Stark, at the head of two hundred Rangers, was sent on in front by Amherst to clear the road for him in his projected advance into Canada, and during the campaign that followed was constantly employed on scouting duties.

As a sample of the adventures some of the Rangers underwent in these services, the following may be taken. In a bush fight ten of the Rangers were attacked by Redskins. Seven of the Rangers and seventeen of the Indians fell. Of the three surviving white men one escaped, one was captured, and one was massacred and his heart torn out and forced into the captured man's mouth. The Ranger William Moore was carried away to the west to be sacrificed. His body was filled with splinters, and the Redskins were about to set them alight, when the squaw whose son had first laid hands on him, and from whom he had wrenched a tomahawk and buried it in his brains, rushed forward and declared that she would adopt him as her son. By his knowledge of the arts of the whites he gained the affection of the Indians and remained with them six years, until by pretending sickness on account of a bleeding at the mouth, in consequence of running a stick down his throat, he persuaded them to take him to a physician at Montreal, where he regained his liberty.

Or take the experiences of the four who left Crown Point with letters for the Quebec army. The four were Eastman, who ran the Indian gauntlet, Shute, Goodford, and Beverley. Having reached Missisqui Bay, they started thence for the St. Francis, and proceeded through wet marshy ground, where they could scarcely find a dry spot to encamp. At the St. Francis they made two rafts of driftwood at some distance above the falls, so that two might first cross, and if they found all right signal to the others to follow with the despatches. Shute and Eastman were selected for the first attempt, but, as they had only poles to push across with, the current proved too strong for them, carried them down, and they had to save themselves by jumping on to a rock just at the head of the falls, against the point of which their raft struck, and stayed long enough for them to save their guns and stores.

After reconnoitring, they signalled all clear to the others, and warned them to try the passage much farther up. The raft was launched as directed, but it too became unmanageable and drifted down with the stream. "Finding that they must go over the falls, they threw down their poles and cried for mercy. Shute and Eastman told them to throw off their clothes and sit down. This they did, and the raft went down the rapids."

From a tree which overlooked the stream Shute and his companion watched their descent as they alternately appeared and disappeared. And then they ran to the foot of the fall and rescued Beverley, who was climbing up the bank, and Goodwin, who was clinging to a piece of driftwood.

Two of the party had thus lost everything, but the others shared what they possessed with them. The men kept on, and one Sunday morning heard the sound of a bell. They made for the sound, and discovered a Catholic chapel, with the villagers crowding in to the service. They waited till all was quiet, and then entered a house and helped themselves to provisions and clothing.

Three or four days afterwards, on ascending a hill, they had their first view of the St. Lawrence, and saw a large encampment on its bank. The troops were the British army proceeding to Montreal, and, accompanying it, they witnessed on September 8, 1760, the surrender of Canada to the British Crown.

Stark, on the breaking out of the War of Independence, was elected colonel of one of the New Hampshire regiments, and took a prominent part in the Battle of Bunker's Hill. He afterwards retired from service, but was again called upon and won the Battle of Bennington over Baum, who had been dispatched by Burgoyne on a very hazardous expedition. And he died at the good old age of ninety-four, the last but one of the American generals of the Revolution.

MODEL YACHTING IN 1884 AND 1885.

(Continued from page 335.)

With a passing mention of the Ulster, Derry, and Carrickfergus clubs we cross the Channel, and after a glance at the Saturday afternoon races on Ryde Canoe Lake, hurry on to London. The old Clapham, which has come out with a card for 1885 containing sixteen club matches—to say nothing of specials—had a wonderful season in 1884. Every fixture was successfully brought off; not one had to be postponed. The winning yawls were Ariel, Electric, Phaeton, Wave, and Bustler; the winning cutters Eagle, Griffin, Rover, Maria, and Cynisca. Of the Commodore's prize offered to the yawls who had won a club first during the year Ariel proved the winner; and the Vice-Commodore's prize offered to the cutters who had won a club first during the year fell to Rover, a new boat of great promise. The distribution of the prizes at the annual supper was a new and very pleasing feature of the season.

The Clapham boats practically belong to the tonnage classes, for although the measurement is over all, depth has always held its own against width, and none of the successful boats are of less than four beams. The Electric, the newest of the winners, is thirty inches over all; she has a two-inch counter, making her twenty-eight inches on the water-line, and her beam is only six and a quarter. Although the narrowest boat in the club, none of her competitors exceed her in breadth by more than an inch.

The measurement of the Serpentine Club we have already alluded to. During the season ten twenty-tonner matches were brought off, the winners turning up in Wild Rose, Nellie, and Chittywee. In 1885 the club will sail only twenty-tonners built to a seven-eighths scale, and ten-tonners built to the inch. The London is to be challenged, and time difference at so much per pound is to be offered—a pleasant little arrangement which may have interesting results. As showing the extension of model yachting it may be mentioned that it was one of the Serpentine boats that carried off the prize at the model yacht race at Nice.

The Model Yacht Sailing Association sailed a number of matches during the year, the chief winners being Nellie, Frolic, Brilliant, Rocket, and Minnie. In 1885 we are promised a new class, a yard on the waterline, with a six inch counter. During 1884 the club lost several of its members, some of them to sail under the flag of the London, and one of them, Mr. F. Biddle, having died. Mr. Biddle was a model yachtsman whose recollections went back to the time of the almost legendary Cooper, the gunsmith, who in the year 1833 clapped the first lead keel on the Atalanta, and dealt the death-blow to inside ballast. He was a perfect master of boat-sailing, and was well known in all the London clubs; he was indeed the actual founder of several of them, and his death is a severe blow to his many friends.

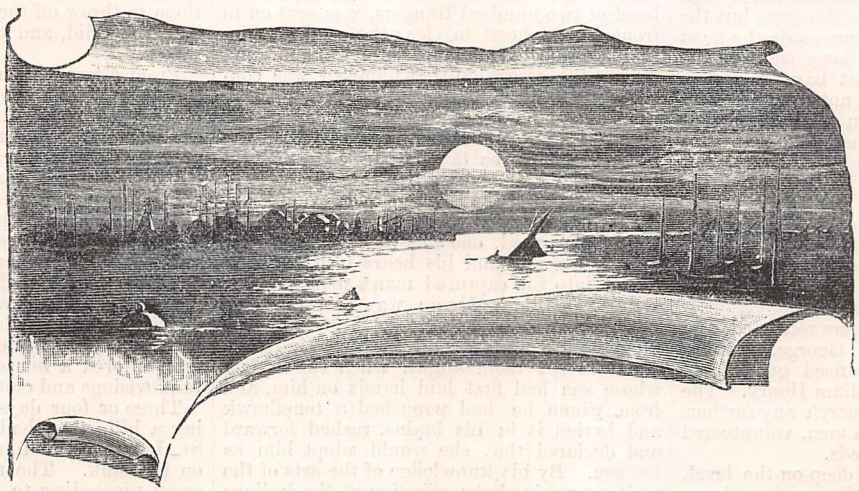
The Victoria has also lost its most prominent member during the year. Mr. Walton was a most enthusiastic boatbuilder, and his "How to Build, Rig, and Sail a Self-acting Model Yacht" did much to help on the cause. Although he dealt solely with models of the beamy Victoria build, yet his hints and clear descriptions have enabled many a model

yachtsman to achieve success in boats of the more yachty tonnage type. One of his last triumphs was the winning of the silver cup with Io last May. On the same water as the Victoria the Prince of Wales's Club sail their matches, and a silver cup and other prizes were contended for during the year.

There are many matters of interest that suggest themselves in the course of an annual summary such as this. We cannot dwell on them now. One, however, that of the manner of scoring, is of considerable importance. At present it is customary to give the same points to a winner for a beat, a reach, or a run, notwithstanding the well-known fact that the difficulty in designing a model is to get one that will sail to windward. A very inferior type of boat will do well with the wind aft or on a soldier's wind, but let the breeze once get a point or two forward and she will drop away to leeward like a log. Under these circumstances, some of the clubs are thinking of mending their ways, and to such another extract from the well-thought-out rules of the London, which under the presidency of Sir Thomas Brassey is making such a bold bid for success, may not be unwelcome :—

"In the case of the wind being in a direction to give a beat to windward, and a run, or broad reach over the course, the scoring shall be as follows. The boat arriving first within the winning boundaries after a beat to windward or a close haul, shall count three to her score ; the second boat shall count two to her score. Should the wind give a reach both ways, the first boat shall count two and the second boat shall count one to her score. The first boat in in a run or broad reach shall count two to her score, and the second boat shall count one to her score. At the call of time the prize shall be awarded to the highest score. In case of a tie, where all the competitors have sailed in one division, the prize shall be awarded to the boat that has gained the greatest number of points to windward ; and in the event of a further tie it shall be sailed off in a pasaage to windward, stations for the decision of this tie being drawn for."

(THE END



GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN.

The First Albert Medalist.

OUR Albert Medal was founded on March 7th, 1866. The first man to receive the decoration was Samuel Popplestone, of Start Farm, Devonshire, who at the peril of his life went down the Start Rocks with a rope and saved the survivors of the Spirit of the Ocean.

The Spirit of the Ocean was one of the Nova Scotia packets, and at the time she was wrecked had twenty-four passengers on board, in addition to her crew of eighteen. She left the docks on the 19th of March with a cargo valued at £60,000. Four days afterwards she was caught in a terrific gale, and lost in Start Bay.

The Start is one of the most picturesque headlands that jut into the English Channel. Although it yields in grandeur to the Prawle and the Bolt Head and Tail close by, its graceful outline, rugged rocks aglow with colour, and romantic caves and precipices, washed by the summer sea, form one of those pleasant pictures that never fade from the memory. And when in the winter and early spring the furious billows lash up against it and send the spray showering up in glittering masses, lit for an instant by some fitful ray from between the storm-clouds, the scene is as wild as any on the wild coast of Devon.

Beating through this bay, on her way to shelter at Dartmouth, the Spirit of the Ocean was seen on that stormy Friday afternoon. The sea was running in huge hills, and at every gust of the gale the wave-crests were beaten flat down by the strength of the blast. With most of her canvas torn, and the stray tatters streaming in the wind, the good ship made but slow progress, and drifted bodily towards the shore. She weathered the Pear-tree Rocks, and seemed to be in safety ; but in a few minutes the gale seized her, and slowly and surely she was driven to her doom on the Prawles.

She struck at twenty minutes to seven, and before seven o'clock she had been shattered to pieces. She broke in two ; the fore part turned over keel upwards, the stern slipped back into the sea, and all the passengers in

the poop were swept away. Of those aft only one man was saved—the mate.

The spot where she had come ashore was at the foot of a precipice about a mile from the lighthouse. The nearest coastguard station was a mile and a half away, the nearest town about twelve miles. The nearest habitation was Start Farmhouse, about half a mile from the cliff.

Fortunately the farmer had seen the ship, and watched her strike. He ran home, procured a long rope, and let himself down the precipice to the rescue. As he touched the rock he was washed off into the sea, but he clung to the rope, and the returning wave brought him back again.

Single-handed, with the rope round him, he worked his utmost to save whom he could from the wreck. The mate was washed past, and he seized him. Then a sailor was found struggling in the water, then another clinging to the rock, then another.

That was all. Four saved out of forty-two.

The night had closed in, the storm raged on, and the timbers of the lost Spirit crashed on to the cliffside to the right and left of the little group clustering round the rope which ran up into the darkness.

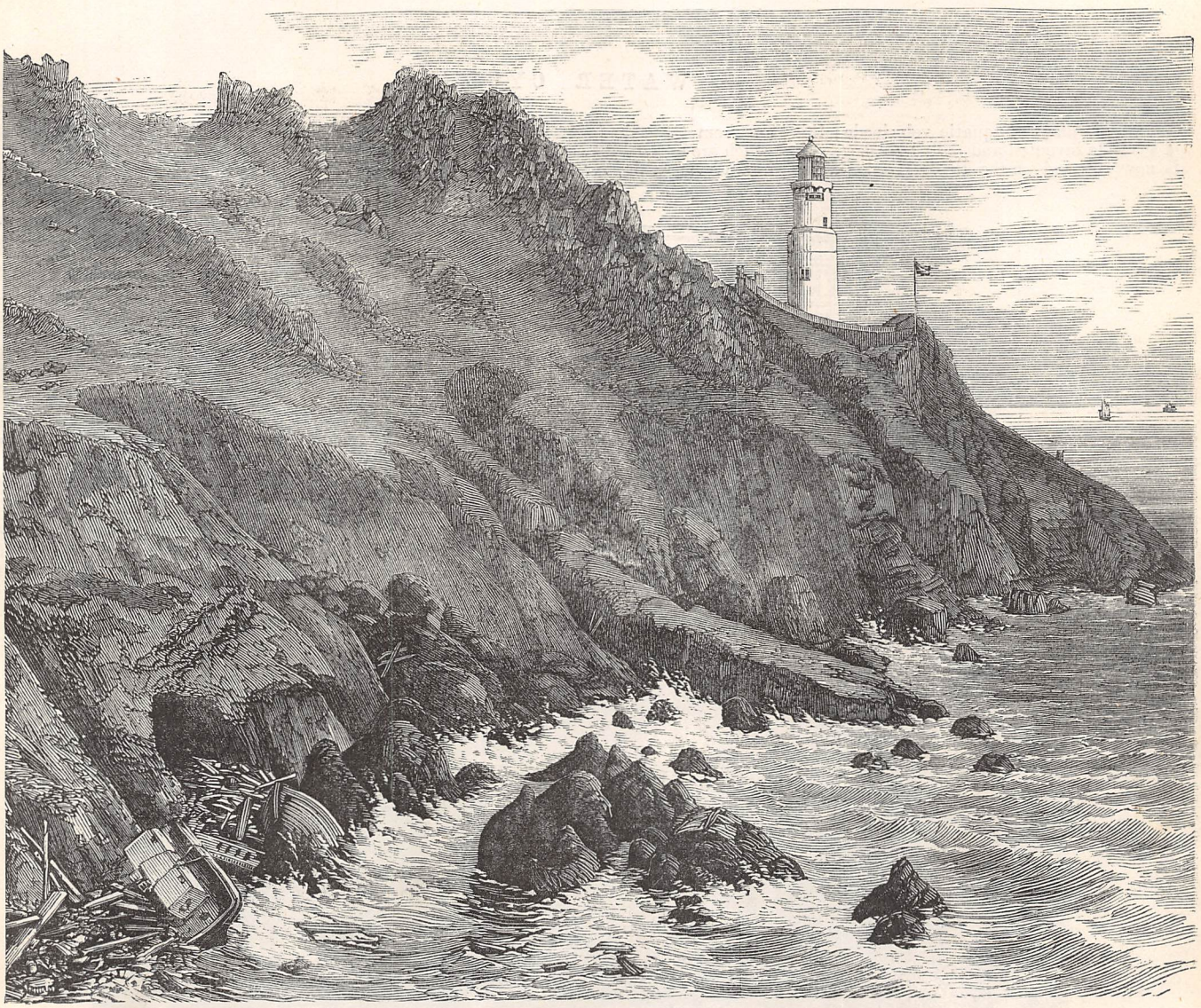
Eight o'clock, nine o'clock came, and no help. At ten o'clock—three long hours after the vessel broke up—the rope shook. Help had come, the coastguardsmen had found them at last, and one by one the five men were hauled aloft.

Popplestone took the four men home with him to his farm and gave them food and shelter. They had had a marvellous escape. The site of the wreck is still pointed out, and a more hopeless spot for succour to reach a shipwrecked man it would be difficult to conceive.

The reason of the disaster was a simple one. The ship was overpowered by the wind and literally blown on to the rocks. Captain Cary was making for the nearest port to wait until the tempest passed by, but before he could reach it the Spirit of the Ocean met her doom.

On the 14th of May following the Queen sent for Samuel Popplestone, and with her own hands pinned to his breast the Albert Medal which he had so worthily won.

(THE END.)



Start Bay, Devon.

A HUNGARIAN HOLIDAY.

(*See our Coloured Plate.*)

In the south of Hungary and in nearly all the States adjoining the Carpathian Mountains, such as Wallachia and Moldavia, which are now united and form Roumania, the breeding of horses by peasants is very much encouraged, both by the Government and by leading landowners, who themselves possess extensive studs, which constitute the principal source of their incomes. The peasants are induced to persist in this meritorious and profitable occupation by the distribution of prizes awarded to the successful competitors at the displays which are held periodically under Government supervision, and form national holidays.

It is one of these that Professor Wagner has so cleverly represented. The gatherings are, it will be seen, not only picturesque in

themselves, but are conducted in a way that makes our own system of horse-dealing and horse-racing appear all the more disreputable by contrast. These Hungarian holidays are pleasantly marked by the complete absence of betting, gambling, and all the other grave drawbacks which characterise the English turf, even though the original design even with us may have been solely to encourage the breeds of horses which should be of unrivalled merit.

The Hungarian horses themselves are remarkably good, although rather small. They possess, among other qualifications, great hardihood with considerable sureness and swiftness of foot. The formidable-looking whips carried by the riders are not used to strike their animals, many of which are great pets, but to add to the hilarity of the scene by flourishing with a series of sharp reports resembling pistol-shots.

The Roumanian Government annually sends out a commission composed of cavalry officers to Hungary for the express purpose of purchasing the very best horses, and they generally attend these national gatherings as the market where they are sure of finding all they want.

To a stranger, especially an Englishman, these friendly tournays prove as novel as pleasing. It is pleasant to see these brawny Transylvanians on their bright little steeds, all bedecked with multi-coloured ribbons and gay trappings, and especially to see the care they take of their animals and the proud and almost arrogant way they ride up and down the course or amongst the other peasantry who are assembled to witness the triumph or possible downfall of some favourite horse and rider from their village. All are the owners of the horses they bestride. The people assemble from all parts of the State to witness the scene.

A WATER CYCLE.

HERE is another aquatic velocipede; this time invented and built by a boy. It is now running on the River Huisne, doing its six miles an hour up stream and its ten miles down.

Fig. 1.

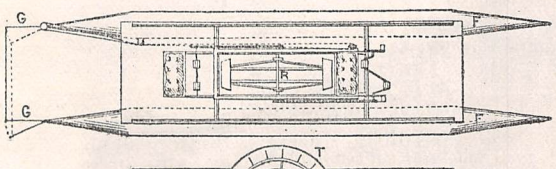
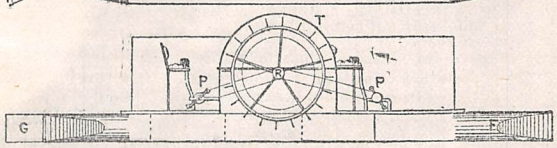


Fig. 2.



It consists of two hollow sheet-iron pipes, built in air-tight compartments, and braced together with crossbeams. In Figs. 1 and 2 we give a plan and section of the apparatus, and from these the true shape of the pipes, which are lettered F F, can be made out. The iron is very thin, for the whole apparatus, wheel and all, weighs under eight hundredweight.

The wheel fitted with paddles, marked R in the illustration, is worked with a chain on exactly the same principle as an ordinary tricycle, and the chains are taken fore and aft, tandem fashion, to the rotary pedals P P. At G G is a pair of rudders connected with a cross-bar so as to work together, and having tiller ropes led up to the driver on the front seat. A wheel-shade (T) and a safety-chain complete the apparatus. The drawings we give are to scale, so that the proportions are exact.

For the iron, waterproof canvas could be substituted, and a pair of bicycle wheels could easily be arranged so as to carry the floats. The new form of water-cycle is thus not so difficult of construction as may at first sight appear, and for those who like to see the way they are going as well as enjoy moderate muscular exercise it may be found a very suitable machine. And it is not an unhandy one, for its rudders take it round the full circle in twice its length.

It was built by Amedée Bollée, a French lad living near Mans, the son of the inventor of one of the recent steam carriages.

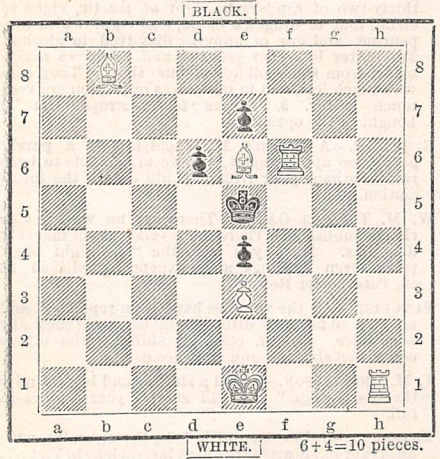
We have gone so fully into the matter of these aquatic velocipedes in the parts for April, 1883, and April, 1884, that for further explanation we must refer our readers to the diagrams.

CHESS.

(*Continued from page 287.*)

Problem No. 93.

By Mrs. SOPHIE SCHETT.



6+4=10 pieces.

White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

BERGER'S PROBLEMS.

During the past year of 1884 a second work has been presented to the chess world, entitled "Das Schachproblem und dessen kunstgerechte Darstellung. Ein Leitfaden für Problemfreunde von J. Berger." Thus since Meyer's "Chess Guide" was published in London, February, 1882 (in which, on pages 261 to 263, references will be found to the most important works on chess), we have to thank eight more authors for the publication of their problems. In 1882 the well-known problem collector J. A. Miles published his problems and some of his poems. Then, in 1883, there followed J. Thursby, Miss F. F. Beechey, C. M. Baxter (in English), S. Gold (in German), and E. Pradignat (in French). In 1884 the old master, B. Horwitz, of London, published a volume of end-games, composed by himself and the late J. Kling. The volume by J. Berger contains 124 problems on diagrams in from two to seven moves, and may well be compared with the 101 problems by Kohtz und Kockelkorn, or the 112 problems by Ph. Klett, or the 534 compositions by S. Loyd. Most of the problems by Loyd contain comparatively few variations, and several of them are constructed with a few pieces; but the problems by Klett and by Berger contain many variations and are mostly composed with a great number of pieces. Kohtz and Kockelkorn have a few problems of five or seven pieces, Klett has two of eight pieces, but Berger has always employed from nine to twenty-five pieces. This elaborate style of employing from twenty to twenty-six pieces to produce many variations is not always pleasing, for the difficulty of the solution is not always in harmony with the beauty of the movements. The harmony is mostly and happily preserved in the problems by K. Bayer. The average number of pieces in a problem is fifteen. As we said in our articles in Volume v., page 256, "the height of the art consists in the attainment of much beauty and variety by economical means." Particularly pleasing are Berger's Nos. 2, 12, 36, 53, 55, 85, and 93, also Klett's Nos. 9, 22, 41, 47, 49, 89, 90, and 112, and also Kohtz and Kockelkorn's Nos. 5, 37, 67, 81, 84, 85, 89, and 97. Klett has given fifty-two pages of notes and Berger one hundred and ten pages. The latter has given many appropriate rules and hints, but some of his observations differ from ours. His German, which is difficult, is made still more so by the superfluous introduction of a number of foreign words. The difficulty of testing the correctness of such problems, both in regard to their solution and construction, is considerable, and but very few have the time or the knowledge for the task.

The following are Berger's No. 2 and No. 85 (his last four-mover):—

White: K—Q Kt 5; Q—Q B 2; Kt—Q Kt 4; P—K B 2.—Black: K—Q 5; Kt—Q Kt 7; Ps—K 4, Q Kt 2 and 3. White mates in two moves.

White: K—Q B sq.; Q—Q Kt 8; R—Q B 3; B—Q B 7; Kt—K B 2; Ps—Q R 3, Q Kt 2, Q B 4, Q 5, K Kt 3 and K R 2.—Black: K—Q 5; R—K R 3; Bs—K R sq. and K R 8; Kts—K Kt 2 and 3; Ps—Q R 3 and 5, Q Kt 6, Q B 4, K B 6 and K Kt 5. White mates in four moves.

When publishing the solutions to these two problems we will call them Nos. 94 and 95.

To Chess Correspondents.

H. M. (Bath.)—Solution and most of the observations correct.

W. H. T.—1. P f 8 : M will not solve No. 85, because the black M can check.

F. T. H. (Scarborough.)—The solution of No. 80, on page 110, will evidently please you. You are willing to play a game by correspondence and require an opponent.

"LA FÉE" (Pentonville).—Inquire about the Chess Club in the Euston Road.—Your problem in two moves will appear, but instead of the black Kt at Q 3 you might have the B at Q sq. to prevent a dual. Your other problem is "lawless."

Frau S. S.—Ihre zwei und zwanzig neuen Aufgaben werden geprüft werden.

To Go-Ban Correspondents.

"NABOG."—When all the twenty-four men have been placed and the game is not decided, then the players move alternately until one succeeds in moving five men in a line. As stated on page 62, a game may have 70 or more moves.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A VERY NATURAL ANSWER!

The "Educational Times" of December 1st, 1884, remarks: "An examiner at one of our large schools this midsummer gave what he called a 'General Intelligence or Surprise Paper of Questions,' and one of the questions asked in it was, 'What book or books do you like to read best, and why?' The examiner was shocked to find that instead of Scott, or Milton, or Macaulay, nine out of ten named the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and justified their choice by reference to its tales, illustrations, information, and to the way in which it caters for their especial hobbies and juvenile idiosyncrasies." The writer then goes on to observe that the boys and girls of these days are rapacious readers, and in addition to their English Classics they require their own periodical literature, and it is well that they have such a wholesome supply as that furnished by the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

"THE Life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another to say "He is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second.—*J. C. Ryle.*

FULLER.—You will find the "Silver Cañon" in the sixth volume. It costs seven shillings and sixpence.

AJAX.—The article on training courier pigeons was in the first volume.

A. S. TAYLOR.—For permission to fish in the New River reservoirs you must apply at the office of the company.

H. R. W.—For silkworms see page 445 in the third volume. Buy the indexes to the volumes; they cost one penny each. You can bind them together.

E. B.—For information regarding the matriculation for London University, write direct to the Registrar, Burlington Gardens, W.

ALPHA.—1. The plate of the Gladiators was the frontispiece to the fourth volume. The packet containing it costs one shilling and eightpence. 2. The child is a native of the country in which it is born. If it is to choose the nationality of its father it must give notice of its intention to do so on attaining its majority. The nationality of the mother has nothing whatever to do with it.

H. M. S. and Others.—There is no obscurity in the new laws. We gave them—in the September part—so that all such difficulties could be settled off-hand.

J. BEERS.—1. The first map of England was made about 1520. The first chart seen here was brought over by Bartholomew Columbus in 1489. 2. The National Debt should be compared with the exports and imports; in other words, the capital invested should be compared with the business done. The debt of the United Kingdom is £21 per head of the population; the business done is £19 15s. per head. The debt of Australia is £33 17s. per head of the population; the exports and imports £36 per head. France has a debt of £26 12s. per head, and only does business to the extent of £9 per head. Her debt is a third as much again as ours, and the interest she has to pay, owing to inferior credit, is nearly double as much as we do. The debts of the British Empire are only £4 6s. per head of its inhabitants, and could be all paid off by eight months' income. Reducing the world's national debts to a five per cent. basis, France would head the list with 780 millions, Russia would come next with 485 millions, Great Britain next with 460 millions, Italy next with 432 millions. Large figures are always startling until you have analysed them. Even a subscription of a halfpenny a head all round would amount to three millions of money.

READER THE LITTLE.—In the typical negro there is a great difference shown. The arm is two inches longer in proportion than that of a Caucasian, and the hands hang level with the kneecaps; the facial angle is 70 as against 83; the brain weighs 35 as against 45; the skull is much thicker; the heel projects backwards; the great toe is feebly prehensile; the frame is not upright; and there is no growth in intelligence once manhood is reached.

UNCLE TOM.—Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published in 1852.

HONOURS.—Get list of books from Crosby Lockwood and Co., or Spon, and choose for yourself.

A LEARNER.—Read our swimming articles in the first volume.

EAGLE'S NEST.—Why not read a little more? "Doctor S. Hierome" was Saint Jerome. Any biographical dictionary will explain.

P. VARGAS.—See the advertisements on our wrapper. You can obtain fittings from the model dockyards Apply for their catalogues.

A SUFFERER.—You should go to a doctor to be cured, and get him to report the case to the local sanitary authorities. It is simply abominable that public baths should be so used as to spread disease.

SOME DOGGIE FRIENDS.

1.—Young and Sanguine!

T. B.—The nest is that of some description of plover. As to a mare's-nest, somebody has been fooling you. Why do you not send us one of your six-legged lambs? A bushel or two of green peas and a morsel of mint would form a capital accompaniment. Why don't you learn to spell instead of hunting for mare's-nests. There is only one *i* in "interest," and no *i* at all in "reader."

T. Milton. — Thanks—many thanks. But we have read enough. Do not trust the valuable MS. to the post. The cost of carriage would be considerable, and the "poem" is so weak in its feet that our readers might not like to see it toddling over forty pages. The opening stanza is sufficient to give you the "fame" you speak of:—

"'Tis placid eve, and the circumambulatory moon,
Doth gaze on us like a cherubim in its sphere,
Sir Ralph the Rover says that he will be soon
Amongst his family here."

Armchair.—Make your own furniture polish. Get an ounce of shellac, an ounce of gum lachish, and half an ounce of gum dragon, and dissolve them in a pint of naphtha, slowly and carefully, in some warm place, giving them a shake-up once or twice a day, until the solution is complete. Apply by means of a pad of cotton wool.

A Young Salt.—You have by now doubtless discovered that the Boy's Own Paper is on sale in Australia just as here. All the volumes are kept in print, and all the covers for binding are still in stock.

F. G. J.—At most public libraries, free and otherwise, you will find directories to the various counties. Select your county, and look out the name you want in the list, just as you would in the London Directory.

E. C.—The cases for binding the volume will not be large enough to hold the Christmas and Summer parts as well as the ordinary issue. Your best plan would be to save the extra numbers, and have them bound in a volume by themselves.

Fitzallerton Scroggs.—In our second volume you will find a long series of articles on Training for Athletic Sports.

Henry Taylor.—A respectful letter to the Governor or Secretary would procure you the latest information as to how to proceed. Always go to headquarters.

T. B. Hill.—The easiest way to make a blowpipe is to buy two or three ounces of glass tubing from the nearest druggist's, and to use as darts large darning needles wrapped round with worsted. If, instead of blowpipes, you were to call them "puff and darts," you would find them on sale at nearly every toyshop, target and all complete. The poisoned darts of the Macoushie are of course not obtainable.

Taxy. — 1. A good corrosive sublimate solution is made by dissolving one dram of sublimate in six ounces of spirits of camphor, and then adding two drams of spirits of salt. 2. Richardson's powder for skin-dressing is two ounces of powdered nutgalls, one ounce of powdered camphor, and one ounce of burnt alum. If in a hot climate a couple of drams of arsenic or oxymuriate of mercury are added.

Locomotive.—The cardboard engine was described in the parts for December, 1882, and January, 1883.

Bonnie Dundee.—We have taken the liberty of quoting from your letter in answering "A Bobbing Swimmer," as you will notice. The best way to clean the pond is to cut the weeds to begin with, and if that has no effect you must run the water off for a time.

N. A. B.—The Albert Hall organ has 7,428 pipes and 111 stops. At Garden City, New York, the Roosevelt organ has 7,031 pipes and 115 stops. At Riga there is an organ with 6,826 pipes and 124 stops.

A Bobbing Swimmer.—"Could you tell me why my head bobs up and down when I attempt to swim?" Does your head bob alone, or do you bob with it? Perhaps you are light-headed! If you were to make up your mind to keep your head still you would soon do so. Read our articles on swimming. They were in the first volume. Here is an extract concerning them from a letter of the same date as yours: "Seeing your article on swimming in one of your papers, I resolved to put it into practice; so I and my friend went to the pond which is at the bottom of the garden, and after two days we managed to swim."

I. H. D.—Myrrh is the gum of the *Balsamodendron myrrha*, a tree about ten feet high, with thorny branches and light grey bark. It grows in Somali Land, round about Harar.

A Very Jolly Boy.—Dissolve some isinglass in water by simmering it over a fire, and strain it through fine muslin. If the size glistens when applied to moderately warm paper it is too thick; if it sinks in it is too thin; it should merely dull the surface. Give your map two or three coats of it when you have got it right, and then varnish with the best mastic.

A Beginner.—For oiling cricket-bats use raw linseed-oil. The best plan is to clean the bat with the oil when you return from a match, and use no more than will suffice to get the dirt off. A very few drops are required. If you put on too much the wood will get quite sodden and hard.

R. B. E.—You will find a collection of such formulæ in the "Bijou Calculator," published by Messrs. Warne and Co., price eighteenpence. It is full of tables and calculations for all trades and professions.

Index.—The suggestion from an outsider's point of view is a good one, but any one engaged in a printing-office preparing for press can explain to you why it is impracticable.

W. T. Harrison.—Time is time, and the umpire has power to end the match at the time stated, even if the over were unfinished. This is the law, but the spirit of fairness prevents it being invariably adhered to, and generally speaking the over is finished. An umpire who is so pronounced a partisan should not be allowed to stand again.

I. F. I.—The bookseller could never have inquired. The book is before us as we write. Its title is "Cambridge Scholarships and Examinations, edited by Robert Potts, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1883." It is printed at the University Press, contains over five hundred pages of matter, and gives full particulars of the entrance fees and examinations, and specimens of the papers. It costs five shillings. In all cases of receiving a negative from your bookseller, you should apply direct to the publishers for confirmatory evidence of the book being non-existent or out of print before assuming that you have been misled.

Fixion.—The original of Baron Munchausen was Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von Münchausen, of Bodenswerder, in Hanover, who served with the Russians and the Turks, and passed through some very extraordinary adventures—not mentioned in the book. He died in 1797. The book was originally written in English, and published at Oxford in 1785; and it was not until five editions had been issued in this country that it was translated into German. Curiously enough, however, it had been written by a German, Raspe, who had fled from Hanover and taken up his residence at Dolcoath Mine in Cornwall.

M. D.—It remains to be proved if chambered mounds were "homes of the world." At present they would seem to be only burying-places. One at Waith, near Stromness, a little north of you, has recently been opened.

J. H.—1. For French polish powder up together an ounce each of gum-mastic, sandarach, seedlac, shellac, and arabic, then add a quarter of an ounce of virgin wax, and dissolve the mixture for twelve hours in a quart of rectified spirits of wine. 2. A good dark varnish is made of sixteen parts of shellac, thirty-two of sandarach, eight of mastic, eight of elemi, four of dragon's blood, sixteen of white turpentine, and one of annatto dissolved in alcohol. Far better buy your polishes and varnishes ready-made from some oil-and-colour shop. They cost very much less, and in nine cases out of ten are very much better. 3. Pictures for zoetropes can be bought at the optician's.

Enquirer.—A Queen's Messengership is a purely patronage appointment, and we are unable to help you. Perhaps your friends could obtain the information.

W. M. Tufnell Oakes.—There are no weekly star charts published. There are several sets of monthly diagrams. Have you seen the "Midnight Sky," price seven shillings and sixpence, published at 56, Paternoster Row?

Futurist.—All the volumes have been reprinted, and are now obtainable direct from us or through any bookseller. Vol. I. costs six shillings, the others cost seven shillings and sixpence each.

F. M. Richardson.—Spend a shilling and buy "Under the Red Ensign." It will answer your queries in full.

Emigrant.—1. The largest is Lake Corangamite, with an area of 48,640 acres; the next largest lake in Victoria is Wellington, with an area of 46,080. Tyrrell has 45,440, Victoria 38,700, and Hindmarsh 35,840. The largest lake in New South Wales is George; it is twenty-five miles long and eight broad. The Great Lake of Tasmania has an area of 28,000 acres. The largest lake in New Zealand is Taupo; it has an area of two hundred square miles. 2. The wonderful prophecy of the future greatness of Australia—"Where Sydney Cove," etc.—was written in 1790 by Dr. Erasmus Darwin:—

"There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen and the crescent bend;
There rayed from cities o'er the cultur'd land,
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand:
There, the proud arch, colossus-like, bestride
Yon glittering streams, and bound the chasing tide;
Embellished villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold, and orchards blush between.
There shall tall spires and dome-capt towers ascend,
And piers and quays their many structures blend."

New South Wales was first colonised in 1788.

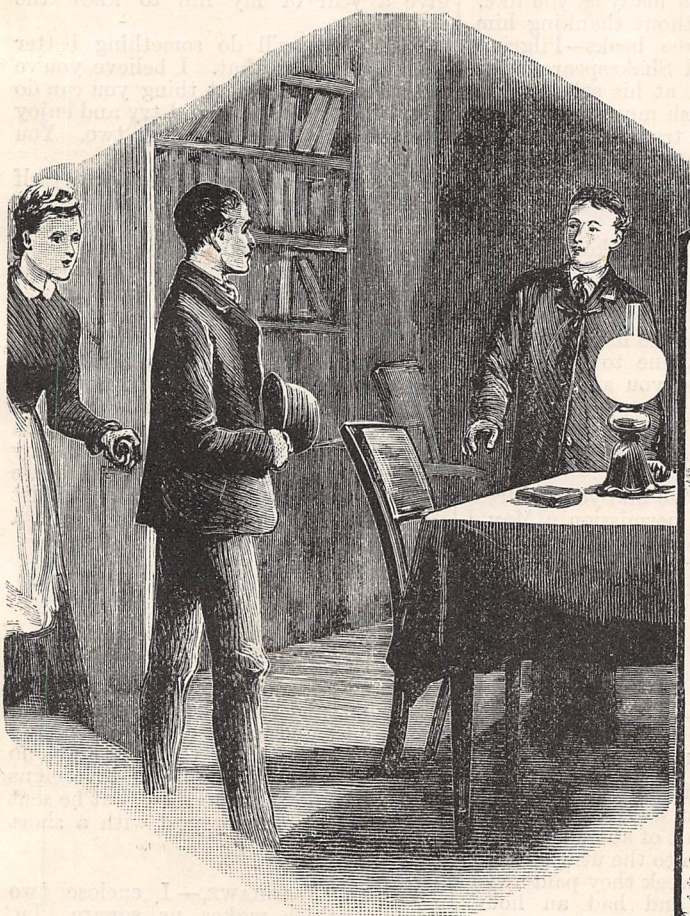
P. Donan.—On the American side the Niagara Fall is 164 feet high; on the Canadian side it is about 100 feet. The breadth of the river is 4,750 feet, but this is broken by Goat Island, which occupies 1,000 feet.

F. E. K. Rowbottom.—1. You must get the flasks with the oil in them, or buy them by the dozen from any of the chemical appliance manufacturers, such as Townson and Mercer, Griffin, etc., etc. 2. You can make an electric battery for five shillings. The plates must be as stated. 3. Soak your brushes in raw linseed oil for twenty-four hours, and rinse them out in hot turpentine. You may soften them in hot soda and water and soft soap.

2.—Old and Cautious!

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 321.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1885. Price One Penny.



SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:
A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

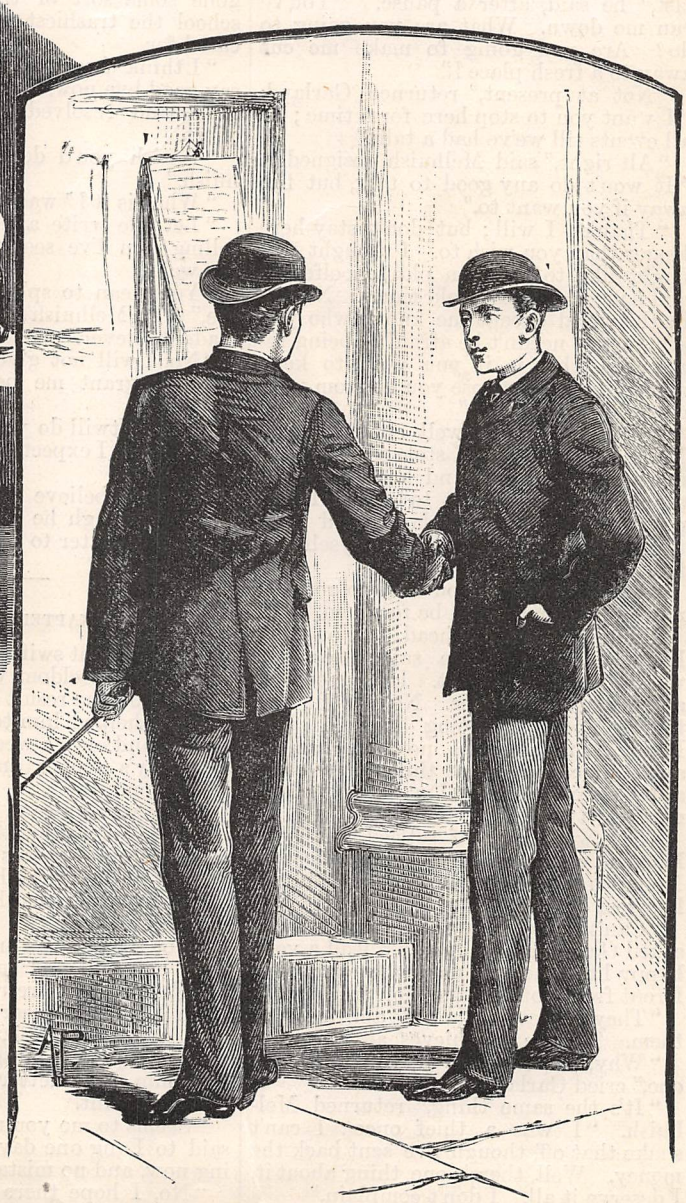
By Paul Blake,
Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Garland took an early opportunity of carrying out his intention of visiting Melhuish.

"I've two secrets on my mind," he thought, "Lang's and Melhuish's. I only hope I may be able to do both fellows a good turn."

Why should he bother himself about Melhuish? you may ask. Melhuish had never been his friend; in fact, at St. Mary's he had treated him badly. But Garland was actuated by higher motives than mere self-interest; that did not enter into his calculations. Melhuish was in trouble; could he help him? That was all that he remembered.



"Now I can face the world again."

He entered the warehouse of the contractor, and inquired after the young man who had brought down the forms to the bazaar.

"Mr. Brown, you mean, sir. What might you want with him? He isn't in."

"I wish you would send him to this address when he's finished his work," said Garland.

"Very well, sir."

Garland returned home. He had given Mr. King's address; that would not raise Melhuish's suspicions. He gave directions for "Brown" to be shown in directly he arrived.

About seven o'clock he heard a ring, and peering through the blinds of the empty study which he occupied in the evenings, saw Melhuish at the door. A minute after he was shown in.

Garland kept himself in the shade till the servant had closed the door, and then rose.

"I'm glad to see you, Melhuish," he said.

Melhuish looked at him in amazement for a moment, but did not take the proffered hand.

"I knew I must get bowled out at last," he said, after a pause. "You've run me down. What are you going to do? Are you going to make me cut away to a fresh place?"

"Not at present," returned Garland. "I want you to stop here for a time; at all events till we've had a talk."

"All right," said Melhuish, resignedly. "It won't do any good to talk, but fire away if you want to."

"Thanks, I will; but don't stay here longer than you wish to. I thought you might like to meet an old schoolfellow and have a chat over old times. No one in the world except me knows who you are, so you needn't be afraid of being recognised, that is if you wish to keep quiet, which I suppose you do from your changing your name."

"You know why well enough," said Melhuish, calmly. "I stole some money down at St. Mary's and had to cut. I should have been sent to prison, I suppose, or if not my father would have turned me out, so I turned myself out first. Saved trouble, you see."

"I'm quite sure if you were to go back now everything would be forgiven."

Melhuish shook his head. "You don't know my pater," he said, "or you wouldn't talk like that. He's good, but as hard as he can be. No, it's no use talking about my going back; I can't. Besides, I'm all right now. I had an awful time at first, but things have come a bit straight now. I'm getting along now pretty well."

There was a sort of settled misery in his tone which touched Garland deeply. Melhuish seemed to be in despair and a hopeless despair.

"Can't I help you in some way?" asked Garland. "You can't lead a very happy life amongst men who are so different from you in education and taste."

"They're better than I am, most of them. They're not thieves, at any rate."

"Why, you talk as if you were still one," cried Garland.

"It's the same thing," returned Melhuish. "I was a thief once; I can't shake that off, though I've sent back the money. Well, there's one thing about it, I deserve it all. I don't complain."

"Melhuish, I wish you would let me advise you. Write to your father; you need not give him your address, ask him to advertise a reply if you like. I'm sure he will welcome your return."

"You're not going to tell him you've seen me?" asked Melhuish, quickly.

"No, I shall tell no one without your consent."

Garland saw that unless he promised this the only result would be that Melhuish would again vanish.

"I can't write home. Why should he forgive me? I don't want forgiveness. I deserve it all, I don't complain," he repeated, sadly.

"Can't I do anything for you? Won't you come and see me sometimes?"

"No, thanks, I think it wouldn't be very pleasant for either of us. You can lend me a book or two if you like. I've a little time to myself, and I don't care to go out much alone."

"You are very welcome to any I have," replied Garland. "Look round the shelves and choose as many as you like."

Melhuish rose without thanking him. He picked out three books—Pilgrim's Progress, Dante, and Shakespeare. Garland was astonished at his selection: it showed that Melhuish must have undergone some sort of transformation. At school the trashiest novels were all he cared for.

"I think these will do," he said. "I'll say good-bye now."

Garland resolved to make one more effort.

"I wish you'd do me a favour, Melhuish."

"What is it?" was the listless reply.

"Let me write a line to your father telling him I've seen you and that you are well."

"You mean to split on me after all, I see," was Melhuish's reply, not angrily made, however.

"No, I will not give him your address till you grant me permission. May I write?"

"Yes, if 'twill do you any pleasure. *I* don't care. I expect he's thrown me over long ago."

"I don't believe it," replied Garland, warmly, though he was ignorant of Mr. Melhuish's letter to Lang.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MONTH went swiftly by. Lang worked nobly. Seldom was there so much hanging on the result of an examination. Garland helped him to the utmost of his ability, and once a week they paid a visit to Soady's rooms, and had an hour's relaxation.

Soady was quite a "swell" now, comparatively speaking. At school he had always been careless in his dress, but now he spent a good half hour in dressing, and had serious thoughts of starting shaving.

"Not that there's much to take off just yet," he explained to his friends, "but there's nothing so refreshing as a shave."

He bought a razor and kept it in a high state of polish, but had not yet screwed up his courage to what Tommy told him in a letter was the sticking (plaster) point.

"Seems to me you mean to get on," he said to Lang one day. "You are working now, and no mistake."

"No, I hope there is no mistake this time."

"Seen much of our old friend, Fanshawe, lately?" asked Soady, innocently. "By-the-by, did I ever tell you of my little row with him?"

Lang had never heard it, so Soady detailed the affair.

"Wanted to rook me. He's a bad lot, I'm afraid. I should cut him if I were you, Lang. Eh, Garland?"

Garland acquiesced carelessly. He knew better than either that it would not be an easy matter.

The matriculation came at last. Lang obtained a week's holiday, and went down early to the university every day. No need now to go to Kew to hide himself. It was a terribly anxious week to both him and Garland. The latter always came to meet him, and by his encouragement and practical aid did wonders to keep up Lang's spirits.

"It's all over," said Lang, as he left the university after the last day. "There's nothing now but the weary waiting. I'd give a year of my life to know the result."

"I hope you'll do something better with a year than that. I believe you've passed well. The best thing you can do is to believe the same, and try and enjoy yourself for the next week or two. You want a rest."

"Not much chance of enjoying myself with this hanging over my head."

However, he felt relieved of the strain of the last few weeks, and walked home in tolerable spirits. But they sank as he opened a letter waiting for him. It was from Fanshawe.

"DEAR LANG,—I called yesterday, but you were out. You seem to have forgotten you still owe me £2. You promised me £12 instead of £10 in consideration of my waiting for it. I can't wait any longer, however, for I'm in a hole. Please send it to-night without fail. Whilst you are about it you might make it a fiver; I'm really stumped.

Yours ever,
C. FANSHAWE."

Lang read it hurriedly. It was not so very terrible after all. Another fortnight or so and he would, he hoped, have passed his exam., and would be able to cut Fanshawe once and for ever.

He owed him £2, of that there was no doubt. He had a couple of sovereigns left; he could ill spare them, but he sent them by the evening post with a short note:

"DEAR FANSHAWE,—I enclose two pounds, which makes us square. I'm sorry I can't oblige you in the other matter.

Yours faithfully,
A. LANG."

"That ought to be enough to show him I don't want to have any more to do with him," thought Lang. "If I can only stave him off a fortnight more it will be all right; I can sign my articles in spite of him."

His note certainly had the effect of making Fanshawe see that Lang wished to let their acquaintance end.

"Wait a bit, my young friend," he said to himself; "I shall have you in hand pretty soon. Just wait till your articles are signed, and I shall be able to get as much out of you as I like. You won't lend me a couple of pounds? All right,

but in a month's time you'll be glad to give me a fiver to keep my mouth shut."

He was extremely angry. It was irritating to be treated in this way. However, for the present he resolved to keep still and let Lang entangle himself by signing his articles under false pretences.

The days went slowly by. The morning on which the lists were published arrived at last. Lang was on the steps of the university long before the proper time, and Garland soon joined him. They were the first to see the notices, and one of the first names that caught their eye was that of Lang.

"Thank God!" whispered Lang earnestly, seizing Garland's hand and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Now I can face the world again."

"And your conscience too," added Garland.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—VENETIAN JUSTICE.

During the following days Cyprien was busy attending to his experiment. He had introduced several changes in the construction of his furnace, and contrived a better draught. By doing so he hoped to make his second diamond in much less time than he had done the first.

Miss Watkins took great interest in the attempt which she had really originated. Frequently was she seen at the furnace watching through the grating the fire that roared within.

John Watkins was no less interested than his daughter, but from other motives. He wished to become once more the owner of a gem whose value could be reckoned in millions. Great was his fear that the experiment would not succeed a second time, and that chance would fail to play the important part in it that it had done on the previous occasion.

But if the farmer and Miss Watkins encouraged the experimenter to persevere, it was not so with the diggers. Their opinions were the same as those of Pantalacci, Hilton, and Friedel; and the Jew Nathan never ceased in his scheming to excite them against the young engineer. If this manufacture of diamonds was to become a trade—if, like white sapphires, amethysts, topazes, and emeralds made from crystals of alumina coloured by metallic acids, diamonds were to be turned out from the laboratory without trouble—the market value of the stones would tend to diminish. If making diamonds was to become a recognised handicraft, the diamond-fields at the Cape and elsewhere would be ruined.

All this had been said after the first experiment, and now it was repeated with more violence and acrimony. The diggers wished little good to Cyprien or his works. But he thought little of the diggers, and went on his way determined to see his experiment through. He was not going to hang back before public opinion, and had no intention of keeping a secret that might do good to all.

But if he continued his work without fear or hesitation, Miss Watkins, who heard what was going on, began to tremble for him. She reproached herself with having led him on to the track. To trust to the police protecting him was to trust to a broken reed. A murderous stroke is quickly dealt and may fall before any one can intervene. Cyprien might have to atone with his life for the supposed injury he had done to the diggers of South Africa.

Alice grew anxious, and could not hide her anxiety from the engineer. He reassured her as well as he could, and thanked her for the motive that had prompted her to speak. In the interest she took in him he saw the proof of a tenderer sentiment, whose existence was now no secret between them. Cyprien was only too pleased that his experiment led to closer intimacy with Alice, and bravely continued his work.

"What I am doing is for us both," he said to her. But Miss Watkins, noticing what people were saying down at the claims, lived a life of terror.

And not without reason. A regular agitation was organised against Cyprien, and the diggers did not confine themselves to threats and recriminations, but proceeded to do damage.

One evening when Cyprien went off to look at the furnace he found it had been broken down. During Bardik's absence a lot of men had taken advantage of the darkness and in a couple of minutes destroyed what had been the work of days. The bricks had been thrown about, the furnaces had been smashed, the fires put out, and the tools scattered and rendered useless. Nothing was left of what had cost so much thought and trouble. All had to be begun over again if he was the man not to give in to mere brute strength, or he would have to abandon the game.

"No!" he exclaimed. "No, I will not give in! And to-morrow I will give information against the scoundrels who have destroyed my property. We shall see if there is justice in Griqualand."

There was justice, but not of the sort the engineer imagined.

Without saying a word to anybody, without even telling Miss Watkins for fear of adding to her alarm, Cyprien regained his hut, and lay down to sleep resolved to begin legal proceedings in the morning, even if he had to go eventually to the Governor of the Cape.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the noise of his door opening awoke him with a start.

Five men in crape masks, armed with revolvers and rifles and carrying bullseye lanterns, took up their position round the bed.

Cyprien had no idea that anything serious was intended. In fact, he would have laughed had not the pleasantry seemed to him unworthy of such a compliment.

But a heavy hand struck him hard on the shoulder, and one of the masked men opened a paper he held, and in a gruff voice read as follows:—

"Victor Cyprien,—

"This is to give you notice that the secret tribunal of Vandergaart Kopje, twenty-two members being present, acting in the name of the public safety, have this day at twenty-five minutes past midnight sentenced you to death. You have by a treacherous discovery threatened their interests, their lives, and the lives of their families and of all men who earn their livelihood by the cutting and sale of diamonds. The tribunal in their wisdom have decided that such a discovery deserves annihilation, and that the death of one man is preferable to that of many thousands of his fellows. It has decreed that you shall now have ten minutes to prepare for death, and that you shall choose the manner in which you will die, that your papers shall be burnt with the exception of an open letter you can address to your relatives, and that your hut shall be razed to the ground.

"And thus be it with all traitors!"

As he heard this death warrant Cyprien's confidence began to quail, and he wondered if this curious comedy was one of the savage customs of the country or was really in earnest.

The man who held him by the shoulder soon cleared away his doubts.

"Get up at once," he said gruffly; "we have no time to lose."

"It is a murder!" replied Cyprien, as he rose and began to dress by his bedside.

He was more disgusted than frightened, and concentrated his thoughts on what had happened to him with the coolness with which he would have attacked a mathematical problem. Who were these men? He could not discover even by the sound of their voices. Evidently those amongst them who knew him personally were advisedly silent.

"Have you chosen what death you will die?" asked the masked man.

"I have no choice to make, and I protest against the odious crime of which you wish to be guilty," said Cyprien in a firm voice.

"You can protest, but you will none the less be hanged. Don't you want to write anything?"

"Nothing I would care to trust to assassins like you!"

"Forward, then!" said the chief.

Two men placed themselves on each side of the engineer, and the procession

was formed to pass through the doorway.

But as the advance began something very unexpected happened. Into the middle of the secret commissioners of Vandergaart Kopje a man rushed with a bound.

It was Mataki.

The young Kaffir, who often prowled round the camp after dark, had noticed the masked men, and followed them. He had heard all that passed, had understood the danger that threatened his master, and suddenly leapt in, scattered the diggers right and left, and threw himself at Cyprien's feet.

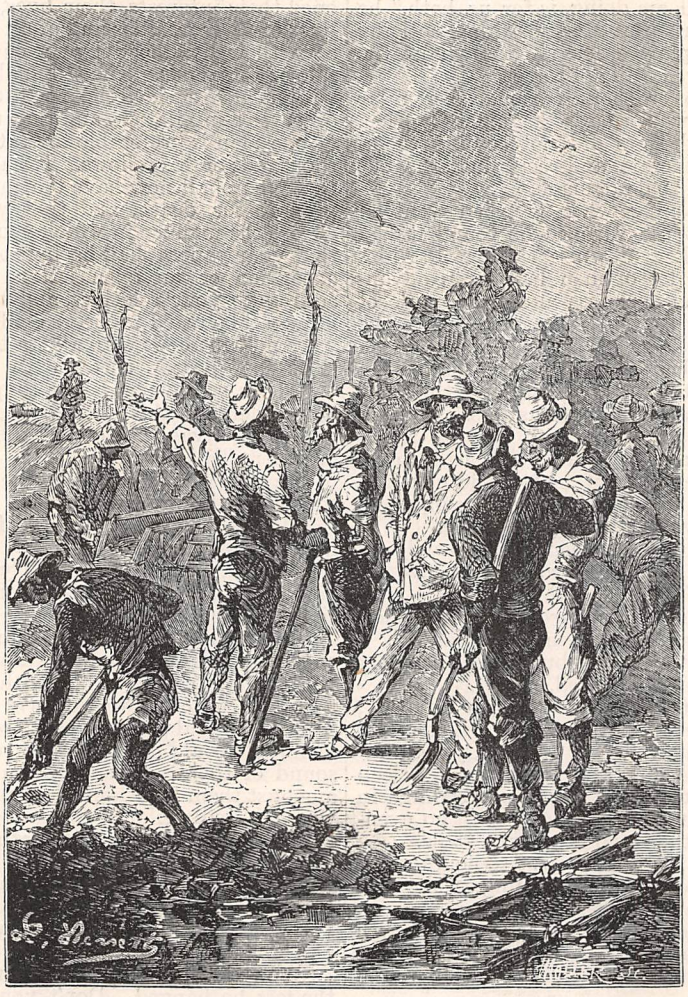
"Why do these men want to kill you, pa?" asked he, clasping his master's legs, while the masked men in vain endeavoured to tear him away.

"Because I made an artificial diamond," answered Cyprien, clasping Mataki's hands to prevent his being torn away from him.

"Oh, pa! I am so sorry for the harm I have done!" said the Kaffir, bursting into tears.

"What?" asked Cyprien.

"Yes, I will confess everything now they want to kill you!" said Mataki. "Yes; they ought to kill me, not you, for I put the big diamond in the cannon!"



"A regular agitation was organised."

"Take this fellow away!" said the leader of the gang.

"I put it—I put the diamond in the tube!" said Mataki, struggling. "Yes; I swindled you, pa! I thought you would like to think that your experiment had come off!"

His protestations were so fierce in their energy that the masked men stopped to listen to them.

"Is that true?" asked Cyprien, surprised and disappointed at what he heard.

"Yes! a hundred times yes! I speak the truth!"

And then the men released him, and he sat on the ground and spoke as follows.

"The day of the landslip, when I was buried by the fall, I found the big diamond! I was holding it in my hand and wondering how I was to hide it when the wall fell on me to punish me for my wicked thought. When I came back to life I found the stone in the bed you had put me in. I was going to give it you, but I was ashamed to confess that I was a thief, and I waited for a favourable opportunity. Not long afterwards pa wanted to make a diamond, and set me to look after the fire. The second day, while I was there alone, the gun burst, and the furnace was all broken. Then I thought that pa would be sorry because his experiment had failed; and I squeezed a handful of clay round the big diamond and slipped it into the cracked gun; and I made the furnace all right again, so that pa could not see it had broken. I waited and said nothing, and when pa found the diamond he was very glad."

A burst of laughter that the five men could not restrain saluted these last words of Mataki.

Cyprien did not laugh; he bit his lips in vexation.

It was impossible to mistake the Kaffir's story; it was obviously too true. In vain Cyprien sought for some reason for his telling a falsehood. In vain he said to himself, "A diamond exposed to such a temperature would have been volatilised!"

His sound sense showed him at once that, protected in its envelope of clay, the gem had escaped the heat, or been only partially affected by it. Perhaps, even, it was the torrefaction that had given it its sable tint. Perhaps it had been volatilised and recrystallised in its shell!

These thoughts crowded into his brain and associated themselves with extraordinary rapidity. He was stupefied.

"I remember seeing the piece of earth in the Kaffir's hand on the day of the landslip," said one of the men when the laughter had somewhat subsided; "and he clutched it so tight in his fingers that we couldn't get it out."

"There is no doubt now," said another. "Is it possible to make a diamond? We must have been mad to think so! As well try to make a star!"

And they began to laugh again.

Assuredly Cyprien suffered more from their mirth than their menaces.

After consulting together in a whisper, the leader said to him, "We are of opinion that the execution of the sentence passed on you, Victor Cyprien, may be respited. You are free! But remember that the sentence always hangs on you! One word—one sign, even—to the police and you shall die! Your very good health!" and, followed by his companions, he disappeared through the doorway.

The room was left in darkness. Cyprien might have imagined he had been the prey of a nightmare. But the sobs of Mataki, who lay stretched on the ground, and wept noisily with his head between his hands, proclaimed the reality of what he had passed through.

It was cruelly true! He had escaped from death, but at the cost of a deep humiliation. He, a mining engineer, a pupil of the Polytechnique, a distinguished chemist, and well-known geologist, had been taken in by a miserable Kaffir!

Or rather it was his own vanity, his ridiculous presumption, that had led him to this unheard-of blunder. He had even thought out a theory accounting for his discovery! What could be more ridiculous?

"My paper!" he exclaimed. "Have the brutes taken it away with them?"

He lighted a candle. No! His memoir was there. No one had seen it. He could not rest until he had burnt it.

Mataki's grief was so intense that he endeavoured to comfort him. This was not very difficult. At the first kind words of his "pa" he seemed to live again. And Cyprien assured him of his forgiveness on condition that he left off such tricks for ever.

Mataki promised by all that was sacred that he would do so, and Cyprien went to bed.

In the morning when it became known that the Star of the Settlement was

neither more nor less than a natural diamond, that the diamond had been found by the young Kaffir, who was quite conversant with its value, all the suspicion against him was again awakened. Watkins made a tremendous noise. Mataki must be the thief! After having thought of stealing it once, it was evident that he had stolen it on the night of the dinner.

Cyprien protested, and offered to guarantee the Kaffir's innocence, but no one would listen to him. And this showed him how well founded had been Mataki's fear of returning to Griqualand.

But the young engineer had no idea of giving in, and so brought forward an argument which to his mind sufficiently cleared the Kaffir.

"I believe in his innocence," said he to John Watkins; "and, besides, if he was guilty, it is my business, and no one else's. Natural or artificial the diamond belonged to me before I gave it to Miss Alice—"

"Oh, it belonged to you, did it?" said Watkins, with a sneer.

"Certainly," said Cyprien. "Was it not found on my claim by Mataki, who was in my service?"

"Nothing could be more correct," answered the farmer, "and consequently it belonged to me by the terms of our agreement, which gave me the three first stones which turned up."

Cyprien gazed in astonishment. It was true, and he said nothing.

"My claim is just, I believe?" asked John Watkins.

"Quite just," answered Cyprien.

"I shall be very much obliged to you then if you will say so in writing in case we come across the diamond which some scoundrel has so impudently stolen."

Cyprien seized a sheet of blank paper, and wrote,

"I beg to state that the diamond found on my claim by a Kaffir in my service is under the terms of my agreement the property of Mr. John Stapleton Watkins. "VICTOR CYPRIEN."

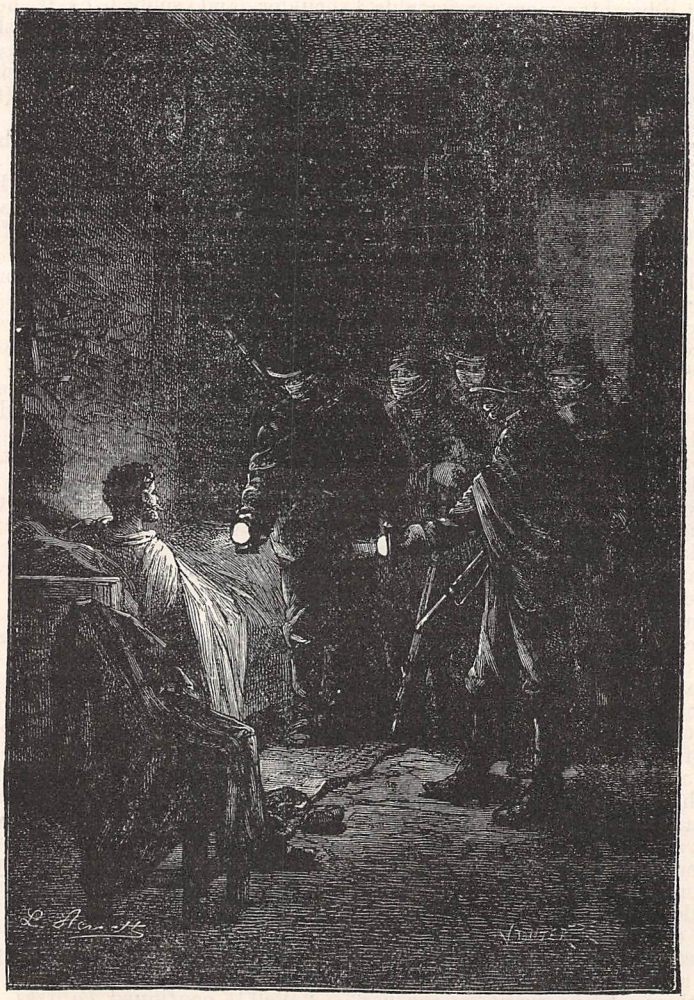
And with this vanished all the dreams of our youthful engineer. If the diamond ever did appear it belonged of right to Watkins, and a new abyss that many millions could not fill had opened between Alice and him.

And if the farmer's claim was disastrous to these two it was none the less so to Mataki. The diamond had been stolen from John Watkins, and John Watkins was not the man to abandon the chase when he thought the thief was in his power.

And so Mataki was arrested, imprisoned, and in twelve hours had been sentenced to be hanged in spite of all that Cyprien could say or do for him.

He would escape if he would restore the Star of the Settlement. But he could not restore it, for he had never taken it. And Cyprien did not know what to do to save the unfortunate man, in whose innocence he was obstinate enough still to believe.

(To be continued.)



"Five men in crape masks."

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROF. J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—*(continued.)*

ARRIVED at his destination, Kakaroff ascended to the upper hall, where he was relieved of his cloak by a servant, who was astonished at the disordered condition of his master's uniform, the torn and draggled appearance of his epaulets, and sundry bruises and scratches on his face.

"Is her excellency at home?"

"She is, your high excellency."

Kakaroff wrote a few words in pencil on a card, which he gave to another servant to deliver to her directly.

"Now, Abrazoff, go with this man to the library, where Popoff will soon join you. You must both wait for me there." Then, turning to another servant out of livery, he said, "Go prepare my bath, and tell Vassilie to have another uniform like this ready at once. He must be quick!"

He followed the first servant up the staircase which led to the upper rooms, where we lose sight of him for the present.

The next arrival was the carriage, with its guards, in which Palitzki was seated. This drove into the yard and stopped at the door of a side building or wing of the palace. Here officials were in waiting to receive the new-comer, who was ushered into a large and splendidly-furnished room, the windows of which were secured outside by iron bars set into the brickwork in both directions, parallel with the length and with the breadth of the window. This prison-like arrangement was not evident at first sight within, for there were heavy silk curtains at the sides of the windows, the centre portions of which were concealed by lace curtains, blinds, and half-curtains. As if the darkness in the room had been produced by its situation in a courtyard, one of the gas chande-

liers hanging from the ceiling had all its lamps lighted, so that the glittering gilt furniture and the pictures on the walls stood out well from the darkness; and, in fact, a brighter, more comfortable, and more cheerful room could not well be imagined. Beyond this room was another, elegantly furnished as a dining-room. The paper-hangings on the wall were of a light-drab colour, the sideboard and other furniture were of light oak. The lamps were all lighted, and the blinds were pulled down.

Palitzki and the officer entered this room together. The latter, remarking on the comfort of the arrangements, said, "But the best way to test the comfort of a dining-room is to have something to satisfy another sense than sight. What shall I order for you in the way of refreshments? His excellency will not be long absent, and I think you had better take something."

"No, thank you," said Palitzki; "I had rather wait; but I should be glad if you could show me into a place where I could enjoy a good wash, and put my dress to rights."

The officer now led the way through the rooms to a dressing-room and bath-room attached. The student noticed that the arrangement of the whole suite, though very handsome, was such as to preclude all chance of escape. It was, in fact, a gilded cage. He made no observation aloud to his guide, who now left him to his toilet, an example which we shall follow, and turn our attention to Popoff and his colonel.

They had just arrived, and their drosky was driving off. They stood for a moment admiring the beautiful animals which were harnessed to it. As they were intently watching their graceful action a closed carriage drove up, which also was drawn by two horses of the same breed and colour and general appearance as the splendid pair which had brought them. The servant on the box jumped down, a lady's face looked out at the window, the colonel eyed the boy sharply, who started in surprise, and asked his guide brusquely, "Does she live here?"

The officer replied with another question, "Why do you ask?"

"It is very important for Ivan Petrovitch to know that this lady is here. Pray tell me, does she live here or not?"

"Not generally, I believe; but have you not seen her to-day before this?"

"Not to-day, but I have seen her before. Pray take me to Ivan Petrovitch."

The officer led the boy off in the direction of the private cabinet of the prefect of the police, while the lady, who had descended the carriage steps, was shown upstairs into the red-and-gold drawing-room of the palace. Here she was requested to take a seat, and was then left alone. Greatly agitated by the events of the day, Anniesie flung herself into a chair and wept bitterly, so bitterly that she did not notice the entrance of a lady in a black velvet dress with a very long train.

She was very pale, very tall and stately, of a presence quite fitted to those princely rooms. She stood a moment looking at Anniesie, and then sitting down on the settee beside her, flung her arm round her waist and exclaimed, in very sweet, soothing tones, "Duschinka moya! why do you cry?" To be called "Duschinka moya" (my darling) at that time, when she stood so much in need of sympathy, was an immense comfort to the agitated girl. She rested her head on the woman's shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart would break. After a time she grew calmer, and at last was so far recovered as to be led away to the dressing-room of Anna Feodorovna Kakarova (feminine form of Kakaroff).

Meanwhile Kakaroff had, as the sailors say, "repaired damages;" and so fresh and well did he look when he came from his bath and dressing-room, carefully and faultlessly dressed, from the cut of his hair to the shape of his boot, that no one save the valet would have guessed that there was any *patching* in his case. But not a trace was discernible of the late struggle for life or death.

He entered Palitzki's rooms and said, in a very hearty, straightforward manner,

"I owe you an immense debt of gratitude for settling the fellow in the cellar just as he was troublesome, but I have a difficult task in arranging your affair. The worst of it is that you have committed yourself so deeply by writing, that it is difficult to know how to act. That was silly."

"You see I was very much in earnest."

"Bah! You had no business in that trouble at all."

"A change must come, and those who effect it will one day be looked upon either as the regenerators of their country or martyrs."

"Fiddlesticks! I have not come here to talk politics; I want to know the whole story of your connection with little Ivan and Metrofan Dmietrievitch."

"That is easily told. I was recommended to teach the imp Latin, but of course I had more important things to attend to—"

"Than your duty," interrupted the police-master.

"Well!" continued Palitzki, "I wrote a letter, as you know, for my division, which was discovered by Smirnoff, whom it was decided by the council of the division to destroy, and admission having been gained to the house in Zakolniki, a dynamite bomb was attached to the door of his letter-drawers, though of course my paper had been removed. The bomb was of the Saaltzfeld construction, and was discharged, not by a clockwork contrivance, but by a simple hammer arranged to fall when the door was opened. When you went to see Smirnoff we were all in high hopes that it would finish both of you."

"You are too polite," said Kakaroff; "I am greatly beholden to you—quite as much so as though you really had been successful."

Palitzki continued: "I found very soon that I was not a free agent, that I was watched absurdly, and after two personal conflicts with Hermann I was doomed to perpetual confinement. By constant worrying at the lock of my door I contrived to weaken it, so that at last when I gave it a furious wrench it yielded, and the door flew open. The delight of paying off Hermann was immense, and it was that, and no desire to aid you, which procured your deliverance."

"You are too polite; I am most obliged."

"It has done me some good, however," continued Palitzki; "it has convinced me that the would-be liberators are much worse people than those whom they seek to destroy, and under their rule we should be tyrannised over, whereas we are now only governed."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I had rather owe my life to a loyal man than to a Nihilist. I am afraid that the unpleasant nature of your connection with these people has got into a certain *section* of our service, in which case I shall not be able to do much for you, although I shall do my best. The worst of it is that the president of the section is very highly incensed against you, and has resolved to make an example. It would be a pity, if you are really sorry for what is past, that you should suffer—apart from my debt to you. I must think what is to be done."

So saying, he turned on his heel and left the chamber.

We must now pause for a moment, and follow the flight of Kakaroff's telegram to Kursk.

The prefect of the good city of Kursk was, in his way, as important a man as Kakaroff. Still, the prestige of the name of the Moscow magnate, being one of the aides-de-camp of the Emperor, was considerably greater than that of any of the other police-masters; so that courtesy impelled him at once to reply to the telegram, saying that no effort should be wanting for the apprehension of the boy.

Shortly after the dispatch of this telegram Colonel Masloff was announced and received. He bore in his hand the telegram from Kakaroff, and had come to ask leave of his superior to devote his time and energies to the pursuit.

"My dear colonel," said the police-master, "I am much obliged by your willingness to assist me and my excellent friend General Kakaroff. Pray take whatever time and what men you want. Kakaroff seems to have known what he was about in pitching upon you to find the urchin. There has already been a reward offered."

"Yes, that is only a thousand roubles; but as it was offered some time back, it will be increased now, of course."

Masloff at once set to work to find out all that he could about the "mystery," and discovered that the coachman from Steinfeldt's factory (now dismissed for rather too much fondness for "schnapps") thought he had found a clue to the elucidation of the whole. We have already mentioned this worthy as driving Frau von Steinfeldt and Anniesie from the Kursk terminus. He now said that he had had his suspicions aroused; he was careful to look into the circumstance, which he thought strange, of the mysterious visit of Anniesie one night, and her sudden departure next morning with a very uncommon young lady. A crony of his had remarked Steinfeldt's arrival with a young lady at Volkhova, and his return alone. Then servitors at the monastery spoke to friends who visited them from Kursk of the effect of monastic discipline on the youthful mind, and how a wild little urchin had been left by Steinfeldt in charge of the Igum, and how he had become quite a pattern of docility. This was retailed at Kursk and was soon known to the authorities. So in putting two and two together they came to the conclusion that the boy at Kupsk was the girl at Steinfeldt's, and the girl at Steinfeldt's was the boy from Moscow! This very clear and lucid conclusion arrived at, the next step on the part of

the police was to dispatch a party of gendarmes to the monastery, with what result we already know.

As soon as Colonel Masloff had his interesting charge in his possession he telegraphed to Kakaroff, "Boy found; coming on to Moscow at once. Boy safe and sound."

Ivan was lodged in the dwelling of the police-master at Kursk and treated sumptuously, and was, after all, glad enough of the change, more especially as he was allowed to ride about with a gendarme officer until Colonel Masloff's official duties at Kursk were wound up and he was able to start with our hero. Nor was he less happy when, after the lapse of two days, he, in company with the equally happy Colonel Masloff, found himself in a first-class carriage, steaming along at full speed. Then he said to the colonel,

"Colonel, did you ever travel in petticoats?"

"Certainly not. What an extraordinary question!"

"Well, I have," said our hero, "and I can't get over the disgust I felt. It always comes over me; I can't help it." And throwing himself suddenly on his back on the seat, he flung his feet up in the air, to the great horror of the somewhat stately officer.

At the grand station, instead of having the dinner sent into their coupé, the colonel took Ivan with him into the grand salon, and there gave him such a dinner as astonished both—Ivan to have it set before him, and the colonel to see him eat!

Arrived in Moscow the colonel drove at once to the Hôtel Dussaux, where he took rooms for himself and Ivan, taking care that as soon as possible the boy should have a Russian bath and be properly attired to visit General Kakaroff. Thus the evening of their arrival was spent in these details, which, though trifling in themselves, are so important in many phases of life.

This the colonel knew as well as anybody, and when he was dressed the next morning to present himself to the general he was something for an artist to contemplate. His full-dress green tunic was well made and of the best. The ornamentations due to his rank were bright as bright silver lace could make them. His epaulets were miracles of size, grandeur, and brilliancy. His medals and orders looked new, his plume was glossy and flowing, his gloves of the purest white. His boots looked as if they had never been worn before. His hair was oiled, his mustachios fresh dyed, and altogether such a military dandy had seldom left Dussaux's. The carriage of the establishment was sent for, and the police colonel and his protégé were soon at the door of the police-master.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE WITH MOONLIGHTERS.

By James Cox, R.N.,

Author of "Fascinated by a Fakir," "How I Saved My Aunt's Diamonds," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Reggy was only speaking the truth when he said that Castle Kilrea was a wee bit gloomy. In fact, the residence of Colonel Fitzgerald, although styled a castle, bore no resemblance to the structure one usually associates with that description of building. It was a large square edifice totally devoid of any architectural beauty, standing alone on a rising ground. In front of the house there was a lawn overgrown with weeds, bounded by a low stone wall, on the other side of which was a plantation of firs that extended for nearly a mile in the direction of the shores of Lough Corrib.

The hall door was situated at the side of the building, and was approached by a winding avenue from the highway. At the back of the house was a kitchen garden and shrubbery, and a road through the latter led to the stables and coach-house. In a room over the stables was the residence of Mickey Doolan, the coachman; and of late the policeman detailed for the protection of Colonel Fitzgerald had shared Mickey's quarters.

Beyond the garden there was a small coppice, and in the fields that stretched away to the rear were the miserable hovels of the small farmers and tenants. Then came a wild stretch of uncultivated land, sloping up the side of a range of rugged mountains that shut out farther view.

Notwithstanding the fact that Reggy found the West of Ireland not quite so cheerful as he had anticipated, he was happy enough; and what with the pleasant society of Eileen and her brother, gallops 'cross country, wild-fowl shooting on the lough, and occasional trips to the town of Galway in company with the colonel, whose magisterial duties frequently called him there, he found the time passing rapidly away, and as Christmas Day drew near he began to think there must be many worse places than the Emerald Isle.

A week before Christmas Day Colonel Fitzgerald received two letters.

It was a fine frosty morning. He had just come down to breakfast when Mickey entered the room with the post-bag and delivered the missives to his master. One was a blue official envelope, the other a dirty envelope with a black border. As the colonel broke the seal of the latter envelope and glanced at the contents, an uneasy look flashed across his features for a moment, and he hastily crumpled up the letter and placed it in his pocket.

"What have you got there, papa?" asked Eileen, noticing the expression of her father's face.

"What is that to you, Miss Curiosity?" replied her father, breaking the seal of the other, and after perusing it, throwing it across the table to his daughter.

"Ah! what is this?" exclaimed Eileen, looking at the big sheet of foolscap. "Oh, papa, you don't mean you are to go to Dublin at once?"

"Yes, darling, so it appears; you see what that letter says."

"What a shame, father; but you'll be back by Christmas Eve, dear, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, no doubt; it's only to give evidence at the trial of that rascal Mahoney, who was arrested for setting fire to Peter Cassidy's farm."

"Gracious me, Fitzgerald," shrieked the aunt, "don't tell me that you are going to leave us here alone for a week! Wretched boy!" glaring at Charley, "what are you laughing at?"

"Oh," said the colonel, with a smile, "you'll be perfectly safe, depend upon it. The two boys, with Mickey and Dan, will take good care of you. What do you say, Eileen?"

"I'm not a bit afraid, papa."

Immediately after breakfast the colonel packed up his traps and drove to town to catch the mail-train. Before leaving he impressed upon Charley the necessity of seeing that the house was carefully locked up at night, and gave directions that during his absence Mickey should sleep in the castle, as the policeman would not be on the premises.

Directly the colonel left, Miss O'Dowd worked herself up into a frantic state of excitement, and insisted on Charley, Reggy, Eileen, and Dan accompanying her on a tour of inspection.

"Before I'm an hour older I'll see that every bolt and bar in this dreadful place is in good order. Now, Dan, bring the keys of the cellar; we'll commence there."

And a nice dance the old lady led them. She was evidently well acquainted with every hole and corner in the castle. Not a fastening escaped her sharp eyes—upstairs and downstairs she trotted, and presently arriving at the colonel's study, she sat down in her brother's arm-chair, and with an air of satisfaction turned to Reggy, and with a grim smile said,

"I think I've finished for the present. Charley, just look at the fastening of those shutters; are they all right?"

"All right, aunty."

"Very well; now I shall go to my own room. Wait a moment, though; let me see if the chain is on the hall door."

She walked nimbly towards the end of the hall, with the intention of examining the chain, when a piece of crumpled note-paper attracted her attention near the door-mat.

"Mercy on us, what is this?" shrieked the lady, as she unfolded what looked like a letter written on black-edged note-paper.

"Whatever is the matter, aunty?" exclaimed Eileen.

"Matter!" groaned her aunt, thrusting the paper into the hand of her niece. "Look at it!"

"Why, that's the letter papa received this morning. He must have dropped it when he went away."

"Murder! murder!" shouted the old lady. "Quick, Dan! get the blunderbuss! Dear me! dear me! Why did I leave Dublin?"

"What's all the row about?" asked Master Charley, looking over Eileen's shoulder.

"Oh, Charley," said Eileen, "look!"

She held out to him the letter, and he read the following lines scrawled beneath a rude sketch of a coffin:

FITZGERALD,

YOU VILLAIN!

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING.

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT.

"Just what I expected! Just what I expected! Didn't I tell you, boy," said Miss O'Dowd, glaring at Reginald, "that we were surrounded by assassins and villains of all descriptions?"

There was a loud knock at the door.

"Oh!" shrieked the old lady, "here they are!" And she rushed wildly upstairs to her room, calling out as she fled, "Don't open the door—don't open it."

"Poor aunty, how dreadfully frightened she is," said Eileen, tenderly. "Dan, open the door, there can be no danger at this time of day."

Dan did as his young mistress ordered, and admitted Mickey.

"Hallo, Mick! what's up?" said Charley.

"Oh, nothin', yer honour; sure I've jest seen the colonel off, and he tould me to tell the young mistress he'd be after telegraffin from Dooblin when she might expect him home again."

"Mick," said Eileen, "did my father tell you that you were to sleep in the castle while he was away?"

"Faith, an' he did, miss. Wasn't he after tellin' me to take care of ye all? an' sure, miss, ye know that Mickey 'ud die before any harrm should happen to yer swate self."

After this eloquent speech Mickey marched off to feed the horses, and the two boys endeavoured to persuade Eileen that Colonel Fitzgerald would be sure to take every precaution for his own safety.

Notwithstanding that her brother and Reginald made light of the threat contained in Captain Moonlight's letter, the girl felt very anxious for her father, and Miss O'Dowd did her best to increase the anxiety. That highly nervous personage refused to leave her room except to make a tour twice a day round the house to examine the locks, and on these excursions she now insisted on being escorted by Dan and Mick with loaded guns.

The day before Christmas Day arrived, and no telegram had been received as yet from Colonel Fitzgerald; but Eileen and the boys, in anticipation of his return, were busily engaged all the morning decorating the dining-room with holly and evergreens. After luncheon Charley suggested to Reggy that they should go down to the lough and see if they could get a shot at some wild duck; so, taking their guns, they started off, intending to return home by sunset.

Soon after leaving the castle a rising bank of clouds betokened a change of weather.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had a snow-storm to-night," said Charley; "I hope we shall; I always like to see the snow on Christmas Day."

The boys had now reached the shores of the lough, and Charley, finding his skiff in its usual place, fastened by a rope to a large stone just above high-water, jumped in, followed by his chum, and pulled away to the middle of the lake.

"Too early, I think, to see any ducks," remarked Charley. "Suppose we pull up against the tide, and drop down just before dark to that island over there?"

"All right."

"There's a hut on that island; Mick and I built it the year before last. If we have time I'll show it to you. I used to go there pretty often, once. I liked to fancy myself a second Robinson Crusoe, and Mick was my man Friday. The only drawback was, we had no cannibals to look after."

While the lads pulled up the lough, resting now and then to scan the shores sharply for birds, the time slipped rapidly away.

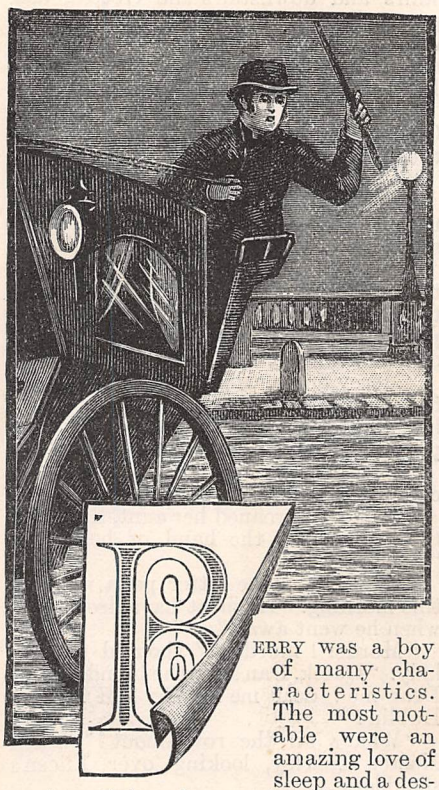
"It's just three o'clock," remarked Charley, looking at his watch. "Back water, old man, and I'll pull her head round; we may get one shot under the lee of my island."

(To be continued.)

THAT BELL!

By Paul Blake,

Author of "School and the World," "The New Boy," etc.



BERRY was a boy of many characteristics. The most notable were an amazing love of sleep and a desperate activity when awake. He seemed to lay in a fresh stock of energy every time he had a nap, and although the most difficult boy in the school to waken, when he was awake he was irrepressible.

It was winter. Berry found that season of the year did not agree with his constitution.

"This getting up in the middle of the night is killing me," he remarked one day to a group of sympathisers. He had the whole school on his side in this particular matter, for work before breakfast in winter was decidedly unpopular. At half-past seven every boy had to be at his desk, "putting in" an hour at mathematics before prayers and breakfast.

It was pitch dark at seven, when the big bell rang as a signal to rise. It is curious how difficult it was to hear that bell in winter. Berry never heard it, or rather never heeded it. He scorned to rise till twenty minutes past seven. He could "do it," as he termed dressing, in ten minutes, and had been known to do it in five. On such occasions his personal ablutions were apt to be rather neglected.

"That old bell is at the bottom of it," remarked Culverwell, another boy, who found that the heavy clang disturbed his slumbers.

"It's John who's at the bottom of the bell," put in Millward.

"I wish he'd resign," said Berry. "It's time they pensioned him off and sent him to a hospital for incurables."

"He's a hopeless job," said Millward. "I spent half an hour one day trying to make him understand that I was willing to stand him a shilling if he'd give us a few minutes' grace in the morning. But he's as deaf as a post, and though he took my shilling he rang us up more punctually than ever next morning."

"I wish he'd hang himself with his bell-rope," said Culverwell.

They eyed the offending bell, which hung idly in its turret, built over what was once a stable, but was now part of the school buildings.

"I wish we could muffle the old thing," said Millward, looking wistfully up. "It's freezing hard, and 'twill be deadly work getting up to-morrow."

"I believe I could shy a stone up and crack it," suggested Millward.

Berry had been silently inspecting the building.

"Tell you what, you fellows," he said at last, "I believe I could get up there if I had a ladder. Out of the small class-room window, jump on to the ledge, then creep up the roof by the chimney, then a ladder over the space to the turret. If you fellows will hand me up the ladder I'll go!"

They were all dumb for a moment at his audacity. Then Millward said,

"How are you going to get into the small class-room? It's always locked in play-time."

"So 'tis," assented Culverwell.

"Then I must get up to the ledge with a ladder, and then pull it up after me."

"You're a plucky beggar!" exclaimed Millward, in admiration. "Shouldn't we have a jolly snooze in the morning if you could stop that old bell's jaw!"

"I will, too," said Berry. "There must be a ladder somewhere about."

"There's the one John uses to clean the outside of the windows," suggested Millward, "but it isn't long enough."

"It may do," said Berry. "Come along, let's get hold of it. This is just the time; it's dark, and 'tisn't tea-time for half an hour."

It was just five o'clock, and nearly every boy was indoors; few cared for sliding on a worn slide in the dark, and a game was out of the question. So the three boys had small fear of being discovered as they prowled about in search of John's ladder.

That worthy was having his tea, and was not likely to be disturbed by any noise, for he was stone deaf. The boys hauled out his ladder almost from under his nose without his hearing a sound. Culverwell kept "cave," whilst Millward held the ladder for Berry to ascend.

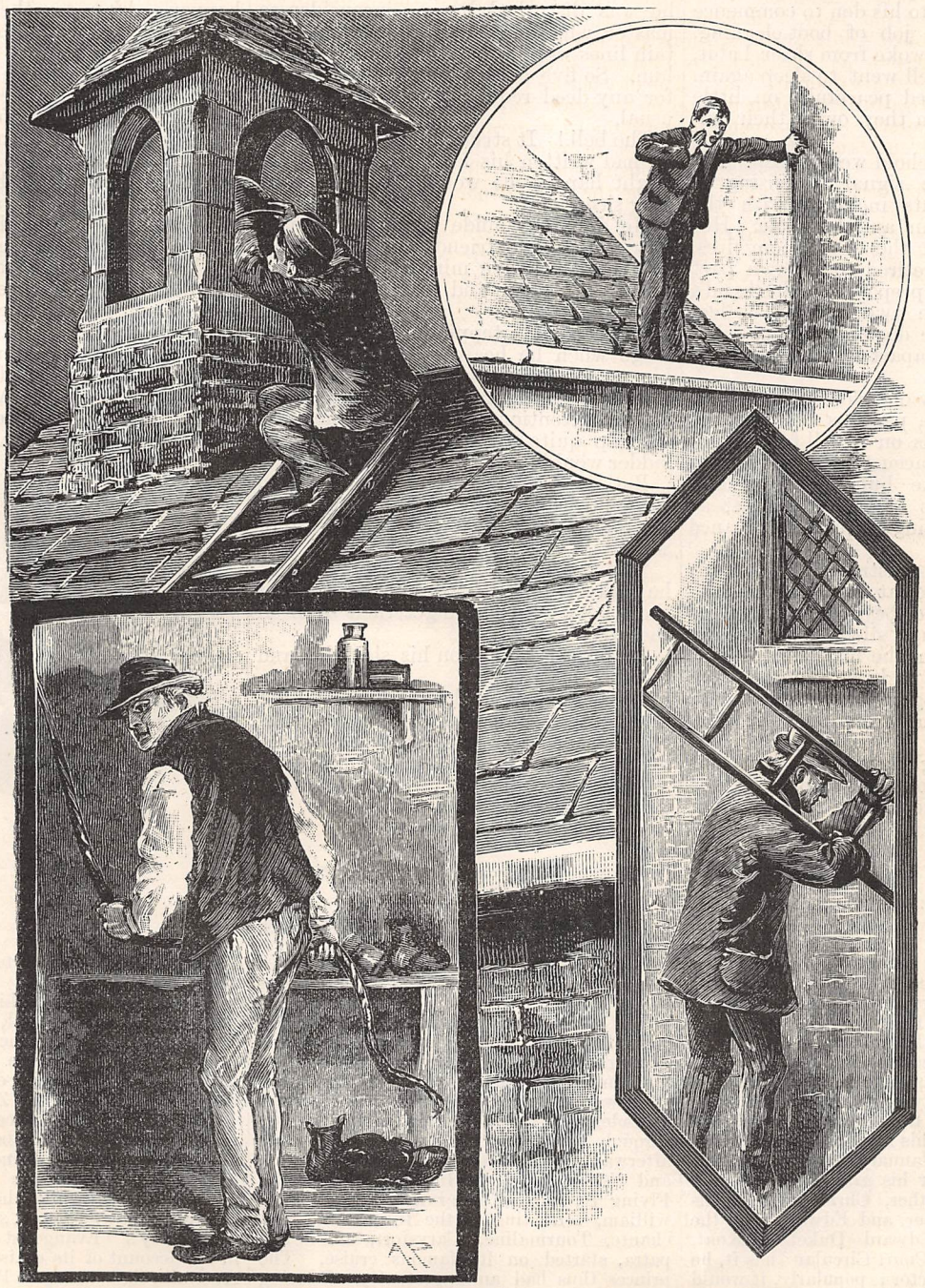
It was a plucky if not perilous feat to attempt in the dark. But Berry was abounding in pluck, and the spirit of the adventure made him keep his nerve. He soon found himself on the ledge, and managed to haul up the ladder after him. It was an assistance instead of an incumbrance in crossing the roof, and he soon was within a dozen feet of the turret.

The boys below anxiously waited for his reappearance. But he had a job before him. His idea was to unship the tongue of the bell. He had a glorious reward if he could succeed, *for John would never know if the bell rang or not!*

It would be superb to have the old factotum pulling away at his rope and fancying he was fulfilling his duty when the tongueless bell was swinging silently on its pivot.

Berry worked the tongue this way and that, but it was a difficult job. The inside of the bell was as dark as the inside of a wolf, to use a hunter's simile; he had to feel everything. And the metal was terribly cold.

However, at last he managed to unhitch it. He deliberated what to do with it now he had it. He put it in his



That Bell!

pocket, and descended as quickly as was consistent with security.

"Off with the ladder," was his first order.

They soon had that in its place again. Then they felt safe from detection.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Millward, alluding to the rusty tongue which Berry exhibited.

"I think I shall leave it at the bottom of the turret. If I take it away they'll know some one's been up, but if we leave it here they'll think it's dropped down."

"Let's hope they will," said Culverwell, dubiously.

"At any rate I'll chance it," continued Berry. "So you fellows will be able to have a tall time to-morrow morning; we sha'n't get called till past eight at the earliest."

The sequel proved the correctness of Berry's prophecy. Old John sought his bell-rope punctually at seven as usual, rang away steadily for three minutes, and then retired to his den to commence his never-ending job of boot-cleaning. One or two boys woke from sheer habit, but hearing no bell went to sleep again. The rest slumbered peacefully on, little thinking to whom they owed their unwonted repose.

The whole household were asleep. The big bell was the signal for rising to every one, servants included, with the exception of John and his wife. Her duty was to light the schoolroom fires, after which she retired to her own part of the house to prepare her husband's breakfast. These two almost useless pensioners on the doctor's bounty inhabited two rooms apart from the rest of the house.

How long every one would have slept cannot be known, perhaps till nine, for when one depends on a bell for waking one waits for the accustomed sound. But dogs are not like human beings, and Fido, who always had his breakfast at eight, began making a great disturbance at a quarter past.

Fido woke his mistress, the doctor's wife. She looked at her watch—8.15. She was surprised beyond measure, as there was a strange silence everywhere. But the clock on the mantelpiece confirmed her watch, and two minutes later bells were ringing in a manner which brought the servants out of their beds with a jump.

By half-past eight every one, boys and all, had been awakened, informally, for the bell refused to make a sound. John was summoned, and was at last made to understand what was the matter. He asseverated warmly that he had rung the bell, and went on a tour of inspection. He found the tongue on the ground, and obtaining a ladder from the gardener next door, fastened it in its place again before it was time to ring for school.

"Never had such a gorgeous sleep in my life," said Millward, warmly, to Berry. "We'll vote you a silver tankard as a reward of merit."

"Pity the trick can't be played twice," remarked Culverwell. "They don't seem to suspect anything this time, but if it were to happen again there'd be an inquisition."

Berry heaved a regretful sigh. It was hard to think that at seven next morning the inexorable bell would toll out as usual the knell of departing night.

Something that day put him in a peculiarly reckless mood. More than that, he did not get his usual afternoon nap; he was disturbed by an inconsiderate master, who wanted to know when certain lines were going to be handed in to him. So five o'clock found Berry ready for any deed requiring more cheek than usual.

The bell! It struck him directly after he had written his last line. Whatever might happen he would have one good long sleep more.

He did not confide his intentions this time to his two friends. He knew his way now. In five minutes he had captured the ladder and placed it against the wall.

He was just stepping off it on to the ledge when he heard footsteps beneath him, perilously near. If he attempted to draw up the ladder the noise must attract attention. His only chance was to keep quite still, in the hope that the ladder wouldn't be noticed in the dark.

But it was. Old John happened to have finished his tea earlier than usual, and was on his way to fetch an armful of wood.

"Now, who's been taking my ladder?" he said to himself. "Suppose it's one of them boys wanting to get their balls off the ledge."

He put the ladder on his shoulder and marched off with it.

Berry listened in horror. He did not know it was John who had captured his only means of retreat; whoever it was, he must throw himself on his mercy.

"Hi!" he called out, in a voice meant to combine a shout and a whisper.

There was no response.

"Hi! you there!"

It was a shout this time, and no mistake. But it had no effect.

Berry knew now it must be John. It was no use to shout. He tore off a piece of plaster and shied it in the direction of the retreating figure.

It struck the ground close to John, but he did not hear it. Poor Berry was left alone on the ledge, fourteen feet from the ground.

He couldn't drop, for there was a nasty grating just beneath him; besides, he could not lower himself from the narrow ledge. He might have done it in daylight, but not in darkness. Even his pluck must draw the line somewhere.

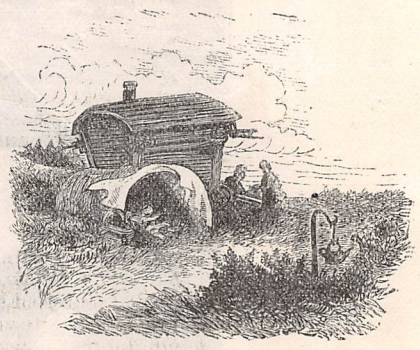
It was an uninviting night, and not a boy was out of doors. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable, and remain where he was till something happened.

He knew well enough what would happen. After tea there would be calling over; he would be unable to say "Adsum," and inquiry would be made, resulting in his capture and punishment.

Once more he proved himself a true prophet. Everything fell out exactly as he had anticipated. And by the time he was assisted down he was so cramped and frozen he would have welcomed a caning on the spot to warm him.

Intentionally or unintentionally, the authorities did not connect his being on the ledge with the outrage on the bell of the day before. He received the usual punishment for missing calling over, but beyond that nothing was done.

Probably the master who captured him considered he had already suffered punishment enough. At any rate, Berry was of opinion that he had bought his extra hour's sleep rather dearly.



OUR PRINCES OF WALES.

It is seldom that congratulation is so cordial and representative as it was at the recent coming of age of the eldest son of our Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness may well be proud of the general expression of goodwill that greeted his attainment of man's estate. It is a happy augury for the future. He has a popularity of the sort that lasts, due to himself, due to his parents, and due in no slight degree to his manner of education.

He was born on January 8, 1864. He was named Albert after his grandfather, Victor after his grandmother, Christian after his maternal grandfather, and Edward after the Queen's father, Edward Duke of Kent. Officially, as the "Court Circular" has it, he is Prince Albert Victor; popularly, it would seem, he is best known as Prince Edward; legally he is Prince Albert, for a man's Christian name is his only name in the strict eyes of the law.

The English are proud of their navy and quick to perceive the advantages that accrue from travel and discipline. It was therefore with much satisfaction that the announcement was received of the entry of the princes as cadets on the Britannia. They passed through the usual course, and two years afterwards went to sea in H.M.S. Bacchante and visited the West Indies. In 1880 the Flying Squadron, under the Earl of Clanwilliam, consisting of the Inconstant, Bacchante, Tourmaline, Carysfort, and Cleopatra, started on its famous cruise. The princes thus had an opportunity of seeing Spain, Madeira, Bahia, Montevideo, and the Falklands. They went to the Cape of Good Hope and to Australia. Thence they sailed to Fiji and Japan and China, and came home through the Suez Canal, visiting the Holy Land and Greece on their way. In their cruises in the Bacchante they had thus had the opportunity of seeing every British colony except Canada and New Zealand.

Their subsequent careers are familiar to most of us. Prince Albert Victor left the sea for Cambridge; Prince George, having chosen it as his future profession, is still afloat. It was while the princes were in Australia that they took so much interest in Mr. Fairey's "Evangelist" canoe, as related in our account of its cruise; and it was from Australia that we of the Boy's Own Paper received the honour of being permitted to

dedicate our fourth volume to "Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales," of whom we had previously published portraits in colours.

And now perhaps a few words on the princes of the past may not be uninteresting. The first Prince of Wales was the Edward who was beaten by Bruce at Bannockburn. This may not be the most complimentary way of alluding to him, but it affords the easiest means of his identification. It effectually disposes of the popular error that the first Prince was the Black Prince.

Edward of Carnarvon, then, was the first on the roll. How many successors has he had? The number is variously given as from twelve upwards, and as it depends very much on opinion, the best plan would seem to be to include all who at any time bore the title. Reckoning in this way, our present Prince is the twentieth of his name.

There is a prevalent notion that a Prince of Wales becomes so by birth; there is another that he has always been the sovereign's eldest son. Both notions are erroneous. The Prince of Wales is not born to the dignity. He is "created" as a commoner is created a peer. He has not always been the monarch's eldest son. The first Prince of Wales was not only not the king's eldest son, he was not even the king's eldest surviving son. It may be news to some of us that England once had a chance of having a King Alphonso.

Before we proceed with our roll of princes we will say a few words with regard to another subject, opinions on which seem also to be rather cloudy. We are told in some of our school-books that the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the motto, "Ich Dien," were taken from the King of Bohemia by the Black Prince at Cressy. It may be so. At the same time it is curious, first, that that king's crest was the outspread wings of a vulture; secondly, that ostrich feathers are unknown in Bohemian heraldry before or since; and, thirdly, that neither then—nor afterwards, for that matter—did the Bohemians speak German!

To say nothing of the Nine Muses having their three feathers apiece, nor of the plume of the Mogul Emperors and the Zulu chiefs, we have the ostrich feathers as the badge of our own King Stephen, the motto being *Vi nulla invertitur ordo*, "No force alters their fashion;" we have the feathers borne by every one of the sons of Edward III.; we have two feathers only as the badge of the Prince of Wales in 1370, and it is not until the days of Henry VII. that we have the plume finally adopted as the distinctive crest of England's only legal Prince! In the Black Prince's will he directs that his motto be put over his arms at Canterbury; but the motto is not "Ich dien"—it is "Houmout." In the only case on record of the Prince having signed his name—in the Angouleme warrant—he has written in a duck's-egg flourish "Houmout ich dien," which can be translated as "Valour I serve." It is therefore not unlikely that the "Houmout" in his will is the abbreviation of the full motto, and that the "Ich dien" was retained as being similar in sound to the motto of the first Prince, the "Ich dyne"—"Your prince," which the Welsh antiquaries have all along contended it should be.

It seems that Edward Longshanks, the greatest of his name, was at Rhuddlan Castle when he was informed of the birth of his son at Carnarvon. The Carnarvon Castle, it may be as well to mention, was not that now standing, the masonry of which is of subsequent date to King Edward. The Welsh had averred they would never accept a prince who spoke the hated English tongue. The king hurried to Carnarvon, called the notables of the principality together, presented them the baby with "Ich dyne"—"Your prince," and assured them with a grim smile that the new-born prince could speak no word of English!

Edward at this time had had three sons. Two of them had died, and the third, Alphonso, was very weak and delicate. After a time Alphonso, to the great grief of his father and of the nation, with whom he was a favourite, died, and Edward became his father's hope. We read of his education, of the primers that were bought for him, of his sports and playthings, and as he grew older of the very questionable pursuits in which he indulged. In short, as boy and man, there have been very many nobler characters than Edward of Carnarvon.

He was formally granted the principality of Wales in 1301. Previous to that he had been banished the Court for six months for his riotous conduct, and three years subsequent to it he had been sent to prison for breaking into the Bishop of Chester's park and destroying the deer. After Edward had made his famous vow to "God and the two swans" to subdue Scotland, the Prince of Wales went to the borders and harried the country so that even his father reproved him.

Soon afterwards the son was in disgrace again. The king was so angry that he jumped at the Prince, and "tore handfuls of hair out of his head!" In July the "Malleus" died, and the first Prince of Wales became king. His career had begun badly; it was to end badly. Notwithstanding his father's liberality, he owed at his accession a sum equal to nearly half a million of our present money!

His son was Edward III., who was never called or created Prince of Wales. In his father's lifetime he was simply Earl of Chester. The second Prince was thus Edward of Woodstock, the "Black Prince," who was born on 15th June, 1339, when his father was only eighteen years old. The companionship that existed between Edward III. and his son is easily accounted for when this slight difference of age is considered.

Prince Edward was the first duke ever created in England, his father having bestowed on him the duchy of Cornwall on March 17, 1337. Six years afterwards, on the 12th of May, 1343, when he was thirteen years old, he was created Prince of Wales. He was thus the second Prince of Wales and the first Duke of Cornwall.

The Black Prince was a favourite from his infancy. So fair a picture did his mother make when nursing him that Philippa of Hainault, Queen of England, and Edward of Woodstock, her son, were taken as models by the artists of the period, and do duty on their canvases for Madonna and Child! He was educated in every accomplishment, and in his sixteenth year went with his father to France. The expedition landed at La Hogue, famous in after days as the scene of one of our greatest naval victories, and the Prince of Wales was knighted on the cliffs above the town. Cressy followed, and the lad of sixteen bore the honours of the day. The French were four to one, but the victory remained with the invaders.

Three years afterwards came the sea fight off Rye, when the Prince destroyed the Spanish fleet. Then came the daring expedition into the south of France. King John swept down in force to raise the siege of Romorantin. He talked of terms and ransom. The Prince replied, "England shall never have to pay a ransom for my bones." Poictiers was fought, the French routed, and their boastful king taken prisoner and brought to London.

Edward married Joan the Fair Maid of Kent. The Earl of Kent, her father, was the youngest son of Edward I., and had been sentenced to death by Isabella "the she-wolf," and the "gentle" Mortimer. Not an Englishman could be found to execute him, and the earl remained placidly sitting on the scaffold till five o'clock in the afternoon before a man could be got to behead him. The man was a prisoner in the Marshalsea, who was given his life on condition that he killed the earl.

Joan wished to marry the Earl of Salisbury, and was betrothed to him. She was, however, married by Sir Thomas Holland, and had several children. When thirty-three years old she was left a widow, and three months afterwards became the wife of the Black Prince, who was then thirty-one. The happy couple lived near where the Monument now is, on Fish Street Hill!

After his visit to Guienne, during which he won the battle of Najera, defeating Du Guesclin and Enrique and placing Pedro on the throne of Castile, the Black Prince returned to England to die. His eldest son was not Richard, but Edward of Angouleme, who died when he was seven years old. The Black Prince died on 8th June, 1376, soon after he had held his own "Good Parliament." Richard of Bordeaux, his second and eldest surviving son, was created Prince of Wales five months afterwards. He was our third prince, but as Richard II. was not very satisfactory as a monarch, we will pass on to the fourth who bore the title.

This was Henry of Monmouth, the madcap, afterwards Henry V. He was born on the 9th of August, 1387, and was created Prince of Wales on the 15th of October, 1399. Though, chiefly on Shakespeare's authority, he is known as "the madcap prince," it is remarkable that there are no contemporary accounts of his escapades, that all his escapades are identical with those related of Edward of Carnarvon, that nothing in Prince Hal's subsequent career showed that he had led a dissolute early life, that Edward from start to finish was consistently vicious, while if Henry of Monmouth did reform, his reform was the most violent on record, and gives us the only case in history of a sower of wild oats reaping a crop of honest grain.

He was wounded at Shrewsbury, fought in 1403, and two years afterwards won the battle of Grosmount. When in London he lived at "Coldharbour, in Eastcheap," not far from the Black Prince's house, near the present Metropolitan Station. He was a great friend of Sir John Oldcastle, otherwise Lord Cobham, the Lollard. He was the victor of Agincourt, and the most popular Henry that ever wore a crown.

We are now getting into troublous times. The fifth Prince of Wales was Edward of Westminster, the son of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. He was born on October 13, 1453, and created Prince of Wales on the 15th of March, 1454. This is the Prince whose adventures have been told over and over again in so many books for boys. He was killed at the battle of Tewkesbury, or rather disappeared about that date.

The sixth Prince of Wales was Edward of the Sanctuary, who was the son of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, born on the 14th of November, 1470, created Prince of Wales on the 26th of the following June, and known in English history as the Edward V. who was never seen to leave the Tower, and is said to have been murdered by Richard III.

The seventh Prince was Richard Duke of York, ordered to be addressed as Prince of Wales on the 31st of October, 1460, and killed on the 31st of December following at the battle of Wakefield. He is generally omitted from the list of the Princes, but if he is to be dropped out Charles II. must go too, for Charles was no more created Prince than Richard was, and so we retain them both.

The eighth Prince was Edward of Middleham, the son of Richard III. and Lady Anne Neville, who was born in 1474 and created Prince of Wales in 1483. He died in 1484, much to the grief of his father, the "Crookback," whom some commend for his broad shoulders, the "weak intriguer" who slashed into the centre of Tudor's chivalry at Bosworth, and, humpback or no humpback, managed to cut down with one sweep of his sword the most powerful man in England. For the current notions of Richard as well as for those of Prince Hal the Elizabethan dramatists are mainly responsible. And just

as Henry V. is the most inconsistent of scapegraces, so Richard III. is the most inconsistent of cripples!

The ninth Prince was Arthur, the son of Henry VII., who was born on the 20th of September, 1486, and created Prince of Wales on the 7th of December, 1489. He was the first husband of Katharine of Aragon, and died, four months after his marriage with her, in 1502. Henry VII. having proposed to marry the young widow himself and been refused by her mother Isabella, a match was arranged with his eldest surviving son, Henry. This Henry, born in 1491, and created Prince of Wales in 1503, was afterwards Henry VIII. He was the tenth Prince on the list.

Who was the eleventh? We need not dwell on Henry's matrimonial arrangements. The king wished Mary to be Princess of Wales, then Elizabeth was to be Princess of Wales, then Edward was to be Prince of Wales. Nevertheless, no proper steps were taken in the matter, and it is agreed on all hands to regard Edward VI. as never having been Prince. For the eleventh we have thus to wait for the Stuarts, and he appears in Henry Stuart, the son of James I., born on the 19th of February, 1594, and created Prince of Wales on the 10th of June, 1610. He was a lad of great promise, the friend of Walter Raleigh and Phineas Pett, the constructor of the navy, who made for him the first model yacht on record. Prince Henry went bathing at Richmond one night after a heavy supper, and died a few hours afterwards, aged eighteen, 6th of November, 1612.

The next Prince, the twelfth, was Henry's brother Charles, who was born in November, 1600, and created Prince of Wales in 1616, four years after Henry's death. In all cases these intervals are worthy of note as being so entirely opposed to the popular contention as to the haste displayed in the creation of princes. Charles and Buckingham, as "Mr. John Smith" and "Mr. Thomas Smith," started off to the Continent in search of a wife. The expedition was a failure. Most of Charles's expeditions were failures; and we need not dwell on them.

Who was the thirteenth Prince? Charles II.; and yet Charles was never created Prince of Wales—at least, his patent is not forthcoming. He was born in 1630; "a baby so ugly that I am ashamed of him," wrote his mother in giving the news of her confinement. Verily Henrietta Maria was the most candid of mammas.

For the fourteenth we must take the Old Pretender. He, like his uncle, was never created Prince of Wales, but was formally addressed as such in his father's reign. For the fifteenth we take the Young Pretender, who was never created such, but was occasionally so addressed by the Jacobites. It is only on the principle of "including all who were so called" that we here notice him.

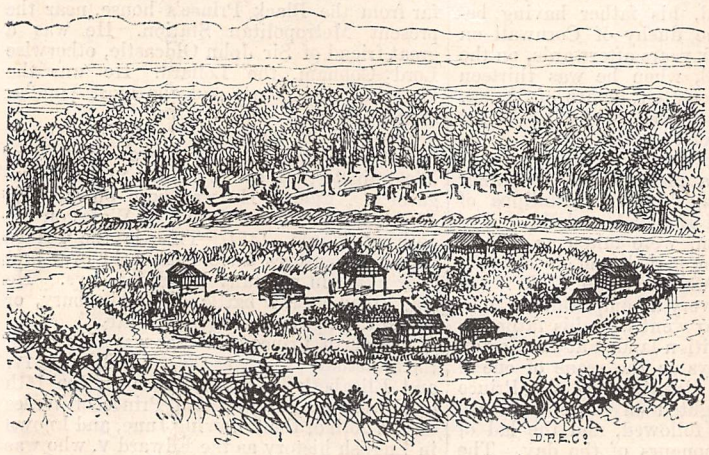
The sons of Queen Anne were none of them Princes of Wales. The sixteenth Prince became in after years George II. When George I. landed to succeed Queen Anne he was already a grandfather, and his son was created Prince of Wales a few days after he came ashore at Greenwich. The battle of Oudenarde is famous as having been that in which "two Princes of Wales took part." One was the Pretender, the other was George. In either case, however, the description is very far-fetched.

The seventeenth Prince of Wales was Frederick Lewis, the son of George II., who was born in 1707, and created Prince in 1729. In 1736 Frederick married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the young bride of seventeen, who insisted on bringing her doll with her. Frederick died in his father's lifetime: and the eighteenth Prince, born in 1738 and created in 1751, a month after his father's death, was afterwards George III. The nineteenth Prince was George IV., born August 12th, 1762, created Prince of Wales on August 17th. The twentieth Prince of Wales is our own Albert Edward, born on November 9th, 1841, whose creation dates from December 8th in the same year.

Having no record of the patents, we can, if it seems good to us, reject Richard Duke of York, Charles II., and the Pretenders from our full list, and look upon the present Prince as only the sixteenth entitled to the name. He is made out to be the fourteenth by confusing Edward II. with the Black Prince, and omitting Edward of Middleham, and he becomes the twelfth by taking no count of Arthur Tudor and Henry Stuart. We have, however, given all we can find who have borne the title, and our readers can assign his numerical position for themselves.

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE NISERO.

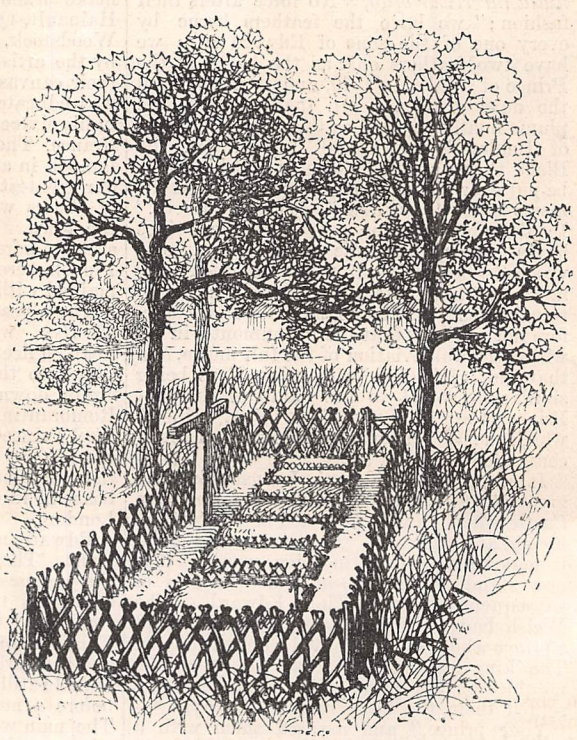


Camp of the Captives on Sandy Island.

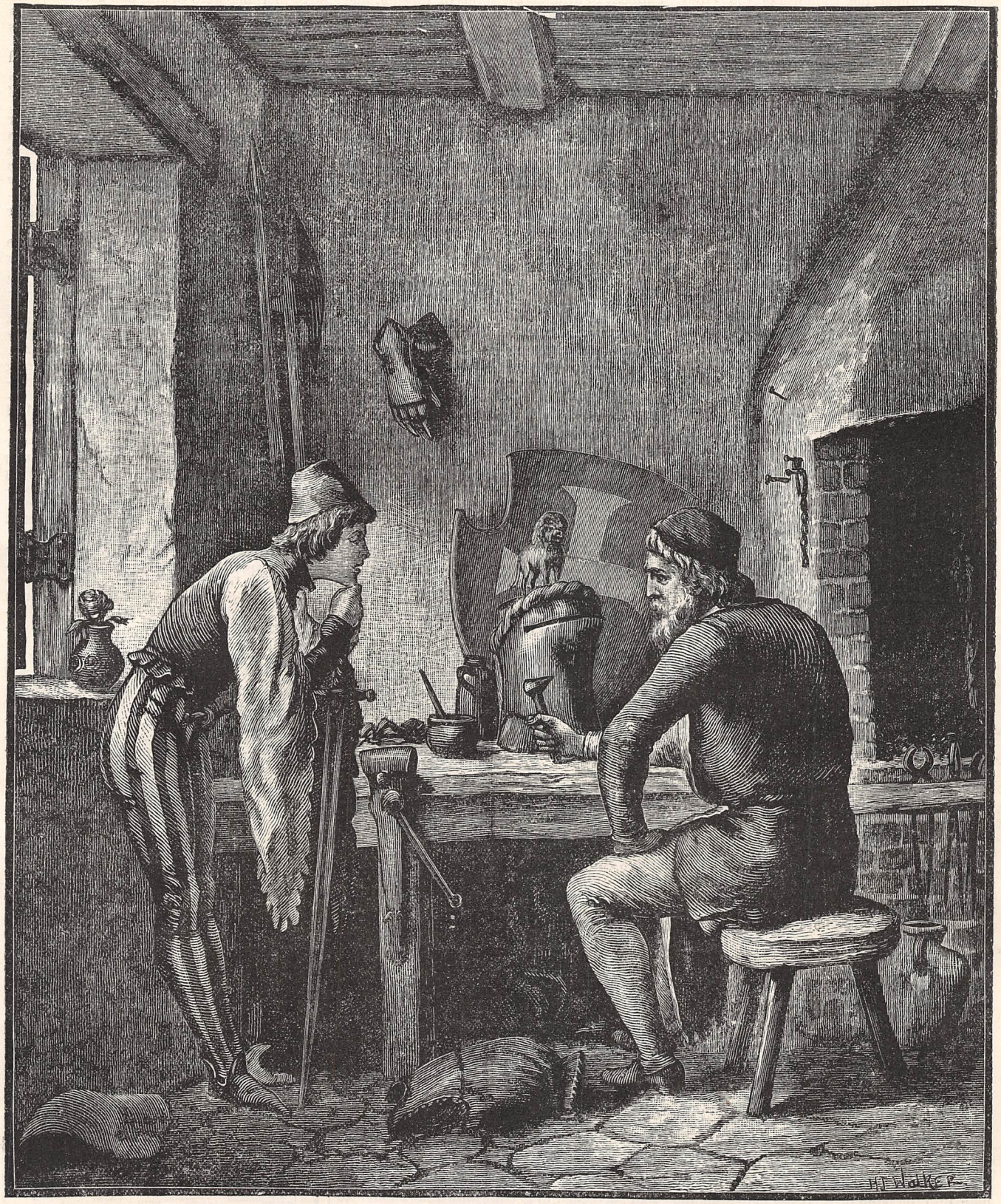
ONE of the best-known of recent wrecks is that of the Nisero. This is owing, first of all, to the political complications to which at one time the disaster threatened to give rise; and secondly, to the remarkable narrative of the sufferings of the crew, compiled from the diary of one of the survivors, which has recently been published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

There is nothing specially interesting about the wreck itself. The Nisero was an iron screw steamer of 1818 tons, belonging to Messrs. Pinkney and Sons. She left Liverpool on June 12th, 1883, and after running aground in the Red Sea, made her way to Penang, served under charter for a short time, and then started for home. On November 8th, about midnight, when steering for Acheen Head to replenish her stock of coals, she ran ashore on the western coast of Sumatra, about a hundred miles south of that point. All attempts to float her off having failed, the hands set to work to launch the boats.

The two boats on the port side were unapproachable, owing to the ship having listed that way. The surf had begun on them its work of destruction. In less than an hour both were total wrecks. At first the starboard lifeboat, thanks to defective gearing and the ship's heavy list, could not be moved, and the smaller boat on the bridge was hoisted into the sea. Another attempt succeeded



The Graves of the seven who died.



The Armourer.

Drawn for the BOY'S OWN PAPER *by H. J. Walker.*

in clearing the larger boat, and by using a mattress as a fender she was safely launched. In the boats the crew rowed to the shore; all told, with captain and officers, they numbered twenty-eight.

They had scarcely landed when a couple of natives were espied in the distance cautiously approaching along the beach. They came within about seventy or eighty yards, counted the men, and disappeared into the forest. A few minutes afterwards they returned, accompanied by others, and then, creeping up very carefully, proceeded to search the newcomers for arms. The Chinese cook happened to speak Malay, and, acting as inter-

preter, informed the Sumatrans that they had to deal with an English crew, and not a Dutch one. With the Dutch the islanders were then at war, so that the distinction was important.

The natives retired, and by-and-by returned with a fruit-offering as a token of

The Pongah Chief.

peace or goodwill. The shipwrecked men were then invited down to the village of Pongah, close by, and soon afterwards they went. The chief of Pongah, Yapatee, seemed to be a well-intentioned fellow, and anxious to help, but in the morning his superior, the Rajah of Tenom, arrived. He immediately saw an opportunity of making money by way of ransom, and after some delay marched the men off as prisoners.

He took them to Tenom by the most roundabout route he could find—through the heart of the jungle and across a long, deep, miry swamp, in many places deep enough to be dangerous to life. Places had to be crossed on single spars about three or four inches in diameter, and these not fixed at either end, so as to shift and shiver when walked upon. At one place a spar gave way, and the second engineer fell into the mire. The prisoners saw a small crocodile on the banks of a creek they had to ford, and soon afterwards came upon a large turtle almost buried in the sand. The natives, by means of tree-branches inserted underneath her, robbed her of some eggs, to which proceeding she showed her objection by violently beating her breast against the ground, evidently with the intention of smashing the eggs they wished to take from her.

Having reached Tenom, a village of about sixteen or eighteen huts, they saw the village youths despatch a snake about six feet long. One of the youngsters had ascended a cocoa-nut-tree, and discovered the victim in another tree close by. On passing the word to those below a general shout arose, and sticks and stones were soon flying up around the snake on all sides. At last a piece of wood brought it down, and then a little fellow stepped forward and cut the head clean off with his sword—for in those parts the juveniles, as soon as they can walk, are armed with sword and dagger.

A day after the snake-hunt a couple of strangers arrived in the guise of pedlars, and, on getting the villagers pretty well occupied examining their wares, one of them slipped a note into the hand of a Nisero man standing near. It was addressed to the captain, and came from the Dutchmen on the coast, cautioning him to be very patient and discreet, as he was in the hands of a barbarian who was quite capable of killing off every prisoner in his power.

On November 24th the captives were moved off to Upper Tenom, and here they met a certain Tuku Yet, the rajah's chief adviser, who afterwards conducted the negotiations for their release. From Upper Tenom the captain, cook, and second engineer effected their escape. They were sent off to the Dutch gunboat to arrange the terms of ransom, and did not return, although they failed to arrive at an agreement.

Meanwhile the detention of the shipwrecked crew had produced a good deal of interest among the men-of-war on the coast, and the Dutch had threatened to bombard the rajah's village unless the captives were released. The bombardment took place, and the Nisero's men were hurried up the country out of the way. From where they were they could distinctly hear the whirring noise of the shells as they sped through the air; and the discharges of the guns and the explosions were so loud and decided that it seemed as though the men were on the scene of action. The next day the bombardment began again, the ships covering the landing of troops, and the troops using their muskets when they reached the beach. In the middle of the uproar one of the rajah's kranis, or officers, arrived in the camp and unceremoniously marched the prisoners off into the interior. They were hurried through the jungle, away from all chance of rescue.

The British then took the matter up, and a series of lengthy negotiations began, which resulted eventually in the party being set free. An attempt at escape on the part of two of the men is thus narrated in the book:

"On the morning of February 19th a fireman and sailor set out after breakfast, without saying a word to any of us. The fireman carried a fishing-rod and line with him, and we thought the men had only gone as far as the swamps, no great distance from our hut, where we occasionally resorted with our simple fishing-gear to pass away an hour or two, though we seldom caught anything. Shortly after the departure of the two a few more went to try their luck at the pools. On returning they were surprised not to find the others, as they had seen no trace of them. It immediately struck us how matters stood, the two missing men having been noticed in deep conversation up to a late hour the previous night.

"The next day closed without any signs of our two men. We certainly did not attach any blame to them for trying to effect an escape; but we censured them for the underhand manner in which they went off, especially when the project was discussed mention had been made to the effect that if any one succeeded in getting out safely a signal should be made by three guns being fired in quick succession. Their leaving in the manner they did left a doubt as to whether they had heard the arrangement talked over.

"Between three and four o'clock on the Thursday afternoon we were rather surprised at the reappearance of our two wanderers, accompanied by a native. We feared there was something amiss on seeing them issue from the wood. The native, followed closely by the fireman, came out first; the other man, being some distance in the rear, was a couple of minutes coming into sight, and this made us imagine all sorts of disasters. Both men were in an awful condition; they were torn and bleeding from head to foot, and their clothing, torn off their backs, had been plastered all over with mud and mire.

"It appeared that they had come across the native, who was perched at the top of a very high tree, not very far from our camp, although they themselves did not know they were so near. They informed us that they had succeeded in getting down far enough to sight Upper Tenom on Tuesday night. Here they lay down, intending to remain till morning, but the violence of the storm which set in prevented them from doing so, and they were compelled to keep in motion through being wringing wet. On morning breaking they were afraid to proceed farther as they were beginning to feel the effects of hunger. All day Wednesday they were engaged in returning, and were close to our camp that night, but could not hit the right path. In spite of their miserable condition they lay down, completely tired out, and on waking next morning were so stiff and sore as to be unable to proceed farther until some of the stiffness was got rid of by working their limbs about before starting.

"While endeavouring to find the right road they espied the native aloft, and hailed him, but that individual hesitated before coming down. He, however, subsequently did so, and by signs and motions they made their wants known. All this time they had been fasting, having had nothing but a small piece of sugar-cane procured the first day. Strange to say, the native did not appear to have any suspicion of their real intentions, and accepted the statement that they had lost their road returning from fishing."

After several moves from place to place the crew, on March 22nd, took up their quarters on Sandy Island, near Upper Tenom, and here seven of them died and were buried. On April 26th they experienced a storm unequalled in the memory of any amongst them—and one of them had been over thirty years at sea. It struck the stoutest with awe. The atmosphere was a mass of flickering flame, and the thunder, but a couple of hundred yards overhead, was terrific in its intensity. The rain fell as if the heavens had opened to part with their very last drop. Even the natives, used to such displays—for Sumatra is an awful place for thunderstorms—were in a state of consternation. During the raging of the elements they threw themselves heart and soul into their devotions, and these were loud enough to be heard between the peals of thunder.

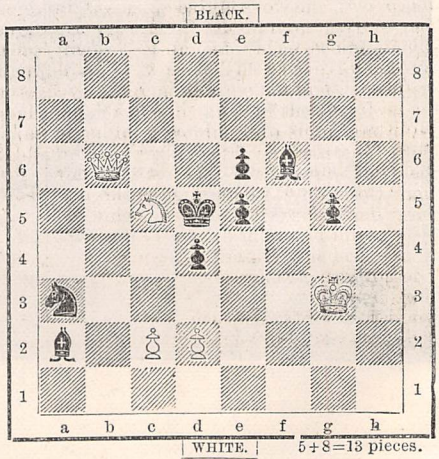
Shortly afterwards three of the party made their escape, but they were eventually recaptured. In July the rajah made an attack on the third engineer, cutting him to the ground with the back of an axe, and the complications threatened to become serious. However, the terms of ransom were eventually arranged, and in September the seventeen survivors were allowed to embark on board H.M.S. Pegasus in return for a nice little consideration of forty thousand dollars. The record of their life in the island, with all its trifling annoyances and petty vexations, forms one of the most popular books of adventure lately issued from the press.

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 351.)

Problem No. 96.

By Ph. de Denterghem.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Solution of Problem No. 89.

By H. Maidlow.

Black.	White.
1. R—B sq.	P—R 4 (or *a*, *b*)
2. R—Q R sq.	Q—Q 2 (or *c*)

3.	R—Q sq.	P—R 5 (or *d*)
4.	P—Kt 3	P—R 6
5.	R—Q 2	P—R 7
6.	Q—R sq.	Q—Q sq. (or *e*)
7.	P—Q 7	K—R 3 (or *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*)
8.	Q×P	R—B 4 (or *j*, *k*)
9.	Q—B 4	R—R 4
10.	Q—B 8	R—R sq.
11.	Q×R	Q×Q
12.	P—Q 8 Q, and wins.	
	(*j*)	R—Kt 3
9.	Q×P	R—Kt sq. (or *l*)
10.	R—Q 6	Q—Kt sq.
11.	Q×Q, etc.	
	(*l*)	R—R 3
10.	Q—K 8	R—R sq.
11.	Q—K 6	Q—B 2 (or *m*)
12.	P—B 5, etc.	
	(*m*)	Q—R 4
12.	R—Q 6, etc.	
	(*k*)	R×P

This variation follows under *i*.

	(*f*)	Q—Kt 3
8.	P—Q 8 B, etc.	
	(*g*)	Q—R 4
8.	P—Q 8 R	Q—R 2
9.	New R—Q 6	Q—K 2
10.	R×R	Q×R
11.	Q×Q (ch.)	K×Q
12.	R×P, etc.	
	(*h*)	K—B sq.
8.	Q×R	Q×Q
9.	P—Q 8 Q (ch.)	Q×Q
10.	R×Q (ch.)	K—K 2
11.	R—Q R 8, etc.	
	(*i*)	K—R 2
8.	Q×P	R×P

This variation, being the most difficult, will be given in our next chess column.

	(*e*)	Q—Kt 4
7.	Q×P	R—K 3
8.	P—Q 7	R—K 8
9.	Q—Q 5	Q—B 8
10.	Q—Kt 2, etc.	
	(*d*)	Q—Kt 5
4.	R—Q 3	Q×R P (ch.)
5.	K—Kt sq.	K—R 2
6.	R—K R 3	Q×P
7.	Q×Q	R×Q
8.	R—Q 3, etc.	
	(*c*)	Q—B 7
3.	R×P	Q—B 7
4.	K—R 3	Q—Kt 3
5.	R—Q 5, etc.	
	(*a*)	Q×P (ch.)
2.	Q×Q	R×Q
3.	R—Q sq., etc.	
	(*b*)	Q—R 7
2.	R—Q sq.	Q—Q B 7
3.	R—Q 4	Q—B 7
4.	P—B 5	P×P
5.	P—Q 7	P—B 5
6.	Q×R (ch.)	K×Q
7.	P—Q 8 Q (ch.), etc.	

This end-game is an additional proof that the old rule of one queen only on the board at the same time for each player brings out superior variations. We have never met with a finer game following this rule.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—*F. W. Faber.*

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

THE POULTRY RUN.—The boy who is not busy in this month—the first in spring by the old way of reckoning—will have but little luck at all throughout the year. And this opening sentence of ours applies as well to boys in other fancies as to those of the poultry run. Be ready for anything and everything, then. We have no doubt but that your fowl-house and run, and everything connected therewith, are in tip-top order. Do not forget your diary or note-book. There will now be many items to jot down therein. Have once more a look around everything. Do so in the morning; you will then be freshest, and things will catch your eye that in the latter part of the day might escape your observation. If any wire-work wants repairing do so immediately. It is a good plan to have a few yards of meshwork lying in some dry place, ready for all emergencies.

Have the roof of your fowl-house well secured against leakage. "March goes out like a lion," the almanack says; a *nail* in time may save your roof entirely. Be careful about the cleanliness of your run this month; it may be wet and sloppy, and you will not get eggs if your fowls suffer from exposure. Could the floor of your yard be improved? Could it be made any drier? Ask yourself these questions, and answer them. See that your shelter-shed is also weatherproof. Renew the earth in your dust-bath. We have before recommended dry peat earth. We wonder if any boys in Wales or Scotland have taken to this kind of bath for their fowls. The peat earth is a capital disinfectant, but you can improve it by scattering a few good handfuls of sulphur in it.

Eggs ought now to be very plentiful; but do not forget, please, that a supply of these genuine dainties depends on the way you feed. Here is the "wrinkle" for March: Feed according to the state of the weather, letting what you give the fowls be more stimulating (*i.e.*, meat scraps and bullock's lights boiled, etc.) when the weather is cold. But laying fowls must have exercise. They pick up a deal of morsels that increases the laying power and the building-up of the eggs. Besides, exercise keeps them employed, and happy; for, strange as it may sound to some ears, fowls that are lonely, miserable, and confined in empty runs, never did do well as layers. If, therefore, your run is small, throw every day garden refuse, grass, and stuff into it, and scatter among it a handful or two of barley.

Be careful to feed chickens often and well, and feed all the different members of your feathered flock according to their needs and requirements, being sure that nothing is overlooked. They might be divided into *five* classes—(1) Cockerels or young cocks, often too gallant or shy, or something, to help themselves; (2) ordinary laying hens, greedy to a degree sometimes, and cruel to (3) the half-grown chickens; (4) the sitting hens, who require hard food, a warm nest, and quiet corner; and (5) young chickens, that eat about their own bulk every day. These last are greatly aided in their growth by milk.

Have any of our boys ever tried keeping ducks? We believe that some who live in the country would be more successful with these than even with fowls. We ourselves favour the Aylesbury and Rouens. They weigh at two months about four and a half pounds if they have been well fed and seen to. We cannot help adding, try them. Get *good* eggs, and put them under a Dorking hen.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—It will be time enough this year—if we are any judges of the weather—to mate pigeons about the end of March. It is all very fine to boast about early-hatched birds, but we are convinced that mating too soon is neither good for parents nor offspring. If you want something to do in the beginning of the month, why, there is the loft itself to be seen to. But we cannot tell you everything in these short monthly essays of ours, so we earnestly advise you to adopt hints from breeders whenever you can. Go and see other pigeon-lofts, and always have your eyes skinned, as sailors say, and on the outlook for improvements.

See, then, that your loft is perfect, draught-proof, but well ventilated, mice-proof also. Did you ever hear of a cat brought up in the pigeon-house or loft? We have, and they do very well. But we much prefer lofts where mice cannot enter. Never be prevailed upon to put down poison to mice anywhere about a place where other animals—cats, or dogs, or fowls—live. If you find a mouse's hole, mix up a paste of grease and cayenne pepper, dip a rag in it, and plug the hole. Mice do not care for cayenne; one bite at such a plug makes their eyes water, and they never take another.

We have frequently told you how to mate. Let the pair see each other for a day or two, and see none else; when they play up, it is a sign they will mate. Of course, your pairs must be young; and the more strong, vigorous, and lively they are the greater will be your chances of success.

Feed well on wholesome food; give clean water daily. Beware of a damp, sloppy floor, and see that the sun peeps in occasionally, for darkness breeds or helps to breed disease.

THE AVIARY.—This is the mating month among canaries as well as pigeons; and if the weather be fine about the middle of March you may think about turning your birds in. But do not be in too great a hurry. Do not believe that summer has come when you see a blink of sunshine. Pairing too early is a mistake that is often fatal to the offspring and to the birds themselves. So beware.

Continue to feed well, and cover up the cages at night if there be the slightest chance of frost; or, indeed, to make safe, do so whether or not. Get ready all conveniences for the coming season; and if you can spare money to buy a good book on canary-breeding, do so. The money will not be thrown away. Have another look over your breeding-cages, and if there is any suspicion of their not being perfectly clean, re-cleanse them; for if you once get vermin among your breeding-birds you will do little if any good this year.

As we said last year, we much approve of the German system of breeding canaries; the offspring are sure to be bold and saucy, and therefore healthy.

THE RABBITRY.—We must once more warn our readers against what we can only call the sin of keeping rabbits in close, confined hutches, among dirt or foul air, and feeding them on anything or anyhow. We happen to know that many boys keep rabbits simply for their own pleasure—that is, for the pleasure of possessing something alive with fur on it that will run and hop about and amuse them. Have a rabbit if you choose for a pet, but do in mercy's name learn to feed it. Know that rabbits will not feed and thrive on any kind of greens, grass, and damp roots; that they must have corn or grain, and hay, and that they must have light, and clean, dry bedding, and all the room possible.

We hope these few lines will not be thrown away upon our readers.

THE KENNEL.—The days are getting finer, and Tip or Rover dearly loves a scamper in the fresh air, especially if there be a blink or two of sunshine about. We always advise dogs as boys' pets. They are not only wise, but they actually teach and tell their owners that they are possessed of powers of mind that are of a very high order. Every thinking boy is benefited by having as a companion a trusty dog. Then, how a dog loves his young master! Surely no boy could forgive himself if he were neglectful of so faithful and loving a comrade, and did not feed him well and regularly, and give him water, exercise, and a clean dry bed to lie on at night, well protected from the cold and rain!

DOMESTIC PETS.—It is a curious thing that a boy never thinks of having a pig as a pet. You are surprised to hear us speak so? But you would be still more surprised if you knew the wonderful sagacity and aptitude to be taught there is in a pig, if allowed to have its freedom. It will require hardly any food it cannot find for itself, but should have a trough and a warm bed in an outhouse. It will follow like a dog, and is a most amusing creature. The only drawback is that you have sooner or later to part with piggie—when piggie becomes pork. A fox puppy makes a darling pet, and becomes quite as tame, and even more amusing, than a dog. The pup should be got from a keeper when very young, and kept in the house with the cat, but taken out every day for exercise.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Now is the time to begin work in earnest. For all kinds of seeds and potatoes can be put down now, as soon as the ground is dry enough. You will manure well, and turn the ground, and when dry, rake it. Take care to have your beds neatly planned, and very level and nice; and do not forget that all vegetable seeds, even *lettuces*—though this may be new to some—are best sown in drills.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—See to beds, borders, and walks. Go in for beauty everywhere. Prune and trim wherever such work is required. And do not hesitate to plant all kinds of spring flowers, bulbous excepted; and if you are going to transplant, lift a flower with a large ball of earth about it, and you can carry it anywhere. Mulch rose-trees, and trim and cut them back.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—If your boxes are all ready, you may lift crocuses from the garden, if you take a deal of earth up with them; anything for an early show of bloom. Also spring flowers, even primroses, will do well, and polyanthuses of any sort. Meanwhile arrange your trellis-work and hang up your flower-basket, and in fine weather sow your climbing plants.

Correspondence.

G. and W. ALLISON.—The best way to polish stones is on a lathe. Some notes on polishing appeared in No. 254.

W. K.—We really see no reason why "any person of ordinary ability should not make an air-pump." At the same time he will have to be very careful in his workmanship. You will find a description of the instrument in any encyclopædia or manual of physics.

W. B. C.—Walton's "Compleat Angler" was first published in 1653. Cotton's "Angler" came out in 1676. There have been dozens of subsequent editions. A note to the publishers of the one you mention would procure you the date. The "Compleat Angler" survives more for its literary merit than its technical details.

MEDICUS.—A brace for the cure of round shoulders is sold at most indiarubber shops. One is freely advertised. The cost is about half-a-crown.

A. I.—Under the new Government scheme a payment of one penny per week by a person of twenty-one years of age ensures ten pounds at death.

CHEMIST.—Meldola's "Chemistry," price eighteenpence, published by Murby, Ludgate Circus, would probably suit you.

TAJO.—We only know of the ordinary course. A marine engineer's certificate is not obtainable as a matter of favour.

F. H. M.—The "Language of the Restless Fays" was in the third volume. See the index.

S. F. C.—Yes. The topaz is an emblem of fidelity, and is dedicated to November. In the Zodiac it signifies Taurus, and in Christian art is assigned to St. James the Less.

G. W. VINCENT (Toronto).—Impossible! Give illustrations of *all* the insects! Why, one order alone would fill a volume!

F. J.—1. We have no views on Danish butter. Is it a mystery? 2. You must choose your own colony. 3. The rates for telegrams to places abroad can be ascertained from any postal telegraph office.

U. BEATON.—The article on "Hammocks, and how to net them," was in the second volume.

C. H. MAJOR.—The portrait of Queen Victoria has already been given. See the second volume.

A READER OF THE "B. O. P."—Boats are let out by Messrs. Searle for the trip from Oxford to London. For prices apply to them. See the "Rowing Almanac," or read our articles in the third volume.

T. B. COX.—"The little tags on ships' sails" are the reef points. They are used for reefing the sail. Roll the sail up to the line of the reef points, and keep it in position by tying them under it.

TURNER.—You can get full details as to the Whitworth Scholarships by applying to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.

H. MORRIS.—The modes of addressing people of rank, etc., are given in most ready reckoners and books on etiquette. You will find a page devoted to the subject in the "Standard Commercial Handbook," published by Warne and Co.

B. E. C.—A cheap book on organ building is published at 170, Strand. It costs five shillings, and is by C. A. Edwards. A long series of articles on the same subject has recently appeared in "Amateur Work," published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

DIDO.—If you will apply to your post-office you will be supplied with a pamphlet giving all particulars.

INDEX.—Back numbers and parts are sold at the same prices as current ones; but Vols. I., II., and III. are no longer procurable in the number form.

CABO DE BON ESPERANCE (Oudtshoorn).—1. Ouida is the writing name of Louise de la Ramée, a Jersey lady. It is pronounced as you say. 2. The phrase "fourth estate" has been so frequently used that it is difficult to say with whom it originated. Some say Junius, others date it back still earlier. It means that matters of public import are as a rule first discussed in the press before they come under the consideration of the three estates of the realm—which, by-the-by, are not the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, as often stated, but the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. 3. The chained unicorn is the old supporter of Scotland. See an article on the National Arms in Vol. III. 4. An elaborate joke—that is all.

W. C. DENDY.—"Mad as a hatter"="Mad as an adder" cockneyfied. "Mad as a March hare," because hares are out of season after February, and then begin to breed.

FLYING SCOTCHMAN.—It is only a question of safety. Trains have been driven on special occasions at a rate exceeding that you mention. The company makes no difference, as all the competing lines agree to a certain maximum.

G. E. M.—Refer to the third and fourth volumes, where the subject of skin-dressing was gone into at length. If you have not the indexes, send for them. They cost one penny each.

B. H. W.—Situations in banking companies are generally obtained through the influence of the directors. There is always an examination in the better-class establishments.

T. REES.—The word Welsh is English, and means "foreign."

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial Col. ge of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

About a fortnight after the events detailed in the last chapter, Smirnoff was sitting in his own particular den or "cabinet." He had received a letter from his correspondent at Berlin informing him that in consequence of a suggestion of his turning out successful he was the fortunate possessor of a large accession of wealth.

Smirnoff loved money, not for its own sake, not as a miser loves his hoards, but for the amount of service it was able to do for suffering humanity. Besides which he, like most men, was fond of success. *His* idea had been successful; he, a Rus-

"He bounded into his arms."

sian, had actually dictated to the Germans and had made the fortune of the house interested and greatly increased his own.

A quiet man in his manner was Smirnoff, but resolute as a navy captain in carrying out his plans. Seldom put out by external events, but not in the least indifferent to the success or failure either of himself or others, he was always ready to help when possible, and was never in a better temper in his life than on the afternoon of which we write. Russian-like, he was enjoying a *glass* of tea without milk or cream, but with a slice of lemon in it, and reading an English newspaper, from which, however, a large portion had been cut out by the scissors of the censor.

"How happy are those English!" he exclaimed. "They have real liberty, they can say what they like, and have their own opinions as *men*. They have no censor to cut up their papers and stop their books and letters. They have no police bothering them about their private affairs."

Here the soliloquy was interrupted by a servant, who announced Colonel Michael Nicolaevitch Masloff, from Kursk. Smirnoff let the paper drop from his hands, and looked up in speechless astonishment.

"What can he want?" he said at last, when speech returned to him. "Show him in, anyhow. This comes of being too pleased with success. Now some turn of fortune will take place. Well, what is to be done!"

At this moment the servant announced the colonel, who, in full uniform, waxed, oiled, polished, brushed, and laced to perfection, entered the room with that wonderful combination of internal pride and external humility—a Russian bow.

Smirnoff rose from his chair to receive his guest, who, advancing with extreme politeness, said,

"I have the honour of addressing Metrofan Dmietrievitch Smirnoff, I believe?"

"That is my name, Colonel Masloff," said Smirnoff, looking at the card. "In what way can I have the honour of serving you? You will excuse me if I remind you that it is just after business hours, so that any business matter should be put as briefly as possible."

This was what would under ordinary circumstances have been considered a rebuff, but the colonel was a man of business in *his* way and not to be rebuffed in the pursuit of it. He only smiled and said sweetly,

"Precisely so! That is the reason why I call upon you at this time, when I know that I am not interfering with the business of the office."

"Then your business is private?"

"Well! yes, and yet it involves questions which have been before the public."

"May I request you to be seated?"

"Many thanks."

"Will you take a glass of tea!"

"If you will give me one."

And the colonel settled himself upon the sofa. He helped himself to a cigar, and cut the lemon for his tea, with all the air of a man who knew that he was going to have a long interview which was bound to be interesting to one of them at least.

The servant withdrew after placing the samovar on a little table specially arranged for its reception. When he had left the room the colonel produced a small leathern letter case from the breast of his uniform, from which he extracted a newspaper slip containing the first offer of a reward for the discovery of Ivan. Smirnoff turned pale with excitement.

"Stop," he cried. "Before you say another word, tell me this: Is the boy safe?"

"He is."

"Thank God! Now proceed to business. Make your own terms, only let me have my dear little pet back again. Never mind the reward, that's all right. I yearn so much for my boy. I must have him!"

To hear the calm man of business pouring out his soul like this in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying!—to have seen his excited face, his heightened colour and the unwonted drops of "human dew" in his eyes—would have sent his credit on 'change down fifty per cent. in a moment! The police colonel, albeit accustomed to moving sights, was greatly affected at seeing Smirnoff thus, and he said, in a tone of deep feeling,

"I shall account myself extremely fortunate in being the humble means of restoring the boy to one who seems so thoroughly to have adopted him. He is now here at the house of General Kakaroff."

"Can we go thither at once?" said Smirnoff. "I am greatly interested in the boy's welfare, and only want to see him. May I give you some more tea? or shall we go to him at once?"

"I think we can go at once, as soon as you please. I suppose the question of reward offered will not be a difficult one? I have had some trouble and much expense in getting him from the hands of the monks!"

"Of the monks?" exclaimed Smirnoff. "Did you really get him out of the hands of monks? How can I ever thank you? I should never have seen him again but for you, if he was among the monks! The reward offered was large, some twenty thousand roubles, which, however, had to be divided, as I learn from Kakaroff, between the finder of the boy and some persons of great influence at court who excited him to the exertions he made in advertising and so forth. Of course you heard of it through him."

"Why, yes! That is true," said the colonel; "but all the trouble and the whole merit of the discovery I claim as mine."

"And the boy is safe?"

"Sound as a roach—perfect in wind and limb."

"Well, then, colonel, look here. Will you be satisfied if I take it upon myself to satisfy Kakaroff and the court lady and give you the twenty thousand roubles clear, provided that you prove to me that the whole merit and trouble of discovery were yours?"

"I am astonished beyond bounds at such munificence! I am more than satisfied."

"Well, there are two conditions that I make—first, that you will not tell Kakaroff a word about your additional reward from me, but take just what he may offer you without a murmur; and, secondly, you must remember that this payment is only to be made on condition that little Ivan is given over to me in perfect health."

"I accede to your conditions with all my heart, although there will be some difficulty in eluding Kakaroff's direct questions as to whether I have received more from you."

"Then suppose I do not give it you until after all arrangements with him have been made. You can then say that you have not received anything from me, but that I have referred you to him."

"But suppose he asks me *after* I have received the money, what shall I do then?"

"Then, when I have Ivan in my own hands, and Kakaroff is satisfied—then I don't care what you do or say; only I don't want him to know of this *now*. Shall I give you a written obligation to pay you? What would you like me to do?"

"I leave the matter to your own sense of honour. It has been solely my work since Kakaroff drew my attention to the fact of the boy having been traced to the Kursk line and to some station lying just before the town itself."

"How was that discovered?"

"A rascally student took him to a den in the Novoye Derayvnie, where he lay lost for a time. To throw the police off the scent Ivan was disguised as a girl, and sent under the guidance of a young woman to the intermediate station I have referred to on the Kursk line. By this means he was lost as a boy. He was taken to the monastery of Kupsk, where some of my people had connections among the serving monks. The telegram from Kakaroff put me on my mettle, and I asked about among our people who had been most away from Kursk to look after such a boy, and I found, through a discharged coachman, that he was at Kupsk. When sure of his identity I arrested him, and thus took him from the monks, and he is now here!"

"Please give me the name of the coachman who recognised him."

The name was duly entered in the notebook of the merchant, who, having finished writing, said, "Now, who was the girl who took charge of him?"

"Her name is Anastasia von Hohenhorst."

"What was the monastery—Kupsk, I think you said?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, then, we will go. I shall give Kakaroff twenty thousand roubles as promised. Of that you will get but little, I fear. Then I give you twenty thousand, of which he is to have nothing. Next, I shall provide handsomely for your gendarmes and people; then I shall take special care of the coachman at Kursk. Anastasia von Hohenhorst shall be a rich woman, and the monastery shall not be the worse for the hospitality shown to my boy. Here, you Nikieter—Stefan, there! is the drosky ready? Step in, colonel. Sascha, are you going to drive? All right. Drive as if a whole pack of wolves were after you. You know the feeling." The man grinned. "Then make for the headquarters of the police on the Tverskaya Boulevard."

And away flew horse and drosky. Smirnoff was greatly excited; all the quiet, calm, steady-going man of business had vanished, and an excited, determined, and almost wildly-animated enthusiast had taken his place.

When they arrived they found no trouble about admittance. Orders had already been given on that score, and servants were waiting ready to conduct

Smirnoff immediately to the cabinet of the police-master. On entering the room Smirnoff was surprised at seeing a little boy whom he did not know waiting to receive him—for the plentiful change of air, the excellent diet, and the exercise he had undergone had added so much to Ivan's stature and general appearance that he looked fully thirteen. His red silk shirt and other dandyfications all helped to confuse Smirnoff.

At last Ivan exclaimed, with a roguish twinkle in his mischievous eye that no one could mistake, "Don't you know me, Metrofan Dmietrievitch? What a shame!"

There was something in Ivan's voice which, it seems, no one could forget. As soon as he heard it Smirnoff rushed forward with open arms. The boy leaped into them, and in the next moment was sobbing on the breast of his more than father.

Masloff left the cabinet, and asked a servant whom he found in waiting outside the door to convey him at once to General Kakaroff. The man told him that he was with her excellency and could not be disturbed. Whereupon the colonel gave the man his card, on which he wrote, "All is well; they are in your cabinet. Do you wish them to see the two boys and the girl?"

The man took the card, and in a short time returned with a request that the colonel would follow him. This of course he did, and was ushered into the room in which Madame Kakaroff had received Anniesie. The present tenants of the chamber were the boys from the First Gymnasium, Madame Kakaroff, and the *chef*.

"Well, colonel," said the prefect, rising as Masloff approached. "I am glad that all this is off your mind so far. Anna Feodorovna, allow me to introduce to your special notice my friend Colonel Masloff, who has been most actively instrumental in bringing this strange affair of the Dobroff mystery to a successful close." The lady of the mansion gracefully extended her hand, which Masloff raised to his lips. "These are our two young friends from the Gymnasium, who have come by permission of their friends to see you and your interesting charge. We must allow Mr. Smirnoff time to realise the recovery of his lost pet, and then, with your kind permission, Anna, I shall present him to you, and I should be glad to witness the meeting between the boy and Hermann's daughter."

After half an hour's pleasant chat the colonel, accompanied by Kakaroff, withdrew. They entered the private cabinet and found Smirnoff and Ivan in deep conversation.

"Ha! Mr. Smirnoff. I congratulate you on the recovery of your pet. May I beg you to step this way? My wife has a great desire to see you, and there is no time like the present."

"I had much rather be excused," said Smirnoff; "but a lady's will is law, and so we must yield. Do not think me churlish for wishing to be excused. The fact is I am rather too much agitated by the unexpected occurrence of to-day, and am not fit for society."

"Quite correct, we can only honour you for feeling so strongly; but it is nothing more than a family party—or rather no party at all. My wife, myself, and a lady who greatly wishes to see little Ivan. Pray come!"

"Certainly; but you will let us off directly. I long to get home with him. By-the-by, to whom is the reward to be paid? I suppose to the gentleman who really discovered him—Colonel Masloff."

"There are many considerations to be entered into before that question is decided; and first of all there is a certain court lady who has taken a most lively interest in the boy, and who, in fact, first put me on the scent."

"Oh! I know—the Princess Tcherbolinski! Leave her to me."

"How you could know of that little matter which I thought quite a piece of secret intelligence is strange. However, if you take her off my hands I make no claim for my part in the affair, but I should like something done for the family of one of the gendarmes who was shot in the cellar the other day. The other was a bachelor, and it does not matter."

"I have settled an annuity on the widow of your Cossack who was killed at Zakolniki, and I have no objection to do as much for the widow of the gendarme, but I do not see that this should come out of the reward. If all these things are to be subtracted there will be little left for our friend the colonel, who besides has something to do for his people at Kursk."

"You talk like a prime minister giving away pensions. Then you know there are our Gymnasium boys, Abrazoff and Popoff. We must not forget them."

"I never forget those who serve me in any way. And now, having an idea in my mind of what is to be done for the inferior persons in this to me most interesting domestic drama, there comes a question of still greater importance—namely, What can I do for you?"

"My dear sir, I am delighted to have been the means of serving so loyal and so good a man. A time may come when I may need aid, and then I will come to you and freely ask you to help me. Till then let it remain as it is between us. I shall remind you of the matter some day, and you may be able to serve me more effectually than by mere pecuniary aid. Not that I despise that, though," he added, laughing. "I never believe much in people who say that they don't care for money!"

The police-master of Moscow placed his hand caressingly within the arm of Smirnoff and led him to the apartments of his wife, little Ivan holding on by his other hand. As soon as they came to the door of the crimson drawing-room a servant stationed there opened it and admitted the trio. But no sooner were they fairly within the room than Ivan, bursting from Smirnoff, exclaimed, "There she is! Anniesie, Anniesie!" and as the girl rose—which she did involuntarily at the sight of the boy—he rushed at her with delight, utterly regardless of the presence of others.

The lady of the mansion was much affected by the action, and observed to her husband, "His heart is in the right place, at all events."

"I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, mademoiselle," said Smirnoff, "for your tender care of my little adopted son, who, however, is as dear to me as though he were my own flesh and blood; and, indeed, those who have shown kindness to him have a much stronger claim on my gratitude than if they had shown it to me. You have secured a warm friend in Ivan, and through him one in me. He has told me how good you have been."

"Ivan was in a very bad plight when I first saw him," replied Anniesie. "He had been spirited away by as thoroughly bad a man as ever lived, and given over to one whom he believed to be worse than himself, although I know the real working of my father's heart. He was not originally cruel or wicked, but he became attached to these dreadful revolutionists, and his whole being changed except in his tenderness for me, to whom he was the best of fathers."

The meeting between the schoolfellows was not so affectionate as might have been expected when we remember how ready the two elder boys were to do everything in their power to help the authorities to find Ivan.

They came forward with extended hands, however, saying how glad they were to see him; but as soon as the talk with the elders had become more serious, Abrazoff said to our hero, "Nice chap you are to get into scrapes, and pull the whole school in with you! Schwann is as savage as a bear with the toothache! I would not be in your shoes for a trifle!"

"You are decidedly in for it!" added Popoff. "Old Schwann was talking with the inspector to-day about what the heaviest form of punishment could be that they might inflict. Horrible fellow when the fit takes him is Schwann!"

The boys were the first to leave; then Masloff went, having first arranged to call in the Loubiyanka the following morning. There was an affectionate leave-taking between Anniesie and Ivan. Kakaroff seemed delighted with Smirnoff, and actually accompanied him to the hall—a thing which he had never been known to do before with any one under the rank of count of the empire or a prince of the Imperial family.

Returning, he found Anniesie looking very tired and extremely pale—at which no one in his senses could wonder. As the police-master was about to utter some commonplace politeness, an official entered with a telegram from the Minister at St. Petersburg. Kakaroff tore it open, and after reading it through wrote an answer on a piece of letter-paper lying on one of the tables in the room. He gave this answer to the man, and, without taking any further notice of the ladies, strode anxiously up and down the room.

At last his wife asked him whether he had received bad news of any kind—a question which seemed to recall him to himself at once.

He approached the settee, and, placing a gilt chair opposite, sat down, facing his wife and Anniesie, saying, with extreme courtesy, "I must beg you both to pardon me; I have no right to allow the worries of official life to affect me in social relations, but I am somewhat annoyed by unexpected news from the Minister."

"Then," said Anniesie, "I ought to leave you. My presence here is only an intrusion under such circumstances. But—whither am I to go? I have no home, I am alone and friendless. I—" Here she broke down altogether and sobbed as if her heart would break. The lady of the house tried to soothe her with sweet womanly words of comfort.

"Rooms," said Kakaroff, kindly, "will be prepared for you. As there must be a very close investigation into these sad events, you will most probably have to

be examined. It will render the whole thing more agreeable for you to be on the spot."

"What is the matter, general?" asked the lady of the house when Anniesie had gone to her room. "There seems to me to be something rather awful in this business. You are much annoyed."

"I don't think that there is much to be done in this case. I thought I was to have had the management of it, but it is put into the third section!"

"How shocking! then perhaps Anniesie, whom you have recommended to me so warmly, and who has recommended herself still more warmly by her simple ways, will fall under their judgment."

"I fear so. Her father is already in prison, and that is quite right. The student who took the boy off I have here."

"Why? how so? are you turning the palace of the police-master into a prison?"

"Not exactly, but there in the western wing *was* the old prison, and the rooms have the grated windows of the good old times."

"What will become of her?"

"Difficult to say. You see she is some how or other mixed up in it. Neither she nor Masloff has said a word about her uncle to whom she took Ivan at first, and who carried him off to the monastery. This will go very much against her in hearing the cause. Her action in the whole story will look very suspicious. I begged the Minister of Justice to let me adjudicate, but he sends a prompt and peremptory prohibition of my doing more than to keep such prisoners as I have in close confinement. I have Palitzki in the old guarded wing, I have Anniesie in this house, which, as you say, is converting our palace into a prison. But I cannot send Anniesie to the ordinary felon's jail, nor will I send Palitzki, who saved my life, to certain death, or worse, in Siberia, without an effort to save him."

"That is rash in your position. The man is a well-known member of this democratic movement, and will certainly be sent off. It is no time for sentiment."

There was life enough now in the House Smirnova? A respectable German lady was engaged as a housekeeper. Windows were cleaned, and fresh white blinds and lace curtains were seen through the now transparent double panes of glass. Many were the visitors in the course of the day who called to congratulate Smirnoff on the recovery of his pet, whose loss had been known all over Moscow.

Ivan's bright face grew brighter with pleasure when he found so many people interesting themselves about him; but he was greatly surprised at never meeting Anniesie out, save in the carriage with Madame Kakaroff. He saw her sometimes at the house of the police-master, who was much graver in his manner than he used to be. He never referred to Anniesie unless first asked about her. Smirnoff and Ivan both thought him changed in some manner. They did not know that Anniesie was a State prisoner.

(To be continued.)

Our Artist's Dream!

CHAPTER XXII.—A MINE OF A NEW SORT.

Miss Watkins, notwithstanding Cyprien's silence, soon heard all about the visit of the masked men.

"Ah!" she said to him. "Is not your life worth more than all the diamonds in the world?"

"Dearest Alice—"

"You must not experiment in that way any more."

"You order me?"

"Yes! I order you to leave off as I once ordered you to begin. That is if you like to take orders from me."

"As I like always to obey them," said Cyprien, taking the hand that Alice held out to him.

But when he told her what had happened to Mataki she was in despair, particularly when she learnt that her father was the cause.

She, like Cyprien, did not believe in the poor Kaffir's guilt. She, like him, would do all she could to save him. But how to do so and how to influence her father in his favour was more than she could discover.

Mr. Watkins had obtained no confession from Mataki. He had shown him the gallows on which he was to hang; he had promised him pardon if he would only confess; but all to no purpose. Then, having to give up all hope of ever recovering the Star of the Settlement, he had gone quite mad with rage. No one dare come near him.

The day after the sentence Mr. Wat-

kins, suffering rather less than usual from his gout, took advantage of the relief to put his papers in order. Seated in front of a large writing-table of ebony inlaid with yellow marqueterie, a relic of the old Dutch domination, stranded after many vicissitudes in this remote corner of Griqualand, he was leisurely running through his different assignments, agreements, and correspondence.

Behind him Alice, lost in her work, was stitching away without noticing the big ostrich Dada, who stalked about the room with his usual gravity, sometimes giving a glance out of the window, sometimes giving a long scrutinising look at Mr. Watkins.

Suddenly an exclamation from the farmer made Alice raise her head.

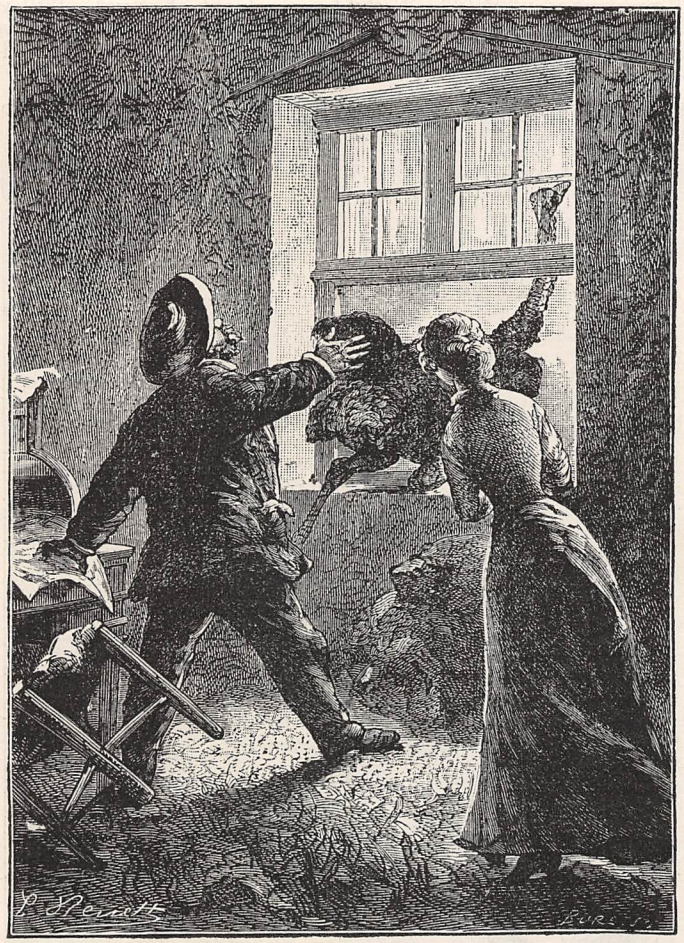
"That bird is a nuisance!" he said. "Look, he has swallowed a deed! Here, Dada! Tsh! Tsh! Give it up! Give it up!" And then came a torrent of abuse. "You wretched old brute! You have swallowed it! A most important thing like that! The deed of assignment that gave me the Kopje! It is abominable! I'll make you give it up—if I have to throttle you!"

And Watkins jumped off the chair and ran after the ostrich, which made two or three turns of the room and then bounded out through the open window.

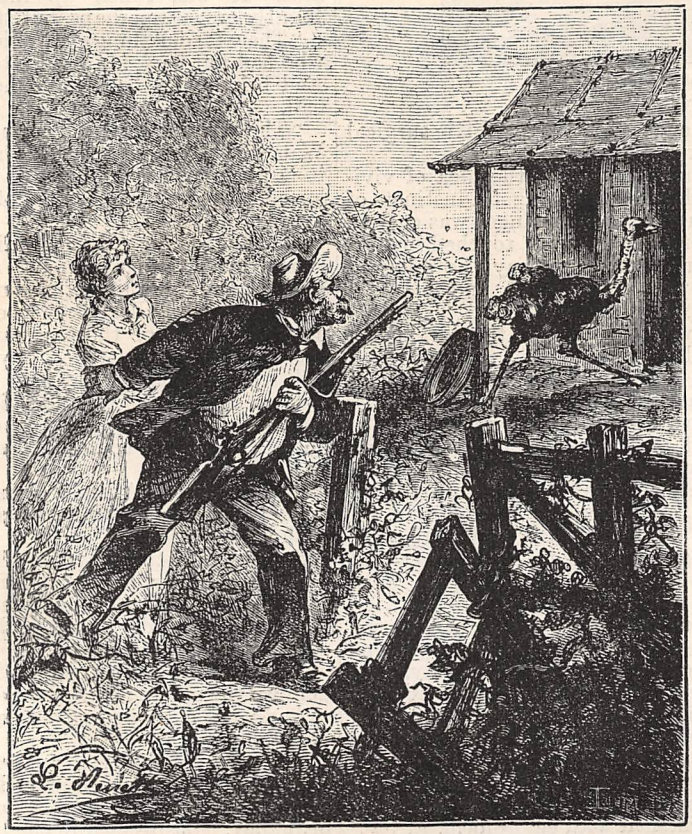
"Father!" said Alice, aghast at her favourite's greediness; "do be calm! Listen to me! You will make yourself ill!"

But Watkins did not hear her. The ostrich's escape had driven him to distraction; and, almost choking with rage, he hobbled after the bird, and roared out,

"I have had too much of it! I will settle you! I am not going to give up my title-deeds in that way! I will put a bullet through you, and we'll see!"



"Bounded out through the open window."



"The ostrich seemed to recognise the danger."

Alice burst into tears.

"Father! Do have mercy on the poor thing!" said she. "Is the paper so very important? Cannot you get a duplicate? Will you make me miserable and kill poor Dada for such a trifle as that?"

But John Watkins would hear nothing. He was looking round on all sides in search of the victim.

At last he caught sight of Dada standing by the side of the hut occupied by Cyprien. Bringing his gun to his shoulder he took aim, but the ostrich seemed to recognise the danger, and disappeared round the corner.

"Just wait! Wait! I'll have you, you brute!" said Watkins.

And Alice, more frightened than ever, followed him to make yet another appeal for mercy.

They reached the hut and walked round it. No ostrich! Dada had become invisible!

He could not have left the hill, for they would have seen him. He must have gone inside the hut through the door or through one of the windows which were open at the back.

So thought Watkins. And he hurried up and knocked at the door. Cyprien opened it.

"Mr. Watkins? Miss Watkins? I am delighted to see you. Come in," said he, looking very much surprised at the unexpected visit.

The farmer hastily explained matters. He was very much out of breath and very much excited.

"Well, well, have a look for the culprit," said Cyprien.

"And I'll precious soon settle his hash for him!" added the farmer, brandishing his gun like a tomahawk.

"What a shout escaped from John Watkins!"

At the same moment a glance from the young lady showed Cyprien the horror with which she regarded the projected execution. His mind was consequently made up immediately. He would not find the ostrich.

"Li," he whispered to the Chinaman, "I expect the ostrich is in your room. Tie it up there and let it get away as soon as I have taken Mr. Watkins in the opposite direction."

Unfortunately this excellent plan proved a failure at the outset, for the ostrich had taken refuge in the very first room into which Mr. Watkins went. There it was making itself as small as possible with its head stuck under a chair, but as visible as the sun at noonday.

Watkins rushed at it.

"Now, you brute, your time has come!"

But, angry as he was, he hesitated. To fire a gun point blank in a house that did not belong to him was rather too strong a proceeding.

Alice turned away and wept, and saw nothing of this hesitation.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to the engineer.

"Mr. Watkins! You only want to recover your paper? Well, you need not kill Dada to do that! We can open the stomach, for the document can hardly have got out of it yet. Will you allow me to try the operation? I have worked at zoology at the Museum, and I know quite enough to manage a little surgical affair like that."

Whether it was that the idea of vivisection flattered the vengeful instincts of the farmer, or that his anger was cooling down, or that he was touched by his daughter's tears, anyway he allowed himself to be persuaded, and accepted the compromise.

"But we must not lose the document," insisted he; "if it is not in the stomach we must go farther down for it! I must have it at any price."

The operation was not quite so easy as it looked at first sight, notwithstanding the resigned attitude of the wretched Dada. A small ostrich has prodigious strength, and once the patient felt the amateur surgeon's knife the gigantic Dada might turn on them in anger and escape. And so Li and Bardik were called in to assist.

First of all the ostrich had to be secured. The lines which Li always kept in his room came in very handy. An arrangement of hitches and knots soon bound Dada beak and foot.

Cyprien did not stop there. In order to spare the sensibility of Miss Watkins he resolved to save the ostrich all pain, and so covered its head with a handkerchief moistened with chloroform.

That done, he began the operation, not without considerable anxiety.

Alice, shuddering at these preliminaries and pale as death, had taken refuge in an adjoining room.

Cyprien began by feeling at the base of the bird's neck so as to find the gizzard. This was not very difficult, for the gizzard forms at the upper part of the thoracic region a mass of some size, hard and prominent, which the fingers could easily distinguish among the softer parts of its vicinity.

With a sharp penknife the skin of the neck was carefully cut into. It was large and loose like that of a turkey and covered with grey down which was easily pressed aside. The incision caused just a little blood to flow, and this was carefully wiped off with a wet rag.

Cyprien noticed the position of the two or three important arteries and carefully pulled them aside with the wire hooks he had given Bardik to hold. Then he opened a white pearly tissue which filled a large cavity above the collarbone. He had reached the gizzard.

Imagine the gizzard of a fowl increased almost a hundredfold in size, hardness, and weight, and you have the gizzard of the ostrich.

Dada's gizzard looked like a large brown pocket greatly distended with the food or the foreign bodies that the voracious animal had swallowed during the day—or in the past. And it was quite enough to see this brawny healthy organ to understand that there was little danger in resolutely attacking it.

With the sharp hunting-knife that Li placed in his hand Cyprien cut deeply down into the mass.

Down the fissure it was easy to introduce the hand to the very bottom of the gizzard.

The first thing Cyprien lighted on was the deed so much regretted by Mr. Watkins. It was rolled up into a ball, slightly creased perhaps, but still intact.

"There is something else," said Cyprien, who had put back his hand into the hole. And bringing it back he found an ivory ball.

"The darning ball belonging to Miss Watkins," he exclaimed. "Only think, it is five months ago since it was swallowed. Evidently it could not pass the lower orifice."

He handed the ball to Bardik, and resumed his investigations like an archæologist amid the ruins of a Roman camp.

"A copper candlestick!" he exclaimed, extracting one of those useful articles crushed, broken, flattened, oxydised but still recognisable.

Here the laughter of Bardik and Li became so noisy that Alice, who had just entered the room, could not help joining in.

"Some coins! A key! A small-tooth comb!" continued Cyprien, proceeding with his inventory.

Suddenly he turned pale. His fingers seemed to grasp an exceptional form! No! There could be no doubt of it! And yet he hardly dared to believe in such good fortune!

At length he pulled out his hand and held up the object he had found.

And what a shout escaped from John Watkins!

"The Star of the Settlement!"

Yes. The famous diamond was recovered intact, and had lost none of its brilliancy. It sparkled in the light from the window like a constellation.

One strange thing about it was noticed

at once by all present. It had changed colour!

Instead of being black as formerly, the Star of the Settlement was now rose-colour. A beautiful rose, which added, if possible, to its limpidity and splendour.

"Do you think that will damage its value?" asked Watkins, as soon as he could speak, for surprise and delight had almost deprived him of breath.

"Not the least in the world," said Cyprien. "On the contrary, it is an additional peculiarity which classes the stone among the rare family of chameleon diamonds. It does not seem to be very cold in Dada's gizzard, though it is generally due to sudden changes of temperature that we get the alteration in tint of the coloured diamonds."

"Ah! At all events I have found you again, my beauty," said Watkins, clasping the diamond in his hand to assure himself it was not all a dream. "You have caused me so much anxiety by your flight, ungrateful Star, that I shall not let you go again."

And he lifted it to his eyes, and he gave such a longing look that he seemed about to swallow it like another Dada.

Cyprien ordered Bardik to give him a needle threaded with coarse thread, and then he carefully replaced the gizzard of the ostrich. Then he sewed up the incision in the neck, and then he undid the bandages.

Dada, much crestfallen, hung his head and did not seem disposed to move.

"Do you think he will get over it?" asked Alice, more interested in the sufferings of her favourite than in the reappearance of the diamond.

"Get over it, Miss Watkins?" said Cyprien. "Do you think I should have tried the operation if I had not been sure he would? In three days he will feel nothing of it, and in two hours he will have filled the curious pouch we have just emptied."

Reassured by the promise, Alice gave the engineer a look of gratitude that fully recompensed him for all his trouble. As she did so Mr. Watkins had just succeeded in convincing himself that he was in his sober senses, and that he had really recovered his wonderful diamond. He left the window.

"Mr. Cyprien," he said, in majestic and solemn tones, "you have done me a great service, and I do not know how to reward you for it."

Cyprien's heart began to leap.

To reward him! Well, Mr. Watkins, there was a very simple way! Was it so difficult to keep your promise and give your daughter's hand to the man who brought back the Star of the Settlement? Was it not the same as if he had brought it from the depths of the Transvaal?

So Cyprien thought, but he was too proud to speak. And, besides, he thought the same idea might occur to the farmer.

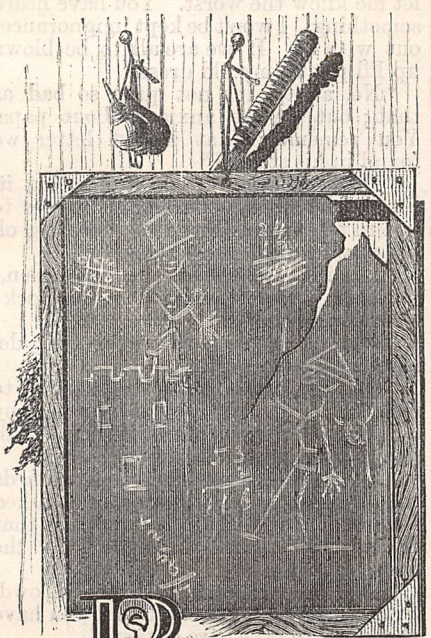
But Watkins said nothing at all about it, and having beckoned to his daughter, left the hut and returned to the farm.

It need hardly be said that a few minutes afterwards Mataki was set free. But he had had a narrow escape of paying with his life for the greediness of Dada, and had got off unexpectedly well.

(To be continued.)

BOY-BAITING.

By the Odd Fellow.



By this time I suspect that some of you must think the Odd Fellow no longer exists; that he has either come into a fortune and given up writing for your amusement and instruction, or else that he has joined the majority. Not a bit of it. As a festive juvenile poet once sang of a schoolfellow:

> "Still the thick birch or supple cane he feels;
> Still on this earth he kicks his festive heels."

"Festive heels" was voted a good epithet; it is almost Horatian.

However, I cannot confess to being still a victim of birch or cane, and if I ever was—but perhaps silence is best on that topic. Yet, since I have mentioned schoolboy woes, let me indulge in a few reminiscences on the subject.

There can be no doubt that flogging and caning are on the decrease. The next generation will probably know of bodily torture by tradition only. It is true that in a recent Blue Book on Education one Commissioner (a Scotchman) would have boys whipped "for all bad, if not all offences," but against that must be put the recommendation of another Commissioner (also a Scotchman; let us be just), who thought that "only in exceptional cases it should be resorted to."

However, fifty years ago, even twenty, it was the commonest punishment in both public and private schools; in some it was the only one. Perhaps it answered in certain cases; undoubtedly it did not in others. At some private schools a point was made in the prospectus of the fact that no corporal punishment was inflicted. This caught the eye of tender-hearted parents who could not bear the idea of their darling boy being hurt.

But the schoolmaster who had abolished caning did not find it the easiest thing in the world to provide a satisfactory substitute. There was the everlasting copying of odes or lines, but both master and pupil wished for variety. How could it be obtained?

In the course of my researches I have come across some curious experiments. All that I shall mention I will vouch for as having been used at some school within my knowledge. I mention this, as one or two would not claim credence on their own merits.

Which of you, for instance, ever heard of a boy being given a twisted ball of twine to unravel as a reward for misconduct? Yet at one school this was a regular punishment and by no means a pleasant one, the use of the knife to cut the Gordian knot being out of the question.

At the academy at which I spent a portion of my boyhood there was a peculiar punishment for continually falling asleep in church. The somniferous boy had to undress and go to bed at every playhour during the next day. In warm weather it was endurable, but in winter—!

Almost every misconduct at this school met with its reward in the shape of lines. Lines for not knowing lessons, lines for being late, lines for bolstering, lines for everything. "Disorderly conduct meets with its due reward," was a favourite—with the masters. The boys got a facility for writing them, and could knock off a hundred in no time, or even in less if they used Jenkins's patent pen, which consisted of two tied together. But it was found that these lines ruined the handwriting, so a variation was made. Large words had to be written reaching right across the slate, and had to be filled in laboriously. There was no shirking these, and they were detested accordingly.

Another variation, not, however, adopted at our school, was the writing out and bringing up fifteen lines every quarter of an hour throughout the day's playhours. This was an aggravating business; the victim couldn't settle down to anything. Directly he went out he had to come in and start another miserable fifteen; then he was free for the rest of the quarter of an hour, when he had to begin again.

Some years ago Bedford County School had a Mr. Groom as head-master, and a very good one too if we may judge from the fact that he raised the numbers from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty in eighteen months. He invented sitting perfectly still as a punishment. It was an odd sight to watch thirty or forty boys in a row doing nothing for twenty minutes. The incorrigible boys were sometimes put to roll the garden-path in view of all the boys and any visitors who might be present. The victims used to ask for a caning instead.

Drawing triangles was an established punishment at another school, perhaps not so useless a proceeding as some, for it produced accuracy of hand. Making a boy stand on a form in the dark was another. Sometimes the boy fell asleep standing, and came down with a run.

Ah! you boys! why can't you cease to torment your instructors? Why make your masters puzzle their brains to invent a new method of rendering you uncomfortable?

A SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE WITH MOONLIGHTERS.

By James Cox, R.N.,

Author of "Fascinated by a Fakir," "How I Saved My Aunt's Diamonds," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

WIFTLY the short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and the sun was gradually disappearing behind the bank of ash-coloured clouds on the western side of the lough as the keel of the boat grated on the shore of a small wooded island. Overhead the clouds were gathering in great black masses, and already large flakes of snow were falling on the outstretched arms of the firs, and covering the earth with a soft white mantle.

"How jolly cold it's getting, Charley!" said Reggy, as he stepped out of the skiff.

"Yes, old man, right you are."

"Now, then, we'll just run up as far as the hut, and then for home, ducks or no ducks."

"Where's your hut?"

"Oh, the hut's on the other side; we shall be there in five minutes. Come along—how dark it's getting!"

"There you are, Reggy," said Charley, pointing to a small building.

"Hullo! what's this?" Charley drew attention as he spoke to some footprints on the freshly-fallen snow.

"Cannibals," suggested Reggy, with a smile.

"No; but there's somebody in the hut. Don't make a row! Whoever can be there?"

The boys advanced cautiously towards the building, and as they neared it they listened. The sound of voices engaged in what appeared to be angry argument fell upon their ears.

"Shamus, remimber yer oath. No skulking this time, ye thief of the world. Nolan and the capt'in'll be after watchin' you."

"Hould yer whist, yer needn't be after remindin' me of the oath, but it's a plisant man the colonel is, and sorra a bit do I like the job."

"It's moighty partickler ye are gettin', Shamus; sure it's asier work than drownin' the cess collector. Are ye sure, bhoys, that the colonel comes back to-night?"

"Didn't O'Kelly hear him tell Mick Dennis at the station he'd be comin' down by the mail train?"

"Thrue for you."

"Well, thin, lads, it's time we go to meet the capt'in—ten o'clock was the hour, and there's the arrms to be got first."

More conversation followed, but it was carried on in so low a tone that the two awe-stricken boys only managed to overhear a few disconnected words, but what they did hear was sufficient to convince them that a diabolical conspiracy was being arranged by the inmates of the hut to murder Colonel Fitzgerald.

Charley's face grew white and he trembled with excitement as he heard the villains make a movement towards the door, which was fortunately situated at the opposite end of the hut; but he had sufficient presence of mind to clutch Reggy by the hand and draw him back from the building to the shadow cover of the dwarf firs. And here the two boys watched half a dozen men file out of the hut and proceed to a boat drawn up on the beach.

"How fortunate for us that we landed on the other side," he whispered to Reggy, as the boat was shoved off by the men, who took their seats in it and pulled over silently to the main land.

"Yes, indeed; but now, Charley, there's no time to be lost; we must do something," said Reggy.

"Yes, I know. Father must remain in Galway to-night if he has left Dublin. It's half-past five now, I should think; the train arrives at ten; we must get home at once, and one of us will have to ride into town to meet him."

"He promised to telegraph on leaving Dublin, didn't he," remarked Reggy.

"Yes, and we ought to find the telegram up at the house if he intends coming; and of course if he hasn't telegraphed he can't intend to return to-night, so he'll be all right, and we needn't trouble about going to the station."

The two boys hurried off to the skiff, and as by this time it was quite dark they had no fear of being observed by the occupants of the other boat. In the course of ten minutes they had pulled across the lough with such good will that they reached the opposite shore, made the skiff fast, and were on their way across the fields and through the woods to Castle Kilrea, which they reached almost breathless.

"We must tell Eileen at once," said Charley, as they waited at the door while somebody inside was removing the ponderous bar and chain. "Look sharp inside there!" shouted the boy, impatiently.

"All right, Master Charles." And old Dan cautiously opened the door and admitted his young master.

"Oh, you wretched boys; where have you been all this time?" snapped Miss O'Dowd from the top of the stairs. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? "Quick, Dan, bolt the door."

Charley, without paying any attention to his aunt's reproaches, hastened, followed by Reggy, into the drawing-room in search of Eileen, and immediately asked her if any telegram had come from his father.

"No, dear. I'm so disappointed. I thought he would have been certain to come to-night. In his last letter, you know, he said he felt sure the trial would be over by yesterday evening. But how warm you two boys look. Is anything the matter?"

"Don't be frightened, sis.; we've something to tell you." And Charley at once communicated to Eileen the history of their adventure on the island.

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the girl. "Supposing papa has forgotten the telegram, and is now on his way home."

"Yes, I thought of that just now; but the train doesn't arrive before ten, so let us have dinner at once, and I will ride over to town directly afterwards."

Miss O'Dowd put in an appearance at dinner, and noticing the anxious look on Eileen's face, remarked, with an angry sniff,

"I believe you are concealing something from me, children. Whatever it is, let me know the worst. You have heard something. I won't be kept in ignorance; out with it. If we are all to be blown up I'll put on my old dress."

"No, aunty, it's not quite so bad as that; but we are anxious about papa. You remember that horrid letter we found in his study?"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it. Fitzgerald must be out of his senses to live in this wretched place. Oh dear, oh dear! why did I leave Dublin?"

"I think I shall start now, Eileen," said her brother, looking at the clock; "it's nearly eight."

"Where are you going, boy?" demanded the old lady.

"Oh, I'm just going to the station to meet father; and if we don't turn up by half-past eleven you'll know that we shall sleep in the town."

As the boy crossed the room towards the door he suddenly stopped and asked his aunt whether she was quite sure that Mickey had securely fastened up the house for the night.

"Yes, sir," answered Miss O'Dowd, with asperity; "it's well that you have somebody to take care of you all."

Somebody tapped at the dining-room door.

"Come in! Oh, it's you, Dan. Tell Mick to saddle."

"Mick's outside in the hall, yer honour," said the old servant; "and wants to spake to you for a minit," lowering his voice.

"What is it, Mick?" said Charley, as he passed into the hall, closing the door as he left the room.

"Shure, yer honour," said Mick, speaking rapidly, "I'm afraid there's some wickedness up. I was after coming thro' the shrubbery jest now after takin' a look at the stables—sure it's as dark there as pitch by the same token—and I heard—"

"Well, quick, what did you hear?"

"I heard some one moving on the snow soft as a cat, and thin I heard some one say, 'Is it you, Rooney?'

"'Shure it is,' sez I.

"'An',' sez the voice, which appeared to come up rom the ground, 'have the bhoys arrived?'

"'They're comin,' sez I.

"'The sooner the better,' sez he, 'for it's near fruz with the cowld I am.'

"'Where are yez stationed?' sez the voice.

"'At the back door,' sez I, 'and the sooner I git there the better.'

"'Howld on for a minit,' sez he; 'here's a drop o' the crater, Rooney. Where are ye?' And, yer honour, I jest stepped quietly off in the dark, leaving the rascal groping for his friend Rooney."

"Now, Mick," said Charley, "what do you think it all means?"

"Shure, the manin' of it's jest as plain as the nose on yer honour's face. It's the colonel's arms they're after. And it's the truth I'm tellin' you, Master Charles, if we don't give 'em up quietly they'll break in and take them. Bad luck to the villains!"

Here a loud peal rang through the house.

The dining-room door was thrown open. Out rushed Miss O'Dowd, followed by her niece and Reggy.

The hall-bell was again rung with violence.

"Who's there?" called Charley.

"Open the door, or we'll smash it in," was the reply.

"Murder! murder!" shrieked Miss O'Dowd, bolting upstairs.

Charley pointed to the guns that were arranged as a trophy on the wall in the hall, and said, quietly, to Reggy,

"Help Mick to take them up to the room over father's study."

"Are yez going to open the door?"

Charley clasped Eileen's hand, and said, "Go up with aunty, darling."

"Are you going to let them in, brother?" cried Eileen.

"No," said the boy, with a proud look. "I shall stop them if possible. Mick, Dan, and I ought to prevent the cowards from getting in. Don't be frightened, dear."

Charley looked carefully at the door, and then went upstairs to the room above the study, which was immediately over the door, followed by Eileen.

"Don't come here, dear," he said. "Mick, how many guns have you there?"

"Shure, there's a dozen, barrin' the blunderbuss and the two rifles the colonel brought home from Ingier."

"What about father?" whispered Eileen.

Reggy looked at Charley.

"I'll go and meet him," he said, quietly. "Dan is too old to, and you'll want Mick here to help protect your sister."

"Thanks, Reggy. But how are you to get to the stables? If the wretches outside discover you, you'll be murdered."

"I'll try, at any rate," said Reggy, glancing for a moment at Eileen's tearful face. "I can get out of the window at the back of the house. Give me the keys of the stable, Mick."

"God bless and protect you, Reggy," said Eileen, wringing the boy's hand as he made off to his room with the intention of putting his purpose into execution.

"Look here," said Charley, who ran off after his chum, "don't think I want you to do what I wouldn't do myself. It's just this, old chap: I promised father I would take care of Eileen, and I think my place is here. When you get out of the grounds, don't go by the avenue, but through the plantation; ride as hard as you can to the police hut, which you know is about five miles this side of Galway; send the constabulary on to the castle, and then you will be able to meet father at the station; tell him everything, and no doubt he will get some more police in the town and drive home. I must be off. I hear the fellows hammering away at the door. I'm going to give them a little amusement and keep them engaged at the front while you get out of the house."

Charley returned to the room over the study, and, unfastening the shutter, opened the window, and, taking his gun in his hand, called out,

"What do you want?"

"It's the arrms we want, and the sooner ye open the door the better."

"That's Tim Healey's voice," said Mick. "Begorra, Dan, there's more nor a dozen of 'em below."

"Shall I be after givin' the spalpeens a touch of the blunderbuss, Master Charles?" asked Mick.

"No, we won't fire until compelled."

"Now, look here, Healey," said Charley, who was anxious to engage the attention of the moonlighters until sufficient time had elapsed to enable Reggy to get clear away.

"Supposing I do give you the arms, will you and your friends go away quietly?"

"We will."

"Don't belave em," whispered Mick; "sorra a bit will they lave the place."

"Well, Dan," said Charley, in a loud voice, so as to be heard by the enemy, "go and collect the guns and bring them to me."

"An' the powdther too," called out Mr. Healey.

Dan grinned, and in obedience to instructions from his young master commenced loading the fowling pieces with small charges of shot.

Charley meanwhile ran to his aunt's room and found that lady dancing round the apartment in a state of great excitement, brandishing the poker in one hand and the shovel in the other, while Eileen was doing her best to calm the old lady's mind.

"I hope Reggy has got away all right, sis. Look here, aunt, you must try and keep quiet, and if you hear a row directly you needn't frighten yourself into fits."

"Master Charles," shouted Mick from the end of the corridor, "it's wanted ye are."

"Now then, out with them arms," was the cry that reached Charley's ears as he rejoined Dan and Mick.

"You'll have to wait a bit," rejoined the boy from the window.

"What d'ye mane?" said a voice in a threatening tone. "Hand 'em out at onst, or we'll come in and take 'em."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied Charley. "I give you three minutes to leave the premises, and if you don't clear out then we shall be driven to fire at you."

A yell was the reply from the men below, and as Charley stepped back into the room a bullet came crashing through the glass.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

What a day they had. Lang was wild with joy, and completely astonished Soady, who was entirely ignorant of all that had passed.

"What's the excitement?" he asked. "You look as if you had come into a fortune."

"I'm going to sign the week after next," replied Lang.

"I never saw a fellow jump for joy at the thought of getting into harness before," remarked Soady. "I only wish I had your easy times. You must come up to my place the night you sign, and we'll have a jollification on the strength of it."

It had been no slight addition to Lang's recent anxieties that his father, seeing that he was recovered, had been pressing forward the arrangements for his entering the office of Clarke, Clarke, and Cooper, a well-known firm of conveyancers. Fortunately the date fixed was subsequent to that of the announcement of the result of the examination. Now he could sign his articles with a clear conscience.

"There's a slight hitch," remarked Garland, when they were alone that evening. "Do they mention the date of the matriculation which you passed in the articles?"

Lang was startled. He had never thought of that point.

"We can get out of that," he said, after a moment's thought. "There is no reason why I need conceal that I went in in June; they may perhaps suppose I wanted to try and pass higher."

"You must be careful to see the right date is inserted, if any date is necessary."

"I will."

They sat together a long time that night and had a talk which Lang remembered for many a day. From that evening he dated the turning-point in his life. But his troubles were as yet far from over. He did not know that Fanshawe was waiting for him to put his name to a false document in order to get him into his power.

Meantime Fanshawe was getting tired of waiting. He was in trouble—badly in debt. The extravagant habits he had acquired during the few months he had

had unlimited pocket-money were not easily shaken off. His creditors were getting troublesome.

"I only wish I knew when Lang was going to sign," he said to himself. "That precious illness of his has been the very mischief. Hallo! another bill!"

Not a bill only, but a letter with it. The amount in question was trifling—£2 10s. 8d.—but he had barely the 10s. 8d. in his possession, and he owed his landlady four weeks' rent.

He whistled as he read the note.

"Now who can I borrow two pounds from?" he asked himself.

There was no reply; he had drained all his acquaintances.

"Bah! I'll try Lang. I'll see if I can't get it out of him by fair means or foul. What a sneak he is to fight shy of me now; after I've helped him out of his hole, too! Square are we, Master Lang? Not quite, yet."

He walked to Mrs. Turner's, where Lang still lived. He timed himself to arrive at half-past seven. Dinner would be just over, and he would be sure to catch Lang in.

The servant wanted to know his name when he asked if he could see Mr. Lang. He was left waiting in the hall. In a minute or two the boy returned with a message.

"Please, sir, Mr. Lang's engaged, and can't see you."

"Did you give him my name?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

Fanshawe had half a mind to go upstairs and force Lang to see him, but he controlled himself, and left the house.

"If I don't pay him out for this my name isn't Fanshawe," he muttered. "Thinks he's got rid of me, does he? He'll find out his mistake."

The necessity of raising money drew his thoughts from his revenge. The only way left him now was to pawn his watch. His studs, links, ebony stick, and so forth, had gone some time ago, but he still stuck to his watch and rings.

He obtained four pounds ten on his watch and chain, and then felt himself free from immediate danger. But it was very awkward to be without a watch, and he cursed his fate in being brought to such a pitch.

He wrote Lang a letter when he reached home—a letter in which he expressed himself freely as to his opinion of Lang's conduct, and let fall some hints that it would be much wiser for him to lend some money without obliging him to fall back on other means than asking it as a favour.

Judge of his surprise and anger when two days later the letter was returned unopened, enclosed in an envelope addressed in Lang's hand. He dashed it on the floor and vowed that he would make him repent his conduct as long as he lived.

"He thinks he can make a fool of me," he cried; "but I'll show him he never made a greater mistake in his life. He thinks that I'm to do all his dirty work, and then be pitched aside like a worn-out tool. I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget."

He would wait now, though. He could afford to be patient. He had heard through one of his fellow-clerks, whose brother was in Clarke, Clarke, and Cooper's, that Lang was to enter there, and that the articles were to be signed on the 30th of June. He waited till the 30th came, and then set off for Mrs. Turner's again at half-past seven o'clock.

"I want to see Mr. Lang," he said, imperiously, to the footboy.

"Please, sir, he isn't in."

"Don't tell me that, you young rascal; show me up this instant."

"But he *ain't* in, sir. He went out directly after dinner."

"Do you know where he's gone?"

"Mr. Soady came and called for him, sir."

"Oh, very well."

He set off for King Street. He was not sorry to hear that he should catch the two together. He owed Soady a heavy grudge on account of their last meeting. It would be a treat to show both of them that they were absolutely powerless.

It so happened that Garland had been prevented from coming early to King Street—he had promised to look in at nine. So Soady and Lang were alone when the servant came up to say that Mr. Fanshawe wanted to see Mr. Lang.

The two fellows looked at each other.

"Show him into the breakfast-room, Polly," said Soady.

"Very well, sir."

"Are you going to see him?" asked Soady, when the servant had gone.

"I don't want to, I've cut him; I've sent back his letters."

"You mustn't mind my asking, old man, but do you owe him any money?"

"No."

"Then, look here," said Soady; "you let me go down and get rid of him. I shan't stand any nonsense from him, you may be sure. Shall I go?"

"Yes," replied Lang, eagerly, "I should be awfully obliged."

Soady ran down to the little room in which he was allowed to receive visitors. Fanshawe was standing there with his hat on.

"What do you want?" demanded Soady.

"I want Lang."

"You can't see him."

"I shall."

"Take your hat off," said Soady. "If you can't behave decently you shan't stay in the house."

Fanshawe darted a quick glance at him and then took off his hat and put it on the table.

"You will talk more civilly in a minute or two," he remarked; "I may give you a lesson you won't easily forget."

"Never mind about all that," interrupted Soady; "the question is, have you a message for Lang? If so, give it, and then go, and don't ever presume to call at my house again."

"Your house?" sneered Fanshawe. "I don't come here for the pleasure of seeing you, but because I wish to have a few words with my friend Lang. However, as he won't show himself, which is in very bad taste, I'll send a message by you, and mind you deliver it correctly."

Soady made a gesture of impatience.

"It's a very simple message, and won't tax even your powers. Tell him that unless I have ten pounds from him by to-morrow evening I shall write to—— Well, never mind the rest, he will know well enough what I mean, and I won't put too great a strain on your memory."

Soady looked mystified.

"You won't forget it?" asked Fanshawe, with a smile.

"No, I shall not. Now go."

Fanshawe picked up his hat and began brushing it.

"I've no doubt he has friends who can help him if he hasn't the cash himself. You now look as if you were rolling in—"

His speech was interrupted by Soady's snatching his hat from his hand, opening the front door, and kicking the unoffending "chimney-pot" into the street.

"Now follow your hat," said Soady, in a voice that astonished himself; "and next time you come here you will go out of the door in the same way that your hat did."

Fanshawe gave him one look and then slunk out. What would he have not given to have been able to thrash Soady within an inch of his life!

(To be continued.)

THE HEROES OF NEW SWISHFORD:

A SCHOOL EPISODE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"My First Football Match," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—CONSULTATION.

THE autumn term at Swishford School was more than half over, and boys were waking up to the hope that after all the Christmas holidays, which seemed such a way off six weeks ago, might yet arrive during their lifetime. It was already rumoured that Blunt, the captain, had been invited to spend Christmas at Walkenshaw's, the mathematical Dux's, and every one knew how well Miss Walkenshaw and Blunt had "hit it" the last prize day, and prophecies were rife accordingly. More than that, Shanks, of the fifth, had whispered in the ear of one or two bosom friends, and thus into the ear of all Swishford, that he was going into "swallows" this winter, and he had got down a book from town with instructions for self-measurement, and was mysteriously closeted in his own study every other evening with a tape. Other boys were beginning to "sit up" a little in the prospect of the coming examination, and

generally there was an air of expectation about the place which was prophetic of the coming event.

On the afternoon, however, on which my story opens, two boys as they walked arm-in-arm along the cliffs towards Raveling, appeared to be engrossed in consultation, which, to judge by their serious faces, had nothing to do with Christmas. Let me introduce them to the reader. The taller of the two is a fine, sturdy, square-shouldered youth of fifteen or thereabouts, whose name in a certain section of Swishford is a household word. He is Bowler, the cock of the

The Heroes in Council.

fourth, who in the football match against Raveling a fortnight ago picked up the ball at half back and ran clean through the enemy's ranks and got a touch-down, which Blunt himself acknowledged was as pretty a piece of running as he had seen in his time. Ever since then Bowler has been the idol of the lower school.

His companion is a more delicate-looking boy, of about the same age, with a cheery face, and by no means unpleasant to look at. He is Gayford, as great a favourite in his way as Bowler, a boy whom nobody dislikes and whom not a few, especially Bowler, like very much.

These are the two who walked that afternoon towards Raveling.

"Are you sure the fellow in the book doesn't make it all up?" said Bowler, dubiously.

"Not a bit of it," replied his companion. "My uncle's a captain, you know, and he says there are hundreds of islands like it, the jolliest places you ever saw, any amount of food, no wild animals, splendid weather all the year round, magnificent mountains and valleys and woods and bays, gorgeous fishing and hunting, oceans of fruit trees, everything a fellow could wish for, and not a soul on one of them."

"Rum," said Blunt, reflectively; "seems rather a waste of jolly islands that."

"Yes, but the thing is they're hundreds of miles away from inhabited islands, so no one ever sees them."

"Except your uncle. I wonder he wasn't tempted to get out and take possession of one."

"That's just exactly what he said he was tempted to do," replied Gayford, stopping short excitedly. "He said very little would have tempted him to do it, Bowler."

"Oh!" was Bowler's only reply.

"And I tell you another thing," continued Gayford, "he gave me an old chart with the identical island he saw marked on it, and I've got it in my box, my boy."

"Have you, though," said Bowler. "I'd like to have a look at it."

That evening the two boys held a solemn consultation in their study over Captain Gayford's chart, and Gayford triumphantly pointed out the little island to his friend.

"There he is," said he; "he doesn't look a big one there, but he's eight or ten miles across, my uncle says."

"That seems a fair size—but, I say," said Bowler, "how about getting there? How could any one find it out?"

Gayford laughed.

"You're coming round, then," said he; "why, you old noodle, you couldn't possibly miss it. Do you see that town called Sinnamary (what a name, eh?), on the coast of South Africa. Well, don't you see the island's dead north from there as straight as ever you can go. All you want is a compass and a southerly breeze—and there you are, my boy."

"But what about currents and all that?" queried Bowler, who knew a little physical geography "Doesn't the Gulf stream hang about somewhere there?"

"Very likely," said Gayford; "all the better for us too; for I fancy the island is on it, so if we once get into it we're bound to turn up right."

"Anyhow," said Bowler, who was not quite convinced, "I suppose one could easily get all that sort of thing up."

"Oh, of course. But, I say, old man, what do you say?"

"Well," said Bowler, digging his hands into his pockets and taking another survey of the chart, "I'm rather game, do you know!"

"Hurrah!" said Gayford. "I know we shall be all right if we get you."

"Who do you mean by we?" asked Bowler.

"Ah, that's another point. I haven't mentioned it to any one yet; but we should want about half a dozen fellows, you know."

"Don't have Burton," said Bowler.

"Rather not; nor Wragg—but what do you say to Wallas?"

"He's muffed quarter back rather this term, but I dare say he might do for one."

"Well then, what about Braintree?"

"Too big a swell," said Bowler.

"But he's got a rifle at home."

"Oh, ah! all serene. Stick him down."

"What do you say to having them in and talking it over before we ask any one else?"

This prudent proposition was agreed to, an extra spoonful of tea was put in the pot, and Gayford went out and conducted his guests in personally.

"The fact is," said Gayford, after having delicately disclosed the scheme on hand, and roused his hearers to a pitch of uncomfortable curiosity, "the fact is Bowler and I thought you two fellows might like to join us."

"You'll have to wait till the spring," said Wallas, a somewhat dismal-looking specimen of humanity. "I've got my Oxford local in January."

"Oh, of course we shouldn't start till after that," said Gayford, ready to smooth away all obstacles.

"Warthah hot, won't it be?" said Braintree, looking at the map.

"No, I believe not," said Gayford; "there's something about the Gulf stream, you know, keeps it fresh."

"Wum idea calling an island fwesh," said Braintree, giggling.

"It'll be a fresh start for it when we take possession of it, anyhow," said Bowler. "Of course you'll bring your rifle, Braintree?"

"Warthah," replied Braintree, "in case of niggers or wobbers."

"Hope we shan't quarrel when we get out," said Wallas. "That's the way these things generally end."

"Bosh!" said Bowler, "there's no chance of that—just like you, throwing cold water on everything, Wallas."

"If you call what I say bosh," said Wallas, warmly, "it's a pity you asked me to join you."

It took some time to get over this little breeze and restore the party to good humour. This was, however, accomplished in time, and the consultation continued.

"We ought to have three more fellows at least," said Bowler. "I tell you what, each of you pick one. Who do you say, Gay?"

"Well, I fancy young Wester might do," said Gayford.

"Warthah a pwig, isn't he?" suggested Braintree.

"He is a little," replied Gayford, "but he's very obliging, and fags rather well."

"All serene. Now then, Wallas, who's your man?" asked Bowler.

"Tubbs," said Wallas. Tubbs was one of the most hopeless louts at Swishford.

Gayford gave a low whistle; but he was too anxious to preserve the harmony of the party to offer any objection.

"Now you, Braintree?"

"I say, Cwashford. Jolly fellow, and knows French, too."

"Ah, but he is such a cad," said Bowler, imploringly.

"Couldn't you think of somebody else, Braintree?" asked Gayford.

"Oh, have Cwashford. He's a wewy decent fellah. I like Cwashford, you know."

"Well, there's this to be said," remarked Bowler, finding there was no getting out of it, "it may be rather a good thing to have some one to keep in order; it will give us something to do."

"Yes, I expect you'll want it," said Wallas. "My opinion is it will be jolly slow out there."

"Not a bit of it. We shall have to go out every day and shoot our game—"

"With my wife," put in Braintree.

"And then there'll be a log hut to build and the whole place to explore, and lots of bathing and boating."

"And no lessons to do at night."

"And we can get up concerts and penny readings, you know, for the winter evenings."

"And needn't get up till half-past nine in the morning."

And so they went on till gradually the prospect became so delightful that even Wallas warmed up to it and expressed a wish that they could start at once.

It was, however, decided that they could not manage it this term, as they would have to spend Christmas at home and provide themselves with necessaries for their journey. As to the means of getting out as far as Sinnamary, at any rate they had no anxiety on that score, for Captain Gayford, when he once heard the object of their expedition, would be sure to take them on one of his ships, and possibly afford them much valuable information as to their further route into the bargain.

Before the council broke up one solemn and momentous step was taken.

"What shall we call our island?" asked Bowler, dramatically, placing his finger on the map and looking round on his fellow-adventurers.

There was a pause, and for a moment the founders of the new empire were wrapped in silent thought. At last Gayford said,

"I know—just the thing."

"What? What? What?" inquired three voices.

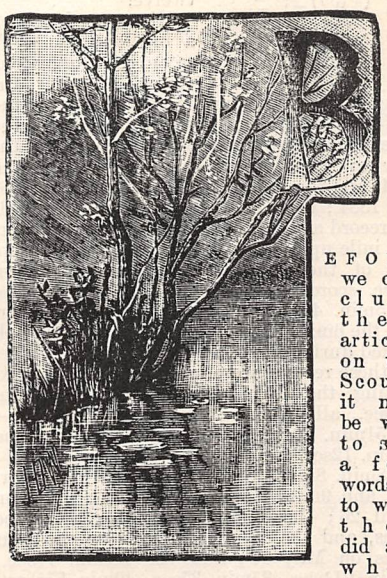
"New Swishford."

It is hardly needful to add that the name was there and then duly appended to the island on the chart in red ink, which done the company separated to sleep, and heard all night long in their dreams the crack of Braintree's "wifle" echoing among the waving woods and fertile valleys of New Swishford.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

III.—WILLIAM STARK.



BEFORE we conclude these articles on the Scouts, it may be well to say a few words as to what they did and what they did not. It was not the business of the Rangers to fight pitched battles. Their drill and discipline were such as to fit them best for bush fighting and partisan warfare. They cleared the way for the regulars, and protected them from surprise; and when their special work was done, joined in the combats almost as supernumeraries. In their two principal battles, which we have now described, they were crushed by overwhelming odds; but in the smaller encounters they were generally successful, and party after party penetrated the enemy's lines, and brought the news from blockhouse to blockhouse, which eventually turned the tide of war in favour of the British. Artful and enduring as were the Redskins and Voyageurs, they were no match for the New England trappers, who took to scouting as if they were born to it, and rejoiced in the opportunity of clearing the country of the Indians, who spoiled their sport, and the Frenchmen, who crippled their trade.

The organisation of the Rangers was more elaborate than would at first sight appear, and the instructions as to their drill and conduct, which still exist, give many interesting particulars concerning it. They were armed with rifle and tomahawk, and when ordered out to the enemy's forts or frontiers, advanced in single file and at such a distance from each other as to prevent one shot from killing two men. Where the ground permitted one man was sent on in front, and one took charge of each flank.

When the march lay through marshes, the advance was made in line, to throw the enemy off the track. They never encamped till after dark, and then always did so in such a position as to afford an opportunity of seeing or hearing the enemy from a considerable distance. The camp was always reconnoitred by two men sent on in front for the purpose. They were instructed never to return by the same route they took in order to avoid surprise; and the neglect of this precaution led to the defeats of Rogers we have already described.

The devices for the avoidance of ambuscades were elaborate, as were also those against being surrounded by superior forces. If compelled to receive an enemy's fire they fell down till it was over, and then rose and shot with careful aim. In most fights they advanced from tree to tree, one half of the party ten or twelve yards in advance of the other. As soon as the leaders fired they fell to reload, while the followers fired over their heads. The great object in the fights was to prevent the enemy gaining hills and rallying to repulse them, and this was always carefully attended to.

Every morning the meeting-place for the evening was agreed upon; and, in the event of attack from superior forces, the Rangers when possible dispersed, and made off in different directions, to meet again at night. The sentinels round the camp were never relieved till morning; and in the event of their seeing or hearing anything they did not give the alarm in the usual manner, but silently retreated to the commanding officer and informed him. At dawn all were awake, owing to its being the favourable time for savages to attack.

If the scouts discovered the enemy in force during the day, the attack was if possible

reserved till nightfall, in order that their numbers might be over-estimated, and that they might make good their retreat if they got the worst of it. Every morning the vicinity of the camp was searched for the trail of an enemy's spy; and whenever a halt was made at a spring the party was posted so as to avoid surprise, and the path was ambushed so as to intercept pursuers. In returning from a scout the usual fords were avoided, lest the enemy should have ambushed them; and on lakes the Rangers always kept at a distance from the shore, to avoid a similar fate.

When pursued from the rear their orders were to make a circuit until they came to their first tracks, and then form an ambush and give the first fire; and when returning from scouting, and approaching forts, they never used the roads and avenues, but struck out a path for themselves lest the enemy should be in ambush to receive them when almost exhausted with fatigue. When pursuing a party they never followed on directly, but did so by a different route, and ambushed in some narrow ravine, greeted them when least expected.

Water journeys were always begun at night, and the canoes kept each other in sight, following in single file. The look-outs were always numerous; one in each boat was told off to watch the enemy's fires, so that an estimate could be formed of the enemy's numbers. When the enemy were found on the banks of a river or lake which they were likely to attempt to cross if attacked, a detachment was always dispatched in the first instance to the opposite shore to welcome them when they arrived.

When the enemy's force could not be made out from the fires, their numbers were ascertained by a reconnoitring expedition. In all river voyages it was customary to lie concealed with the canoes all day without noise and show, and in all cases parole and countersigns were given out for mutual recognition in the dark, and a meeting-place agreed upon in case of accident.

In short, the Rangers were specially trained as a corps independently of the line of the army, under their own officers and regulations, to reconnoitre hostile posts and armies, surprise straggling parties, obtain prisoners, effect diversions by false attacks, and act as guides and couriers. And, under the circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that there fell to them an ample share of hardship and adventure.

Old Archibald Stark had four sons—William, John, Archibald, and Samuel. All four were in the Rangers. John rose to be a general of the Revolutionary War, as we have seen. William became a captain of the Rangers, and was in command of them at the taking of Quebec; and when the revolt of the colonies took place, joined the British service, and died a colonel on Long Island. Archibald Stark rose to be a lieutenant, and lived till he was ninety.

Of William Stark's escape from the St. Francis Indians we have already told. The St. Francis tribe had about forty wigwams near the lake of the same name. They captured John Stark and Eastman, as we have seen, and another capture of theirs was that of Thomas Ames, who was tried by them on a charge of robbing their camps of furs. The result was an unexpected one.

He was tried by their council, the sachem and his old men sitting in front, with the squaws behind them to keep the record of the proceedings.

Nothing being found against Ames, he was acquitted, and the chief told the court he must be compensated, whereupon a birch bucket was passed round, and each one put into it a piece of money as damages for false imprisonment. After this Ames was ordered to wrestle with the young men, and he managed to throw them all, and make their falls tolerably hard ones, much to the delight of the old men, who seemed to have gloried in seeing the conceit taken out of the young bucks.

The sachem treated Ames very handsomely, and kept him at night in his own wigwam, where he slept on a down bed, the sheets of which were made of silk handkerchiefs sewn together. These St. Francis Indians were "converted," and had a chapel amongst their wigwams, and a French curé used to welcome them back from their expeditions.

Shortly afterwards they behaved very badly to Captain Kennedy, who had been sent to them with a flag of truce, and then General Amherst ordered Rogers to lead a detachment of the Rangers against them. This he did, and the tribe suffered considerably.

But we must hasten on to William Stark, whose fate it was to become closely connected with Amherst and Wolfe, and to take the opposite side to his brothers in the War of Independence, which was soon to break out. He had been in all the important encounters we have hitherto mentioned, and at the fall of Ticonderoga, in 1759, took a distinguished part.

The Rangers began work from the north end of Lake George, scouted across the mountains on the isthmus, and thence made their way through the woods to the heights. On July 23rd the general advance was ordered, and the guns from the fortress opened fire. For the next two days the Engineers were busy with their batteries and fascines, and during this time the Rangers scoured the country up to Crown Point.

Across the lake the French had thrown a boom, and sixty of the Rangers were told off to silently saw it in two. They started in two whaleboats, and steered along the eastern shore, when at nine o'clock at night, just as they had reached their destination, the French, who had undermined the fortress, sprung their mines with a tremendous explosion, and betook themselves to their boats. This gave the Rangers an opportunity of attacking to advantage, and a desperate fight took place on the water all through the night, and by the morning ten of the enemy's boats had been captured, with a large quantity of baggage, fifty barrels of powder, and a quantity of shot and shell.

The French made good their retreat, and five days afterwards cleared out from Crown Point to Ile aux Noix. The plan devised by Pitt for the conquest of America had been entered upon. The whole of Canada had been called to arms, for the combined movement of Amherst and Wolfe had begun, and Montcalm wanted every man he could muster to defend his frontier line.

Ticonderoga had fallen as it always fell, without an assault. Years afterwards, on the 18th of March, 1775, it became the first fort to fly the flag of American Independence. Its commandant was awakened in the middle of night to find Allen standing over him with a drawn sword and calling on him to surrender. "To whom, and in whose name?" "In the name of the Great Jehovah, of the Continental Congress, and of Ethan Allen!"

Stark hurried off with a few of the Rangers to place himself under the orders of General Wolfe, who had landed at Louisburg. It was from Louisburg that the expedition against Quebec began. The destination of the troops was kept secret, and no man knew the object of the journey—to storm the heights of Abraham.

It was the 13th of September, 1759, and a cold, starlight night. Thirty boats moved silently away, with sixteen hundred men. A feint attack was made lower down the river, and Montcalm's attention drawn from the real danger.

As the leading boat passed the French sentry the challenge was answered in French by one of the Highland captains, and the enemy's sense of security left undisturbed. The troops landed at the foot of the cliffs and began their perilous ascent. Soon they reached the top. The captain of the guard resisted and was overpowered, and the alarm went off to Montcalm, who was expecting the assault on the other side of the city.

Meanwhile, the boats having landed their men, returned for more, and worked backwards and forwards, until at last there were 4,828 British troops on the heights to contend with 7,520 French. Wolfe had succeeded in getting only one cannon dragged up into position.

At eight o'clock, as soon as the morning mist cleared off, the battle that decided the fate of America began. The French made a tremendous rush to "drive the English into the river." They were met with disheartening coolness, and scattered back. Again Montcalm sent on his men, and again they were brushed off; and then, as they broke, the Highlanders sprang out "like cavalry," and swung down on them, claymore in hand. The fight became a rout. The French were hurled off the field. Montcalm received his mortal wound as he was retreating.

Wolfe had been shot early in the action. A ball struck him in the wrist, then another ball buried itself in his body, then another.

"Support me that my brave fellows may not see me fall." "They run." "Who run?" "The French." "Thank God!"

He gave a few orders, and then said,

"Now God be praised! I will die in peace!"

And he died—the hero and the victor of one of the decisive battles of this world.

In the well-known picture of his death there is a group of officers. One of them is William Stark the Ranger.

RECENT ATHLETICS.

THE retirement of Mr. W. G. George, which has just been announced, will render the past season a memorable one in athletic history. During its continuance the running records were changed for the better no less than seventeen times, and of these changes Mr. George claimed twelve.

His career has been a brilliant one. To say nothing of his successes all over the kingdom, he stands in the lists as holding the half-mile championship in 1882 and 1884, the mile championship in 1880, 1882, and 1884, the four miles championship in 1880, 1882, and 1884, and the ten miles championship in 1882 and 1884; in addition to which he now holds the record at all distances from three-quarters of a mile up to eleven miles. With the exception of the three-quarter record of 3min. 8⅘sec. scored at Lillie Bridge in 1882, and the 5min. 44sec. for the mile and a quarter, and the 6min. 57⅗sec. for the mile and a half gained during the same year at Lillie Bridge, all these records were made in 1884, and excepting the Birmingham mile in 4min. 18⅘sec., all on the Stamford Bridge path—the 51min. 20sec. for the ten miles, and the 46min. 12sec. for the nine miles on April 7; the 8min. 8⅕sec. for the mile and three-quarters, and 9min. 17⅘sec. for the two miles on April 26; the 14min. 39sec. for the three miles, and the 19min. 39⅕sec. for the four miles on May 17; and the 25min. 7⅘sec., 30min. 21⅕sec., 35min. 37sec., 40min. 57⅘sec., and 57min. 9⅗sec. for the five, six, seven, eight, and eleven miles respectively on July 28. It was on this last occasion that he attempted to beat the Deerfoot performance, and ran 11 miles 932 yards within the hour, a truly remarkable performance.

When the amateur championships began in 1866, the mile time was 4min. 39sec., and that of the four miles 21min. 41sec., so that Mr. George's performances give a gain on the mile of 20⅘ sec., and on the four miles of 41⅕sec. The championship performances may not be the best we have, but they afford a very fair basis for comparison. Perhaps a few notes on the holders of championship honours in these later days may not be unwelcome.

The hundred yards, then, has been run for nineteen times. It has been won twice by J. M. Cowie, and three times fell to the lamented W. P. Phillips. In 1869 and 1871 it was won by J. G. Wilson, of Oxford, in 1873 and 1875 by J. Potter, of Manchester. Of the single-year men we have Colmore, Ridley, Tennant, Baker, Dawson, Davies, M. Shearman, Macdougall, Junker, and Portal. Of these none have done the distance in "evens," six are credited with the mystic 10⅕sec., and the others have the ten and varying fractions.

The time for the quarter mile 55sec. required by Ridley in 1866 was reduced to 49⅘sec. by Myers at Birmingham in 1881, and for that performance he now holds the record. Ridley won the quarter mile twice, Upcher won it three times, and so did Elborough. Colbeck won it twice, once in 50⅘sec., the best time till that of Myers; Cowie has also won it twice, last year in the same time as Colbeck's best. The other quarter mile champions have been Philpot, Templar, J. Shearman, Story, M. Shearman, and Ball, the latter credited with 50⅕sec., and being the best among the Englishmen.

The record for the half mile is now claimed by Myers with 1min. 55⅘sec.; the slowest championship time is Frere's 2min. 10sec. The first champion half-miler was P. M. Thornton with 2min. 5sec., the last is George with 2min. 2⅕sec. George has won it twice, so have R. V. Smith, Pelham, Sandford, and Elborough; the other winners have been Colbeck, Christie, and Templar—a dead heat—Whately, Bolton, Holman, S. H. Baker, and Birkett.

In 1869 Chinnery's mile in 4min. 50sec. gave him the championship; in 1884 George carried it off in 4min. 18⅗sec. Walter Slade won the mile championship five times successively; Chinnery won it three times; George has won it three times; Wise won it twice. The other mile winners have been Lawes, Scott, Benson, Mason, Hills, and Snook.

The four miles championship gives us a longer list. George won it three times, Gibb won it three times, Chinnery won it twice. It was first won by Garnett with 21min. 41sec.; the worst time was Kennedy's in 1867, 22min. 13sec. The other four miles champions have been Riches, Scott, Edgar, Somerville, Slade, Goodwin, Warburton, Nehan, and Snook.

The ten miles championship has a shorter history. It was first run in 1880, and then won by Mason in 56min. 7sec.; the next year it was won by Dunning; in 1882 and 1884 it was won by George, and in 1883 by Snook, who in that year carried off the championship in the mile, the four miles, and the ten.

We have gone so fully into these running times that we may as well complete the list. The record for 120 yards, 150 yards, and 220 yards still belongs to W. P. Phillips, the first being 11⅘sec., the second 15sec., and the third 22⅗sec. Myers claims the 130 yards, the 200 yards, the 300 yards, 350 yards, 400 yards, 500 yards, 600 yards, 700 yards, 800 yards, and 1,000 yards, the times being 13⅕sec., 20⅗sec., 31⅘sec., 36⅕sec., 43⅗sec., 58sec., 1min. 11⅘sec., 1min. 31sec., 1min. 44⅕sec., and 2min. 13sec. Then follows George, with the fifteen records from three-quarters to eleven miles we have already given. At twelve miles Dunning takes up the record with 1h. 6min. 33sec., and he holds it all the way up to twenty-five miles, with 2h. 33min. 44sec. Stenning comes in at twenty-six miles with 2h. 56min. 8sec., and runs on to thirty-two in 3h. 39min. 33sec. Dunning breaks in for thirty-three and thirty-four; Stenning takes the thirty-five with 4h. 8min. 5sec.; then Dunning displaces him till forty in 4h. 50min. 12secs.; Stenning takes forty-one and forty-two; Dunning breaks in again up to forty-nine; and Firminger retains the fifty with 6h. 38min. 41sec. Records above fifty miles do not go for much; those up to eighty-one are held by Davis. Sinclair follows up to ninety; and Saunders (the American) completes the list up to one hundred and twenty, his time for which was 22h. 47min. 23sec.

There are, however, other champions worthy of notice besides the runners. There are the hurdle-racers, the high-jumpers, the wide-jumpers, the pole-jumpers, the hammer-throwers, and the weight-putters.

(To be concluded.)

Battle Between an Eagle and a Stag.

A Strathglass correspondent has lately described a singular struggle witnessed on the lower portion of Corrie-Mor between a large and powerful eagle and a finely-antlered stag. The king of birds was watched for some time as he hovered about on high above a herd of deer, which appeared to have particular attractions for him. He slowly and majestically sailed around in his aerial circles, by degrees getting nearer to his coveted quarry. At last reaching striking distance, he suddenly came to a halt in mid-air, and, poising himself on outspread wings, he seemed for a few seconds perfectly motionless. Then, like a bullet from a rifle, he swooped down, and in an instant his powerful talons were firmly fixed in the back of a fine large stag. The monarch of the glen plunged about in the wildest possible manner, evidently in great terror and pain, the eagle holding on grimly, belabouring the stag's sides all the while with heavy blows from his wings, and, when opportunity offered, making desperate darts with his beak at the eyes of the frightened deer. By this time the poor stag's brown sides were red and gory, and, notwithstanding his frantic efforts, he could not disengage himself from his strong and cruel foe. At last, seeming to discover that his antlers could reach his savage enemy, he commenced raking fore and aft with them in the most vigorous manner until he managed to send the eagle sprawling in the heather. The stag had gallantly freed himself; but he had not bounded far when his fierce assailant, recovering from his discomfiture, was again on the wing, and in full chase, and in a few seconds down he came again, and firmly fixed his powerful claws in the deer's haunches, so far back as to be out of reach of the antlers. Again the struggle was renewed, the eagle meanwhile tearing at the victim's flesh with his strong bill, and burying his talons still deeper into his haunches. The poor stag was now very much exhausted, and was evidently getting the worst of it, as he could not touch the eagle with his antlers. At this juncture, as if in despair, the stag commenced to tumble about, throwing himself on the ground and rolling over down hill, but still the eagle seemed incapable of letting go its tenacious grip. The stag then put his head down between his fore-legs, throwing himself clean over, heels over head, several times. The stag's efforts were at last successful, and, getting clear of his murderous enemy, he galloped off. The eagle was, however, speedily up again and in full chase; but his intended victim made his escape sure by rushing full speed down the hill into the Glassburn woods. The eagle, rather ruffled in his plumage, and no doubt much ruffled in his temper, soared aloft to look for his dinner elsewhere.

Heroic Self-sacrifice.

The name of Regulus has always been honoured as the type of highest heroism and noblest self-sacrifice. No conduct more heroic than his appears in the story of old Rome, or in all classical history. Taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, he was sent to the Roman Senate with proposals of peace, being made to take an oath that he would return. He went, and instead of counselling peace he advised his countrymen to refuse the terms which he brought. He knew the consequences to himself, and although entreated not to return to Carthage, where death by torture awaited him, he had respect to his oath and his word of honour,

> Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
> Tortor pararet.

Horace, in one of the finest of his patriotic odes, celebrates this deed of *vera virtus*, the loftiest example in Roman annals of noble manhood and unselfish heroism.

The conduct of General Gordon in the last days of the siege of Khartoum displays a heroism as unselfish and virtue as pure as that of Regulus. Wonderful as his story is from first to last, this act of Gordon in refusing to leave the beleaguered town will be remembered as the noblest deed of all. When he heard of the approach of Lord Wolseley for his relief, and the long agony of suspense and peril seemed about to end, he sent steamers, with some hundreds of men, to meet the English troops at Metemneh. Why did he not himself go in these boats? The main object of the expedition was to rescue Gordon. Here was the way open for his escape from imprisonment or death. Why did he not avail himself of it? He had taken no oath like Regulus. But his soldierly honour and his Christian duty forbade him to leave those who had trusted him, although he knew not who around him were friends or traitors. By this act alone he has won undying fame. By this act of self-sacrifice he upheld the honour of his country, and gave new lustre to a reputation "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

Christ, and Christ only, has revealed that he who has erred may be restored, and made pure and clean and whole again.—*Robertson.*

JOE.—The series of articles on model steam-engine building was in the third volume. All the volumes are kept reprinted.

TEMPLAR.—It is not a question of "being supposed to agree" at all. Refer to the cricket laws. In no good match has a substitute ever acted as wicket-keeper or bowler.

GROSVENOR.—You can hardly expect us to know more about the journal than its own editor. Take his advice, and consult the indices, which is confessedly a laborious task. A visit to the office would enable you to overhaul the file copy. It is sufficient for us to have put you on the right track.

T. BAKER.—Such patent processes for decorative purposes have generally a very brief existence, and are valuable only as amusements.

FIFE.—Could not the teacher of the Science Classes advise you? You will have to be articled, and pay a nominal premium. See the "Architect," the "Builder," the "Building News," etc.

G. DIXON.—A bowler can bowl underhand, or overhand, or round, or over the wicket, just as he likes.

T Y.—The largest single advertisement in the world is said to be the annual printing of the list of delinquent taxpayers in Cook County, Illinois. According to a special enactment, those who fail to pay their taxes in that county have to have "their names in alphabetical order published in the public press," and this is met by inserting them once as an advertisement in the "Chicago Tribune." The list extends to six hundred and sixteen columns, and costs over three thousand pounds!

C. E. L.—The "council of the earthquake" was the tribunal presided over by Courtenay, Bishop of London, before which Wycliffe was tried.

JOLLY BOAT.—1. The dock companies charge three guineas per year for yachts under twenty-five tons. The "weekly rates" for short periods are threepence per ton for docking and undocking, and one penny per ton per week rent, with a minimum charge of ten shillings. The yearly rates have to be paid in advance. 2. You can estimate the cost of an eight-oar at sixty pounds; four oars cost about thirty-five pounds, pairs twenty-two pounds, skiffs fifteen pounds. A properly-fitted pair-oared gig would cost three-and-twenty pounds or thereabouts.

R C. C.—The Canadian Pacific route is the shortest. The termini are at Montreal and Port Moody, and the length of the main line is 2,898 miles. From New York to San Francisco is 3,331 miles; from Liverpool to Montreal is 3,043 miles; to New York it is 3,431 miles; to Port Moody 5,941 miles; to San Francisco 6,762 miles. By the Canadian Pacific route the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama is 10,977 miles; by the San Francisco route it is 11,990 miles.

BLOOMER.—1. Mignonette *is* a poetical name, for Mignon is "darling," and Mignonette "little darling;" the other, zinnia, is derived from Zinn, a botanist who died in 1758. 2. Organette, orchestrone, etc., etc., are different names for the same sort of instrument. They are worked on the perforated paper principle, described in our article on the "Boy's Own Penny Whistle" in last volume. 3. For a brief "history of a bill of exchange, and what happens to it," see the "Bijou Calculator," published by F. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Strand.

RNER MAN.—1. Mix burnt cork with beer. That will make it stick on and wash off easily. 2. A "corner" is a clique speculating in some particular stock or commodity, and whose operations are conducted with a view to profit by the embarrassment thereby occasioned to everybody else.

T. OWEN.—The Government Annuity tables are published in the sixpenny official Postal Guide, obtainable from any post-office.

W. B. C.—Then buy an index, price three-halfpence post free to your address, from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, and look it out for yourself.

ASPARAGUS (Cairo).—Perhaps if you were to begin with your own country first, and learn its history thoroughly, it would not be a bad plan. As regards the "good history book containing in detail the history of all the nations," perhaps as soon as you have found it, *and read it through*, you will let us know.

ANXIOUS.—You will find a paper on balloon gores in the third volume.

T. CUMMINGS (Roorkee).—You can enter the Literary Competitions whenever you please, and take your chance with the other readers, but your compositions are no use to us. You will stand very little chance in the competitions unless you improve your spelling.

PUPPY.—The stamp is Belgian. Surely you could recognise the "Lion of Brabant"!

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Co. Down).—"How to Make a Pantagraph" for enlarging maps and drawings was in the September part for 1883.

GRENADIER.—You will find a coloured plate of the uniforms of the British army in the second volume—July part, 1880.

LUIGI.—"Calm" and "Storm" were in No. 128 in the July part, 1881—the one in which were the Volunteer uniforms.

MERNO.—"Astore" or "asthore" means "darling," and A E I "for ever."

P. HAZETTON.—The fact of the bails being off makes no difference. If the man had not got into his ground before the stumps were struck by the ball, he was out. Read the cricket laws, or refer to Dr. Grace's commentary on them in the second volume.

JACQUES THE ENQUIRER.—The boots squeak because the leather inside is too dry. To prevent them squeaking, stand them in a plate in which you have poured a little castor-oil, and leave there for a night. In the morning the thirsty soles will have drunk the draught and subsided into silence.

W. SMITH.—1. It never pays to buy tools to make one special thing. You should buy them to be of use for other purposes as well; and your best plan would be to get a set suited for ordinary carpentering repairs, adding a few gouges and bradawls for model-making. A few good tools are better than many bad ones; and it is far better to get the tools first, and make the box for them, than to buy a box ready fitted, as in the majority of instances half the tools given in the box are useless. For model-yacht making you would find the following list a very full one—Chisels: inch and a half, inch and a quarter, and half inch; gouges: inch and a half, inch and a quarter, and half inch; saws: hand-saw, tenon, small sweep, and keyhole; planes: jack, trying, and smoothing; spokeshave; screwdrivers: three-eighths and eighth; hammers: a light one and a miniature one; rasps: a rough-wood and a finer one; files: a half-round and a quarter-inch round; bradawls: half a dozen, from an eighth to a needle; set squares; pincers; small flat pliers, round pliers, and nippers; brace and bits; and of course a bench. A list enough to frighten you! And to it you should add a pair of tinman's shears and a six-pound ladle. 2. No.

F. HOOTON.—The man who was caught was out; the man who was stumped was not out, for the ball had ceased to be in play. As soon as a man is out the ball is dead; and hence it is impossible for two wickets to fall without a ball being bowled between whiles.

SILFAX.—1. Apply for list of the practical books published at 170, Strand by L. U. Gill. 2. There is no special popular book on owls. 3. The cheapest edition of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is that published by F. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Strand. It costs eight shillings, is in four volumes, and has a very full index. It forms one of the Chandos Library series.

T. B. A.—Without exception all the Bayern stamps are Bavarian, and none are local.

E. G. L.—"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is by Robert Browning. "The Song of Hiawatha" is by Longfellow. You will find them in any collected edition of their works.

W. FULLER.—Apply for forms and all information to the Commissioner, Metropolitan Police Office, Great Scotland Yard, S.W.

G. A. A.—1. On the bathing-pond at Victoria Park. 2. If you mean a square-header, have a hook on the boom and fix it into an eye on the topmast; if a jib-header, have a hook at the top and hook it up in the same way. In each case hook on to a ring or loop in the gaff end, and bring the sheet down the side of the mast to tighten by cleat or euchary. Halliards are unnecessary. Strong pins will do for your hooks and eyes. Bend them up with a pair of round-nosed pliers, which will cost you ninepence.

TOTA.—Give the bust a coat of thin size. Then give it a coat of gold-size. Then dust it over with bronze. Then varnish it with the best copal.

F. H.—The value of all curiosities is simply what you can get for them, and you only hear of extraordinary prices owing to ordinary ones being not thought worthy of mention. It is with Mulready envelopes as with everything else—you may get them for a guinea, or for a shilling, or for nothing.

A. C. I.—A very simple hard stopping for wood is made by working up together whitelead and whiting.

LIBER.—1. You will find articles on Bookbinding, with lists of the necessary tools, in the second volume of "Amateur Work," published by Ward, Lock, and Co. 2. A handy case for periodicals is made by taking a piece of thin wood, such as the lid of a cigar-box, and cutting it to the size of the page, and then fixing on to it with hinges a strip the width of the back of the volume when complete. The numbers of the magazines are slipped into indiarubber rings which are passed over the wooden back. You can buy an ordinary clip bill-file the size you want from most office stationers.

DEAD POLISH.—Dissolve a pound of beeswax and two ounces of resin in turpentine, and add to it half an ounce of benzoin dissolved in half a pint of methylated spirits. The mixture will not be very good, but shake the bottle before you apply it to the wood.

C. B. B. P.—1. Carriage panels are so perfectly painted owing to so many coats being used and sandpapered off before the final varnish. 2. Montreal is really a French word, and the modification of the French pronunciation gives it the sound you think erroneous.

A. SCUDAMORE.—Praxinoscopes or zoetropes are on sale at Perry's, on Holborn Viaduct, and at almost every optician's and first-class toyshops. Try the Lowther Arcade.

S. H. W.—For the best book on Canadian farming apply for information to the Emigration Offices for Canada.

AN IRISHMAN.—1. The dimensions you give, twenty-four inches long by six beam and seven depth, should give you a serviceable boat if in the seven inches you count the keel. 2. Such guinea cameras are advertised, but we cannot speak practically as to their merits. 3. You can get a set of soldering tools on a card for one shilling.

R. A. T.—The article on "How to Make a Pantagraph" was on page 751 in the fifth volume. You will find it in the September part for 1883.

D. MCLAREN.—Try Mr. Pycroft's "Cricket Field," obtainable from all cricket outfitters. The most practical treatise was that by Dr. W. G. Grace in our second volume.

COCK ROBIN.—The tops of trees are often dwarfed by the prevailing wind. The trees grow healthily where sheltered, and as soon as they rise above the shelter, are nipped off as if some one had been lopping them. This may account for the appearance you mention.

A. M.—See any biographical dictionary or encyclopædia, and make a note of the authorities given at the foot of the article. Chesterfield's Life and Letters have been frequently published.

JUMBO.—To raise the bow of a boat shift her weights farther aft. For steam whistles apply to some model maker, such as Bateman or the Model Dockyards.

ARTHUR, J. S.—The plans of particular engines are not printed for special sale, but you can occasionally meet with them in such papers as the "Engineer," "Engineering," etc., or in treatises on the steam-engine.

H. J. S.—1. Sulphuric acid is oil of vitriol, and it is chiefly made out of iron pyrites. 2. You mean stalemate, the meaning of which has been frequently given. 3 The Oriental Line to Australia is well known. For terms apply to Anderson, Anderson, and Co. Average passage, second-class, will cost you about fifty pounds. 4. You will find it best to learn a trade whether you stay at home or go abroad.

A WOULD-BE BICYCLIST.—You will find practice-grounds and schools advertised in all the cycling papers; or any of the makers will give you information as to one in your neighbourhood. You can also get a list from Goy, Leadenhall Street.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

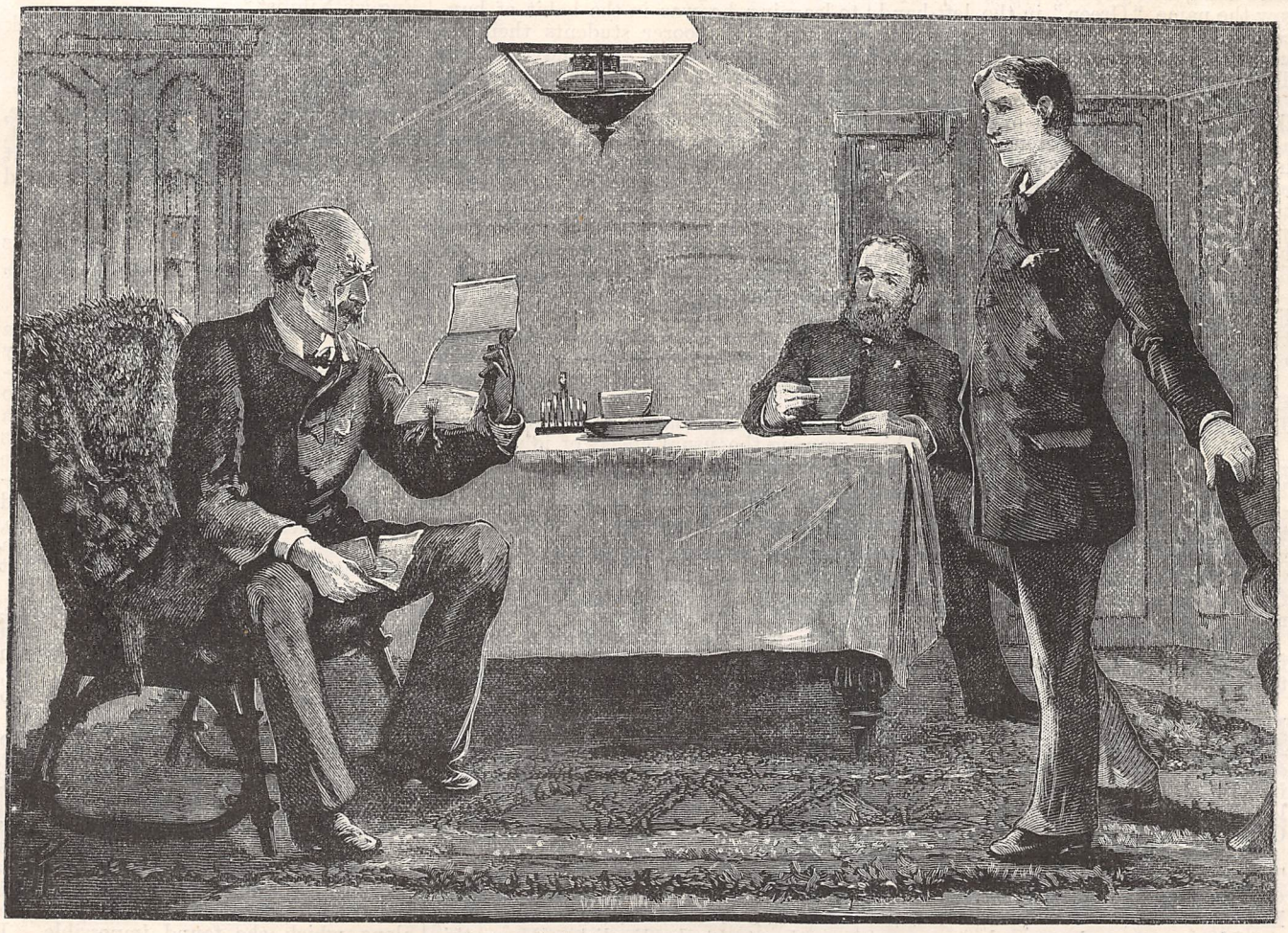
By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science.

Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT MOSCOW.

At the time of which we are writing the present elegant church in the Tschernestcheffskie Peryoulok was not built. The worship of the English inhabitants of Moscow was carried on in a curious structure not originally intended for any such solemn purpose. It was a long, low, rambling place, in a yard, through which the church was entered



"Very grave charges."

The house was divided by the entrance hall or lobby, which was exactly in the centre of the building, into two equal parts, one of which was devoted to the private accommodation of the chaplain and the other formed the church. It was nothing but a large oblong room, with an excellent organ at one end and the altar at the other. The seats were arranged to create a most church-like effect, and the Law and the Belief being in English, sent a happy thrill through the heart of Edward Tenterton on the first occasion of his presenting himself at public worship one fine Sunday late in October. After church he stopped to see the chaplain, the Rev. Theophilus Hamilton, to whom he had letters of introduction from home.

Now the Rev. Theophilus Hamilton was a short, stout, fair man, with a square-cut auburn beard, and of what is called Low Church tendencies, while most of the congregation were exceptionally High. But he conducted the service well and with affecting solemnity, so that he was greatly beloved by all sections alike. For he had the gift of causing in his hearers a forgetfulness of petty divisions and filling them with a spirit of deep and broad Christian feeling that was well adapted to the wants of the place.

A thoroughly good fellow was Mr. Hamilton, ever ready to assist those who asked him for aid, kind alike to working man, clerk, or rich factory proprietor, and always full of sympathy with his flock. He took the letter from Tenterton's hand, and looking at the envelope, saw the name "Green" in the left-hand corner, while at the top of the missive was written, "Favoured by Mr. Edward Tenterton."

"Oh!" exclaimed the chaplain, heartily, "this is from Green of Brasenose; and you are Mr. Tenterton. Pray walk into the dining-room there. I have been expecting you ever so long. Better late than never. Just walk into my den, will you? I'll come presently, but you see I have so many to see on Sundays. You don't mind, do you?"

"Certainly not," said Tenterton, delighted with the heartiness of his reception. "But you are so much in request to-day. May I call in the week?"

"Of course you may, but just go into the study there through the dining-room. I won't be longer than I can help."

Tenterton entered the sanctum of his new friend, and was soon lost in the happy contemplation of English books, than which nothing is more welcome to the wanderer in a foreign land. He never noticed the flight of time, and though Mr. Hamilton had been detained fully half an hour, it seemed hardly five minutes to Tenterton.

At length the cheery tones of his new friend broke in upon him with the question,

"Bookworm are you? That's all right. Nothing very particular here, though. About your matter, how is your time disposed of? Are you free in the evenings? Oh, here comes my wife. Alice, let me introduce Mr. Tenterton; friend of Green's, you know."

"Delighted to see you in Moscow, Mr. Tenterton. I am sure any friend of Mr. Green's should be welcome here, shouldn't he?"

"Of course; and now when can we have a talk?"

"Whenever you please to allow me to come."

"Will you stay and take us as we are to-day? On Sunday we have cold meat and dine early, but if you have no better engagement, stop now," said Mrs. Hamilton, very heartily.

"You see, I am staying at the Kremlin with Count Schaafstadt, and he rather expects me back after church."

"Well, then, come and dine with us on Wednesday. We shall have two friends from Petersburg who will be pleased to meet you."

"I am sorry to say that on Wednesday I cannot leave my pupils, who have specially invited me to go out with them; and, moreover, I should like to have some private conversation with you on a matter of conscience, which is very much on my mind."

"Then come and dine with me alone on Tuesday. I shall be quite alone, as Mrs. Hamilton is going out. There, Alice, there is Mrs. Muggleton again! I am afraid I must leave you, Mr. Tenterton, but we shall have a regular long chat on Tuesday. Everything is early in this country, so we dine at six. Good-bye till then."

Pleased with his reception, Tenterton went home to the Kremlin. The Schaafstadts had only just come to town. The two younger boys were at the Lyceum, and the elder had been entered as a student of the University of Moscow. He never attended lecture, but studied his subjects at home by the aid of a crack student chosen by the professor as his assistant. Besides which powerful help on the road to learning, he was in the habit of buying from the poorer students their reports of the lectures and studying them with the assistance of this young man, who was thoroughly able to instruct him and pull him through.

Thus Tenterton was losing his pupils, though he still continued to read with the younger countess, who was pleased with the knowledge Tenterton had gained of the literature he taught. It was arranged that he should remain during the winter at the Kremlin, although another person was engaged to assist the younger boys in their studies.

The count had watched Tenterton closely, and having formed a very high idea of his moral worth, wished to retain him in his family as a friend and companion for his sons. At the same time, knowing the usual effects of idleness, he wished him to be fully employed.

The police-master was a frequent guest. He had taken a strong liking to Edward, whom he often invited to his own house, where our young compatriot found a very kind friend in Madame Kakaroff, who spoke English (like most Russian ladies of distinction) perfectly. Tenterton was flattered with the attentions shown him, and especially by the interest shown in his adventures at Berozovo, to which Kakaroff constantly contrived to lead their conversation, although he must have seen that there was something which prevented Edward from being quite at his ease when speaking of the Abrazoff family.

Being now settled, for a time at least, in Moscow, Tenterton had thought it a good plan to gain money by giving lessons, and he asked Kakaroff to recommend him should he hear of any persons wanting to study English. Upon this Kakaroff wrote a letter to Mr. Smirnoff strongly recommending him to place Ivan Dobroff quite under the guidance of Tenterton. When he proposed it to Edward he noticed that he became much agitated, and for a moment quite paralysed as it were.

"Do you feel ill, Mr. Tenterton?" he asked. "Pray let me offer you something."

"Oh, no, thank you; it will pass away in the open air. I have not become quite accustomed to your mode of life in Russia, and must get acclimatised."

"As you like; but I think you had better remain."

However, Tenterton escaped, saying that he had an engagement that evening to dine with the English chaplain, and should barely have time to go home and dress.

Kakaroff walked up and down the red drawing-room after Tenterton had left. At last he said to his wife, who was touching up a pretty sketch which she had made in the country, "Anna, the plot thickens, and the 'Dobroff mystery' is becoming still more serious. My impression is that Tenterton knows all about it, hence the evident coolness of the Abrazoffs to him, which is not otherwise to be accounted for. Paul stands by him all through, however. He is a noble fellow is Paul! Have you heard anything about him from Olga Schaafstadt or the countess?"

"Not a word; but the Princess Tcherbolinski told me that she was sure Tenterton has something on his mind, and that he ought to be made to confess. Marie Tcherbolinski says he is an English Nihilist."

"And what does Anna Kakaroff think of him?" asked her husband.

"I think he is a simple, straightforward Englishman, who, when anything happens out of the usual course, instead of shaking it off with an effort, frets about it and worries himself over it until he half kills those about him, and wears himself out body and soul."

"What has he got on his mind?"

"How can I tell? But I fancy it is something that has happened in Russia, and not in England."

"What makes you think *that?*"

"The singular circumstance that when he is most depressed and sad the very word 'England' brightens him up—changes him completely, and seems to start a set of ideas so at variance with the cause of his sorrow that he forgets it entirely. On the other hand, if he be in the very height of a glowing description of a 'garden party at home,' and somebody refers to Berozovo, Ozeonovo, or to the Abrazoffs, he is changed in a moment; a cloud comes over him, and it is difficult to chase it away."

"You ought to be the *chef* of the police, and your very humble assistant. And you really have worked out this problem alone?" and Kakaroff rose from his chair, and, taking his wife's hand, pressed it to his lips.

"I am glad you approve of my little effort in your service. But now I want to know why I have seen so little of Anniesie lately. Is she ailing?"

"The fact of her being a prisoner has somehow dawned on her, and she seems to resent it. We have been as kind as possible in the matter, but she discovered the truth by trying to leave the house alone, which she found impossible. I have tried, but in vain, to convince her

that I have acted as her friend in the matter. She takes it very much to heart—more than I should have expected from a person of her strong sound sense."

"Have you any news regarding her trial?"

"It is to be with closed doors; no reporters present."

"I am greatly interested in her. You must save her. If anything happened to her it would almost kill little Ivan. I hope you will save her."

"Unfortunately I shall have no chance, for if I let her escape she would be retaken in a very short time. My fellows have not the scruples that the English have; they would arrest some dozen of people, and get two or three executed, before they got her, so as to be sure to be on the right side. I promise you to use all my influence in her behalf, but I must be careful for my own sake."

"Of course, you must not expose yourself to needless danger; you have already run very serious risks in bringing the matter so far."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a third person, and the subject was dropped.

Passing through the courtyard of the palace of the police-master, Tenterton drove "home" to the Kremlin, where the operation of dressing for dinner with the chaplain was soon performed.

On arriving at the English church Tenterton asked Mr. Hamilton to allow him half an hour's private chat before dinner.

"My dear sir," replied the chaplain, "after dinner as much time as you like. Mrs. Hamilton is going to an evening party at Government House, and I told her it was the very thing, as you and I wanted a little private chat."

Dinner over, the chaplain was the first to commence.

"By-the-by, Mr. Tenterton," he said, with a kindness of manner quite peculiar to a certain class of English clergymen, "you mentioned your wish to consult me on some very important and at the same time private question; I am now quite at your service, and shall be glad to know in what manner I can be of use."

"Mr. Green will have informed you of my poor father's heavy loss and my wish to assist my mother and sisters by accepting a situation as house tutor in Russia. My first engagement was a singularly unfortunate one. Fire broke out on the very first day of my arrival, and I got hurt in the bustle that ensued. The Abrazoffs, with whom I served, were most kind and considerate to me, wishing to pay me very highly in consequence of my accident. They engaged a medical man to attend on me, who gave up his practice at Riazan for that purpose. The ladies of the family returned to Moscow with me, and a railway accident occurred, and now they seem vexed with me for accepting the invitation of Count Schaafstadt to go at once to the Kremlin, nor have they seemed to forget it."

"Of course they paid you your fees and all that. The Russians are very particular in their payments to tutors and governesses, although they are not always so punctual with tradespeople."

"Not only have they paid me well, but they wanted to pay me extravagantly, as I have already told you."

"Quite like the Russians also. Well?"

"I could not take more money from them than I thought I had honestly earned. Not that I am too proud to accept special pay for special service, but I cannot accept gifts from people whom I cannot esteem."

"Why, what's the matter with them? How have they forfeited your esteem?"

"That is the very business upon which I have asked you kindly to advise me. The fact of the matter is that I believe these people are wrongfully in possession of their estates; and more than that, they are wilfully and knowingly keeping the just claimant out of the enjoyment of his own."

"These are very grave charges, Mr. Tenterton. I hope and trust that they are mere suspicions!"

"That is a point of conscience on which I want to consult you. My own knowledge of Russian is very slight, but it was sufficient to lead me very early to suspect that there had been unfair play from a conversation I overheard between the intendant and Mr. Abrazoff. These suspicions have been confirmed by reading certain papers which somehow or other got mixed up with mine, I suppose at Berozovo. I read them as exercises in Russian at first here in Moscow. I was very much puzzled to account for their being in my possession, and I want your advice as to what I ought to do. I never put them into my portmanteau. In fact I did not notice them until I became, so to speak, at home at the Schaafstadts'; and, as I said, I have been spelling them out, thinking them waste paper which had somehow got mixed up with my things. My first impulse on finding out their true nature was to send them back to Mr. Abrazoff, concerning him as they do, and not me. Besides, on no construction could I have the least right to retain them. But then came the thought that in doing this I should become a party to a most unprincipled piece of knavery. To retain them was impossible, to give them back seemed equally so. I therefore come to you with the urgent request that you will kindly advise me in the serious difficulty."

"Are the papers here? Did you bring them with you?"

"No, I wanted to see you first to ask your permission to show them to you. I can assure you I am greatly perplexed to know what course to take."

"It is very strange! I can't imagine how papers could get into your trunk without your knowing it. That you should be puzzled what to do with them is natural enough. That is the only difficult point to my mind."

"My dear sir, I hope you don't think me capable of—"

"No, no. I don't think you capable of anything dishonourable, but if we should feel ourselves called upon to act in the matter and put it into professional hands that will be a very difficult question with a Russian judge. It might be impossible to satisfy his legal mind on the subject. I am glad you came to me first. Have you said anything about it to Count Schaafstadt or to the police-master?"

"Not a word to a living soul but you."

"That's all right. Now, I must tell you what we have to do. I have a friend who is, I believe, despite the old proverb, an honest lawyer. We must consult him, and as there is no time like the present, especially for such pressing business as this, I propose that we go at once to this gentleman. He is a German, but he speaks English like one of us. We can return here later on. Or stay, I will send a man to ask whether we can be received or not; in the meantime we can chat over matters."

The chaplain sent off a servant with directions to see Adolf Brandt, who fortunately lived close by. He wrote a few lines on a card in English, requesting him to say by bearer whether he could receive him and a young friend from England that evening, and would he prefer their calling on him or would he run round and take tea with him and Mr. Tenterton?

"That's so far all right," said Mr. Hamilton. "Now we have to listen to his opinion, which is sure to be good. My impression is the matter will have to be investigated by the police, in which case your acquaintance with M. Kakaroff will be very useful to us."

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

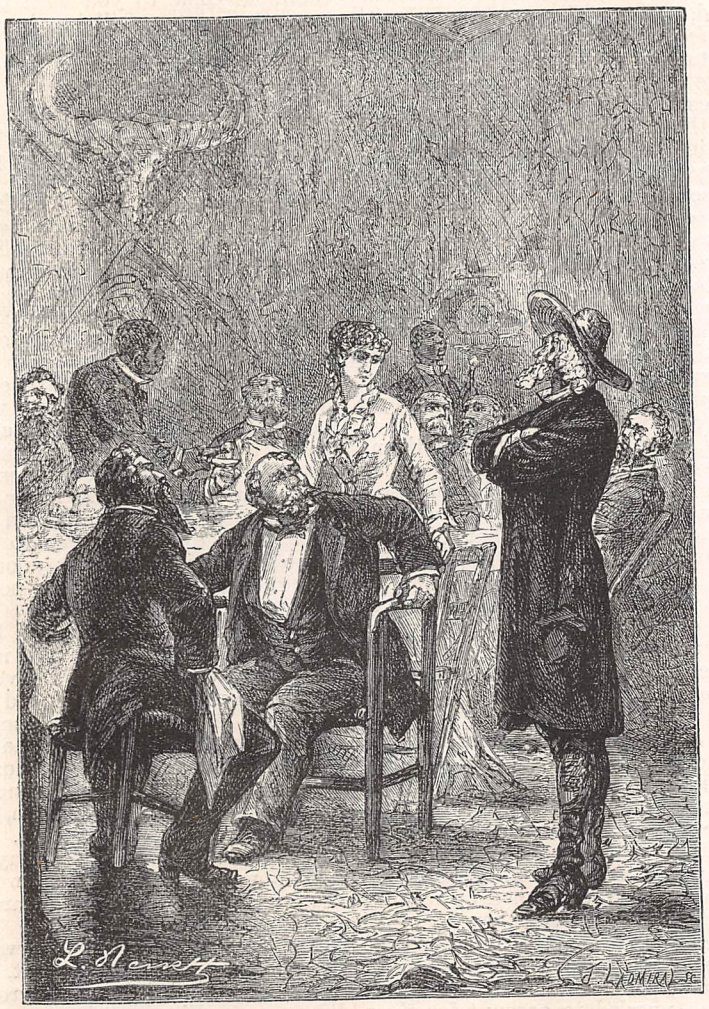
CHAPTER XXIII.—THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

The fortunate John Watkins, now the richest farmer in Griqualand, having already given a dinner in honour of the birth of the Star of the Settlement, considered that he could not do better than give another in honour of its restoration. This time, however, precautions were taken against a disappearance, and Dada was not one of the guests.

The dinner took place in the afternoon of the day after that on which the Star was recovered. Watkins had invited all his friends of high and low degree. He had ordered from the butcher sufficient meat to feed a squadron of dragoons, and bought up all the wines, liquors, and provisions, preserved and otherwise, that the neighbourhood could furnish.

By four o'clock the table was laid in the large room, the wine was ready on the sideboard, and the beef and mutton

were roasting at the fire. At six o'clock the guests arrived, all dressed in their very best. At seven the diapason of conversation had attained such volume that a trumpet would have had hard work to make itself heard above the uproar. There was Mathys Pretorius, who had regained his equanimity now that he had no longer to fear the persecutions of Pantalacci; there was Thomas Steel, the picture of health and strength; there was Nathan the broker, and there were the farmers, the diggers, and all the leading tradesmen of Vandergaart Kopje.



"Precisely so, my worthy historian."

Cyprien, thanks to Alice's commands, had not been able to decline his invitation, and Alice herself was, of course, present. And both of them were very miserable, for the "more than millionaire," John Watkins, could no longer dream of giving his daughter to "a mere engineer, who did not even know how to make a diamond!"

Thus did the worthy egotist speak of the man to whom he owed his newly-found wealth.

The dinner proceeded amid the unrestrained enthusiasm of the diners.

In front of the fortunate farmer—and not behind him, as on the former occasion—the Star of the Settlement reposed on a tiny cushion of blue velvet. It was placed inside a glass globe, and the glass was inside a cage of substantial iron bars.

Ten toasts had already been drunk to its beauty, to its incomparable limpidity, to its unequalled brilliancy.

The heat was overpowering.

Isolated and meditative Miss Watkins seemed unconscious of the tumult around her. She looked at Cyprien, and the tears began to gather in her eyes.

Suddenly three loud knocks were heard at the door. The noise was instantly hushed.

"Come in!" shouted Watkins; "whoever you are. If you are thirsty you are just in time."

The door opened.

The long, lean figure of Jacobus Vandergaart appeared in the doorway.

The guests looked at each other in surprise. The animosity between Watkins and Vandergaart was so notorious that a murmur of expectancy ran round the table. Every one anticipated something serious.

Every sound was hushed! Every eye was turned on the old lapidary. Standing erect, with his arms crossed, with his silver locks escaping from beneath his hat, with his long black coat that he wore only on high days and holidays, he seemed the very spirit of revenge.

John Watkins was seized with a vague terror, and a secret shudder passed through him. He turned pale, notwithstanding the fiery tint with which his devotions at the alcoholic shrine had been repaid. He seemed to struggle against some unaccountable presentiment as he broke silence with—

"Well, it is a long time, neighbour Vandergaart, since you gave me the chance of seeing you in my house. What good wind has blown you here this evening?"

"The wind of justice," said the old man, coldly. "I come to tell you that right has triumphed after an eclipse of seven years! I come to tell you that the hour of atonement has struck, that I take back my own again, and that the Kopje, which has always borne my name, is now mine in law as it always has been mine in equity! John Watkins, you have been stripped of what belongs to me! To-day it is you whom the law has despoiled and condemned to give back what you took from me!"

When Watkins first caught sight of Vandergaart, and the vague fear of danger stole over him, he felt the blood run cold in his veins, but now the danger had become distinct and defined his sanguine violent temperament made him advance to meet it.

And so, lolling back in his armchair, he said, with a scornful laugh, "The good man is mad! I always thought he was cracked, and it seems that the hole has got bigger!"

The guests applauded the pleasantry. Vandergaart remained impassive.

"He laughs best who laughs last," said he, as he drew a folded paper from his pocket. "John Watkins, you know that a formal judgment, confirmed on appeal, so that the Queen herself could not put it aside, assigned to you the land in this district lying to the west of the twenty-fifth degree of east longitude, and assigned to me all that lying to the east of that meridian?"

"Precisely so, my worthy historian," exclaimed John Watkins; "and you would spend your time much better at home in bed than in coming here and interrupting a lot of fellows at their dinner who do not happen to owe a farthing to any one."

Vandergaart unfolded the paper.

"This is a certificate," continued he, in his mildest voice, "of the Lands Department, countersigned by the governor, and duly registered at Victoria the day before yesterday, to the effect that there is a serious error in all the existing maps and plans of Griqualand. The error was committed ten years ago by the surveyors who plotted the district, and who forgot to make the necessary allowance for magnetic variation in their determination of the true north. The error affects every map and plan of the district they surveyed. The rectification of that error, which has now been made, takes the twenty-fifth degree of longitude three miles farther west. That rectification reinstates me in possession of the Kopje which was adjudged to you—for, in the opinion of the lawyers and of the chief justice himself, the original judgment still stands! That, Mr. Watkins, is what I came here to tell you!"

Whether it was that the farmer had imperfectly understood, or that he simply refused to understand, he again tried to answer the lapidary with a scornful laugh. But this time the laugh sounded hollow, and received no echo from those around the table.

The witnesses of the scene sat lost in astonishment, with their eyes fixed on Vandergaart, apparently as much struck by his gravity and assurance as by the confidence he evidently felt.

Nathan was the first to break silence, and give expression to the general feeling.

"There is nothing absurd, at first sight, in what Vandergaart has said. The error might have been made in the longitude after all, and before doing anything either way, it may be as well to wait for further proofs."

"Wait for proofs!" exclaimed Watkins, slapping his fist down on the table. "I don't want any proofs! I laugh at your proofs! Is this my house or is it not? Have I not been maintained in possession of the Kopje by a definite judgment, of which even this old crocodile recognises the validity? Well, what does anything else matter to me? If I am to be molested in the peaceful possession of my own, I'll do what I did before, I'll go to the courts, and we'll soon see who'll win!"

"The courts," replied Vandergaart, with his inexorable moderation, "have done all they can. There is now only a question of fact. Does the twenty-fifth degree of longitude run where it says it does on the plans or does it not? And it has been officially decided that it does not; that there has been a mistake in the matter; and the conclusion is inevitable that the Kopje must be given back to me."

And so saying Vandergaart displayed the official certificate with all its seals and signatures.

The farmer's embarrassment became manifestly serious. He fidgeted in his chair. He tried to laugh, and the attempt failed. His eyes by chance rested on the Star of the Settlement. The sight seemed to restore the confidence that was fast forsaking him.

"And if so," he replied, "if in defiance of all right and justice the property legally given to me, and peacefully enjoyed by me for the last seven years, has to be given back, what does it matter? Have I not something to console me in that solitary gem, which I can put in my waistcoat pocket and snap my fingers at the world?"

"You are wrong again, John Watkins," answered Vandergaart, very decidedly. "The Star of the Settlement is now mine by the same title as that by which I hold the Kopje. Everything is mine—your house and all it contains. And I am prepared to take it, as you see!"

And Vandergaart clapped his bony hands, and a file of police appeared at the open door, and a sheriff's officer stepped in, seized a chair, and took possession in all due form.

The guests had risen. The farmer remained in his chair, looking as crushed and helpless as if he had been struck by lightning.

Alice had thrown her arm round his neck, and was trying in vain to comfort him.

Vandergaart never took his eyes off him. In his glance there was more of pity than of hate, as he followed the look which the farmer gave the Star of the Settlement, now sparkling more brilliantly than ever in the centre of the scene of disaster.

"Ruined! Ruined!"

The words were all that escaped from the farmer's quivering lips.

And then arose Cyprien.

"Mr. Watkins," he said, "now that your prosperity seems to be under a cloud, perhaps you will allow me to take advantage of the opportunity that offers. I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand!"

(To be continued.)

"Ruined! Ruined!"

THE HEROES OF NEW SWISHFORD:

A SCHOOL EPISODE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"My First Football Match," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—PREPARATION.

THE week following the important consultation described in the last chapter was one of serious excitement to at least seven boys at Swishford.

Other fellows could not make out what was the matter, and as long as Bowler did not shirk the football match, and Gayford stuck up as usual for his house, they did not particularly care. It was certainly a novelty to see Braintree diligently reading a book in his odd moments, but when it transpired that the book was "Wobinson Cwosoe" that wonder ceased. And even the surprise of seeing Crashford the lion lying down, so to speak, with Tubbs the lamb, wore away in time, and the conspirators were, on the whole, left undisturbed by Swishford to develop their plans for the eventful emigration of the coming spring.

The three last elected members of the band had fallen in promptly with the scheme, and were not a little elated at the honour conferred upon them. Crashford became quite mellow towards his old enemy Gayford, and actually paid back Bowler a half-crown which he had borrowed three terms ago. Tubbs, though less demonstrative, was equally delighted, and upset the inkpot over the chart in

his eagerness to exhibit to Wester their new home. [It was hardly worth noticing that Tubbs put his finger not on New Swishford at all, but into the centre of Peru, which he said he believed was one of the healthiest countries in all Asia.] Wester, who always made a point of agreeing with the majority, found no difficulty in rejoicing, wherever the place might be, and only wished they had not to wait so long as next spring.

"Why should we wait till then?" asked Crashford.

"Oh, it's better weather," said Gayford; "besides, Wallas is in for his Oxford local."

"Oh, that doesn't matter tremendously," said Wallas, who was beginning to think the world might after all go on if he did not pass.

"We can give him an exam. on the ship going out," said Bowler, "a Swishford local exam., you know, and offer a slice of the island if he passes."

"It strikes me," said Braintree, "a square mile of tewwitowy is warthah a wum pwize for a chap."

"But, I say," said Wester, "isn't our winter the same as their summer, so if we start now we shall just get out in the warm weather?"

"Never thought about that," said Bowler; "what do you say, Gay?"

"I know my uncle generally likes those parts not in the warm weather," said Gayford. "But then he's been at sea all his life."

"By the way, when does his ship start?" inquired Wallas; "something depends on that, doesn't it?"

"So it does," said Gayford. "I forgot that. He got home a fortnight ago, and he gets six weeks at home. That'll bring it to the end of November."

"Just the very ticket—we must start then, I say."

"But how about my wife if we don't go home at Cwistmas?" asked Braintree.

"Oh, bother! Couldn't you get it sent up somehow, or couldn't you fetch it next Monday?—that's the term holiday, you know."

"Hold hard," said Bowler, "I've got another plan for Monday. You know we ought to get our hands in a bit before we start, and try and find out what we really want and all that sort of thing. Now my idea is for us to get the coastguard's boat for the day at Sound Bay (you know there's never any one there to look after it), and sail across to Long Stork Island and knock about there for the day just to see how we get on. Of course we shall have to come back before six; but we must make believe we've landed there for good, and see how we manage. And, of course, if we get on there we're bound to get on at New Swishford, for it's a far jollier place than the Long Stork."

Bowler's proposition was hailed with acclamation. His hearers were just in the humour to put their enthusiasm to the test, and the notion of a picnic on the Long Stork as a sort of full-dress rehearsal of the capture of New Swishford suited them exactly.

They proceeded immediately to discuss ways and means, and found that by putting their pocket-moneys together they could raise the very respectable sum of forty-one shillings. Reserving the odd shilling for the possible contingency of having to "square" a coastguard for the use of the boat, they had two pounds to devote to the purchase of stores, weapons, and other necessaries; and, as Gayford pointed out, of course anything they got that wasn't eatable would come in for New Swishford.

A sub-committee, consisting of Bowler, Braintree, and Wester, was appointed to expend the funds of the adventurers to the best advantage, and meanwhile each member was asked to report what else he could contribute in the way of stores to the general need. Before the end of the week the list was handed in, and as the documents might some day be of immense value to the future historian of New Swishford, I quote them here.

Bowler.—A waterproof, a hat-box, a pair of cricket-bails, and a fold-up chair.

Gayford.—The chart, a compass, jam-pots for baling out boats, an eight-blade knife, a hammer and tacks, and a chess-board.

Braintree.—The wife (pwaps), "Wobinson Cwosoe," gloves, and umbwellah.

Tubbs.—A crib to Sallust (sorry that's all I've got).

Crashford.—Clay pipe, pack of cards, a corkscrew, a strap, and "Hal Hiccup the Boy Demon."

Wester.—Three tumblers, bottle of ginger-beer, and a bat.

Wallas.—A saucepan and two eggs, a rope, and "Young's Night Thoughts."

At the same time the sub-committee reported the purchase of the following stores:—

	s.	d.
Fourteen tins of potted shrimps	14	0
Ditto ditto peaches	14	0
Ditto bottles of lemonade (1d. each allowed on returned bottles.)	3	6
Four of Stodge's spice-cakes	4	0
A fishing-rod	2	6
Flies for ditto	1	0
One kettle	0	6
One crumb-brush	0	6
Total	£2	0	0

This admirable selection of stores met with universal approval. Indeed, as regards the first four items, every one so highly approved that they wanted to take every man his share for safe custody to his own study. It was, however, thought undesirable to put them to this trouble, and the sub-committee were directed to continue in charge of these and the other voluntary contributions until the eventful day.

That was not long in coming round, though to the anxious voyagers it seemed long enough. The interval was spent in deep deliberation and solemn preparation. Braintree had his boots most carefully blacked, and Crashford practised boxing all Saturday afternoon with Rubble of the fifth; Bowler and Gayford strolled casually round to Sound Bay to see that the boat was safe in its usual place, and prospected the distant dim outline of the Long Stork from the cliffs. Tubbs, feeling he must do something to contribute to the success of the undertaking, wrote a long letter home, which he forgot to post, asking the forgiveness of his second sister, and adding, "Address for Monday, Long Stork Island." Wallas amused himself by reading over the directions for restoring life to the apparently drowned, and Wester tidied up Bowler's study and helped him make up the stores into seven equal brown-paper packages, writing the name of the owner of each on the outside.

This done, the preparations were pronounced as complete as they could be till Monday dawned.

The town holiday was an absolutely free day for the Swishford boys. There was no call-over in the morning, and, indeed, until the evening until eight o'clock they were their own masters.

Most of the boys availed themselves of their liberty by lying in bed an hour later than usual on the November morning, a practice which greatly favoured our heroes in their design of escaping a little before dawn.

Bowler was the first up, and went round to wake the rest.

"Howwid gwind," said Braintree, sitting up for a moment in bed and rubbing his eyes, and then subsiding again under the clothes. "Needn't get up yet, Bowler, it's long before cockcwow."

"It's just on six o'clock, I tell you, and it'll spoil it all if we don't get away by a quarter past. Do get up, there's a good fellow."

"Howwid waw morning," groaned Braintree. "I'd warthah—oh, vewy well, I'll get up."

And with a great effort he struggled out of bed and began to array himself. Bowler had a similar task with each of the other adventurers, and any leader less sanguine or eager might have felt his ardour damped by the evident want of alacrity on the part of his confederates to respond to the call to action.

However, once up, the spirits of the party rose, and they assembled in good-humour in Bowler's study, where by the dim light of a candle the seven brown-paper parcels were solemnly doled out and a final review of the preparations made.

A few more articles, such as a whistle, a bottle of hair-oil (contributed by Braintree), a shut-up ink-pot and pen from Wester, and a guide to the environs of Tunbridge Wells from Tubbs, were thrown into the common lot at the last moment, and stuffed into the pockets of the ulsters in which the boys had armed themselves against a rainy day.

All this being done, Bowler gave the order to march, which the party obeyed by taking off their boots and crawling downstairs on tiptoe to the front door. As silently as possible the great lock was turned and the bolts drawn, and next moment the adventurers, with their boots in one hand and their brown-paper parcels in the other, stood under the stars.

"Now stick your boots on sharp and step out," said Bowler.

The order was promptly obeyed, and the dim gables of Swishford soon vanished behind them as they sped along the cliffs towards Sound Bay.

It was a good three miles, and in their ulsters, and weighted with their brown-paper parcels, the boys made slow progress.

It was already dawn when, rather fagged and not quite sure how they were enjoying it, they reached the top of the path which led down to Sound Bay. The near approach to their journey's end revived them, and they stumbled down the stony path cheerily but cautiously, until at last they had the satisfaction of seeing the boat bobbing up and down in the little natural harbour close among the rocks.

The wily Bowler and Gayford had marked where the oars and sail were kept, and fetched them in triumph from

their hiding-place. The seven brown-paper parcels were solemnly embarked and stowed away under the seats, and then one by one the heroes of New Swishford stepped on board, the painter was thrown loose, silent adieux were waved to the land of their birth, and their gallant boat, nimbly propelled by Gayford and the boat-hook, threaded its way through the rocks and made for the boundless ocean.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A STORY OF SCHOOL AND CITY LIFE.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Soady returned to his sitting-room, where Lang was anxiously awaiting him. He first of all told how he had dismissed the intruder, and then gave his message.

Lang looked dismayed.

"You told me you didn't owe him any money," said Soady.

"I don't," faltered Lang. "I've paid him every penny."

"Well, it's no business of mine," remarked the other, "except in so far as I can be of any service to you."

"You are very kind," said Lang, doubtful whether he should give him his confidence or not. Fanshawe's threat had all the additional force of vagueness. It could not be told exactly what he meant to do.

Lang was still cogitating when Garland unexpectedly arrived, earlier than he anticipated. Soady at once informed him of Fanshawe's visit, at which Garland looked grave.

"I was afraid of it," he said; "I thought he was only waiting."

"Look here," put in Soady; "it's clear you two fellows want a quiet talk together; there's something on hand which I don't know anything about. I'll just run out for half an hour, and when I come back we'll try and make things a little livelier. This was to be a kick-up in honour of Lang's signing in, you know."

"No, stay," said Garland. "I think Lang won't mind your knowing about it, and you may be able to help us."

"Tell him, by all means," assented Lang.

Garland gave a short *résumé* of recent events, laying quite as much stress on the energy which Lang had shown recently in returning to straight paths as on his former deviation from them.

"It's a bad business," assented Soady at the end, "but not so bad as it looks. It seems to me the affair cuts both ways. If Fanshawe lets people know that Lang never passed the matric. at Christmas we could let his firm know that he personated another man."

"Yes," said Garland; "we have a stronger case than he imagines now that Lang has honestly passed."

"Of course," cried Soady. "The whole thing really turns against him. Lang has passed and so has a right to sign his articles; what he did was to absent himself from the previous exam."

"Yes," said Lang; "but all the same, if the affair becomes known it will ruin my character for ever."

"But it will be against Fanshawe's advantage to let it become known," said Garland, "and no one else is likely to mention it."

They discussed the matter pro and con for some time longer. It was finally arranged that Lang should write that night to Fanshawe, asking him to call at Mr. King's at five next day. But it was not Lang who was to interview him; that undertaking was reserved for Garland.

Garland lay awake an hour or two that night trying to settle his line of attack or defence. It seemed to him that he had much the stronger side, and that Fanshawe could do nothing but submit.

Nevertheless it was not without a more than usually rapid pulse that he entered the little room into which Fanshawe was shown. A great deal depended on the result of this interview.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Fanshawe, as Garland entered. "I want to see Lang, not you."

"Lang has deputed me to see you."

"But I prefer Lang, though his friends seem ready enough to take his place. You'd better tell him I want to see him, and that I've come for the money; he'll know what."

"You must listen to me first," said Garland.

"Not a bit of it; I've no time to waste over half-fledged parsons. Look here; you see this letter? You may tell Lang that if he doesn't bring me the ten pounds before I leave this house I shall post this as I go home."

"You had better not," said Garland, quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you would be merely exposing your own wrong-doing. He owes you no money and will pay you none."

"Well, he knows what the result will be."

"You seem to be unaware of the whole story," said Garland. "From what I know of it, it seems that Lang passed the matriculation and is now articled; but I don't see what hold you have over him."

"Don't you? Supposing that he never passed the matric. at all?" sneered Fanshawe.

"On the other hand, suppose that he did?" inquired Garland. "Look at that."

He handed him a paper, containing a list of the successful candidates at the June exam.

"Where is your case?" asked Garland. "You see Lang appears to be all right."

"There's some swindle here," exclaimed Fanshawe, who was taken completely by surprise.

"Yes, there is," assented Garland, "but it is on your side. Do you still wish me to give your message to Lang, or shall I wish you good evening?"

Fanshawe sat still, twisting his hat in his hand. He looked puzzled. At last he rose and said, "You'd better give my message just the same."

"I will if you like," said Garland, carelessly, though he was inwardly quaking.

"The fact of his passing in June makes no difference to the fact of his not passing at Christmas," said Fanshawe. "He's just as badly off as ever."

"Is he? Really I don't quite see it. He intended going up at December but was prevented—an unscrupulous fellow had the effrontery to personate him. It seems to me the man who personated him is the one who is in a hole, not the man who was personated."

"That's very clever," remarked Fanshawe, "very clever indeed. Do you think you've got me? Not quite!"

"It must be for you to decide that."

"All right, I'll decide now. Lang won't give me that money?"

"Not a farthing."

"Very well; I shan't post this letter, but one which will be in the same terms without going so much into details. Or wait a moment!"

He sat down again and began thinking it over. His idea was that it would be better not to write at all, for even if he omitted his signature inquiry would ultimately lead to his getting into trouble as well as Lang. A better plan would be to see Mr. Clarke (of the firm under which Lang was placed), and, under a pledge of confidence, tell his tale about Lang.

Yes, that would screen him to perfection.

He again took his hat. "It's your last chance, Garland," he said. "I've got him firm. Yes or no?"

"No," replied Garland.

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye," said Garland, calmly. "However, I may as well tell you that the same day that anything is said about Lang to his firm, the firm to which you belong will know the whole story."

Fanshawe slammed the door and turned round in a rage. His plan had been foreseen and forestalled.

"What!" he cried, livid with rage. "What do you want to interfere for? I'll smash you if you come between me and Lang."

He lifted his stick threateningly. Garland did not flinch.

"Soady's in the next room," was all he said.

Fanshawe dropped his arm, but was quivering with passion.

"It isn't over yet," he said, pushing his face near to Garland's. "I'll get my revenge if I can't get my money. I've got to hold my tongue about the exam., that seems settled. You've been clever enough to see that it cuts both ways, but there's one thing you won't get over—Lang is a thief! He left school because he had stolen the football money. How are you going to disprove that? Will he pay up my ten pounds now? or shall I write to Mr. Clarke and tell him he has a new pupil who is suspected of robbing?"

"You dare not do such a dastardly act," cried Garland.

"I vow I will. I'll pay the lot of you out. I don't care if I get into trouble myself as long as I can pay off my scores. Now, what do you say?"

It was Garland's turn to hesitate. This put an entirely new complexion on the affair. It looked as if Fanshawe was about to win after all. He evidently thought so, for he had an evil, exultant smile on his face.

"Come, hurry up," he said. "I've no time to waste with you."

"I don't know quite what to say," said Garland. "I hadn't calculated on your being such a scoundrel."

"Come, I'm not going to stand talk of that kind."

"I hadn't intended to indulge in it. You seem to be in want of money," he added.

"That's no business of yours," retorted Fanshawe.

"I must consult Lang before I can give you a final answer. If I give you a sovereign now will you promise to do nothing till you see me again?"

"That depends on how long you keep me waiting."

"You shall know to-morrow evening."

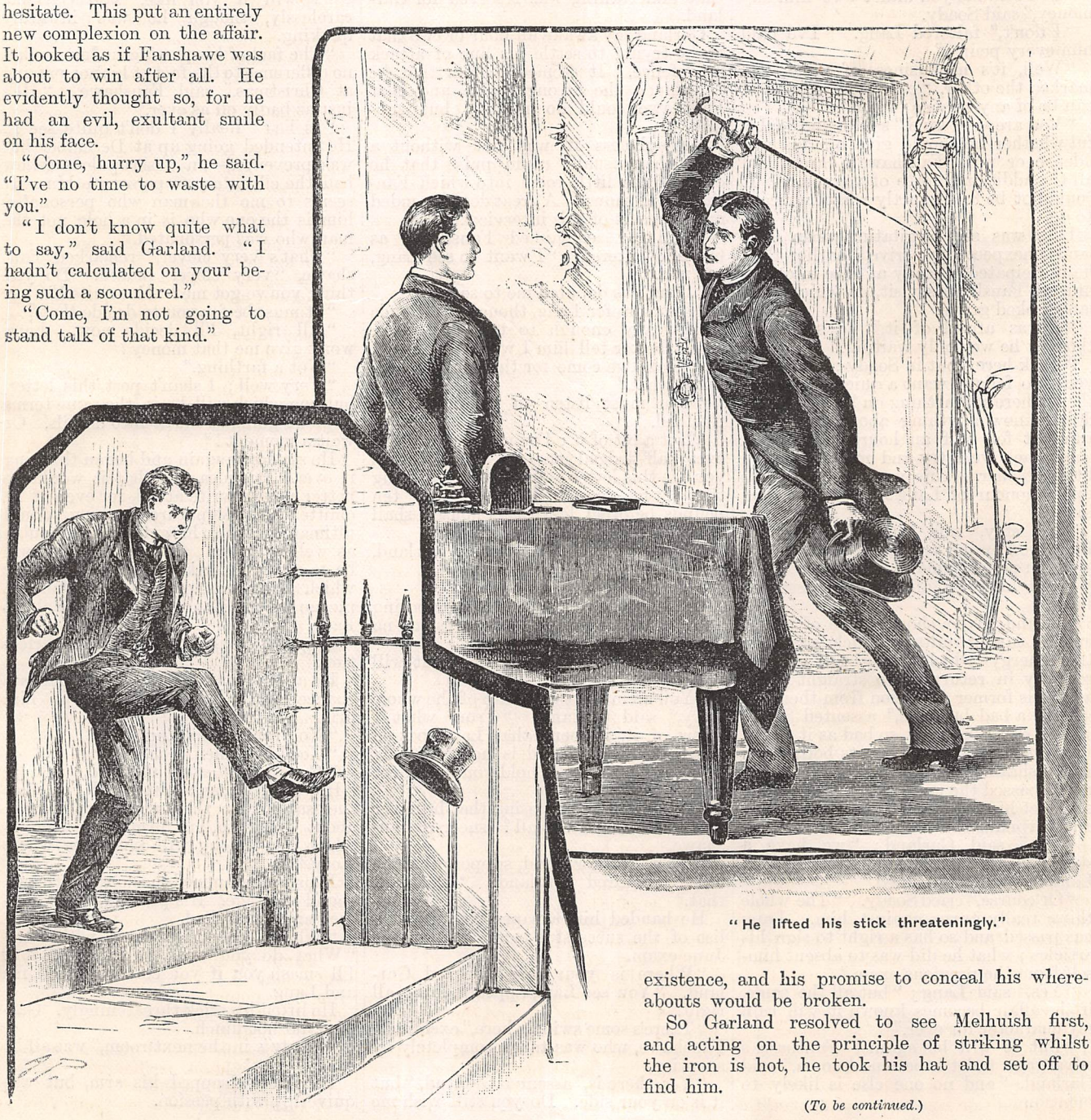
"Very well, I'll wait till then, but no longer. It only means that I shall have your pound as well as Lang's ten."

Garland made no reply. The interview was over as far as he was concerned, so he rose and walked out of the room, leaving the sovereign on the table. Fanshawe picked it up and found his way out of the house, feeling disgusted at being treated with such contempt and yet buoyant with the sense of victory.

Lang and Soady were eagerly awaiting Garland's report. But Garland did not make one. He contented himself with saying that there was a hitch which he hoped to get over, and that in the meantime Lang must trust in him. Lang was somewhat disappointed, but could only acquiesce, knowing that Garland would be sure to act wisely.

The explanation of his reticence was his promise to Melhuish. His one hope now was to be able to confute Fanshawe's charge of theft against Lang by producing the actual thief. But supposing that Melhuish refused to come forward, there would be no use in telling Lang of his existence, and his promise to conceal his whereabouts would be broken.

So Garland resolved to see Melhuish first, and acting on the principle of striking whilst the iron is hot, he took his hat and set off to find him.



"He lifted his stick threateningly."

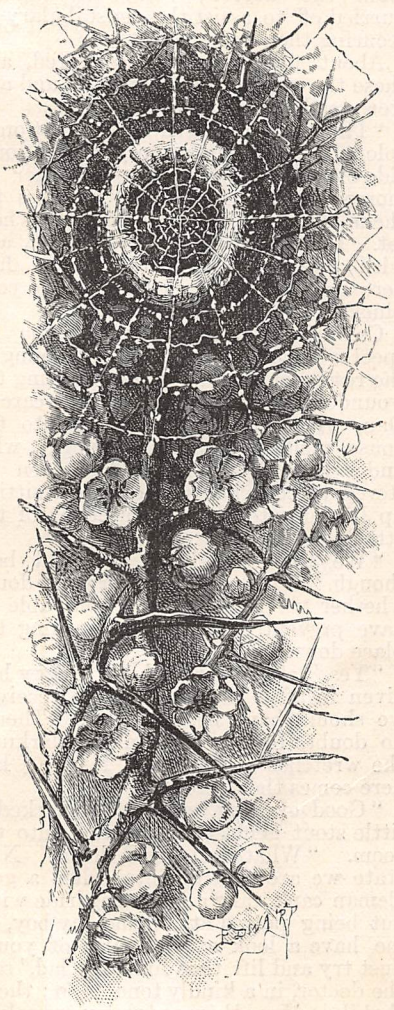
(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE WITH MOONLIGHTERS.

By James Cox, R.N.,

Author of "Fascinated by a Fakir," "How I Saved My Aunt's Diamonds," etc.

CHAPTER V.



We must now turn our attention to Reginald Brown. After Charley left him alone in his room, he put out the light, and opening the shutter very carefully, he gently raised the window and looked cautiously out. The ground beneath was white with the fallen snow, but overhead the sky was black as pitch. After listening for a few seconds he took the sheets out of his bed, knotted them together, and securely fastening one end to the window ledge, he crept out and lowered himself to the earth. Then he paused for a moment, and crawled on his hands and knees towards the shrubbery, and in the direction of the stables. Once his heart beat rapidly as he heard some one call out only a few yards ahead of him, "This way, Nagle." Then there was a cracking of branches of trees as if two or more persons were forcing their way through the shrubbery in the direction of the house.

Reggy reached the stable without further alarm, and, letting himself in, locked the door and hurriedly yet silently proceeded to put the saddle and bridle on. This operation was no easy task in the dark, but at last the boy accomplished the business and realised at once that his difficulties were about to commence.

"I shall have a hard job to get Nero out of the grounds," he said to himself, "without being discovered."

He unlocked the door and listened attentively. All was quiet save the voices of the mob surrounding the house; so leading the horse quickly round to the back of the stable he mounted and rode through the kitchen garden until further progress was stopped by a low stone wall which divided the garden from the fields beyond.

The next moment horse and rider were over this wall, and then Reggy trotted quickly towards the plantation, and striking into a bridle-path that he had often ridden along with Charley he soon emerged into the highway.

As he jumped Nero over the embankment that separated the plantation from the road he fancied that he saw the form of a man crouched beneath in the ditch. However, he did not stop to examine closer, but giving the reins to the horse he struck the animal smartly across the flanks and galloped towards the town as fast as he could.

For the first mile the road was tolerably level, and although the plantation and dark line of firs on each side shut out the little light that there was, Reggy had no difficulty in tracing the road, thanks to the snow upon the ground.

As he drew near the base of the mountain, where the road gradually wound upwards and along its side, he slackened his speed for a few minutes to breathe the horse before breasting the ascent. Just then there was a shout from the ditch on his left, replied to by another from the right, followed instantly by a blinding stream of fire, and the report of one or more guns.

Immediately two men rushed into the middle of the road, and attempted to seize the horse's head, but the animal, terrified by the noise, reared, and suddenly bounded forward, bearing one of the fellows to the earth. The other made a grab at Reggy's leg as the horse dashed by, but missed it.

"Take that, colonel!" yelled the disappointed ruffian, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, he discharged it at the flying horseman.

Reggy felt a stinging sensation in his left arm, and it dropped helplessly by his side, but he set his teeth hard and urged Nero to his topmost speed. He felt that everything depended on his reaching the police hut, but a sickening feeling crept over him, caused by the wound, which began to give him great pain. Every stride of the horse increased the agony, and as he gained the brow of the hill and saw far away in the distance the twinkling light of the town, he began to fear that he would scarcely reach the hut. The feeling of faintness gradually stole over him, and once he almost reeled from the saddle.

"What will become of Eileen and the others," he thought, "if I break down? I mustn't give in."

Presently the white road before him appeared to be rising and falling like the waves of a stormy sea, and the boy commenced to reel and then sway forward on the saddle. With a great effort he managed to keep his seat for a few seconds longer, as a turn of the road brought him in sight of the police hut, but his strength was fast failing, and he could only just pull up Nero and call to the sergeant of constabulary, who was fortunately standing at the door of the hut, to hold the horse, when he fell fainting to the ground.

When Reggy came to himself he was lying on the floor of the police hut, surrounded by some five or six of the constabulary, and the sergeant was endeavouring to pour something down his throat.

Directly the boy could speak he implored the sergeant to send assistance to his friends at Castle Kilrea without delay.

"All right, sir. Here, O'Brien, bind up the young gentleman's arm, and you, Gallagher, and the other, off with you at once. No time to lose."

"Hullo! what's the matter here?" said a voice at the door.

The sergeant sprang to his feet as he recognised his sub-inspector, and, touching his cap to his officer, said,

"'Tis the young gentleman from Castle Kilrea, your honour. The scoundrels have hit him by mistake for the colonel. There's a lot of 'em attacking the colonel's house."

"Colonel Fitzgerald!" exclaimed the inspector. "Why, I passed him five minutes ago on a car. He'll be here in a moment," and the inspector sprang off his horse, and, advancing towards Reggy, said, "Are you badly hurt?"

"I feel better now," said the boy, staggering to his feet. "The loss of blood made me faint."

The inspector turned to the sergeant. "Look out and see if the car is coming."

"Here it is, sir;" and as he spoke Colonel Fitzgerald's voice was heard.

"Anything the matter?" asked that gentleman, as he pulled up, on recognising Nero and the inspector's horse.

"Yes, colonel," replied the sergeant; "here's a young friend of yours, who has received a present that was intended for your honour."

"Reggy!" exclaimed Colonel Fitzgerald, "I hope you are not injured."

"It might have been worse," said the inspector. "The arm is not broken, but you had better take him up on the car with you at once; he'll tell you all about it. Sergeant, you get on the colonel's horse and follow me. I don't want to alarm you, Colonel Fitzgerald, but if we don't reach your place in double-quick time it's impossible to say what will happen there!"

Reggy hurriedly explained to the colonel what had already happened, and as the inspector and the sergeant galloped off after their men, the driver lashed his horse and followed close on their heels.

Colonel Fitzgerald was now thoroughly alarmed, and put question after question to his young friend as they tore along, and the more information he elicited from Reggy the more anxious he became.

Presently they overtook two of the constabulary, who were running along.

"Jump up here, men! Quick!" said the colonel. "And now, Pat, I'll give you five pounds if you cover the remainder of the journey in half an hour."

"D'ye hear that, ye baste!" yelled the car-driver as he tickled his mare with his whip. "Hould on, yer honour! Arrah! what's that beyond there?"

A lurid glare broke on their view as

the car swept round a corner of the mountain.

"The villains have set fire to the castle!" groaned the colonel, and he shuddered as he thought of the fate that might have already befallen his daughter and boy.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Charley and the two servants, Dan and Mick, in the room over the hall door, while Miss O'Dowd was prancing about her bedroom armed with the poker and shovel, bemoaning her fate at having ever quitted her native town.

When the bullet from the gun of one of the Moonlighters struck the window and shattered in its flight a large mirror, the noise caused by the crash of falling glass nearly drove the poor lady out of her senses.

She tore out of the room and down the corridor, flourishing her weapons, crying, "Charley, save me! save me!" and rushed into her nephew's arms just as he was about to carry his threat of firing at his assailants into execution.

"Stand back, aunt, for a moment!" said Charley. "You had better keep at the other end of the house unless you want to be hurt! Look out!"

Crash another bullet flew through the window, and buried itself in the wall within a few feet of the spot where Miss O'Dowd was standing.

Charley's aunt gave a wild screech and bolted back to her room.

"Now, Mick," exclaimed Charley, "we must fire, or else they'll have the door down!" and, stepping to the window, the boy fired, and Mick followed up with another shot.

The effect was marvellous on the Moonlighters! Giving vent to a volley of groans and shouts, they scurried like frightened hares across the snow to the cover of the shrubbery.

After this there was a long silence. The fellows were evidently consulting together.

"Look here, Mick," presently said Charley, "I want you to go up on the roof, crawl round the leads, and try to see whether the fellows are attempting to get in at any other part of the castle. If you hear or see any movement, fire, and I'll come to you."

Mick departed on his errand, making his way along the corridor, at the end of which there was a trap-door giving admittance to the roof. As he stole quietly past Miss O'Dowd's bedroom he heard the voice of Eileen trying to comfort her aunt.

Quickly mounting the steps that led to the trap hatch, he got out on the leads and crawled slowly round the roof, listening attentively, but there was not a sound to be heard except the sighing of the night wind.

Satisfied that all was right, he was about to descend through the aperture, and had just placed his feet on the top step of the ladder, when the ladder slipped from beneath him, and with great difficulty he saved himself from falling into the corridor.

By extending his arms he prevented this catastrophe, and was just going to lower himself when he felt his legs seized from below, while his ears were assailed by piercing screams.

"Oh, you villain! quick, Dan; run, Eileen, bring me a carving-knife while I cut his legs off. They're coming through the roof!"

"Hould on, ma'am," shouted Mick, "sure it's only me," and, letting go his hold, he dropped suddenly, and falling violently on Mrs. O'Dowd, sent her sprawling on the floor.

"Murder, murder!" shrieked the old lady, and then scrambling to her feet she turned and fled from the scene amidst the shouts of laughter that greeted Mick's advent from Charley, Eileen, and Dan, who had been attracted to the spot by the cries of Miss O'Dowd.

But on returning to the room their merriment was quickly turned into sorrow. A fierce red glare lit up the whole of the apartment. Charley's first impression was that the castle was on fire, but Mick, pointing in the direction of the fields, exclaimed,

"There, your honour, the rogues have set fire to the hay in the hay-yard; bad luck to 'em!"

Sure enough they had. The flames roared and mounted higher and higher, illuminating the castle and the surrounding country.

"This 'll bring the police down on 'em," angrily muttered Dan.

"I hope so," ejaculated Charley; "but I fear they'll have time to do more mischief before help comes."

Charley's fears were not without ground, for now a waggon piled with hay and drawn by one of the colonel's horses was observed coming in the direction of the castle. A man was seen urging the animal onward, and close behind the waggon marched a number of men with blackened faces. As the waggon drew near the house the sharp-sighted Mick whispered to his young master,

"Look, yer honour, one of the blackguards has got a bit of a torch. Sure, I'll give him the laste taste in the world of the blunderbuss; pass it here, Dan, me boy."

The waggon was now close to the hall door, and the Moonlighters, protected to a certain extent by the cover it afforded, jeered at the occupants of the room above.

"We'll burn ye like rats," shouted out the man with the torch, waving it derisively over his head and stepping slightly to the front to let the "rats" see.

"Bang!" went the blunderbuss, and away went the torch some yards through the air, while the Moonlighter, rolled over in the snow. At the same moment the horse, startled by the loud report, made off down the avenue.

"I think the rascals have had enough," exclaimed Charley, looking out of the window; "they are running off."

"An' moighty good rason they have sure!" shouted Mick; "look at the peelers! they're on to 'em! There's the colonel. Hoorah!" roared Mick, waving the blunderbuss round his head.

"Run down, Dan, and open the door: there's something the matter with Reggy. Father's lifting him out of the car. Quick, man, quick!"

"Oh, I hope not," said Eileen, who, just then coming out of the room, overheard Charley's remark, and then hastily followed her brother downstairs to the hall.

They got to the foot of the stairs just as the inanimate form of Reggy was being carried by Dan and the colonel into the dining-room.

Eileen shuddered, and the tears gathered in her bright eyes as she looked on the boy's pallid face, and she screamed as she saw that the sleeve of his left arm was blood-stained.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, in a broken voice, "is he dead?"

"No, darling, but he's wounded, and the jolting of the car has been too much for him. He'll come to directly. Give him more air, Charley. Open the window, and tell Mick to take the car and fetch the doctor;" and the colonel hurried off to assist the constabulary in securing their prisoners.

About five had been captured, and these the police had already bound and were ready to escort to Galway.

"I'm going to march them off at once, colonel," said the inspector, "and if you'll ride over to the court the day after to-morrow we'll settle their business for them. I'm sorry we haven't got the whole lot. There's one fellow badly hurt, and with your permission we'll leave him here until the doctor arrives to see your plucky young friend."

Colonel Fitzgerald thanked the inspector for his promptitude in coming to the rescue of his family, and, turning the wounded Moonlighter over to the care of Dan, who had him conveyed into the house, went in to see after Reggy, who, under Eileen's treatment, had been restored to consciousness, and was sitting up listening to Charley's account of the attack on the castle.

"We have to thank you, old boy, though. If it hadn't been for you I doubt whether we should have been able to have prevented them from burning the place down."

"Yes," said the colonel, "if Reggy had given in after the nasty hit he received we should have been too late. There's no doubt, Reggy, that in the darkness the wretches mistook you for me. But here comes the doctor."

"Good evening, colonel," remarked a little stout gentleman, bustling into the room. "What's all this I hear? Nice state we are getting into, when a gentleman can't take an evening ride without being potted at. Come, my boy, let me have a look at this arm of yours. Just try and lift that limb, my lad," said the doctor, in a kindly tone. "So; there, that'll do; I see there are no bones broken. Now, Master Charley, hand me that case."

Dr. Donovan extracted from the case a long bright pair of scissors and commenced cutting off the sleeve of Reggy's jacket. As soon as this operation was completed he knelt down and examined carefully the boy's wounded arm. The inspection was evidently satisfactory. "All right, young gentleman, I'm glad to tell you that I shan't have to torture you; the bullet has gone clean through, and fortunately just above the elbow. If it had struck a little lower down—well, never mind; a miss is as good as a mile.

"Now, colonel," said the doctor, as he finished bandaging Reggy's arm, "I'll hand the young fellow over to the care of Miss Eileen, and if she doesn't cure him by this day week I shall be much mistaken. Good night. I must just pay a visit to the man Mick shot and then be off."

As the doctor departed Colonel Fitzgerald inquired for Miss O'Dowd.

"Shure, yer honour," said Dan, "she's packing up her portmanty."

"It's packed, Fitzgerald," said that

lady, entering the room, "and at daylight to-morrow I leave for Dublin."

But next morning Miss O'Dowd changed her mind, and nothing could exceed the kindness with which she nursed and attended to Master Reginald, who under the combined care of Eileen and her aunt was enabled long before the expiration of his holidays to again ride Nero across country and shoot wild duck on the lough.

(THE END.)

WALKING-STICKS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

WALKING-STICKS of all varieties—apple, ash, blackthorn, brier, cherry, elm, hazel, holly, oak, vine, and whitethorn—are best when cut in the winter, between November and February; the sap is then sluggish, the leaves are off, and the character of the stick can be most easily descried.

To boys who desire to carry a stick of their own choice and dressing the following practical notes will be of value.

Never attempt to trim a stick as soon as you have cut it. Leave the branches on it an inch or two long, and hang the stick up to dry for a week or so knob end uppermost with a weight on the narrow end. Let it hang in a moderately cool place, and when it is dry and pliable take it down and begin to trim it. Cut off the branches you do not want, and make the crook if you do not care to finish merely with a knob. To make the crook, plunge the end for a quarter of an hour in boiling water, bend it to shape, and keep it in place by a piece of string twisted by a stick in the middle like the spring of a jumping frog or the stretcher of a ribbon saw. When the stick has dried in shape, trim it to taste with a sharp knife, and give it a good rub down with sand-paper. When it is smooth and presentable, if you want it to remain its natural colour, give it a coat of boiled linseed-oil and let this dry thoroughly into it. If you want the stick to be black, boil a pound of logwood chips for an hour in a quart of water and brush the stick over with the boiling liquor. When the stick is dry give it another boiling coat of the decoction. When that is dry, dissolve an ounce of green copperas in a quart of hot water and coat the stick with the solution. Keep away from the fire with the stick and let it dry each time slowly and well, and you will find that the mixture of the copperas and the logwood has dyed it an intense black. After you have stained it, give it a coat of boiled oil, and when that is thoroughly dry begin to polish it.

For the polish mix an ounce and a half of shellac with a quarter of an ounce of gum mastic and dissolve them slowly in half a pint of methylated spirits, or, what is better, quicker, and cheaper, buy threepennyworth of French polish from the nearest oil-shop. Having polished the stick, finish it with a coat of hard varnish or copal varnish such as the artists use, of which a little goes a long way. Hard varnish can be bought cheaply. If you must make it, mix together an ounce of gum mastic, two ounces of gum juniper, a quarter of an ounce of turpentine, and a pint of methylated spirits. Give the stick one or two even coats of varnish, and you will find it last for many months. Some sticks do very well varnished over the oil and stain, then the polish is saved. If you want to stain a stick brown add dragon's blood to the polish; if you like it golden coloured drop in some yellow ochre or gamboge. The difficulty in stick-making, however, is not in the polishing; it is in the bending and trimming.

Apple makes excellent sticks if judiciously dried. Ash sticks are best cut from saplings; when cut from hedges or pollards they are inclined to become brittle. Like apple sticks, they require careful seasoning to be serviceable. Blackthorn sticks are heavy and liable to splinter. They are best when cut from saplings. Brier sticks are also best when cut from saplings. Cherry sticks should be stripped of only a part of their bark, and require sand-papering, oiling, polishing, and varnishing. Elm sticks should have the rough bark left on; they also are best when taken from saplings, but it is very seldom indeed that an elm stick is fit for anything else than to be looked at. Hazel sticks are light and handsome, and do good service no matter whence they are cut. They should be well rubbed down with sand-paper and carefully varnished. Holly sticks are as good as any. Cut them from the branch with the crook or knob attached, and let them have a long time to dry. Oak sticks are the strongest and toughest, but the most difficult to dry and trim. If you dry them too rapidly they split, if you dry them with the bark off they split, if you have the knots close together they split. If you get a good oak cudgel you can smash any stick of any other wood not exceeding it in size. Vine sticks are also of value, but they have an unpleasant tendency to warp and twist. Whitethorn sticks are like unto blackthorn sticks—heavy, treacherous, and brittle.

If you want to bark a stick steep it in hot water and rub off the coat with a piece of sacking. If you want to bend or straighten a stick, cover it with hot wet sand and get it into shape while it is hot.

Of canes we need make no mention, nor need we deal with the birch. They are but luxuries, frequently doomed to be misunderstood. Their days are over. Alas, poor cane! Alas, poor birch!

THE NEW RIVER.

WHAT a charm there is in water! Even the unromantic New River lightens up the landscape of northern London and yields many a rural scene worth noting, as our artist's sketches testify. Take the first, where we see the river in its infancy at Chadwell Springs, near Ware. How quiet and still and yet instinct with life the water is! In the New Gauge at King's Mead, near Hertford, and the little footbridge at Amwell Pond, the same charm is noticeable. Even the Pumping Station at Cheshunt affords a decent picture when the water is made much of in the foreground. The sketches of the bend in Theobald's Park, of the pretty nook at Enfield Sluice House, and of Green Lanes Pumping Station, with the swans afloat, owe nearly all their charm, as they owe their existence, to the stream. Taken by itself, what an ugly thing a pumping station is, internally or externally! Look at the inside at Green Lanes, and the outside at Hornsey. Hornsey seems all chimney, and the little grace it possesses is entirely due to the water, prim and straight though its banks may be. Even the picturesque old Sluice House close by, where the lads are shown engaged in the highly unsatisfactory amusement of "fishing in the New River," would be a commonplace cottage without the lights and shades in the ripples.

Fishing in the New River! What a lesson for great expectations! In the reservoirs there is excellent sport, and permission to try them can be obtained from the chief officers of the company; but in the stream itself—where it can be got at—it would require one of Cleopatra's divers to bring a decent fish to the hook. And fishing in reservoirs is not always free from risk. A friend of ours tells how, having obtained permission to fish in a certain reservoir, he arrived early a few weeks afterwards and set to work. Not a nibble did he get. At last, as he was packing up to depart, a man came by and inquired what he had been doing.

"Nothing!" said he.

"Caught naething?"

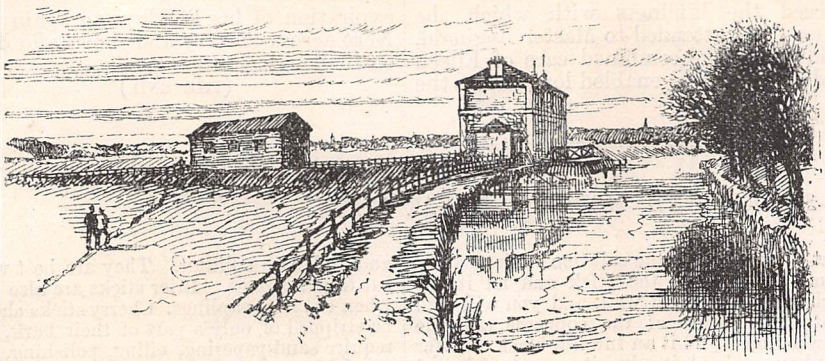
"No! I don't believe there is anything here to catch!"

"Noa! No more there be. There waur; but they been a-cleaning this place oot and only let in the watter last Toosday!"

And that may have been when the water was let into the distributing reservoirs at Clerkenwell, which form the subject of our last sketch. What a wonderful work in an engineering sense this New River was for the days in which Hugh Myddelton designed it! It is a well-worn story, but it always bears re-telling.

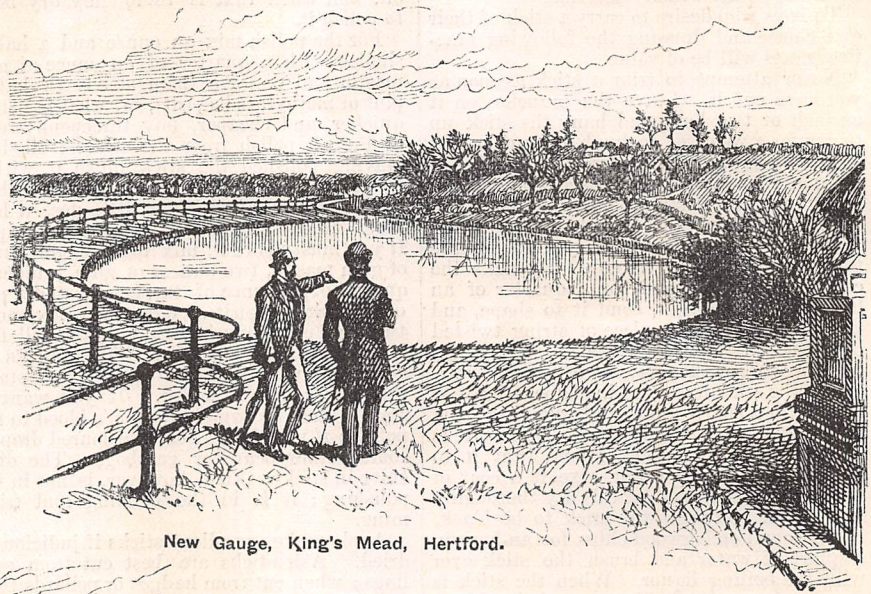
The London of 1600 was not a quarter the size it is now. The limits of "the City" pretty nearly describe the metropolis of Sir Hugh Myddelton's days, and the districts which have since become part and parcel of it were then quiet rural villages, between which and London itself green fields and meadows existed, and to which shady country lanes and paths led. Such, for instance, were the villages of Clerkenwell, Islington, Highbury, Hackney, Homerton, Bow, and Stratford. Indeed so uninhabited and lonely was the country lying between the first two and London, that at much later date we read that when the citizens wished to visit those villages in the evening, they used to band together in companies for the sake of mutual protection against footpads and robbers. London of that day was *not* a large place. It fringed the banks of the Thames on both sides, from Westminster and Lambeth to the Tower of London and Horselydown; spreading out to the northward from Temple Bar as far as Holborn, and then branching off in a north-easterly direction to Aldersgate. Thence continuing towards the east as far as Bishopsgate, whence it ran down south-eastward to Aldgate and the Tower.

To those dwelling on the banks of the river, the Thames would provide an unfailing supply of water, and water of a tolerably pure quality. There were no public analysts then, and as the generality of people dwelling in the town were not overburdened with learning, and not too fastidious, we may presume that this water was used by those in its neighbourhood for all domestic and even drinking purposes. Those citizens living in the neighbourhood of what is now Farringdon Street would have the Fleet river, which, rising in Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate, flowed through Battle Bridge, now King's Cross, past the foot of Ludgate Hill, and so into the Thames. The remainder

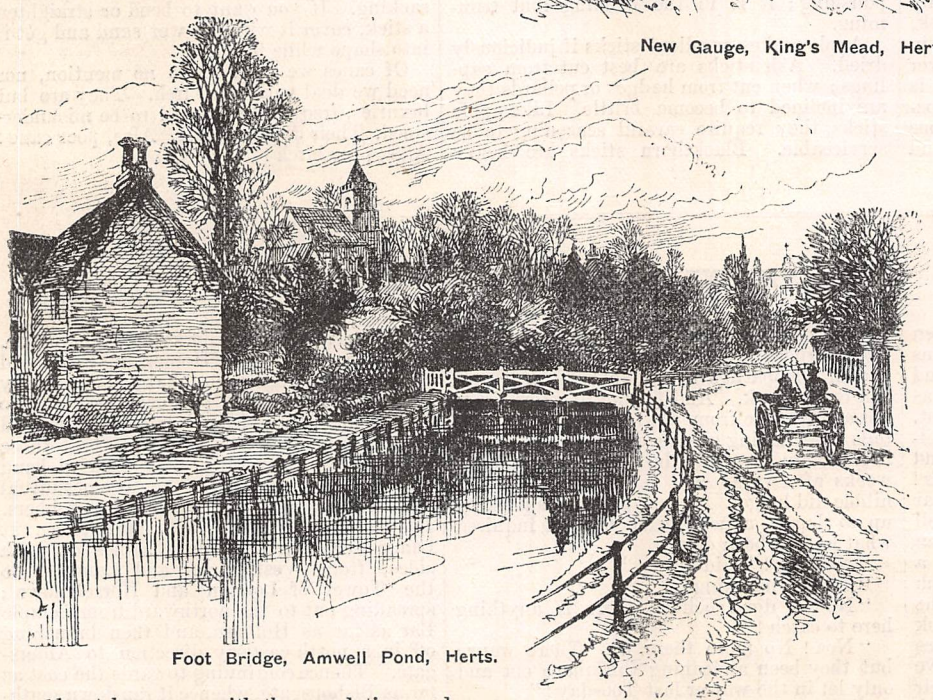


New River Source, Chadwell Springs, Ware.

of the citizens had to rely for their water upon such as they could catch during rain, the surface wells, and the several conduits, or public reservoirs, supplied by leaden pipes from outlying districts, for which useful works they were indebted to the munificence of mayors, sheriffs, and other individuals. There were nearly twenty of these conduits in London, without counting the outlying districts. One of the chief ones was the great conduit at the east end of Cheapside, at its junction with the Poultry, and, says Stow, the famous chronicler of London, "was the first sweete water that was conveyed by pipes of lead underground to this place in the citie, from Paddington," then a little village four miles from London. This was in the year 1236. As the population increased the need of more water increased with it, and in one year alone nine fresh conduits were erected, supplied with water from various outlying villages. Yet with all these the water supply



New Gauge, King's Mead, Hertford.

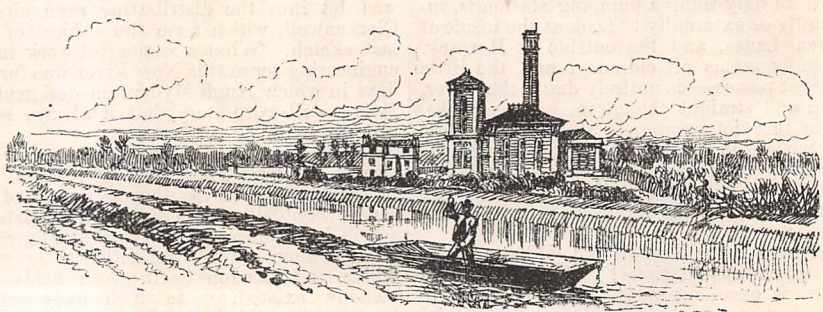


Foot Bridge, Amwell Pond, Herts.

could not keep pace with the population, and about the close of the sixteenth century the question of what was to be done became of vital importance. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James many plans were suggested, among them being two, the first for bringing a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the north side of London, and the second for bringing a river from Uxbridge to the same locality, but neither of these came to anything. In 1581 Peter Morice, a Dutchman, fixed a water-wheel in the first arch of London Bridge on the north side, and by the aid of force-pumps forced Thames water to the top of a wooden building one hundred and twenty feet high; thence it ran through pipes to supply houses in Thames Street and Gracechurch Street as far as Cornhill.

In 1605 the Corporation, at Myddelton's inspiration, secured an Act of Parliament to bring a "fresh stream of water to the north parts of the city of London from the springs of Amwell and Chadwell and other springs in the county of Hertford . . . . by means of a trench of the breadth of ten feet and not above." And in the year following they obtained a second Act, explaining the former one, and giving them further powers. But having done thus much they stopped, and though the people of London were crying out for water, nothing was done. The fact was, the Corporation were afraid of the undertaking. The *vox populi* said the scheme was an impossibility. They listened to *vox populi*, and for three years it seemed that nothing would be done, and that the two Acts of Parliament would be so much waste paper. However, in the year 1608, Hugh Myddelton, then a goldsmith of Basinghall Street, offered to carry out the scheme at his own cost and risk, provided all the powers conferred on the Corporation by the two Acts of Parliament were transferred to him. His offer was accepted, and on the 20th April, 1608, the work commenced.

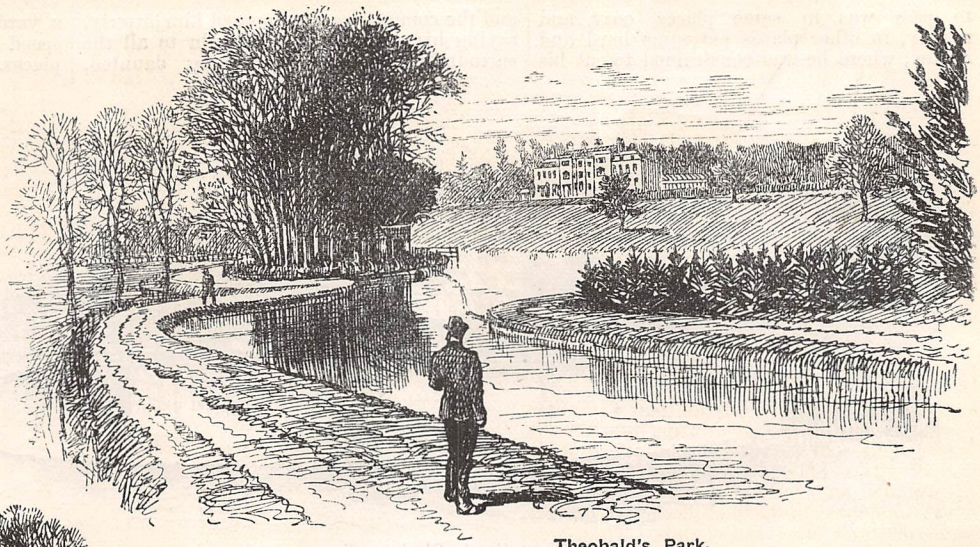
Hugh was the sixth son of Richard Myddelton, a member of a very old Denbighshire family, and governor of Denbigh Castle during the reign of Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. Richard Myddelton had several children. Charles, his fifth son, succeeded him as governor of Denbigh Castle; William, his third son, first went to Oxford and then turned sailor, and saved our fleet when sent, in 1591, to intercept some Spanish galleons off the Azores. He also translated the book of Psalms into



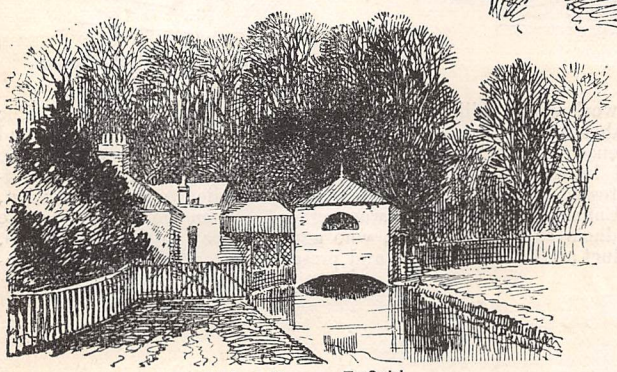
Turnford Pumping Station, Cheshunt.

Welsh verse, and, lastly, he and Captain Thomas Price, of Plasiolyn, are said to be the first two who smoked tobacco publicly in London, and "that the Cockneys flocked from all parts of the city to see them." Thomas, the fourth son, was a grocer in London, and provided the Welsh nation with a new edition of the Holy Scriptures at his own expense. He was elected Lord Mayor on Michaelmas Day, 1613, the very day that saw the completion of the New River.

Hugh was born about 1555, and displayed unusual talents at a very early age. He first began to manifest his enterprising spirit by a futile search for coal within a mile of his native town, Denbigh. At the proper age he was sent to London, where his brother Thomas



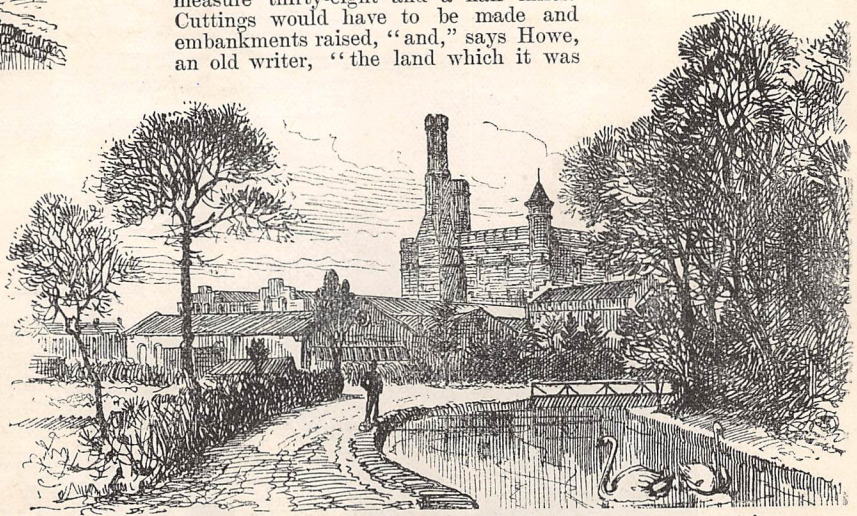
Theobald's Park.



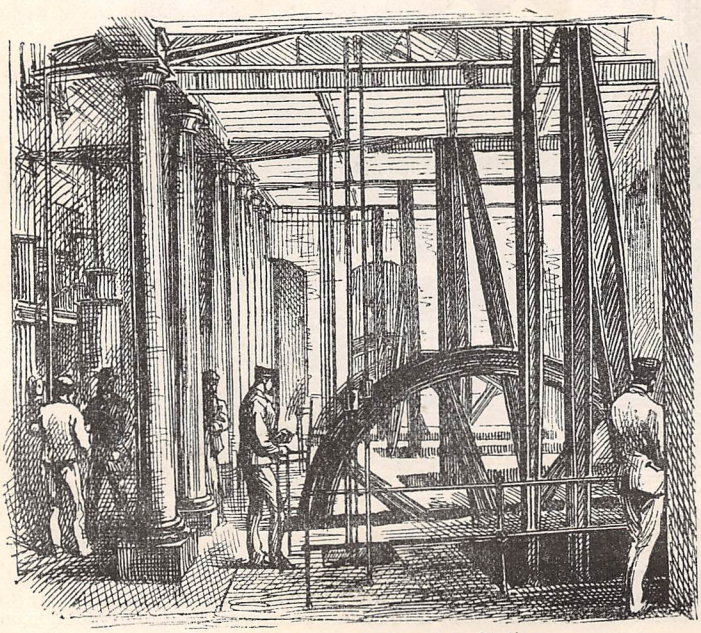
Sluice House, Enfield.

was established as a grocer and Merchant Adventurer, and it was under this brother's care that he commenced life as a citizen by being entered an apprentice to the Goldsmiths' Company. In due course, when he had served his time, he began business on his own account in Basinghall Street, and, like his brother, he joined the prosperous Merchant Adventurers. In 1597 he represented Denbigh in Parliament, and for it he obtained a charter of incorporation. He now added cloth manufacturing to his goldsmith's business, and from the two must have derived immense wealth. On the accession of James I. he was appointed one of the royal jewellers, proving him to have been at that time one of the most prosperous and active of the citizens of London. And now we can return to his great work, and a great work it was, considering the engineering skill of those days.

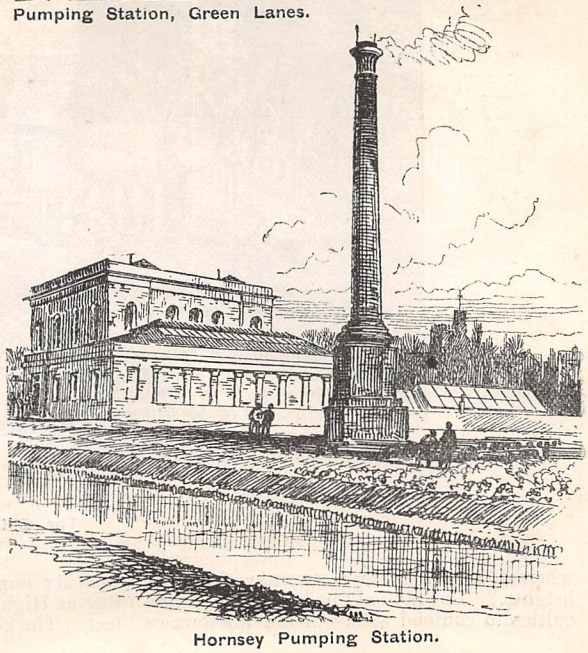
When Myddelton had taken his levels he found that, though the springs at Amwell and Chadwell were only seventeen miles from the spot at Clerkenwell which he had fixed on for the reservoir, yet the course his river would have to take in order to escape some of the difficulties caused by intervening high lands and to get a proper fall and current towards London, would measure thirty-eight and a half miles. Cuttings would have to be made and embankments raised, "and," says Howe, an old writer, "the land which it was



Pumping Station, Green Lanes.

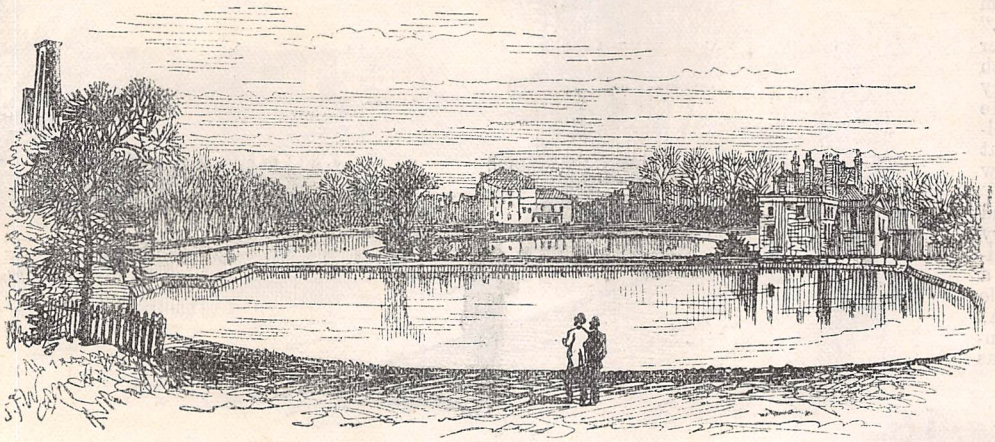


Engine Room of Pumping Station.

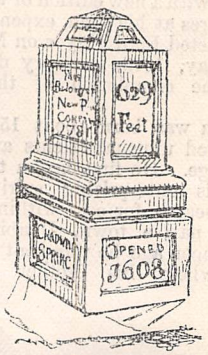


Hornsey Pumping Station.

to pass was in some places oozy and muddy, in other places extreame hard and rockey, where he was constrained to cut his trench thirtie foot deep, and in divers other low and uncertain grounds, compelled to add thereto a second strength by force of art; and at the end of Enfield Great Park it is carryed with great art over a valley between two high hills, through an open trough neere five foote wide and two foote deepe, supported by arches of wood fixed in the ground, some whereof are four and twentie foote in heighte." But not only had he natural difficulties to contend with, but the landowners and the common people opposed him bitterly, saying his river would bring ruin to all the surrounding country. Nothing daunted, Myddelton commenced his work with a will, for he set on six hundred labourers and paid them two shillings and sixpence a day. The winding canal was carried in some places through tunnels, and it crossed two wide valleys at Bush Hill near Enfield, and near Highbury, in wooden aqueducts or troughs lined with lead. The aqueduct at Bush Hill was six hundred and sixty feet in length, that at Highbury four hundred and sixty-two feet. The general descent of the stream was a yard per mile, and in order to retard its speed dams were erected in two or three places. The average breadth was twenty-one feet, the average depth four feet. The cost of the undertaking was enormous, and Myddelton found at length that unless he received help he should be unable to complete his task. He applied to the Corporation, but was refused. Then he turned to the king, who agreed to pay half the expenses, past and present, on condition half the concern were made over to him. To this Myddelton consented, and from the year 1611 to 1614 certain sums were paid to Myddelton on



New River Head, Clerkenwell.



Stone at Chadwell Spring.

The Old Sluice House, Hornsey Wood.

the king's account, but what the total amount was cannot now be ascertained. However, the royal help and patronage was all Myddelton required, and on the 29th September, 1613, the work, which had cost £500,000, and lasted five years, was completed, and the water flowed into the reservoir at Clerkenwell. The ceremony of the opening is described by an old writer as follows. "On Michaelmasse day, in anno 1613, being the day when Sir Thomas Myddelton, brother to the said Hugh Myddelton, was elected Lord Maior of London for the yeere ensuing, in the afternoone of the same daye the Lord Maior of London, accompanied with the said Sir Thomas and many of the worthy aldermen, rode to see the cisterne, and first issuing of the waters thereinto, which was performed in this manner:

"A troope of labourers, to the number of sixty, or more, well apparelled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike, carryed spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such like instrument of laborious imployment, marching after drummes, twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the Lord Maior, Aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man (in behalf of all the rest) delivered a speech commencing,

'Long have we labour'd, long desir'd, and pray'd,
For this great work's perfection,'

and ending,

'Now for the fruits, then:—Flow forth, precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comforts to all that love thee: loudly sing,
And with thy chrystal murmurs strook together
Bid all thy wel-wishers welcome hither.'

At which words the flood-gates flew open, the streame ranne gallantly into the cisterne, drummes and trumpets sounding in a triumphall manner, and a brave peale of chambers gave full issue to the intended entertainment."

Myddelton had conquered, and the New River had reached London. From the reservoir it was taken down in pipes of wood (made by boring out the centres of young ash trees) to the City, and supplies to houses were laid on, on payment of yearly rents by the owners. Some of the old wooden pipes are dug up even now, and are found in an excellent state of preservation. On the 21st June, 1619, the shareholders were incorporated by the king under the title of "The Governor and Company of the New River brought from Chadwell and Amwell to London," and Hugh Myddelton was appointed the first governor. At the commencement the Company did not prosper, and calls were made on the shareholders, and in the year 1631 Charles I., who then held the king's moiety of shares, resold them to Sir Hugh, who had been knighted in 1622, for a yearly payment of £500, which payment is continued to the present day. The property of the New River Company was divided into seventy-two shares; thirty-six were originally vested in Sir Hugh, and they are known as "adventurers' shares," and thirty-six, which the king bought and afterwards resold, known as "king's shares." At present there is no more prosperous company than that of the New River, and Sir Hugh probably had no notion to what success his project would attain in after years. In the year 1633, for instance, the dividend on a share was £15 3s. 4d., in 1857 it was £876. The value of a share in 1881 was about £20,000.

The original springs proved inadequate for the increased demand, and the New River Company now derives its supply from the Chadwell Spring, from the River Lea, from four wells, one at Amwell, one at Cheshunt, one at Hampstead, and one in the Hampstead Road; and for street-watering purposes the seven ponds at Hampstead and the seven ponds at Highgate are also laid under contribution. The course of the stream has also been shortened, so that the New River of the present day is only twenty-eight miles long. Sir Hugh died in 1631, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Matthew in Friday Street.

RECENT ATHLETICS.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

THE best hundred and twenty yards' time for the hurdles is Jackson's 16sec. Jackson, however, was never champion. The honour was won four times by Palmer, three times by Upcher, twice by Stirling and Lawrence, and once each by Milvain, Law, Tennant, Nunn, Garnier, Loder, Reay, and Gowthorpe. The slowest of the championship times is Nunn's, 18⅗sec.; the fastest Palmer's, 16⅕sec. In 1881 Lawrence is also accredited with 16½sec.

The best high jump is Davin's, 6ft. 2¾in. Davin was champion in 1881, but he then cleared only 6ft. 0½in. This height, also attained by Parsons in 1883, has never been exceeded at a championship meeting; even 5ft. 2in. has made a champion jumper, The high jump championship was won three times by Mitchell, and twice by Brooks, but in all other cases by single event men.

Mitchell also won the pole-jump on three occasions; but our best pole-jumper is Ray, of Ulverstone, who has also won it thrice, and for his performance of 11ft. 3in. in 1881 holds the record. The pole-jump was twice won by H. W. Strachan; the other winners have been Wheeler, Moore, Graham, Fellowes, Kelsey, Woodburn, Kayll, Robinson, and Cobbold. In Robinson's year, 1879, there appeared the mysterious letters, j. o.= jumped over.

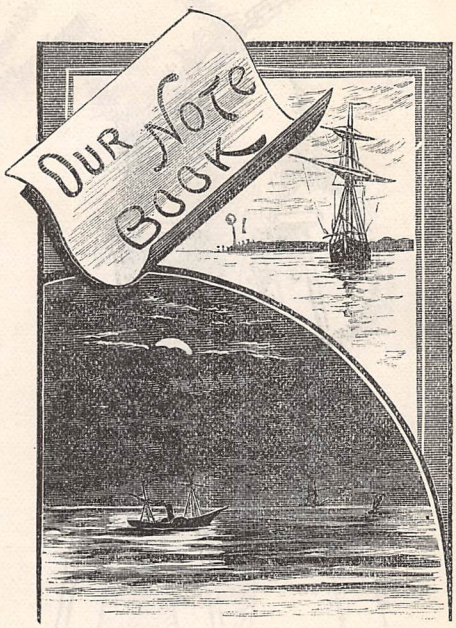
The best wide jump is Davin's 23ft. 2in., but in 1881, when he was champion, he only cleared 22ft. 11½in.; thus the best of the championship jumps is that of Parsons in 1883, with 23ft. 0¼in. The champion jump has been as low as 19ft. 4in. Lockton was champion three times, and so were Davies and Mitchell, if we count the tie in 1871 as a win to both. Fitzherbert was twice champion, and so was Alkin. The other jumpers have been Tosswill, Baddeley, Elliott, Malone, and Horwood. The latter was last year's champion.

Hammer-throwing is a mysterious art, somewhat pleasingly varied in its results. In 1866 the championship was won by James with 78ft. 5in.; in 1874 Brown required 120ft. to win it. Hales won it twice, his best throw being 110ft. in 1877. Hales holds the record for throwing the hammer with an unlimited run—138ft. 3in. With a 7ft. run and no follow, Hart holds the record with 110ft. 8in., and a certain Queckberner is reported from New York to have whirled the sixteen-pounder 96ft. 1½in. without either a run or a follow. Hales was twice champion, so was Baddeley. Leeke was champion three times, so was Burgess. The other hammerers have been Halket, Patterson, Lawrence, M. Davin (not the jumper), Gruer, and Hart. Hart holds the record, as we have seen, with 110ft. 8in.; when he won the championship last year he only succeeded in throwing 83ft. 5in.

Weight-putting is another occupation of uncertain character. The best on record is Maxwell's 43ft. 5in.; the worst on champion record is Leeke's 31ft. 4½in. Stone, of Liverpool, has been champion weight-putter no less than five times; Mitchell gained the honour twice, so did Bor, so did Winthrop. The other putters have been Fraser in 1866, when by a mistake an 18lb. 10oz. weight was substituted for the usual sixteen-pounder, Leeke, Moore, East, Davin (the hammer-thrower), and Ross, of Patricroft.

We may appropriately close with a few sundries. The best hop-step-and-jump is 45ft. 4in. by Daly, at Cork, in 1873; the best vault over a fence is Atkinson's 7ft. 3¾in. in March last year; and the best hopping a hundred yards, 14⅘sec., is that of See, another Yankee, at New York in 1883. We have not touched on walking for the reason that it is very difficult to say where match-walking ends and match-running begins; and we have said nothing of cycling, preferring to leave it for another occasion.

(THE END.)



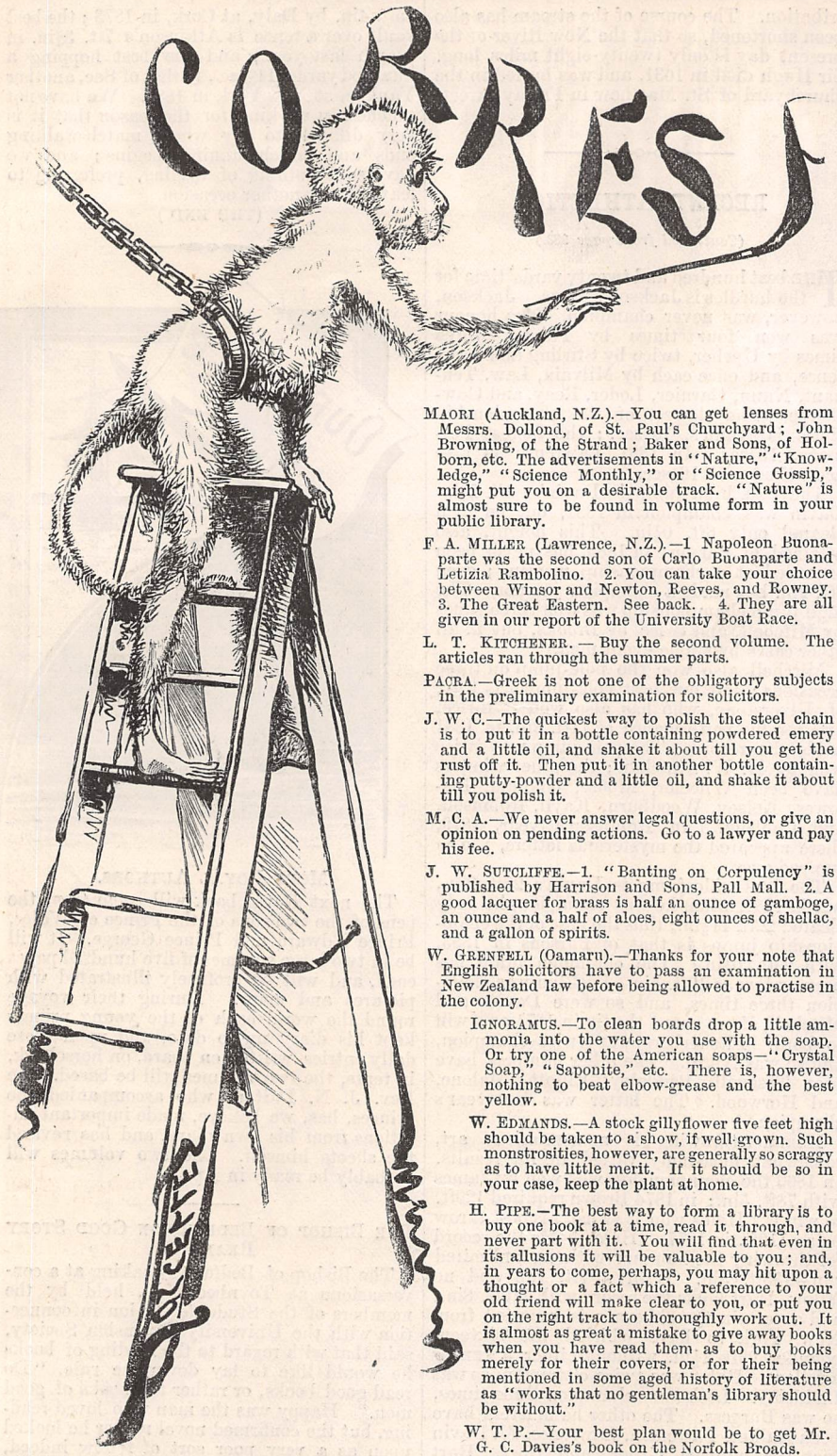
MORE ROYAL AUTHORS.

The next Royal book will come from the pens of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward and Prince George. It will be in two large volumes of five hundred pages each, and will be profusely illustrated with pictures and maps. During their voyage round the world each of the young princes kept his diary up to date, and upon these daily entries, written on board, on horseback, in tents, the two volumes will be based. The Rev. J. N. Dalton, who accompanied the princes, has, we believe, made important additions from his own diary, and has revised the sheets himself. The two volumes will probably be ready in April.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD ON GOOD STORY READING.

The Bishop of Bedford, speaking at a conversazione at Toynbee Hall, held by the members of the Students' Union in connection with the University Extension Society, said that with regard to the reading of books he would like to lay down the rule, "Do read good books, or rather the books of good men." Happy was the man who loved reading, but the confirmed novel reader he looked upon as a very poor sort of fellow indeed, who he thought would never do much good in the world. But because this was true it must not be thought that he despised good stories. He had heard people object to stories because they were not true. That was a very funny objection, for if they took an ordinary volume of history it was no truer than a good novel. Histories gave them facts, and so did many stories; but there was not always the strictest truth in the former as to the motives that brought about the facts, whereas a good story had its whole force and power in its truthfulness of nature; in its setting forth with accuracy those lines of character which it was profitable to study. This is the kind of story that the BOY'S OWN PAPER ever seeks to place before its readers.

CORRESPONDENCE



MAORI (Auckland, N.Z.).—You can get lenses from Messrs. Dollond, of St. Paul's Churchyard; John Browning, of the Strand; Baker and Sons, of Holborn, etc. The advertisements in "Nature," "Knowledge," "Science Monthly," or "Science Gossip," might put you on a desirable track. "Nature" is almost sure to be found in volume form in your public library.

F. A. MILLER (Lawrence, N.Z.).—1 Napoleon Buonaparte was the second son of Carlo Buonaparte and Letizia Rambolino. 2. You can take your choice between Winsor and Newton, Reeves, and Rowney. 3. The Great Eastern. See back. 4. They are all given in our report of the University Boat Race.

L. T. KITCHENER. — Buy the second volume. The articles ran through the summer parts.

PACRA.—Greek is not one of the obligatory subjects in the preliminary examination for solicitors.

J. W. C.—The quickest way to polish the steel chain is to put it in a bottle containing powdered emery and a little oil, and shake it about till you get the rust off it. Then put it in another bottle containing putty-powder and a little oil, and shake it about till you polish it.

M. C. A.—We never answer legal questions, or give an opinion on pending actions. Go to a lawyer and pay his fee.

J. W. SUTCLIFFE.—1. "Banting on Corpulency" is published by Harrison and Sons, Pall Mall. 2. A good lacquer for brass is half an ounce of gamboge, an ounce and a half of aloes, eight ounces of shellac, and a gallon of spirits.

W. GRENFELL (Oamaru).—Thanks for your note that English solicitors have to pass an examination in New Zealand law before being allowed to practise in the colony.

IGNORAMUS.—To clean boards drop a little ammonia into the water you use with the soap. Or try one of the American soaps—"Crystal Soap," "Saponite," etc. There is, however, nothing to beat elbow-grease and the best yellow.

W. EDMANDS.—A stock gillyflower five feet high should be taken to a show, if well-grown. Such monstrosities, however, are generally so scraggy as to have little merit. If it should be so in your case, keep the plant at home.

H. PIPE.—The best way to form a library is to buy one book at a time, read it through, and never part with it. You will find that even in its allusions it will be valuable to you; and, in years to come, perhaps, you may hit upon a thought or a fact which a reference to your old friend will make clear to you, or put you on the right track to thoroughly work out. It is almost as great a mistake to give away books when you have read them as to buy books merely for their covers, or for their being mentioned in some aged history of literature as "works that no gentleman's library should be without."

W. T. P.—Your best plan would be to get Mr. G. C. Davies's book on the Norfolk Broads.

A CALIFORNIAN MYSTERY.—We are not responsible for the opinions of "other papers." If you doubt that you weigh more after a meal than before it, a very simple experiment will enlighten you. Your argument simply leads you to the conclusion that the more you eat the less you weigh, and you have only to keep on eating to weigh nothing. As to "the air displaced by the food weighing more than the food which has taken its place," apart from the difficulty of getting our food down, we should if it were true have our legs of mutton flying upwards like balloons, and be obliged to keep our joints and puddings guyed to the tablecloth to prevent their shooting off into space.

R. S. S. GRANT—Nothing is definitely known of Andrea Ferrara. The number of blades marked with his name is, however, so great that it would seem to have been merely a trade mark. Solingen is the name of a German town.

C. CAMPBELL.—In the April part for 1880 you will find three plans of a full-rigged ship—one giving the sails, one the masts and spars, and one the rigging.

E. A. N.—Student interpreters in China, Japan, and Siam receive a commencing salary of £200 per year.

C. F. C., JR.—An Italian warehouse is so called from the fact of the shops of which it is a development having been stocked with oil and pickles and petty groceries, in the fashion of the country from which it took its name. The grocery and oil-and-pickle trades were at first distinct.

E. W. W.—The £ is the initial of Libra=pounds; the *s.* is the initial of solidi=shillings; the *d.* is the initial of denarii=pence.

NAVAL SURGEON.—Up to a certain point the course of study is the same as that for an ordinary practitioner. Candidates have then to pass an examination, and are selected for the service. Full particulars can be had from the medical department.

S. S. ICENIE.—You must not fly the flag of a club of which you are not a member; and you must not fly an ensign with a device on it unless you belong to a club that has obtained the Admiralty's permission to do so.

JASON.—Much obliged for your official description of the arms of the Salters' Company. We transcribe in full: "Per chevron azure and gules *three covered salts*, or, springing salt proper. On a helmet and torso issuing out of a cloud argent, a sinister arm proper holding salt as the former. Supporters two 'otters' argent plattee, gorged with ducal coronets, thereto a chain affixed and *reflected* or."

PISCATOR.—And you have an advantage over the weekly readers in getting your plates before the end of the year. It is a question of give and take. Why not purchase the first weekly number of each part for your special use, and give it away when done with to some poorer lad?

PROSPECTUS.—For the "Art Directory," price sixpence, giving all information regarding the schools and examinations in connection with the Science and Art Department, apply to the Secretary of the Department, South Kensington, S.W. Postage-stamps should be enclosed, to defray cost and postage. A Science Directory is also issued, giving particulars of the Science Schools. Its price is also sixpence.

R. CLARK.—Your best plan would be to buy an Army List. It is published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, and obtainable through any bookseller.

ALMA.—A "Football Annual" is published, giving the addresses of the principal clubs. You can get it at any athletic sports shop.

BRUNSWICK BLACK.—Better buy it. Brunswick black is made of asphaltum, oil, litharge, and turpentine, and is quite unsuitable for home manufacture.

M. W. THOMPSTONE.—See the index of the last four volumes, and read our articles; or get Biddle's "Model Yacht Building," price five shillings.

C. G. S.—To black-bronze brass clean it first in aquafortis, and rinse it well in clean water. Then immerse it in a mixture of one part of each of sulphate of iron and white arsenic to twelve parts of aquafortis. Rinse it in water; dry it in sawdust; polish it with blacklead, and lacquer it. If you want merely to blacken it, mix lampblack with gold-size, and add a little turpentine.

OOLOGIST.—Get the second volume. It contained a series of articles on birds' eggs, illustrated with a coloured plate.

A. A. ANDERSON.—The best way to mark your pigeon is to use an indiarubber stamp, and impress your name on one of the wing feathers. This is the plan adopted by most flying clubs.

PADDY.—"Practical Canoeing" costs four shillings. "Boat Sailing for Amateurs" costs five. The latter is published at 170, Strand.

A. C. FEW.—There are many such books, for lists of which apply to some nautical warehouse, such as Norie's in the Minories, Potter's in the Poultry, etc. One is published by Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill, price seven shillings and sixpence. Its title is "The Young Seaman's Manual," by Captain Burney, of Greenwich Hospital Schools.

OCEAN WAVE.—"Maggie Miller" is the surge under the bows. Lazy sailors sometimes hang their clothes in it to wash without trouble to themselves, and not seldom they have the joy of finding them washed away entirely!

WHITE VIOLET.—Trapping is still carried on in the Far West. See Baillie-Grohman's "Camps in the Rockies," published by Sampson Low and Co.

ROGATOR.—1. A child born in England is English, but it can claim its father's nationality. 2. The hall-marks were given in the May part for 1881, on page 488.

ROLLO THE ROVER.—You will find the relative rank given in the article on Navy Ranks in the February part for 1884.

C. VERMONT.—1. All extracts must bear the name of the paper, nd not exceed a reasonable length. 2. The numbers are not kept; only the parts.

PLING PLONG.—1. The I in I Zingari is the Italian article meani g "the." "I Zingari" are the wanderers or the gipsies. 2. Cannot say unless you describe the symptoms at length.

J. MCCUTCHEON. — We would strongly dissuade you from attempting to make fireworks at home; the doing so may bring you into trouble with the police.

AN ANXIOUS LIVERPUDLIAN.—1. The first volume has been reprinted, and sells at six shillings. 2. For a cheap first book of mineralogy try that of J. H. Collins, price one shilling, published by Messrs. Collins and Sons; or that by Frank Rutley, published by Murby, of Ludgate Circus, at two shillings. The larger works are of course more expensive.

LUMINOUS.—The London agents for Balmain's luminous paint are Messrs. Ihlee and Horne, 31, Aldermanbury, E.C. You can get it in small quantities. Harbour buoys and fishing floats have been painted with it.

WORDS OF CHEER.

OUR TRAINING SHIPS.—In the "Eastern Morning News," published in Hull, we find a report of a lecture delivered on board the Southampton, stationed in the Humber. The report concludes: "After the lecture the boys resumed their amusements, some playing draughts, some dominos, and others reading the *only* paper allowed on board, viz., the B. O. P."

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 324.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1885. Price One Penny.

THE HEROES OF NEW SWISHFORD:

A SCHOOL EPISODE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Author of

"My First Football Match," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONSTERNATION.

The Eliza, for that was the name of the coastguard's boat on which our heroes had embarked, was a middling-sized sea-going rowing boat, which, if it was just big enough by a little judicious packing to hold the seven voyagers, could certainly not have accommodated more.

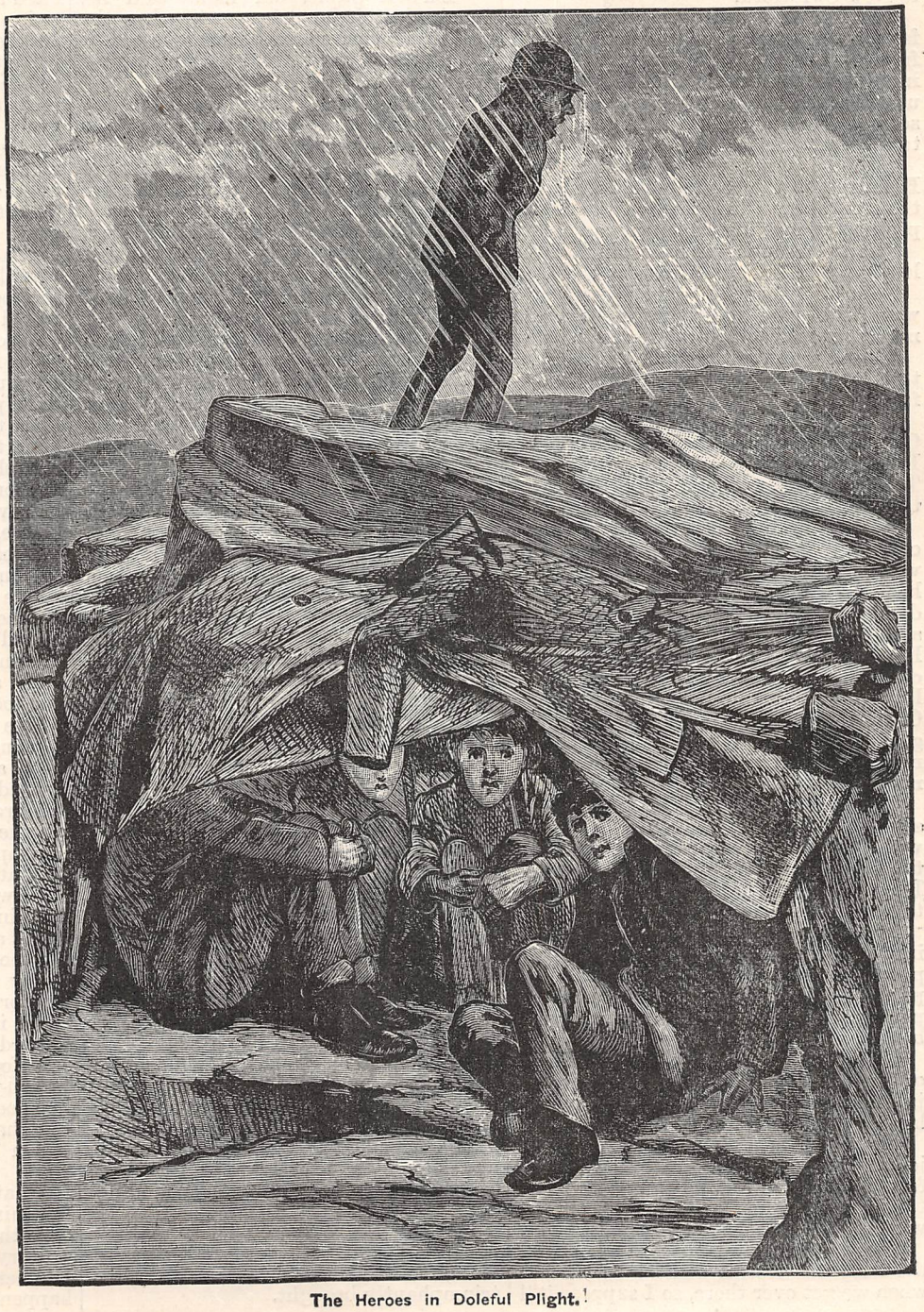
While Gayford with the dexterity of an experienced bargee shoved the boat along out of the creek, Bowler took upon himself the care of trimming the "ship" and stowing away all the baggage.

"As soon as we get out," said he, "we'd better lie down on the floor, in case the coastguards see us."

"Not much chance of that," replied Gayford, "they never get up till eight, and by that time we shall be half way across."

"Suppose they spot us and give chase," said Wallas, "what a row we shall get into."

"They've not got a boat, I tell you, and I don't believe there's one they can get either," said Bowler.



The Heroes in Doleful Plight.

"But they're sure to be on the look-out for us when we get back to-night."

"Let them. It'll be dark at six, and we can land in Rocket Bay, you know, and dodge them that way."

Bowler was evidently so well up in the arrangements, and had made such a careful study of all the pros and cons of the venture, that every one felt satisfied, and even the somewhat doubtful Wallas desisted from throwing more cold water on the expedition.

It was a raw morning with a little bit of a fog, and a cool breeze right off the land. This last point, however, gave great satisfaction to the leaders of the party. Once out in the open they would be able to hoist sail, and without the exertion of rowing make a straight track for the Long Stork—much indeed as would be the case when, with a southerly wind at their backs, they would before long plough the ocean from Sinnamary to New Swishford.

The fog also was decidedly in their favour, for it would help to screen them from the observation of any wakeful and inquisitive coastguard. In fact the unusual combination of wind and fog seemed like a special sign of good omen to their adventure.

"Hope it's not wough outside," said Braintree, as the boat, now nearly out of the creek, began to dance a little at the prospect of meeting the open sea.

"Can't be rough with the wind off the land, you duffer," said Crashford.

"Can't it, though?" said Wester, as a wave lifted the prow of the boat and nearly sent it back on the rocks.

"I call that vewy wough," said Braintree, looking and feeling a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, it's only the ground swell," said Gayford; "we shall soon get out of that. Here, Bowler, old man, take an oar with Tubbs and keep way on while I stick up the sail. Look alive."

With some difficulty the oars were got out, and Tubbs made to comprehend what was expected of him. But comprehending was one thing with Tubbs, and doing was another thing. Just as he settled down to his oar another wave lifted the boat and Tubbs with it, who clung wildly to the seat with both hands, leaving his oar to its fate. Luckily Crashford was near enough to make a grab at it before it went, or the beginning of the expedition might have been marked by a serious catastrophe.

The unhappy Tubbs having been shunted, Crashford took his place, and with Bowler kept the boat's head steady till Gayford hauled up the sail and the Eliza began of her own accord to fly through the water.

At the sight of the majestic sail swelling with the wind, and, still more, on perceiving a decided improvement in the pitching of the boat, the spirits of the party rose again, and Braintree actually began to hum "Wule Bwitannia."

The cliffs of Raveling loomed dimly out behind them, and ahead they could just discern the faintest outline of the land of their adoption.

"Upon my word," said Bowler, "this is jolly. It's just like the real New Swishford, isn't it, you fellows?"

"Warthah," said Braintree, "except my wifle to let fly at the seagulls with."

"But," said Wallas, "if the wind's off the land this side, it will be off the sea when we get over there, so I suppose it'll get rougher and rougher the farther out we get?"

This ominous suggestion had the effect of immediately damping the spirits of half the party, and Bowler and Gayford found it difficult to restore confidence in the much-abused ocean. The ocean, however, went some way to restore confidence in itself. For though it still continued restless enough to keep Braintree and Tubbs in a state of suspended enjoyment in the bows, it showed no signs of getting worse as it went on.

Bowler was jubilant. With his hand on the rudder and his eye on the compass, he kept the boat's course like a line, and fancied himself heading due north from Sinnamary. Gayford, with the sheet in his hand, and a careful watch on the sail, could easily delude himself into fancying the coast-line of the Long Stork was the veritable shore of New vishford.

"Isn't it prime, old man," said he, "and won't it be primer still when the real time comes? I never guessed it would be so easy. Not a thing's gone wrong."

"No, and think of the lark of landing and collaring the island, too. I say, who does the Long Stork belong to?"

"Don't know—the Long Storks, I guess. They're the only inhabitants I ever heard of."

"Well, I'm sorry for them. But, I say, Gayford, it's just as well we have got some grub on board, for there's not much sign of forests and game and all that sort of thing here."

Not much indeed! Long Stork Island was a barren rock about a mile long and half a mile wide, with a few scraggy patches of grass on its uninviting slope. No living creatures but the wild seabirds patronised it in the winter, when the waves lashed over the island and sent their salt spray from one end to the other. Even they seemed to avoid it. But beggars cannot be choosers, and as the Long Stork was the only island of our heroes' acquaintance within reach, they had to take it as it was and make the best of it.

A decided sea was running on the landward side of the island as they approached it, and even such inexperienced navigators as Bowler and Gayford could see that there would be some difficulty about effecting a quiet landing.

"Better go round the other side," said Gayford, "it'll be quiet enough there out of the wind."

So the boat's nose was put out to make a circuit of the Long Stork.

"Look out, I say," said, or rather groaned, Braintree from the bows. "Don't make the boat woll. Why can't you wun her stwait in the way you—"

His further observations were cut short, and during the rest of the time that the Eliza was rounding the stormy cape he and Tubbs and Crashford were in a decidedly pensive mood.

At last the circumnavigation was accomplished, and in tranquil water the boat cruised along under the sheltered shore of the island. The sail was lowered, oars were put out, the invalids sat up, and Bowler, standing up in the bows, scanned the coast for a likely landing-place.

He had not to search long. A little natural pier of rock ran out invitingly, alongside which the boat was slowly and triumphantly brought.

"Now, you fellows," said Crashford, "here goes for first on shore. Out of the way, Tubby. Hurrah for New Swishford!" And he leapt on shore, half capsizing the boat as he did so.

Bowler found his authority unequal to the task of controlling the enthusiasm of his fellow-emigrants, and he had to let them land as they pleased, while he and Gayford grimly held the boat alongside.

When all but Tubbs were ashore their patience could hold out no longer. They followed the general rush, Bowler crying out to Tubbs as he sprang ashore,

"See and make her fast Tubbs, and land the grub, will you? We'll be back directly." And off he scampered with the rest to join in the ceremony of capturing the island.

Now Tubbs was not the best man who could have been chosen to execute so important a trust as that laid upon him; and Bowler, had he been rather less excited at the moment, would have thought twice before he left him to perform it. In the first place Tubbs could find no place to tie the boat up to, and as long as he sat in the boat and held on to the rock it was evident he could not land the grub. So he was in a dilemma. He did his best. He relaxed his hold for a moment and made a frantic grab at one of the brown-paper parcels. But it almost cost him his moorings, for the boat, taking advantage of its liberty, began to slide away out to sea, and it was all Tubbs could do to catch hold of the rock again in time to stop it. This would not do, it was clear. He pulled the boat along to its old position, and throwing the parcel ashore, meditated. He must wait till one of the others came to help him. Poor Tubbs! It was hard lines to see the rest of the party scrambling triumphantly up the hill, and find himself left here like a sort of animated anchor. Happy thought! How came he never to have thought of the anchor before. There it was in the bottom of the boat. It would be the simplest thing to jump ashore with it and fix it somewhere in the rocks where it would hold. No sooner was the brilliant project conceived than it was executed. Seizing the anchor in his hands, Tubbs stepped gaily ashore and triumphantly wedged one tooth of it into a crevice of the rock where it would hold firm enough to keep a man-of-war in its place. He watched with a pleasant smile the Eliza as she drifted slowly out on the rope, enjoying the prospect of seeing her presently tug at the anchor, and then give up the attempt to get free and resign herself to her fate.

It was a longer coil of rope than he had imagined. The boat was twenty yards away at least, and still paying out. By the way, where was the rope? With a cry of horror Tubbs sprang to the anchor and began hauling in. The rope came in gaily, but not the Eliza! She danced merrily out to sea in a straight line for the north pole, with the six brown-paper parcels on board, leaving her poor custodian to console himself as best he could with a loose end of rope which had never been fastened to its ring.

What was he to do? After taking a few minutes to collect his ideas, by which time the boat was a hundred yards on its solitary voyage, it occurred to him he had better inform the others of what had happened. So he started in rather a

low state of mind in pursuit of them. It was a long time before he came upon them, perched in a group on the highest point of the island and singing "Rule Britannia" in a lusty chorus which sent the scared seagulls flying to right and left.

"Hullo Tubby, old man, here we are. Got the grub safe ashore? Not been bagging any of the peaches, eh? You've been long enough."

Tubbs replied by pointing mysteriously to a little speck out at sea.

"What's the row? What is it?" asked Gayford.

"You wouldn't guess what that little thing is," said Tubbs.

"What is it? Can't you speak?"

"Well, if you must know, it's our boat. The anchor wasn't tied, you know."

"The boat! You great booby!" cried one and all, springing to their feet and rushing in the direction of the pier, upsetting and trampling over the unhappy Tubbs as they did so.

"What on earth shall we do?" gasped Gayford, as he ran by Bowler's side.

"We must swim for it," said Bowler. "It's our only chance."

"Can't do it. She's half a mile out."

"It's all up with us if we can't get her," groaned Bowler.

They reached the landing-stage, and there, sure enough, danced the Eliza half a mile out at sea.

"I'll try it," said Bowler, flinging off his coat.

"What, to swim? You'll do nothing of the sort," said Gayford, seizing his friend by main force.

"I tell you it's our only chance," cried Bowler. "Let go, do you hear?"

"No, I won't, old man. We must make the best of it. It'll be more like New Swishford than ever now."

This last argument had more effect with Bowler than any other, and he slowly put on his coat.

"I vote we souse that idiot, Tubbs, till he's black in the face," said Crashford, viciously.

"What's the use of that?" asked Bowler. "The fact is, you fellows," said he, "we're regularly in for it now, and the sooner we make up our minds what we shall do the better."

"Let's make a waft," said Braintree, mindful of his "Wobinson Cwosoe."

"Where's your wood?" asked Wallas.

"Let's hoist a signal, anyhow," said Wester.

"No one to see it if you do," said Wallas.

"Let's have some grub," said Crashford.

This last suggestion met with general approval. They had had no breakfast to speak of, and after their voyage and excitement hunger was beginning to assert itself. The one brown-paper parcel rescued from the Eliza was forthwith handed in and pronounced common property. It happened to be the parcel bearing Tubbs's name, and contained, besides a seventh part of the provisions, Tubbs's voluntary contributions to the general store—namely the crib to Sallust and the guide to the environs of Tunbridge Wells. These it was proposed and seconded should be handed over to the owner as his share of the good things contained in the parcel, but Bowler and Gayford interfered on his behalf, and after having been reprimanded with a severity that took away his appetite, he was allowed to partake of a portion of potted shrimp and a potted peach, together with a small slice of cake. Bowler groaned to to see what a hole even this frugal repast made in the provisions, and consulted Gayford in an undertone on the possibility of slaying a seagull and the merits of raw poultry generally.

Rather dolefully the provisions were packed up and deposited in a ledge in the rocks while the party proceeded to wander about the island in search of board and lodging. The charms of Long Stork Island had fallen off greatly in the short interval, and the sea fog which was beginning to wrap it round and hide the mainland from view seemed like a wet blanket both on the spirits and persons of the adventurers.

After much dreary search a hollow was found on the hillside, which by fastening together three or four ulsters might be roofed over sufficiently well to keep out the rain or cold if required. As to food, the island provided absolutely nothing except the chance of raw poultry already mentioned and a few shell-fish on the rocks.

The day wore on and the fog turned to drizzle and the drizzle to rain. They held out against it as long as they could, but had to take shelter at last and herd together in their extemporised cabin.

Here a painful discussion ensued.

"I hope you're satisfied now," growled Wallas. "This is mess enough to please even you, Bowler."

"What do you mean?" retorted Gayford; "a lot you've done for the public good. There are plenty of seagulls about without you to croak too."

"I wish my umbwellah hadn't gone out to sea," observed Braintree, shivering.

"By the way," said Crashford, "didn't I see it lying on the rocks? I'll just run and see," and off he started.

"When shall we ever get away?" asked Wester. "We may get starved here."

"They're sure to see us or find us out in a day or two," said Bowler.

"A day or two!" exclaimed Wallas; "do you really mean we've got to stay here without food or shelter a day or two? I wish your New Swishford was in the middle of the sea."

"So it is," drily observed Bowler.

"Fine fools you've made of us with your humbug and child's play," growled the other.

"*You* don't want much making," retorted Bowler; "and if you want to talk any more you can talk to some one else."

Wallas accepted the invitation and growled all round till everybody was sick of him.

After a long absence Crashford returned without the umbrella.

"I couldn't find it," said he, sitting down. "It's gone."

"But you found the peaches, you blackguard!" said Bowler, springing up and pointing to some juicy remains still clinging to the delinquent's coat. And in his righteous indignation he dealt the traitor a blow which sent him out of the tent.

A fight ensued there and then between Bowler and Crashford, unhappily to the disadvantage of the former, who was no match for the practised hand opposed to him. The company interposed after a few rounds, and none too soon for the damaged though still lion-hearted Bowler.

Crashford profited nothing by his victory, for it was decided unanimously to exclude him from the tent till he chose to apologise for his treachery, and meanwhile the remains of the slender provisions were taken into safe custody out of his reach.

The day wore on and the rain fell heavier and heavier upon the ulster roof over their heads. The wind whistled drearily above them, and the mainland was entirely lost to sight. As far as they were concerned they might be in the real New Swishford a thousand miles from the nearest land.

They huddled together silently, no one caring much to speak. Only Braintree broke the monotony by shivering audibly, and the footsteps of Crashford, as he paced up and down outside to keep warm, added a dreary variety to the silence.

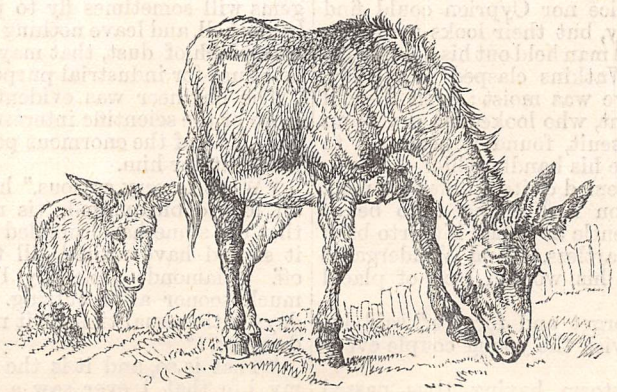
The afternoon drew on, and at last Bowler said,

"Better let the beggar in."

"Hadn't we better all turn out and see what's to be done?" said Gayford. "We shall only come to grief here. The grub won't hold out for another meal, and then it'll be something more than a joke."

"Come on then, you fellows," said Bowler. And the roof was hauled down and the party turned dismally out once more to seek their fortune.

(To be concluded.)



THE STAR OF THE SETTLEMENT:

A TALE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

By Jules Verne,

Author of "The Boy Captain," "Godfrey Morgan," "The Cryptogram," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE FATE OF THE STAR.

The effect of the engineer's speech was truly gratifying. Its complete disinterestedness touched the not very sensitive hearts of the guests, and there was a round of noisy applause.

Alice, with her eyes cast down and her heart beating violently, seemed the only one that betrayed no surprise at her lover's proceedings; and she remained silent by her father's side.

Watkins, still crushed by his terrible misfortune, raised his head. He knew enough of Cyprien to know that if he gave him his daughter her happiness would be assured, but he would not yet admit that he saw no objection to the marriage.

Cyprien, confused at the publicity to which his ardour had committed him, grew conscious of the strangeness of the position, and wished he had remained more master of his feelings.

The silence of mutual embarrassment was ended by Vandergaart, who stepped towards the farmer.

"John Watkins," said he, "I do not wish to abuse my victory, and I am not one of those that strike a man when he is down. In vindicating my right I have only done my duty. But I know by experience that right may sometimes border closely on injustice, and I do not wish to visit your sins on the heads of those who are innocent. Besides, I am alone in the world, and not so very far off my grave. What is the use of so much wealth if I cannot dispose of it? If, Watkins, you agree to the match between these two youngsters, I will give them the Star of the Settlement as a wedding present! And I will make them my heirs; and thus, as fully as I can, repair the involuntary injury I have done to your daughter!"

At these words a murmur of sympathetic interest ran round the assemblage. Every one looked at John Watkins. His eyes seemed to glisten as he shaded them with his trembling hand.

"Jacobus Vandergaart!" he cried, unable to restrain the tumultuous feelings which agitated him. "Yes! You are a real good fellow, and in thus ensuring the young people's happiness you have nobly avenged the wrong I did you."

Neither Alice nor Cyprien could find words to reply, but their looks spoke for them. The old man held out his hand to his enemy, and Watkins clasped it eagerly. And every eye was moist; even the old police-sergeant, who looked as dry as an Admiralty biscuit, found it necessary to cough and use his handkerchief.

Watkins seemed quite a different man. His expression had changed to be as kindly and gentle as it had hitherto been hard and heartless. And Vandergaart had resumed his wonted look of placid good-nature.

"Let us forget and forgive," said he, "and let us wish the young couple every happiness."

And the storm having thus passed away, Vandergaart took his place at the table, and began to talk to Watkins of his plans for the future.

"Let us sell everything and go with the youngsters to Europe. We could settle near them, do some good with our money, and end our days in peace."

Meanwhile the temperature continued to rise, the air becoming more and more oppressive, and converting the guests into so many electrical machines. In vain the windows and the doors were thrown open. Not a breath caused a candle flame to flicker. Such pressure could only end in one way—there would be a storm, with heavy thunder and torrential rain, and the relief that the storm would give was eagerly awaited.

Suddenly a blinding flash threw a sickly tint over all, and instantly the roar of the thunder, as it rolled over the plain, announced that the concert had begun.

At the same moment a furious squall burst into the room and blew out all the lights. Then the cataracts of heaven were opened, and the deluge commenced.

"Did you hear that sharp click after the thunderclap!" asked Thomas Steel, while the windows were being shut and the candles relighted. "I thought a glass globe had cracked."

Immediately all eyes instinctively turned towards the Star of the Settlement.

The diamond had vanished!

But neither the iron cage nor the glass globe that covered it had changed its position. It was manifestly impossible that any one could have touched it.

The phenomenon seemed to verge on the miraculous. Cyprien eagerly leant forward, and noticed on the velvet cushion, in place of the diamond, a little mound of ashy powder.

He could not restrain a shout of surprise, and in a word told what had happened.

"The Star of the Settlement has crumbled into dust!"

Every one in Griqualand knows that this curious property is peculiar to the diamonds of the district. Though not often mentioned, it is nevertheless true that, owing to some hitherto unintelligible molecular action, the most precious of the gems will sometimes fly to pieces like a bombshell, and leave nothing behind but a tiny pinch of dust, that may or may not be of use for industrial purposes.

The engineer was evidently thinking more of the scientific interest of the accident than of the enormous pecuniary loss it meant for him.

"What is very curious," he said, while all looked on amazed, "is not so much that the stone has crumbled up, but that it should have waited till to-day to go off. Diamonds generally break up so much sooner after cutting. About ten days is the usual time, is it not, Mr. Vandergaart?"

"That is so, and it is the first time in my life that I ever saw a diamond go three months after it had been cut!" said the old man, with a sigh. "You see it was destined that the Star of the Settlement should belong to nobody. When I think that we might have prevented the disaster had we given the diamond a trifling coat of grease—"

"Really?" exclaimed Cyprien, with the satisfaction of a man who at last sees a way out of a difficulty. "Then I can explain it all. The poor fragile Star received the coating of grease in Dada's gizzard, and that is why it lasted till to-day. It might have been much better if it had gone to pieces four months ago and saved us our scamper across the Transvaal!"

Watkins seemed very ill at ease in his arm-chair, and now he broke out with—

"How can you take things so coolly? There you are talking about the millions gone in smoke as if they were only a cigarette!"

"That shows we are philosophers," said Cyprien. "There is nothing like being wise when wisdom has become a necessity."

"Philosophers if you like," said the farmer. "But millions are millions, and you don't pick them up every day. Ah, Jacobus! you have done me a greater service than you think. I am afraid I should have gone off like a bombshell had the Star still been mine."

"Why should it matter?" said Cyprien, with a tender look at Alice's sunny face. "I have this evening won so precious a diamond that the loss of no other can trouble me."

And thus ended, in a way well worthy of its brief and troubled history, the career of the largest cut diamond the world has seen.

Such an ending could not but confirm the superstitions afloat in Griqualand. More than ever the Kaffirs and diggers felt assured that large diamonds brought nothing but ill luck.

Vandergaart, who had been so proud to cut it, and Cyprien, who dreamt of giving it to the School of Mines, were at heart much more disconcerted at the diamond's destruction than appeared on the surface. But the world could well spare it, and there was no good to be gained by making unnecessary fuss.

Nevertheless, this accumulation of startling events and strange emotions, the loss of his fortune, followed by the loss of his diamond, had a serious effect on John Watkins. He took to his bed, lingered for a few days, and then died. Neither the devoted care of his daughter, the efforts of Cyprien, nor the exhortations of Jacobus Vandergaart, who took his place by his bedside and did his utmost to encourage him to battle against the attack, proved able to avert the blow. In vain the old lapidary talked of his plans for the future, told him how he intended to make him a partner in the ownership of the Kopje, asked his advice on its future management. The old farmer had received a crushing blow to his pride, his avarice, his egotism, and his

whole idea of life, and he felt that his end had come.

One evening he called Alice and Cyprien to him, joined their hands, and without a word breathed his last. He had survived his cherished Star but a fortnight.

And in truth there seemed to be some intimate connection between the fate of the farmer and that of the wonderful gem, though the coincidences admitted of reasonable explanation without recourse to the superstitious notions that were current in Griqualand. The Star of the Settlement had "brought ill-luck" to its owner in the sense that its arrival had marked the beginning of his declining prosperity.

But what the wiseacres of the camp did not see was, that the real origin of the "ill-luck" lay in the faults of John Watkins himself — faults which bore within them the seeds of grief and ruin. Many of the misfortunes of this world are attributed to mysterious "ill-luck" when in reality they are due to the misconduct of those who bear them. If John Watkins had been less attached to lucre, and had not assigned exaggerated and almost criminal importance to the little carbon crystals known amongst men as diamonds, the discovery and disappearance of the Star of the Settlement would have affected him as little as it did Cyprien, and his health, physical and moral, would never have succumbed to a mere attack on his pocket. But his whole heart was in diamonds, and through a diamond he died.

A few weeks later the wedding took place. Alice was now Cyprien's wife; what more could he desire in this world?

And the young engineer was richer than he supposed.

By the discovery of the famous Star the value of his claim had been greatly increased, and during his absence on the expedition across the Transvaal, Steel, who had remained in partnership with him, had worked away most energetically and successfully. The yield was a very fair one, and when Cyprien sold his share it realised between four and five thousand pounds.

Alice and Cyprien, before setting out for France, took care to provide for Li, Bardik, and Mataki, and in this Vandergaart insisted on helping. The old lapidary not long afterwards disposed of his property to a limited company that had been promoted and financed by Nathan the broker. As soon as he had transferred his interest in the Kopje he rejoined his adopted children. Cyprien, thanks to his recognised merit, was warmly welcomed by the scientific world at home, and is now a famous and successful man.

Thomas Steel returned to Lancashire with twenty thousand pounds, married, and settled down as a country gentleman.

Vandergaart Kopje is not yet "played out," and continues to yield at least a fifth of the diamonds annually exported from the Cape. But as yet no digger has had the good luck, or the bad luck, to light upon another Star of the Settlement!

(THE END.)

"Let us forget and forgive."

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*continued.*)

In a few minutes carriage wheels were heard, and a singularly clever-looking gentlemanly man, in a sort of shooting jacket and waistcoat of brown and with grey continuations, entered.

"This is really very kind, Mr. Brandt," said Mr. Hamilton. "It is very good to come at all, but especially good to come so quickly."

"*Bis dat qui cito dat*" ("He gives twice who gives quickly"), answered the lawyer, smiling.

"Quite true. Many thanks for taking my summons in this way. Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Tenterton, on whose behalf I seek your aid."

"Well, what has he been up to?" asked the lawyer, whose use of this colloquial phrase had so droll an effect on Tenterton that he could scarcely forbear laughing. However, he kept his countenance, and Mr. Hamilton told the story of the mysterious discovery of papers in his portmanteau. At this Mr. Brandt looked grave, and Mr. Hamilton glanced at Tenterton with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"How do you account for your mysterious possession of these papers? Had any person access to your trunk at Berozovo?"

"Not a soul; but on that memorable evening of the fire I had taken some papers of my own out of the top part of the portmanteau and placed them in a drawer of the writing-table in my room, and when the alarm was given I rushed upstairs to save those papers, which are very important to me. I now remember (and this did not occur to me when re-

lating the circumstances to Mr. Hamilton) that I turned the drawer in which I had flung these papers of mine upside down, so that the whole contents fell into the trunk. The Berozovo manuscripts must have been at the bottom of the drawer and have fallen into the portmanteau with the other things. Of course that *must* have been the way in which those unfortunate papers came into my possession, and I am surprised at my own stupidity in never discovering the accident. That must have been the way of it."

"Was any one with you in the room at the time when you put the papers into the drawer?"

"Oh yes, Paul Abrazoff was there, and he saw me open the drawer and throw my papers into it, but no person saw me fling them into the portmanteau when the alarm of fire was given."

"You see, Mr. Tenterton, it is necessary to be very accurate in every step of such a proceeding as this is likely to be, and a broken link in the chain of evidence might be serious. I don't say that the question as to how you obtained possession of these papers could materially alter their bearing on the case, but a judge might very possibly consider your evidence weakened if it were impossible to show how they could have got into your trunk. They did not go thither of their own accord. As the statement first stood, that was a weak point indeed, but you now start a very likely theory to remove it. At all events, no judge would, I think, consider the whole thing a groundless charge got up to extort money, or to endeavour to substitute a spurious claimant for the right owner now in lawful possession of the Riazan estates. Unless you had hit upon this way of accounting for your finding the papers in your box I should have advised you to keep quiet for the present until something should 'turn up' to bring the whole thing under the notice of the law. Such an accident might occur at any time."

"But now," said Tenterton, "when will you be able to look through these documents?"

"It is a pity that you did not bring them with you, we might have finished the work at once; at least I could have decided on the advisability of proceeding with the matter or not. It seems to me that if you have properly understood the purport of the papers a strong police case is set up, which will lead to a criminal trial, and this ought to be looked into at once. If you please I will call upon you to-morrow at any time between eleven and three, unless you prefer to meet me here and look over these things with Mr. Hamilton, whose knowledge of Russian is excellent. Or if you like to call upon me at any time to-morrow I shall be at home to you."

It was agreed that the lawyer should meet Tenterton again at the chaplain's, and that the latter should bring the documents with him, which might change the aspect so materially of the whole future of not only the present possessor of Ozoonovo, Berozovo, and all the Riazan estates, but of some person or persons now unknown. The three friends separated for the night, and Tenterton sought the sacred walls of that whitened sepulchre, the Kremlin at Moscow.

Early the next morning a servant brought him a letter to his room requesting his attendance between the hours of nine and eleven at the house of Mr. Smirnoff, in the Loubiyanka.

"Ah!" he said. "How all this comes as it were to a focus! I hardly dare to allow my suspicions to live in my own heart for a moment; but when I think of the agitation and rage of Mr. Abrazoff when he heard of the death of the old peasant woman, Olga Ivanovna, I cannot but feel certain that the child confided to that old woman was no other than Ivan Dobroff. What a singular thing that I, who have these convincing proofs that Abrazoff is not the owner of the Riazan estates, and some circumstantial evidence that little Ivan is actually the true heir of all these possessions, should be the very man of all others selected, quite without my own wish or effort, to become his tutor! The ways of Providence are inscrutable!"

During this soliloquy Tenterton had written a short note to Mr. Smirnoff accepting the invitation and promising to call at half-past nine exactly.

Punctually he arrived at the newly-enlivened house, Smirnova, in the Loubiyanka.

A gentlemanly-looking young man was just about to leave.

"Can you tell me where to find Mr. Smirnoff?" said Tenterton, in Russian.

"Yes, through the second glass door on the right. I beg your pardon," he continued, speaking English without a trace of any foreign accent. "Are you Mr. Tenterton?"

"That is my name," answered Edward. "But how could you guess it?"

"Mr. Smirnoff expects you, and he mentioned to me that a young English gentleman would be here at this time"—looking at his watch—"so, if you will permit me, I will at once lead you to him."

"How well these Russians speak English," thought Tenterton. "In London now, who in the world would ever dream of learning Russian?"

"Mr. Tenterton has arrived," said the stranger, opening the glass door. "Will you see him now, or shall I ask him to wait?"

"Pray ask him to be kind enough to step in," said Mr. Smirnoff, jumping up from his chair. "How do you do, Mr. Tenterton?" he continued, in French, to Edward. "It is most kind of you to come over to me so quickly. Pray take a seat. I am much obliged to you," he continued, addressing the young clerk who had shown Tenterton in; "I shall be glad to have that matter settled with Defriess, if you will kindly see to it; when you return I shall be anxious to know what he says about it, and shall be glad to see you at once."

The young man was gone in a twinkling, for, as we have already seen, there was a quiet firmness in Smirnoff's kind tones that generally carried the point he had in view more effectually than any amount of bluster could have done.

"Well, Mr. Tenterton!" he continued, in French. "I hope we shall become very good friends, for the service I am about to ask of you is the greatest piece of friendship that can be shown me. It is to help in giving a healthy tone of mind to one who will one day inherit all the worldly wealth with which it has pleased God to endow me. I want you to give me all the time at your disposal; I know you are much engaged at the Kremlin, but whatever time you may have to dispose of I should be thankful for."

"You are extremely kind to me," said Edward, "and it is most flattering to me to have so much confidence reposed in me."

"I was recommended to apply to you by the chief of the police, and *he* ought to know the best man to look after others. He has taken great interest in my poor little orphan, Ivan Dobroff, and is certainly doing his best to show his interest in the boy by this recommendation."

"Will you take it as an impertinent question if I ask you whether this little boy is nearly related to you?"

"Impertinent! Certainly not. On the contrary, I take it as a proof that you know how to set to work, and begin by a very proper inquiry. No, he is no relation at all. I picked him up in a village in the Riazan district, to which I had been directed by a friend who told me a very interesting story of a gentleman of good family, who, being disinherited by his father, sought death under Skobeleff, and met it at Plevna. His young wife had died some time before, and their son had been left to the care of rude and illiterate peasants. Well, Mr. Tenterton, my friend told this story so well, and in such pathetic language, that I made a sort of quixotic expedition to the neighbourhood, where I found what I certainly did not expect—namely, a child which years and years ago had been left by its parents in charge of a peasant woman, who died and left the boy to the charge of the priest. From the priest I obtained the child, having promised to educate him to be my heir. I was delighted with this success, which looks like a fairy tale almost. To ensure a proper degree of school training I placed the boy under the care of a student very strongly recommended to me by Professor Voidenoff. Unfortunately this student was in some way or other connected with the Nihilistic conspiracy, and instead of doing the boy any good actually did him irreparable harm. In a fit of spite he carried the poor child off to one of the wretched dens of iniquity frequented by the revolutionists, and in consequence he had to pass through the most extraordinary adventures. He will himself explain this passage in his brief career to you. I want you, Mr. Tenterton, to gain his confidence. Be a good friend to him, and teach him what you like, only take care to form his heart and mind upon a pure model, so that he may become a good and honourable man of sound principles."

"I fear you expect too much of me, and will therefore be disappointed. However, I shall certainly do my best."

It was then agreed between Tenterton and Smirnoff that the former was to come every day and spend with Ivan such time as was not taken up by his duties at the Kremlin. Terms were arranged and all preliminaries agreed on. Then Tenterton asked to be allowed to see his new pupil, and Smirnoff, pressing the knob of a silver bell standing on his writing-table, requested his secretary to take his place and receive any business callers, and represent him while he took Mr. Tenterton upstairs to Ivan.

Like most of the dwellings of the wealthy in Moscow, the lodgings occupied by Smirnoff consisted of a number of handsome rooms opening one into

another, so as to form a grand suite when all the doors and curtains between them were flung open. Smirnoff led Tenterton into a room at the end of the suite, furnished somewhat in the manner of his "cabinet" at Zakolniki. The writing-desk was similar, while the book-cases and other articles of furniture looked as though they had been brought into Moscow from the datch without any change or alteration whatever. Here he offered Tenterton a seat and a cigar. The former was accepted and the latter declined.

"Well then, we must show you the boy. Yury! Tell Tatiana to bring Ivan Ivanovitch to my room. I want to speak to him."

Yury departed on his mission, but after some time returned, saying that the young gentleman was nowhere to be found, nor could they trace him.

"Lost again?" Mr. Smirnoff cried. "The child is certainly bewitched. This cannot be the result of ordinary natural laws. What is the use of wealth to me without heirs and without friends? Never was any man so used by fate!"

His flood of despair seemed so overwhelming that Tenterton felt it best to withdraw. So, excusing himself on the ground of an appointment with the English chaplain, he left.

A little later Mr. Smirnoff stepped down to his secretary, and telling him that he was going out and should not return for an hour at least, left the house, and jumping into a hackney drosky drove off to the house of the police-master.

Meanwhile Tenterton hastened to Mr. Hamilton's, calling at the Kremlin for the important and mysterious papers on his way. He found Brandt and the chaplain waiting for him, and so, without any preliminary matter, he began.

"I am very sorry to be so late. Hope I have not kept you waiting. The fact is I have just been at the house of Mr. Smirnoff, and if all be as I suspect we are working in vain, for Ivan Dobroff has again disappeared."

This was not so startling to the lawyer as it was to the chaplain, who had heard of Ivan's adventures through Madame Kakaroff and from Tenterton, who was naturally equally full of the subject of our hero. So Brandt merely observed that he "did not see how the absence or presence of the boy could alter the case as far as the conduct of the Abrazoffs was concerned. For," he argued, "whether the real owner be your little Ivan or not is a secondary point, the first and most important consideration being to establish that the Riazan property did not belong to the Abrazoffs. Who the owner might eventually turn out to be was a matter for further consideration."

The practised eye of the lawyer, accustomed from boyhood to decipher Russian documents, soon extracted from the papers before him all the information which they were capable of yielding. The father's will was there, in which the former will was revoked and his eldest son restored to all his privileges. This will bore all the signs of genuineness, being signed, sealed, witnessed, stamped, and delivered, all in order.

The next document was from a certain Captain Orloff, announcing to Mr. Abrazoff that he had placed his nephew as required in the hands of the peasant woman, Olga Ivanovna, at Berozovo, and had represented the child to her as the son of a common soldier who had fallen at Plevna. As he had himself survived the action there a shattered wreck, and was known to have been prominently engaged, that was the easiest and most natural story to tell. The letter concluded with an expression of two strong desires—the one that the sum agreed upon for the boy's keep should be regularly supplied, the other that the acknowledgments of debt held by Mr. Abrazoff should, in consideration of this service, either be cancelled by him in the presence of witnesses or returned to him (Captain Orloff) as soon as possible. A third document was a letter dated two years later, acknowledging the receipt of the bills, notes of hand, and other evidences of debt returned by Abrazoff evidently after much importunity and trouble. A fourth was from a priest living in a little country town near Tula announcing the death of Orloff, and stating his dying wish to have been that the money paid to Olga Ivanovna might be carefully continued; further that the child should be well and carefully trained, and lastly that Abrazoff should cause prayers to be said in the church at Berozovo for the peace of his (Orloff's) soul.

When these remarkable documents had all been read and translated into English, so that no mistake could exist in the mind of Tenterton as to the propriety of the steps he had taken, the chaplain said to Edward,

"Can you believe in accident after this? Can you not see how your journey to Berozovo just in time to rescue these wonderful documents from the fire was a link in a chain of most wonderful exercises of the power of Divine Providence? How marvellously this Ivan Dobroff has been watched over! The evil influence of the Revolutionist or Nihilist was removed in the most extraordinary manner. And now you are to be placed over him to exert the influence which you have received from the Highest Source! Again, how remarkable must it appear to the mere worldling when he finds the wishes of the dying sinner so singularly carried out, though not in the way he meant and intended! He wished Abrazoff to provide handsomely for Ivan, but Ivan has been much better provided for by Mr. Smirnoff, under whose care he has in fact a much better future, humanly speaking, than he would have had under the cold distant patronage of Abrazoff, whose interest it would have been to keep him hidden from the rest of the world in some obscure station. The story of this Abrazoff, with all his skill, is a striking example of the Divine Law that 'Unless the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it.'"

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XL.

THE result of his visit was such that on his reaching home rather late he wrote to Fanshawe and posted his letter before going to bed. It was a very short one, simply stating that Lang refused to make terms of any kind or hold any future communication with him.

Next morning Garland found his way to Mrs. Turner's by nine o'clock and had an interview with Lang before he went to his office. He told him how Fanshawe had threatened to report to Clarke, Clarke, and Cooper the fact that their new pupil left school under a suspicion of theft, and how there was every probability of his carrying out his threat.

"What a fool I was to tell him!" cried Lang. "It slipped out before I knew, and I was so glad of somebody to talk to then. What shall I do now? No one can prove that I didn't do it."

"I'm not sure of that," replied Garland. "I think it can be managed. I saw Melhuish last night."

"Saw Melhuish?" cried Lang.

"Yes, I've known where he was for some time, but he wouldn't let me tell any one. He's a very different fellow now: he's had a lot of trouble and it has changed him. I told him last night that the time had come to prove whether he really repented of what he had done. I showed him how your career was in danger, because you were suspected of the crime of which he was guilty. I was doubtful of the result of my appeal for some time, but he yielded at last. It shows that he is a good fellow at bottom, for it must require no slight courage to come forward and confess one's self a thief."

Lang's face showed his surprise and satisfaction. Fanshawe's discomfiture was now only a matter of time.

So it was with a comparatively easy mind that he obeyed a summons to Mr. Clarke's room at four that afternoon. Mr. Clarke was a gentleman of about fifty; grave, and rather stern in appearance, but who enjoyed the respect, and to some extent the liking, of his clerks and pupils.

"Mr. Lang," he began, "take a seat. I have received to-day a strange letter about you of which you ought to know. It accuses you of leaving school under a suspicion of theft. I must say a charge of this kind made in this way seems the outcome of spite more than anything else; at the same time I should like to get to the bottom of it. I have answered the letter to the effect that I can take no notice of anonymous accusations, for this is practically anonymous, since the name is unknown to me and may be an assumed one. I told the

writer that if he has any statement to make he must make it in person, and I named five o'clock to-morrow as the hour when I should be at liberty."

"It isn't in anyway true," said Lang, "and I shall be able to prove it."

"I'm very glad to hear it. If your proofs are at hand it would be well to have them ready to-morrow in case he comes."

"I will, sir."

After office was over Lang walked straight to Mr. King's to see Garland. The latter was not surprised to hear that Fanshawe had carried out his threat.

"It's the best thing that could happen to you," said Garland. "It will end his interference with you once for all. It is a good thing in another way too."

"What is that?"

"It will be the salvation of Melhuish. He is eating his heart out now in solitary bitterness. This will relieve his mind; he will feel he has made some amends for his former wrongdoing, and he will, by God's help, I hope, pull himself out of that slough of despond in which he has been so long. I quite believe that this will end in his making a fresh start and a better one."

* * * *

Next afternoon was an exciting one for Lang. In spite of himself he could not help being agitated. Supposing after all something unforeseen were to happen, and he could not clear himself? Supposing Melhuish at the last minute failed in courage and refused to come!

Usually the office closed at five o'clock. Lang remained behind the others, and a few minutes past the hour he was summoned to Mr. Clarke's room.

"Your accuser has not come," said Mr. Clarke. "We will give him to a quarter past. Is that he?"

"No," said Lang, who had caught sight of Garland, Melhuish, and Soady. "They are my friends."

"They had better wait in the next room," said Mr. Clarke.

A few minutes later Fanshawe arrived. He was shown into Mr. Clarke's room. Lang took no notice of him.

He looked seedier than ever. His eyes had dark rings round them, and his complexion was thick and muddy. The atmosphere of hate and revenge in which he had been existing during the past few days had not been without effect on his countenance. Altogether his appearance was not such as to inspire confidence.

"You are the writer of this letter?" asked Mr. Clarke, when he was seated.

"Yes."

"On what do you found your accusation?"

"On what I have heard. It is well

"These are grave accusations," said Mr. Clarke.

known to several people, though the affair was hushed up as much as possible."

"A mere rumour is not sufficient to justify such a charge," said Mr. Clarke.

"He cannot deny it," said Fanshawe. "The stolen money, or at least part of it, was traced to him; it was marked, so there can be no mistake on that point. He was a friend of a boy who ran away the same evening, so that he was able to wait till just before he got off in order that the suspicion might be thrown on the runaway. And he was suspected once before of being a thief, but it couldn't be proved."

"These are grave accusations," said Mr. Clarke; "can you deny what this—this gentleman has said?"

"No," replied Lang. "It is quite true I was suspected of the thefts, but I never committed them."

"You spoke yesterday of being able to prove your innocence," said Mr. Clarke.

"He will find it difficult," said Fanshawe, with a vindictive sneer.

"I think I can manage it," remarked Lang, quietly. "May I ask my friends to come in?"

"Certainly."

Lang opened the door, and Garland, Soady, and Melhuish walked in. Lang went to Melhuish and shook his hand warmly.

Fanshawe started with surprise to see him. He was the last person in the world he expected to meet. However, he pulled himself together, resolved to brave it out.

"You've brought a nice witness to help you," he said, with a laugh. "I suppose you have bribed him to help you out. 'Honour among thieves.'"

"Silence, please!" said Mr. Clarke, sternly. "Who is this, Mr. Lang?"

"May he speak for himself, sir?"

"By all means."

"I was at school with Lang," said Melhuish. "I stole the money of which I learnt last night he was suspected to be the thief. Garland asked me to come and confess, and I am here to do so."

"It is a very noble thing of you to do," said Mr. Clarke, approvingly. "If it is the fact—and I suppose no one would own a crime he had not committed—it clears Mr. Lang most completely from the charges which have been brought against him. Have you anything more to say?" he added, turning to Fanshawe.

"No, if you are determined to be the victim of a conspiracy to blind you. Why, that precious witness of yours has owed me money for the last year and more, and owes me a grudge too, I suppose."

"I owe him two pounds," said Melhuish, without looking at him. "I've got them ready. I should have sent them before if I had been able. My debt was the only link between us, and it is now broken."

He put the money on the table. Fanshawe quickly picked it up.

"I've got something by coming, at any rate," he said; "and as I don't seem likely to get any more, I'll wish you all good afternoon."

"One moment, sir," said Mr. Clarke. But Fanshawe stepped towards the door. However, so did Soady, and Soady got there first.

"Mr. Clarke wishes to speak to you, strange to say," remarked Soady, blocking up the exit with his body. "You'll please wait."

Fanshawe turned sullenly round.

"Surely," said Mr. Clarke, half to himself, "I've seen your face before. I've a good memory for faces; I'm not mistaken." He tapped his forehead meditatively.

"Perhaps we've met at some music-hall," suggested Fanshawe, insolently.

"Ah! I remember now, I think," said Mr. Clarke, his brow clearing. "Have you not been in our office before?"

"I shall take care not to come again, at any rate."

"I'm glad to hear that. When the case of Armstrong versus Armstrong was in court I think you came here once or twice with papers from the firm of Parkes and Green. Am I not right?"

Fanshawe did not reply.

"I will spare myself the trouble of telling you now what I think of your conduct, but I shall take care to see Mr. Parker."

"You can do what you like," retorted Fanshawe; "you can't hurt me. Is there anything more you want to say?"

"No, except that the sooner you are gone the better."

Fanshawe did not wait for a second hint, but walked off. And as he is not a pleasant companion it may be as well to say at once what became of him and so bid him good-bye.

Mr. Clarke saw Mr. Parker as he promised, and Fanshawe in consequence fell still further in their estimation. Not long after matters came to a crisis as regards his finances. He made a desperate attempt to recover himself by betting heavily on some races, but lost instead of winning. He could not pay, so elected to go abroad. The last that was heard of him was that he was a "hand" on a farm in the West, and his English acquaintances (with the exception of his creditors) hope he may remain there.

* * * *

There was a very happy party at Soady's that evening. Melhuish refused to come, but Soady was disinclined to have his invitation declined, so took his arm and marched him off.

The first thing that met their eyes when they entered the sitting-room was Tommy.

"I was wondering when you fellows were going to turn up," he said, coolly. "You've kept me waiting nearly an hour. I can't afford to waste my holidays this way."

Soady tumbled him off the table where he was perched, and made his friends sit down and make themselves comfortable. He was particularly attentive to Melhuish, who was still reserved, and seemed to feel out of place.

"Why, Tommy," said Soady, "you're growing up, I positively believe."

"I'm beginning to know my way about," remarked Tommy. "I haven't got into the third form for nothing."

"Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Soady; "what is St. Mary's coming to."

"Oh, we're getting on like smoke now that you fellows have given up stopping up the way. We beat the town at cricket last week."

"Did you?" cried Lang. "How many did Ferguson make?"

"Ferguson? He left at Christmas."

"Ah, yes, so he did. Who made top score?"

"Featherstone, one innings; but he got out for a duck next time."

"Featherstone in the eleven?" inquired Soady, incredulously. "Why, you'll be telling us you are next."

"I think I shall be next half," said Tommy, complacently. "I've got a deadly twist from the off which would settle you in no time."

They asked after all their old friends and the masters, and had a jolly talk over old times. Then Tommy had to depart.

"I've got to trot my mater and sisters somewhere or other to-night, so I must be off," he said. "Well, good-bye all you fellows, I shall look you up again before I leave town."

"'Twouldn't hurt you to do a little more 'looking up,' you young shaver," said Soady; "you don't treat us with half enough respect."

"I'll begin some day, when you deserve it," was the youngster's retort, as he tossed his hat up and caught it on his head. "Good-bye."

"Now then, you fellows," said Soady, when he had seen Tommy off the premises, "we must have something to eat, and then we'll have an evening of it; you shall hear my new piano."

"I think I'll go, if you don't mind, Soady," said Melhuish.

"But I do mind," returned Soady. "Look here, Melhuish, you must forget all about the past; no one knows a word of it except ourselves, and never will."

"You have done all you can in restitution," said Garland, through whom had been sent back all the money which had been taken from Simpson and Ferguson; "you must not allow yourself to brood any more over your past errors. We know you have repented and that you have behaved bravely and nobly, and you must be friends with us again."

"I can't thank you enough," said Lang, "for what you have done for me. But perhaps I can show you something which may help to relieve your mind. Read this."

He handed him the letter which he had received six months before from Mr. Melhuish. Melhuish read it carefully, with tears in his eyes.

"You mustn't think of going back to your work any more," said Garland, to whom Melhuish handed the letter. "You must write off to your father to-night, and to-morrow you must go home."

Melhuish at last assented. He swept the past away, only remembering it as a lesson and a warning. He threw himself into the enjoyments of the evening, and spent the first happy hours since he left St. Mary's to run away to London.

A few weeks later and all our friends were scattered. Garland went to his home to proceed to college at the close of the vacation; and he is now doing good service in the world, both by his unselfish, consistent life, and his earnest preaching of the old, old story of God's redeeming love in Christ Jesus, to all who humbly trust in Him. Melhuish was soon settled in Liverpool, apprenticed to a civil engineer. Lang and Soady were the only ones remaining in London, and these were off for their holidays before long. And now, as they are all fairly started on their life-work and ready to do it as well and bravely as they can, looking up in every temptation for that help that is never truly sought in vain, let us take our leave of them. Perhaps we may one day meet with at least some of them again.

(THE END.)

AN EVENING AT THE SALLOWS.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

Once more the bright spring-time is here, and once more do we ferret out our insect-hunting paraphernalia in readiness for the coming season of active work. Past is the winter of our discontent, gone is the bleak and chilling cold which has doomed us for so long to forced inaction, and here we are, on this mild and genial March evening, *en route* for a small copse wherein is to be found in rich profusion that treasure-house of entomology, the blossom of the Sallow. Thither, after the shades of night have fallen, will wend every moth in the neighbourhood, and there, so absorbed in the luscious banquet as to be indifferent to our approach, do we confidently hope to find many an addition to our collection, while we have before us the certainty of spending a delightful evening, rendered all the more pleasant by the contrast with the long wintry nights, now happily past, in which outdoor work has been a total impossibility. So here may the belated wayfarer behold us equipped for the expedition, net, lantern, sheet, and bulging pockets alike testifying to an experienced eye the errand upon which we are bent.

Long before arriving at our destination, our eyes are gladdened by many a sign that our labours will not be altogether in vain. A bat is busily hawking to and fro, showing that insects of different kinds are upon the wing, while a swarm of gnats are dancing gaily in the shelter of the bushes which border the path. A few minutes later, when the sun has altogether disappeared, leaving behind but a few streaks of red in the western sky, we meet with a still more sufficient proof that the evening is propitious for our purposes, for a dusky form flits rapidly past us in the twilight, cleverly eludes the net with which we attempt to intercept its progress, and speeds upon its way to the scene of the banquet, whereat we shall probably meet with it upon our first visit.

Ten minutes of steady walking bring us to the scene of our labours, a long row of sallow bushes bordering a narrow stream, each one of which is a mass of the canary-coloured fragrant catkins which exercise so potent an influence over the members of the insect world. It is already sufficiently dark to begin operations, so we light the lanterns, prepare a score or so of pill-boxes for immediate occupation, and carefully spread the sheet beneath the branches of the first bush in the row, a matter which the recently ploughed soil renders of some little difficulty. However, it is done at last, and the friend of our heart, who generally accompanies us upon these expeditions, stands by with a lantern, while we ourselves proceed to administer a gentle shaking to the boughs.

And with what a result! The sheet, when we come to examine it, is literally strewn with moths of various sizes, one and all of which are hard at work endeavouring to delude us into the idea that they are lifeless objects, in the hope that they may presently be able to steal away unperceived, when our attention shall have been diverted into other directions. Nor are these the only tenants, for several well-fed caterpillars lie coiled up here and there, apparently actuated by similar ideas, while earwigs without number, a beetle or two, several spiders, and the inevitable centipede, are putting their best feet foremost, evidently feeling that no time should be lost in making their escape. With these latter, however, it is not our intention to deal, for we have our work fully cut out for us in the mere task of identifying the fallen moths before they recover from their alarm and take to flight.

And this is by no means an easy process. Scarcely a square three inches of the sheet but is occupied by one specimen at least, while in some spots quite a number are closely huddled together, having evidently fallen simultaneously from some specially attractive cluster of blossoms. Nor does the mere number of these form our only difficulty, for at least nine out of every ten are lying upon their backs, so that their real character cannot be discerned until they have been turned over, and the wings thus brought to view. As if to add to our troubles, moreover, a large proportion seem suddenly to realise that their motionless postures afford them but little advantage after all, and decide upon an immediate change of tactics in the form of hasty departure. Happily, however, in so doing they trust to their feet and not to their wings, and so can be easily recognised as they scuttle along, and either pill-boxed or allowed to make their escape unhindered, according to their respective values.

Nevertheless, our task for some little time is by no means a light one, and for several minutes we are kept busily at work examining and pill-boxing, now snapping up a nice variety as he hurries along, and now finding a still greater prize among the common herd. Here is a specimen of the aptly-named Hebrew Character (*Tæniocampa gothica*), with the curious black markings upon the fore wings, and here one of the beautiful Red Chestnut (*T. rubricosa*), with its tints of richest brown. There, scudding along with racehorse rapidity, is a magnificent example of the Clouded Drab (*T. instabilis*), perhaps the most variable of all our British *noctuæ*, while, still lying motionless in the full glare of the lamp, are no less than seven representatives of the closely allied Common Quaker (*T. stabilis*), so called from the sobriety of its garb, which is about as dingy in colouring as can well be imagined. That little drab-coloured fellow, with its fore wings thinly sprinkled with black, is a Small Quaker (*T. cruda*), a species which does not appear to be very plentiful in some parts of the country, while resting beside him is a specimen of the common Chestnut Moth (*Cerastis vaccinii*), which, having passed safely through the frosts of winter, seems to have come hither with the intention of making amends for his long fast without further waste of time. Sadly battered is he as to the wings, which afford very evident signs of the buffets he has received in his passage through life, while the round bald patch on his thorax shows that he has received decidedly rough treatment at some period of his career.

More *gothica*, more *stabilis*, and more *vaccinii*, which are present in abundance, while a more aristocratic insect turns up every now and then to vary the monotony of the proceedings. At length, after ten minutes or so of hard and steady labour, our task is for the present completed, the last remaining moth has been inspected, and we proceed to transfer the sheet to the next bush.

In so doing we meet with our customary mishap—*i.e.*, that of plunging well over the ankles into the muddy border of the stream, and so dooming ourselves to wet feet for the remainder of the evening. It is a most singular and inexplicable fact, but we seldom set out upon an entomological excursion without walking into a ditch, or a stream, or a peculiarly deep and well-filled gutter, before the day is ended. So regularly is this the case, indeed, that our companion has come to look upon it as quite a matter of course, and would probably be greatly surprised if we were to reach home without experiencing some such misfortune. Upon the present occasion he scarcely looks round, and, beyond a sarcastic "As usual," takes no notice whatever of our little accident, continuing without interruption his task of arranging the sheet.

Again the bush is shaken, and again descends the heterogeneous shower of earwigs, spiders, beetles, caterpillars, and moths, among the latter being one or two miserable-looking specimens of the Satellite (*Scopelosoma satellitia*), which, like the Chestnuts afore-mentioned, have passed through the winter in a state of hibernation, or torpor. These we do not want, and pass them by in favour of a really magnificent specimen of that most lovely moth, the Pine Beauty (*Trachea piniperda*), which has evidently been attracted by the fragrant catkins from a neighbouring fir plantation. Few of our British moths are there more exquisite than this little creature, which cannot but win admiration whenever it is met with, so beautiful are its tints, and so perfect the manner in which they blend with one another. Judging by the condition of its plumage, our latest captive must have essayed its powers of flight for the first time in seeking the feast at which it was thus rudely disturbed, and we are not a little pleased at securing so fine an example of the moth in a manner so entirely unexpected.

Single misfortunes never come alone, as the Irishman said, and the same rule seems in this case to apply to pieces of good luck as well, for, lying almost beside our Pine Beauty, we find a singularly perfect specimen of the Lead-coloured Drab (*Tæniocampa populeti*), which at first sight might easily be passed over as *T. instabilis*, so great is the likeness between the two species. Here we have indeed a prize, for *populeti* is not at all a common insect, and is one with which we by no means expected to meet to-night, excepting perhaps as a very doubtful possibility.

One or two more *rubricosa*, which is a particular favourite of ours, are lying motionless in the sheet, and we also box several nicely-marked *instabilis* before arriving at the end of our examination. Then there is a very fine specimen of the Twin-spotted Quaker (*Tæniocampa munda*), with the two spots near the hind margin of the fore wings from which it takes its name, a dreadfully battered Sword-Grass (*Calocampa exoleta*), and a whole host of commoner things, for which we cannot find room in our boxes, and which, indeed, would scarcely be worth the trouble of setting.

The next bush, which is a much lower one, we examine in a different manner, the sheet being spread upon the ground as before (reinforced for greater security by a great-coat upon either side), but our attention being divided between the insects which fall to the ground and those resting upon the blossoms, the ceremony of shaking the boughs being upon this occasion only dispensed with. The fallen insects are committed to the especial care of our companion, who, lantern in hand, at once sets busily to work, while we ourselves examine the catkins in the hope of finding one or two of the early spring Geometers, or perhaps some of those which pass through the winter in a torpid condition. Nor are we disappointed, for our search is ere long rewarded by no less than three examples of the pretty Autumn Green Carpet (*Cidaria miata*), which, although somewhat knocked about and worn, are yet welcome additions to our list of captures. Daintily resting upon one of the blossoms, too, is a specimen of the Dotted Border (*Hibernia progemmaria*), which, in spite of its great abundance and its dingy appearance, we have long regarded with special affection, looking upon it as a

harbinger of spring, and consequently of a speedy return to outdoor work.

Although these geometers stick to their posts in the most praiseworthy manner when the lantern light is turned upon them, being far too deeply absorbed in their feast to heed so trifling an interruption, the *noctuæ*, curiously enough, almost invariably fall to the ground, and are duly intercepted by the sheet spread below for their reception. Fortunate is it for the entomologist that these gentry have not sufficient common sense to take at once to flight, for but small chance would he have of capturing them were they to trust to their wings instead of to their power of simulating death when alarmed by the light of his lantern.

Passing on to the next bush, we again find that the blossoms are quite out of reach, and are consequently obliged to have recourse to the shaking process as before. Down come the moths in a perfect shower, like dead leaves in an autumn gale, dropping heavily to the ground, and lying as motionless as though they were in reality the lifeless objects which they wish to appear. Can moths bruise themselves, we wonder? and, if so, must they not severely feel the shock of so heavy a fall? To all appearance, however, they are perfectly unharmed, although the distance which they drop is about the same in proportion to their size as would be a tumble from the top of a building four times the height of the Monument to ourselves!

Time passes rapidly, and we find that the attendance at the blossoms is beginning to slacken off after about two hours or so of steady work, to again increase, in all probability, later on in the evening. However, what with moths and what with caterpillars, we have already filled almost the whole of our boxes, and, with the prospect of a long walk home before us, we feel that we ought not further to delay our departure. So the sheet is reluctantly folded, great-coats roughly brushed and once more donned, pill-boxes carefully packed away in the pockets, and our evening at the sallows is a thing of the past.

(THE END.)

OUR MILITARY BANDS.

By J. Arthur Elliott,

Author of "The British Grenadiers," "England's Drummer Boys," "Kavanagh of Lucknow," etc., etc.

THE "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," as England's greatest poet has phrased it, is for the most part due to the silvery-toned trumpet, the clashing cymbals, and the rattling drum, without which even the flying colours and the booming guns would appear somewhat tame and spiritless.

Shortly after the Franco-German War had come to a close, and our light-hearted neighbours across the Channel were giving all their attention to the subject of retrenchment, especially in their military estimates, some zealous reformer proposed that the regimental bands should be abolished. This proposal was not adopted in its entirety, but for several years the use of the drum was discontinued, until, amid great popular acclamation, it was once more restored in the summer of 1882. The French regiments have no drum-and-fife bands like our English battalions, but simply buglers and drummers, and as the bugles cannot be played for a long time at a stretch, the soldiers often have to march to the rataplan of the drum alone.

Military life would indeed be shorn of one of its chief attributes were the soldier compelled to march to battle without the inspiriting tones of the cornet and trombone, the "wry-necked fife," and the tinkling cymbal. From the earliest period music has occupied a prominent place in times of war as well as in times of peace, though it is not always used as a direct incentive to battle, for the strains of a band are seldom heard in the field, and the wild pibroch of the bagpipe, or the martial cadence of the bugle and trumpet, can scarcely be classed under the term "music."

It is only on the march, or in camp or barrack, that the band is brought into general requisition, but there have been notable and historic exceptions to this rule, as, for instance, in the meeting between Wellington and Blucher at the village of La Belle Alliance on the field of Waterloo, when, during the famous interview, a Prussian band played the National Anthem, "God Save the King," as if the performers were entirely oblivious of the terrible scenes of "grim-visaged war" that were passing around them. And yet another instance, during the Crimean War, when the allied armies crossed the Alma and advanced against the Russian position with bands playing and colours flying. Then again, when Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) led his brave troops to the relief of Lucknow, and the Highlanders, after amply revenging the massacre of Cawnpore, marched into the Residency over the bodies of the mutineers to the heart-stirring national air of "The Campbells are Coming."

The band is a necessary appendage to a regiment, for without some such enlivenment the life of a soldier would become almost intolerable. When marching to the strains of the band, his mind is freed, for the nonce, of all those petty troubles and annoyances that seem to be inseparable from military discipline in a regular army, and which are the bane of a soldier's existence. It is also necessary that the band should be a good one, and of late years the bands of our British regiments have considerably improved both in the quality of the music discoursed and the abilities of the performers. Doubtless this is in a great measure due to the establishment of that excellent institution, the School of Music at Kneller Hall, where not only are men trained for bandmasters, but boys are also supplied with a thorough musical training, fitting them for a place in the band of any corps in which they may elect to serve. This institution has proved a great success, for previous to its inauguration foreigners used to be employed as bandmasters in many of our regiments.

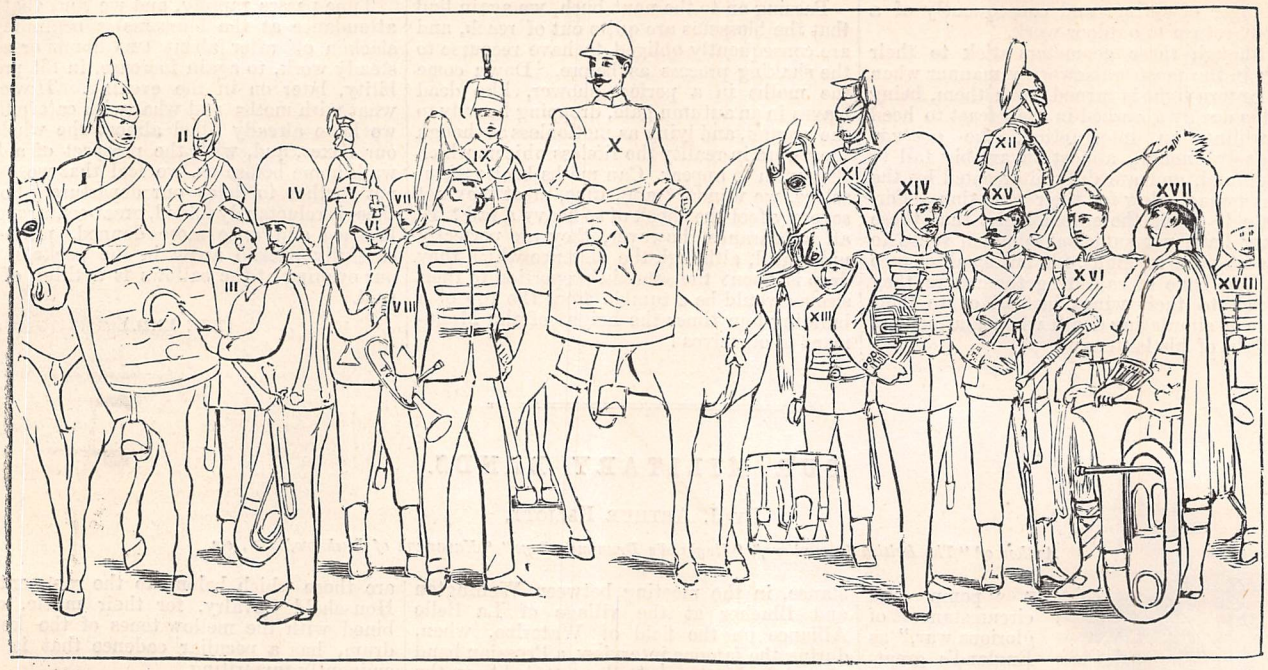
Down to the year 1851 music was in this country a comparatively neglected art, and this indifference, as a matter of course, greatly affected our military bands, as, with one brilliant exception, to which we shall presently allude, we possessed none that could favourably compare with the regimental bands of the Continental armies. In that year, however, the band of the French Guides crossed the Channel, and the excellent performances of these fine musicians caused quite a *furore* in English military circles; but, unfortunately, our officers allowed their enthusiasm to take an unpatriotic turn, and, instead of encouraging native talent, the rage for foreign bandmasters increased, and to these persons was given the control of our bands, in the same manner that at one time foreign *artistes* were all the fashion.

Perhaps the most martial of our bands are those which belong to the regiments of Household Cavalry, for their music, combined with the mellow tones of the kettle-drum, has a peculiar cadence that is pre-eminently inspiriting.

Various and interesting are the duties which military bands are called upon to perform in camp or barracks, as, unlike the case of the foot regiments of the Guards, the drums and fifes are not very much utilised in the line battalions of our valiant little army. In many of the latter the brass band plays the "Réveille" (from the French verb *réveiller*, to awaken), at sunrise; "Retreat" at sunset; and "Tattoo" or "Taptoo" at the evening roll-call; while the drums and fifes are only called into requisition on the march.

The effect produced in a camp by the bands of the different regiments playing the "Réveille" at sunrise, and the "Retreat" at sunset, is extremely pretty, and is enhanced by their appearance as they march up and down in front of the white tents dressed in their various uniforms. In Highland corps the pipers perform this duty. Every regiment possesses a "parade march" of its own, and some of the tunes are of a most peculiar character. When and why they were chosen as such remains in the majority of instances a profound mystery. The "British Grenadiers" of the Guards, "The Campbells are Coming" or the "Johnnie Cope" of the Highlanders, the "Garry Owen" of the Irish, and the "Ap Shenkin" of the Welsh corps, are intelligibly appropriate; but the "I'm Ninety-five" of the Rifles (perhaps because the Rifles were the old 95th of the line), the "Bronze Horse" of the 55th, the Miranola March of the Coldstreams, and others of an equally peculiar character, are mainly unintelligible except on the score of "custom."

Many of the other parade tunes, which are common to every corps throughout the army, such as the "Church Call," the "Point of War," and "The General," are the cherished relics of bygone times, and their plaintive cadences seem to transport the attentive listener to scenes and periods which stand as landmarks in history. The meaning of the first-named tune is indicated by its name, and is always played at church parades in lieu of the "long roll" of the "orderly" drum when the newly-formed companies are "dressing" into line. The "Point of War" is the salute which is played by the drums and fifes when a corps "presents arms" to its colours. "The General" is a tune which is played an hour before leaving camp or quarters for a new destination. It is a very old and plaintive though pretty melody, having a peculiar beat to it on the drum. In former days the tune possessed words which were sung by the soldiers as a kind of *refrain*, beginning thus:



Our Military Bands.

(*See the Coloured Plate.*)

I. Mounted Band, Royal Artillery.
II. Queen's Bays.
III. Devonshire Regiment.
IV. Royal Engineers.
V. 16th Lancers.
VI. Rifle Brigade.
VII. Fusilier Regiment.
VIII. Dismounted Band, Royal Artillery.
IX. 21st Hussars.
X. Life Guards.
XI. 17th Lancers.
XII. 3rd Dragoon Guards.
XIII. Scots Guards.
XIV. Grenadier Guards.
XV. Drum-Major, Connaught Rangers.
XVI. Piper, Seaforth Highlanders.
XVII. Black Watch.
XVIII. Coldstream Guards.

"We thought we heard the general say
Strike your tents and march away;
Strike, and march at break of day,—
Quick march, away."

The British army is very proud of its customs and traditions, and there is nothing which attaches to it but has a story or meaning of its own. There are now many excellent bands attached to our line regiments, both horse and foot, while the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Royal Marines each possessed a fine corps of musicians. When the Prince of Wales went to India a portion of the band of the Royal Marines accompanied him in the Serapis, and so pleased was the Prince with their performance that on his return the band was granted permission to wear his badge and motto in silver, on their caps for the future.

The best of the cavalry bands are those of the Life Guards and Horse Guards (Blue), the members of which hold rank at Court as "State Trumpeters," or "Trumpeters in Ordinary to the Queen," for which they receive an allowance annually, while their state uniforms, like those of the drum-majors of the Foot Guards, who are "Drummers in Ordinary to the Queen," are very gorgeous; each suit, which is made of crimson silk and velvet thickly embroidered with gold, costing the country every seven years the sum of forty-five pounds.

In addition to the corps already named our army possesses *now* three of the finest military bands in the world. They are those of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards. These famous bands never go abroad with their regiments, and the latter are obliged to content themselves when on active service with the humbler, though perhaps more inspiriting music (on the march) of the fife and drums. The reason of this is that there is only one band to each of the three regiments, and as they each possess more than one battalion the bands remain behind to do duty with the home battalions, and to attend on the sovereign, both at the palace and at all State parades and ceremonies.

These excellent bands have become quite an institution in the country, for there is scarcely an entertainment of any note given in any portion of the kingdom at which one of them is not present. Their popularity is deservedly great, for their skilful rendering of all the best music is absolutely perfect. To one family of musicians alone—the Godfreys—is due the high standard of excellence which these celebrated corps of military *artistes* have attained. The late Mr. Charles Godfrey of the Coldstream Guards served in that regiment for fifty years, during the greater portion of which he was its bandmaster. He not only brought his band to a high state of perfection at a time when military bands stood at a very low standard, but he educated his family in such a manner that he lived to see two of his sons become bandmasters in the other two regiments of the Guards, while a third succeeded to his own position on his death in 1863.

There is only a single instance of either of these bands going abroad. A few years since, when the Americans celebrated the centenary of their national existence, they had a monster concert organised, at which a band from every country in the world was to be present; and having applied to our Government to allow the band of the Grenadier Guards in their full dress to represent this country, a special Act of Parliament was passed for the purpose, and the band, of which Mr. Dan Godfrey is the chief, under the charge of a colonel, accordingly went to America. We need hardly say that they were most cordially and enthusiastically welcomed by our cousins over the water.

We must conclude our paper now, although there are many matters of interest in connection with this subject which, had we space enough to spare, would, we feel certain, be acceptable to our readers. As we began with a quotation from Shakespeare, we will also here finish with one:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A PITCAIRN ISLANDER.

Captain Edward Stubbs, R.N., writes to us: "As you lately gave an account of the celebrated mutiny of the crew of H.M.S. Bounty, and of the descendants of the mutineers, the following particulars will, I am sure, be interesting to many of your readers. In 1881 I was surprised by a visit from a man who came to ask for advice as to the best method of getting to his island home in the Pacific. His name was, he informed me, James McCoy, and he was a grandson of McCoy of the Bounty. He was a finely-made, handsome man, very intelligent, and with simple but most attractive manners. Outward-bound ships to San Francisco do not go near Pitcairn Island; but homeward-bound vessels occasionally sight it, in order to test their chronometers; they, however, rarely anchor, the anchorage being very bad. Captain Mills, who commanded a fine American ship named the Harvey Mills, kindly allowed McCoy to ship; and, in response to an appeal which the editors of the local papers inserted, presents of clothes, books, and other useful articles were sent to my office. I heard indirectly that McCoy had reached Pitcairn Island in safety, and last week I received the following letter from him:—

"'Pitcairn Island, August 13th, 1884.

"'CAPTAIN STUBBS,—Dear Sir,—Captain McKenzie, of Liverpool ship Majestic, is here, bound to your port, and kindly promises to deliver this to you.

"'It was nearly three years since I was with you, and I hope and trust that God, in His infinite mercy and goodness, is still keeping you in the same health that you were enjoying when I was there, and may God Almighty bless and prosper your work and labour of love. [The Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution is here alluded to.] I am so very, very glad to meet your friend Captain McKenzie; he treated us with greatest kindness, and has given us many useful articles to take on shore with us. I gained much information from the kind captain, and am sorry to part with him so soon, but as the ship is very far off from the island I shall have to leave for the shore.

"'The captain will see you in Liverpool and give further information. Please give my best wishes and respect to the young gentleman with you and all at the Orphanage. May we all live so as to please God, and then we shall meet again to part no more, every man to receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. This is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate friend and well-wisher, JAMES R. MCCOY.'"

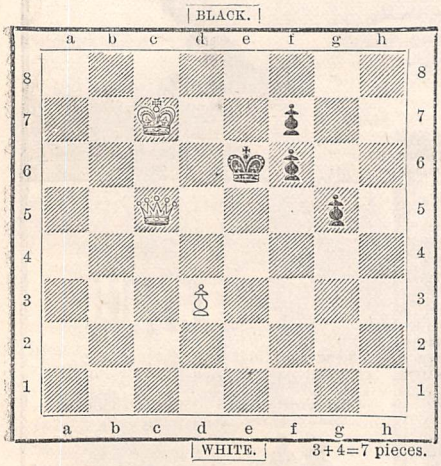
Sketches from the "Good Old Times!"

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

Problem No. 97.

By S. GOLD.



3+4=7 pieces.

White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

Solution of Problem No. 89.

(*Continuation.*)

Variation *i.*

9.	P×R (*)	Q×R P (ch.)
10.	K—Kt 2	Q—Kt 5 (ch.) (or *n*)
11.	K—B sq.	Q—B 6 (ch.) (or *o*)
12.	K—K sq.	Q—R 8 (ch.) (or *p*)
13.	K—K 2	Q—Kt 7 (ch.)
14.	K—Q 3	Q—B 6 (ch.)
15.	K—B 2	Q—K 5 (ch.)
16.	K—Kt 2	Q—Kt 5 (ch.)
17.	K—R sq.	Q—B 6 (ch.)
18.	Q—Kt 2	Q—R 4 (ch.)
19.	K—Kt sq.	Q—B 4 (ch.)
20.	K—B sq.	Q×B P (or *q*)
21.	P—Q 8 R, etc.	
	(*q*)	Q—B 4 (ch.)
21.	K—Q sq.	Q—Kt 8 (ch.)
22.	K—B 2	Q—B 4 (ch.)
23.	Q—B 3	Q—B 4 (ch.)
24.	R—Q 3, etc.	
	(*p*)	Q—K 6 (ch.)
13.	K—Q sq.	Q—Kt 8 (ch.)
14.	K—B 2.	Q—B 4 (ch.)
15.	K—Kt 2, etc.	
	(*o*)	Q×P (ch.)
12.	R—B 2	Q—B 8 (ch.)
13.	K—K 2	P—B 4
14.	P—Q 8 R	Q—B 2
15.	Q—Kt 8 (ch.), etc.	
	(*n*)	Q×P
11.	Q×P (ch.)	Q×Q
12.	P—Q 8 Q	Q—K B 5 (or *r*, *s*)
13.	R—Q 7 (ch.)	K—R 3
14.	Q—KR8(ch.)	K—Kt 4
15.	R—Q 5 (ch.)	K—Kt 5
16.	Q—QB8(ch.)	K—R 5
17.	Q—Q 8 (ch.)	P—Kt 4
18.	R—Q 4, etc.	
	(*r*)	Q—Q Kt 2 (ch.)
13.	K—R 2	K—R 3
14.	Q—KB8(ch.)	K—Kt 4
15.	R—K Kt 2 (ch.), etc.	
	(*s*)	K—R 3
13.	Q—KR8(ch.)	K—Kt 4
14.	Q—Q 5 (ch.), etc.	

NOTE.

(*) Black might as well play 9, K—R 3, and win, for if R—B 6 or B 8 or Q—B 3, then 10, Q—Q 5. If now R—B 4, then 11, Q—B 4, etc. If R—B 8; 10, Q—Q 5, R—Q Kt 8. 11, Q×P (ch.), K—R 3. 12, R—Q 6, R—K R 8 (ch.). 13, K—Kt 2, Q—Q R sq. (ch.). 14, Q—Q 5, Q—R 8, and Black mates in four moves.—If Q—B 3; 10, Q—Q 5, R×P (ch.). 11, P×R, Q—B 8 (ch.). 12, Q—Kt 2, Q—B 4 (ch.). 13, K—R 2, Q—B 5 (ch.). 14, K—Kt sq., Q×P. 15, P—Q 8 R, Q—K 8 (ch.). 16, K—R 2, Q—R 5 (ch.). 17, Q—R 3, Q—B 5 (ch.). 18, Q—Kt 3, etc.

To Chess Correspondents.

H. M. (Bath.)—You will now have seen, on page 110, that Problem No. 80 does not require *three* moves.

"INITIUS."—After 1, Q—R 8 (ch.), P—B 3; 2, Q×B, in Problem No. 90, Black plays B—Q 2, and mate cannot follow.

H. K. (St. John's Wood.)—If in No. 80 you play 1, R—R 4 (ch.), then you must not interpose the Kt, but answer K×R.

R. W.—The most difficult question to decide when the "Chess Guide" was written was "whether a player might have both his B's on squares of the same colour." It was thought best to leave the law in its simple form (page 20). The Pawn, on reaching the eighth square, is eligible for promotion should any of the officers not be present on the board, and it may so happen that the Pawn is exchanged for a Bishop on a square the same colour as the other B.

S. G. (Wien.)—Freundlichen Dank für die sechs Aufgaben.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER" LIFEBOAT No. 1.

WE take the following report from the local papers of Feb. 21st:—"The Looe Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Association held its annual meeting at the boat-house on Tuesday, Dr. G. Kerswell presiding. The report of the hon. sec. (Mr. R. Thomas) was exceedingly satisfactory. The subscriptions for the past year had amounted to a goodly sum, so that this branch was more than self-supporting, for, after paying all expenses for the year, £20 was voted as a contribution to the parent society. Votes of thanks were accorded the chairman, hon. sec., and local committee, who were re-elected, and also Dr. Bedford Kerswell, of St. Germans, and Mr. C. W. Polkinghorne, of Liskeard, for their kind co-operation in their respective districts. At the conclusion of the meeting a thorough and careful inspection of the lifeboat, gear, and apparatus was made, and everything was found ready for service and in good working order. The lifeboat at Looe is the 'No. 1 Boy's Own,' being subscribed for and presented by the numerous readers of the 'BOY'S OWN PAPER.' The coxswain and crew speak in the highest terms of the capabilities of their boat and feel the greatest confidence in her safety."

BOYS AGAIN.

IT is related of the late well-known Judge Black that in 1857, just after he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, he was staying at the Astor House in New York. Scores of leading politicians called upon him. One day a small grey-haired man arrived at the hotel, and registered himself as Judge J. Williams, Iowa. On seeing the name of Judge Black on the book he took a card and wrote:

"The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney-General of the United States."

He sent this up to Judge Black's room, together with a half-sheet of paper, on which he had written:

"O Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last!
And memory, burdened with scenes of the past,
Returns to old Somerset's mountains of snow,
When you were but Jerry and I was but Joe."

In less than three minutes the great dignified Judge Black was coming down the stairs two steps at a time, with a little bell-boy in close pursuit. Two old schoolmates and law students were together after a separation of some thirty years. Two old men embraced each other, and neither was able to utter a word.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" IN LATIN.

Professor F. W. Newman, Emeritus Professor of Latin in University College, London, has just issued through Trübner and Co. our old friend "Robinson Crusoe" in a Latin garb, the Latin "developed" according to the author's views to suit the expression of modern ideas. Here are the opening lines of the original and the translation:—

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen named Kreutznaer, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and, leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson — a very good family in that country, and after whom I was so called —that is to say, Robinson Kreutznaer; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called, as we call ourselves and write our name, Crusoe; and so my companions always called me.

Natus sum ego Eboraci, ex bonâ familiâ, sed peregrinâ: quippe pater meus Germanus fuit e Bremâ, ubi appellabatur Kreutznaer. Ceterûm per mercaturam dives factus, Eboraci consedit, unde recepit in connubium matrem meam. Ex hujus agnatis praenomen mihi Rebilius, ex patre nomen Kreutznaer inditum est. Sed vulgus hominum, facili corruptelâ, Crusonem me Rebilium appellabat.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

1.—Writing Competition.

It will be seen by reference to page 15 of the present volume that we wrote as follows:—

"As really good legible handwriting is becoming increasingly appreciated, especially in commercial life, our first competition shall test the skill of our readers in this direction. We offer therefore, *Three Prizes*, of *One Guinea each*, for the best copy, in plain handwriting, of the 1st Psalm, from the Authorised Version. Competitors will be divided into three classes —the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 14; the Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24." Then followed the Rules and General Conditions.

We are happy to be able to report that some ten thousand of our readers have joined in this competition, and the work of examination has been no light task. We this week publish the first list of those who have won places, and hope now to continue the results of the adjudication week by week, reserving our general remarks on the competition until the whole of the successful names have been given.

At present it seems only needful to mention that we found it best, when adjudicating, to slightly readjust the classes, so as to give the younger competitors a fair chance. We have thus formed several additional subdivisions, with Half-Guinea Prizes, reserving the Guinea Prize for the winner in the division securing the highest place.

Our Award is as follows:—

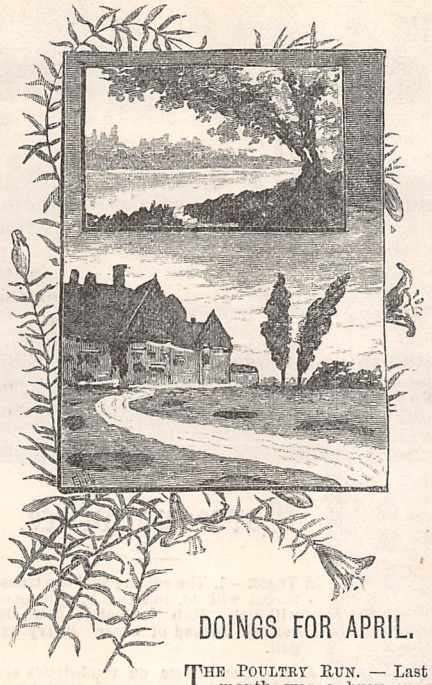
JUNIOR SUBDIVISION *(all ages up to 12).*

Special Prize—10*s.* 6*d.*

BERNARD FAIRBROTHER RAMSEY (aged 11), Fern Mount, Suffolk Road, Bournemouth.

Certificates of Merit.

HAROLD MCKAY, Rumbold's Whyke, Chichester.
A. H. MAGUIRE, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast.
EDWIN J. GREENE, 3, Charlwood Place, Pimlico.
HERBERT PLUMPTON, 13, Baldwyn's Crescent, Flodden Road, Camberwell, S.E.
HERBERT B. BUTTON, Post Office, Ryburgh, Fakenham, Norfolk.
ARTHUR W. DAYS, Astwood Bank, near Redditch.
HENRY HESSE, 12, Waterloo Terrace, Islington.
FRANK M. MORRIS, 6, Beaufort Buildings, Gloucester.
EDWIN LEE, 92, Blackfriars Road, S.E.
FREDK. FENNER, care of Mr. Jemmett, High School, Worthing.
MAURICE C. CHUBB, Bark Hill, Whitchurch.
D. CRAIGIE, 132, Prince Albert Buildings, Edinburgh.
S. C. HILL, 215, Hawkin's Lane, Burton-on-Trent.
ROLAND S. WOODLIFFE, 29, Brooklands Terrace, Swansea.
ALLICK MACROBERT, Castlehead, Paisley.
EDWIN JAMES CHESSHER, The Rowans, Grange Road, Sutton, Surrey.
ADAM W. PARLANE, Glenroad House, Castlehead, Paisley.
CYPRIAN RICHARDS, Paul Newlyn Board School.
WM. GEO. HUTCHISON, Rose Street, Kirkcaldy.
FRED ROBERTS, Roby House, Llandudno.
CHAS. H. GIMBERT, Sutton National Schools, Isle of Ely.
EDWARD PURSER, Sutton National Schools, Isle of Ely.
WM. B. BROWN, Auchenheath, Anerley, S.E.
ROBT. C. COULSON, Cow Lane, Hessle, near Hull.
ARCHIE E. WEBB, Waterford Villa, Chippenham.
PERCY JOHN STRACHAN, 76, Paulet Road, Camberwell, S.E.
BENJAMIN H. STRACHAN, 76, Paulet Road, Camberwell, S.E.
GEORGE SNEESTON, Hessle, near Hull.
HARRY GEORGE SADLER, 55, Gayton Road, Hampstead.
HENRY J. LAKE, Marine Villa, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire.
WALTER J. HELMSING, Holly Lodge, Hornsea, near Hull.
W. KENNEDY SMILEY, 24, Poplar Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.
ALAN P. N. STEWART, Green Hall, Belper, Derbyshire.
WM. C. JONES, 2, Monmouth Place, Upper Bristol Road, Bath.
W. M. ANDERSON, Groote River, Knysna.
F. W. T. MEISTER, 17, Sefton Drive, Liverpool.
WM. BUDGEN, Holmfels, Bell Street, Reigate, Surrey.
ALFRED MARSH, Ramsdale, Belvedere Road, Upper Norwood.
J. C. HEATHCOTE, care of Mr. Houghton, 64, Traverse Street, St. Helens.
FRANK NEWMAN, 195, St. Leonards Road, Poplar, E.
CHAS. E. HEDGER, care of Mr. Jemmett, High School, Worthing.
WM. WHITE, 1, Oriel Villas, Mayfield Park, Fishponds, Bristol.
CHAS. R. BUTCHER, Deal House, Gladstone Road, Watford, Herts.
ARTHUR JOLLYMAN, 5, Tyne Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
SYDNEY F. WARNER, 29, Vernon Terrace, Northampton.
GEORGE GREEN, 61, Romford Road, Stratford, E.
ARTHUR IVAN GREAVES, Stafford House, Boston Spa, Yorkshire.
PETER JACKA, Paul Newlyn Board School.
HERBERT G. THOMPSON, Viewforth Cottage, Leven, Fife.
EDGAR GRIFFITHS, Ellesmere Park, Eccles, near Manchester.
WM. C. GORDON, Juniper Bank, Thurso, Caithness.
HAROLD ARNOLD KELL, Ufford Board School, near Woodbridge.
GEORGE HUTCHESON, 5, Chichester Place, Brighton.
R. A. WEAVER, 227, Bristol Road, Birmingham.
ALBERT E. HALLIDAY, 4, Northampton Terrace, Harrow.
DAVID J. ANDERSON, Groote River, Knysna.
GEORGE J. MERRALL, Ulverley, Acock's Green, Birmingham.
WM. A. MARCHANT, 91, White Ladies Road, Clifton, Bristol.



DOINGS FOR APRIL.

THE POULTRY RUN. — Last month was a busy one, but so must this be too, for the cry is still they come—both eggs and chickens. More fowls will be wanting to sit, and to a reasonable extent we should accommodate them. Just at this season of the year few breeders think of incubators. Yet these are very handy instruments to have. There are now some good cheap ones in the market, and before the season is over we may take the opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to these wonderful machines.

Continue then, now to sit hens, choosing a quiet, comfortable place for them. A loft would do; a cellar is better; an outhouse is the worst place of all. Than Dorkings or half-bred Dorkings we can hardly find better mothers; but any large breed that is willing to sit will do excellently well—the Brahma, for instance, the Silky or Cochin. We don't care for the latter very much. The Silky is a fowl of old acquaintance; they are blue in legs, their body covered with silky hair instead of feathers, which is their peculiarity; they have double combs, which, like the face, are a dark purplish colour. Once seen, they are not easily forgotten. Their fault is that they want to sit too much, but they make the very best and most attentive of mothers.

In this month of April, and in the next, although the time may be considered late enough by some, eggs are more likely to be hatched. You will have fewer addled ones. We would try our best to dissuade any boy from buying a breeding-hen through the medium of an advertisement. If in the country you are sure to get one easily enough, and there will not then be any risk of her being put off sitting, which effect a long journey sometimes produces.

Put a few addled or china eggs underneath the fowl at first, to make sure she really means to sit. When you are convinced of this, then gently place the eggs—thirteen to fifteen, according to the size of them and of the fowl—under her.

It is a good plan to sit two fowls at the same time. We always do. For then if the chickens be not very numerous one fowl will be able to take sole charge, and her companion can go back to the run. Those that go in for a large breeding establishment have what are called sitting-houses. In these each fowl has a nest-box to herself, with a lid to it. But we do not advise any one, boy or otherwise, to go in for breeding large numbers of fowls in this country.

"These are French eggs," we said to our grocer one day, "and only fit to fry." "True, sir," he replied; "but why should not a French egg be as good as an English?"

Well, boys, so it would be if fresh; but exporters buy up eggs from a large number of small householders, and before they can get a quantity sufficient to send from France most of them are stale. We take a great interest in fowl-breeding, and have considered the matter and studied it for years, coming at last to the conclusion that only on a small scale can fowls in England be bred with profit. Hence it is so capital a hobby for boys.

Be careful to feed well now, but let nothing be wasted; this is one of the secrets of success. See that each bird gets a share, and do not permit the big grown chickens to mix with and bully the smaller; if you have any convenience for keeping them apart, by all means do so.

We promised to say a word or two this month about the treatment of ducklings. Well, the great secret of success is getting them to grow well till about two or three months' old, and then fattening them off. By all means, then, let them have all the exercise and range they can. Do not keep ducks unless you have plenty of run; they collect so much food among the grass that they grow very fast, especially if they have access to the water. But young ducks must have a dry place, and even the pans they drink from should be so arranged that they cannot get into them, else cramps will follow. Give your young ones boiled rice and boiled grains, and, if you can afford it, boiled egg mixed up with it. When a little older boiled lights and Spratt's food, which latter is really cheap when we consider how much good it works.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Your pigeons will now be paired and hatching. Well, you must know that these birds feed their young on the contents of their stomachs, both cock and hen doing duty in this way; and that there is a kind of secretion from the parents' stomachs which fanciers call pigeon's milk. At all events, the food that the old birds eat is reduced in their stomachs to a soft or pulpy condition. We should bear this in mind now when feeding, and give the pigeons softer food—rice, dari, good grey peas, wheat, and some maize.

If any young ones be very tender you may feed on chewed biscuit and milk from the mouth. You may rear thus, but we are bound to say the trouble is very great. Read our last month's DOINGS, and act thereon in everything connected with the comfort and cleanliness of the loft.

THE AVIARY.—A canary sits thirteen days steadily from the time the last egg was laid. Our plan is to take away the eggs as they are laid, and put them in cotton wool in a locked drawer until the complement, or at least three, are laid, and then put them back. Some do not do this.

Well, in this country there are all kinds of nest-boxes, and the greater proportion of these want a supply of nesting-material. It is a pretty sight to witness the birds building, but for our own part we prefer ready-made nests. However, a little dry moss and other stuff does no harm; it keeps the birds amused. See, however, that it is clean.

You must now change your feeding; and, in addition to the ordinary canary seeds—black and white—give a daily supply of hard-boiled grated egg and bread-crumb. This must be made fresh every second day, and a new supply given every morning. See that the eggs themselves are good ones. Keep your breeding-cages in a well-ventilated, tidy room, where there is neither dust nor steam, and where quiet prevails. Look out for egg-bound. But it is mostly a weakly hen that suffers from this. So be careful, when mating, to see that your pairs are young and strong.

We do not say much about the different varieties of canaries, because we recommend boys only to breed at first from the commoner, hardier kinds, and afterwards to carefully study the breeds.

THE RABBITRY.—We hope that you have good waterproof, big roomy hutches, and that they have a southern exposure, protected from the chill winds of the north and east by a wall, that you have reduced your feeding to a regular system, that you permit your bunnies to have exercise, and that you do not withhold from them a supply of clean water, under the mistaken notion that rabbits never touch it, and that you are rewarded for all your trouble by seeing your rabbits wholesome, lively, clean in the coat, and bright and full in eye. If they are not so they are not thriving, and ten to one the fault lies at your own door. Doctoring rabbits is sadly thankless work, so remember the much-quoted proverb, "Prevention is better than cure." Be careful how you handle rabbits, and especially look after the young. Do not let any one go near your hutches without your permission.

To those boys who live away in wild moorland districts we beg to tender this hint: By keeping half-wild rabbits in a semi-wild state you can make a deal of pocket-money. But your first work would be to make your warren. Fence off half an acre of half-barren ground, and when you have made all secure begin and stock it. More of this next month.

THE KENNEL.—We would not like to advise boys to breed dogs entirely for profit, but we must tell them that from highly-bred dogs of prize pedigree much money is to be made. The mother must be good, and the father a champion. The mother might belong to yourself, the father would be some grand bench-show dog. The address of an owner of such an animal could only be obtained by procuring a catalogue of a recent show from some secretary.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Just a word about poor ill-used pussy, whom we have now taken up cudgels for. Pussy *will* have kittens at times. Well, never keep more than two, and do all you can to find good homes for these. Take the ones you want to destroy away out of the mother's sight, and sink them in a pail of water that has had the chill taken off. It should by no means be hot. Highbred Persian kittens fetch from 10*s.* to £2 2*s.* in the market, so it pays to breed cats.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The weather will now be mild and genial, and the ground dries rapidly under an hour or two of sunshine. Finish seed-sowing in general. Begin to weed the seedlings that are peeping through the ground. Choose a damp day for weeding. Sow kidney-beans, sea-kale, lettuces, carrots, etc. Keep the hoe at work.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—All your spring flowers will now be in bloom; and on warm sunny days, towards the end of the month, your garden should be very beautiful. Beware of weeds. Keep the ground well stirred, and the walks clean, and borders trim.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Though it is not yet time to plant geraniums and other summer bloomers, still, what with forget-me-nots, crimson silenes, auriculas, primulas, scillas, etc., you can have a fine show now. Do not hesitate to transplant a flower even in bloom, but give it earth and do the work quickly. Water every morning or evening. Plant your canary creepers now.

Correspondence.

A TEASE.—1. The colours that are transparent will do, but the opaque ones will not. Rub the paints down in varnish instead of water. 2. Try ox-gall.

F. X.—The letters on tombstones are either lead or an equal mixture of Trinidad asphaltum and oil of turpentine poured in when melted.

UNCLE ARTHUR is informed by CHANNER that the reason apple-trees in Somersetshire are sung to on January 17 is probably because that is old Twelfth Day. If there is any particular ceremony observed will Uncle Arthur please describe it or communicate with Channer, 9, Keith Grove, Uxbridge Road, W.?

H. W. — Messrs. Trübner and Co., of Ludgate Hill, are the publishers of Mr. Hasluck's books on Lathework, etc.

RUSTICITY.—There are several agents in London who advertise that they can find work on American farms for young fellows intending to emigrate, but we know nothing of their respectability, and should think it better for you to make your arrangements on the other side. Do not step on the coast, but book right through to the West, and save your money till you get there. If you were going to Canada you could obtain all the information you want from the Canadian Government Offices in Victoria Street, Westminster.

PLUM PUDDING.—It is indeed serious to have a pudding so heavy that it made you ill. Try the following. Take a pound of currants, a pound of raisins, a pound of mixed peel, half a pound of suet, three eggs, the juice of two lemons and the peel of one, a pound and a half of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, and half a pint of milk. Chop the suet, lemon-peel, and mixed peel very fine, stone your raisins and wash your currants. Mix well, and boil for sixteen hours or longer, and you will have a pudding that will keep from Christmas to Christmas if you do not eat it, and be a credit to you hot or cold. By the way, there are only three n's in beginning.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—There were fourteen articles on the Boy's Own Pigeon Loft, and your best plan would be to get the volume—the third—in which they appeared.

WATER-RAT. — The game of water-polo was described in the part for December, 1880.

NEW HOLME.—A cricket-scoring book can be obtained of any cricket outfitter. Messrs. Dean and Son, of St. Dunstan's House, Fleet Street, have a new and somewhat ingenious one.

STAMP COLLECTOR.—You can obtain a full and recent catalogue of almost any of the dealers that advertise on our wrapper.

ENTOMOLOGY. — The coloured plate of British Moths was in the June part for 1883.

THOMAS CRAIG.—The large limelight ought to be sufficient for the aphengescope as described, and should give a good picture at a distance of five or six feet from the lantern. Are you sure you have not forgotten something? Read over the articles again. Several have been made from the directions given, and have been quite successful. The light should be as close to the picture as possible, and the focussing lens directly in front of it, and at a distance from it equal to its own focal length. The instrument will do for public exhibitions, the size of the picture and its distance from the instrument being regulated by the intensity of the light.

H. G. BOREHAM.—The Civil Service paper is the "Civilian," obtainable from any stationer. For particulars of examinations, etc., see the "Civil Service Candidate," a weekly circular issued by the Civil Service Department, King's College, London, price one penny.

A NAVAL CADET.—Messrs. Longman, of Paternoster Row, are the publishers of Sir George Nares's book on seamanship.

HAGGIS.—The office of the National Lifeboat Institution is in John Street, Adelphi. The secretary will send you the report on application.

E. and F.—1. Two pounds apiece is quite heavy enough for dumb-bells. If you want greater weight get things of a different shape, such as Indian clubs. 2. Neither diving nor swimming will have any tendency to contract the chest. 3. References have to be made for dates, etc.; but questions necessitating the trouble you mention are rarely undertaken. 4. Raise your hat to the lady, no matter what may be your relative social positions.

E. H. HOLDEN.—If you will draw a diagram of the earth with the ring of atmosphere round it, you will see that a vertical line passing through the atmosphere is shorter than a horizontal line drawn tangentially. The increased thickness of the watery vapour accounts for the distortion, and the increase in the apparent size of the sun at its rising and setting.

OTTO.—How do you expect us to name a bumble bee which has first been pressed flat in a letter, and then pounded flatter still by some energetic postal authority? It is one of the red-hipped species, and that is all that we can say.

H. S. RUMSEY.—Messrs. Macmillan are Lord Tennyson's publishers. Apply to them. You can get Milton's "Paradise Lost" in Warne's Chandos Library, price two shillings.

MEO PERICULO.—Your best plan is to apply in writing to one of the large shipping companies, state your previous history and qualifications, and enclose copies of any testimonials you may have.

K. C. M. G.—1. You must get the standards from the recruiting office. They vary with the supply of recruits. 2. The Grenadier Guards have a grenade on the collar, the Scots Guards have a St. Andrew's star, and the Coldstreams have a Garter star. The Scots Guards have a diced pattern cap. The Coldstreams have a red plume in the bearskin. 3. The Scots Greys are the second regiment of Dragoons. The second regiment of Dragoon Guards is the Queen's Bays.

TURKEY (New South Wales).—The Lifeboat Fund is closed; but we purpose opening a fund for another object very shortly.

A. W. MUDFORD.—We know of no way of preserving leaves so as to withstand the rain. The leaves in the wreaths you see on tombstones are made of tin, china, or guttapercha. It is owing to this difficulty in preservation that the immortelles are used.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In our next monthly part two new serial stories of thrilling interest, by T. B. REED *and* DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N., *will be commenced.*

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 325.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN

At the Hospital Gates.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED BATHE.

It was a desperately hot day. There had been no day like it all the summer. Indeed Squires, the head gardener at Garden Vale, positively asserted that there had been none like it since he had been employed on the place, which was fourteen years last March. Squires, by the way, never lost an opportunity of reminding himself and the world generally of the length of his services to the family at

Garden Vale; and on the strength of those fourteen years he gave himself airs as if the place belonged not to Mr. Cruden at all, but to himself. He was the terror of his mistress, who scarcely dared to peep into a greenhouse without his leave, and although he could never exactly obtain from the two young gentlemen the respect to which he considered himself entitled, he still flattered himself in secret "they couldn't do exactly what they liked with his garden!"

To-day, however, it was so hot that even Squires, after having expressed the opinion on the weather above mentioned, withdrew himself into the coolest recess of his snug lodge and slept sweetly, leaving the young gentlemen, had they been so minded, to take any liberty they liked with "his" garden.

The young gentlemen, however, were not so minded. They had been doing their best to play lawn tennis in the blazing sun with two of their friends, but it was too hot to run, too hot to hit, and far too hot to score, so the attempt had died away, and three of them now reclined on the sloping bank under the laurel hedge, dividing their time between lazily gazing up at the dark-blue sky and watching the proceedings of the fourth of their party, who still remained in the courts.

This last-mentioned youth, who, to judge by his countenance, was brother to one of those who lolled on the bank, presented a curious contrast to the general languor of the afternoon. Deserted by his companions in the sport, he was relieving himself of some of his superfluous energy by the novel diversion of playing tennis with himself. This he accomplished by serving the ball high up in the air and then jumping the net so as to take it on the other side, following up his return by another leap over the net, and so on till either he or the ball came to grief. On an ordinary day the exertion involved in this pastime would be quite enough for any ordinary individual, but on a day like the present, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, it was a trifle too much even to watch.

"For goodness' sake shut up, Horrors," said the elder brother. "We might as well be playing ourselves as watch you at that sort of thing."

The young gentleman addressed as Horrors was at that moment in the midst of one of his aerial flights, and had neither leisure nor breath to answer.

"Do you hear?" repeated the other. "If you want to keep warm go indoors and put on a great-coat, but don't fag us to death with that foolery."

"Eight!" exclaimed the young athlete, scoring the number of times the ball had crossed the net, and starting for another jump. "Shut up, Reg, till I've done."

He soon was done. Even Horace Cruden could not keep it up for ever, and at his tenth bound his foot caught in the net and he came all fours on to the court.

"There, now you're happy!" said his brother. "Now you may as well come and sit here out of the cold."

Horace picked himself up laughing.

"All very well," said he. "I'm certain I should have done it twelve times if you hadn't put me off my jump. Never mind, I'll do it yet."

"Oh, Horace," interposed one of the others, beseechingly, "if you love us, lie down now. I'm quite ill watching you, I assure you. We'll all vow we saw you do it twelve times; we'll put it in the 'Times' if you like, and say the net was five feet ten; anything, as long as you don't start at it again."

This appeal had the effect of reducing the volatile Horace to a state of quiescence, and inducing him to come and share the shade with his companions.

"Never saw such a lazy lot," said he, lying flat on his back and balancing his raquet on his finger, "you won't do anything yourselves and you won't let any one else do anything. Regular dogs in the manger."

"My dear fellow," said the fourth of the party, in a half drawl, "we've been doing nothing but invite you into the manger for the last hour, and you wouldn't come. Can't you take a holiday while we've got one?"

"Bad luck to it," said Reginald, "there's only a week more."

"I don't see why you need growl, old man," said the visitor who had spoken first, "you'll get into the sixth and have a study to yourself, and no mathematics unless you like."

"Poor Harker," said Horace, "he's always down on mathematics. Anyhow, I shan't be sorry to show up at Wilderham again, shall you, Bland?"

"Depends on the set we get," drawled Bland (whose full name was Blandford). "I hear there's a crowd of new fellows coming, and I hate new fellows."

"A fellow must be new some time or other," said Horace. "Harker and I were new boys once, weren't we, Harker?"

Harker, who had shared the distinction of being tossed with Horace in the same blanket every night for the first week of his sojourn at Wilderham, had not forgotten the fact, and ejaculated,

"Rather."

"The mischief is," continued Blandford, "they get such a shady lot of fellows there now. The school's not half as respectable as it was—there are far too many shopkeepers' sons and that sort of—"

"Sort of animal he'd like to say," laughed Horace. "Bland can't get over being beaten for the French prize by Barber, the tailor's son."

Blandford flushed up and was going to answer when Reginald interposed.

"Well, and suppose he can't, it's no wonder. I don't see why those fellows shouldn't have a school for themselves. It's not pleasant to have the fellow who cuts your waistcoat crowing over you in class."

Horace began to whistle, as he generally did when the conversation took a turn that did not please him.

"Best way to remedy that," said he, presently, "is not to get beaten by your tailor's son."

"Shut up, Horace," said the elder brother, "what's the use of making yourself disagreeable? Bland's quite right, and you know you think so yourself."

"Oh, all serene," said Horace, cheerfully, "shouldn't have known I thought so unless you had told me. What do you think, Harker?"

"Well," said Harker, laughing, "as I am disreputable enough to be the only son of a widow who has barely enough to live on, and who depends on the charity of a cousin or some one of the sort for my education, I'm afraid Bland and I would have to go to different schools."

Every one laughed at this confession, and Reginald said,

"Oh, but you're different, Harker—besides, it isn't money makes the difference—"

"The thing is," interposed Horace, "was your father in the wholesale or retail trade—that's the difference!"

"I wish you'd shut up, Horace," said Reginald, tartly; "you always spoil any argument with your foolery."

"Now that's hard lines," said Horace, "when I thought I was putting the case beautifully for you. Never mind. What do you say to a bathe in the river, you fellows?"

"Too much fag to get towels," said Reginald; "but if you like to go for them, and don't ask us to look at our watches and see in how many seconds you run up to the house and back, we'll think about it."

"Thanks," said Horace, and started up to the house whistling cheerily.

"Awfully hot that brother of yours makes a fellow," said Blandford, watching him disappear.

"Yes," said Reginald, yawning, "he is rather flighty, but he'll turn out all right, I hope."

"Turn out!" said Harker; "why he's all right already, from the crown of his head to the sole of his boot."

"Except," said Blandford, "for a slight crack in the crown of his head. It's just as well, perhaps, he's not the eldest son, Reg."

"Well," said Reginald, laughing, "I can hardly fancy Horace the head of the family."

"Must be a rum sensation," said Harker, "to be an heir and not have to bother your head about how you'll get your bread and butter some day. How many hundred millions of pounds is it you'll come in for, Reg? I forget."

"What a humbug you are," said Reginald; "my father's no better off than a lot of other people."

"That's a mild way of putting it, anyhow," said Blandford.

And here the conversation ended.

The boys lay basking in the sun waiting for Horace's return. He was unusually long in coming.

"Seems to me," said Blandford, "he's trying how long he can be instead of how quick—for a variety."

"Just like him," said Reginald.

Five minutes passed away, and ten, and fifteen, and then, just as the boys were thinking of stirring themselves to inquire what had become of him, they heard his steps returning rapidly down the gravel walk.

"Well," cried Reginald, without sitting up, "have you got them at last?"

Horace's voice startled them all as he cried,

"Reg! Reg! come quick, quick!"

There was no mistaking either the tones or the white face of the boy who uttered them.

Reginald was on his feet in an instant, rushing in the direction of the house, towards which his brother had already started.

"What is it, Horace?" he said, as he overtook him.

"Something about father—a telegram," gasped the other.

Not another word was spoken as they ran on and reached the hall door.

The hall door stood open. Just outside on the hot stone steps lay the towels

where Horace had dropped them five minutes ago. Carlo, the dog, lay across the mat and lazily lifted his head as his master approached. Within stood Mrs. Cruden, pale and trembling, with a telegram in her hand, and in the background hovered three or four servants with mingled curiosity and anxiety on their faces.

Despite the heat, Reginald shivered as he stood a moment at the door, and then sprang towards the telegram, which his mother gave into his hand. It was from Mr. Cruden's coachman, dated from St. Nathaniel's Hospital.

"Master was took ill driving from City —brought here, where he is very bad indeed. Doctor says no hope."

One needs to have received such a message oneself to understand the emotions with which the two brothers read and re-read the pitiless words. Nothing but their own hard breathing broke the stillness of those few minutes, and who knows in that brief space what a lifetime seemed crowded?

Horace was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Mother," said he, and his voice sounded strange and startling in the silence, "there's a train to the City in five minutes. I'll go by that."

And he was off. It was three-quarters of a mile to the station, and there was no time to parley. Even on an errand like this, many would have abandoned the endeavour as an impossibility, especially in such a heat. But Horace was a good runner, and the feat was nothing uncommon for him.

As he flung himself into the train he gave one quick glance round to see if Reginald had possibly followed him; but no, he was alone; and as the whistle shrieked and the train steamed out of the station, Horace for the first time had a moment to reflect.

Not half an hour ago he had been lying with his brother and companions on the tennis lawn utterly unconscious of any impending calamity. What ages ago that seemed! For a few minutes all appeared so confused and unreal that his mind was a blank, and he seemed even to forget on what errand he was bound.

But Horace was a practical youth, and before that half-hour's journey to the City was accomplished he was at least collected in mind and prepared to face the trial that awaited him.

There was something about the telegram that convinced him it meant more than it said. Still, a boy's hopefulness will grasp at a straw, and he battled with his despair. His father was not dead—he would recover—at the hospital he would have the best medical assistance possible. The coachman who sent the telegram would be sure to make things out at the worst. Yes, when he got to St. Nathaniel's he would find it was a false alarm, that there was nothing much the matter at all, and when his mother and Reginald arrived by the next train he would be able to meet them with reassuring news. It was not more than a ten-minutes cab-drive from the terminus—the train was just in now, in twelve minutes this awful suspense would be at an end.

Such was the hurried rush of thoughts through the poor boy's brain during that dismal journey. He had sprung from the carriage to a hansom cab almost before the train had pulled up, and in another moment was clattering over the stones towards the hospital.

The hopes of a few minutes before oozed away as every street corner brought him nearer his destination, and when at last the stately front of St. Nathaniel's loomed before him he wished his journey could never end. He gazed with faltering heart up at the ward windows as if he could read his fate there. The place seemed deserted. A few street boys were playing on the pavement, and at the door of the in-patients' ward a little cluster of visitors were collected round a flower stall buying sweet mementoes of the country to brighten the bedsides of their friends within. No one heeded the pale scared boy as he alighted and went up the steps.

A porter opened the door.

"My father, Mr. Cruden, is here; how is he?"

"Is it the gentleman that was brought in in a fit?"

"Yes, in his carriage—is he better?"

"Will you step in and see the doctor?"

The doctor was not in his room when the boy was ushered in, and it seemed an age before he entered.

"You are Mr. Cruden's son?" said he, gravely.

"Yes—is he better?"

"He was brought here about half-past three, insensible, with apoplexy."

"Is he better now?" asked Horace again, knowing perfectly well what the dreaded answer would be.

"He is not, my boy," said the doctor, gravely. "We telegraphed to your mother at once, as you know—but before that telegram could have reached her, your poor father—"

It was enough. Poor Horace closed his ears convulsively against the fatal word and dropped back on his chair with a gasp.

The doctor put his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder.

"Are you here alone?" said he, presently.

"My mother and brother will be here directly."

"Your father lies in a private ward. Will you wait till they come, or will you go up now?"

A struggle passed through the boy's mind. An instinctive horror of a sight hitherto unknown struggled hard with the impulse to rush at once to his father's bedside. At length he said, falteringly,

"I will go now, please."

When Mrs. Cruden and Reginald arrived half an hour later they found Horace where the doctor had left him, on his knees at his father's bedside.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

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CHAPTER XV.—PRETCHIESTOVA.

On the railway from Moscow to Kursk, and about fifteen English miles from the ancient capital of "Moscovy," or "Muscovy" as we used to write it, there is a small station called Faustova. Some ten miles farther there is a village called Pretchiestova, originally a wretched collection of mean hovels inhabited by peasantry living in a state of poverty and misery hardly to be understood even by those who have seen it. But, thanks to the active mind and true benevolence of the proprietor of the land, this village has become a thriving little town, well provided with school-houses and churches by the efforts of one good man.

The whole of the land on which this village stands formerly belonged to Count Schaafstadt, but at the time of which we write much of it had been given up to the commune to provide for the peasantry under the new system.

The peasants did not seem to value the blessings of liberty which were bestowed upon them, actually preferring their former state of serfdom, because they were not compelled under that system to *think* and act for themselves. But the active mind of our good friend the count provided against all the difficulties which the new state of things seemed to call into existence. He lived amongst the peasantry, he taught them what to do, setting them a brilliant example. And having the good of others sincerely at heart, working earnestly and honestly for them, he unconsciously enriched himself and improved his own position. It was a curious illustration of the fact that self-abnegation brings a double blessing with it, for he who practises this virtue from a pure motive as a humble servant of Him who laid down His life for others will find not only that the good he does is good indeed, but that he himself is no loser in the end.

The count had taken Tenterton with him to this model village with a view of showing him how much can be done when one is in earnest. Tenterton had accepted the invitation because he had heard that the police-master was also expected, and he had made up his mind to acquaint this important functionary with the facts which had been gained from the examination of the documents so strangely rescued from the fire at Berozovo. Accordingly the three met at the Kremlin, where one of the count's carriages took them to the station.

On arriving at Pretchiestova the count took his guests into a spacious hall well warmed and provided with every comfort, although no fire was to be seen, and that is a very great advantage when once the prejudice in favour of looking at a fire as a source of comfort has worn away. It was cold weather, at least it would have been thought cold in England, but no snow had fallen. It was too dark to look over the estate and the village now, so beds had been prepared and the inspection was to be made the next day.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that Kakaroff had not gone down into the country for a mere outing. His thoughts were always on *business*, and he had an idea that there were certain revolutionary or radical principles active at Pretchiestova which required "looking after," hence his acceptance of the invitation from the count, to which indeed he had led by clever speeches. He was glad to have Tenterton with him, as his presence would give him many opportunities of learning what he wanted to know under the guise of asking, as though for the instruction of the young Englishman, certain questions for his own guidance.

Our three friends were very merry in the fine though simple hall, where dinner was served very shortly after their arrival. When the pleasant meal was over, none of them being addicted to smoking, they adjourned to the ladies' room, which was celebrated rather for its snugness than for any great display of elegance (for the count thought it unwise to affect display amongst the poor, who might be tempted to despise their own poverty when brought face to face with luxury). Here they began the business of serious talk, and, watching an opportunity, Tenterton turned to the police-master and said,

"Will you tell me what I ought to do with some very important documents which do not belong to me, but have found their way most mysteriously into my portmanteau?"

"That sounds more like a case for a police-constable than for the prefect of Moscow," said the count, laughing.

"I am not sure that there will not be work for him out of it, though," remarked Tenterton, gravely.

"At all events, let us have the story," said Kakaroff.

Tenterton now related the circumstances which we have heard him mention at some length already. We shall therefore pass over his narration and report faithfully what the other two said about it.

The count looked very angry indeed, and, starting up from his chair, exclaimed,

"Infamous! such conduct is disgraceful in any one, but in a noble who ought to be the guide and pattern of those who look up to him, it is simply infamous. I maintain that people in such a position as that held by Abrazoff, and who yet commit such crimes as these, ought to be punished with greater severity than the poor untaught peasant, who would be sent to the mines for life."

"Well, count," said Kakaroff, "I don't think you can know much about the severity of that punishment, or you never would think of any punishment *more* severe. It is simply an impossibility to invent such a thing! All the same, he ought to be punished. But men are all equal in the eyes of the law, and yet the punishment which is no particular hardship or disgrace to a moujik is fearful degradation to a gentleman. However, that is not my business, I have only to look after the administration of the law, and leave legislation to wiser heads than mine. I am sorry for the disgrace which, if all this be brought home to Abrazoff, must fall upon the order, but it is no one's fault but his own."

"If it be brought home to him!" exclaimed Tenterton. "The copies which you have seen are true copies, and the lawyer, Mr. Brandt, has no doubt of the genuineness of the originals in his care. They have been carefully made by Mr. Brandt himself, who would not allow his clerks to see such documents. I knew him through our chaplain."

"Very careful indeed on his part. I always had a high opinion of Mr. Brandt, but now I feel my respect for him greatly increased. It shows him to be discreet as well as clever. A mere pettifogging attorney would have been too glad of such a case as this, and would have instantly proceeded to bring the matter into court. His application to me for advice through you shows great skill. My advice is to call in Mr. Smirnoff as protector of Ivan Dobroff, and make him prosecute. Though, by-the-by, I had forgotten, quite forgotten—Ivan himself has vanished again, and telegrams are flying all over the place setting the police in motion. Smirnoff was at the office quite recently with the news—I think it was only last night. Let me see!—yes, here is a note in my black pocket-book, 'Ivan Dobroff missing again!' Queer boy that!"

The count was greatly surprised at this intelligence, but Kakaroff continued,

"Oh, I am sure he will turn up again; he is pretty certain to get through any amount of trouble without being much the worse for it. I do not think the mere fact of our losing sight of him for a time need trouble those who are concerned in his future. I shall advise you, Mr. Tenterton, to put the whole business into Mr. Smirnoff's hands; he will retain Brandt, by my advice; he could have no better lawyer, nor would it be fair to take it out of his hands."

Such is in a condensed form the conversation that took place after dinner in Tenterton's presence. He longed to be alone, and as soon as he saw an opportunity he asked the count's leave to retire to his own room.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Tenterton? I hope our journey has not been too much for you. If you have taken a chill there is nothing in the world so good against bad results as a glass of tea with a slice of lemon in it taken in bed. Zver shall give you this very palatable medicine, and you will be quite well in the morning. Good night."

Tenterton took leave of Kakaroff and followed the count's advice.

Meanwhile the two Russians commenced a very serious conversation.

"I wish," said the police-master, "that you could have got rid of him before; I don't care to talk secrets before outsiders."

"Well, now we are alone," said the count, "you can say what you like."

"In the first place," said Kakaroff, "all the story told by this youngster is perfectly true. I have known for some time that Abrazoff kept the son of his elder brother somewhere in retirement under an assumed name, and I have been led to conclude—from circumstantial evidence, it is true—that Ivan Dobroff, who has interested so many persons of distinction, is the son of that elder brother and the real heir to the whole property now enjoyed by Abrazoff."

"Have you any objection to telling me some of the grounds of your suspicion?"

"I will tell you the whole story from my point of view. I first became connected with it when the boy was missing from Mazielovo, when I was requested by a personage of very exalted position—"

"I know," was the reply.

"Yes, you know who it was. Well, I was requested to look into the matter of Ivan Dobroff myself without trusting it too much to underlings. Of course I threw myself into it and made several interesting discoveries in consequence. One of these was that a German in the Novoye Derayvnie, whom I knew to be mixed up with the revolutionary and Nihilistic fanatics, was a much more dangerous person than I had supposed; and that instead of being only a half-cracked but otherwise harmless individual, useful as a decoy and therefore under strict police surveillance, he was an influential and intelligent leader of the most dangerous organisation we ever had against the Crown. He has been examined and condemned to the mines for the term of his natural life. His daughter I tried to save, but she has been adjudged guilty in the second degree, and is condemned to exile, but not to the cruelty of hard work in the mines. My wife was greatly taken with her, and I would have run any risk to save her (of course within certain limits), but it was all in vain, and I was reluctantly compelled to see her depart in her wretched prison dress and almost frantic with grief and despair. The disagreeable part of this little episode is that she thinks I have betrayed her instead of having really done everything man could do to save her."

"Does Anna Feodorovna know that this girl has been sent away?"

"No; she knows nothing about it yet, and I have had much difficulty on account of the fancy she took to her. But to proceed. Among the persons whom I interviewed in this case were two boys and a general officer. The general gave me some very important information. It seems that during the journey down to the country place where the whole of the Dobroff mystery took its rise, there was a certain old woman to whom Mr. Abrazoff had committed a certain orphan boy to be taken care of after the affair at Plevna under Scobeleff. This old woman he called for when halting the carriage at Berozovo, and the name by which he distinguished her was the same as that mentioned by Ivan Dobroff, by the letters referring to the subject, by Tenterton, and by the priest from whom Smirnoff had the boy! She was Olga Ivanovna. I had my doubts of the general and had him very carefully watched, for his account was none of the clearest. However, I find that I have done him an injustice, and that his story is after all as straightforward as it could be under the circumstances. Now come the boys, who were first of all useful to me in detecting Ivan under the disguise of a girl when

travelling with this very woman who has been exiled; and their grand use was this. They traced a likeness to Abrazoff's daughter (a girl of sixteen, very small and slight for her age) in Ivan when masquerading as a girl. This was the most important hint to me of all, and it was that which prepared me so completely for the discoveries made by Tenterton. The chain of evidence is so complete that I should feel justified in arresting Abrazoff at once and throwing him into prison for safe keeping, but I have not quite made up my mind what to do. There are many reasons against having the case brought into court. The publicity would be galling. Abrazoff is a man of the best society, though of rough and uncouth manners; more like a German than one of us; and it would involve many disclosures which I think might as well be left alone. The better plan would have been for him to be put in possession of the facts, and let him bring them forward himself of course suppressing the letters and documents discovered by Tenterton, and on his giving up possession of the property we destroy the documents. This would have been very easy to manage if these documents had not been read by so many people. It is now almost impossible to carry it out, though much depends on the English priest to whom Tenterton has spoken already."

"You can do nothing with him," said the count. "The English clergy are known for their uprightness and integrity. You can do nothing with them. Nor would I for one moment countenance a step opposed to the strict course of justice. If it were my own son who had incurred the just displeasure of the law, I myself would rather deliver him over to justice than endeavour to defeat her sacred aims by private intrigue."

Kakaroff smiled. "You know what I say to be true," said the count, indignantly. "I have never stooped to intrigue for court favour for either myself or my friends, and I certainly am strongly opposed to showing Abrazoff any favour because he is a gentleman and ought to have known better."

"My very dear friend," interrupted Kakaroff, "nobody knows your unimpeachable integrity better than I. There is no one in Russia who is more convinced of it than I. But *I* am not so overscrupulous by any means; in fact I have seen too much of life to feel scrupulous at anything—within certain limits, of course."

It was the count's turn to smile now, as he asked what those limits might be.

"Ah! my dear count, we are all mortal. Who can precisely tell what the limits are which shall bound his conduct under all possible circumstances? But I was just about to ask you whether you had seen anything more of Tchernyaffskie. He did me good service in the hunt after Ivan, and I may thank his introduction to Director Schwann for the discovery of the boy at Kupsk. I wonder where the young scamp has escaped to now? He seems born to keep me in constant work."

"He clenched his fist after Tenterton."

The police-master chatted in this way evidently with a view to put the count in good humour, who still seemed a little sore at the off-hand manner in which Kakaroff treated his chivalric views of life. A few minutes were all that it required to put the count right. He never was very much put out, and certainly desired to believe that most Russians were as good as himself. Hence the worldly speech of his friend jarred upon him for a few minutes, and then he was quite himself again—as cheery and bright as ever.

"I don't think I have thanked you, count, for your having made me acquainted with Tenterton. He is a study. He is a mere boy, about nineteen, I fancy, and yet he has none of those vices and follies which one is apt to see in youth. I wonder whether the English youths are all like that? England must be a wonderful place if they are! But with all his steadiness and almost matronly sedateness, there is an immense amount of freshness and fun in him. I like the ring of his laugh immensely; that is an unfailing test" (the count's laugh was proverbially musical, so this was a very refined way of flattering him). "His teeth are good too" (so were the count's), "and that is generally a good sign. Altogether both my wife and myself are charmed with him."

"Yes," said the count, "I am very glad indeed to have secured his services for the boys, who are very fond of him; for although as steady and pure at heart as an ancient Spartan, he is a very merry companion; and with the fun of a mere boy he has the wisdom of a man of forty."

"The education of the English," said Kakaroff, "is something Spartan in its character. They don't learn anything like so much as German boys of their age are expected to know, and nothing at all in comparison with our boys in Russia. But I have come to the conclusion that the English system is the best, after all, and we should do well to copy it a little more."

The night waned, and the friends separated for their respective resting-places. As he retired for the night, the count sighed and said,

"Poor Kakaroff! Constant association with designing and cunning people has made him fancy himself one of that class, instead of being the open-hearted, generous fellow he is. I wish he were out of it!"

Kakaroff shook his head as he entered the room designed for his reception.

"Ah!" he said aloud, when the servant specially attached to him had withdrawn. "Ah, yes, poor Schaafstadt, and yet he is a very clever man and a shrewd man of business; but he has run his head against high morality of conduct, and such queer old-world notions, that one is puzzled what to think of now-a-days. And yet he is a good manly fellow too, when time and occasion require manliness. First-rate fellow he is, and so honourable that he almost makes me believe in human nature. Wonderful—very!"

Early next morning the three friends were seated in the count's open landau, each wrapped in a thick coat supplied with a stout fur collar. They drove through the wide street of the village, nearly twice as wide as our Regent Street; and Tenterton remarked with pleasure that the huts were less like hovels, and the cottages more like houses, than any others which had come under his observation in Russia. The seats at the sides of the porches were painted green, and the doors and window-shutters were not rotting to pieces for want of a little timely attention. Each house had its little garden in front. The principal church was large and well built; and although shops for the sale of strong drink were there in plenty, even they were orderly, and not suggestive of riot and ruin. At a part of the road where it branched off in two directions there was a house rather larger than the rest; the lower part of bright red brick. There was a roomy verandah or balcony, like that at the count's. In fact, there was a very evident trace in all the houses or cottages of imitating the great man who, in his love for the people, had set up something which they could imitate, and the imitation of which should be beneficial to them. The proprietor of this house was the *starosta* or head-borough of the village; and when the landau of the count stopped before his door he came out to receive the great man at the step. He greeted him with respectful reverence, displaying his venerable white locks and his long patriarchal beard

The three gentlemen descended and entered the house of this fine specimen of the Russian peasant, who addressed the count by his baptismal name and patronymic as "Nicolai Sergevitch."

"Glad to see you, Ivan Nicolaevitch. Let me introduce my young friend, Edward Feodoritch Tenterton."

"Welcome to Pretchiestova," said the patriarch. "All friends of Nicolai Sergevitch are welcome to us."

"Thank you," returned Tenterton, in his best Russian. "It is a great pleasure to me to see Russians in Russia, although they are agreeable company anywhere."

But there was something either in the accent, or pronunciation, or both, that made it difficult for the starosta to follow, for he only bowed very respectfully, but said nothing.

"There was a bow, Mr. Tenterton! did you ever see one like that in England?" asked the count. "I am sure you never did. From the Lord Chancellor downwards there is nobody in England who could bow like that. You see, he gracefully admires your graceful compliment. Tell him something else."

Tenterton tried hard to hammer out something very Russian and very polite, and felt pleased to find his knowledge of Russian so appreciated. At last he asked whether the peasants did not find themselves much better off under the present system than when they were serfs.

The old man stood perfectly still, respectfully waiting for the end of the harangue, Schaafstadt and Kakaroff enjoying the joke, for *they* fancied they understood the peasant's puzzled look, and that he did not understand a word.

At last the count said,

"I am afraid you do not understand our young 'Professor' when he speaks to you?"

The old man brightened at this, and exclaimed,

"Ah, Batuschka! How could I, a poor uneducated peasant, *take such a liberty* as to understand a learned man, a barin and professor to boot? No, no, I know my station!"

This produced a roar of laughter from the count and the police-master, which rather disconcerted Tenterton, who asked rather feebly what the joke was.

"Tell you when we get home," replied the count. "Farewell, old friend," he added, as he jumped into the carriage after Kakaroff and Tenterton. "Come and draw out another Russian!"

They stopped at the door of a cottage about a quarter of a mile farther on, and here they could neither see the action nor mark the words of the old man whom they had left. He clenched his fist and spat on the ground after Edward, saying,

"Not understand! I understand well enough. It is you who do not understand the danger of bringing the foreigner, the stranger in blood, into the land. You will find it out too soon unless *we* wake in time, and make the whole world Russian with a mighty blow!"

But our three friends heard nothing of all this, and Tenterton continued his Russian exercises on a fine full-grown peasant of some sixty winters old. This man was more straightforward in his manner, but always as polite as the first. A Russian always is polite to strangers. Edward asked him how he liked the new *régime*, and whether the life of a peasant since the liberation of the serfs by Alexander the Good (the Second) was not much better, having all the blessings of freedom within reach.

"Well, barin," said the peasant, "I don't know about that. I don't know whether this freedom which you seem to love so much is after all worth having."

Tenterton stared.

"How! What! Not worth having!"

"No, barin. When I was young if a child was born the barin came, made presents, and gave it at least plenty of handsome clothes. When it grew up he told the priest to teach it the holy faith, and as much reading as would be good, but no more. Then he grew older, and it became time that he should marry and have a house. So the barin would find him a nice good girl for a wife; he would give him wood for a house, and furniture to put in it—at least all *they* wanted. Then if he was ill the barin would send his doctor and the medicines from the house. If his house burnt the barin built another, and if he died the barin buried him. Now everything is changed. A poor little wretch is born into the world just to take care of itself. When it is big enough it *must* go to school, and the poor father must pay for it, and if he cannot he is punished! The child grows up to be a man; he wants a house, and he must build it himself; the barin does not care about him. He is ill; then he must pay the doctor himself; there is no fun in being ill under *such* circumstances. If he has to marry he has to look out for himself, and has all the trouble and bother of courting on his hands, and then *he* can't tell very often who is best suited to him. Oh, no, barin, give me the good old times of Nicolas the Brave, and a fig for your boasted freedom. It may suit foreigners and suchlike, but it is not the thing for true believers."

We must do Tenterton the justice to say that he understood very little indeed of this long speech, and that what he did understand shocked him. Again the count and Kakaroff were convulsed with laughter, and Tenterton was puzzled and perplexed.

"Is it possible," he said, "that human beings can be so lost to all sense of the dignity of their position as men as to think like that?"

"But," said Count Schaafstadt, "you see how loyal these people are to their leaders."

"I should think the fellow was trying to humbug me," observed Tenterton. "I can hardly believe that he can have sunk so low as to mean that, or perhaps I don't understand him."

"Oh, yes, you understand what he *says* fast enough, but I doubt whether you know what he *means*, and you seem shocked at the idea of his meaning what he says."

Tenterton was too much impressed with the sad state of society which could have produced such results to be able to think of anything else for some time. At last he broke silence.

"How great is the goodness of the Creator! These men, unlettered, untaught slaves, have yet the reasoning faculty as strongly developed as any of us. Does it not make the old saying good, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth more than a pound of learning?"

By this time they had reached the school, in which peasant children of both sexes were being taught by very clever-looking young women. There was a great fluster at the arrival of the count with two barins, but no servile homage. The children were happy to be noticed by the count, but not because he was a count, but because he was their friend and benefactor Schaafstadt. They read their little pieces from Krieloff's fables, they parsed the most difficult sentences in Russian prose composition, astounded

Tenterton with their knowledge of grammar, and delighted the count with their display.

On their way back to the house Tenterton was surprised at the quantity of ingenious contrivances for the comfort of the poor in that neighbourhood, all devised by the count; and finding himself for a few minutes alone with Kakaroff, he asked him whether their host was not the best specimen of a landed proprietor in Russia.

"Oh, yes," said Kakaroff, "Schaafstadt is a very good, easy-going, kind-hearted fellow, but he spoils the peasants and makes them rogues."

"How so? How can he make them rogues by being kind and benevolent to them?"

"He makes them cheat him. The Russian peasant is naturally deep and cunning. The very Jews are no match for the Russians. How these very men who flatter him to his face slander him behind his back you cannot tell. They have gone so far as to say that all his goodness to the poor is only a trick to get a new dignity or star or something from the Emperor."

"If he has educated them so far as that they can understand the value of a star or the worth of an order, he has already worked wonders!"

"Hush, here he comes! We must finish our talk about Ivan Dobroff and arrange the plan definitely, and then home to Moscow, where I have my work cut out for me."

The early dinner passed off agreeably enough, and the subject of Ivan Dobroff was renewed on the withdrawal of the servants.

"Do you know," said Tenterton, "I think it only fair to all parties to take Mr. Smirnoff at once into our confidence; he is a good man, a kind man, and a very wealthy man. He would hardly care how much money he expended in finding Ivan, and then in seeing him righted. I also think it might be as well to request Mr. Abrazoff to be present at a meeting with a view to working on his better feelings to induce him to give up his ill-gotten possessions quietly. If he should decline to make restitution, then Mr. Smirnoff denounces him, and General Kakaroff steps in with the strong arm of the law, and force is used to obtain what kinder measures failed to get for us. Of course, it is wrong to wink at offences, or to help the offenders. By such acts we become like them; but I think it fair to give Abrazoff a chance of getting out of the trouble with a good grace. I am anxious to know how he will act when he hears the accusation."

"I quite agree with Mr. Tenterton, although I did not exactly see the matter as he puts it, for how we can ourselves become bad by doing good to others passes my comprehension."

It was agreed, therefore, that the three gentlemen should meet at the house of the police-master, and that Mr. Smirnoff should be requested to attend in order to arrange the plan of attack on the person holding possession of the estates to be claimed by him for Ivan Dobroff.

"All this time," said Tenterton, "we have entirely lost sight of the fact that Ivan Dobroff is missing! Suppose he should not turn up at all, what should we do with the estates?"

"In that case they would revert back to the Abrazoffs; and this is another reason," exclaimed Kakaroff, "why we should refrain from taking severe measures now!"

"It is difficult to see one's way. My English blood boils at the idea of winking at this nefarious transaction; and yet, as I said just now, it may be the right thing to do to give Abrazoff a chance of escaping from the trouble and making restitution. I am chiefly led to this view of the case by two facts, the one being the near relationship existing between Ivan and him, and the other the fact that in the absence of Ivan the estates would revert to Abrazoff, unless he should forfeit them as a criminal, in which case his wife and children would be more severely punished than he."

"Well," said Kakaroff, "if you come to the abstract justice of the question, you defeat the ends of justice in your way as much as the count or I would in ours—that is, if it *be justice* to act so; I know it is *law!*"

The landau was now at the door, and that evening our three friends were again in Moscow.

(To be continued.)

DOGS. AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

In many accounts perhaps I had better commence by telling you, that unless you really love your dog and he loves you, and unless you can put yourself *en rapport*, as it were, with the mind of your dog through the medium of that affection, you will utterly fail in teaching him any accomplishments or tricks worthy of the name.

Patience and forbearance are two virtues which must also be studied. No amount of force work is of the slightest use. While giving the animal lessons you must never lose your temper, and, as for whip or cane or switch, it must never even be thought about, much less seen.

Dogs take a very great delight in learning tricks, and in being considered clever. They learn not only to please their masters, but to please their own canine vanity as well. Of this I am perfectly sure.

Another secret of success on the part of the teacher is to talk slowly and distinctly, and always to use not only the same words precisely, in order to convey your meaning as to what you want done, but the same intonation of voice—dogs go a deal by this—and the same looks and motions.

Indeed, I myself have often taught dogs to do certain things by dumb show alone, and would undertake to teach a clever dog to do anything a dog can do entirely by this method.

If these preliminary remarks of mine are borne in mind it will assist you very much, for they are keynotes to the whole system.

I may add that, while you are patient, kind, and forbearing, you must also be persistent and firm. And it will moreover be well to have a few tit-bits—morsels of boiled liver are best—in your pocket, with which to reward the pupil, when and only when he really deserves it. These are not absolutely necessary, for kind, encouraging words and caressing pats are preferred by most intelligent dogs to all the tit-bits you can give them.

Most boys who read these lines do, I dare say, already possess a canine friend, and some may wish to buy a dog for the very sake of teaching him clever antics. Well, be it remembered that you cannot teach all dogs precisely the same kind of tricks. You would hardly, for example, expect a great Newfoundland or St. Bernard to walk down the street after you with a hat on his head very much on one side, a roguish grin on his face, and a pipe in his mouth, but this is exactly the sort of thing a poodle could soon be taught to do.

Nearly all terriers and spaniels and collies can be taught a variety of tricks, and the wiser they are and the wiser they look the more teachable will they be. Your solemn-countenanced dog does not learn well. The best pupils are dogs with a fair amount of dash and go in them, plenty of natural affection, and also some sense of fun and humour.

Here is another hint worth remembering. Notice any peculiar trick or manner the dog has and give it a name, and he will soon do it to order.

I will give you an example or two of what I mean. Many dogs—say collies and Newfoundlands—have a habit after they have been lying in a room for some time, and just as you start up to take them out, of stretching themselves—that is, extending the fore-paws, and lowering the body and head between them—well, I've always called this "making a bow." When you see a dog doing this of his own accord say, "Oh, the good dog! he's making a bow," and it is surprising how soon he will make a bow to order.

My Newfoundlands all do this when told, and always when introduced to any one, whether told or not.

Another example. One of my favourite Newfoundlands had a trick of his own, of leaning all his weight upon the wall of a room and pressing against it when he happened to be in a merry mood. I called this "trying to knock the house down." And now he starts this humorous antic whenever told to "knock the house down."

A still more funny trick, though not perhaps an elegant one, is that of sneezing. It was taught in the same way. A collie of mine had a habit of sneezing when she wanted the door opened. I took advantage of it, and adapted words to the trick. The words are, "Poor Eily has a violent cold." This is a command to sneeze, and she knows it. But that is not all. The other dogs soon noticed that this trick of Eily's met with due reward, and they have all learned it. So whenever I say, "My poor dogs have all got violent colds," they all start sneezing at once. But this is only just before we are going out for a walk.

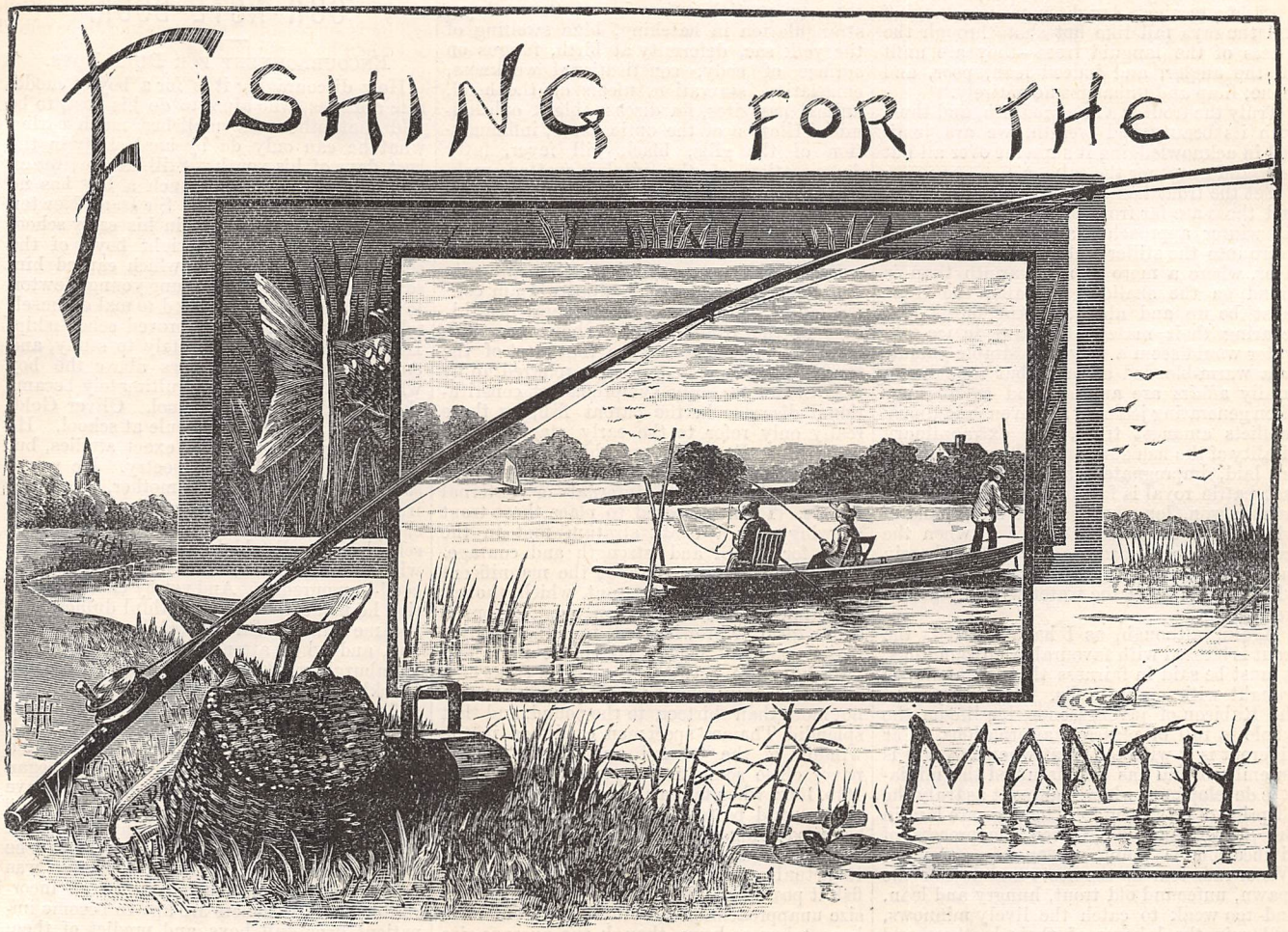
A dog of mine was taught to articulate several words very distinctly on precisely the same principles. He had a habit of making strange noises when, on coming home of an evening from college, I went to let him loose. I began by making him believe he had actually said the words which his sounds in some measure resembled, and kept repeating them to him, always letting him loose the moment he said them most distinctly. I am

sorry to add that our servants—the men—took advantage of the dog's powers of articulation and taught him two, if not three, words he ought not to have said. The dog's name was Tyro, and he may be remembered by many who read this paper. He was a dog that, once known, was not easily forgotten.

The simple word "Yes" almost any dog who barks at you to get a morsel of food can be taught to say. It is merely a subdued, half-hoarse, and half-whispered bark. You must keep on repeating it to him over and over again, rewarding him with a tit-bit when he is successful, and appearing to be offended when he barks instead.

(To be continued.)

A Clever Dog.



THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.*

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

"For I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or at least it is an art to catch fish." So says the father of modern angling (Isaac Walton, who died at Winchester some 200 years ago) in his "Compleat Angler," and so say I, writing to you boys in this year of grace 1885. And if Walton found it an art to capture the comparatively uneducated fish of his time, what shall we say now, when the finest of tackle is necessary, and when all the resources of the workshop are lavished on its production. Woods from the jungle and tropical forest, whalebone from the whale, the silk of the useful silkworm, the metals of the mine, furs of rare animals, and feathers of the most gorgeous denizens of the air, are each and all utilised in the manufacture of the modern angler's equipment, and for what?—to the better conquering of that marvellous instinct of self-preservation which in the fish of our rivers to-day seems to have attained its highest development. Of all fish, the highest and best efforts are necessary for the capture of the trout. Trout-fishing is the *fine* art of all angling.

To be an accomplished trout fisherman it is positively essential to begin young. The same may be said of all sports, but especially of this. Do you want to ride well, to shoot well, to play at cricket or football or to skate well?—begin when young. Do you want to swim well or become an athlete?—you *must* begin young. Finally, as I have hinted, the best fishermen are those who began when they were in knickerbockers. For myself, I am sure I was not five years of age when my father put a rod into my hand and I caught a three-pound bream, to my rapturous delight, mingled with a large percentage of genuine fear of the floundering fish.

Of course I am aware that unfortunately many of the readers of the Boy's Own Paper are unable to get near any good trout-fishing. Their fathers and big brothers cannot, much less themselves, for the simple reason that the fish are comparatively scarce at the time of writing; yet there is no reason why even these should not attentively read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the directions I shall put down for some future time. There are heaps on heaps of trout in Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Derbyshire, Devonshire, and in fact in nearly every shire in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and it will be odd if many of my readers cannot avail themselves of their presence. One word of caution, however. Always most civilly ask permission if you at all suspect you are trespassing. People who take the trouble to preserve fish are usually very strict with those people who think they have a right to fish anywhere and everywhere.

I shall begin these articles with details of the natural history of the trout—*Salmo fario*.

It is a very difficult matter for any writer to say something new about this beautiful fish, and consequently I shall not attempt to do so. In place thereof I intend rather to amuse myself, and also I trust the reader, by calling up such details of its familiar natural history associations and capture as may suggest themselves at a season of the year when this little agile "gentleman" of the waters is at his prime, whether in mountain tarn or loch, or in gurgling rivulet, which in our home counties "maketh such sweet music with the enamelled stones" over which the waters speed with a joyous strength.

Is there another fresh-water inhabitant whose conditions of life are so palpably pleasant as those of the trout? At a time when the spring is brilliant in its budding beauty, when every alder and hawthorn is umbrageously hanging all its "leafy banners out" to catch the glinting sunbeams, and when beyond the Gothic arches of the interwoven limes the slumbrous sky reveals its pure cerulean, then does the trout, full of the "lusty" strength with which the Laureate credits him, disport himself in his crystalline habitation. The early gauze-winged insects of the year furnish him a repast from the air, and the larvæ of innumerable later ones surround him with delicacies born of the water. Green and young are the water plants from which perchance the trout often plucks a salad, and aye and anon the luscious worm or obese caterpillar drops down like a gift of myrrh—a veritable *bonne bouche*. Very different, however, is the lot of the summer spawning fish. Whilst Monsieur le Trout is regaling himself on the good things of life the members of the "coarse"-fish family are miserably employing themselves in domestic duties, which reduce the enjoyment of their existence to a minimum. The pike, perch, barbel, roach, dace, carp, etc., are at this time spawning, and so exhausting is the operation that until far into the summer—when the

* See the series of articles entitled "Fish, and How to Catch Them," in Vol. IV. B. O. P., for full instructions as to pike, perch, eel, carp, barbel, gudgeon, tench, bream, dace, roach, rudd, chub fishing, etc.

water is no longer fresh and cool, when the "bright sun above laughs a pitiless laugh," and the rays fall like hot shot through the spaces of the languid trees—they are unfit for the angler, and indeed lean, poor, and inane, limp and unhandsome entirely.

Truly the trout is a favoured fish, and thus, with its beauty and wealth, we are justified in acknowledging it supreme over all but its grand congener the salmon.

Yet the trout has also its domestic duties, and these are far from being inconsiderable. As winter approaches and the coarse fish retire into the stiller and deeper parts of the river, where a more genial warmth than is found on the shallows prevails, the trout must be up and about, making nests and securing their mates. Courting in ice-cold water would seem a very undesirable pursuit to a warm-blooded animal; but though the family affairs are arduous and exhausting, often generating jealousy and even sanguinary conflicts amongst trout, the extraordinary vitality of the fish surmounts them. The ova are laid, impregnated, and covered up, the last battle royal is fought, and the last fair trouten won, long betimes the stern hand of winter ribs the stream with ice, when the trout drops downward to quiet nooks, wherein in peace it awaits the first breath of spring which shall touch the water with a gracious freshening.

Again, although, as I have averred, the trout is blessed with favourable surroundings, it must be said in fairness that its infancy is fraught with many perils. Having passed the Rubicon of juvenescence, its life on the whole is full of pleasant alternations. Far different is it with the trout when as yet it is an embryo and has not assumed the miniature development which stamps it as truly the offspring of its parents. The eggs are laid in the gravel, and while even the process of vivification is going on enemies abound. Water-rats tear up the nests and devour the spawn, unfecund old trout, hungry and lean, and too weak to catch the lively minnows, will ruin the labours of their brothers and sisters; the larva of the dragon-fly, the fresh-water shrimp, and many other enemies, assail both the egg and the newly-hatched fish, which presents at first rather the appearance of a tiny lump of gelatine than the prototype of the gloriously muscular adult. As the little one, however, loses its umbilical bag and becomes a trout, its voracity avenges its species on the former enemies, and thereafter its existence becomes a great battle between them and itself, to the victory in many cases of the latter. No shyer or more watchful fish swims. The carp may be more knowing, but the shade-loving trout I believe to be much more timid of man, though its personal nature is characterised by a voracity ofttimes excelling that of the pike.

As a rule it may be said that the trout are a very healthy, long-lived, and hardy fish. The diseases to which they are liable are only numerous when bred from the egg under artificial treatment. Mr. Livingstone Stone, in his splendid book on the subject of trout culture, entitled "The Domesticated Trout," gives a very formidable list of twenty-three disorders, which are as follows: Fungus on the egg, partial suffocation of the embryo, strangulation in hatching, blue swelling of the yelk sac, deformity at birth, fungus on surface of body, constitutional weakness, emaciation, starvation, ulcers on the head, animal parasites, fin disease, black ophthalmia, irritation of the optic nerve, inflammation of the gills, black gill fever, fatty degeneration of the vitals, spotted rash, strangulation by flood, cannibalism, overheating, suffocation (through lack of oxygen), paralysis. Nor does this anything like exhaust the terrible list.

With such an array of possible ailments before us, the reader may suppose I am contradicting when I assert the general healthiness of the trout. Not so, however. The intelligent reasoner will see that most of the twenty-three so-called diseases referred to by Mr. Stone are only symptoms of constitutional disorder in the parent fish, for these really only refer to the early stages of the fish's life. Parasites are chiefly the immediate cause of loss of health in the adult fish, whether they be of internal or external nature. I am disposed to place those trout growing over a chalk stratum first in the scale for health and strength and courage. I must not, however, forget the magnificent physique of the Thames trout, which, though sometimes termed a salmon trout, is but a salmo fario, or brown trout, from the ichthyologist's point of view. Of course there is a vast difference between the brown trout of a Welsh burn, weighing perhaps on an average not more than thirteen to the pound, and that splendid Thames specimen exhibited in the window of the "Land and Water" newspaper office some time ago, which weighed 16lb. 15oz. when taken at Reading. A comparison would be too absurd, and such a fish is the production not of a chalk stream, but a heterogeneous compound which, whatever be its actual analysis, is certainly suited to the fish it possesses. Nor is such a tremendous size unapproachable absolutely. Trout have been taken as large, though the average size for the Thames fish is probably no more than six pounds. Ay! and what grand sport those fellows give on fine Nottingham tackle!

The average size of our best English trout, however, does not perhaps average more than a pound, and such fish as those in the Itchen are much more delicious on the table than the mightier products of the Thames. Though I shall briefly give some particulars of how the Thames trout is captured, I am far from expecting my young friends to be so fortunate as to get hold of one unless piloted by some veteran fisherman. The Thames trout is for the very best and most patient and skilful of anglers whatsoever, and though it is not impossible for a boy to capture one, it is extremely improbable. There are many species of trout in the waters of Great Britain, but the brown trout (*S. fario*) is the representative one, and it is chiefly with regard to him that these few remarks have been made. The first method of capture I shall advert to will be that of fishing with the natural fly, as it is probably the easiest.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Encouragement for Dull Boys.

How discouraging it is for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished much earlier what he can only do by hard study in the best days of his youth. Still, as a writer on this subject points out, such a boy has no cause to relax his efforts. Sir Isaac Newton was a pronounced dunce in his early school days. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick which caused him severe pain. The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. He applied himself resolutely to study, and ere long stood in his class above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school. Oliver Goldsmith was the butt of ridicule at school. He made no progress in the exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry. He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words. His relatives, teachers, and school-mates all told him that he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humouredly. And yet by close application he made up for his youthful dulness and became famous. Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh, went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and pursuing a course of study that he loved, was persevering and methodical. His knowledge increased until it lay like a great volume in his mind. When he began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, "The Great Magician." Adam Clark, the great commentator on the Bible, was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher to be an incorrigible one. Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull boys, and predict of them that they will never come to anything. Such uncalled-for prophecies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to know something worthy in literature, science, or art, let him set his face as a flint towards his object; let him be patient, hopeful, and self-reliant, unmoved by laughter and undiscouraged by evil prophecies, even looking to God for a blessing on his honest efforts, and he will succeed.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan!

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE BURNING OF THE AMAZON.

A SHIP on fire in the dead of night. A heavy gale and a raging sea. The flames bursting up round the engine-room, swift and fierce enough to drive the men from the machinery before they can reach a hand to check or stop it. The blazing vessel plunging forward at increasing speed as the fire of the wreck joins with the furnace fires, begirds the boilers in its vivid sheet and multiplies the volume of the steam. The ship before the wind driving furiously, with paddles madly spinning on each side of her, the gale roaring round her, and the foam crests chasing her in vain, as trial after trial is made to launch the boats.

"Clear the port lifeboat." "She is on fire, sir." "Clear the starboard lifeboat." "She is on fire, sir."

See the tackles fail as one after the other the remaining boats rise over the blazing side. See the boats drop as the ship leaps on at full speed; see the crews swirl out of them like peas from the shell as the boats hang down on end. The pillar of flame grows and eats its way fore and aft along the deck. The clouds are aglow with its reflection, signalling over the wide circuit of the waters that the Amazon has met her doom!

On Friday, January 2, 1852, she left Southampton on her maiden voyage—the first ship to leave the new docks. She had been specially built by the Greens of Blackwall to excel all existing mail steamers. Her build, her fittings, and her equipment were described at length in the news of the day. She was built of wood—the largest timber-built ship afloat—with upper works and panelling of pine. She had a flush deck 300 feet long, she was "of 2,250 tons burden and 400-horse power,

and started with 1,133 tons of coal on board." She had nine boats—a mail-boat, four lifeboats, cutter, pinnace, gig, and dingy. She had a crew of 111, and "her cargo included £20,300 in specie and 500 bottles of quicksilver, worth £5,150, for mining operations in Mexico." She was guaranteed to do ten knots and a half, and might do more, and "under any circumstances the 3,622 miles to St. Thomas was to be accomplished in considerably less time than hitherto." She was commanded by William Symons, who had just prevented the massacre at Chagres and been thanked by the United States Government for having safely got the mails and gold-dust on board their frigate Cherokee. She had fifty passengers—among them Eliot Warburton, the author of that triton amongst travel books, "The Crescent and the Cross"—and when the mails, in charge of Lieutenant Brady, were taken on board from the tender, and at gradually growing speed the Amazon glided out to sea, there were none but wished and prophesied for her a prosperous voyage.

A ship's first voyage is always more or less of an experiment. The machinery is too true, and it has to work down into ease and suit itself to the varying strains. So it was with the Amazon. The bearings got heated, and water, as usual, had to be kept playing on them. She stopped off Portland Bill for them to cool, and she stopped again. The bearings grew so hot that the contents of the grease cups were seen to burst off in steam. All seemed to be put right, however, and on Saturday night the voyage was resumed; the engines settled down to persistent work. The weather became stormy, and with a rising wind dead ahead the Amazon began to chop her course through the surge.

At midnight, when a hundred miles S.S.W. of Scilly, all was quiet. The captain went below, and left Mr. Treweeke, the second officer, on the bridge. The midshipman of the watch, William Vincent, was on the quarterdeck. The look-outs were at their posts.

One of the storekeepers, coming aft, happened to look down the hatch, and saw a tongue of flame between the bulkhead and the fore boiler. At the same instant the second officer and the midshipman caught sight of sparks flying up the hatchway. The captain was sent for. As soon as the storekeeper saw the blaze he shouted down to the engineer, who was blowing off one of the boilers. The man below ran to the feed-engine to set the water supply going. He was too late.

The smoke drove him back. He called for help, and the other engineer came, and again and again they tried to make their way through the dense smoke, which grew alarmingly. The whole place burst into flames, and they fled for their lives. The feed was not turned on, and there could be no water! And the engines were left going at full speed! Meanwhile the quartermaster that went for the captain had shouted as he knocked. Some of the passengers heard him.

"The ship is on fire!"

Captain Symons was on deck in an instant, and found the flames already leaping up the hatchway and forming a barrier across the ship. In vain the chief engineer now tried to reach the engines, which were running wildly in the blaze. The men rushed to the pumps. There was no water! The hose was burnt, the Downton was in the thick of the fire, the donkey engine could get no steam.

The fire-fiend had struck at the Amazon's heart and paralysed her. The storeroom was ablaze; over six hundred gallons of oil burst into the cauldron. The white curtain of flame stretched from paddle-box to paddle-box, and the smoky-yellow that fringed its edges came from the two burning boats. The vessel was put before the wind. The barrier of flame divided the deck. What happened to those in the bow no man knows; but when the Amazon went down a figure was seen still clinging to the bowsprit end. What happened aft was this.

The quartermaster's shout awoke the passengers. One of the foreigners bounded out of his cabin with a wild cry of "Capitain! capitain! we go a bottom!" and the occupants of the other cabins came flocking half dressed into the saloon, and, hearing the roaring of the flames, rushed up the companion. The heat was frightful; the vessel burnt like quickmatch.

Two of the boats were on fire; seven were left—the two lifeboats, the mail-boat, the cutter, pinnace, gig, and dingy. The ship was going so fast that the captain would not launch them. Soon the fire increased so that the attempt was made. The first that was tried was the mail-boat. She was hurried over; one tackle jammed, the other ran; and, hanging up on end, the crew and passengers were spilt into the sea. As with the mail-boat, so it was with the pinnace, cutter, gig, and one of the lifeboats. The fall in every case went wrong, and the occupants were shot out into the waves. The boats were kept on cradles to keep them from shifting with the roll of the ship, and, forgetting these, much delay was caused and damage done. One man launched three boats one after the other, all in the same fatal way. The only boats that got properly off were a lifeboat and the dingy.

The scenes were heartrending. The people had the hair burnt off their heads and their flesh scorched and blistered. Many were rushing about in their blazing night-clothes. The Mail Agent dashed down for the bags, and was seen with his flesh hanging from him in strips. Some men were rolling on the deck trying to extinguish their burning shirts. One of the passengers, Mrs. McLennan, awoke her husband, and, with her child, ran up the companion. The chief officer placed the baby in the pinnace and helped her to follow, the boat filled, and was hoisted over the side. The word came to lower, and the fore-tackle stuck, and all were thrown into the sea except the poor mother, who clutched her child with one hand and the thwart with the other, and hung there as the ship tore madly on. A foreigner was shot out of one boat and picked up by another just as he was disappearing. Miss Smith jumped out from the ship and swung there, hanging to the fall. The poor victims, some with their clothes burnt off them, were running about distracted. In one place a man had his hands clasped in prayer; in another a husband was standing before his wife shielding her to the last from the flames; in another a man and wife, clasped in each other's arms, threw themselves into the blazing gulf.

The first boat to get away was the dingy; the second the starboard lifeboat. In the dingy were the midshipman, the steward, and the passenger they picked up; and the boat could hardly live in the sea. In the lifeboat was Mr. Neilson, who first told the story of the wreck. He had seen the fire, and gone below for his lifebelt. He heard the glass smash in the panels as the flame poured into the saloon, and with a long breath he rushed through the blaze on to the deck. He helped to launch the lifeboat. One of the men got into her by sliding down the paddle-box through the smoke and flame; another reached her after three trials from the blazing sponson; another struck his foot through the burning deck as he sprang in. When the boat touched the water there was a cry of "Cut away!" "Hold hard!" shouted one of the men. "Fend her off; if we drift under the cutter she will stave through us!" And so when they had cleared the cutter they were freed, and the ship left them.

Meanwhile the dingy had begun to fill, and Vincent, slipping off his boots, cut away their tops and set to work to bale her out. It was evident, however, that she would sink, and so he steered to the lifeboat and was taken aboard. A few minutes afterwards the dingy was lost. As the senior officer then saved, the midshipman took command, and right well did he do his duty. Being on watch when the fire broke out, he was in uniform; and he was the only fully-dressed man in the boat; the others were nearly naked. To one he lent his jacket, to another he lent his flannel shirt, to another his handkerchief, and his boots came into use for baling. There were no rowlocks in the boat, and with his knife he cut them out of a spar. There were no sails, and so the masts were pitched overboard. The oars were then shipped, and, standing up in the stern-sheets, Vincent steered the lifeboat down to the ship, whose engines having ceased to work, now lay a burning basket of fire, rising and falling with the sea.

On the forecastle were a few figures, and clustered round the wheel were Captain Symons, Mr. Roberts and the other officers, and Mr. Eliot Warburton. The foremast went first, then the mainmast, then the mizen. Suddenly the magazine blew up. At last the end came. With a wild hiss, the Amazon, with her funnels red-hot, sank in the trough of a wave, the fire-cloud vanished, and all was dark again.

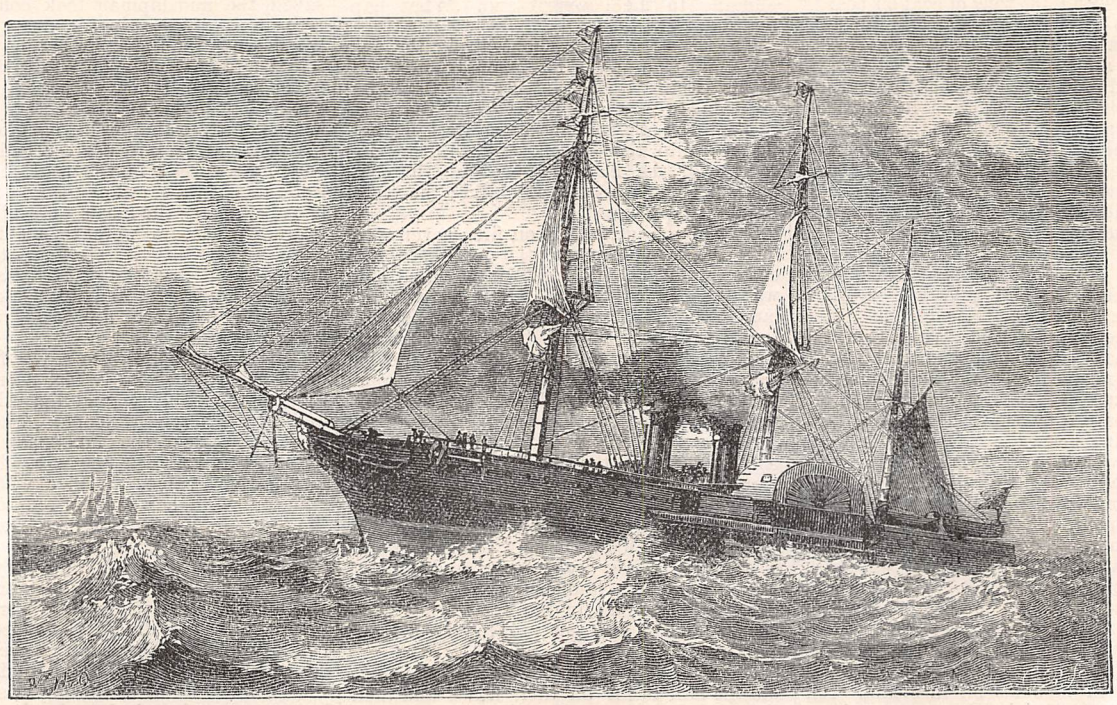
The lifeboat crew thought they were the only survivors; they were mistaken. As the ship slowed, and while they were rescuing the men in the dingy, the officers left on board recovered the boats that were hanging down and filled them. The mail-boat was smashed and useless; the gig was launched, but was never heard of again.

The pinnace was secured, and Mrs. McLennan was found still clinging to her child. They were put in the bottom of the boat, and, with two other passengers and thirteen of the crew, under the command of the second engineer, they left the ship. The cutter was launched properly, and into her Miss Smith dropped from the fall. With her went two other passengers and five of the crew. The port lifeboat was hoisted to the horizontal and got clear away. She had a crew of nine, and four passengers, among whom were Lieutenant Grylls, R.N., and the Rev. Mr. Blood. Mr. Grylls had been largely instrumental in getting the boats into order again, and he took command.

Vincent's boat began to fill, and seeing no further good to be done he brought her round to the wind, and with Neilson on the look-out in the bow, and the midshipman standing at the stern, the men kept at their oars through the night. The storm lulled as the day broke. A consultation was held. The crew were divided into watches, and the course altered for the coast of France. Soon a brig was seen, and they rowed towards her. With her green caboose she looked like a foreigner, but she proved to be the Marsden, bound from Cardiff to South Carolina. Captain Evans gave them a hearty welcome, and put his ship round for Plymouth.

Mrs. McLennan's boat was knocking about till six o'clock on the Sunday evening, and then was picked up by a Dutch galliot, the Gertruida. There was no food in the boat, but in one of the pockets a little piece of crab was found, and this was given to the child. The mother had escaped in her shawl and nightdress, and when the galliot was sighted the shawl was hoisted as a signal. Most of the men were badly hurt and burnt.

Miss Smith's boat was the smallest. It was found there were no oars in her, but a passenger was descried in the water supporting himself on a pair. By the aid of the floor boards the boat was worked towards him; he was rescued, and with the two oars the burning ship was left. One of the passengers, Strybos, took the tiller, and as he could speak no English and knew nothing of steering, the orders of the crew had to be translated to him by Miss Smith. The whole of Sunday passed in this way, and it was not till seven o'clock the next morning that the rescue came. Curiously enough, the boat was sighted by the Gertruida, and with the two crews the galliot started for Brest.



The R. M. S. Amazon off the Needles.

Lieutenant Grylls' boat was found to be sinking as soon as he pushed off; a hole had been knocked in her side. It was stopped with a waistcoat, stockings, and drawers. This boat was picked up on Sunday afternoon by another Dutch galliot, the Hellechina,

Rescue of the Cutter's Crew.

The Burning of the Amazon.

and by her the survivors were transferred to the revenue cutter Royal Charlotte, which took them home.

Of the 161 that left Southampton fifty-nine were thus saved. There is no more horrible disaster on record. The burning of the Amazon was the greatest misfortune of an unfortunate line. She was the eighth ship her owners had lost. The Medina went down on a coral reef off Turk's Island; the Iris off Bermuda; the Solway foundered; the Tweed struck on the Alacranes Rocks; the Forth found her fate on the same rocks; the Actæon ended at Carthagena; the Demerara stranded during her trip from the builders; and the Amazon sank girt in flames on her maiden voyage, and vanished amid a sacrifice of over a hundred lives.

Of her wreck but few traces were found. One short length of plank, however, came ashore—a piteous message from the deep to remind a brother of his loss. It drifted to the beach near Falmouth, within a few yards of where poor Symons was born.

THE HEROES OF NEW SWISHFORD:

A SCHOOL EPISODE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By the Author of

"My First Football Match," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONSOLATION.

Our heroes, who in all their anticipations had never calculated on anything but fine weather and unlimited rations and congenial occupation, began to entertain serious doubts as to the joys of founding an empire as they trailed drearily along in the rain after Bowler and Gayford. The weaker of the party had no spirit to suggest anything themselves or to question what their leaders suggested; so they followed doggedly where they were led, neither knowing nor caring whither.

With Bowler and Gayford it was otherwise. They felt rather ashamed of themselves for having lost their heads earlier in the day, and resolved now to atone for it in the only way they could. They put a brave face on the situation, and tried to impart their courage to their followers.

"I tell you what," said Bowler, cheerily, as the seven stood again on the rocks at the water's edge; "it wants a good hour of dark, and the least thing we can do is to spend the daylight in looking for some proper place of shelter and something to eat, if we can find it. Suppose I and Tubbs and Braintree start to walk round this way, and you, Gayford, take the rest round the other way. If any of us find anything we'll stop till the other party come up. I've got my whistle, so we'll be sure to hear one another."

It could do no harm and it might do good, so the party tacitly fell in with the suggestion, and divided itself accordingly. Even Crashford was wise enough to feel he could gain nothing by sulking, and returned to his allegiance without demur.

"Can't we have something to eat before we start?" said Wallas.

"My dear fellow," replied Gayford, "I wish we could, but then we shall have nothing left for to-morrow."

Strange to say, Wallas disputed the matter no further, and turned with his companions to start on their tour of discovery.

Bowler kept whistling cheerily, and Gayford shouted in reply, till the two parties were out of earshot. Then each walked on in silence, eagerly scanning sea and shore in search of hope. For Bowler's party there seemed very little prospect of anything turning up, for their way lay across bare ledges of rock, with perhaps a pool to wade, or a little cape to scramble across, but never a sign of food or shelter. Braintree did indeed announce that in one place he saw a "cwab" disappear into a hole, but the chances of satisfaction from that source were too remote to be pursued.

How they longed to be back under the roof of old Swishford, and to hear the cheery bell summoning the boys to tea, and how gratefully now would they have welcomed the wholesome plenty of that often abused meal. Alas! there were no cups of tea, or eggs, or bread-and-butter going on the Long Stork.

"Of course," said Bowler, "we could never be *quite* stuck up for grub as long as there's seaweed about, and if the rain goes on like this there'll be plenty of water too."

"You're wight there," said Braintree, "but seaweed and wain-water is warthah a spare diet."

"Anyhow," said Bowler, "we have got enough of the shrimps and peaches left for a good breakfast to-morrow; that's one comfort."

And they trudged on in that glorious prospect.

For an hour they toiled along the rocky shore until the daylight almost suddenly vanished, and the gloom of a damp November night fell in upon them. What was the use of exploring further? Even Bowler lost heart as he stumbled about in the dusk and heard Braintree shivering and chattering with cold beside him, and Tubbs's scarcely suppressed whimper of misery.

"Better get back to the rest as soon as we can," said he, taking out his whistle and blowing it again.

They listened, but no answer came, only the shriek of the gulls and the steady splash of the rain on the rocks.

"Never mind, we can't be long before we get round to them," said Bowler; "perhaps they've found a place, you know."

For another half-hour they toiled on, Bowler blowing his whistle every few minutes, but always without response.

"Where can they be? We're almost round at the place we started from, surely," said Bowler, "and—hullo, look out there!"

They had reached a sudden break in the coast about twenty yards across, with rocks on each side which dropped almost precipitously into the water, forming a serious bar to further progress.

They must either scramble down and wade or swim across, or else turn inland and make a long detour round the head of the chasm.

Bowler made a careful inspection of the rocks, and then said,

"I think we could do it; what do you say? If we went round we might miss the others."

"All wight," said Braintree, blowing his hands; "I'm game, so's Tubbs."

Tubbs said nothing, but stood by miserably, ready to follow Bowler's lead.

"I'll go down first," said the latter. "Mind how you come, the rocks are slippery."

He lowered himself cautiously down the steep rock, finding just enough to cling on to with his hands while he felt his way down with his feet. He got to the bottom safely, and found firm footing in a ledge of rock close to the water's edge.

"Now then," shouted he, "down you come, Braintree."

Braintree obeyed, and managed with difficulty to reach the ledge. Then Tubbs attempted. But he, poor fellow, clumsy at all times, and now utterly unnerved by the miseries of the day, was not man enough for the venture, and, after one feeble effort, begged to be allowed to stay where he was.

"Nonsense," cried Bowler; "come on, old man, we'll help you down all right."

So Tubbs tried again. Had not the situation been so perilous, the appearance he presented as he clung wildly on to the rock with his hands and kicked still more wildly with his feet, would have been ludicrous. But it was no time for joking. The two at the bottom piloted his feet as well as they could, and encouraged him in his downward career. But before they could reach him he slipped, and with a howl fell backward into the sea.

In a moment Bowler, dressed as he was, was in beside him, holding him up and striking out to where Braintree, with outstretched hand, waited to help them in. But it was long before they could haul his half-senseless form from the water, and by the time this was accomplished, Bowler himself was so exhausted that he in turn needed all Braintree's aid to land himself. At last, however, all three were on the ledge.

But what were they to do next? Tubbs lay still half-stupefied, utterly unable to help himself. The rock they had descended frowned above them, defying any attempt to return the way they had come, and between the ledge they stood on and the rock the other side twenty yards of uneasy water intervened.

"Could we swim across with him?" said Bowler, after a little.

"I'll do my best," said Braintree.

"The thing is," said Bowler, "the tide was dead out an hour ago, so it must be coming in now. Oh, what a cad I was to lead you into this, Braintree!"

"Shut up, old man, I say," said Braintree, and he began to take off his coat and boots.

Bowler did the same.

"We shall have to leave them behind," said he. "It can't be helped. Are you ready?"

"Yes. But I say, old man, if I get done up and have to let go, don't wait for me. I'm not much of a swimmer."

Bowler hesitated.

"If I could only be sure of getting *him* over," said he, pointing to Tubbs, "I might come back and—"

"Hullo! I say, Bowler, look there!" exclaimed Braintree suddenly, pointing out to sea. "Wasn't that a light? Blow your whistle, I say."

Bowler obeyed, eagerly gazing in the direction indicated by Braintree. There was neither answer nor light.

"I'm certain I saw something!" exclaimed Braintree. "Blow again, old man."

And once more the whistle sent forth a shrill cry seaward, accompanied by a loud shout from Braintree.

They waited in terrible suspense, but still no answer.

"You must be wrong," said Bowler.

"No, I'm not; blow once more."

And again Bowler obeyed.

This time, sure enough, he fancied he saw a glimmer on the water; but it might be only the lights on the mainland appearing through the lifting fog.

For ten minutes they kept up an incessant whistling and shouting, their hopes growing less and less as the time passed. At length, worn out and desperate, they had given it up, and were turning once more to prepare for their swim across. But as they did so the light suddenly reappeared, this time close to the shore.

Once more, with frantic energy, they raised their signal of distress, and after a moment's terrible silence had the joy of hearing a faint shout across the water.

"It's a boat!" cried Braintree. "Whistle again to show them where we are."

Again and again they whistled, and again and again the responsive shout, growing ever nearer, came back. Presently they could even distinguish the sound of oars, and at length the dim outline of a boat loomed across the entrance of the gulf.

"Where are you?" shouted a voice in the familiar tones of the Raveling coastguard.

"Here. We can see you. We're on the ledge here, Thomson!"

In a few seconds the boat was alongside, and the three boys were safely lifted into it.

"Where's the rest of you?" asked Thomson, as coolly as if this sort of thing was an everyday occurrence with him. "We want seven of you."

"I don't know where they are," said Bowler. "They were coming round this way to meet us. You'd better row round somewhere where we can land and look for them."

"Give your orders," said Thomson. "You've had your day's fun, and seemingly you're determined I should have my night's. Row away, mate." And he and his man turned the boat's head and pulled out of the gulf.

"I say, Thomson, have you got any gwub or anything?" said Braintree, faintly.

"Grub," said the jocular coastguard. "What, harn't you found grub enough on this here island? Anyhow, if you do want something you'd better open that there bag and see what you can find."

Bowler was too anxious to discover the missing ones to feel much appetite for food, and kept blowing his whistle as the boat slowly coasted the island.

At length, to his unbounded joy, an answering shout was heard, and the shadowy forms of the four outcasts were seen standing on the pier from which they had started two hours before.

Jubilant were the welcomes exchanged as the heroes of New Swishford once more counted their full number, and ensconced themselves snugly in the stern of Thomson's boat round his wonderful bag of food.

It did not take long to chronicle the doings of Gayford's party. After about half an hour's journey they had been pulled up by the same chasm which had nearly proved too much for poor Tubbs. Finding it impossible to cross it, they had turned inland, and for a cheerful hour lost their way completely in the fog. At length, by means of walking in a straight line, they had come again to the coast, and after much searching had found the pier. And having found it, they resolved to keep it until the other party completed the circuit and found them where it left them.

"And how ever did you find us out, Thomson?" inquired Gayford, after the repast had been done ample justice to. "Did your boat come ashore?"

"No, she didn't, young gentleman; and I can tell you you'll get to know how to spell her name tolerable well before you've heard the last of her."

"Oh, of course we shall get into a frightful row," said Bowler; "but how did you come to find us?"

"Why, one of you artful young scholards left a letter to his ma on his table, open for everybody to see, talking some gammon about a West Indian island, and saying you was going to lay hold of the Long Stork to get your hands in. I can tell you you *have* got your hands in, my beauties. There's a cartload of birches been ordered for you at the school already."

These awful warnings failed to counteract the satisfaction of our heroes at finding themselves nearly back again in the region of blankets and hot porridge. Bowler in the name of the party magnificently presented Thomson with the odd shilling reserved for his benefit, and expressed his sorrow it was not more. But, he added, if the Eliza ever turned up, he might keep everything he found on board, including twelve tins of shrimps and peaches, a bottle of hair-oil, a set of cricket-bails, and a copy of "Young's Night Thoughts;" whereat Thomson was moved with gratitude, and said they were as nice a lot of articles as ever he came across, and he did not mind saying so.

An hour later our heroes were all in bed, comfortable within and without. They were let down easy for their day's escapade, and except for colds more or less bad, and a decidedly augmented bill at the end of the term to pay for a new Eliza, as well as a regulation forbidding all sea voyages of whatever kind, they suffered no further punishment than the lessons of the day itself. To those lessons they added one more of their own accord by resolving unanimously that from that day forward they renounced all further claim to that eligible island commonly known as New Swishford.

(THE END.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(*Continued from page* 415.)

JUNIOR DIVISION (*ages* 12 *to* 14).

Prize—One Guinea.

ALEXANDER CAW (aged 13), 10, Eglinton Terrace, Ayr, N.B.

Certificates.

SAMUEL POPE, JUN., 28, Victoria Street, Aberdeen.
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WILLIAM THOMSON, 30, Lynedoch Street, Glasgow.
CHARLES E. SAUNDERS, 18, Harley Terrace, Caister Road, Great Yarmouth.
STANLEY E. KESTIN, Charlton Villa, Selhurst Road, South Norwood.
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LEWIS B. BIGGS, 3, Park Road, St. Mary's Road, Plaistow, E.
FREDK. G. JONES, Ivy Cross, Kew, Surrey.
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F. C. BELLAMY, 12, Drayton Park, Highbury, N.
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JOHN W. EUERBY, 84, Oxford Street, Reading, Berks.
HARRY FLOWER, Somerset Road, Huddersfield.
SIDNEY MASON, Grosvenor Villas, Eastern Road, Romford.
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THOS. H. CHINN, Seighford, Stafford.
E. S. HUTCHINS, 13, Alma Road, Birkdale, Southport.
JAMES ORR, 37, Lordship Park, Stoke Newington, N.
ALFRED STEVENS, 21, Green End, Whitchurch, Salop.
JOHN S. BARKER, Chapel Street, Appleby, Westmoreland.
GEORGE HADLEE, High Street, Leyton.
G. H. HUNT, Prospect House, Dursley, Gloucestershire.
WM. GREENWOOD, 19, Garden Street, Todmorden.
FRANK SAMPSON, Beauchief Abbey, Sheffield.
ALFRED TYNDALL, 281, High Holborn.
ROBT. HARVEY, 15, Beacon Hill, Camden Road, N.
TOM LEMMEY, 101, Granville Terrace, Dover Road, Folkestone.
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CHAS. E. WARREN, Whittlesea, Cambs.
JAMES M. MUNGALL, 11, Gladstone Place, Leith.
BENJAMIN HALL, 40, Lansdowne Street, Worcester.
ARTHUR H. ADAMS, 20, Carlton Cross Street, Leeds, Yorkshire.
CHAS. GODFREY, 3, Princes Street, Ware, Herts.
ERNEST R. POLLEY, 3, Stoneleigh Villas, Limes Road, West Croydon.
JAMES F. BROWN, 55, West Cumberland Street, Glasgow.
ARTHUR E. SHAW, 60, Breeze Lane, Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool.
JAMES D. BROWN, Auchenheath, Auerley, S.E.
A. W. PRIESTLEY, Schoolridge, Thornton, near Bradford.
THOMAS G. FIRTH, Whiterock, New Barnsley, near Belfast.
HERBERT M. GOWAR, 2, Rose Valley, Brentwood.
W. J. JOHNSTON, The College, Inverness.
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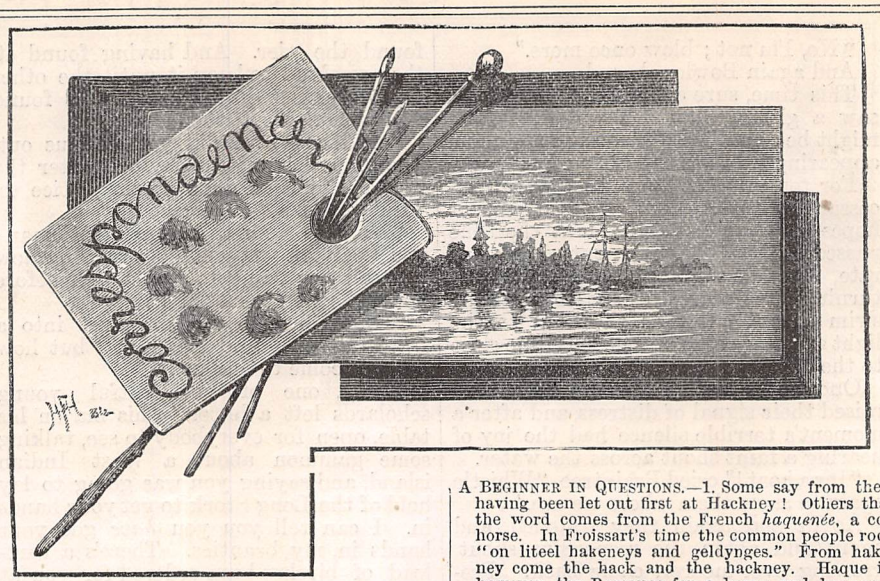
A. W. POLLARD, Hall's Yard, Calvert Street, Norwich.
JAMES EVINS, 26, Chilcot Street, Poplar, E.
FRANK CUTLER, 103, Yeldham Road, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, W.
JAMES WRIGHT, Langton Street, Cathay, Bristol.
JOHN P. H. STEIN, Kirkfield, Lanark, N.B.
HAROLD J. FITTER, 82, Oglander Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
CHAS. H. COLE, 12, Plimsoll Street, Poplar, E.
SYDNEY F. D. SMITH, 47, Greenhill Street, Manchester.
EDWARD A. B. FORSTER, Gladstone Street, Hartlepool, Durham.
JOHN M. F. ROSS, 257, West Campbell Street, Glasgow.
WM. C. DAWSON, Northgate Place, Hessle, near Hull.
CLARENCE D. POLE, 3, Russell Terrace, Chapel Fields, Coventry.
THOMAS RUTHERFORD, 16, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh.
WM. J. KEITH, Beulah House, Grange Road, Ealing.
DAVID L. PALK, Longfleet, Poole, Dorset.
DAVID ELCOMBE, 154, High Road, Kilburn.
WILLIAM COLE, 2, Balmoral Villas, Clova Road, Forest Gate.
HENRY J. THORNE, Hook Cross, near Winchfield, Hampshire.
ROBERT BARCLAY, 55, Cumberland Street West, Glasgow.
JOSEPH MANTON, 34, Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
FRED. G. LEMMEY, 101, Granville Terrace, Dover Road, Folkestone.
HERBERT LLOYD, 1, Church Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.
EDWIN J. TOYE, 8, Bonner Lane, Victoria Park, E.
JOSEPH J. TERRETT, 10, Owen's Row, St. John's Street Road, E.C.
CHAS. F. HOOK, 66, Ladywood Road, Birmingham.
WM. C. MARSHALL, Park Hill, Bexley.
HARRY S. TARGETT, 10, High Street, King's Lynn.
ROBERT BOYD, 22, Linthouse, Govan, Glasgow.
JOHN HUCK, Prospect Villa, St. John's Road, Leatherhead.
JAMES H. HEYS, 106, Cemetery Road, Southport.
DAVID W. MCGECHIE, 21, Sparsholt Road, Crouch Hill, N.
GEORGE BUCHANAN, 2, Clifton Place, Glasgow, W.
H. A. GRUZELIER, Pontyates, Stafford Road, Southsea.



HERBERT BURY.—The egg you send is that of the Tree-Pipit, and is a very nicely-marked example. The eggs of this bird are extremely variable, and often hard to identify. We never answer correspondents by post.

ENTOMOLOGIST.—Your insect is not a beetle, but a bug, and is called *Acanthosoma hæmorrhoidale*. It is not at all uncommon.

JOHN LONG.—The beetle about which you ask is *Astynomus ædilis*, an insect generally found in Scotland, where it is known by the name of Timberman. It has a way of flying with its long antennæ stretched out behind it, giving it a very curious appearance when on the wing. It is by no means common.

LADDIE.—You will hardly be able to tell in so young a collie pup how it may turn out. We presume it is a long-coated one. The coat should be very abundant, straight and massive, not fine and silky; the tan light, not mahogany. This last would indicate a cross with Gordon setter. Legs straight; breach well feathered down to hocks; forelegs feathered behind. Head long, and eyes bright and intelligent. If you have the back numbers of the BOY'S OWN containing Dr. Gordon Stables's "Boys' Dogs," you will find the collie fully described therein.

DORBER, JUN.—You must buy your oil colours in tubes ready mixed.

M. D. E. W.—Smoke the case with tobacco, and sprinkle spirits of camphor about it. A valuable case like yours ought to be moth-tight. Two grains of corrosive sublimate in spirits rubbed about the case will kill the moths. Mind, this is rank poison, and should be carefully put away.

C. I. H.—The only way to cure a pigeon of cold is to put it away from all the others in a warm place and pen, and to feed on nourishing food; a little treacle with a pinch of Epsom salts in it may be given as an aperient to commence with, and the head often bathed with warm water. Little else can be done. Hemp-seed may be given, however.

HENWIFE.—You cannot get your hens to sit? Perhaps they are not the sitting kind. What breed are they? Try Dorkings, *they* will sit; and a Cochin will sit on a brick rather than not sit at all.

J. R. C.—A perfectly workable small set of photographic apparatus can be had for a couple of guineas. Apply to Marion and Co., Soho Square, and other dealers.

W. B. (Manchester.)—The only reason we can assign is either that the battery power is insufficient, or that there is some break of contact or imperfection in the line. The case is one of weakness or leakage.

H. L. HAMERTON.—You must have a gun licence, no matter what variety of gun or pistol you wish to carry.

P. MATES.—The book usually procured is "The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide," by Charles Hallock, published by the Orange Judd Company of New York. It gives you all the American game animals, with full scientific descriptions, all the fishes, etc., and occupies very much the same position in the States that Stonehenge's "British Sports" does here. Its price in New York is three dollars.

CASTLEROCK.—1. Keep your violin strings in a tin canister. 2. They require no grease in dressing previous to use. 3. If the hair is much tangled you would find it better to buy a new hank. 4. Some players dip their finger-tips in vinegar.

SANDY MCGREGOR.—1. The plate of Highland Tartans was issued with the March part for 1883. 2. Dr. Stables's stories are republished in separate books by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

S. E. TAYLOR.—There is the Worcester, at Greenhithe, but the fees are higher than you mention. The office is at 72, Mark Lane, E.C., and from there you might obtain information as to what you require.

A BEGINNER IN QUESTIONS.—1. Some say from their having been let out first at Hackney! Others that the word comes from the French *haquenée*, a cob horse. In Froissart's time the common people rode "on liteel hakeneys and geldynges." From hakeney come the hack and the hackney. Haque is, however, the Romance for a horse, and haqueney would be a little horse. 2. Pins are now made by machinery at Redditch and elsewhere. They are made out of wire.

VIOLIN.—The articles on how to make a violin were in the parts for November and December, 1882.

H. N. BRIDGE.—A coloured plate of the badges worn on the caps of officers in the mercantile marine was given with the November part for 1881.

COLLECTOR.—1. A first-class passenger steamer consumes nearly a ton of coals for every mile she runs. 2. Stamps are usually printed in sheets of two hundred and forty. 3. Yes.

MAZEPPA.—The Shadow Show was in the January part for 1882; and it is again in print, price sixpence.

A. H. R.—The articles on making a Cardboard Engine, etc., were in the parts for December, 1882, and January, 1883.

KIRK OR NO.—1. You are right. Wolfe was not the first to capture Quebec from the French. It had been captured by Kirk from Champlain in 1627. It was given back, however, to the French by the treaty of St. Germain, which transferred to them Canada, Acadia, and Cape Breton. 2. The story in "Evangeline" is the French account. As a matter of fact, the settlers were only turned out after years of warning.

W. G. W. (Bookshelf.)—The earlier numbers can only be obtained in part form, and you must get the parts. The cost of the numbers you want, equal to four parts, including postage, will be half-a-crown, but through a bookseller you would save the postage. Had you given your address we could have furnished you with the name of one who would supply you.

F. MARSHALL.—Had you gone to the publisher instead of the discount bookseller you would have got the book, and saved yourself the "looking foolish" both to the bookseller and to us.

W. T.—Samuel Lover wrote "Handy Andy." It can be got in different editions through almost any publisher. Try Routledge or Warne.

C. P.—Try corn-starch paste, which is not so likely to mould and stain the paper. Dissolve the starch first in cold water, and then cork it thoroughly. Let it be rather thin.

SOADY.—In our fourth volume you will find a series of articles on the Orders of Knighthood, and we cannot repeat. There were two coloured plates with them.

W. KERSLAKE.—The British Museum was established in 1753, and the first meeting of the trustees took place on the 4th of December in that year.

VIRGINIA.—Sovereigns are said to have been first coined in the time of Henry VII., and they were so called from the monarch in his robes being represented on them. The first sovereigns were also known as Rose Rials.

T. S. K.—1. Any nautical warehouse. 2. Centre-boards are really false keels that you can raise or depress at pleasure. They are convenient for shallow waters. Nearly all sailing canoes are fitted with them. See "Practical Canoeing."

A. E. C.—A "bull" is a Stock Exchange speculator who buys securities in the hope of disposing of them at a profit; a "bear" is a man who sells in the hope of buying them back at a cheaper rate. See Warne's Standard Commercial Handbook.

A. N. D.—For the rockwork for small ferneries use cement moulded into the shape you please, and paint it with dry colours mixed in boiled oil, which will dry dead on the cement.

MODEL YACHT.—Instructions in painting and varnishing boats were given in the October part for 1882.

C. WEDEMEYER.—Model panoramas, etc., are to be obtained at Murray's, in Great Queen Street, W.C.

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"Bent down and kissed the wet cheek of the boy."

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—A COME-DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Cruden had the reputation of being one of the most respectable as well as one of the richest men in his part of the county. And it is fair to say he took far more pride in the former quality than the latter. Indeed, he made no secret of the fact that he had not always been the rich man he was when our story opens. But he was touchy on the subject of his good family and his

title to the name of gentleman, which he had taught his sons to value far more than the wealth which accompanied it, and which they might some day expect to inherit.

His choice of a school for them was quite consistent with his views on this point. Wilderham was not exactly an aristocratic school, but it was a school where money was thought less of than "good style," as the boys called it, and where poverty was far less of a disgrace than even a remote connection with a "shop." The Crudens had always been great heroes in the eyes of their schoolfellows, for their family was unimpeachable, and even with others who had greater claims to be considered as aristocratic, their ample pocket-money commended them as most desirable companions.

Mr. Cruden, however, with all his virtues and respectability, was not a good man of business. People said he let himself be imposed upon by others who knew the value of money far better than he did. His own beautiful estate at Garden Vale, rumour said, was managed at double the expense it should be; and of his money transactions and speculations in the City—well, he had need to be the wealthy man he was, said his friends, to be able to stand all the fleecing he came in for there!

Nevertheless, no one ever questioned the wealth of the Crudens, least of all did the Crudens themselves, who took it as much for granted as the atmosphere they breathed in.

On the day on which our story opens Mr. Cruden had driven down into the City on business. No one knew exactly what the business was, for he kept such matters to himself. It was an ordinary expedition, which consisted usually of half a dozen calls on half a dozen stockbrokers or secretaries of companies, with perhaps an occasional visit to the family lawyer or the family bank.

To-day, however, it had consisted of but one visit, and that was to the bank. And it was whilst returning thence that Mr. Cruden was suddenly seized with the stroke which ended in his death. Had immediate assistance been at hand the calamity might have been averted, but neither the coachman nor footman was aware of what had happened till the carriage was some distance on its homeward journey, and a passer-by caught sight of the senseless figure within. They promptly drove him to the nearest hospital, and telegraphed the news to Garden Vale; but Mr. Cruden never recovered consciousness, and, as the doctor told Horace, before even the message could have reached its destination he was dead.

We may draw a veil over the sad scenes of the few days which followed—of the meeting of the widow and her sons at the bedside of the dead, of the removal of the loved remains home, of the dismal preparations for the funeral, and all the dreary details which occupy mourners in the house of death. For some time Mrs. Cruden, prostrated by the shock of her bereavement, was unable to leave her room, and the burden of the care fell on the two inexperienced boys, who had to face it almost single-handed.

For the Crudens had no near relations in England, and those of their friends who might have been of service at such a time feared to intrude, and so stayed away. Blandford and Harker, the boys' two friends who had been visiting at Garden Vale at the time of Mr. Cruden's death, had left as quietly and considerately as possible; and so great was the distraction of those few sad days that no one even noticed their absence till letters of condolence arrived from each.

It was a dreary week, and Reginald, on whom, as the elder son and the heir to the property, the chief responsibility rested, was of the two least equal to the emergency.

"I don't know what I should have done without you, old man," said he to Horace on the evening before the funeral, when, all the preparations being ended, the two boys strolled dismally down towards the river. "You ought to have been the eldest son. I should never have thought of half the things there were to be done if you hadn't been here."

"Of course, mother would have known what was to be done," said Horace, "if she hadn't been laid up. She's to get up this evening."

"Well, I shall be glad when to-morrow's over," said Reginald; "it's awful to have it all hanging over one like this. I can't believe father was alive a week ago, you know."

"No more can I," said the other; "and I'm certain we shall not realise how we miss him for long enough yet."

They walked on for some distance in silence, each full of his own reflections.

Then Horace said, "Mother is sure to want to stay on here, she's so fond of the place."

"Yes, it's a comfort she won't have to move. By the way, I wonder if she will want us to leave Wilderham and stay at home now."

"I fancy not. Father wanted you to go to Oxford in a couple of years, and she is sure not to change his plan."

"Well, I must say," said Reginald, "if I am to settle down as a country gentleman some day, I shall be glad to have gone through college and all that sort of thing before. If I go up in two years I shall have finished before I'm twenty-three. Hullo, here's mother!"

The boys ran forward to greet Mrs. Cruden, who, pale but smiling, came quietly down the garden towards them, and after a fond embrace laid her hands on the arm of each and walked slowly on between them.

"You two brave boys," said she, and there was a cheery ring in her voice that sent comfort into the hearts of both her sons, "how sorry I am to think of all you have had to go through, while I, like a silly weak woman, have been lying in bed."

"Oh, mother," said Horace, with a face that reflected already the sunshine of hers, "how absurd to talk like that. I don't believe you ought to be out here now."

"Oh, yes, I ought. I've done with that, and I am strong enough now to stand beside the boys who have stood so bravely by their mother."

"We'd be a nice pair of boys if we didn't, eh, Reg?" said Horace.

Reginald's reply was a pressure of his mother's hand, and with a rainbow of smiles over their sorrowful hearts the three walked on lovingly together; the mother with many a brave cheery word striving to lift her sons above their trouble not only to hope of earthly comfort, but to trust in that great Father of the fatherless beside whom all the love of this world is poor and fleeting.

At length they turned to go in, and Mrs. Cruden said,

"There is a letter from Mr. Richmond, the lawyer, saying he will call this evening to talk over some business matters. I suppose he will be here by now."

"Couldn't he have waited till after to-morrow?" said Horace.

"He particularly asked to come to-night," said the mother. "At any rate, I would like you both to be with me while he is here. We must not have any secrets from one another now."

"I suppose it's about the will or the estate," said Reginald.

"I suppose so. I don't know," said Mrs. Cruden. "Mr. Richmond always managed your father's business affairs, you know, so he will be able to tell us how matters stand."

They reached the house and found Mr. Richmond had already arrived and was awaiting them in the library.

Mr. Richmond was a solemn, grave personage, whose profession was written on his countenance. His lips were so closely set that it seemed as if speaking must be a positive pain to him, his eyes had the knack of looking past you as though he was addressing not you but your shadow on the wall, and he ended every sentence, no matter what its import, with a mechanical smile, as though he were at that instant having his photograph taken. Why Mr. Cruden should have selected Mr. Richmond as his man of business was a matter only known to Mr. Cruden himself, for those who knew the lawyer best did not care for him, and, without being able to deny that he was an honest man and a well-meaning man, were at least glad that their affairs were in the hands of some one else.

He rose and solemnly greeted the widow and her two sons as they entered.

"I am sorry to intrude at such a time," said he, "but as your late husband's adviser, I considered it right to call and make you acquainted with his affairs."

Here Mr. Richmond smiled, greatly to Reginald's indignation.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Cruden; "sit down, please, Mr. Richmond."

Mr. Richmond obeyed, dubiously eyeing the two boys as he did so.

"These are your sons, I presume?" said he to Mrs. Cruden.

"They are," said she.

Mr. Richmond rose and solemnly shook hands with each of the lads, informing each with a smile as he did so that he was pleased to make his acquaintance.

"You wish the young gentlemen to remain, perhaps?" he inquired, as he resumed his seat.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Cruden, somewhat nettled at the question; "go on, please, Mr. Richmond."

"Certainly, madam," said the lawyer. "May I ask if you are acquainted with the late Mr. Cruden's state of affairs?"

"I wish to hear that from you," said the widow; "and with as little delay as possible, Mr. Richmond."

"Certainly, madam. Mr Cruden honoured me with his confidence on these matters, and I believe, next to himself, I knew more about them than any one else."

Here Mr. Richmond paused and smiled.

"In fact," continued he, "I may almost say I knew more about them than he did himself, for your excellent husband, Mrs.

Cruden, was not a good man of business."

Reginald could not stand the smile which accompanied this observation, and said, somewhat hotly,

"Look here, Mr. Richmond, if you will say what you've got to say without laughing and speaking disrespectfully of my father, we shall be glad."

"Certainly, Master Cruden," said the lawyer, a trifle disconcerted by this unexpected interruption. Then turning to the widow he continued,

"The fact is, madam, the late Mr. Cruden was, I fear, under the impression that he was considerably better off than he was."

Mr. Richmond paused as if for a reply, but as no one spoke he continued,

"I am sorry to say this appears to have been the case to a much larger extent than even I imagined. Your late husband, Mrs. Cruden, I believe spent largely on his estate here, and unfortunately kept no accounts. I have frequently entreated him to reckon over his expenditure, but he always replied that it was considerably under his income, and that there was no need, as long as that was the case, to trouble himself about it."

A nervous movement among his listeners was the only reply the lawyer received to this last announcement or to the smile which accompanied it.

"Mr. Cruden *may* have been correct in his conjecture, madam, although I fear the contrary."

"If my father said a thing," blurted out Reginald at this point, "I see no reason for doubting his word."

"None in the least, my dear Master Cruden; but unfortunately your father did not know either what his income was or what his expenditure was."

"Do *you* know what they were?" said Reginald, not heeding the deprecating touch of his mother's hand on his.

"As far as I understand the state of your father's affairs," said Mr. Richmond, undisturbed by the rude tone of his inquisitor, "his income was entirely derived from interest in the stock of two American railways, in which he placed implicit confidence, and in one or the other of which he insisted on investing all capital which came to his hand. The total income from these two sources would in my opinion just about cover Mr. Cruden's various expenses of all kinds."

There was something like a sigh of relief from the listeners as Mr. Richmond reached this point. But it died away as he proceeded.

"In his choice of an investment for his capital Mr. Cruden consulted no one, I believe, beyond himself. For some time it seemed a fortunate investment, and the shares rose in value, but latterly they took a turn for the worse, and early this year I am sorry to say one of the railways suspended payment altogether, and Mr. Cruden lost a considerable portion of his fortune thereby."

"I heard my husband say some months ago that he had made some slight loss in the City," said Mrs. Cruden, "but I imagined from the light manner in which he treated it that it was quite trifling and would be quickly repaired."

"He did hope that would be the case. Although all his friends urged him to sell out at once, he insisted on holding on in the hope of the railway recovering itself."

"And has it recovered?" asked Mrs. Cruden, with a tremble in her voice

"I regret to say it has not, Mrs. Cruden. On the contrary, it was declared bankrupt a few days ago, and what is still more deplorable, it has involved in its own ruin the other railway in which the remainder of your husband's property was invested, so that all the shares which stand in his name in both concerns are now worth no more than the paper they are printed on."

Mr. Richmond came to the point at last with startling abruptness, so much so that for a moment or two his listeners sat almost petrified by the bad news, and unable to say a word. The lawyer finished what he had to say without waiting.

"Your husband heard this lamentable news, Mrs. Cruden, on the occasion of his last visit to the City. The only call he made that day was at his banker's, where he was told all, and there is no reason to doubt that the shock produced the stroke from which he died."

"Mr. Richmond," said Mrs. Cruden, after a while, like one in a dream, "can this be true? What *does* it all mean?"

"Alas! madam," said the lawyer, "it would be no kindness on my part to deny the truth of what I have told you. It means that unless you or your late husband are possessed of some means of income of which I know nothing your circumstances are reduced to a very low point."

"But there must be some mistake," said Horace. "*Both* railways can't have gone wrong; we shall surely save something?"

"I wish I could hold out any hope. I have all the documents at my office, and shall be only too glad, Mrs. Cruden, to accompany you to the bank for your own satisfaction."

Mrs. Cruden shuddered and struggled bravely to keep down the rising tears. A long pause ensued, every moment of which made the terrible truth clearer to all three of the hearers, and closed every loophole of hope.

"What can be done?" said Horace at last.

"Happily there is Garden Vale," said Reginald, and there was a choking in the throat of the heir as he spoke; "we shall have to sell it."

"The contents of it, you will, Master Cruden," said the lawyer; "the estate itself is held on lease."

"Well, the contents of it," said Reginald, bitterly; "you are not going to make out they don't belong to us?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Richmond, on whom the taunt was quite lost; "unless, as I trust is not the case, your father died in debt."

"Do you mean to say," said Horace, slowly, like one waking from a dream, "do you mean to say we are ruined, Mr. Richmond?"

"I fear it is so," said the lawyer, "unless Mr. Cruden was possessed of any means of income with which I was not acquainted. I regret very much, Mrs. Cruden, having to be the bearer of such bad news, and I can only say the respect I had for your late husband will make any assistance I can offer you by way of advice or otherwise a pleasure."

And Mr. Richmond bowed himself out of the room with a smile.

It was a relief to be left alone, and Mrs. Cruden, despite her weakness and misery, struggled hard for the sake of her boys to put a brave face on their trouble.

"Reg, dear," said she to her eldest son, who had fairly broken down, and with his head on his hands was giving vent to his misery, "try to bear it. After all, we are left to one another, and—"

The poor mother could not finish her sentence, but bent down and kissed the wet cheek of the boy.

"Of course it means," said Horace, after a pause, "we shall have to give up Garden Vale and leave Wilderham too. And Reg was sure of a scholarship next term. I say, mother, what *are* we to do?"

"We are all strong enough to do something, dear boy," said Mrs. Cruden.

"I'll take care *you* don't have to do anything, mother," said Reginald, looking up. "I'll work my fingers to the bones before you have to come down to that." He spoke with clenched teeth, half savagely.

"Even if we can sell all the furniture," continued Horace, taking a practical view of the situation, "it wouldn't give us much to live on."

"Shut up, Horace!" said Reginald. "What's the use of making the worst of everything? Hasn't mother had quite enough to bear already?"

Horace subsided, and the three sat there in silence until the daylight faded and the footman brought in the lights and announced that coffee was ready in the drawing-room.

There was something like a shock about this interruption. What had they to do with men-servants and coffee in the drawing-room, they who an hour or two ago had supposed themselves wealthy, but now knew that they were little better than beggars?

"We shall not want coffee," said Mrs. Cruden, answering for all three. Then when the footman had withdrawn she said,

"Boys, I must go to bed. God bless you and give us all brave hearts, for we shall need them."

The funeral took place next day. Happily it was of a simple character, and only a few friends were invited, so that it was not thought necessary to alter the arrangements in consequence of Mr. Richmond's announcement of the evening before. But even the slight expense involved in this melancholy ceremony grated painfully on the minds of the boys, who forgot even their dead father in the sense that they were riding in carriages for which they could not pay, and offering their guests refreshments which were not theirs to give. The little cemetery was crowded with friends and acquaintances of the dead—country gentry most of them, who sought to show their respect for their late neighbour by falling into the long funeral procession and joining the throng at the graveside.

It was a severe ordeal for the two boys to find themselves the centres of observation and to feel that more than half the interest exhibited in them was on account of their supposed inheritance.

One bluff squire came up after the funeral and patted Reginald on the back.

"Never mind, my boy," said he; "I was left without a father at your age. You'll soon get over it, and your mother will have plenty of friends. Glad to see you up at the Hall any day, and your brother too. You must join our hunt

next winter and keep up the family name. God bless you!"

Reginald shrank from this greeting like a guilty being, and the two desolate boys were glad to escape further encounters by retreating to their carriage and ordering the coachman to drive home at once.

A few days disclosed all that was wanting to make their position quite clear. Mr. Cruden's will confirmed Mr. Richmond's statement as to the source of his income. All his money was invested in shares of the two ruined railways, and all he had to leave besides these was the furniture and contents of Garden Vale. Even this, when realised, would do little more than cover the debts which the next week or two brought to light. It was pitiful the way in which that unrelenting tide of bills flowed in, swamping gradually the last hope of a competency, or even means of bare existence, for the survivors.

Neither Mrs. Cruden nor her sons had been able to endure a day's delay at Garden Vale after the funeral, but had hurried for shelter to quiet lodgings at the seaside, kept by an old servant, where in an agony of suspense they awaited the final result of Mr. Richmond's investigations.

It came at last, and, bad as it was, it was a comfort to know the worst. The furniture, carriages, and other contents of Garden Vale had sufficed to pay all debts of every description, with a balance of about £350 remaining over and above, to represent the entire worldly possessions of the Cruden family, which only a month ago had ranked with the wealthiest in the county.

"So," said Mrs. Cruden, with a shadow of her old smile, as she folded up the lawyer's letter and put it back in her pocket, "we know the worst at last, boys."

"Which is," said Reginald, bitterly, "we are worth among us the magnificent sum of sixteen pounds per annum. Quite princely!"

"Reg, dear," said his mother, "let us be thankful that we have anything, and still more that we may start life owing nothing to any one."

"Start life!" exclaimed Reginald; "I wish we could end it with—"

"Oh, hush, hush, my precious boy!" exclaimed the widow; "you will break my heart if you talk like that! Think how many there are to whom this little sum would seem a fortune. Why, it may keep a roof over our heads, at any rate, or help you into situations."

"Or bury us!" groaned Reginald.

The mother looked at her eldest son, half in pity, half in reproach, and then burst into tears.

Reginald sprang to her side in an instant.

"What a beast I am!" he exclaimed. "Oh, mother, do forgive me! I really didn't think what I was saying."

"No, dear Reggie, I know you didn't," said Mrs. Cruden, recovering herself with a desperate effort. "You mustn't mind me, I—I scarcely—know—I—"

It was no use trying. The poor mother broke down completely, and on that evening it was impossible to talk more about the future.

Next morning, however, all three were in a calmer mood, and Horace said at breakfast, "We can't do any good here, mother. Hadn't we better go to London?"

"I think so, and Parker here knows of a small furnished lodging in Dull Street, which she says is cheap. We might try there to begin with. Eh, Reg?"

Reginald winced, and then replied, "Oh, certainly; the sooner we get down to our right level the better."

That evening the three Crudens arrived in London.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FRESH TROUBLE.

It had not occurred to any one that Ivan might have gone out for a walk. He seldom went out alone, it is true, and his being absent from his room when Mr. Smirnoff sent for him to see Tenterton was alarming when viewed in connection with his having been lost once already.

If that mischance had not taken place the household would have been less alarmed. But the lost sheep is the dearest of all in the fold, and recovered treasure gains tenfold in value from having once been missed. Ivan had, as we already know, become very dear to Smirnoff, and his second disappearance filled him with dismay.

When Tatiana entered the study and announced that the boy was lost the shock was so severe that it was difficult to describe its effect upon her master. It was premature in Tatiana to do this; and the former trouble had prepared Smirnoff to believe the worst.

When he arrived at Kakaroff's he was nearer weeping than he had been any time since his childhood, and his disorder was so apparent to the police *chef* that he advised a doctor in the first instance.

"I will see all the doctors in Moscow if you like," said Smirnoff. "Only help me to find my little pet. How that boy has twined himself round my heart no one can tell, and I *must* have him back! How much shall I offer as a reward?"

"Nothing at all publicly. It may just be offering a premium to these rascals, whoever they are, encouraging them in their villainy. On the other hand, if you like me to make it known amongst my people that a handsome reward is offered to any one who can find him, it might be as well. Anyhow, the idea of the reward must be confined to the detectives. Pray do not talk about the matter to anybody."

"Certainly not. I put the matter into your hands and am not going to withdraw it. Good morning."

The second disappearance of our hero happened on this wise. He felt a longing for fresh air; he had been sitting a long time over his school-books, but without deriving any benefit from them. At last he said, aloud,

"I must take a walk, that will clear my head."

Now it so happened that he was wearing his brown suit, not his Gymnasium uniform, but the hat and light overcoat which he wore with them were in his sitting-room. His head felt so odd and queer that he never noticed them, and he passed out on to the corridor without meeting a soul or thinking of his hat or coat.

He went downstairs, and, seeing his uniform cap and mantle in the hall, thought it better to put them on than to go all the way back up so many stairs to fetch the articles which belonged to the suit he wore. He therefore put on the cap and mantle and walked out.

He had not gone far when he was overtaken by an izvoschick with a splendid prancing horse, who reined in his steed and hailed our hero.

"You want to ride, barin? I'll take you cheap, wherever you like to go; jump in, barin."

So Ivan jumped in.

"Where to, barin?"

Now Ivan had no plans at all, but on being asked this question, and not knowing of the terrible work that had been going on in the place where Anniesie used to live, it struck him that he ought to go and see her. Accordingly he said,

"Do you know the Novoye Derayvnie?"

"I should rather think so!"

"Schouvalovsky Peryoulok."

"All right, barin; fifty kopecks?"

"All right," replied Ivan, and off they flew.

Arriving within the precincts of the old house, Ivan paid the driver and descended. He had no trouble in recognising the place, although it was evidently in much worse repair than it was when Ivan was there before. The house especially seemed greatly changed for the worse. The tumble-down doorway had tumbled down entirely; the windows looked still more dissipated and revolting, like the human eye after bad courses. The court could not look more repulsive than it had done, and yet there was a something about the place that made our hero shudder.

Ivan certainly did not feel comfortable in the society of those by whom he found himself surrounded, but he put a bold face on the matter and asked a venerable-looking old rascal with a white beard half a yard long and a head of hair as white as the driven snow, whether he knew what had become of Hermann and Anniesie.

"Batuschka!" ["Little father," a common ejaculation.] "What next? they have been promoted."

This was unintelligible to Ivan, who said, simply,

"I did not know he was in the service," a speech which seemed to give general satisfaction, as it was greeted with a perfect yell of delight.

"Never mind them, duschinka!" cried a hag such as is hardly to be dreamt of out of Russia, unless a very indigestible supper has been indulged in. "Never mind, my dove, they are only laughing at you. Come with me, you shall see Anniesie; I know where she is. Come with me, dear; come with me!"

Greatly disliking his self-elected guide, Ivan recoiled from her touch, and, addressing a younger woman in the costume of a peasant and with a charming red handkerchief bound round her head, asked her whether she knew where Anniesie Feodorovna was.

"I know where they are," she answered, drily.

"Will you take me to them?"

"Yes; with pleasure."

"She cannot," said the old woman. "Natasha always tells lies; she can't help it. I will take you to them; she can't, she knows nothing about it."

The old woman tried to seize his hand, but he eluded her grasp, whilst the younger one looked jeeringly at her. Some rough fellows, with sallow complexions and black glossy hair, red shirts and loose white trousers, closed up the passage made by Natasha in the little mob of childish misery that had flocked into the yard. So she bore off our hero to the very wing of the house in which Anniesie had lived, but which now looked desolate indeed.

"Come along, barin," said Natasha; "you see I know the way. Come along."

And Ivan was just beginning to feel assured as she led him into the house, turning round to assist him over the less practicable portions of blackened and grimy flooring over which they passed.

A very dark corridor was now entered, through which Ivan had never passed before. The girl made a sign to some person behind Ivan, who turned and stumbled as a crashing blow from a bludgeon struck the back of his head and felled him in an instant. Had he not stumbled just at that moment, thereby baulking the blow, he might never have spoken more, and this story would never have been written. He fell forward as though dead, senseless from the cowardly attack.

When he came to himself he was lying on a low truckle bed in a cellar, perfectly divested of clothing. A greasy quilted bed-cover had been thrown over him; no traces of his watch, clothes, or money were visible. On a miserable deal chair, blackened with all kinds of grease and dirt, lay some shabby articles of peasant's clothing, which seemed as though intended for him. He raised himself up and found that he was in a cellar dimly lighted by a grated window sunk below the surface of the court.

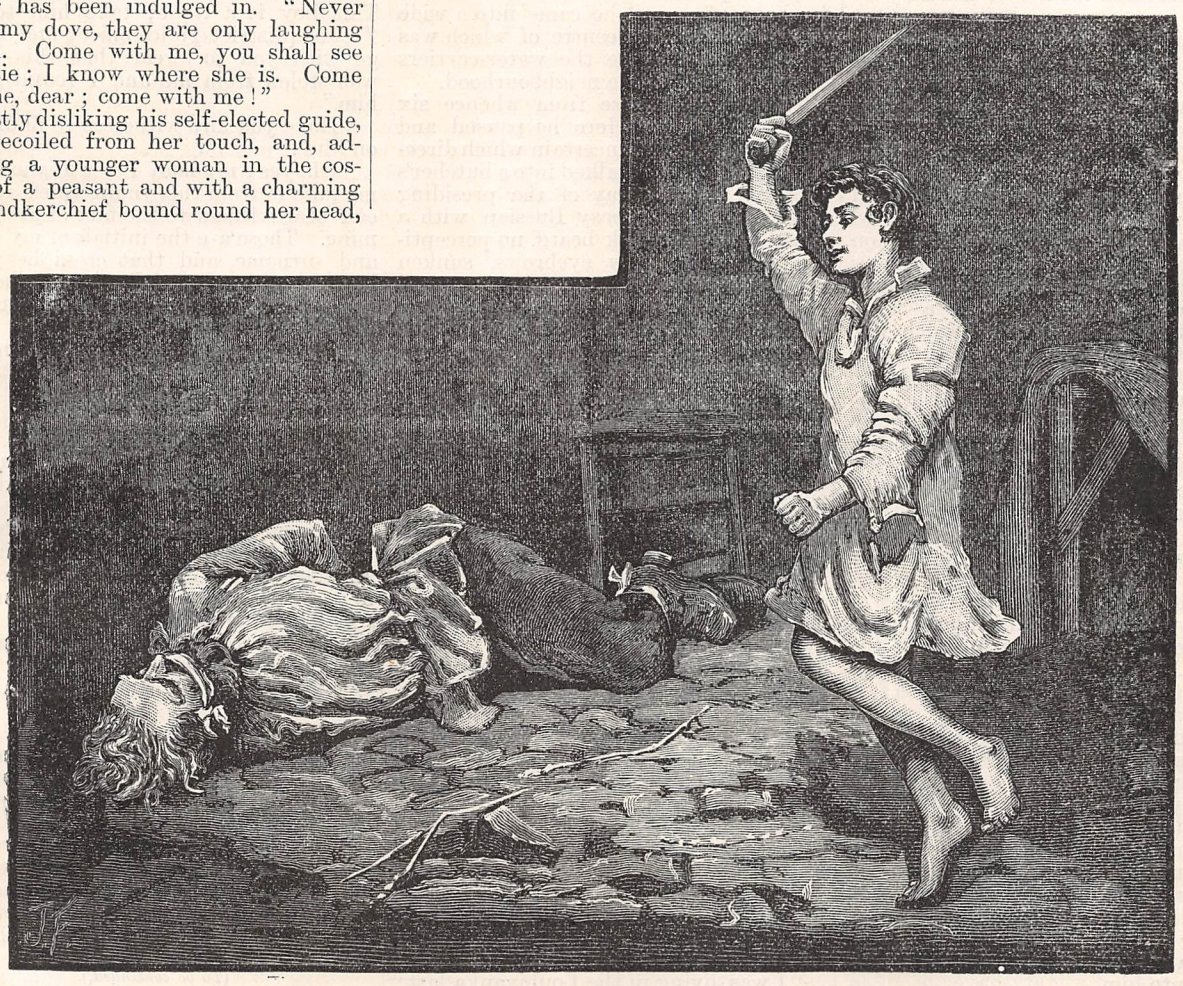
No one could describe the horror of the poor boy at finding himself precisely where he most dreaded to be. When he recovered from the surprise the first object he beheld was the old rascal with the venerable beard whom he had seen on entering the court. He had in his hand a cup of the species of thin beer called *qvass*, which he offered to Ivan. The boy was thirsty, and drank eagerly.

"Now," said Ivan, "tell me one thing—where am I?"

"Where are you? Why, where should you be but among your friends? This is 'Dom German,' you know, that you used to be so fond of."

"And where is Hermann? and where is his daughter?"

"You asked me that question before," said the old man, "and I told you they were *promoted*."



"Ivan, looking more like a savage Indian, jumped round him."

"How can that be? they were not in the service!"

"What a boy it is! The Emperor has promoted them."

Suddenly the possible meaning flashed across Ivan's mind, his guess being greatly assisted by the expression in the old man's face. "You don't mean—oh, you don't mean to say—Siberia?"

"Look here, my boy, if you use bad language in this house we have the means of punishing you—ah! and of making it quite impossible for you to offend like this again! First, there is the *knut* [a whip—or knout, as it is often written], then there is this," producing a large knife such as is used by the Russian butchers in their work, "and these nice quiet cellars tell no tales!"

"They would tell tales in my case, for though I did not tell Mr. Smirnoff that I was going to see Anniesie, he will guess it soon enough, and my friend General Kakaroff will be after you again. Besides, you would lose the reward?"

"What reward?" asked the old man, with a sudden gleam in his eye. "Will

there be a reward for such an imp as you?"

"A big one, I am sure, this time. Let some one write to Mr. Smirnoff and tell him that I am safe and well, that if a fair reward be offered I shall be given up, but if not I shall have to be buried in the cellar." The poor fellow shuddered with horror, recollecting what he had heard of those cellars of old. Then he added, "I say, if I am to wear those clothes, just hand them over and help me dress."

The quiet tone of command had its effect on the old man, who went slowly forward to pick up the things indicated. Gently Ivan rose from his recumbent posture without a sound. Being unencumbered by clothes, his motions were free and sure as those of a tiger on the spring; and just as the old man stooped to pick up the red cotton shirt which had fallen down, the boy threw himself on him, rolling him over by the suddenness of the attack. In the fall the old villain's head came into contact with a large stone in the uneven floor with such violence as to stun him for the moment. Taking advantage of this, Ivan tore some of the printed calico with which the quilt was covered into strips and rapidly bound the hands of his prostrate foe. Then feeling for the butcher's knife, which he found under the "caftan" which the old man wore, he cut strips from the stout cloth and bound the legs firmly together. He next pulled some of the wool and tow with which the coverlet had been stuffed into a sort of heap of wadding, from which he selected enough to thrust into the mouth of the old rogue. This he bound up with strips of the dirty calico, leaving the nose free for respiration.

The old scamp had returned to consciousness before all these operations were complete, but he was evidently unnerved by the fall, if not weakened by loss of blood, which now trickled from the wound. Ivan, looking more like a savage Indian than a Russian, jumped round his victim, brandishing the knife, and declaring that if the old fellow moved or tried to escape, or to free himself from his bonds, he would run the weapon into him.

Dazed and scared, the victim lay still while Ivan dressed himself in the clothes to which we have before alluded. But as the old man came more and more to himself he began to work with his hands so as to loosen the bonds. And so quietly was this done that Ivan would never have noticed the attempt thus made at freedom had he not, as soon as his toilet was completed, turned the prisoner over to see whether all were in order, and then he discovered that the bandages were giving way.

"Ah! would you?" he cried. "Now, look here, you old scoundrel, you had better lie still. These cellars tell no tales, you know!"

This bold speech had its due effect, and Ivan, taking advantage of it, stealthily glided from the place, taking the knife with him as a weapon of self-defence. But on leaving the cellar he remembered to stop and lock the door behind him, taking the key with him.

Thus guarding against pursuit, at least from his more immediate enemy, Ivan fled up the stairs into the court, through which he sauntered with as cool and unconcerned an air as he could assume.

The extreme pallor of his face from excitement, the filthy nature of his dress, and his wild hunted expression of countenance were all passports for him in that uncouth district, where a respectably dressed person would at once have attracted the attention and excited the cupidity of the aborigines. So Ivan crossed the court cleverly enough, but once through the gates and in the street, boy nature could stand it no more; he cast but one look behind him and *ran*. Oh! how he ran for bare life, until he came into a wide open space, in the centre of which was the fountain whence the water-carriers drew supplies for the neighbourhood.

This was a centre from whence six streets diverged. Here he paused and looked round him, uncertain which direction to take, so he walked into a butcher's shop to ask his way of the presiding genius, a stout greasy Russian with a broad red face, black beard, no perceptible whiskers, bushy eyebrows, sunken eyes, very small, very piercing, and supernaturally bright. His black hair was parted accurately down the middle, like a woman's, but was cut so as to hang down straight behind, though not allowed to grow long enough to hide the nape of the neck, which was carefully cleared of all hair whatever. He wore a long caftan or coat reaching down to the calf of the leg and up to the neck, where the white cravat was disclosed. The high boots were crinkled about the ankle like the bellows of an accordion, which is reckoned a beauty in boots by the Russians. His apron professed to have belonged to the class called white, but the colours produced upon it by time and the exercise of his profession had long since rendered its claim to that distinction obscure. The shop was a low-browed beetling shed with a pent-house roof to keep off the weather, and behind was the dwelling-place of the butcher and his family. To this man Ivan, guided by a good-humoured twinkle in his eye, applied with the question, "Which is my way to the Straytinka?"

"Why, you are coming from it. You must be a stranger about here not to know that. From what part of the world do you come, youngster?"

"I was living in the Loubiyanka last."

"Then how is it you don't know the way?"

"I have not been much about."

"Oh, indeed!" said the butcher, with a grin; "too much engaged in study, I suppose?"

"Just so," said Ivan, taken off his guard.

The butcher became suspicious and eyed Ivan more narrowly, until he became aware of the knife stuck into his girdle. He advanced to the boy, and laying one hand on his shoulder said,

"Look here, my bit of a boy, you! I wonder what you have been up to. There is something wrong about you. Now, for instance, what are you going to do with this knife?" drawing it from Ivan's girdle. "Hulloa? Why, Sascha! Come here. Look! This is the knife! Now, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? This knife is my property and was stolen from me the week before last. How did you get hold of it? Never mind. Peter, run for the budeschnik; I will hold the thief till he comes. Now be off."

It was vain for Ivan to protest his innocence. In vain he told the butcher that he was a pupil of the First Gymnasium and where he lived.

This last assertion seemed very much to amuse the butcher, who exclaimed, "Why that is the most expensive house in the whole street! and all the servants there are rich people, well provided for. There is not one among them, no, not the poorest dvornik in the house, who would not be ashamed to own such a brat as you. Besides, there are no thieves there. Oh! here is the budeschnik. This boy is a thief; take him to the *Tschast* [district police office], and I will go with you to swear that this knife was stolen from me and I found it on him."

"Have you any witnesses to finding it on him?"

"Oh, yes; my man Peter Ivanoff saw me take it from this young thief, and he can bear witness to the fact of its being mine. Those are the initials of my name and surname, and that cross he made himself with a lot of little brass-headed nails that were knocking about the place."

"How did you come by this knife?" said the policeman.

"I found it," answered Ivan.

"Oh, yes, of course, but *where?*"

"In the Novoye Derayvnie."

"How did you get there? You said you were a stranger," interposed the butcher.

"I went to see some people whom I wanted to find. I was taken prisoner, stripped of my clothes, and found this knife on the person of an old man who would have killed me."

This was received by the police-soldier with great delight, as an amusing piece of ill-directed satire on his powers of discrimination.

"Well," he replied, "it would have been a pity to kill such a nice promising young felon as you. But if you are afraid, you must be under *police protection*, you know."

This sally was received with a roar of laughter from the now indignant butcher and his help. The scene had attracted a small crowd of idlers, a police corporal came up, and the two dragged off poor Ivan.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

TATTOOING EXTRAORDINARY.

A tramp was lately apprehended by the Leicester police, he having been found "climbing a lamp-post to get a drink." He was, when searched, found to be tattooed from his shoulders to his feet, the police description of his marks being: "Letter D and ship on breast, together with a house, pigeons, anchor and chain, haystack, fishes and trees, a man driving a sheep, a pig, the Union Jack, the Prince of Wales's feathers, an anchor, two inscriptions, 'Love me and leave me not' (Shakespeare), and a gravestone to 'The memory of all I love,' a Highland girl dancing, a Highland soldier and another soldier wearing a red coat, cross flags and bayonet, drum and sticks, a pile of shot, W. F., a gun, another gun and crossed flags, crossed pipes, and a jug and glass; on the right arm an ensign, sailors, a ship, a cross and a large fish, a sailor with crossed flags, and 'Charlotte' in capital letters; on the left arm a policeman taking a man into custody, and Faith, Hope, and Charity; on the left leg a man; on the right leg a woman and a flag." Could any folly well exceed this?

THE GOLD FISH.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Edwin Aston was a day boy at Highfield House. His parents were in India, and he lived with a maiden aunt. She rented a fine Elizabethan mansion standing in a grand old-fashioned garden, with terraces and steps and statues, and yew hedges cut into fantastic caricatures of beasts and birds.

Not least among the attractions of that garden was a fountain in the middle of the lawn, with a commodious basin, in which had lived for many years a red carp. This fish was the pride and delight of the maiden aunt. She did not care for pets as a rule; not a pug, nor a poodle, nor a parrot ever found sufficient favour in her eyes to merit adoption. But this carp was very dear to her heart. She had found him in the basin ten years before when she first came to live in Chesterton House. Perhaps he was the last of a family. He was a burly fish when she first knew him, and looked as if he might have grown fat upon other members of his race, the last by natural selection because the strongest. And ten years' careful feeding at the hand of his mistress had increased his burliness in due proportion.

Now, on the day marking the commencement of this story Miss Davis had occasion to pay a visit at a distance of some seven or eight miles. Her chariot and horses were ordered for 2.30 p.m. She was standing, clad in robes of state, on the broad steps of her porch. Her nephew was at her side, receiving her parting instructions. She was cautioning him against the temptation of angling for the red carp during her absence.

I know not what could have suggested the necessity of such a caution. Edwin was a well-disposed lad, by no means addicted to mischief, and had never shown the slightest inclination to meddle with the carp. Miss Davis may have noticed an unusual twinkle in his eye, and deemed it to portend angling intentions. Or she may have read the Billingsgate announcement in the paper that morning, or something else might have roused her suspicions. I cannot tell. But as she had never before hinted at the possible perpetration of such an outrage, and as it had never entered Edwin's mind to plot the capture of that fish, it was odd that Miss Davis should have called the boy and said to him, in a solemn and impressive voice, "Edwin, I am going for a drive this afternoon. Now mind, I forbid you to try and catch the gold fish!"

Edwin opened his mouth with astonishment, stared at her a moment, and answered, "All square, aunt."

"Edwin, I don't like that expression. You must be more careful of your words. I am afraid the Highfield boys teach you bad language."

Edwin looked even more astonished, not to say hurt, and as his aunt turned to ascend into her chariot, a casual observer might have noticed that he pursed up his lips as though to whistle.

When left to his own devices Edwin Aston reflected for a few moments, and his thoughts, if put into words, would have been, "What does aunt mean? I don't want to catch the carp; I'm going for a walk with Dawson. He's coming round at three o'clock. It's nearly that now. There he comes down the road! Hullo, Jackdaw! Come in. Aunt's gone for a drive. Let's have some gooseberries!"

"Jolly!" cried Dawson. "Don't she mind?"

"Mind? No! She's an old brick, and lets me have as many as I like."

This was literally true. Miss Davis showed her wisdom in allowing her nephew to help himself to fruit at his discretion. She often said, "Edwin, you may take what fruit you please, only promise me that you will not be greedy, nor pick it unripe, nor eat the skins and stones." Was not she a sensible person? And Edwin obeyed her commands; and because he could at any time enjoy himself in the kitchen garden, he never abused the privilege. He cared not to fall upon the spoil like a starved lion. Oh, no. He was fastidious in his tastes, and would select the reddest in preference to the biggest strawberry, and preferred the small ripe yellow gooseberries to the large unripe green ones.

The two boys therefore made for the gooseberry bushes. Dawson was but little accustomed to such a treat, and Edwin was amused at the voraciousness of his appetite.

"Why, Jack, you gulp them down like an ant-eater!"

"Rather! If your *aunt* was a gooseberry I'd *eat her!*"

Dawson's gluttonous appetite was at length appeased, and the boys walked round the well-stocked beds of cabbages and beans and peas, and looked at the young apples and pears, and speculated on their destiny when ripe next term, and wandered off to the pigsty and stirred up the old sow with a bean-pole and made her snort. Talking and laughing merrily, they then repaired to the lawn and extemporised a game of cricket with a croquet-mallet and a tennis-ball, and played till they were hot.

"I say, Aston, it's awfully warm! Do you think we might bathe in the fountain? Hullo, what a fat fish! Let me find him a bluebottle!"

This was soon done. The carp lifted his nose and deftly sipped in the bluebottle, and seemed to ask for another.

"How jolly the water looks! I may bathe, mayn't I, Aston?"

"I don't mind. It's not very deep, and I don't suppose you'll be drowned."

Dawson soon disrobed and stepped in. The water was up to his waist. He flopped about, and began to flounder round the basin.

"Ha, ha! See if you can catch the carp, Jack! I'll stop him. Here, old fellow, not so fast! Steady! Wo, ho, my boy!"

On came the puffing Dawson like a white grampus. The carp grew alarmed, and exerted himself to escape, lashing the water with his broad tail as though he were a screw steamer. Edwin strove to check the monster's progress with the croquet-mallet. The chase grew exciting.

"Now, quick! Here! Got him? Hold tight! What a slippery old curmudgeon he is! Ha, ha, ha!"

The sport waxed hot. The carp, unused to such violent exercise, gasped and puffed and put forth all his energies in the struggle to elude capture. Dawson continued manfully floundering round the basin, and more than once seemed on the verge of success, but the slippery fish invariably escaped. How long this aquatic entertainment might have lasted under uniformity of circumstances I cannot say. But at length it was summarily cut short by an unexpected manœuvre on the part of the carp, who made a prodigious leap when opposite the overflow pipe, and fell head downwards into it, disappearing all but his tail. This *début* was entirely unforeseen by the boys.

"I say," cried Edwin, "the carp has taken a header down the pipe! Stop him, Harry! Catch him by the tail. Oh, what a go! Can't you pull him out?"

Harry valiantly tried to seize the fish by his tail. A super-piscine wriggle enabled the carp to get completely out of reach, and the boys were put *hors de combat*.

"What will aunt say? Shan't I catch it!" cried Edwin.

"You duffer, Aston! if you catch it you can put it back in the fountain, and it will be all right. But I know! Happy thought! You run down to the pond, where the pipe comes out, and I'll pour a bucket or two of water down the pipe, and swill him out, and you can easily catch him."

"Oh, yes; we'll have him. Wait—let me get a couple of buckets."

These were soon fetched from the stables. One was given to Harry Dawson. Edwin took the other and scampered through the laurel hedge down to the pond, where the overflow pipe discharged the superfluous water. Planting his feet firmly, he held the bucket under the mouth of the pipe, and shouted,

"All serene; fire away, Jack!"

Dawson at once poured a bucket of water down the pipe, and then another, and even a third.

Edwin heard the subterraneous gurglings which indicated the progress of the water, and anxiously waited for the appearance of the carp. Gurglings continued, and grew more pronounced. Water slowly trickled. Edwin's heart beat fast. There was a sudden commotion, a bursting report. Fish and water came out with a rush, and filled the bucket so suddenly that the weight of it was too much for Edwin. His feet slid on the treacherous clay, and in the flash of a moment, bucket, water, fish, and boy fell with a promiscuous splash into the pond.

"Hasn't he come out yet?" shouted Harry. "What a time he is! I must give him another dose."

Two more bucketfuls were poured in. Just as Edwin's head appeared out of the muddy water, the clean cataract burst in his face and sent him back again into the mud.

Harry, hearing no answer to his inquiry, thought he had better see what was going on down below. Clad in the garb of a young Dyak of Borneo, he threaded the mazes of the laurel hedge, and emerged to see the results of the direful catastrophe.

"What are you up to, Aston?"

"Up to! Come and help me out, you donkey! Don't stand there gaping like an owl. Oh, this horrid mud!"

The Dyak skipped nimbly down to the water's edge, and Edwin was soon rescued. Poor Edwin! Misfortunes seldom come singly. The carp was at large in the pond. He himself, encased in mud, resembled an Egyptian mummy. The clouds of his aunt's displeasure gathered gloomily on the horizon.

"Look here, Harry, you must make haste and dress and get my Sunday clothes. You know my room. Bring a shirt as well and some socks and boots."

"However did you manage to tumble in?"

"Never mind how I managed it. Look sharp and get my things."

While Harry was gone Edwin lay down in the sun, thoroughly disgusted with fortune. He naturally dreaded his aunt's wrath. He was vexed that the awkwardness of the carp should have brought such trouble upon him. His muddy clothes would be sure to betray him, to say nothing of the absconding carp. Edwin did not see that it was his fault. Who could have imagined that the fish would try such a desperate venture as to escape through the overflow pipe? What could he say when his aunt questioned him? He was not going to get Harry into a row He should simply say he had not caught the carp. She had told him not to, and he had obeyed her. She could not blame him. His tumbling into the mud was an accident, and accidents will happen in the best regulated family.

Edwin was not in a good humour when Harry returned with the dry clothes. During the operation of changing dress Harry suggested that they should get a rod and bait a hook with a bluebottle and try and catch the carp.

"There's a rod in the stable," said Edwin, "but I won't try. Aunt said I wasn't to catch the brute."

"Well, but she didn't mean that you were not to try and catch him if he was mad enough to jump down the pipe into the pond. If a man was going to leap off London Bridge and I caught him by the coat-tails I don't suppose it would be an assault" [Harry's father was a solicitor]; "though if he were walking along the road and I did so he might lick me with his walking-stick, and I couldn't say a word."

"Yes you could, and you would; you'd howl like a maniac. But I'm not going to disobey. Aun't said, 'Edwin, you're not to try and catch the gold fish,' and she blew me up when I said, 'All square.'"

"Well, she'll blow you up a lot more when she knows that you drove him down the pipe."

"I didn't drive him down; you did."

"Steady! Wo, ho, my boy!"

"No, I'm sure I didn't."

"Yes, you did; quite as much as me, and more."

"Well, I'm not going to argue about it. If you like to sneak I can't help it."

"I'm not going to sneak, but you're just as much to blame as I am."

"All right; I don't care."

"No, but I do. That's the difference."

Harry soon afterwards took his leave without further ceremony. And Edwin ruefully gathered up his soiled garments, and as he wended his way towards the house he heard the sound of carriage wheels coming up the drive. He knew that his aunt had returned, and with that knowledge came an oozing away of all hope.

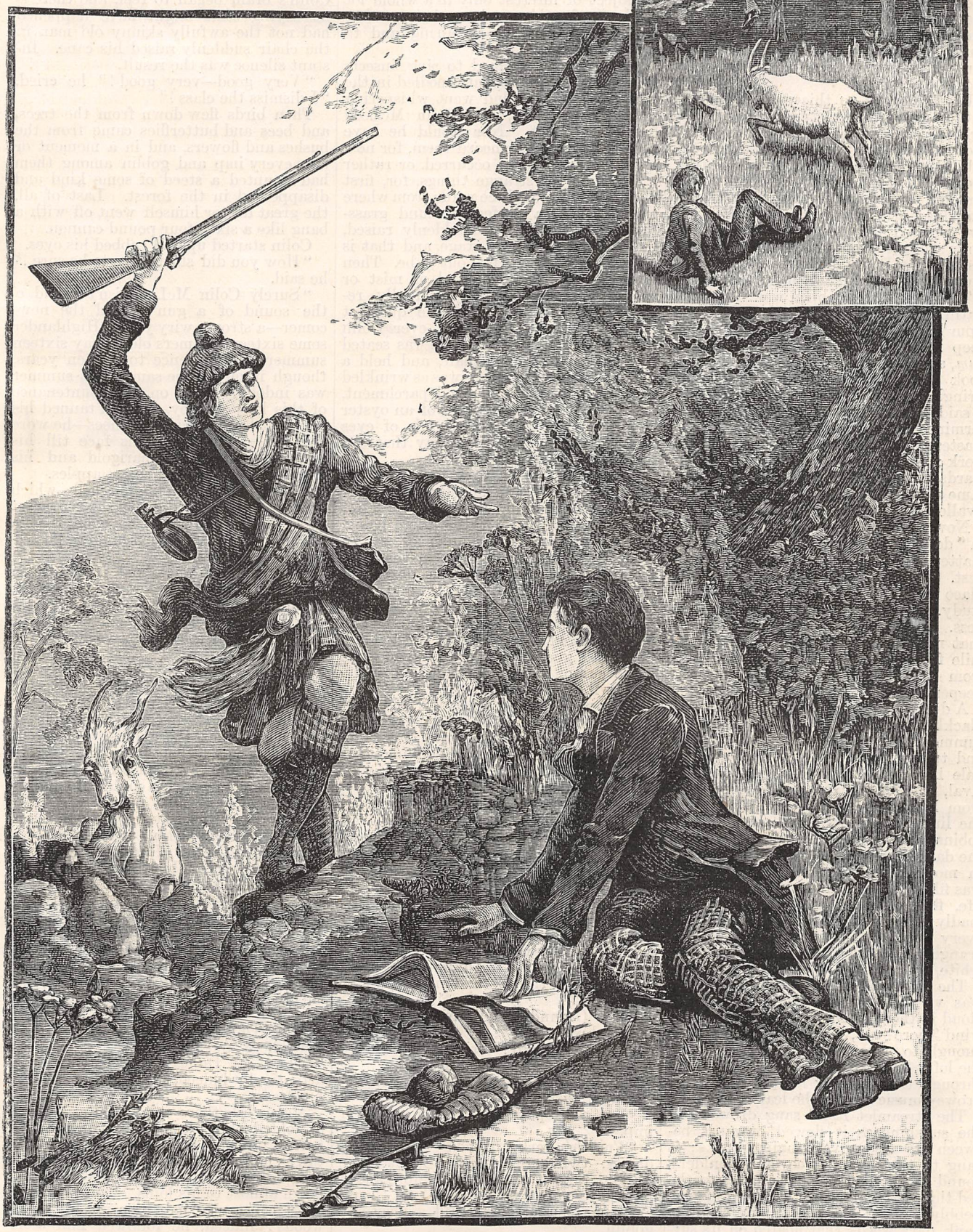
(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE FOSTER-BROTHERS.

Young Colin McLeod's eyes were not nearly so wide open as they ought to have been on this beautiful August afternoon. He was lying on the grass



"That interesting youth found himself sitting on the opposite bank."

at full length, but with his head on his half-raised arm, because he did not wish the ants and other inquisitive creepie-creepies to get inside the collar of his shirt.

Books were close beside him—two of them—one open, one shut. Colin was meditatively chewing the white or root end of a rush, and his long dark eyelashes swept his somewhat pale cheeks, but when he gave an occasional glance upwards at the trees above, it could be seen that those eyes of his were very dark, expressive, and somewhat thoughtful withal.

He had come to this wood all alone, with the intention of studying, for it was Friday, and to-morrow an epitome of all the work of the week would form the subject of examination; if he passed this, then—well and good; if he should blunder and forget—Dominie Clayton would go straight to the desk for the two-fingered hard leathern tawse, and Colin's fingers would soon after have to smart for it, Dominie Clayton being what was called "a tickler with the tawse."

The book that lay open was "Arnold's Latin Grammar," and, until it had slipped from his listless grasp, Colin had been deep in the mysteries of the gerund in *dum*, and the gerund in *do*. The other book was—let me whisper it—"Tom Cringle's Log." But, to Colin's credit be it said, he had brought it with him determined not to look at it until he had mastered his gerunds. Arnold meant work; Tom Cringle was to come afterwards as a treat and a reward, in the same way that a sugar-plum follows the swallowing of a nauseous draught.

Now gerunds in "dum," and gerunds in "do," and gerunds in general, for the matter of that, are drowsy things at the best. But it was also a drowsy kind of a place which Colin had chosen for his study. He loved it for its very retiredness. It was on the banks of a stream that meandered through a wood, a good mile from the village, and a good mile from a house of any kind, except the keeper's little cottage in the clearing.

A drowsy kind of place? Yes, for the blackbirds and thrushes that in earlier summer made wild melody in every bush and tree were silent now, the nightingale had gone away long ago, and his rival, the blackcap, had disappeared from his perch in the thorn-tree; only the linnets were left, and woodpeckers, robins, and wrens; but deep down in the darkest fir thickets cooed the cushat in mournful monotone. Then the air was filled with a drowsy chorus of insect life, flies of every genus, lazy beetles, madly-hurrying bluebottles, and bees of every "ilk and clan," some arrayed in orange and black, some radiant in purple, white, and crimson.

The day itself was a drowsy one, for it was very hot; there was not a single cloud in the grey-blue sky, and the little wind there was, though hardly strong enough to move the sturdy needles on the lofty Scottish pines, went whispering through the feathery larches, and made drowsy music among the leafy oaks.

The streamlet itself sang drowsily in the sunshine as it flowed onwards between its green overhanging banks; it sang to the big moss-covered boulders, round which it rippled; it sang to the red-ticked trouts that basked in the pebbly pools; it sang to the long, trailing, dank, dark weeds that floated on its surface, and it sang to a thousand lovely wee wild flowers that bent their bonnie heads and ducked them in the pools, as if they had been instinct with life.

"Read I *must*," said Colin, half aloud; and stretching out his hand, he once more took possession of his Arnold, and began to scan its pages. But ere long the book slipped down again, and became an object of interest only to a whole lot of tiny red spiders whom their mother had brought out for an airing and to pick up some food.

The stream continued to sing, insects still hummed, the cushat croodled in the thicket, and the wind went whispering through the trees, but Colin McLeod heard them not. Nor would he have heeded them had he heard them, for now a very strange thing occurred, or rather a whole lot of strange things, for, first and foremost, not three yards from where the boy lay, a perfectly round grass-covered platform was suddenly raised, like a little woodland stage, and that is precisely what it turned out to be. Then right in the centre a kind of mist or smoke appeared, which gradually resolved itself into one of the queerest little old skinny men that ever Colin had seen in all his life. He was seated in a hard oaken arm-chair, and held a book in his hand; his face was as wrinkled as a raisin, his skin like old parchment, his lips as thin as the edges of an oyster shell, and his little dark beads of eyes winked and blinked in a way that was not at all pleasant to look at.

Something seemed to whisper and tell Colin that this was no other than the great Dr. Arnold himself.

"Now then," cried this strange being, "let the performance commence."

He had no sooner spoken, than up from the green sward rose dozens of queer comical little figures and filed past him. And every one was uglier than the other. They were humped in back, crooked in legs, and as twisted and bent and gnarled as if they had been made out of the branches of old apple-trees with the bark left on.

They were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and in a fashion which must have been quite antediluvian, for Colin had never seen such weird-looking coats and caps before, and inwardly hoped he never would again.

Each one passed on the grass in front of the great doctor's chair, and each one as he did so doffed his cap and bowed low and told his name. It was what man-of-war's men would call a kind of "muster by open list."

Their voices were very thin and crisp; they were more like the voices of insects than anything else. Nevertheless, Colin heard all they said.

"I'm the Gerund in 'dum,'" said one.

"And I'm the Gerund in 'do,'" said another.

"The Gerund in 'di,' by your leave," said a third.

"I'm a preterite!" cried a determined little fellow.

"I'm an active verb!" roared another, skipping past.

"I'm a preposition!" said a slower imp.

"I'm the verb 'to be!'" drawled a dandy, twirling his elfin moustache; "and I take a nominative before and a nominative after me."

"I'm alpha privite," said a very shy goblin.

"And I'm a past participle."

"I'm a conjunction."

"I'm an interjection."

And so on they went, till Colin thought they would never have done. Then they all began to dance, mingling and mixing themselves up together, and wheeling and whirling and waltzing in such an amazingly mazy, misty manner, that Colin's brain began to reel, and there is no saying what might have happened had not the awfully skinny old man in the chair suddenly raised his cane. Instant silence was the result.

"Very good—very good!" he cried. "I dismiss the class!"

Then birds flew down from the trees, and bees and butterflies came from the bushes and flowers, and in a moment or two every imp and goblin among them had mounted a steed of some kind and disappeared in the forest. Last of all, the great doctor himself went off with a bang like a sixty-four pound cannon.

Colin started up and rubbed his eyes.

"How you did startle me to be sure!" he said.

"Surely Colin McLeod isn't afraid o' the sound of a gun!" said the newcomer—a strong, wiry young Highlander some sixteen summers old. I say sixteen summers in preference to sixteen years, though it means the same; but summer was indelibly fixed on the countenance of this keeper's boy. It had tanned his hands, it had burned his knees—he wore the kilt—and stained his face till his brow glowed like a marigold and his cheeks had the hue of russet apples.

When Duncan Robb laughed—which he very frequently did—he showed a set of teeth so white and so even that a queen might have envied him the possession of them.

Yes, summer was fixed indelibly on Duncan's countenance—and, let me add, sunshine on his heart. That heart of his was a very innocent one, and, as will be seen before our tale ends, a very bold and daring one.

Let me only add that he was four years older than Colin, to whom he had acted in the capacity of nurse and foster-brother ever since Colin was able to walk, and that there existed between these two lads, although born in different spheres of life, a tie of affection which few save mountaineers could fully understand.

"Afraid of the sound of a gun, Duncan!" replied Colin, his dark eyes sparkling and his face turning pink. "No, not quite; but I'm afraid I was asleep and dreaming"—here he laughed—"such a silly dream!"

"What was it? Let me hear!" cried Duncan. "Was it that all the fish had wings, and had taken to build nests in the trees, and that the hares and rabbits had taken to walking on two legs, and carrying blackthorn canes under their arms?"

"No, Duncan; worse than that. Sit down here, and I'll tell you."

Down sat Duncan, and listened very attentively indeed, while Colin related his dream.

Meanwhile there stood behind Duncan a noble-looking pure-white goat, with hair of immense length, and a beard that, tall as he was, almost touched the ground. His horns went arching over his back down almost to his loins. This was Duncan's constant companion in hills and woods; indeed, he followed him more

like a dog than anything else. But Billy, the goat, had good cause to like his young master. He had been bought when quite a kid, to be killed as soon as his hair grew long enough to make a sporran for Duncan's father. Only before this took place Billy had developed such great sagacity and affection, and looked all over so wise and old-fashioned, that Duncan begged his father to spare his life, and his life was spared accordingly. With the exception of Duncan, the only one else that Billy cared a blade of grass about was Colin McLeod, and there he stood while the boy told the dream-tale, looking as wise and as reverend as an old judge, only now and then he chewed his cud in a contemplative kind of way, and old judges do not do that.

"But I'm glad you've come, Duncan. The sun is very high up yet; suppose we have a game? There will be plenty of time for me to do my verbs after that. Have you got the dam-brod?" (Scottice, draught-board.)

"That I have!" replied Duncan, and, bringing the board out of his jacket-pocket, he unfolded it on the grass. Then he took from his sporran four good-sized carrots, and handing two to Colin, kept two for himself.

"You cut the round men," he said, "and I'll cut the square ones."

Knives were speedily at work, and in a few minutes the men were ready and the game commenced. It did not seem quite so enthralling to-day, however, to Duncan as usual, for, although by far the better player of the two, he made many ridiculous mistakes—suffered even single men to jump over and capture his crowned heads, and finally got fixed up in a corner, and so lost the battle.

"Have another?" said Colin; "there is time, you know."

"No," replied Duncan; "let us pitch the men into the burn. The fact is, my mind isn't with the play; I've been thinking all the time about something else."

"I thought I had beaten you far too easily. What were you thinking about—rabbits?"

"Rabbits!—no; I was thinking about you."

"And my silly dream?"

"Well, that began it. But I don't like your working so hard, and that old Dominie thrashing you almost every day."

"But he told my father it was all for my good, and my father said no doubt it was, and that when he was at school he was thrashed sometimes five times a day."

"But I don't believe it!" replied Duncan, sturdily; "I don't believe that all that Greek and Latin is doing you any good—nor the thrashing either. You don't get fat on it, you know. Your face is much whiter than mine, and I measure fifteen inches round the calf. Fifteen inches, Colin; and if you measure twelve, it's the most you can do."

Colin looked at his foster-brother's sturdy limbs and sun-browned hands admiringly, but did not speak.

"Now, what are you going to be," continued Duncan, "when you grow up? That is what I have been wondering all the time we have been playing draughts."

"Well, Duncan, I don't quite know. You see, my brother will be heir to the estate because he was born first, and I'll have to choose a profession."

"Ay," said Duncan, "that's the thing; there's the difficulty. You are a gentleman, and whatever you do when you grow up must be gentleman's work. As for me, you know, I suppose I shall always knock about with bag and gun, as my father did before me, and Billy here will walk behind me till his teeth fall out. That is good enough for Billy and me; but, Colin McLeod, everybody tells me you are come of one of the finest old families in Scotland, and you must keep up your name."

"Well," replied Colin, "so they say. My mother wants me to study for the Church."

"To be sure," said Duncan; "and that is what all the Latin and Greek are for."

"I suppose so; but, very dearly though I love my mother, Duncan—"

"The most perfect lady in the world!" cried Duncan, enthusiastically. "There isn't her equal in all broad Scotland, except the Queen herself!"

"Quite true," assented Colin. "But oh! Duncan, I'm not good enough ever to stand in a pulpit."

"Well," said Colin, "you are quite right, then, never to think about being a minister, for I've heard our own parson say that nobody should ever preach unless he feels he has a call for it."

"And I don't," continued Colin, musingly. "But then there is my uncle, Captain Peter, you know; he would have me be nothing else but a soldier—or rather a sailor, a real man-o'-war's-man, you know, just as he has been himself."

"That is what you *will* be!" cried Duncan; "that is what you are *born* to be. Heigho, man! poor Duncan's heart will break with sorrow the day you leave the glen. I have known and loved you all your life, and you are to me a brother—the only brother ever I had."

The tears were in good Duncan's eyes. Colin crept up closer to him and placed his arm affectionately on his shoulders.

"My dear brother," he said, "whatever betides I won't forget you, so cheer up. I feel that I am born to be a sailor, but is that any reason we should part? Couldn't you come with me? My uncle has lots of influence."

"Eh? What? How?" cried Duncan.

"Join the marines. You are strong and hardy; with my uncle's help and your own good conduct you would soon get your promotion and be a sergeant."

Duncan laughed aloud with very joy.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "that will be splendid. Yes, I'd go like a shot. How clever you are to think of it! You've made me happy for once. Good-bye. Come on, Billy."

But the goat had lain down in the shade of some silver-birch trees, and did not seem at all inclined to stir, so off went Duncan whistling to himself but all alone.

Colin commenced his lessons again with redoubled vigour, and had soon mastered them so far as to have no fear of the coming recapitulation. Then he took up "Tom Cringle" and read a page or two, laughing as he did so.

"Yes," he said at last, "I'll be a sailor. I'm a queer boy, though; I really am afraid I'm not brave enough. All the other boys of my own age at school beat and bully me just as they please. My hands are very small, and I can't hurt them. I'll tell you," he added, speaking to himself, as if he was some one else, "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll ask my uncle to teach me sword exercise—he offered to the other day—and then when any boy challenges me I'll say, 'Certainly, but the party challenged has the choice of weapons, and I choose sticks.'"

As he spoke he picked up a hazel switch that lay near, and commenced a vigorous onslaught upon a tall thistle that grew on the bank.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared a voice he knew only to well; it was that of his greatest enemy; "Ha! ha! ha! what *is* the little boy trying to do? What *is* his mamma's darling about?"

The owner of this voice, which certainly was not a sweet one, sprang out of a thicket as he spoke and stood beside Colin, a great fat lout of a lad.

He laughed again, and, picking Colin's cap off with his finger and thumb, he held it for a moment high in air, then pitched it on the ground.

He next picked up the book and was about to put it in his pocket, when Colin flew at him and snatched it from his dirty hands.

"Ho! ho!" cried the lout, "ho! ho! Now, look here, my little gentleman's son. Might's right, isn't it? Well, I'm going to thrash you, then I'm going to put that book in my pocket, pitch your bonnet into the burn, and then go home to supper. Stop, I was thinking of taking my jacket off, but I won't, it isn't worth while for all the time I'll be, and you needn't take yours off either, you would feel the bats I'm going to give you if you had twenty jackets on."

Colin knew he would catch it, but he would not run, and next moment he was down on his back with his head towards the stream and his enemy kneeling over him holding him by the neck.

"Beg my pardon," he roared, tightening his grip.

"I won't, you coward," cried Colin.

But assistance came from a quarter whence it was least expected.

Billy the goat stalked out. Billy seemed to take in the situation at a glance. The lout, as I have said, was on his knees, and his back was to Billy. Billy backed astern, bent his nose for a moment to the ground, and appeared to take aim. Then he put on the steam, went ahead at full speed, and caught Colin's enemy straight in the rear, and next moment, after a hurried voyage through the air, that interesting youth found himself sitting on the opposite bank looking extremely foolish and very bewildered indeed.

Long before he had sufficiently recovered to know exactly where he was, both Colin and his friend Billy had left the wood and were homeward bound.

"Hullo, my lad!" cried Colin's uncle, who had come half a mile to meet him. "I've been looking for you all the afternoon. Glorious news for you! No such news since the fall of Sebastopol. You're going to be a sailor after all. I'm getting you a cadetship. What do you think of that, eh? You lucky young dog, you! Why, your old Uncle Peter feels quite a lad again when he looks at you."

At that moment I do not think Colin actually knew he was awake. He seemed walking on ether, his heart as light as eider down, his head up in the clouds. And Uncle Peter stumped alongside of him—he had a wooden leg—and kept up a rattling fire of joyful talk all the way home. But Colin only listened, he was

too excited to do anything else. Besides, he really half believed that if he did speak he would awake and find it was all a dream, and that he was lying beside the burn in the wood with no other companions save Arnold, the gerunds in "dum" and the gerunds in "do."

(To be continued.)

DOGS, AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

PART II.

Teaching a dog to shake himself is accomplished by the same method. You see a dog when wet shaking his coat, and you say, "Good dog for shaking himself." He will soon learn what you mean, and do it at any time to order. This is a useful trick. On a wet day no favourite dog of mine is allowed to enter even the kitchen until he has shaken the rain-drops out of his jacket.

But if I order any of my dogs in a quick, sharp tone of voice to shake himself, as often as not he will make a bow instead, and I will have to repeat my words of command slowly and distinctly. This only proves how nervous a dog is, and how easily confused.

Another easily-taught and useful accomplishment is opening a door with nose or paw, and shutting the same when told to do it. I need hardly explain how this trick is taught; it is so simple that the method will suggest itself to any boy who possesses common sense.

Fetching and Carrying.—These are useful acquirements, and easily taught. But there must be a perfect understanding between dog and master to begin with, and the usual amount of affection. The first lessons are always given during a game of romps, with a ball, a stick, or—as good as either—an old boot. Throw the thing, whatever it is, and get him to run after it; then when he has seized it call him towards you, take it from him gently, and throw it again, giving him a reward when he deserves it. Then change ground when you call him, and he will speedily learn to follow you long distances with the article in his mouth. But observe—make him believe that you put considerable store by the ball or the old boot, and when he finally carries it home put it carefully away, letting him see you do this. Use the same thing every day for a week or two, then you may change it.

The next stage in the fetch-and-carry lesson is to place the article on the ground and teach him to bring it to you only when you say, "Now, go fetch!" You may put it down thus, and then lead him away by the collar—(N.B. Never lead a dog by the ear)—for some distance, and, quitting hold of him, cry, "Now, fetch it, boy!" Or make him keep close to heel by finger-motion until you give the word—which he will be intently watching for—to "Go fetch!"

You may afterwards gradually increase the weight of the article he has to carry; and so, if he has been previously taught to "keep to heel," he will soon become a very handy and useful light porter.

This keeping to heel is easily taught, partly by words, partly by the action of pointing behind you. The words must be uttered firmly, but not too much so or you will "cow" the dog, and a "cowed" dog is better dead, for his own sake as well as for his master's.

Immediately after he has been taught to fetch and carry you may teach him to ring a bell. This can be done in about three lessons. He will pull hard at first, as he naturally thinks he is expected to fetch the bell-pull right off; but if you say quickly, and in a pleased tone of voice, "Good dog," as soon as the bell rings, and give him a tit-bit, he will let go the rope and run to you for the reward. That is how that trick is taught.

Following the fetch-and-carry drill come lessons in swimming. Throw the stick he carries into very shallow water at first, and do not risk his going beyond his depth until he is quite at home in splashing about. I do not mean risk of drowning, but risk of giving him a fright and making him water-shy. Never force a dog into the water.

One dog who can swim well will encourage another to learn.

Teach a dog diving by throwing into the water—which must not be deep at first—some article that will sink very slowly, and that can be seen at the bottom.

Another accomplishment a good water-dog should be taught, is that of taking the water with a spring; and still another, that of leaping from a height. This is a mere matter of gradation, but takes some time to acquire. Teach him first to jump off the bank of a stream. When he has completely mastered the art of springing with his fore-feet thrown well out, and his chin high in air, then you can increase the height from which he leaps, till finally he will jump from a high bridge as easily and willingly as from a low bank.

Jumping from a boat in motion would be the next step in his water-training. In this case never attempt to force him. Only you may excite him by pretending to throw the stick several times before it actually parts from your hand. Having worked him up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, let the stick fly, and ten to one he will go after it. Then wait for him, and help him up into the boat.

Never put the dog into a very rough sea unless he be very accomplished indeed.

Never allow him to jump from a height without the word of command, or some day you may see him drowned or run down by a steamboat before your eyes.

Never put him into a strong river current, or into water of any kind, without first making sure that he can get easily out again.

One of the most useful of all accomplishments that can be taught to a water-dog is that of taking a piece of stick or wood with a line attached to it out to a boat or vessel some distance from the shore.

It takes time to teach this, and only Newfoundlands need acquire the art, which, however, having once learned they never forget.

Two people are required as teachers, and there are several plans or methods of teaching adopted. Here is a good one. Suppose that you are the master of the Newfoundland, and he is already an accomplished swimmer and good water-dog; well, you must have the animal in a boat with you, your friend being on shore. Get some one to row the boat within easy distance of the beach or bank. Now, take the dog's favourite stick, and, after showing it to him several times, throw it right on shore. Your friend will be there ready to fasten on a piece of line to it, and as soon as the dog lands he must have the stick given to him and be told to "Hie off, boy!" which he will readily do. If he goes to the boat without the stick the master must look disappointed, and say, "Where is the stick, boy? Hie away and fetch it!" When he comes on board with it he is to be caressed and rewarded, and the same performance gone through over and over again.

He will soon get quite *au fait* at this sort of work, and will not refuse to take a stick with a line by-and-by to any boat that is pointed out to him. But your friend should be in that boat first—not a stranger—and you yourself on shore.

Saving life usually comes natural to all well-bred Newfoundlands. When it does not it may be taught by getting up a dummy man and having it thrown overboard from a boat in the dog's full view, the dog and his master being both on shore.

Teaching dogs to stand on the hind-legs is easily done. It must be a small animal, and a poodle is best, because he has a better power of balancing himself. He must be put up in a corner first and commanded somewhat gruffly even not to move while you hold your finger up, but when he has come down he must at once be praised, patted, and have a tit-bit.

It is best to have the tit-bit ready in your hand so that he can see it.

When he has fairly mastered standing in a corner, he is next and in the same way to be taught to stand on his hind-legs in the middle of the floor, and having become an adept at this trick, hold up the tit-bit, and he will soon learn to walk a little way for it, and in time will be able to walk a hundred yards at least.

When standing, you can with care, and giving him many injunctions not to move, put a little hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, or you can give him a miniature pike or sword or toy gun. In fact, there is no end to the funny things that a dog who can walk may be made to perform.

Here is one. Place two chairs back to back about a foot apart. Now teach your little dog to stand on these chairs, his hind-legs on the back of one, his fore-legs on the back of the other. When he is perfect at this, while he is still in position, gradually draw the chairs asunder, and you will finally find him spread out like a hunter at the gallop or a dead hare on a market stand.

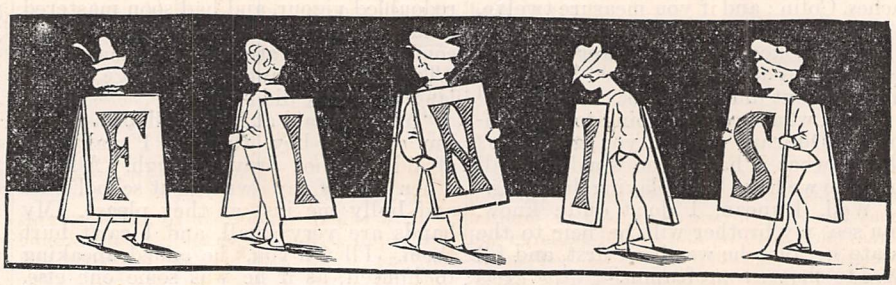
The words to use for these tricks are, "Up!" "Good dog!" "Steady!" "Walk!" "Don't move!" etc.

Teaching a dog to jump through a hoop is easy enough, and large dogs will do the trick. I make a little barricade for them first, and, going to first one side, then the other, call them, and they jump easily. Then you can, instead of going over yourself, merely stand "stride-legs" across and hold your head to the side you want the dog to jump to. After a few of these lessons and the usual rewards he will jump first over a stick held out to him, then over *half* a wooden hoop, and finally through a complete one. When he is perfect at this exercise you can cover your hoop with thin rag, wet it with spirits of wine, and set fire to it; he will leap through it just the same. Or you can gradually cover up the hoop with thin paper till you get him to dash through it when all covered, as riders do at a circus.

The tricks of begging, giving a paw, snapping things from the nose, etc., are all too well known to need description.

Begin teaching a dog at six months, not earlier, and let him learn one trick pretty well before you begin him with another.

I think now I have said enough to show you the general principles on which dogs are taught tricks and accomplishments, and everything I have told you is practical.

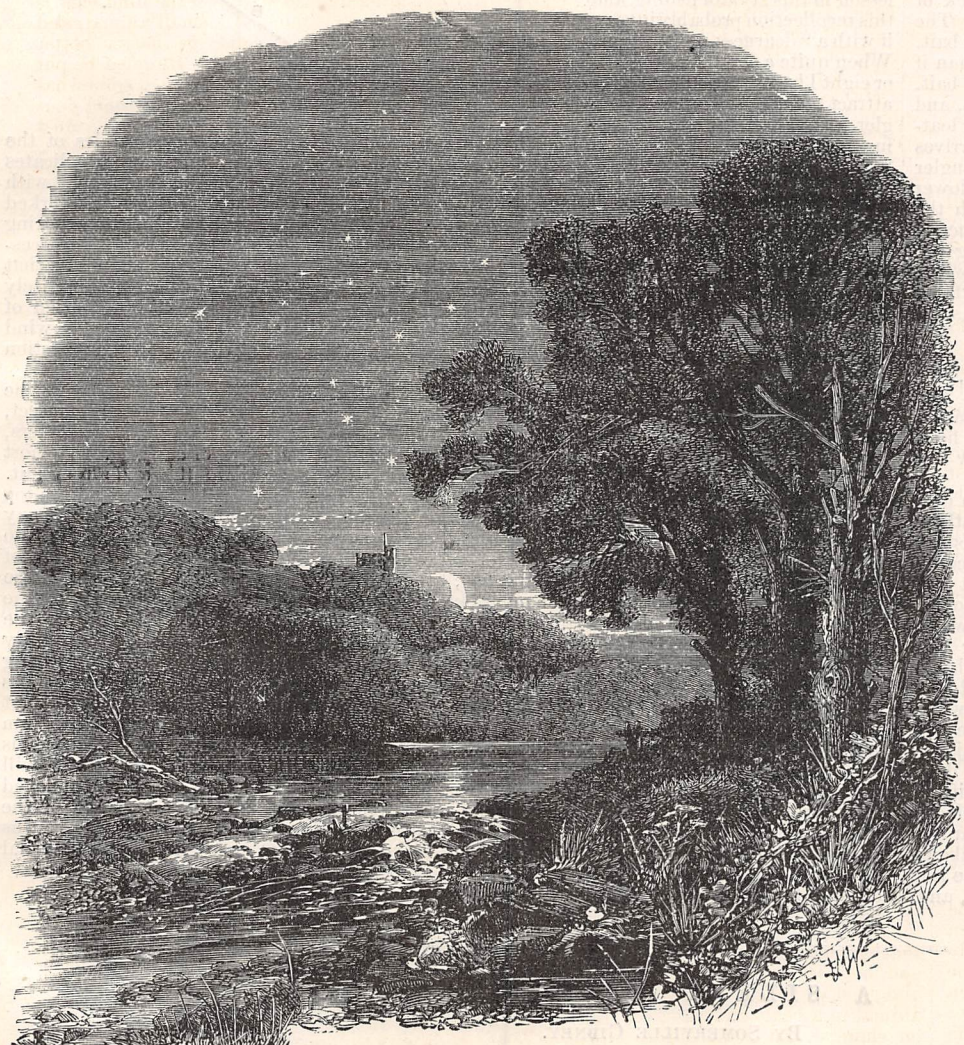


THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

II.—FISHING WITH THE NATURAL FLY.



I do not suppose that many of my readers know what a blow-line is. Let me at the onset explain. Briefly, then, as its name implies, it is a line supported and mainly manipulated by the agency of the wind. Premising this much, I will detail the whole tackle, commencing with the rod. This weapon should be of light material, such as mottled cane or bamboo, and of not less than, say, sixteen feet in length. It should be of a tolerably stiff make, and its rings of solid brass or steel not overlarge. The reel may be of the ordinary oxydised or bronzed brass click pattern, and should be large and weighty enough to *balance the rod in the hand*. Perhaps this requires a little explanation. If a rod be properly made—that is, tapered with the mathematical exactness which alone will ensure satisfactory and pleasurable wear—its weight in the hand appears to be considerably less than its actual dead weight really amounts to. This is due to a cause somewhat similar to that which accounts for a good rider in the hunting-field burthening his horse some pounds less than he would do if a bad mount or inert in the saddle. Hence also the necessity for a sufficiently weighty reel. If this be too heavy it will tire one's arms unmercifully, and if too light the rod will tire one, and the additional annoyance of uncertainty in striking one's fish accompanies the evil. Care, therefore, is in a word highly necessary in the selection of the rod and reel in "blow-line" as in other kinds of fishing.

The rod and reel being duly chosen, the "blow-line" itself next demands attention. This consists of the finest of floss or unwoven silk. There is but little twist in it and no plait, and it must be of the purest silk, or the fibres rapidly separate and break, and so the blow-line rapidly becomes unusable.

As a rule not more than twenty-five yards are required, and these are carefully wound on the winch outside an ordinary silk line, to which it may be attached. The bottom line consists of the finest gut and a hook of No. 6 size. I like the sneck-bend pattern best. Thus the angler has his equipment for blow-line fishing.

Now for the *modus operandi*. The season is chiefly early summer, continuing on to its full meridian and decline. Whether for trout, or dace, or chub, this style of fishing is equally delightful and effective. On a hot day, for example, when now and then the gentlest of breezes ruffles the surface of the water, and when its shallows are so diaphanous as to reveal the glistening gravel to its uttermost pebble, and when assuredly the keen-eyed trout would instantly detect the "counterfeit presentment" of a fly—then is the season for the natural bait. The weather is possibly too hot to be pleasant for the active piscator casting unceasingly. Moreover, Piscator perhaps desires an occasional surcease without winding in his line, which, with the blow-line tackle, he has to accomplish only by sticking the spike of his rod in the bank, allowing his line and bait to blow in mid-air wheresoever it listeth. Or in the even-time, when the trout or dace are on the shallows, and a zephyr-like wind is caressing the rippling water, when the limbs of the angler are tired, perchance, and he himself prefers the *dolce far niente* to energetic action, how pleasant it is to stroll along the bank and to basket such fish as the river-god sends for his breakfast-table.

"But how does one use this kind of tackle?" I hear the practical reader complain, tired with my digressions. In this wise, oh! impatient one. First secure your bait. The alder, May, and cinnamon flies are all available, but not always to hand. There is, however, one species of insect that is generally within reach. Know you not the noisy, bouncing denizen of slaughter-houses, the frequenter of odorous and pestiferous shambles, the spoiler and devourer of our meats, and yet withal the possessor of a gem-like coat of mail and wings of sheeny gauze? Know you not the loud-singing bluebottle fly? That is the bait which for all-round purposes is most useful. Trout will but rarely refuse to take it.

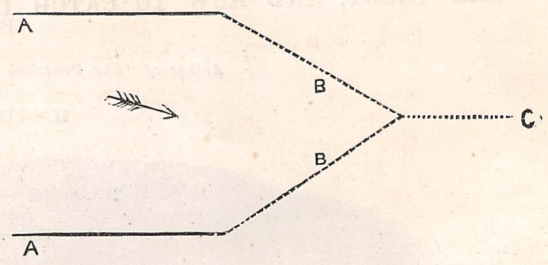
It is not very easy to catch the bluebottle except with the net. It is to be found during sunny still days in spring bustling around and in and out of the thick-leaved solitudes of an ivy-covered house, or in and amongst the leaves of the yew-tree. As I now write I could catch hundreds from the ivy covering my house. Then of course there is your butcher's slaughter-house, and if you do not like going there yourself it is easy enough to offer a reward of a penny a dozen, or even less. Having obtained a sufficient quantity, or even less, kill such as are alive by means of the ordinary ammonia-bottle or other convenient means, but do not mutilate them whatever you do. Place them then in a dry and sheltered place, that the viscera, and indeed all the contents of the body, may dry, leaving only a mere shell. A few days, if the weather be warm, will accomplish this; and then, with deft fingers, tie a thread of sewing-silk round the centre of each fly. I advise the angler to do a dozen or two, and he can carry them with him in a little tin box.

On reaching the water the blow-line fisher must ascertain the direction of the wind first. Of course, as will be seen, he must so arrange his position with regard to the water that the wind may be at his back. On some days the wind therefor being adverse, it is impossible to use the blow-line. However, we will for the nonce imagine that the wind is gently blowing up stream. Piscator proceeds to adjust his tackle. Taking the hook before mentioned, he places it between the back of the bait and the silk which encircles it. The hook is thus free when a fish takes the bait, and much more likely to catch hold than if it were embedded in the body of the bait. All being ready, the rod is raised aloft, and the line, soft as gossamer, paid out. Floating before the wind, the bait probably arrives at a point twenty yards away from the angler before the latter deems it advisable to lower his rod's point and allow it to touch the water. Carefully now by the governance of the wind he allows it to wander along the surface. Now it flies carried by the wind, and again descends as softly as a snowflake to again skip off a few yards and then to skim along with most enticing movement. The watching trout notes the occasional disappearance with disappointment, but, lo! with most natural fall it comes again just before the fish's nose. With unhesitating impetuosity he is upon it, and presently finds himself reposing in the creel of the blow-line fisherman.

There is one species of accident which may occur to the angler employing this method, and that is the capture of swallows instead of fish. This is an occasional source of annoyance, not to mention the regret one must feel for the luckless bird. I recollect an incident that once occurred to me which will bear out this. I had been fishing long and had grown tired—arm-weary. At last I stuck the spike of the rod in the ground, and allowed the line to play before the wind. Suddenly a terrific jerk wrenched the rod from its position, and, snapping the top joint, carried away about twenty yards of my floss-silk line. This had been done by a swift-fly swallow without doubt, but where, and oh! where could it be? Two days afterwards I was rowing down stream in the neighbourhood, and, seeing something like a white line depending from a bush, I approached, and, to my surprise, found it was mine, lost the evening or two previous. It was wound in and out with labyrinthine folds, reminding one of the historic silk clue of fair Rosamond memory. It did not lead to anything fairer, however, than a poor little dead swallow with a hook lodged in its crop.

Well do I remember my first lesson in this style of fishing, and this recollection probably invests it with a "dearness not its due." When quite a small boy of seven or eight I had the good fortune to attract the notice of a veteran angler, an old retired gentleman living near my home at Chertsey on the Thames. Alas! poor old gentleman! he has gone over long since to the "rest that remaineth," after suffering greatly. But I can sit back in my chair and, closing my eyes, recall as from yesterday that special evening when on Chertsey Mead he put his rod into my hands, and I caught my first dace with the blow-line. The shallows in the clear summer weather were multitudinously peopled by roach and dace, and I remember the delicious gloaming on the stream, and the deepening twilight on the dark plumes of the pines on Woburn Hill behind. I can hear the whirring call of the landrail, now near and then afar, and the twittering of the sedge-warbler as it trips from reed to reed. Bright over all rises the evening star over the expansive Shepperton Range, where our savage forefathers waged mighty strife against the Roman hordes. I can in fancy hear the gruff and kindly tones of warning and counsel as I hook my first fish, and can feel the congratulatory pat on my back as my master lands and shows to view the gleaming sides of a fine half-pound dace. Ah me! the golden days of boyhood! make the best and truest use of them, my friends.

A modification of this style of blow-line fishing is sometimes made use of on the Hampshire rivers during the rise of the Mayfly. On a winding stream there are of course points which the wind will not allow to be fished with the blow-line as ordinarily used. To get over this difficulty two persons fish with one bait in this wise. One stands on one side, and the other on the other, opposite each other; they both have rods and lines, and their lines are drawn out and joined, as shown in the following diagram:—



A A are the two rods at opposite sides of the stream, B B are the two lines, and C indicates the hook-line. It is obvious now that with very little difficulty the C line can be worked all over the stream by either of the rods letting go or winding in fresh line, as may be necessary. Of course I need scarcely say that neither of the rodsters must persist entirely in having his own way, or a dissolution of partnership will inevitably ensue. The wind is of course supposed to blow in the direction indicated by the arrow.

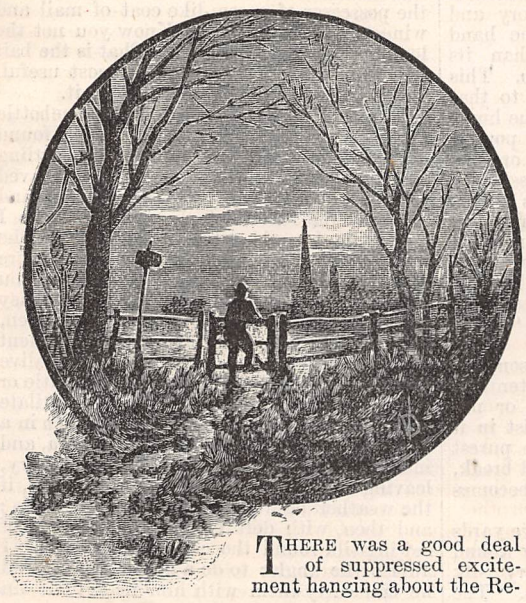
Another killing way of fishing with the natural fly, or indeed with any natural insect, especially with cockroaches and cockchafers, is that termed dipping or dapping. A short thick rod is necessary for this and strong gut. The line is wound round and round the top of the rod, and this is introduced through any overhanging bushes which may be known to overshadow the haunts of trout. Some of the finest fish lie perdue in such otherwise inaccessible localities. After the point of the rod and the baited hook is thus over the water, the line is uncoiled and the bait gently let down on the surface. A gentle dapping motion is then imparted to it, and ten chances to one but you will get a fish during the first few minutes. You must be firm with him and not allow much grace, or, strong as is your tackle, the probabilities are he will break away. A worm is sometimes employed in a similar way, but its use, as that of the natural fly entirely, is not looked upon as sportsmanlike on many rivers, the artificial fly being alone countenanced.

(To be continued.)

A SILENT WITNESS.

By Somerville Gibney.

CHAPTER I.



There was a good deal of suppressed excitement hanging about the Remove at Langton School. The examination for the Field Mathematical Medal was shortly to take place, and this quarter it was remarkable what a number of good mathematicians the Remove contained, and how nearly equal many of them were.

For it must be remembered that the boys took their positions in the school according to their ability in classics, mathematics being looked upon as a secondary study. This being so, it often happened that, though a form was rich in classical scholars, it possessed only one or two fair mathematicians. But, as I have stated, during this quarter the Remove was strong in mathematics.

Sir John Field was an old Langton boy, and, as the story went, had at one period of his life lost a considerable amount of money through some errors in his calculations, and he therefore founded a series of annual medals, one for each form in the school, to induce a deeper study of that science, ignorance of which had cost him so dear. He himself settled the conditions and the manner of the examination, which varied with each form.

In the case of the Remove there were papers on arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid, on separate days, two hours and a half being allowed for each paper. Then there was *vivâ voce* Euclid, and added to these a paper of problems on the first three books of Euclid. This paper consisted of problems or deductions to be worked out by means of the propositions, and was a fair test of whether the boys were able to make use of the learning they were supposed to have gained.

This paper was given out some time before the days fixed for the rest of the examination, and was to be done at leisure times, the boys only being put on their honour not to receive help from any one.

It was half-past nine, supper was over, and the boys in the head master Dr. Marsdon's house were supposed to be deep in their books. One of them, Ernest MacVicar, certainly was. Seated alone in his room, with a sheet of paper in front of him covered with circles, lines, and angles, over which he was poring, his hands pressed to his head, and his elbows resting on the table. There was no mistaking the fact; he *was* hard at work.

His face was not a clever one by any means, but there was a look of dogged perseverance that went far to make up for a lack of brilliancy.

The door opened, and a boy entered, the very opposite of MacVicar. There was no want of sharpness in the countenance of Dyer. A glance would tell you he was clever, but at the same time you would probably admit that there was a something you did not quite like. You might not be able to describe it exactly, but it was there all the same.

"Oh, I say, Mac, I want you to lend me your 'dic.' for a bit, I can't find mine anywhere. I fancy I must have left it in the grub-shop coming down from fourth school."

"I never saw such a fellow as you are, Dyer. You never seem to have a book of your own. Yes, you may take it; I've done my Homer. But let me have it back to-morrow first thing."

"Done your Homer? Lucky dog! I wish I had. Then what are you 'swotting' at there?"

Just then the silence of the house was broken by the cry of "B—o—y!" drawled out to an abnormal length.

"Bother it!" exclaimed MacVicar, rising. "There's Bidder calling. What on earth does he want?"

"What? Are you on night fag this week?"

"Yes," replied MacVicar, leaving the room.

"Well, tell us where I shall find the 'dic.' before you go. I can't wait for you coming back. I haven't half done my 'con.' yet."

"At the end of the third shelf from the top," came the answer from half way down the passage.

"Never saw such a fellow to grind as Mac is," said Dyer to himself, as he got out the dictionary. "I wonder what he's on to-night. The problems, as I live, and the very one I'm stumped over. Let's have a look."

For the next minute or two Dyer examined the figures closely, and then, with a low whistle, said,

"He's got it. He's as right as the mail; but I don't fancy he sees it. Pity his labour should be thrown away, it will be useful to me. Where's a bit of paper? Won't do to take any of his." Then feeling in his pocket, "Ah! here's Will's letter. I can use the back of that." And seizing a pencil, he rapidly copied one of the numerous figures from the paper before him.

He had not quite finished when he heard MacVicar's returning footsteps, and laying down his pencil, he thrust the paper into his pocket, and seizing the dictionary, seated himself beside the fire, pretending to be looking out a word.

"Hullo, Dyer; not gone yet?"

"No; you've got such a jolly fire, it tempted me, and I stayed."

"You've not been 'cadging' my work, I hope?"

"What work?" replied Dyer, looking up with well-feigned surprise.

"These problems. There's one here I've very nearly proved, but I can't make it quite come out clear."

"You young mug! Do you think I can't do my problems without sucking *your* brains? I'm not quite such a duffer as all that."

"All right, all right; don't get in a wax. But clear out, there's a good fellow, and take the 'dic.' with you, I can't get on when you're here."

"I'm off. Good-night. I'll let you have it back in the morning." And pulling the door behind him, Dyer left the room.

MacVicar was an unsuspecting boy, and was quite satisfied with Dyer's answer. Thinking no more about the matter, he was soon deep again in the problem.

(To be continued.)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1884 AND 1885.

HAVING devoted so much space to the doings of the Australians in our part for last November, we can resume our yearly review with a clear field as far as they are concerned, and start at once with the ordinary first-class matches.

County cricket in 1884 was noteworthy for its having left no doubt as to which was the best and which was the worst of the teams. The usual warfare as to the claim to be champion county vanishes when Notts wins nine matches out of ten and draws the tenth favourably; and there can be no question as to which is the worst record when Derbyshire plays ten matches and loses every one of them. The top and tail of the list are thus afforded without fear of dispute; the intermediate places are not so easily assigned. Taking the losses as our guide, in the usual fashion, the order of success runs—Notts, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Surrey, Lancashire, Sussex, Kent, Gloucestershire, and Derbyshire. Considering only the number of wins, the order becomes—Notts, Yorkshire, Surrey, Sussex, Lancashire, Middlesex, Kent, Gloucestershire, and Derbyshire. Considering only the number of runs obtained per wicket, on the principle that some reformers affect, we get Notts, Middlesex, Surrey, Yorkshire, Sussex, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, Kent, and Derbyshire.

Thanks in a great measure to the astute captaincy of Alfred Shaw, the Notts record was the most brilliant the county has yet achieved. Owing to the great bowling controversy there were no matches with Lancashire, but the county of the red rose would not have had the slightest chance with such a thoroughly good all-round team. Morley's illness—which ended in his death at the close of the season—deprived the county of one of its best bowlers, but his place was ably filled by Attewell, whose advance brought him into the very front rank. If Attewell improved as a bowler, Scotton improved as a batsman, and he has now the reputation of being the stubbornest of the left-handeds. In 1883 his county average was 15, in 1884 it was 34—a sufficiently great improvement. Shrewsbury, however, thanks to his 209 at Brighton, when he and Gunn put on 266 runs before they were parted, has the best average. Shaw was the best bowler, his best performance having been in the Gloucestershire match, when the Graces were standing out owing to the death of their mother; he then accomplished the hat trick in each innings, and took fourteen wickets for 65 runs! The Notts matches were with Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Yorkshire, and Gloucestershire; this year the same programme will be entered upon.

Yorkshire, led by Hall, won eight matches out of sixteen, the failures being four in number, and comprising the two Notts fixtures and the out match with Sussex and the home match with Lancashire. The captain was well in front of his men in the batting averages, thanks to his three scores of over a hundred against Kent, Sussex, and Middlesex. Emmett's release from the captaincy enabled him to take his full share of the bowling, and a remarkably successful return was the result. Peate and Ulyett were also in true form, the latter retaining his position as the best fast bowler in England. As usual, the most exciting match of the year took place at Bramall Lane against Notts, the southern county going in to make 53 runs, and losing six wickets for 32. To those who have never seen the enthusiasm that cricket can evoke amongst spectators, a visit to Bramall Lane or Trent Bridge when these famous shires are matched against each other is an event to be remembered. This year the fixture at Sheffield is fixed for June 29th, the return coming off at Nottingham on July 13th.

The Middlesex team of 1885 will be conspicuous by the absence of Mr. I. D. Walker, who retires from the captaincy he has held so long in favour of Mr. A. J. Webbe. It also loses Mr. C. T. Studd, who has gone out to China as a missionary, his companion being the late stroke-oar of the Cambridge eight. The lesson of the 1884 record is that which has been taught us over and over again—that a strong batting side is not necessarily a winning one. Middlesex, under the residential clause of county qualification, has the metropolis to choose from for recruits, and one of the mysteries of modern cricket is why, with such advantages, the record should always be so disappointing. The feature of the past year was the brilliant scoring of Mr. T. C. O'Brien, who made his hundred in each of the Gloucestershire matches.

Surrey is elbowing its way to the top again after a prolonged eclipse, and the results of the last season were very cheering. Mr. Horner's bowling and Mr. Read's batting proved invaluable. The policy of playing second-class counties, to afford a sufficiency of practice matches to drill the team together, is to be continued this year, and the Surrey card is a very full one. The Bank Holiday match at the Oval is to be against Notts, and the contest will be more than usually interesting. Last year 10,500 persons paid to see this match, and it was the only one in which the Notts career of victory was checked, Surrey beginning brilliantly and securing a draw. With the same captain, Mr. Shuter, and with the best of the old choices and some of the younger ones like Lohmann and Wood, Surrey in 1885 promises to be very strong.

Lancashire is descending from its high estate, but the decay is only temporary. Although its amateurs are ageing and not always available, and its professionals are falling off, yet the opening afforded by the residential clause for the infusion of new blood, which has been taken advantage of to such good purpose hitherto, is not likely to be neglected in the future. At the same time there can be no doubt that were the Lancashire players of Lancashire birth their deeds would be watched with more interest. The men of Notts may be pardoned at feeling a little sore when—to say nothing of style—their wickets are shattered by Crossland and their chances of runs are promptly nipped in the bud by Briggs; and on grounds in other counties we can sympathise with the wonder occasionally expressed when Lancashire is in the field at finding a Scotchman bowling, a Bedfordshire man at the wicket, an Oxfordshire man at slip, and a Yorkshireman at long-on. Five matches won out of ten was the record for 1884, the victories being over Kent, Surrey, Yorkshire, and two over unfortunate Derbyshire. It is a curious fact that Kent, Surrey, and Yorkshire each succeeded in defeating Lancashire on Lancashire grounds, the fourth match lost being that against Gloucestershire at Clifton. Among the noteworthy events of the season was the pleasant act of sympathetic courtesy by which the Gloucestershire match was abandoned at Manchester on the receipt of the news of the death of the mother of the Graces. Last year Lancashire added to its engagements by playing Cheshire and Somerset; this year they will play Cheshire and Essex.

Sussex, like Surrey, is coming to the front again, and the glories of the last generation have some chance of being repeated—thanks in a great measure to the liberality of Lord Sheffield, whose cricket subscription of £250 per year "for the good of the game" is worthy of note as a best on record. In Mr. Whitfeld the patient—in the Surrey match at the Oval he was in for three hours and a quarter, having carried his bat through for 41—the county found an excellent captain, and in the two old Ardingly boys Messrs. Newham and Blackman, and Humphreys and Jesse Hide, it had and has four of the best men in England. Last year the team won six matches out of twelve, drawing only one,

and losing the Huddersfield match with Yorkshire and the brace of matches with both Notts and Surrey. The feature of the season was the moral victory over the Australians, to which we can only allude to note that the 396 is the largest innings total as yet made by a county against a colonial team.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(Continued from page 432.)

MIDDLE SUBDIVISION (*ages* 14 *to* 16).

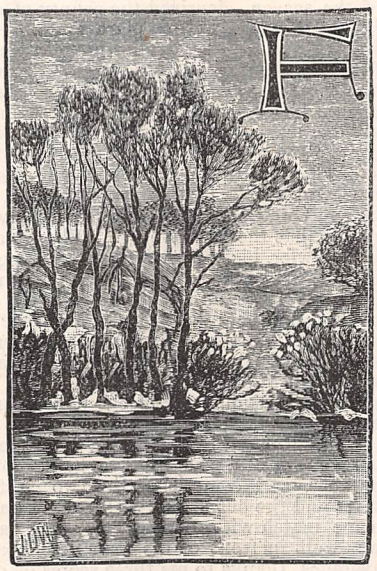
Extra Prize—10*s* 6*d*.

WILLIAM HORBY (aged 14), Kimsbury House, Upton, St. Leonards, Gloucestershire.

Certificates.

EDWD. A. DEARLE, Bearwood Hill Road, Burton-on-Trent.
THOS. G. MCARTHUR, Bonfield-by-Paisley.
FREDK. C. WOODLIFFE, 29, Brooklands Terrace, Swansea.
EDMUND W. ADAMS, 43, Thornhill Road, Barnsbury, N.
ARTHUR BROWN, 68, St. Giles Plain, Norwich.
JAMES E. GAUNT, Holly Mount College, Tottington, Bury.
HERBERT E. HOPKINS, 137, Petherton Road, Highbury New Park, N.
JOE NAYLOR, 13, Brae Street, Liverpool.
J. W. K. VERREN, Minehead, Somerset.
FRANK CHAPPELL, Eastover, Bridgwater.
EDWD. WILLIAMS, 91, Anthony Street, Everton, Liverpool.
CHARLES J. ANTHONY, St. Faith's Cottage, St. Faith's Lane, Norwich.
THOMAS BULLIVANT, 58, Abbey Street, Derby.
CHRISTIAN H. MILNE, 58, Rose Street, Aberdeen.
CARL SCHAEFER, 26, Piazza Maggiore Floriana, Malta.
RICHARD S. VARLEY, 119, Carter Street, Greenheys, Manchester.
JOHN FRENCH, Rosslyn House, Richmond Road, Barnet, N.
JOHN A. COOPER, 97, Goodramgate, York.
W. C. HOWLAND, 3, Mount Pleasant Road, Lewisham, Kent.
EDWIN M. STEVENS, 220, Kentish Town Road, N.W.
W. G. COLES, 9, Chaldon Road, Crown Road, Fulham, London.
CLEMENT WILCOCK, Westbourne House, Thirsk, Yorkshire.
S. TURNER, 31, Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park.
JAMES S. COOPER, 1, Buckland Terrace, Plymouth.
JAMES P. PHASEY, 44, Johnson Street, Cheetham, Manchester.
DAVID C. ROBINSON, 25, Charlton Terrace, Grimsby.
HENRY MACKNEY, 57, Great Queen Street, Dartford, Kent.
WILLIAM R. GLARE, 45, Cardigan Road, Bow, E.
CHARLES W. SMITH, 84, Burleigh Road South, Liverpool.
JAMES W. RICHARDS, 14, Anson Road, Tufnell Park, N.
CHARLES H. CHANDLER, Basing, Basingstoke, Hants.
PETER GARDNER, 296, South Cumberland Street, Glasgow.
CHARLES F. FULLBROOK, 157, High Street, Hounslow.
WILLIAM G. GALLEY, 5, Guelph Terrace, Albert Road, Walthamstow.
ANDREW W. CLARKE, 65, Arundel Street, Liverpool.
ALFRED L. PEPIN, Le Ponterrin, St. Saviour's, Jersey.
WILLIAM C. RUSSELL, 9, Morpeth Road, South Hackney.
OWEN HILL, King Street, Lostwithiel, Cornwall.
GEORGE W. WILCOX, 37, St. Mary's Street, Southampton, Hants.
PERCY H. WILLIAMS, 11, High Street, Barnstaple, North Devon.
CHARLES R. BOWN, Victoria Terrace, Cromford, Derby.
ROBERT W. LISLE, 69, Pine Street, Scotswood Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A. W. O. PAIN, 3, Sidney Street, Cambridge.
EDGAR J. TURNER, 12, St. Stephen's Road, Burmantofts, Leeds.
FRANK H. GRIFFIN, 35, Devonshire Road, Hackney.
EDWARD E. JAMES, 7, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
ERIC W. WEST, Camden Lodge, Belvedere, Kent.
CHRISTOPHER WILLSON, Dudley House, Ramsgate.
WILLIAM F. DIGGORY, Wilton Lodge, Wergs Road, Wolverhampton.
FRANCIS W. DARCH, 36, Gedling Street, Dockhead, S.E.
ARCHIBALD MCLAY, Barnsdale Street, Ninians, Stirling.
FREDERICK W. WILTSHIRE, 36, Warwick Street, Deptford, S.E.
JOHN RAE, 62, Union Street, Aberdeen, N.B.
ERNEST C. BRIDGES, 4, King's Road, Southsea, Hants.
WILLIAM KEAVENY, 2, Ratcliffe Street, Duddeston Mill Road, Birmingham.
THOMAS F. LAYMAN, Paul Churchtown Board School, near Penzance, Cornwall.
H. J. RYLANCE, Providence Street, Earlsdon, near Coventry, Warwickshire.
CHARLES A. TOWLER, Wortley, near Sheffield.
CHARLES A. HOOPER, Eastington Lodge, near Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.
HERBERT DANDO, Dixon's Green, Dudley.
WILLIAM RUDD, 23, Factory Square, Great Yarmouth.
GEORGE W. HOYLE, 110, Westleigh Lane, Westleigh, Lancashire.
THOMAS E. HAYMAN, 46, Talfourd Road, Peckham, London.
WILLIAM H. FEARIS, 8, Seymour Street South, Denton, near Manchester.
JOHN SHEPHERD, 170, Fox Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
PERCY BALMFORD, care of Mr. Isaac Balmford, Longwood, near Huddersfield.
ARTHUR J. BENSTED, Harold Road, Waltham Abbey, Essex.
J. DAVIDSON BOGIE, 8, Causewayside, Edinburgh.
CHARLES J. JONES, 2, Cross Hill, Shrewsbury.
WILLIAM PERCY NEATE, Pewsey, Wilts.
WILLIAM BOYD, 22, Linthouse, Govan, Glasgow.
HENRY E. HIBBERT, 4, Stone Villas, Knight's Hill, Lower Norwood.
ALFRED E. BIRD, 13, Henrietta Villas, Bath.
WILLIAM J. MCWILLIAMS, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast.
FREDERICK O'NEILL, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast.
A. J. MCDIARMID, 19, High Street, Deal.
PERCY BLACKALLER, Fluyderville, St. Nicholas Road, Upper Tooting, Surrey.
PERCY F. RUFF, care of Mr. Bocking, Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, Sussex.

Correspondence.



LORA A. BELL. — You almost deserve to lose your goldfish, and the poor thing would be better dead. He ought to have fresh water every fortnight in winter, and once a week or oftener in summer, and have regular attention in every way. You are an example of those young folks who invest in pets without ever troubling their heads to study the habits and requirements of the poor creatures they purchase. It is not *now* you should be asking anything about how to keep goldfish in good health; you should have learned that long ago.

ZULU.—"Six toes on a cat" is merely a freak of nature.

TRANTABOGUS.—Your rabbits are suffering from diarrhœa. Give more hay and less green food; remove to a clean hutch and keep them as sweet as possible. It is nearly always the fault of the owner when rabbits are ill.

COLUMBA.—Yes; why not? Price of a pair of good tumblers from five shillings.

BLENHEIM.—Too late now to tell you about stuffing a skin; we go to press some weeks before the date of publication. Boys who have dogs sick will please note this answer.

VERO C. PALIM.—To answer all your questions would take two columns of our valuable space; pray be modest, and give others a chance. Get the back numbers containing our Pigeon series.

H. MENZIES.—Put a few drops of paregoric in its fresh drinking-water every day, and just feed as you are doing. The warm weather *may* cure it; if not, nothing can.

A. DUMBELL.—You might keep rabbits in your shed, but you won't keep them in health unless they have a run as well. All creatures must have fresh air and exercise, with plenty of sunshine.

FLY.—You will find a good description of fly-fishing in Derbyshire in "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale," published by Sampson Low and Co., price one shilling.

M.—The "Kriegspiel" is a highly complicated technical game for two players and many umpires, on which a descriptive manual has been published, which you can procure from any military bookseller. It is devised to represent the incidents of warfare, and is played as an exercise in strategy.

THOS. C. DART.—The insect you send is a beetle named *Mezium sulcatum*, generally found in houses, etc. Are you quite sure that it came from the flowers and seaweed you mention?

F. F. MAHON.—Your butterflies are—(1) *Pyrarga megæra*; (2) *P. Ægeria*, both of them common species.

F. HARDING.—Certain butterflies are apt to become greasy, although seldom to the same extent as is the case with many moths. We have often seen greasy Vanessas, for instance, and now and then a Fritillary in like condition.

SOADY, W. H.—Such things are bought at any toyshop. To make a powerful spring pea-shooter, procure a piece of crinoline steel.

LEG BEFORE.—To keep the bat in condition give it a good cleaning once a month with raw linseed oil. See the article in the fifth volume on "The Cricket Bat, and how to use it," by Dr. W. G. Grace.

R. O. C.—Ivory for the keys of harmoniums and other musical sundries you can get from Mr. Dawkins, 17, Charterhouse Street, Holborn.

MAKER.—Of graph compositions there are scores. Here is one. Soak two ounces of Russian glue in four ounces of water till they are absorbed. Melt them over a fire, but do not let them boil. When melted add to the solution eight ounces of glycerine and five drops of carbolic acid, and mix it up with Paris whiting until it is as thick as cream. For ink use Judson's dyes.

MAORI.—1. You can take the verses from our Christmas and Summer Numbers, or any of our publications, but you must state whence you quote them. 2. You can give a separate setting for each verse if you choose, but there is no need for you to do so. Please yourself.

A. G. J.—The regiments of volunteers differ in their regulations as to uniform. It is, however, better to get your own.

JACK CHARTERS.—Buy a quarterly Navy List from Mr. John Murray, Albemarle Street, or any military or naval bookseller, and consult the regulations as to naval admissions for yourself.

ICH DIEN.—The passage appears in a book avowedly written for a party purpose; and as it is a question of the word of a spiteful woman against that of the Duke of Wellington and the majority of the nation, we prefer to think that the Iron Duke did not expose his troops to more dangers than necessary, and did win the battle of Waterloo on his merits. If it comes to mushrooms—dukes or otherwise—who was Lady Hamilton?

HORATIO.—In our mind's eye, Horatio, you had best apply to him who gave the information. He may, perhaps, be pleased to put down forty pounds for that for which another man would give but two-and-sixpence. Such random estimates do much mislead, and oft recoil on those who venture them.

H. H. WELLS.—Canary perches should be about a quarter of an inch in diameter.

ENGINE.—You can buy crucibles from the chemical appliance sellers. Try Townson and Mercer, of Bishopsgate Street; or Griffin, of Long Acre; or see the advertisements in any of the scientific or technical journals, and choose for yourself.

J. EDWARDS.—"My Friend Smith" began with the fifth volume, in the November part for 1882.

A READER FROM THE FIRST.—Apply direct to the Horse Guards, and mark your letter "Recruiting."

M. FOUBOURG.—1. You will find a list of French churches in London in the London Directory. There is one in Bloomsbury Street, one in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and one in Monmouth Road, Bayswater. 2. For every purpose two halfpenny stamps are as good as a penny one.

COMPETITIONS.—M. E. H.—Join in the competition by all means. FLORENCE.—There is no objection to your sending more than one story, but the details as to name, age, etc., must be given with each.

C. O. BROWN.—If you can reach the trees the best plan is to crush the green flies with your fingers; if not, syringe with soap and water.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—NUMBER SIX, DULL STREET.

Probably no London street ever rejoiced in a more expressive name than Dull Street. It was not a specially dirty street, or a specially disreput-

The Arrival at Dull Street.

able street, or a specially dark street. The neighbourhood might a hundred years ago have been considered "genteel," and the houses even fashionable, and some audacious antiquarians went so far as to assert that the street took its name not from its general appearance at all, but from a worthy London alderman, who in the reign of George I. had owned most of the neighbouring property.

Be that as it may, Dull Street was—and for all I know may still be—one of the dullest streets in London. A universal seediness pervaded its houses from roof to cellar; nothing was as it should be anywhere. The window-sashes had to be made air-tight by wedges of wood or paper stuck into the frames; a bell in Dull Street rarely sounded after less than six pulls; there was scarcely a sitting-room but had a crack in its grimy ceiling or a handle off its ill-hung door, or a strip of wall-paper peeling off its walls. There were more chairs in the furnished apartments of Dull Street with three legs than there were with four, and there was scarcely horsehair enough in the twenty-four sofas of its twenty-four parlours to suffice for an equal quantity of bolsters.

In short, Dull Street was the shabbiest genteel street in the metropolis, and nothing could make it otherwise. A well-built, tastefully-furnished house in the middle of it would have been as incongruous as a new patch in an old garment, and no one dreamt of disturbing the traditional aspect of the place by any attempt to repair or beautify it.

Indeed, the people who lived in Dull Street were as much a part of its dulness as the houses they inhabited. They were for the most part retired tradesmen, or decayed milliners, or broken-down Government clerks, most of whom tried to eke out their little pensions by letting part of their lodgings to others as decayed and broken-down as themselves.

These interesting colonists, whose one bond of sympathy was a mutual seediness, amused themselves for the most part by doing nothing all day long, except perhaps staring out of the window in the remote hope of catching sight of a distant cab passing the street corner, or watching to see how much milk their opposite neighbour took in, or reading the news of the week before last in a borrowed newspaper, or talking scandal of one neighbour to another.

"Jemima, my dear," said a middle-aged lady, who, with her son and daughter, was the proud occupant of No. 4, Dull Street—"Jemima, my dear, I see to-day the bill is hout of the winder of number six."

"Never!" replied Jemima, a sharp-looking young woman of twenty, who had once in her life spent a month at a ladies' boarding-school, and was therefore decidedly genteel. "I wonder who's coming."

"A party of three, so I hear from Miss Moulden's maid which is niece to Mrs. Grimley: a widow"—here the speaker snuffled slightly—"and two childer—like me."

"Go on!" said Jemima. "Any more about them, ma?"

"Well, my dear, I do hear as they 'ave come down a bit."

"Oh, ah! lag!" put in the speaker's son, a lawyer's clerk in the receipt of two pounds a week, to whom this intelligence appeared particularly amusing; "we know all about that—never heard that sort of tale before, have we, ma? Oh, no!" and the speaker emphasised the question by giving his widowed mother a smart dig in the ribs.

"For shame, Sam! don't be vulgar!" cried the worthy lady; "how many times have I told you?"

"All right, ma," replied the legal young gentleman; "but it *is* rather a wonner, you know. What were they before they came down?"

"Gentlefolk, so I'm told," replied the lady, drawing herself up at the very mention of the name; "and I hintend, and I 'ope my children will do the same, to treat them as fellow-creatures with hevery consideration."

"And how old is the babies, ma?" inquired Miss Jemima, whose gentility sometimes had the advantage of her grammar.

"The babies!" said the mother; "why, they're young gentlemen both of 'em—old enough to be your sweethearts!"

Sam laughed profusely.

"Then what did you say they was babies for?" demanded Jemima, pettishly.

"I never!"

"You did, ma, I heard you! Didn't she, Sam?"

"So you did, ma. Come now, no crackers!" said Sam.

"I never; I said 'childer,'" pleaded the mother.

"And ain't babies childer?" thundered Miss Jemima.

"'Ad 'er there, Jim!" chuckled the dutiful Samuel, this time favouring his sister with a sympathetic nudge. "Better give in, and own you told a cracker, ma!"

"Shan't!" said the lady, beginning to whimper. "Oh, I wish my poor 'Oward was here to protect me! He was a gentleman, and I'm glad he didn't live to see what a pair of vulgar brats he'd left behind him, that I am!"

"There you go!" said Sam; "taking on at nothing, as per usual! No one was saying anything to hurt you, old girl. Simmer down, and you'll be all the better for it. There now, dry your eyes; it's all that Jim, she's got such a tongue! Next time I catch you using language to ma, Jim, I'll turn you out of the house! Come, cheer up, ma."

"Yes, cheer up, ma," chimed in Jemima; "no one supposes you meant to tell fibs; you couldn't help it."

Amid consolations such as these the poor flurried lady subsided, and regained her former tranquillity of spirit.

The Shucklefords—for such was the name of this amiable family—were comparatively recent sojourners in Dull Street. They had come there six years previously on the death of Mr. Shuckleford, a respectable wharfinger, who had saved up money enough to leave his wife a small annuity. Shortly before his death he had been promoted to the command of one of the Thames steamboats plying between Chelsea and London Bridge, in virtue of which office he had taken to himself—or rather his wife had claimed for him—the title of "captain," and with this patent of gentility had held up her head ever since. Her children, following her good example, were not slow to hold up their heads too, and were fully convinced of their own gentility. Samuel Shuckleford had, as his mother termed it, been "entered for the law" shortly after his father's death, and Miss Jemima Shuckleford, after the month's sojourn at a ladies' boarding-school already referred to, had settled down to assist her mother in the house work and maintain the dignity of the family by living on her income.

Such were the new next-door neighbours of the Crudens when at last they arrived, sadly, and with the new world before them, at No. 6, Dull Street.

Mr. Richmond, who, with all his unfortunate manner, had acted a friend's part all along, had undertaken the task of clearing up affairs at Garden Vale, superintending the payment of Mr. Cruden's debts, the sale of his furniture, and the removal to Dull Street of what little remained to the family to remind them of their former comforts.

It might have been better if in this last respect the boys and their mother had acted for themselves, for Mr. Richmond appeared to have hazy notions as to what the family would most value. The first sight which met the boys' eyes as they arrived was their tennis-rackets in a corner of the room. A very small case of trinkets was on Mrs. Cruden's dressing-table, and not one of the twenty or thirty books arranged on the top of the sideboard was one which any member of the small household cared anything about.

But Mr. Richmond had done his best, and being left entirely to his own devices, was not to be blamed for the few mistakes he had made. He was there to receive Mrs. Cruden when she arrived, and after conducting the little party hurriedly through the three rooms destined for their accommodation, considerately retired.

Until the moment when they were left to themselves in the shabby little Dull Street parlour, not one of the Crudens had understood the change which had come over their lot. All had been so sudden, so exciting, so unlooked-for during the last few weeks, that all three of them had seemed to go through it as through a dream. But the awakening came now, and a rude and cruel one it was.

The little room dignified by the name of a parlour was a dingy, stuffy apartment of the true Dull Street type. The paper was faded and torn, the ceiling was discoloured, the furniture was decrepit, the carpet was threadbare, and the cheap engraving on the wall, with its title, "As Happy as a King," seemed to brood over the scene like some mocking spirit.

They passed into Mrs. Cruden's bedroom, and the thought of the delightful snug little boudoir at Garden Vale sent a shiver through them as they glanced at the bare walls, the dilapidated half-tester, the chipped and oddly assorted crockery.

The boys' room was equally cheerless. One narrow bed, a chair, and a small washstand was all the furniture it boasted of, and a few old cuttings of an antiquated illustrated paper pinned on to the wall afforded its sole decoration.

A low dreary whistle escaped from Horace's lips as he surveyed his new quarters, followed almost immediately by an equally dreary laugh.

"Why," gasped he, "there's no looking-glass! However is Reg to shave?"

It was an heroic effort and it succeeded. Mrs. Cruden's face lit up at the

sound of her son's voice with its old sunshine, and even Reginald smiled grimly.

"I must let my beard grow," said he. "But, mother, I say," and his voice quavered as he spoke, "what a miserable room yours is! I can't bear to think of your being cooped up there."

"Oh, it's not so bad," said Mrs. Cruden, cheerily. "The pink in the chintz doesn't go well with the scarlet in the wall-paper certainly, but I dare say I shall sleep soundly in the bed all the same."

"But such a wretched look-out from the window, mother, and such a *vile* jug and basin!"

Mrs. Cruden laughed.

"Never mind about the jug and basin," said she, "as long as they hold water, and as for the look-out—well, as long as I can see my two boys' faces happy that's the best view I covet."

"You never think about yourself," said Reginald, sadly.

"I say, mother," said Horace, "suppose we call up the spirits from the vasty deep and ask them to get tea ready."

This practical suggestion met with general approbation, and the little party returned more cheerily to the parlour, where Horace performed marvellous exploits with the bell-handle, and succeeded, in the incredible time of seven minutes, in bringing up a small slipshod girl, who, after a good deal of staring about her, and a critical survey of the pattern of Mrs. Cruden's dress, contrived to gather a general idea of what was required of her.

It was a queer meal, half ludicrous, half despairing, that first little tea-party in Dull Street. They tried to be gay. Reginald declared that the tea his mother poured out was far better than any the footman at Garden Vale used to dispense. Horace tried to make fun of the heterogeneous cups and saucers, Mrs. Cruden tried hard to appear as though she was taking a hearty meal, while she tasted nothing. But it was a relief when the girl reappeared and cleared the table.

Then they unpacked their few belongings, and tried to enliven their dreary lodgings with a few precious mementoes of happier days. Finally, worn out in mind and body, they took shelter in bed, and for a blessed season forgot all their misery and forebodings in sleep.

There is no magic equal to that which a night's sleep will sometimes work. The little party assembled cheerfully at the breakfast-table next morning, prepared to face the day bravely.

A large letter in Mr. Richmond's handwriting lay on Mrs. Cruden's plate It contained three letters—one from the lawyer himself, and one for each of the boys from Wilderham. Mr. Richmond's letter was brief and businesslike.

"DEAR MADAM,—Enclosed please find two letters, which I found lying at Garden Vale yesterday. With regard to balance of your late husband's assets in your favour, I have an opportunity of investing same at an unusually good rate of interest in sound security. Shall be pleased to wait on you with particulars. Am also in a position to introduce the young gentlemen to a business opening, which, if not at first important, may seem to you a favourable opportunity. On these points I shall have the honour of waiting on you during to-morrow afternoon, and meanwhile beg to remain

"Your obedient servant,

"R. RICHMOND."

"We ought to make sure what the investment is," said Reginald, after hearing the letter read, "before we hand over all our money to him."

"To be sure, dear," said Mrs. Cruden, who hated the sound of the word investment.

"I wonder what he proposes for us," said Horace. "Some clerkship, I suppose."

"Perhaps in his own office," said Reginald. "*What* an opening that would be!"

"Never you mind. The law's very respectable; but I know I'd be no good for that. I might manage to serve tea and raisins behind a grocer's counter. or run errands, or—"

"Or black boots," suggested Reginald.

"Black boots! I bet you neither you nor I could black a pair of boots properly to save our lives."

"It seems to me we shall have to try it this very morning," said Reginald, "for no one has touched mine since last night"

"But who are your letters from?" said Mrs. Cruden. "Are they very private?"

"Not mine," said Horace. "It's from old Harker. You may read it if you like, mother."

Mrs. Cruden took the letter and read aloud,

"Dear Horrors—"

("That's what he calls me, you know," explained Horace, in a parenthesis.)

"I am so awfully sorry to hear of your new trouble about money matters, and that you will have to leave Garden Vale. I wish I could come over to see you and help you. All the fellows here are awfully cut up about it, and lots of them want me to send you messages. I don't know what I shall do without you this term, old man, you were always a brick to me. Be sure and write to me and tell me everything. As soon as I can get away for a day I'll come and see you, and I'll write as often as I can.

"Your affectionate,

"T. HARKER.

"P.S.—Wilkins, I expect, will be the new monitor in our house. He is sure now to get the scholarship Reg was certain of. I wish to goodness you were both back here."

"He might just as well have left out that about the scholarship," said Reginald; "it's not very cheering news to hear of another fellow stepping into your place like that."

"I suppose he thought we'd be curious to know," said Horace.

"Precious curious!" growled Reginald.

"But who's your letter from, Reg?" asked Mrs. Cruden.

"Oh, just a line from Bland," replied he, hastily putting it into his pocket; "he gives no news."

If truth must be told, Blandford's letter was not a very nice one, and Reginald felt it. He did not care to hear it read aloud in contrast with Harker's warm-hearted letter.

Blandford had written,

"Dear Cruden,—I hope it's not true about your father's money going all wrong. It is a great sell, and fellows here, I know, will be very sorry. Never mind, I suppose there's enough left to make a decent show; and between you and me it would go down awfully well with the fellows here if you could send your usual subscription to the football club. Harker says you'll have to leave Garden Vale. I'm awfully sorry, as I always enjoyed my visits there so much. What are you going to do? Why don't you try for the army? The exams are not very hard, my brother told me, and of course it's awfully respectable if one must work for one's living. I must stop now, or I shall miss tennis. Excuse more.

"Yours truly,

"G. BLANDFORD."

Reginald knew the letter was a cold and selfish one, but it left two things sticking in his mind which rankled there for a long time. One was that come what would he would send a guinea to the school football club. The other was—was it *quite* out of the question that he should go into the army?

"Awfully rough on Reg," said Horace, "being so near that scholarship. It'll be no use to Wilkins, not a bit, and fifty pounds a year would be something to—"

Horace was going to say "us," but he pulled up in time and said "Reg."

"Well," said Reg, "as things have turned out it might have come in useful. I wonder if it wouldn't have been wiser, mother, for me to have stayed up this term and made sure of it?"

"I wish you could, Reg; but we have no right to think of it. Besides, you could only have held it if you had gone to college."

"Oh, of course," said Reg; "but then it would have paid a good bit of my expenses there; and I might have gone on from there to the army, you know, and got my commission."

Mrs. Cruden sighed. What an awakening the boy had still to pass through!

"We must think of something less grand than that, my poor Reg," said she; "and something we can share all together. I hope Mr. Richmond will be able to hear of some business opening for me as well as you, for we shall need to put our resources together to get on."

"Mother," exclaimed Reginald, overwhelmed with sudden contrition, "what a selfish brute you must think me! You don't think I'd let you work while I had a nerve left. I'll do anything—so will Horace, but you *shall not*, mother, you *shall not*."

Mrs. Cruden did not argue the point just then, and in due time Mr. Richmond arrived to give a new direction to their thoughts.

The investment he proposed seemed a good one. But, in fact, the little family knew so little about business generally, and money matters in particular, that had it been the worst security possible they would have hardly been the wiser.

This point settled, Mr. Richmond turned to his proposals for the boys.

"As I said in my letter, Mrs. Cruden," said he, "the opening is only a modest one. A company has lately been formed to print and publish an evening paper in the city, and as solicitor to the company I had an opportunity of mentioning your sons to the manager. He is willing to take them, provided they are willing to work. The pay will begin at eighteen shillings a week, but I hope that they would soon make their value felt and command a better position. They are young yet."

"What shall we have to do?" asked Horace.

"That I cannot exactly say," said the lawyer; "but I believe the manager would expect you to learn the printer's business from the beginning."

"What would the hours be?" asked Mrs. Cruden.

"Well, as it is an evening paper, there will fortunately be no late night work. I believe seven in the morning to eight at night were the hours the manager mentioned."

"And—and," faltered the poor mother, who was beginning to realise the boys' lot better than they did themselves—"and what sort of companions are they likely to have, Mr. Richmond?"

"I believe the manager is succeeding in getting respectable men as workmen. I hope so."

"Workmen!" exclaimed Reginald, suddenly. "Do you mean we are to be workmen, Mr. Richmond? Just like any fellows in the street. Couldn't you find anything better than that for us?"

"My dear Master Cruden, I am very sorry for you, and would gladly see you in a better position. But it is not a case where we can choose. This opening has offered itself. Of course, you are not bound to accept it, but my advice is, take what you can get in these hard times."

"Oh, of course, we're paupers, I forgot," said Reg, bitterly; "and beggars mayn't be choosers. Anything you like, mother," added he, meeting Mrs. Cruden's sorrowful look with forced gaiety. "I'll sweep a crossing if you like, Mr. Richmond, or black your office boy's boots, anything to get a living."

Poor boy! He broke down before he could finish the sentence, and his flourish ended in something very like a sob.

Horace was hardly less miserable, but he said less. Evidently, as Reg himself had said, beggars could not be choosers, and when presently Mr. Richmond left, and the little family talked the matter over late into the afternoon, it was finally decided that the offer of the manager of the "Rocket" Newspaper Company, Limited, should be accepted, and that the boys should make their new start in life on the Monday morning following.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—*(continued.)*

Ivan was shivering with cold, for the weather was giving signs of commencing winter. There was a light frost on the ground, and though the boots with which he had been supplied were not very bad, he had no stockings on his feet, and no covering on the body save the miserable cotton shirt and equally miserable trousers. He was more dead than alive when they arrived at the Tschast and he was confronted with the sergeant in charge. But the room was warm, and the warmth revived Ivan, who told his tale to this officer with more readiness than he had talked to the underling, and evidently produced a better impression.

"What is your Christian name, what is your patronymic, and what your family name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch Dobroff," was the reply.

"Why it is not long since there was a large reward offered for a missing boy of that name, but he was found."

"I was found in the monastery of Kupsk," said Ivan, "and I was placed there by friends of this very Anastasia whom I came to seek. Can you tell me anything about her?"

"She was transported to the mines of Siberia. But all this is beside the mark. You are now charged with stealing a knife, the property of this honest butcher, and it does not depend upon me, but upon the officer, to decide whether you are to be detained or not. He will be here presently; sit down."

Ivan tremblingly obeyed, and, overcome with the sense of helplessness and wretchedness, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

"What is all this row about?" exclaimed a tall, handsome, but not very brilliant-looking officer of police, entering the guard-room of the tschast as the sergeant was entering into an agreeable chat with the butcher.

"A young thief has been arrested who wants to make us believe him to be a gentleman in disguise."

"Oh, indeed!" said the officer. "Very much disguised indeed, as it would seem! Here you! what's your name?"

"Ivan Dobroff," said our hero, between his sobs.

"What!" cried the officer. "How can you prove that?"

"Ah! how indeed?" said the butcher.

"*Silence!*" thundered the officer. "Has the charge been formally entered?"

"Yes," answered the sergeant. "But there is no magistrate sitting to-morrow, and there is nothing to be done but to put him in a cell till Thursday if you are going to let him plead."

"What's the case?"

"The boy is taken by this butcher, from whom he stole a large and valuable knife some days ago. The knife is recognised, and so I took the charge. The boy cannot account for its possession."

"I have accounted for it," said Ivan, "and I have told the truth, and the nasty greasy butcher tells lies. I wish I had never gone out to find Anniesie!"

"And who is Anniesie?"

"Anniesie Feodorovna Hermann."

"Are those the people who have been so much talked about of late, and about whom there was the grand affair when the gendarmes were killed and General Kakaroff nearly?"

"The very same," answered the sergeant.

"And what relation were they to you, boy?"

"No relation, but she was a very good friend."

"Now, look here, malchitchka [brat of a boy]; it is not much to your credit to have such friends. The less you say about them the better. You are charged as a thief, and admit your friendship with the very worst class of people, and yet you claim to be Ivan Dobroff, the adopted son and heir of Mr. Smirnoff. Now this is a very clever trick, my youngster, but either *too* clever or not clever enough. I shall keep you in prison until the mirovoi [district judge] sits, then I will ask him to cause your arrest to be made public, and then if you have more respectable connections than the Hermanns they will hear of you. If not you may have a chance of following them to Siberia, and there life is not so very gay."

"Will you send to Mr. Smirnoff and tell him I am here?"

This request seemed to amuse the sergeant, butcher, and all the underlings, but not the officer, who became grave as he asked Ivan how it was that he was thus wretchedly clad, seeing that it was cold.

"I have already told you that I left the house in my ordinary dress, not the uniform of the Gymnasium."

"Why you told me," said the sergeant, "that your Gymnasium mantle and kepi [little uniform cap] had been taken from you in the Novoye Derayvnie. How does that agree with having your ordinary clothes on?"

"I had thrown the mantle and kepi over my ordinary dress to keep me warm, because my paletot and cap were in my own room. I left the house for a walk, and in the moment saw the things hanging in the hall and took them. If you go to the house you will find the truth of what I say. You will find my cap and my paletot in the bedroom, and my Gymnasium uniform in the wardrobe in the corner near the window. My watch and money were taken from me, and I was thrown into the cellar with nothing on. I beg you to send to Mr. Smirnoff, and he will tell you that I am Ivan Dobroff. Or send to General Kakaroff; he knows me very well!"

At this the officer started.

"What!" he said; "do you know his High Excellency?"

"Of course I do," said Ivan, "and I know Anna Feodorovna also."

"Look here, you fellows," exclaimed the officer, angrily. "How can you behave in so shameful a way to a young gentleman like this?"

"Why you see he is charged with theft, and I am obliged to retain him."

"Who charges him with theft?"

"The butcher charges him with stealing his knife, and his man also recognised the knife in this boy's possession as being the same that was taken from the shop some weeks ago."

"I have told you how I came by the knife, and more than that, I have told you that the man from whom I took the knife lies locked up in the cellar of the house in the Novoye Derayvnie, and if you send quickly you will find him there now. Here is the key!"

The police-officer here gave orders that a party of men under the sergeant should at once proceed to the house Hermann in the Novoye Derayvnie. To the butcher he said,

"You are quite right in having this boy arrested. You see, if his story should turn out a true one, the best thing that could have happened to him is your putting him in our hands to see him righted, and if he be a thief you have done well in causing him to be brought to justice."

Nothing pleases the Russians so much as praise. As a nation they are singularly alive to the magic of kindness. This certainly lays them open to flattery, and knowing how much they like it themselves they lay it on pretty thickly when talking to others. The butcher was entirely won by this praise from the officer, and performed a series of bows that would have done honour to a monk before a shrine, and he felt so pleased with himself that he got quite fond of Ivan, saying as he prepared to depart,

"God give that you may turn out to be what you wish to make us believe you are!"

As soon as he was gone the officer directed a soldier to find a coat in which Ivan might be wrapped. The man left the guard-room and soon returned with a small shuba (or fur coat for the winter), which belonged to one of the non-commissioned officers, whose rooms were close by, and who had a family of boys. This coat just fitted Ivan, and as soon as he was dressed the officer said to him,

"You see, I give you credit for telling the truth, although the rules of the service compel me to have official proof of it. You are my prisoner, and must come with me, and don't try any tricks of escaping from my custody, or it will be much worse for you, I can tell you. Now, move on. Nikieter, you had better come with us to show our young prisoner how useless it would be to attempt to escape. Now sit down and wait till I am ready."

So Ivan sat down and stared about him at the unfamiliar objects by which he was surrounded. The meanness of the place contrasted strangely with its strength and size. There seemed nothing to guard and watch, and yet the amount of guarding and watchfulness would have led the spectator to imagine that heaps of wealth were stored up and guarded behind the walls and bars that frowned at the intruder from every part of the tschast. There were many things for the officer to do: reports to glance over and sign; passports belonging to the various inhabitants of the district to stamp, exchange, sign, mark, or return, as the case might be; dvorniks to interview on the momentous question of new servants engaged by families in dwellings over which they had special charge. There were servants applying for permission to change their places. Masters were there who had been sent for to be interviewed on account of some irregularity in the passports of servants, which had laid them open to fines. Persons were there who had let rooms in their houses, or rather portions of flats, to other persons, and had neglected to give due notice to the police of the advent of the tenant. These and many other cases were arranged by the payment of fines to the police, and in many cases by the payment to the officer or sergeant of a larger sum than the fine itself would have been by timid people who wished to keep well with the police, or by foreigners who knew that the comfort of their stay in Moscow or the power of remaining there at all depended on the caprice of a police-officer or the good will of a dvornik.

You who "live at home at ease" in London may be grateful to a system which combines so much personal safety with so much personal freedom, for you can never imagine the countless annoyances which arise from the tyranny of the domestic passport system and the want of free will that arises when every movement in a household is watched and regulated by police.

Ivan was not troubled by any reflections of this kind. In the first place he highly appreciated the comfort of the shuba in which he was wrapped, and which set all thought of cold at defiance; secondly, he wondered what Mr. Smirnoff would do when he found his little *protégé* missing a second night; and, thirdly, he wondered why they could have sent such a good girl as Anniesie to Siberia — a word fraught with every possible horror to the mind of a Russian.

Among the cases which came before his new-found friend the police-officer was one in which a person had obtained possession of a passport intended for somebody else, and had contrived to travel upon it, but at last had been detected by the dvornik of a house (in which he had taken a furnished room) who happened to know the person to whom the passport referred. The possessor of this false document was brought before the officer of the tschast and would doubtless have been very heavily punished, but fortunately a friend of the officer's was also a particular friend of his, and thus there was a way opened for negotiations which ended in the payment of a sum of money. Of course this was bad, but the police is such an immense force in Russia that it is quite impossible for the Government to pay the officers anything like such salaries as should correspond to their rank and importance, they are therefore almost compelled to take bribes to be able to live at all. It is not uncommon when you take a little lodging and furnish it, as soon as you are in order you are honoured by a visit from a splendid individual resplendent in silver and silver lace. He turns out to be the officer of your "qvartal," or subdivision of your tschast, and you invite him to take a glass of tea with you. He accepts the invitation, and also an envelope containing a ten-rouble note as a fee for his countenance and protection. It is worth the money to see such epaulettes at your humble tea-table, and the man himself has a host of interesting things to tell you into the bargain.

Now Ivan was not a stupid boy, and the little circumstance of the passport greatly struck his fancy. He listened to the whole case with intense interest; he looked on the fortunate possessor of the false document as little less than a hero, and he resolved to improve the occasion by learning how such tricks were played, for he had a vague idea that by some such means he should be able to do something to aid Anniesie, to whom he felt extravagantly grateful for her kindness and care during his sad adventures and unpleasant experience acquired through her father's means. He felt a strong impulse in his little venturesome heart to do something desperate in the service of one who had been a sister to him. Thus it flashed across him that in learning some of the ways of the Russian police he might be learning how to aid his friend. So he sat as quiet as a lamb until the officer had finished all the formalities which made up his work. Then the books were closed, the secretaries locked their desks, and Egor Sergeivitch Malutin, captain and qvartal-master of the Katmiewskie-tschast, rose, buttoned his uniform, put on his sword and cap, ordered a soldier to bring Ivan after him, lighted the unavoidable cigarette, and strode across the courtyard to his private quarters.

He walked through a small door, before which a police-soldier was on guard who saluted to his officer as he passed. This door led to a staircase common to several official dwellings connected with the tremendous machinery of the police system. On the first floor Malutin paused, and drawing a latchkey from his pocket opened his outer door. Within they found a broad threshold, beyond which was a second door, the object being to shut out the cold of the staircase before opening the actual door admitting into the rooms themselves. These rooms were dark now but very warm (fuel is found by the Government). The captain struck a match and showed Ivan by the lamp which he then lighted a large but oddly-furnished room. There were three windows shut in by double sashes, well fixed and secured against the outer air. Passing through the first room they found the sitting-room garnished in poor fashion, but still having some pretensions to elegance. There were white lace curtains to the two windows of the room and an old and shabby pier-glass between them. The furniture was of painted wood, covered with cheap damask. It consisted of a sofa, two arm-chairs, and six ordinary chairs. The last room was the "cabinet" of the master of the house, with a cheap writing-table, a book-case, and the usual sofa. A door at the back of this room led to the bedrooms of Captain Malutin and his wife, of his daughter, and the one maid-servant, a partition of wood having been made to divide the latter room into two portions, the last room at the back being, as usual, the kitchen.

There was no one in the dwelling of the gallant captain. His wife and daughter had gone out to a musical tea-party in the neighbourhood, and the maid-servant had leave for the evening. Egor Sergeivitch therefore went to the back staircase and called his police-soldier servant, whom he ordered to set up the samovar. He then came back to Ivan, and, making him remove his hot shuba furnished him with an undress jacket of his own, and sat down for a good long private chat with the boy.

(To be continued.)

A SILENT WITNESS.

By Somerville Gibney.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Walter Welch, the senior mathematical master at Langton School, was seated at his study table, which was covered with the answers to the problem papers, which he had been looking over. Mr. Welch did not teach the Remove. In the Field examinations it was a rule that the papers for the various forms should not be set by their own masters. "It will be a closish race between MacVicar and Dyer after all," he said to himself; "and from what Dowling remarked I never expected MacVicar would be anywhere near it." (Mr. Dowling was the mathematical master who took the Remove.)

"Let me see, Swain's and Talbot's and Lyon's papers are all good, but the other two are before them. Yes; the medal lies between these two. In their arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid papers the boys are within twenty marks of each other, MacVicar having the best of it, but then Dyer regains those in his *viva voce*, so that the result depends on the problems. Really, I'm growing as excited over it as if I were one of the competitors; but, fortunately, I can soon satisfy myself. I have marked the answers, so have only to add them up. Let me see, now, I'll take Dyer's first. Right, right, right," turning over the sheets; "I declare the boy's got full marks. It will be hard to beat that, MacVicar. Dyer should turn out a wrangler in time, and will, too, if he only has application. This last problem's a stiff one, and I'm surprised any of the boys have floored it."

Then, as he read through the problem, "Yes, your figure is all right, but, from your construction of it, you appear as if you were coming to grief over it; and yet in the proof you pull yourself together, and wind up uncommonly neatly. Yes, I must give you full marks. Now then for MacVicar's. Right, right, right, right," turning over the various sheets, as in the previous case, till the last one is reached.

"Hallo! what's this? Only eight marks! That loses you the medal, I am afraid, my boy, but as it's so close a thing I'll look through it again. No, MacVicar, I'm afraid I can't give you more than eight marks. Your figure is all right, and the construction is good, but you are not clear in the proof. You *are* a duffer. You had it all before you, and yet you missed seeing it. Look how Dyer gathers the threads together and makes the whole thing clear. You *are* a young duffer," continued Mr. Welch, as if he had had MacVicar in front of him and was addressing him; and then, looking from one sheet to the other as he held one in each hand, he exclaimed, "Hallo! hallo! this is curious. Dyer uses the letters L M N O P Q R, and MacVicar has I J K L M N O; and though both of the boys have that line, which they have lettered L M in their figures, yet neither of them has made use of it. There's something wrong here. They've either done it together, or else one has cribbed from the other; but which it is I should be sorry to say. I had better hear what Dowling's opinion is."

Mr. Welch rang for his butler and desired him to go over to Mr. Dowling's and ask him, if he were at liberty, to come and see him. He had not long to wait. Mr. Dowling soon came, and long and earnestly the two masters consulted together.

The following morning, as the Remove were leaving the room after Euclid, Mr. Dowling desired MacVicar to stay, and as soon as they were alone, asked him if he had kept the papers on which he had worked out the problems in the examination paper.

"Yes, sir, I think I have it. I did them on one sheet, so that they might all be kept together."

"Very well, then, after breakfast take it to Mr. Welch, he has a question to ask you about them. I may tell you you are well up for the medal, and do not, therefore, mention this matter to any one."

MacVicar duly appeared with his sheet of figures before Mr. Welch, who asked him various questions about them, as to the order in which he had done them, which he found most difficult, and when he had done the last one, which he had lettered I J K L M N O?

"That one, sir? Oh, I remember. I did that the night before the last time but two we did Homer. That would be the evening of last Tuesday fortnight. Let's see, to-day is Thursday, the 26th, so that would make it Tuesday, the 10th. That was when I did it, sir."

"Thank you, MacVicar; and now may I ask what was the reason of your choosing I J K, etc., for the letters, eh?"

The boy smiled and blushed, as he answered, "Well, sir, I suppose it was fancy. I J are my initials, Isaac John; but I didn't mean it for cheek—impertinence, I mean, sir."

"No, no, boy, I never thought you did; but they were funny letters to choose, so I thought I would ask you. You can go now, but don't mention my having seen you."

"Very well, sir; good morning." And MacVicar left the room.

That afternoon Dyer received a similar summons, and he, too, went to Mr. Welch with his papers. On looking over the various scraps, Mr. Welch said, "But, Dyer, I don't see among them this last one."

"No, sir; I did that on the back of a letter when I was down in the playing-fields one day. I think I have it in my pocket. Yes, here it is. There's nothing in the letter—you can read it, sir."

"Did it in the playing-fields, did you? Why cricket's been over some time now."

"Yes, sir; it was the first I did, directly the papers were given out, more than a month ago. I was waiting for my innings, and the idea flashed across me, and I sketched it down."

"And what made you use these extraordinary letters? I see you have only L M N O in your first sketch."

"I don't think I can give any reason, sir; they must have come the first into my head."

"That will do, Dyer; I may tell you your papers are very good. You can go now."

"Thank you, sir." And Mr. Welch was left alone.

For some time he sat comparing Dyer's rough sketch with that of MacVicar's. He was puzzled. "Which boy is the blackguard, I wonder? One of them is, I am certain. MacVicar gives a plausible reason for his letters; Dyer falls back on chance. It may be a coincidence, but it is a very ugly-looking one." Then he leant back in his chair and appeared to seek a solution to the mystery on the ceiling, all the time turning and twisting Dyer's letter between his fingers. At length his eyes fell on it, and he read it idly, while his thoughts were on the problems. It was in the large round hand of a child, and ran as follows:—

"Monday, 9th.

"Dear Alec,—I hop you are quite well. My rabit has some little ones. I have been looking at them, but they have not got there is open. I want you to come home. I hav no fun now. The cat cort a little berd this morning. I have nothing more to tel you.

"Your affte. brother,

"William Forbes Dyer."

Suddenly Mr. Welch became interested and sat bolt upright in his chair, read the letter once more, and rushed to an almanack hanging against the wall. "Yes," he exclaimed, with a sigh, "Dyer's the culprit; he's convicted himself, though he little knows it. I must see the Doctor about this at once;" and gathering the papers together he took his hat and made his way to the head master's house.

The day for making known the result of the Remove examination for the Field medal had arrived, and, according to custom, the whole school was assembled in the Speech-room, as the big hall was called, to hear the list read out. The Doctor having entered, and taken his position behind the table at the end, said,

"Boys, you all know the reason we are gathered here—namely, to learn the result of the Remove examination for the mathematical medal presented by Sir John Field. In the first place I may congratulate the form as a body on their work. The papers, as a whole, have been good, very good, and the contest has been a keen one. And now, in conformity with the founder's directions, I have to ask the usual questions. Remove, stand up. Layton, on your honour have you done your problem paper without assistance from any one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Briggs, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Northcotte, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dyer, have you?"

There was a change in the Doctor's voice as he asked the question which was noticed by many, but the answer came without hesitation.

"Yes, sir."

"Talbot, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

And so on, right through the form.

"Very well," continued the Doctor; "as you have *all* stated on your honour that you have done the paper fairly, it now only remains for me to read out the list, commencing from the bottom: Jones, Pain, Trevor, Northcotte, Briggs," etc., until all the names had been called with the exception of Dyer and MacVicar.

The Doctor paused, and then continued,

"Boys, now comes a very painful duty on my part, and one which I am deeply hurt to think any boy in this school should have caused me to perform. The two remaining names are those of Dyer and MacVicar. These two ran neck and neck for the medal, and until the problem paper came were equal. In this Dyer gained two marks on his rival, and would have gained the medal but—for dishonesty. His crime has been brought to light, I am thankful to say, in a curious manner. Dyer, stand out."

Pale as death, the boy obeyed the command, and stood in the centre of the room, trembling violently. There was no bravado about him now. He could not face the gaze of his schoolfellows, and stood before them a cowering cheat.

"Dyer," continued the Doctor, "you have had the chance of confessing your error, but you refused it, and added a cowardly lie to your dishonesty. I shall now tell the school how your crime was discovered, and shall then be ready to hear anything you may have to plead in extenuation or explanation."

Then again addressing the school, he continued,

"Dyer's and MacVicar's problem papers were so nearly equal that there were only two marks between them, but in looking them over Mr. Welch discovered that both had used unusual letters in the last problem. This MacVicar explained by stating that he had taken the initials of his name as the first two, and gone on with those following them.

Dyer could only attribute the fact to chance. Mr. Welch was suspicious that there had been copying between them, and requested the boys to bring the papers on which they worked the problems out in the first instance. This they did, and MacVicar gave as the date on which he did the last problem, the 10th of this month. Dyer asserted that he had done the same problem on the back of a letter (which he handed to Mr. Welch) in the cricket-field some time ago. Mr. Welch happened to look at the letter (for which he had Dyer's permission), and found it dated Monday, 9th. The 9th last month was on a Friday, on the month before that it was on a Wednesday, on the one before that on a Sunday, but on *this* month it was on a Monday. If, therefore, Dyer's story be true, he worked his problem out on a letter which at the time was never written, much less received—"

"Don't go on, sir," broke in the wretched boy. "I confess I copied the figure from MacVicar's paper one night I went into his room. Without it I should never have done the problem. Once having seen the figure I easily worked the thing out. He knew nothing of this because he was not in his room at the time."

"I am glad to see, Dyer, you have some spark of honourable feeling left, though you have displayed it too late. Go to my room and wait for me there."

As soon as Dyer had gone the Doctor continued,

"After the confession we have just heard it but remains for me to congratulate you, MacVicar, on your success, and at the same time to hand you the medal, and to assure you that no suspicion whatever attaches itself to you."

Amid the hearty cheers of his schoolfellows MacVicar stepped to the table and received at the Doctor's hands the medal he had won.

Punishment is never a pleasant subject to write about, so my readers will excuse me if I draw a curtain over the after events in reference to Dyer.

(THE END.)

THE GOLD FISH.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Edwin Aston made for the kitchen, where he delivered up his muddy clothes to the cook, with sundry regrets and apologies. He then walked as quietly as possible upstairs to his room, and paid much attention to his toilet, resolved to make himself unusually tidy in hopes of creating a favourable impression at the tea-table. He was minded to be particularly talkative during that meal on every subject he could think of that steered clear of fish.

The tea was laid out invitingly on the spotless tablecloth in the dining-room of Chesterton House as Edwin entered. Miss Davis was already seated at the tea-pot end of the table, and was pouring out a cup of the fragrant beverage. He took his seat with a forced smile, and at once began the conversation.

"Well, aunt, I hope you had a pleasant drive. It was such a beautiful afternoon. What did you see?"

"Thank you, Edwin; I like to hear you open conversation in that agreeable manner. I had an enjoyable drive, and found the Skipworths at home. They are very pleasant, clever, and well-informed people."

"Aunt, I should like to read that volume of Alison's history with the account of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. May I take it from the library?"

"Certainly, Edwin; I am always glad to encourage you in literary tasks. Historical study is of great value in forming the mind."

"Thank you, aunt. Do you think the old sow will have any little pigs this year? They were such jolly little rascals last time."

"I really cannot tell, Edwin. That topic is hardly suited to the refinement of the tea-table. You must be more careful and not so abrupt in passing from one subject to another. Your conversation should be more sustained. I had expected you to make further remarks upon your love of historical reading."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, aunt. The egg I had for breakfast this morning wasn't very nice. May I have some jam?"

The connection between the last statement and the request which followed it was not altogether clear to the aunt's well-balanced mind, but she gave consent; and as Edwin helped himself to the condiment he continued his conversation.

"I say, aunt, why don't you do your hair like Miss Trevor, who plays the organ in church? She had such a lovely chignon last Sunday, all plaited up with ribbons."

"Edwin, how often have I told you that personal remarks must never be heard in polite society. It is not good manners to draw attention to any peculiarity of another's dress or appearance. Besides which, I would sooner hear you comment upon the sermon you heard last Sunday than on the way the young person who presides at the organ arranges her hair. You distress me very much at times by the thoughtless and trivial character of your remarks. You must try and remember what I tell you."

Edwin put on an air of offended innocence, and answered, "I do try, aunt, but I think you are sometimes very hard upon me. I'm sure I didn't mean to be rude. You often make remarks on the way I do *my* hair."

"That's quite another thing, Edwin. It is my duty to take your mother's place in correcting your faults. But you would be more accurate in saying that I occasionally remark upon the way you do *not* do your hair. Whenever it is *done* I never make a remark upon it."

Edwin plumed himself with the idea that so far he had been eminently successful in keeping up the conversation, which had not flagged for a moment. He was now aware that in his anxiety to keep it up he had paid but little attention to the important matter of eating. His aunt showed evident signs of having pretty well finished her repast, and it was incumbent upon him to put his best leg foremost, so to speak, in the race, if he did not wish to be hopelessly left behind. So for some minutes he devoted his entire energies to the business of ladling in tea and munching bread and jam. His aunt's falcon eye was upon him. He knew it, but pretended to be callous, though all the time he was inwardly apprehensive.

"Edwin, there are points about your way of eating and drinking which require improvement. You should not sip your tea with the spoon, and make such vulgar noises during the process. Take the cup in your right hand by the handle, thus, and drink without any sound. You should not bite but cut your bread, nor put jam into your mouth with the knife."

"All right, aunt, I'll try and remember in future. But isn't it wrong to waste food? There's half a pat of butter on your plate and all the crust of two bits of toast."

"Edwin, you forget yourself sadly, and are impertinent. My teeth are not so strong as they were. I am reserving these crusts for the gold fish."

The boy gave an involuntary start and blushed crimson, and in his confusion choked over a mouthful of bread, and made matters worse by swallowing his hot tea too fast. His aunt looked sternly at him, and was on the verge of administering a severe rebuke, but the boy decided that as she had spoken last it was his turn to go on. Restraining his convulsions with much difficulty, he continued the conversation as best he could from the point at which it had dropped, and said,

"Why don't you have some false ones, aunt? Old Pincers, the dentist, pulls them out at the first wrench, and he's got whole rows of teeth in his shop window. Do you know the fable about the old crab and its young one, aunt? I did it in Latin the other day, and got up top of the class."

"I am glad to hear you talk about your studies, Edwin. You know what an interest I take in your progress. I am delighted to hear that you have already advanced so far in the classics as to be reading the fables in the original language."

"It isn't the original language, aunt. Æsop wrote in Greek, and that cheat Phædrus cribbed them from him. Mr. Fields said so."

This last remark was too much for Miss Davis's nerves. To be flatly contradicted by her nephew was enough. To hear that a master of Highfield House deliberately encouraged his pupils in dishonesty by the fraudulent writings of ancient authors was absolutely insupportable. She resolved to write to Dr. Porchester at once on the subject. Mr. Fields was evidently not to be trusted to superintend the education of young and innocent boys. Rising from her chair, Miss Davis only said, "Edwin, if you have done your tea I think we had better go out into the garden."

"I'm rather tired, aunt. May I take the history book up to my room and read

quietly? I'd sooner not go out any more this evening."

"Very well, Edwin." The nephew began to beat a retreat from the room.

"Stay, Edwin; it is not good manners to bounce out of the room in that violent haste. Open the door gently for me, and wait till I have passed."

Miss Davis took up her parasol, and sailed majestically forth into the garden through the open bay window of the library. Edwin disappeared to his room without another thought of Napoleon. He was too nervous about the matter of the lost carp to care about the destruction of imperial armies. From the window of his room he could see the lawn. Ensconced behind the curtain he watched his aunt's progress in the garden.

Sure enough, after a turn or two up and down the broad gravel pathway, she stepped on to the lawn and made straight towards the fountain. The crusts were in her hand. She did not see the carp at first. She did not see it at last; no, not though she bent her head and brought her double eyeglass into focus and made a tour of the basin, peering closely into the water. Nay, more, she could not discover any signs of the pet carp, even though she closed her parasol and commenced operations of diving and dredging on an extensive scale among the ornamental stones at the bottom of the basin. She thought it possible that the carp might be taking an evening siesta in the seclusion of some subaqueous cave. But no success rewarded her search. Her brow darkened; ominous forebodings gathered in her soul. Where was the carp? What could have happened to it?

Miss Davis turned away from the fountain, holding her dripping parasol in the attitude of a nervous female confronted by a strange cow. Miss Davis passed across the lawn, curiously scrutinised by her nephew's eye. He read her intention at a glance—beyond doubt bound for his room, and with all her canvas set.

Edwin grew red with excitement, and indulged in quaint antics akin to the movements of a Highland schottische as it ought not to be danced. He heard her steps deliberately ascending the stairs. He heard her heave a deep sigh when she reached the top, whether from the effects of physical exertion or mental distress he could not tell, but he delivered himself of the opinion that "the old lady was wheezing like a steam-roller." It is needless for me to remind you again that Edwin was a very unmannerly little boy, whose example is quoted to be avoided, you understand, like that of all the other unmannerly little boys that figure in other school stories. I quite agree with his aunt that he was often not particular about his language. He now emphasised his last remark by reference to one of the zodiacal signs, "Oh, Gemini! she's on the war-trail and no mistake!"

"I fancy he is trying to hide from me."

With all his mock bravado, accompanied by pantomimic action, Edwin—to use another of his expressions—was in a "blue funk." Nearer came the dreaded step, and he crept with extreme caution under the bed.

A knock at the door. No answer.

A louder knock. No answer.

The door was opened.

"Edwin, are you in your room?"

No answer.

Miss Davis put her head inside the door. Not seeing her nephew, she might have been expected to withdraw. But she didn't. She went and opened a cupboard, and shut it. She examined the window curtains. She pulled up the muslin hangings of the dressing-table. She didn't look under the bed, because it would have been a laborious and undignified operation. But she did not feel at all certain that Edwin was not there. In fact she was so confident on the matter that she went to the door and opened it, and called to the housemaid, "Jane! Jane!" She took three steps along the passage to call down the back stairs, leaving the door of Edwin's room open, and keeping an eye upon it all the time.

"Jane, come here a moment, please."

The faithful domestic was at her mistress's side in a trice.

Preceding her to Master Edwin's room, the mistress said, "Jane, just see if Master Edwin is under the bed. I fancy he is trying to hide from me."

"Oh, miss, how shocking!"

The housemaid knelt down to obey the command.

"No, miss, he's not there."

Certainly not; for while his aunt was in the passage Edwin, rightly conjecturing probabilities, had emerged from his hiding-place and removed himself to the shelter of the cupboard, holding tight to the tongue of the fastening inside, resolved to hold on till he fainted should any attempt be made to storm his castle.

"Perhaps he's in the cupboard, miss?"

"No, Jane, I have looked already."

Mistress and maid left the room and went their respective ways down the front and back stairs.

Edwin, reassured that the coast was clear, came out of the cupboard, undressed, said his prayers, and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER II.—COLIN'S CHARACTER AND SCHOOL LIFE.

Colin McLeod was a peculiar boy, but as "there is nothing new under the sun," and as therefore there doubtless have been, doubtless will be, and no doubt are at this moment, a great many boys more or less like him, there is no occasion for me to apologise for his peculiarities.

First and foremost, then, Colin was neither a big boy for his years nor a very robust one, nor was there any likelihood that he would develop into a very tall or very strong man.

Colin was a Scotch boy, and the son of a Scottish laird, one of the chiefs of a branch of a noble clan, the McLeods of Glenthora; but then all Scotch boys, or Highland boys, are not quite as you see them in the sensational pictures that sometimes grace the stories of—

"The land of green heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

"I don't believe I *can* do it," said Colin, at last.

If you take these as types, then Colin's elder brother Roland was far more of a Scot than he, and a good thing for that youth he was, else the lads of the glen would have had but small respect for their young laird. Roland was his father's favourite, and, though not much over fifteen, followed him, gun on shoulder, over moor and mountain, often from three o'clock on a summer's morning until seven at night—for indeed there seemed no possibility of tiring either father or son. Between the two of them they kept the house well supplied with fish and game from one year's end to another, and that is all that either of them ever did.

Time was when all the land and all the lakes that could be seen from the peak of Ben Vawn belonged to the chiefs of the McLeods of this particular ilk. *Tempora mutantur*, they did not do so now, and Roland's patrimony, when he succeeded to it, would be little more than a farm of average size, a heather hill or two to shoot over, a patch of pine forest and stream, and a tumble-down old building that once upon a time had been a castle, and might still be termed so by lovers of the antique.

But Roland's life was a happy one, if only for this reason—he was contented. Perhaps that was the reason also why he was so strong and hardy compared with Colin, for there were few lads of his age in the glen who could throw the heavy hammer such a distance as Roland, or compete with him successfully at "putting the stone" or "tossing the caber." The sons of that gallant outlaw Rob Roy McGregor could, I am told by a scion of that line, bring down an eagle from the sky—though soaring around the sun—with a bullet, or drive a dirk clean through a two-inch deal board—and this, too, when mere lads; and even at such smart practice as that I believe young Roland McLeod would have run them hard.

To Roland's credit be it said, he was good-natured and kind-hearted, and he dearly loved his "little brother," as he was fond of calling Colin.

Well, Roland would be laird, Roland would never leave the glen, but in good time marry and settle down in it, as the former lairds of Glenthora had done; but the world was all before Colin. He had his fortune to make, his career to cut and carve. The gentle lady-mother of these boys, whom both of them loved more than life itself, had laid her plans for Colin. She possessed that pride of birth or ancestry which is so common to this day among many Highland families, and, rightly or wrongly, she despised what is called "business." No doubt Colin could succeed in business if he tried, but the very idea of his entering an office, or standing anywhere near a counter, was distasteful to her in the extreme. Well, then, there were the four professions—the Kirk, medicine, the law, and the sword. Of these Mrs. McLeod preferred the first-mentioned—mother-like; and her brother, Captain Peter, preferred the last—sailor-like.

Captain Peter—he was never called anything else—had left the navy on half-pay, and on a wooden leg, and settled down at the castle, and Colin was his especial favourite, and many were the friendly after-dinner debates between him and his sister as to what the boy should be; but as to Laird McLeod himself, he never interfered in the argument at all.

"You'll make something of the lad between you, no doubt," he would say, laughing, "and I'm sure I can't do better than let you fight it out."

In the meantime Colin—the bone of contention—was kept at school. The parish school it was, but my English readers must not imagine it was anything like the Government schools of southern Britain. No, for gentle and simple, all went to this school; the standard of education was high, and the seminary being connected with the Established Church of Scotland, as distinguished from the Free Kirk, the worthy dominie laboured hard to turn out better boys and better men than could be done by the other denomination.

There was a rivalry between the pupils or scholars themselves, too, which was not always so innocent, for the two schools often met on the field of battle, and combats sometimes raged night after night for weeks. In summer the lads fought with canes or wands, in winter with snowballs. It was great fun, upon the whole, and there was seldom any harm done by either army. Blood was always hot on both sides, but not very often spilt.

In these contests young Colin McLeod was a hero, for strength was not so much required as courage and skill, and the boy possessed both in a marked degree; his personal prowess was of little account, but he made an excellent leader, and was never more at home than when in the battle's van.

But, alas! for his peace of mind, his schoolfellows forgot what they owed to their little captain almost as soon as the fights were finished. Internal dissensions were rife at this school. It was an unwritten law, but one which nevertheless was very binding, that every boy must take rank according to his physical abilities, and the big lads, I am sorry to have to record it, very often bullied the smaller, and beat them too; and it was probably quite as well in the long run if the weaker lads submitted to such treatment with all the grace they could command, looking upon it, in fact, as on the inevitable. But there were times when a small but spirited lad would throw off the yoke of allegiance, defy and conquer his burly oppressor.

"*Væ victis!*" or "Woe to the vanquished!" is an expression we constantly hear, but in this case matters were reversed—it was not woe to the conquered but woe to the conqueror, for the following is an example of what such a victory always entailed. Let B be a bully, and C, D, E, F, and G, five boys about his own size who are afraid of him, and who tamely submit to take a kick or a cuff whenever B, the bully, has a mind to give them one. Let H be a little hero, very much smaller than either B, the bully, or than C, D, E, F, and G, the boys who are bullied by B. Well, little H has long owned allegiance to B, but one day in the playground, finding himself rather much put upon, he turns upon his oppressor. He is as wild as a mountain cat, he has crossed the Rubicon, he has struck B the bully, and he cannot now retreat, so he showers his blows like wintry rain, and in less than five minutes, very much to his own surprise, he finds himself standing, out of breath and pale perhaps, but triumphant over the bully, who is prone on the playground, and pleading for mercy.

Ah! but H soon finds out that his is a dearly-bought triumph, for C, D, E, F, and G never looked upon *H* as their master, and never would, although they were submissive to *B*, and the mere fact of H's having conquered B does not make him king over them, so war is declared forthwith, and continues perhaps for a week and more, till poor H is so tired, so harassed and worried, that even B plucks up courage once more, and the small hero is deposed, and reduced again to the *status quo*.

More than once during his school career had Colin McLeod found himself in the position held by H as just described, for courage he never lacked, but strength—well, that had yet to come. Some might have thought that the fact of his being the son of a chief would have gained the boy some slight respect at this Highland school. Not a bit of it. Scottish chiefs gained their position in olden times by personal prowess and physical force, and their descendants fall very much indeed in the esteem of the clansmen if they are not able to sustain by similar qualities the honour of the name bequeathed to them.

One of Colin's peculiarities was his fondness for retirement. He delighted in being alone. Now this was not a healthy trait in the boy's character; it was one he ought hardly to have fostered; it is one that is apt to grow on a youth, sapping the mainsprings of his life, and rendering him unfit to hold his own against the world, for it should be remembered that the great battle of life is carried on in the open, and that ambition which is only begotten in solitude can rarely be a true one. Ambition and work must go hand in hand. Youth is the season for activity, and a boy who wishes to do well in the world must be no idle dreamer. Let age

> "fly concourse, cover in retreat
> Defects of judgment, and the will subdue,
> Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,"

but youth must never think of rest and never dream of failure.

Well, Colin was a nervous lad, and mistrusted his own powers. He was hardly as yet lord of his own heart. Was it a faint heart? No, but as yet an untried one, and yet one thought that gave him infinite pain and sorrow was hardly ever absent from him in his solitary rambles—namely, the thought that he was not courageous. He would not call himself a coward; he did not believe he was quite so bad as that; and if conscience had applied the epithet to him he would have wished to die. He was fond of reading of all daring deeds by sea and by land, but as he did read this question was always cropping up in his mind: How should I have behaved under such circumstances? And the answer he was compelled to give was invariably a painful one.

Now, think you, reader, that heroes good and true can be made from such material as you can judge from what I have said Colin McLeod was composed of? I say they *can*, and *are* every day, so let nervous lads take heart of grace. And this is true: the bravest men are those who can see the danger of a situation they may be called upon to face, but who face it nevertheless.

Rough though the school at which Colin received the groundwork of his education, it was a useful one. He learned many a lesson even in its playground.

Honest Duncan Robb, the keeper's son, humble though he was, had ever proved a friend of friends to Colin. This lad could see all Colin's good points, and many an encouraging little lecture he used to give him, for there was a great deal more in Duncan than his rough and humble exterior could have led one to imagine. His very love for his foster-brother it must have been that prevented him from seeing his faults, or if he did see them he thought with himself, "He'll grow out of all that," and so he said nothing about them.

But Duncan gave his foster-brother some useful lessons as well as lectures. He taught him to climb, a very useful accomplishment for a boy who is to be a sailor, and at the time our story opens there was no tree in all the forest too tall for Colin to get to the top of; sometimes, indeed, while swaying about among

their uppermost branches, he looked, as Duncan said, "no bigger than a magpie."

He taught him to swim. His method of tuition was a peculiar, not to say dangerous, one, and while we record we do not recommend it. He perfected Colin in all the motions and movements of natation on the bank of the loch, then he swam straight in with him into deep water—not telling him what he was about to do, of course—then simply shook him off. The dark waters seemed to close over Colin's head, and shut out the world and everything in it. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he was drowning; this made him kick and splutter as a puppy would; but it immediately after occurred to him to go through the motions that Duncan taught him; he did so, and presently found himself swimming. His foster-brother had been close by his side all the time.

Many months after this, on a beautiful summer's day, making a bundle of their clothes and strapping them on their shoulders, the two boys swam out to an island some distance from the shore. They fished for some hours, then went into the interior to eat their lunch of bread and cheese and enjoy themselves. Colin, lying on the grass, pulled out one of Kingston's stories and commenced to read aloud. He read and read, and Duncan lay and listened entranced. And thus

"The time flew by wi' tentless heed,"

till at last they both awoke to consciousness of the fact that the sun had gone down and that the wind had got up.

They had quite a long way to swim, and the surface of the lake was very rough indeed. The wind was in their favour, that was one good thing; but for all that Colin's heart seemed to come disagreeably near to his mouth as he gazed away over that dark and stormy water to the shore that looked such a long, long distance off.

"I'll never be able to do it," he said to Duncan.

"You never know," replied Duncan, "what you can do till you try."

"Come on," cried Colin, "I mean to try."

"Spoke like a McLeod," said Duncan; and next moment they were both together, shoulder to shoulder, buffeting the waves.

The water felt terribly cold at first, almost paralysingly so, but they soon warmed to their work, only the water constantly broke over their heads and prevented their breathing or seeing with freedom.

There was no talking, the work was too serious, only Duncan found time now and then to splutter out a word or two of encouragement.

But it got nearly dark before the distance was much more than half accomplished.

"I don't believe I *can* do it," said Colin, at last.

Duncan's reply was very brief. It consisted of but one word—"Fiddlesticks!"

Presently, however, he turned towards his foster-brother and said, kindly,

"If you really are getting tired, you know, lean a hand on my shoulder."

But Colin McLeod said "No, not for all the world."

Ten minutes after they were both dressed and laughing at the danger they had just come through.

"But," said Colin, "I'm so glad I didn't accept assistance."

Colin's uncle looked somewhat serious when told of the exploit, but he presently smiled.

"Duncan is a bold but a good lad," he said. "I'll do something for him if I can. He has given you a lesson, though; don't forget it. Life is all before you just as the dark and troubled waters of Loch Leean were. Fear life and its troubles no more than you feared the loch. Brave it, battle with it, buffet with it, and you are sure to be successful."

Captain Peter worked away quietly, and was finally successful in getting the boy a cadetship in the Royal Navy. Then, and not till then, did good Mrs. McLeod give in, for she was, as many Highland ladies are, somewhat of a believer in destiny; so all she said to her brother when he brought the to him "glorious" news was, "Well, dear brother, what will be must be. Perhaps it is for the best. I will not venture to oppose what may after all be the workings of Providence."

But there were tears in the dear lady's eyes when she added, "May Heaven in mercy watch over my darling boy, and guide him safely through every danger."

"Amen! Amen!" said Captain Peter, heartily. Then he pressed his sister's hand and hobbled joyfully away to meet young McLeod.

When, next day, Colin told the news to his foster-brother the effect upon him was very wonderful indeed, and to many would have seemed inexplicable, for first of all he flung his Highland bonnet high in air with a wild Highland "Hooch!" that resounded through the forest, and startled even the wild deer; then, as soon as the bonnet came back to earth, he leapt nimbly on top of it, and cracking his thumbs in true Scottish fashion, danced six steps of the Lonach fling thereon before ever he drew breath. After that he grew sad all of a sudden.

"It is no use," he said, drawing his sleeve rapidly across his face. "I'm ashamed to shed a tear, but—I cannot help it. Heigho! I'm going to lose the only one I love in all the wide world."

And Duncan threw himself face downwards on the grass, his intention evidently being to succumb to his feelings and indulge in the unwonted luxury of a cry. But no sooner was he down than he sprang to his feet again, his eyes sparkling with excitement and determination.

"I had forgotten! I had forgotten!" he exclaimed. "I'll join the marines, as you proposed. I will."

Colin went back to school for a few weeks, but the news went there before him, and when he entered the playground on that Saturday morning, rough and uncouth in many of their ways as they were, the lads all gathered kindly around, and many a not over-clean hand was held out to grasp and shake his. Even the big lout whom the goat had pitched over the stream came up.

"Let bygones be bygones," he said. "Mind I *did* mean to give you *such* a thumping this very day. That brute of a Billy gave me a fearful fling. I shan't be able to sit down fair and square for a week, but— You're going to leave us. There, shake hands."

Well, Colin made a great many mistakes that day in his Latin epitome and exercise; plural nominatives took singular verbs, active verbs governed ablative cases, nouns in "um" were content with adjectives in "a," and gerunds in "dum" impudently usurped the places of gerunds in "do." But for all that the tawse rested quietly in the desk; it was never even once appealed to; and the blue eyes of Dominie Clayton beamed mildly over the gold rims of his spectacles on the pupil he was so very soon to lose.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF MADAGASCAR.

THE French attempts to possess themselves of Madagascar have brought the island into considerable prominence; and this, with Admiral Pierre's ill-advised imprisonment of Mr. Shaw, for which the French Government apologised and paid damages, will ensure for our energetic missionary's interesting book, just published by the Religious Tract Society, a cordial reception.

Madagascar is to most people an unknown land, and the literature regarding it is not extensive. The new book, "France and Madagascar," has therefore almost the field to itself, and as the information, historical and scientific, is brought up to the hour, the book is sure to be welcomed by a large circle of readers, not the least proportion of whom will be those interested in mission work, of which so much has been done among the Hovas and their dependents.

It is indeed something to be proud of to find that the island has a Christian Queen, that converts can be numbered by thousands, that the London Missionary Society, the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have between them in the island 859 schools and 108,037 scholars, and that the work of education is by the Queen's orders in no way interfered with by the hostilities.

Very little is known of the history of Madagascar. Between the island and the African continent there is a deep channel, and from this and other reasons it is assumed that it has never been connected with the continent of which at first sight it would seem to form part. There is such a difference between the character of its life and that of the mainland that early communication is most unlikely. Its existing population have come at different remote periods from the east, and are of the same stock from which the Malays and Malayo-Polynesians have sprung.

A dark race drove its predecessors into the interior; the Hovas came afterwards, lived some time near the coast, and when powerful enough drove the Vazimba out of Imerina and there settled. The landing of the Hovas is calculated to have taken place about the time of our own Norman Conquest from the number of the monarchs of the race who are remembered to have reigned.

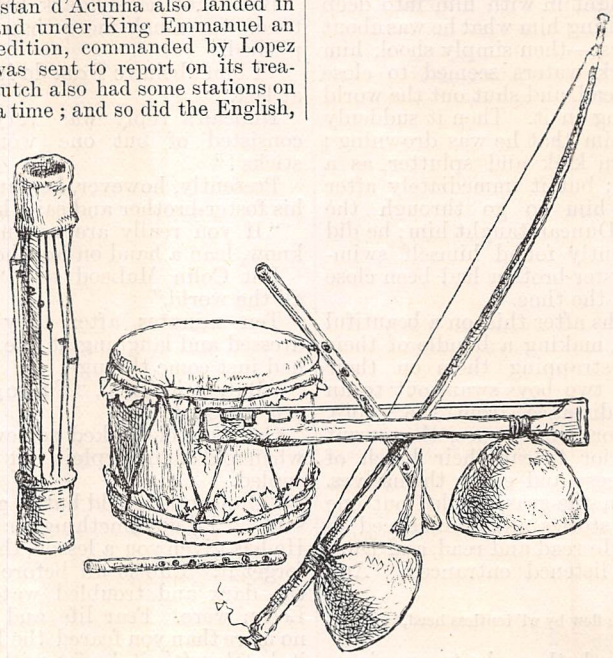
Madagascar, like many other lands, pos-

sessed no written language until the missionaries began their work. It was they who reduced the words to writing, and it is to them that we are indebted for the orthography. The letters having our ordinary full sounds, there is little difficulty in pronouncing these words, unless, as in some Polynesian dialects, they are of undue length. Madagascar has, however, such an unfortunate pre-eminence in this matter that it requires some effort to take an interest in its political history. The names of the monarchs are almost appalling. It requires a bold heart for instance to devote much attention to Queen Radodonandrianampoinimerina, and it is assuredly a pity that there are no means of sprinkling in a few capitals so as to cut up her Majesty's name into short lengths!

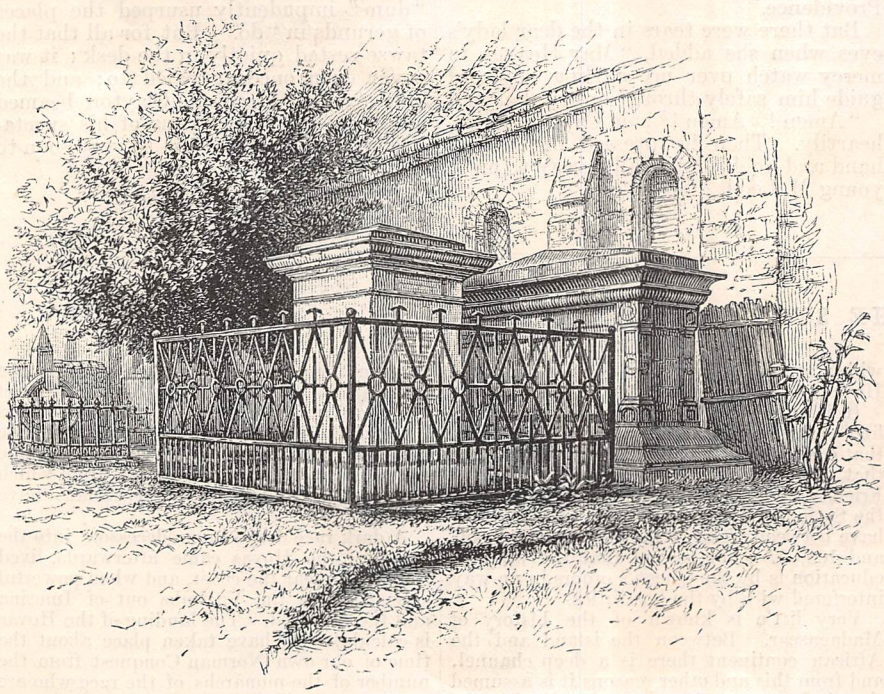
A Malagasy Beggar.

The French have had their eyes on the island ever since 1643, when their Eastern Company took possession of it in the name of the King of France; but it had already been discovered by Suarez, the Portuguese, in 1506, and he had founded trading stations on its coast. Tristan d'Acunha also landed in Madagascar, and under King Emmanuel an exploring expedition, commanded by Lopez de Figueira, was sent to report on its treasures. The Dutch also had some stations on the island for a time; and so did the English, who were swept off by the deadly climate of the beautiful St. Augustin's Bay.

The only serious attempt at French colonisation was made by Benyowski in 1774, but he was unsupported, and the French possessions remained for years limited to the Isle of St. Mary—one of the wettest spots on the earth, with 230 rainy days in the year. In the great war the British cleared the French out of Madagascar and all the islands of the Indian Ocean, so that all their claims, however shadowy, came to an end. At the peace of 1814 we gave back Bourbon to the French, and handed over all our stations in Madagascar to the reigning king on condition of his abolishing the export slave trade. In 1823 the French made another attempt to get a footing in the island, but the natives were too strong for them. In 1829 an expedition led by Gourbeyre was sent against Madagascar, to return defeated.



Musical Instruments.



The Tombs of the early Missionaries and of Mr. Cameron in Ambatonakanga Churchyard, Antananarivo.

Intriguing began again in 1840 to procure some of the sub-chiefs to sign a treaty that might be used as a fulcrum to lift the Hovas; and that unsuccessful intriguing has gone on ever since, and we have had the recent bombardment of open towns as its results. So offensively insolent was the conduct of the French admiral that at one time the Dryad had her guns cleared for action, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Admiral Pierre was dissuaded from bringing on a conflict between his fleet and the English sloop, that might have landed us in a serious war.

Mr. Shaw gives a full account of all these matters, and tells how he was seized on shore and hurried on board the Nievre as a prisoner, and how the charge that had been trumped up against him of his being a belligerent, owing to a bottle of laudanum having been found amongst his stores when his house was pillaged, was eventually abandoned. He also tells the story of his treatment in prison, when his food was served in a bucket, without knife, fork, or utensils. To those who care not for these things political, his book appeals on account of its terse and graphic notes on natural history, and to this division of it we now turn.

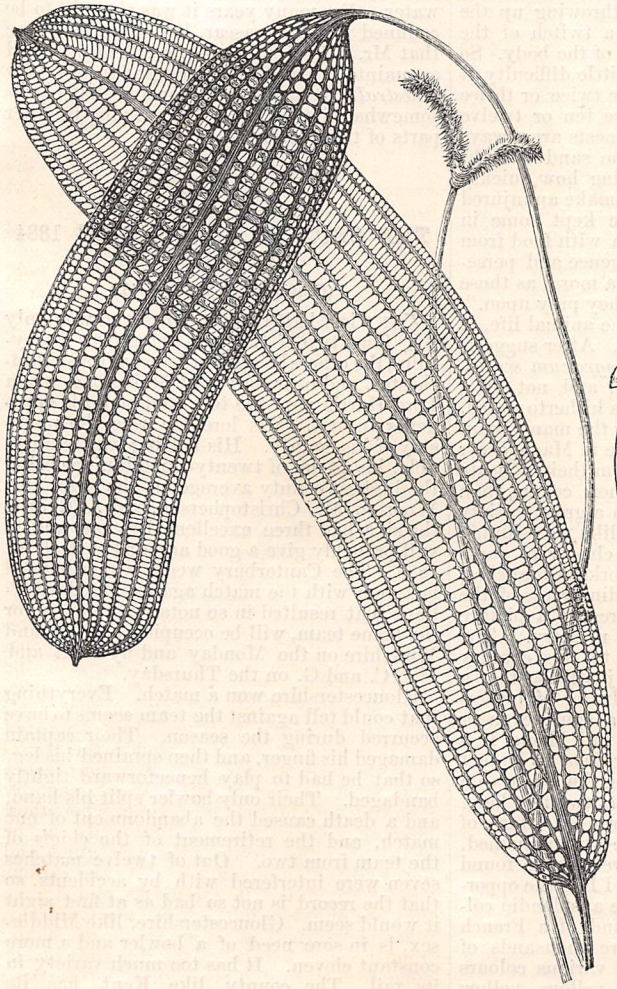
Madagascar is the land of the Lemurs. Some thirty-three species have up to the present been discovered, thus forming almost half the number of the mammalia in the island. "Some of these lemurs are of large size, standing three feet six or four feet, such as the *Indris* and the Black Lemur of the Betsileo; while others, such as the *Microcebus Smithii*, are not more than four inches from snout to root of tail. They, generally speaking, inhabit the forest region, where their piercing cries or long mournful wails can be heard for miles in the otherwise quiet and apparently lifeless solitude. As the various species are unlike in appearance and size, so they are unlike in habits. Some are diurnal, others nocturnal, of every shade of colour, from the purest white to the intensest black. Some feed entirely upon fruits and berries; others enjoy, if they do not wholly subsist on, insects, spiders, beetles, and moths. Some

have long bushy tails; others smooth round ones; others have no tail at all. Some have long claws; others have smooth, soft, flat hands. Some are gentle, easily trained, and used as pets by the people; while others are savage, repulsive, and very difficult indeed to tame."

In regard to the fauna and flora of the island, some of the facts given by Mr. Shaw are most curious. As an instance we may quote the following as to the captive snakes: "It is no uncommon thing in the south central part of the island to find in the lowest chamber of the ant-hills one of the light-coloured snakes that abound on the prairie land. Whether the creature creeps in at the entrance and makes its way into the warm and dry spot to sleep off the effects of his last meal, or whether it is a nursling of the ants, has at present not been satisfactorily proved. I can only witness to having discovered them in such a place, but it would be difficult without keeping constant watch to ascertain whether the snake has free ingress and egress from what the natives say is its prison. The tradition of the people is that the ants keep the snake as a captive, providing it with plenty of food, until it is fat and in good condition, when they kill and eat him. There is, however, a great difference of opinion as to how the snake first gets there. Some think it is carried there when quite small; others that these sagacious ants make regular snake-traps in the lower part of their nests, which are two or three feet high, from which, though easy to enter, it is impossible for the snakes to escape. When it is remembered that the ants take care of and feed the aphides for the sake of the sweet honey-like exudations from their bodies, one is led to give some credence to a statement so universally accepted by the natives."

Some of the huge animals of the past are still believed to linger in the forests in the unexplored interior. On this subject Mr. Shaw says: "M. Grandidier discovered the half-fossilised remains of two species of tortoises of gigantic size, identical with those found in the desolate Aldabra group of islands in latitude 8 deg. south; and although usually accepted as an extinct animal in Madagascar, it is reported by the natives to still live in the forest land on the west. One was kept in a garden in Tamatave two years ago, which was said to have been brought from the west coast, measuring over four feet in length, without the head and neck, and somewhat broader. This was smaller than those from the Aldabra in the Zoological Gardens, one of which was nearly six feet broad, weighed over eight hundred pounds,

The Brown-Mouse Lemur.



The Lace-Leaf Plant.

The Pitcher Plant.

and was able, it is said, to carry a couple of tons on its back."

But it is in the birds that we come nearer home: "The bones of an enormous bird, supposed to have lived in the island less than two hundred years ago, were found by M. Grandidier in the southern part of the island. He formed a skeleton from the materials to hand, and by deductions therefrom we get the representation of a bird considerably larger, but of the height of an ostrich. This is doubtless the *rukh* referred to by Marco Polo in the account of his voyages. Grave doubts have long been cast upon that traveller's veracity regarding this matter; and his gigantic bird had been classed with the Arabian *roc*, as equally of imaginative origin. Other remains have since been found, and Professor Owen supposes the *Æpyornis* to have been a struthious or terrestrial bird of the same genera as the *Dinornis* of New Zealand. Many travellers have worked hard to discover a complete skeleton, but hitherto nothing has been found but a few bones, and the eggs. Many of the latter are more or less broken, some when discovered were being used as water-pitchers by the natives; but some have been found entire. One I saw in the possession of a merchant in Bourbon was without the least flaw, and sixteen inches in length."

Of the forest scenery we have many pleasant glimpses: "In travelling in the Betsileo and along the east coast I have often been struck with the variety of bird life near the lakes and rivers. Some on the water, others hovering over it, waiting for their prey, some wading in the shallows, or stalking along from one lily-leaf to another, assisted by their large and wide-spreading feet. There are the large Muscovy ducks (*Sarcidiornis Africana*), frequenting the inland marshes of the central and south central provinces, with the duck (*Anas Melleri*) and little grebe (*Podiceps minor*) on almost every rushy stream, furnishing abundant sport for the sportsman and good food for his bearers. The wild ducks are not in the least fishy in flavour, but rich and gamey, proving quite an addition to the not remarkably varied character of the dishes procurable in the island. There is also a beautiful waterhen, with black plumage, but scarlet head, which enjoys the home of the above, although not their distinction at the table of the foreigner. It is called the *otrika* by the people. There are three or four kinds of ibis found in the island, the crested variety being peculiar to the country. It is found in the north-east, and is there fairly abundant. It is scarlet on the body, with long legs, yellow beak and claws. The so-called sacred ibis of Egypt is found in large flocks. A white egret is a very common gregarious bird, living near the rice-fields, about which it walks in search of food, or it follows closely after the herds of cattle, which attract the insects that to a great extent constitute its food."

The entomology, too, comes in for due notice: "The insect life of the island is prolific, specialised, and often very beautiful. Among the *Lepidoptera* are some magnificent specimens of gorgeous colouring and variety of form. The most remarkable is one that has frequently been described, the *Urania riphæus*; that is found principally in the upper part of the eastern forest belt; its dazzling mixture of blue, green, gold, and red renders it a conspicuous object as it flies lazily across one's path. Very many of the butterflies are more remarkable for their peculiar shape than for their beauty of colouring, imitating the dead leaves to such a nicety as to deceive the casual observer. They close their wings against each other, and one fancies he can see the midrib and veining of a dried leaf standing up from the dead branch, in colour dark brown slightly mottled with black, while the upper side of the wing presents a bright and gaudy colouring. In the interior the butterfly called by the natives the lime-tree butterfly, a large yellow-and-black variety, is a very common object, as it flutters about through the lime and lemon trees, seeking suitable spots to deposit its eggs. In some places in the forest the small streams seem to be literally alive with butterfly and moth life. There are also several very large nocturnal moths; one found on the east coast is six or seven inches across the spread of the wings, of a light pinkish drab colour, with little square transparent spots on each wing. One found on the west coast measures eight inches and a half from shoulder to point of tail, and eight inches across the upper wings. But its most extraordinary characteristic is the formation of the long delicate tail-like appendages to the hind wings, which have extremely narrow shafts and are enlarged at the ends; their points have two spiral twists or folds, graceful in appearance. There are four distinct eye-like spots near the centre of each wing, which are of light-buff tinged with lemon-yellow. The buff-coloured body is two inches and a quarter long. It is proposed to be called *Tropœa Madagascariensis*."

The spiders, too, from the large *Hala-be*, like a black-and-yellow crab, to the poisonous *Hala-mena-vody*, are duly described, and the trapdoor gentry receive the customary attention. "But another genus makes a most ingenious trap for ants and woodlice by throwing up the loose sand in which it lives so as to form a cup-like hollow. At the bottom of this it lies concealed, waiting for any luckless ant that may fall into the trap, from which it seldom escapes, because the sides of the hollow are composed of such loose sand that no foothold can be found, and the disturbance caused only helps to attract the enemy and confuse the victim. These cups are about three inches in diameter at the top and an inch and a half deep, and are made by the insect working in a small circle just under the surface, and throwing up the sand from the centre with a twitch of the tail, which is half the length of the body. So strong is it that with very little difficulty it can throw out any substance twice or thrice its own weight to a distance ten or twelve times its own length. These nests are always made under cover where the sand is light and dry, and it is astonishing how quickly these insects will repair or re-make an injured or demolished trap. I have kept some in confinement, supplying them with food from time to time, and their diligence and perseverance might point as good a moral as those qualities in the ants which they prey upon."

Varied and strange as is the animal life, it yields in interest to the flora. After suggesting that the long-spurred *Angræcum sesquipedale* is fertilised by ants, and not by a moth with a long proboscis as hitherto stated, Mr. Shaw proceeds: "Of all the many beautiful varieties of vegetable life in Madagascar none are more attractive, from their delicate perfume and the purity of their colour, than the orchids, of which there is a great variety in the country. The flowers like wax shining out star-like amid a dense cluster of dark-green leaves, perched in the forks of branches, or springing from the protruding roots of the smaller trees and bushes, present a picture not easily erased from the memory. The *Angræcum Ellisii*, brought to this country by Mr. Ellis, is still, and justly so too, a great favourite. Its large cluster of butterfly-like flowers, each with a spur seven or eight inches long, when in full bloom is a splendid sight. The *A. superbens*, to be met with in such profusion among the bushes on the coast, has a spur of flowers two feet long, and exhales a beautiful fragrance. Many of the orchids in the island are still unnamed, and only a few comparatively have found their way to England alive. I had the opportunity of seeing in Tamatave a splendid collection growing in the ground of a French collector, among which were thousands of specimens, of all sizes and of various colours—white, white and yellow, yellow, yellow striped with red, brown and gold, mauve and white, purple, etc., presenting as gorgeous a show of flowering beauty as it is possible to conceive."

But our extracts have run to undue length, and with one more we must close our notice of Mr. Shaw's most excellent book: "Among the curiosities of the plant life on the east coast should be mentioned the three most notable. The sensitive plant, growing in abundance about one hundred miles south of Tamatave, is a conspicuous object, with its delicate flowers, resembling tufts of pink threads, and its highly sensitive leaves and leaf-stalks. When touched the leaves immediately fold themselves up, and then the leaf-stalk falls, almost hiding the leaves under the branches of the plant. The pitcher-plant also grows in the marshes along the east coast, but generally out of sight among the rushes and sedges at the water-side. At the end of each leaf, which narrows to a mere stalk at the tip, it carries a vase-like excrescence, very much resembling a pitcher, with lid and all complete. This pitcher seems provided for the purpose of keeping the leaves well supplied with moisture, as I have frequently found them with a considerable quantity of water in these receptacles. The lace-leaf plant, the other curious plant to which reference is made, has frequently been described. In the rivers west of Tamatave great quantities of this fresh-water yam may be seen sending its two-forked flower just above the eddying of the water, in which it bobs backwards and forwards in a fantastic dance. The root is edible, but the interest of the plant centres in its leaves, which are about eight to fourteen inches long, and resemble a square-patterned lace, or a skeleton leaf with parallel veining, the whole space between being empty. These are supported on stalks two feet or three feet long, just sufficient to raise the leaf to the level of the water. For many years it was thought to be confined to Madagascar, but since the time that Mr. Ellis first made the scientific world acquainted with the strange *Ouvirandra fenestralis*, it has been discovered that plants somewhat similar have been growing in other parts of the world."

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1884 AND 1885.

(*Continued from page* 448.)

KENT lost half their matches and won only four, two of the wins being over Derbyshire, the others being over Lancashire at Manchester, and over Surrey at Maidstone, when Lord Harris won the toss and put his opponents in first. His lordship was the mainstay of his county. His batting was remarkable, his 44 out of twenty-three innings being the highest county average of the year. In Wootton, Mr. Christopherson, and A. Hearne the side had three excellent bowlers, and it will probably give a good account of itself in 1885. The Canterbury week, which opened last year with the match against the Australians that resulted in so notable a victory for the home team, will be occupied by Kent and Yorkshire on the Monday and by Kent and M.C.C. and G. on the Thursday.

Gloucestershire won a match. Everything that could tell against the team seems to have occurred during the season. Their captain damaged his finger, and then sprained his leg, so that he had to play henceforward tightly bandaged. Their only bowler split his hand, and a death caused the abandonment of one match, and the retirement of the chiefs of the team from two. Out of twelve matches seven were interfered with by accidents, so that the record is not so bad as at first sight it would seem. Gloucestershire, like Middlesex, is in sore need of a bowler and a more constant eleven. It has too much variety in its tail. The county, like Kent, has its "week;" in this case at Cheltenham, com-

mencing on August 17, the first match being against Sussex, the second against Surrey.

Of Derbyshire, that never wins or draws a match and never even wins a toss, the best that can be said is to wish it better luck next time. In its matches with Cheshire, Hampshire, and Essex it may discover some rising talent to improve a record that has been very dispiriting for some years past.

With Derbyshire we end the first-class counties. Other counties there are striving to enter the magic ring, some of them of very promising strength and worthy of more respect than has been hitherto accorded them. Cheshire, Durham, Essex, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland, Somersetshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire have all properly organised elevens, and all played a fair number of matches during the past year. And in 1885 we shall have Cheshire, Essex, Hampshire, Leicestershire, and Somersetshire contending with first-class counties, although not reckoned in their average list.

The great matches need not detain us long. Gentlemen and Players at the Oval in 1885 takes place on July 2, and at Lord's as usual four days afterwards. Last year's Oval match was won by the Players over a poor team of Gentlemen; the Lord's match was won by the Gentlemen over a strong team of Players. In this match 1000 runs were scored for four wickets. The Players made 299, out of which 94 were due to Ulyett; the Gentlemen headed them by six, Lord Harris scoring 85 and Mr. W. W. Read 67. The Players then made 209, out of which Bates claimed 72 and Ulyett 64, and left the Gentlemen 204 to get to win. Of these Messrs. Grace and Steel when in partnership scored 137, and the number was obtained with the loss of four wickets—Grace 89, Steel 63, Lucas 6, and Lord Harris 0, the not-outs being O'Brien and Read. The four innings thus stood at 290, 209, 296, 205—a somewhat level array.

In more popular cricket, Oxford beat Cambridge easily, and Eton and Harrow, still hovering over the twenty-five wins apiece, were unable to finish the match. May the elements be as kind to them in 1885 as they generally are to the Universities, which have not known a draw for the last forty years. The University match is fixed for the 29th of June, the Eton and Harrow match for the 10th of July.

And now for the individual performances. In first-class matches there were a dozen scorers of over a thousand runs. Dr. W. G. Grace still heads the list, this time with an average of 34 out of 1361, Lord Harris coming second with 33 out of 1471. Of the other scorers over a thousand we have Barnes, Bates, Hall, T. C. O'Brien, W. W. Read, and Ulyett, and the Australians, Bonnor, Giffen, McDonnell, and Murdoch, with whom we are not now concerned. Ulyett, with a total of 1334, has an average of 29; Mr. W. W. Read, with a total of 1256, has the same. Barnes's average was 29, Mr. O'Brien and Louis Hall have each 27, Bates has 23. Of the scorers under a thousand, Mr. A. G. Steel comes first with a total of 967, and a splendid average of 38. Scotton's average is 34, Mr. Mackinnon's 33, Mr. Newham's 32, Mr. Blackman and Mr. I. D. Walker each claim 28, the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, Mr. W. H. Patterson, Mr. J. Shuter, and Mr. C. T. Studd have each 26.

The season having been an exceptionally fine one, the bowlers who delight in miserable weather had rather an unfortunate time of it. The best of the year were Shaw and Emmett, the first with 71 wickets at a cost of 10 apiece, the other with 107 wickets at 11 apiece. Peate with 137 wickets for 13 each, and Attewell with 101 wickets for 12 each, were perhaps next in merit, while Barlow, Barratt, Wootton, Woof, and Mr. Horner each obtained over the coveted hundred wickets, Mr. Horner's record of 14 being by far the best of the amateur performances. Dr. W. G. Grace's average was 21, Mr. Christopherson's was 22.

Dr. W. G. Grace heads the list of centuries with no less than seven scores of over a hundred, three of them against the Australians. There were five scores of over three hundred runs due to Messrs. Bruce, Dumbleton, Holms, Shuter, and Howard. Mr. Holms's 303, not out, was for Blair Lodge against Campsie. Mr. Shuter's 304, not out, was for Bexley against the Emeriti, when he and Mr. Ashdown went in at twenty minutes to three and remained till the stumps were drawn at half-past six. Mr. Ashdown made 62, and there were 36 extras, so that three hours' cricket yielded 402 runs.

Of the two-hundreds there were forty, one of them, Shrewsbury's, made in a first-class match. Mr. Bettesworth played a 203 not out innings for Blair Lodge against Stirlingshire; Dr. E. M. Grace scored 219 for Thornbury against the Bristol Medicals; Mr. M. C. Kemp scored the same amount for Hertford against Trinity College, Oxford; Mr. F. E. Lacey scored 211 for Hampshire against Kent; Mr. D. Q. Steel scored 226 for Liverpool against Sefton; Mr. A. J. Webbe scored 214 for the Free Foresters against the Aldershot Division; and Mr. S. D. Maul scored two two-hundreds—one of 284 and another of 235. Fine weather means hard grounds, and hard grounds mean long scores. It is therefore not surprising to find the century list of 1884 of unusual length—nearly eight hundred scores exceeding the hundred having been recorded Of these Barlow claims three—two for Lancashire against Cheshire and Leicestershire, and one for the North of England against the Australians. Barnes has two—one for M.C.C. and Ground against Australians, and one against Suffolk. Bates has three—two for Yorkshire, one against Notts and one against Cambridge University, and another against Cambridge University for Mr. Thornton's eleven. Mr. J. H. Brain has three—one for Gloucestershire against Australians, one for Gloucestershire against Surrey, and one for Clifton against Lansdown. Briggs has three, Mr. F. W. Bush has four, Mr. J. T. Day has four, Mr. H. F. Fox has four, Mr. W. R. Gilbert has three, Mr. Greatorex has four. Gunn has four—two for M.C.C. and Ground, one for Notts against Sussex, and one for Notts against Middlesex. Hall has four—all for Yorkshire against Kent, Sussex, Middlesex, and Cambridge University. Lord Harris has four—for Kent against Hampshire, for Kent against Derbyshire, for Kent against Sussex, and for East Kent Yeomanry. Mr. Newham has three—two for Sussex, one against Yorkshire, and one against Kent. Painter has two—one for Gloucestershire against Lancashire, the other for Gloucestershire against Surrey. Mr. A. Payne has three, Mr. E. O. Powell has four, Mr. O. G. Radcliffe has three, Mr. W. W. Read has three—one for Surrey against Leicestershire, one for Surrey against Gloucestershire, one for England against Australians. Mr. C. Roberts has four, Mr. W. N. Roe, of long-score fame, has three, and Scotton has three—one of them against Middlesex, another against Australians. Captain Spens has four, Mr. G. D. Spiro has four, Mr. A. G. Steel has four—two of them against the Australians; and Mr. H. B. Steel has four. The Rev. R. T. Thornton has five, Ulyett has four—two for Yorkshire and one for the Players; and Mr. J. G. Walker has four.

Leaving the individual scores for the totals, we find the largest completed innings of the year to have been 674, compiled by the Royal Engineers against the Royal Marines. Hampshire's score of 645 against Somersetshire is also worthy of note. For incomplete innings the palm must be given to Gravesend, who scored 676 for nine wickets against Town Malling, where in days of yore Fuller Pilch used to live. Another extraordinary score was the total for five wickets of 665, obtained by Sheffield Park against Mr. Ellis's team; another, the 544 for two wickets obtained by Caius College against Magdalene. As a sample of small scoring we may instance the collapse of the Radclyffe Wesleyans before the men of Bingley—they only got one run, and that was a bye! Of curiosities there were the usual assortment. Three family elevens had their deeds recorded — eleven Christophersons, eleven Wallgates, and eleven Waterfalls. At Worcester College there was a match between two blind elevens, in which the ball was a bell in a wickerwork case, and the bowling and batting were guided by sound!

OUR NOTE BOOK.

The Union Jack.

This well-known flag was called "Union" because it represented England, Scotland, and Ireland; and "Jack," because James, or Jacques, brought those three shields into one. It therefore means "the union established by James." The royal standard was the first of all our flags, and properly ought only to be hoisted when a member of the Royal family is present. The Union Jack came next; it was made up of three crosses, which respectively represented the three countries. England had the cross of St. George, which was red on a white ground; Scotland had a white cross on a blue ground; and there was also the red cross of St. Patrick for Ireland. —*Rev. J. King, M.A.*

The Travelling Plant.

To the number of curious plants already described and illustrated in our pages, such as the carnivorous and fly-catching plant, a new specimen has lately been added which is described as the travelling plant. It is said to be of the lily of the valley species (*Convallaria polyganatum*), and has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch distant from the place where the plant was first rooted. Every year another knot is added, which drags the plant farther on, so that in twenty years' time the plant has travelled about twenty inches from its original place.

The Bookmark.

A correspondent of a foreign journal relates the following: A young lady once presented me with a bookmark, having the inscription "God bless you!" and exacted a promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise I took it home, and, rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book, and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner and must repent if I would be saved. I there promised God that I would seek His face at the earliest opportunity, and if He saw fit to convert my soul, I would spend my life in His cause. It came; I sought His face and received the smiles of His love, and now I have a hope within me big with immortality; and all do I attribute to that bookmark and the grace of God.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

Middle Subdivision (*ages* 16 *to* 18).

Prize—One Guinea.

Arthur G. Leighton (aged 17), Rosemount, Blenheim Road, Nottingham.

Certificates.

C. W. Harris, West Ludworth Villa, Neath.

CHARLES JENKINS, Nestor's Square, Narberth.
JOHN EASTON, Union Road, Inverness.
GEORGE S COOPER, 1, South Howard Street, Great Yarmouth.
W. DOUGLAS HALL, Victoria Terrace, Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancashire.
JAMES R. ARROWSMITH, 7, Chesnut Street, Darlington.
WALTER R. SIMMONDS, New Romney.
WILLIAM DALTON, Cedar Bank, Hawthorn Lane, Wilmslow, near Manchester.
FRANK S. WALKER, 16, East Norton Place, Edinburgh.
CECIL C. PICKERING, 153, Church Road, Islington, N.
WILLIAM CARNELL, 148, Upper Hanover Street, Sheffield.
WILLIAM F. JOHNSON, 75, Albert Road, Dalston.
JOHN McC. BROWN, 218, Claughton Road, Birkenhead.
ALBERT D. HUNTER, 10, Abbey Street, Bermondsey, S.E.
HERBERT E. H. PERKINS, Savings Bank Department, General Post Office, Cape Town, South Africa.
HARRY FOX, 146, Astley Street, Dukinfield, Cheshire.
ALBERT E. SEYMOUR, Hart Street, Henley-on-Thames.
FREDK. BERRY, 7, Finkin Street, Grantham, Lincs.
JOHN E. WALKER, 260, King Street, Hurst, near Ashton-under-Lyne.
PRATT COATES, Pottergate, Richmond, Yorkshire.
ROBERT J. BURTON, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich.
A. SCOTT FARWIG, 22, Weighton Road, Anerley, S.E.
CLARENCE G. LAVERACK, 8, Stanley Terrace, West Ham Park, Essex.
WM. O. GREENWAY, Broomhill House, Stapleton, near Bristol.
FREDK. ALEXANDER, 11, Percy Street, Coventry.
SAMUEL H. NEWTON, 8, St. James's Road, King's Lynn.
ALBERT V. LANE, Cyprus Cottage, Southtown, Great Yarmouth.
HENRY G. CHRIST, 5, Trossachs Road, Dulwich Grove, S.E.
ALFRED R. EVERSHED, 2, Temperance Terrace, West Street, East Grinstead.
WM. WOTHERSPOON, 13, Oxford Gardens, Notting Hill, N.W.
JOHN W. GREEN, Zeals, Bath.
WM. T. GWILT, 27, Severn Street, Welshpool.
JOHN P. MUNRO, 48, St. James Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.
ALFRED G. DEANE, Branksome Lodge, London Road, Reading.
J. W. EASTON, May Villa, Maple Road, Penge, S.E.
JOHN STARK, 19, Reidvale Street, Glasgow.
ALBERT H. WINDSOR, Netherseale, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
THOMAS H. JENKINS, 21, Leadworks Lane, Chester.
STEPHEN S. LIDINGTON, care of Mr. Sirett, Brackley, Northamptonshire.
THEODORE C. J. BULL, 3, John Street, Bath.
JONATHAN PREBBLE, 93, Almack Road, Clapton, E.
JOHN H. B. ROWLATT, 1, Bedford Villas, St. Dunstan's Road, Hanwell, W.
DAWSON DOWSETT, Rock House, St. Mary's Terrace, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
FRANK KELLY, 11, Albert Street, Aberdeen.
W. G. RHODES, 15, Seymour Street, Denton, near Manchester.
GEO. F. KNIPE, 24, Seymour Street, Birkenhead.
HUBERT STEELE SELLAR, Bebek, Constantinople.
WM. J. GREGORY, School House, Sandhurst, Berks.
WALTER BLUNT, Adrianople, Turkey.
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LEONARD T. LAWLEY, 75, Wolverhampton Road, Walsall.
JAMES JAY, 80, Long Street, Walsall.
HERBERT K. BRIGHT, Alvaston, Park Hill, Forest Hill, S.E.
SAMUEL W. DRINKEL, 3, Charles Street, Louth, Lincolnshire.
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GEORGE MURRAY, 139, Church Street, High Walker, near Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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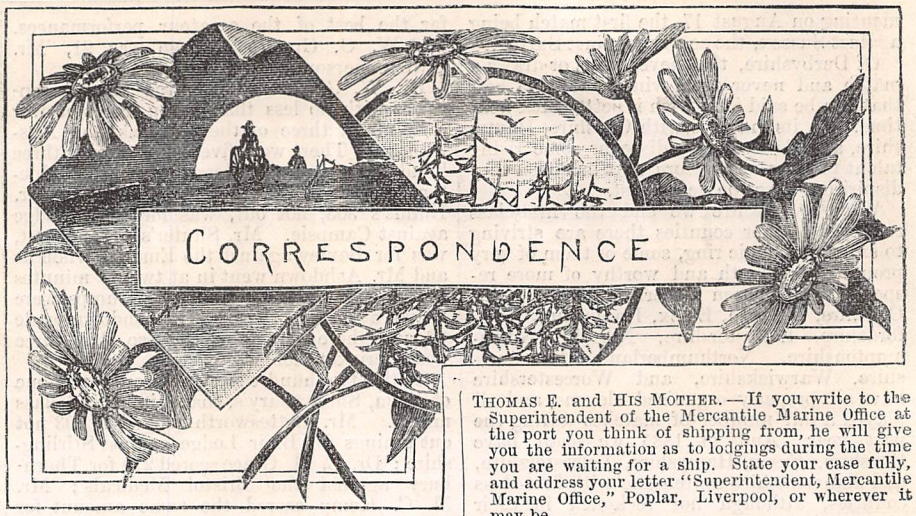
ALEX. R. PATERSON, 5, Finnieston Street, Glasgow.
C. A. P. NOMICO, 182, Friern Road, East Dulwich.
ARTHUR P. BROOKS, 42, Oliver Street, Greek Street, Stockport, Cheshire.
FRANK EVANS, 45, Rial Street, Hulme, Manchester.
ARTHUR LAWRY, Glenview, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.
ALEX. MACPHERSON, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, Canada.
W. C. SEAMONS, 11, Granville Terrace, Mayes Road, Wood Green, N.



OLD BOY.—You can know nothing whatever about the paper, or you would have seen the four coloured plates and long series of signal articles, that almost exhausted the subject which you wish to have "something said about."

WALLINGTON HARRIERS.—We were pleased to hear of your paper-chase, but it does not come within our plan to give reports of such matters. They would be so woefully out of date.

ELECTRICAL.—You could get a cylinder for an electrical machine from any chemical appliance seller. Buy a number of "Nature," the "English Mechanic," or "Science Gossip," and consult the advertisements.

SAILOR.—The price of Mr. Dixon Kemp's "Boat Sailing" is twenty-five shillings. It is published by H. Cox, Strand, and gives a complete description of all the usual rigs, and the ways of working them.

B. A. CLARK.—1. With the exception of the Great Eastern, the largest vessels now afloat are the Umbria and the Etruria, belonging to the Cunard line. They are sister ships, forty feet shorter than the City of Rome, but five feet broader and four feet deeper. Their length is five hundred and twenty feet, breadth fifty-seven feet, depth forty-one feet. Their tonnage is over eight thousand. They are of fourteen thousand horse-power, carry five thousand tons of cargo and two thousand five hundred tons of coals, and steam nearly twenty knots an hour. Their main saloon is nine feet high and seventy-six feet long. 2. The standard gauge of Britain is 4ft. 8½in. The broad gauge on which the Great Western started was 7ft. The Festiniog Railway has a gauge of only 1ft. 11½in. The Irish gauge is 5ft. 3in. In the United States the gauges are 3ft., 5ft., 5ft. 6in., 6ft., 4ft. 9in., and 4ft. 8½in. In South Australia they are 5ft. 3in. and 3ft. 6in. In Queensland the gauge is 3ft. 6in.; in New South Wales 4ft. 8½in.; in Victoria 5ft. 3in.

CANAILLE.—1. An inch of rain means one hundred tons of water on every acre. 2. The China Canal is 1,000 miles long. The Languedoc Canal, cut in 1681, is 148 miles long. The largest ship canal in Europe is the North Holland, from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonian Canal, including the lakes, is sixty miles long. Some of the American canals are rather large. The Erie is 350½ miles long; the Ohio, from Cleveland to Portsmouth, measuring 332 miles; the Maine and Erie, from Cincinnati to Toledo, 291 miles; the Wabash and Erie is 374 miles.

A. O. C.—1. Jeweller's solder is said to consist of nineteen parts of fine silver, one part of copper, and ten parts of brass. The hardest solder is made of four parts of silver and one of copper. 2. There is a treatise on soapmaking in Spon's "Workshop Receipts," first series.

V. R. G.—There is no difficulty in making diagrams from woodcuts if you have a magic-lantern. Trace the picture on a piece of ground glass, and then, using the glass as a slide, throw the image on to a piece of paper hung on the screen, and copy it there. You can enlarge it to any size you like, and all the parts will be in proportion. Another plan is to use the pantagraph described in our fifth volume.

COLONIST.—Hardly any occupation exists of which such startling statistics could not be compiled. Even a compositor setting type has been reckoned up, and it appears that one Michael Quin, of the Erie "Daily Herald," has handled 358,020,000 pieces of metal twice over, that the metal so lifted would weigh ninety-four tons, and that in setting it in position his hand has travelled 516,000,000 feet, or 97,727 miles, or nearly four times the circumference of the globe!

W. F. T.—The "face value" of a bond is its nominal value as distinguished from its market value. A "bounty" is the premium manufacturers receive from Government in encouragement of their special trade.

RAYS.—You will find an article on early cricket in the second volume.

THOMAS E. and HIS MOTHER.—If you write to the Superintendent of the Mercantile Marine Office at the port you think of shipping from, he will give you the information as to lodgings during the time you are waiting for a ship. State your case fully, and address your letter "Superintendent, Mercantile Marine Office," Poplar, Liverpool, or wherever it may be.

S. T. D.—A tumbler sounds its shrillest note when empty. The more water you put in, the basser the note becomes.

THE NAVY.—Buy a quarterly Navy List, and consult the recent circulars. You must procure a field officer's nomination.

HERON.—Order your volume through a local bookseller, and it will cost you nothing for carriage.

HATCHLEY.—For ordinary float-fishing there is no more recent book than the Trent Otter's two-shilling manual, published by Sampson Low and Co.

W. M. P.—The distances between England and Australia, by both routes, and between all the principal ports in the world, are given under the heading of Ocean Highways in the "Standard Commercial Handbook," price five shillings, published by Messrs. Warne and Co.

CONSTANT CHUM.—Waterproof your tent by coating it once or twice with boiled oil.

AN ARTICLED CLERK.—You can get a "Guide to the Intermediate" from any of the booksellers in Chancery Lane.

MUTTON.—New Zealand mutton can be obtained from Fitter and Co. and several other firms in Leadenhall Market. It is not frozen in ice, but is brought over in a cold-air chamber.

S. B. M.—No dumbbell should exceed two pounds in weight. The heavy bells are a great mistake.

MODEL YACHTING.—1. The stem is put on to strengthen the boat, but the curve of the bow should be unbroken, and the cutwater should be as sharp as you can make it. Both stem and stern should rake. 2. By "carrying a lee helm" is meant that the boat requires her rudder to keep her up to the wind. 3. Fasten the mainsail after reefing by passing the clew through a cringle on the line of the reef points, and threading it through a hole in the boom on to the cleat. 4. Weighted rudders are always better than weighted tillers, and your headsail should be reduced rather than employ them.

W. H. G. (Southend.)—Your spider appears to be one of the hunting species, but we cannot say for certain. It was dead and shrivelled up when it reached us, and no wonder; whoever heard of feeding a spider on bread-crumbs?

OWEN KING.—Your egg was considerably damaged in its transit through the post, but we have nevertheless identified it as that of the Whitethroat. Pack a little more carefully next time. We cannot return eggs, etc., sent to us for names, whether accompanied by stamps or not.

F. WOODLIFF.—There is a book containing "Articles on Swimming," and its title is "Boy's Own Annual," Vol. I., price six shillings, published at 56, Paternoster Row.

FRED.—Dumbbells are for light exercises, Indian clubs for heavy exercises. Dumbbells should never exceed four pounds the pair; Indian clubs should be chosen according to the table of weights on page 690, Vol. IV.; but you will do well to follow the advice there given as to not having them too heavy.

SARGENT.—The story of John Maynard, who steered the burning ship from Detroit to Buffalo, first appeared in the "British Workman," and you will find it in the "A 1 Reciter," price sixpence, published by G. Cauldwell at 60, Old Bailey.

POUNTRY.—The address of the Willesden Waterproof Paper Company is Willesden Works, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.

B. L.—Thanks; but the fact that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is found in the Mishna (Talmud, treatise Sotul, chap. ix.) does not affect our statement that it was not in the Bible and had been ascribed to Matthew Henry.

WELL-WHISHER (?).—You cannot enter the army without passing an examination,—in spelling too. You cannot purchase a commission, for none are now sold; and you cannot be an ensign, for the rank has been abolished.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

"Coolly dropping the broom and facing his enemy."

CHAPTER IV.—THE "ROCKET" NEWSPAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

The reader may imagine that the walk our two heroes took Citywards that Monday morning was not a very cheerful one. It seemed like walking out of one life into another. Behind, like a dream, were the joyous, merry days spent at Garden Vale and Wilderham, with no care for the future and no want for the present. Before them, still more like a dream, lay the prospect of their new work, with all its anxiety and drudgery and weariness, and the miserable eighteen shillings a week it promised them; and, equally wretched at the present moment, there was the vision of their desolate mother, alone in the Dull Street lodgings, where they had just left her, unable at the last to hide the misery with which she saw her two boys start out into the pitiless world.

The boys walked for some time in silence; then Horace said,

"Old man, I hope, whatever they do, they'll let us be together at this place."

"We needn't expect any such luck," said Reginald. "It wouldn't be half so bad if they would."

"You know," said Horace, "I can't help hoping they'll take us as clerks at least. They must know we're educated, and more fit for that sort of work than—"

"Than doing common labourer's work," said Reg. "Rather! If they'd put us to some of the literary work, you know, Horace—editing, or correcting, or reporting, or that sort of thing, I could stand that. There are plenty of swells who began like that. I'm pretty well up in classics, you know, and—well, they might be rather glad to have some one who was."

Horace sighed.

"Richmond spoke as if we were to be taken on as ordinary workmen."

"Oh, Richmond's an ass," said Reg, full of his new idea; "he know's nothing about it. I tell you, Horace, they wouldn't be such idiots as to waste our education when they could make use of it. Richmond only knows the manager, but the editor is the chief man after all."

By this time they had reached Fleet Street, and their attention was absorbed in finding the by-street in which was situated the scene of their coming labours. They found it at last, and with beating hearts saw before them a building surmounted by a board, bearing in characters of gold the legend, "Rocket Newspaper Company, Limited."

The boys stood a moment outside, and the courage which had been slowly rising during the walk evaporated in an instant. Ugly and grimy as the building was, it seemed to them like some fairy castle before which they shrank into insignificance. A board inscribed, "Workpeople's Entrance," with a hand on it pointing to a narrow side court, confronted them, and mechanically they turned that way. Reginald did for a moment hesitate as he passed the editor's door, but it was no use. The two boys turned slowly into the court, where, amid the din of machinery, and a stifling smell of ink and rollers, they found the narrow passage which conducted them to their destination.

A man at a desk half way down the passage intercepted their progress.

"Now, then, young fellows, what is it?"

"We want to see the manager, please," said Horace.

"No use to-day, my lad. No boys wanted; we're full up."

"We want to see the manager," said Reginald, offended at the man's tone, and not disposed to humour it.

"Tell you we want no boys; can't you see the notice up outside?"

"Look here!" said Reginald, firing up, and heedless of his brother's deprecating look; "we don't want any of your cheek. Tell the manager we're here, will you, and look sharp?"

The timekeeper stared at the boy in amazement for a moment, and then broke out with,

"Take your hook, do you hear, you—or I'll warm you."

"It's a mistake," put in Horace, hurriedly. "Mr. Richmond said we were to come here to see the manager at nine o'clock."

"And couldn't you have said so at first?" growled the man, with his hand still on his ruler and glaring at Reginald, "without giving yourselves airs as if you were gentry? Go on in, and don't stand gaping there."

"For goodness' sake, Reg," whispered Horace, as they knocked at the manager's door, "don't flare up like that, you'll spoil all our chance."

Reg said nothing, but he breathed hard and his face was angry still.

"Come in!" cried a sharp voice, in answer to their knock.

They obeyed, and found a man standing with a pen in his mouth at a desk, searching through a file of papers. He went on with his work till he had found what he wanted, apparently quite unconscious of the boys' presence. Then he rang a bell for an overseer, whistled down a tube for a clerk, and shouted out of the door for a messenger, and gave orders to each. Then he sent for someone else and gave him a scolding that made the unlucky recipient's hair stand on end; then he received a visit from a friend, with whom he chatted and joked for a pleasant quarter of an hour; then he took up the morning paper and skimmed through it, whistling to himself as he did so; then he rang another bell and told the errand-boy who answered it to bring him in at one o'clock, sharp a large boiled beef underdone, with carrots and turnips, and a pint of "s. and b." (whatever that might mean). Then he suddenly became aware of the fact that he had visitors, and turned inquiringly to the two boys.

"Mr. Richmond—" began Horace, in answer to his look.

But the manager cut him short.

"Oh, ah! yes," he said. "Nuisance! Go to the composing room and ask for Mr. Durfy."

Saying which, he sat down again at his desk, and became absorbed in his papers.

It was hardly a flattering reception, and gave our heroes very little chance of showing off their classical proficiency. They had at least expected, as Mr. Richmond's nominees, rather more than a half glance from the manager; and to be thus summarily turned over to a Mr. Durfy before they had as much as opened their mouths, was decidedly unpromising.

Reginald did make one feeble effort to prolong the interview and to impress the manager at the same time.

"Excuse me," said he, in his politest tones, "would you mind directing us to the composing room? My brother and I don't know the geography of the place yet."

"Eh? Composing room? Get a boy to show you. Plenty outside."

It was no go, evidently; and they turned dismally from the room.

The errand-boy was coming up the passage as they emerged—the same errand-boy they had seen half an hour ago in the manager's room; but, as their classical friends would say—

"Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!"

His two arms were strung with the handles of frothing tin cans from the elbow to the wrist. He carried two tin cans in his mouth. His apron was loaded to bursting with bread, fish, cheese, potatoes, and other edibles; the necks of bottles protruded from all his pockets—from the bosom of his jacket and from the fob of his breeches, and round his neck hung a ponderous chain of onions. In short, the errand-boy was busy; and our heroes, even with their short experience of business life, saw that there was little hope of extracting information from him under present circumstances.

So they let him pass and waited for another. They had not to wait long, for the passage appeared to be a regular highway for the junior members of the staff of the "Rocket Newspaper Company, Limited." But though several boys came, it was some time before one appeared whose convenience it suited to conduct our heroes to the presence of Mr. Durfy. Just, however, as their patience was getting exhausted, and Reginald was making up his mind to shake the dust of the place from his feet, a boy appeared and offered to escort them to the composing room.

They followed him up several flights of a rickety staircase, and down some labyrinthine passages to a large room where some forty or fifty men were busy setting up type. At the far end of this room, at a small table, crowded with "proofs," sat a red-faced individual whom the boy pointed out as "Duffy."

"Well, now, what do *you* want?" asked he, as the brothers approached.

"The manager said we were to ask for Mr. Durfy," said Reginald.

"I wish to goodness he'd keep you down there; he knows I'm crowded out with boys. He always serves me that way, and I'll tell him so one of these days."

This last speech, though apparently addressed to the boys, was really a soliloquy on Mr. Durfy's part; but for all that it failed to enchant his audience. They had not, in their most sanguine moments, expected much, but this was even rather less than they had counted on.

Mr. Durfy mused for some time, then turning to Reginald he said,

"Do you know your letters?"

Here was a question to put to the captain of the fifth at Wilderham!

"I believe I do," said Reginald, with a touch of scorn in his voice which was quite lost on the practical Mr. Durfy.

"What do you mean by believe? Do you or do you not?"

"Of course I do."

"Then why couldn't you say so at once. Take this bit of copy and set it up at that case there. And you, young fellow, take these proofs to the sub-editor's room, and say I've not had the last sheet of the copy of the railway acci-

dent yet, and I'm standing for it. Cut away."

Horace went off.

"After all," thought he to himself, "what's the use of being particular. I suppose I'm what they call a 'printer's devil;' nothing like starting modestly! Here goes for my lords the sub-editors, and the last page of the railway accident."

And he spent a festive ten minutes hunting out the sub-editor's domains, and possessing himself of the missing copy.

With Reginald, however, it fared otherwise. A fellow may be head of the fifth at a public school and yet not know his letters in a printing office, and after five or ten minutes' hopeless endeavours to comprehend the geography of a type-case he was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten and apprise Mr. Durfy of the fact.

"I'm sorry I misunderstood you," said he, putting the copy down on the table. "I'm not used to printing."

"No," said Mr. Durfy, scornfully, "I guessed not. You're too stuck-up for us, I can tell you. Here, Barber."

An unhealthy-looking young man answered to the name.

"Take this chap here to the back case-room, and see he sweeps it out and dusts the cases. See if that'll suit your abilities, my dandy," and without waiting to hear Reginald's explanations or remonstrances Mr. Durfy walked off, leaving the unlucky boy in the hands of Mr. Barber.

"Now, then, stir your stumps, Mr. Dandy," said the latter. "It'll take you all your time to get that shop straight, I can tell you, so you'd better pull up your boot. Got a broom?"

"No," muttered Reg, through his teeth, "I've not got a broom."

"Go and get that one, then, out of the corner there."

Reginald flushed crimson, and hesitated a moment.

"Do you 'ear? Are you deaf? Get that one there."

Reginald got it, and trailing it behind him dismally, followed his guide to the back case-room. It was a small room, which apparently had known neither broom nor water for years. The floor was thick with dirt, and the cases ranged in the racks against the walls were coated with dust.

"There you are," said Mr. Barber. "Open the window, do you 'ear? and don't let none of the dust get out into the composing room, or there'll be a row. Come and tell me when you've done the floor, and I'll show you 'ow to do them cases. Rattle along, do you 'ear? or you won't get it done to-day;" and Mr. Barber, who had had his day of sweeping out the shops, departed, slamming the door behind him.

Things had come to a crisis with Reginald Cruden early in his business career.

He had come into the City that morning prepared to face a good deal. He had not counted on much sympathy or consideration from his new employers; he had even vaguely made up his mind he would have to rough it at first; but to be shut up in a dirty room with a broom in his hand by a cad who could not even talk grammar was a humiliation on which he had never once calculated.

Tossing the broom unceremoniously into a corner, he opened the door and walked out of the room. Barber was already out of sight, chuckling inwardly over the delicious task he had been privileged to set to his dandy subordinate, and none of the men working near knew or cared what this pale, handsome new boy did either in or out of the back case-room.

Reginald walked through them to the passage outside, not much caring where he went or whom he met. If he were to meet Mr. Barber, or Mr. Durfy, or the manager himself, so much the better. As it happened he met Horace, looking comparatively cheerful, with some papers in his hand.

"Hullo, Reg," said he; "have they promoted you to a 'printer's devil' too? Fancy what Bland would say if he saw us! Never mind, there's four hours gone, and in about another six we shall be home with mother again."

"I shall be home before then," said Reg. "I'm going now. I can't stand it, Horace."

Horace stared at his brother in consternation.

"Oh, Reg, old man, you mustn't; really you mustn't. Do let's stick together, however miserable it is. It's sure to seem worse at first."

"It's all very well for you, Horace, doing messenger work. You haven't been set to sweep out a room."

Horace whistled.

"Whew! that *is* a drop too much! But," he added, taking his brother's arm, "don't cut it yet, old man, for mother's sake, don't. I'll come and help you do it if I can. Why couldn't they have given it me to do, and let you go the messages!"

Reginald said nothing, but let his brother lead him back slowly to the big room presided over by Mr. Durfy.

"Where is it?" he inquired of Horace at the door.

"That little room in the corner."

"All right. I'll come if I possibly can. Do try it, old man, won't you?"

"I'll try it," said Reginald, with something very like a groan as he opened the door and walked grimly back to the back case-room.

Horace, full of fear and trembling on his brother's account, hurried with his copy to Mr. Durfy, and waited impatiently till that grandee condescended to relieve him of it.

"Is there anything else?" he inquired, as he gave it up.

"Anything else? Yes, plenty; but don't come bothering me now."

Horace waited for no more elaborate statement of Mr. Durfy's wishes, but thankfully withdrew and made straight for Reginald.

He found him half hidden, half choked by the dust of his own raising, as he drew his broom in a spiritless way across the black dry floor.

He paused in his occupation as Horace entered, and for a moment, as the two stood face to face coughing and sneezing, a sense of the ludicrous overcame them, and they finished up their duet with a laugh.

"I say," said Horace, as soon as he could get words, "I fancy a little water would be an improvement here."

"Where are we to get it from?" said Reg.

"I suppose there must be some about. Shall I go and see?"

"We might tip one of those fellows outside a sixpence to go and get us some."

"Hold hard, old man!" said Horace, laughing again. "We're not so flush of sixpences as all that. I guess if we want any water we shall have to get it ourselves. I'll be back directly."

Poor Reg, spirited up for a while by his brother's courage, proceeded more gingerly with his sweeping, much amazed in the midst of his misery to discover how many walks in life there are beyond the capacity even of the captain of the fifth of a public school.

He was not, however, destined on the present occasion to perfect himself in the one that was then engaging his attention. Horace had scarcely disappeared in quest of water when the door opened, and no less a personage than the manager himself entered the room.

He was evidently prepared neither for the dust nor for the duster, and started back for a moment as though he were under the impression that the clouds filling the apartment were clouds of smoke, and Reginald was another Guy Fawkes caught in the act. He recovered himself shortly, however, and demanded, sharply,

"What are you doing here, making all this mess?"

"I'm trying to carry out Mr. Durfy's instructions," replied Reginald, leaning on his broom, and not at all displeased at the interruption.

"Durfy's instructions? What do you mean, sir?"

"Mr. Durfy—"

"That will do. Here, you," said the manager, opening the door, and speaking to the nearest workman, "tell Mr. Durfy to step here."

Mr. Durfy appeared in a very brief space.

"Durfy," said the manager, wrathfully, "what do you mean by having this room in such a filthy mess? Aren't your instructions to have it swept out once a week? When was it swept last?"

"Some little time ago. We've been so busy in our department, sir, that—"

"Yes, I know; you always say that. I'm sick of hearing it. Don't let me find this sort of thing again. Send some one at once to sweep it out, this lad doesn't know how to hold a broom. Take care it's done by four o'clock, and ready for use. Pheugh! it's enough to choke one."

And the manager went off in a rage, coughing.

Satisfactory as this was, in a certain sense, for Reginald, it was not a flattering way of ending his difficulties, nor did the spirit in which Mr. Durfy accepted his chief's reprimand at all tend to restore him to cheerfulness.

"Bah, you miserable idiot, you! Give up that broom and get out of this or I'll chuck you out."

"I don't think you will," said Reginald, coolly dropping the broom and facing his enemy.

He was happier at that moment than he had been for a long time. He could imagine himself back at Wilderham, with the school bully shouting at him, and his spirits rose within him accordingly.

"What do you say? you hugger-mugger puppy, you—you—"

Mr. Durfy's adjectives frequently had the merit of being more forcible than appropriate, and on the present occasion, what with the dust and his own rage, the one he wanted stuck in his throat altogether.

"I said I don't think you will," repeated Reginald.

Mr. Durfy looked at his man and hesitated. Reginald stood five foot nine, and his shoulders were square and broad. Besides, he was as cool as a cucumber, and didn't even trouble to take his hands out of his pockets. All this Mr. Durfy took in and did not relish; but he must not cave in too precipitately, so he replied, with a sneer,

"Think! A lot you know about thinking! Can't even hold a broom. Clear out of here, I tell you, double quick; do you hear?"

Reginald's spirits fell. It was clear from Mr. Durfy's tone he was not going to attempt to "chuck him out," and nothing therefore could be gained by remaining.

He turned scornfully on his heel, knowing that he had made one enemy at any rate during his short connection with his new business.

And if he had known all he could have counted two; for Mr. Durfy, finding himself in a mood to wreak his wrath on some one, summoned the ill-favoured Barber to sweep out the back case-room, and gave his orders so viciously that Barber felt distinctly aggrieved, and jumping to the conclusion that Reginald had somehow contrived to turn the tables on him, he registered a secret vow there and then that he would on the first opportunity and on all subsequent opportunities be square with that luckless youth.

Caring very little about who hated him or who liked him, Reginald wandered forth, to intercept the faithful Horace with the now unnecessary water, and the two boys, finding very little to occupy them during the rest of the day, remained in comparative seclusion until the seven o'clock bell rang, when they walked home, possibly wiser, and certainly sadder, for their first day with the Rocket Newspaper Company, Limited.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—A CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

Mr. Brandt, the German lawyer to whose keeping the valuable papers discovered by Tenterton had been confided, lived in the Tollylollskie Peryoulok, in the immediate neighbourhood of the English church. Everybody knows the former. It is a short street almost at right angles with the Katmewskie, and therefore parallel with the Doggiebowwouskie Boulevard. The houses, though perfectly respectable, are not like those of the wealthier classes to which the reader has been accustomed. They are chiefly large houses built in flats, and so constructed that each storey should contain accommodations for two families. Every lodging is therefore a self-contained "house" in the sense of house meaning home.

The lawyer is hard at work. There is a heavy case in which he is concerned, and on which his whole mind is now being concentrated. He is working at home, and not at the office, which is situated nearer to the courts of law.

"Good morning, Mr. Tenterton. You don't work like this in England. I have not been to bed yet, so you will excuse my dressing-gown, slippers, and general seediness. What can I do for you?"

Tenterton smiled as he answered, "I have come from Mr. Smirnoff to ask you to meet him, Count Schaafstadt, the police-master, and myself, at his house in the Loubiyanka to-morrow."

"I shall be only too happy if the time they decide on will suit, but I must be in court until four o'clock, so there is not much chance of an interview before evening."

"I am very anxious about this consultation," said Tenterton; "so much—nay, everything—depends upon it. Those papers which you have are such complete evidence of the worst possible conduct on the part of Abrazoff, and yet the rest seem to desire to shield him from the consequences of his conduct in the suppression of Ivan's identity. To me it seems unpardonable. And yet at Pretchiestova it did not seem so very terrible, somehow, from hearing the Russians speak of it with comparative indifference."

"You feel the effects of contrary influences very keenly, most likely on account of your youth, for you are really very young to have so much upon your hands. I am all the more rejoiced that the papers are safe in my keeping. Now I must ask you a very important question. Has the boy, upon whom so much depends, turned up yet?"

"No, nobody has any idea of what has become of him. Mr. Smirnoff is quite beside himself, and although no reward is publicly offered, it would be a good day's work for any one who should find him and bring him home. It will be a week to-morrow since he has been missing for the second time."

"Very well, I shall not fail to be present, and what advice I can give on the law of the matter shall be at your service. You have quite recovered from the effects of your accidents and adventures by flood and field?"

"Thanks! I am all right now. There was no particular damage done to me on the railway; I came off worse at the fire."

"Have you any theory about those papers beyond what we have arrived at as to their accidental position in the drawer?"

"What other theory could I form?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am not going to prompt you. Of course I know nothing of the business beyond the instructions received from you. But you must *think* a great deal about the matter. It is a serious event in so young a life to set such machinery in motion, for such ends too, among such important people in a foreign country. Upon my word you begin your Russian career uncommonly well."

"What did you mean about the extra theory I was to form? That question puzzles me still. Of course I *think* about it, as you say, but there is nothing new in the matter to be evolved by my thinking or theorising."

"Did you ever *think* what might have caused the fire?"

Tenterton started.

"Who, I? No. How should I?"

"It never occurred to you, did it, that the house might have been set light to just to destroy those papers? You see, in a family like that—"

"I saw nothing against the family. I disliked Mr. Abrazoff's manners, which were coarse and occasionally brutal, but I never gave him credit for such a crime as arson."

"Would it have been much worse than the trick of keeping this boy out of his own, suppressing him, socially murdering him, and enjoying his possessions? I don't see much difference. It may be a step deeper in a bad course, but I can't see, for the life me, that it is so much worse a crime from a criminal point of view."

"I am horrified at the idea," said Tenterton, who had been gazing at Mr. Brandt in mute astonishment. "I never suspected such a thing, nor do I suspect it now. Such a suspicion will never be referred to seriously, I hope. Should it arise I should feel bound to combat it."

"Very good," replied Mr. Brandt; "we will keep our suspicions to ourselves for the present, but I fear they will not be kept down so completely as you wish."

The next day was the scene of the conference in the Loubiyanka, which was arranged to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. The first arrival was Count Schaafstadt, who was at once shown up into the grand new suite of salons recently prepared for Smirnoff, who received the great man most respectfully, but still with an amount of sadness which was greatly at variance with his usual jovial demeanour and unconstrained manner. He led his distinguished guest to a seat on a gilt sofa covered with white satin, which was the colour and material of the hangings and upholstery. The count was most engaging in his manner, and the charm of his conversation soon made itself felt.

"No," he said; "there is nothing in the whole world so holy as paternal love. And when a man has been denied offspring of his own there is generally some channel found into which this love can flow. In your own case you may be sure that this object of your fondest care, this curious boy Ivan Dobroff, will turn out the fitting medium for the development of this highest of all human feelings in your own heart. Depend upon it that this second absence is only a trial of your

"It was torn into fragments."

heart, and you will love your adopted son all the more for your present separation."

Smirnoff could not reply. He pressed in silence the hand of the count, who was about to speak when a servant announced his High Excellency Ivan Petrovitch Kakaroff. Smirnoff rose, and the count gave the new comer one of his most engaging smiles.

Shortly after Tenterton arrived with Mr. Brandt, who was provided with a portfolio closed with a formidable lock. The two last comers were warmly welcomed by the assembled guests, and after the usual Russian formal but very courteous way of arranging preliminaries, Brandt stated the case in due form, greatly to the surprise and indignation of Smirnoff. The other parties were, as we know, fully acquainted with the story in its general aspects, but the legal skill of Brandt gathered the whole evidence into a narrow circle, and put them all in possession of the facts in a new and striking way.

"I do not see," he added, "after having the facts put before us in so palpable a way, and after the proofs have been examined, I do not see how we are justified in dealing with this matter privately. To me it seems that, whatever the rank and standing of the parties may be, the whole thing ought to come before a court of justice."

As he said these words, a servant approached and announced Abrazoff.

It was a serious moment for the guests, and Tenterton felt particularly awkward at having been the means of bringing all this about. No person seemed at his ease. Certainly Abrazoff did not as he bowed ungracefully to the assembly.

"Good evening," said the count, bowing to the new comer. "We have asked you to be present this evening at a small family council in which it would appear you are an interested party."

"You do me too much honour to include me in a party in which you yourself take a prominent position."

"Pray take a seat," said Smirnoff, wheeling an enormous gilt chair, covered with white satin, towards the new comer, but on the farther side from the sofa on which, as the seat of honour, the count and Kakaroff sat. At the two ends of the table were Smirnoff and Tenterton respectively, and opposite the count and the prefect of police (in full uniform) sat Brandt and Abrazoff.

The proceedings were opened by Kakaroff, who addressed Abrazoff in these words:

"Nicolai Alexandrovitch Abrazoff, at the instance of his Serene Highness the Count Schaafstadt we have invited you to meet us here to discuss a question greatly affecting the honour of the order, and to suggest a certain mode of action to yourself, as the party most concerned."

"I concerned!" exclaimed Abrazoff, turning pale with excitement. "I can hardly conceive how I can have the honour to be concerned in a matter which touches the interest of such a distinguished person as Count Schaafstadt."

"Will you kindly allow us to present the whole case to your mind as it really exists, and divested of all legal subtleties? We wish to have your opinion as to how we ought to act, and, to put it plainly, to give you the choice of two alternatives—either to allow the matter under discussion to be settled amicably amongst us now, or to have the whole story brought before a judge in full court."

"Your Excellency has the advantage of me in knowing all about the subject on which this interesting cabinet council has been called. I must remind you that I am perfectly ignorant of the question."

Kakaroff resumed, without any change of demeanour, "That is just, but I must premise before opening the matter to you that I am going out of the way of the strict course both of law and of justice in allowing you to have the choice which we think it advisable to give to one of the order, whereas in the case of a common offender arrest and investigation by the police would be preliminaries to a trial in the criminal court at the Kremlin."

(To be continued.)

THE GOLD FISH.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Davis had resolved not to question her nephew immediately about the lost fish. She knew enough of his character to believe that, if he had committed an act of disobedience, his guilty conscience would drive him to unburden himself before long of the heavy secret; so, when Edwin made his appearance in the breakfast-room next morning with an anxious heart, he found his anxiety groundless. His aunt never alluded to the cause of his apprehension. Her only question in any way connected with it was, "Edwin, where were you last evening when I came to your room?" To which question the answer was returned, "Please, aunt, I would rather not say."

Breakfast was soon over. Edwin got his books and went off to Highfield House. Miss Davis, having attended to her domestic duties, settled herself at her davenport. A look of stern resolution was stamped upon her face. She had thought deeply upon Edwin's last words at tea the evening before. They had harassed her dreams and made hideous her waking thoughts. And the result of her cerebration was the grim conviction that Mr. Fields was a thoroughly unprincipled man, intentionally undermining the morality of the Highfield boys by countenancing—nay more—encouraging dishonesty in the use of "cribs."

Now Miss Davis had a dreadful horror of the word "crib," and "quite right too" you will surely say. It is to be hoped that every boy who reads the Boy's Own Paper has the same dreadful horror of the word "crib." If you ever degrade yourself so miserably as to cheat in lessons, please stop reading this story. I am not writing for you. I should not like to have anything more to do with you until you first learn the infamy of such a practice. Cheats, swindlers, and forgers are of one class.

Miss Davis very properly detested the word "crib." She had good cause so to do. For her favourite brother, I regret to say, once got into desperate trouble at school through using cribs. Detected and denounced, he ran away in terror of the consequences, and brought indelible disgrace upon himself and his family.

The maiden aunt, therefore, sat down, determined at once to bring the imaginary culprit to justice. She mended her pen and wrote the following letter to Dr. Porchester:

"*Dear Sir,—I feel it my painful duty to inform you that I have strong reasons to believe that Mr. Fields is encouraging dishonesty in work among the boys entrusted to your care. I have no doubt you will know how to deal with the matter discreetly. Regretting the necessity of this information, I remain, yours truly,*

"M. Davis."

This letter, dispatched by special messenger, was delivered to Dr. Porchester in the schoolroom while he was enjoying what he called a "field-day" of spelling and dictation with the junior classes. He had just delivered the following sentence to be written down: "The soldiers were a prey to the miseries of gnawing hunger." And he was standing on the form looking over the curly head of an audacious youngster who had spelt the word "gnawing" thus—"kngnaghning." This is no invention, mind, but a positive fact, and so interesting in its ingenuity that it deserves to be recorded.

The Doctor was always prepared for eccentricities of orthography, and kept a book in which any worthy of special notice were entered. This specimen was like a magnum-bonum plum, and was duly recorded with his best embellishments of penmanship.

At such a juncture was Miss Davis's note received by the head master of Highfield House. He read it forthwith, in case it might require an immediate answer. His amazement was only equalled by his amusement. He found the accused in the quarter-hour, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, marched him off to the cricket-field, where he thus disclosed the extraordinary information:

"Look here, Fields. I have received a letter from Aston's aunt, bringing a serious charge against you. Just read it!"

Mr. Fields read it; and as he read, his eyes opened wider, his eyebrows were elevated, the corners of his mouth quivered with twinkling undulations. He looked up at Dr. Porchester and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Well," said the Doctor, likewise laughing; "what have you to say in your defence? What explanation can you give?"

"None, Doctor! The lady is not sufficiently explicit. What in the world has she got hold of?"

"I can't tell. The best way will be to call upon her this afternoon and ask. Shall you be agreeable to a walk that way?"

"Certainly, Doctor, thank you. I shall be delighted."

Accordingly, as soon as dinner was over, Dr. Porchester and Mr. Fields proceeded on their visit to Chesterton House, and rang at the house-door bell about 2.30.

Miss Davis had not calculated upon this move in the problem. For once her sagacity was at fault. She was eminently of a nervous temperament. She fondled herself upon the notion of her extreme sensitiveness. In many a skirmish with her nephew she would clench the matter, and prevent all further parley, by a prominent display of pocket-handkerchief, and a whimpering, pathetic appeal that he would "consider her weak nerves." This was unanswerable. Edwin had always to capitulate unconditionally.

Miss Davis was reposing after the fatigue of lunch when the bell rang. The sound startled her. She jumped up, flew to the window, peeped through a slide of the Venetian blind. The prospect of visitors was always agitating. Two gentlemen! Horrible! How inconsiderate of them! Who could they be? What could they want? Being short-sighted, and not having her spectacles at hand, she could not recognise them.

The man-servant soon afterwards knocked at the door of her room, and announced that Dr. Porchester and Mr. Fields were waiting below.

Miss Davis, flurried and excited, declared that she positively could not see them.

"It's quite out of the question, James. My nerves are so upset this afternoon. I must decline to see any one. Present my compliments to the gentlemen, and make my excuse with suitable apologies."

James retired, but shortly returned with a very polite expostulation. Dr. Porchester was extremely sorry to be importunate, but would esteem it a great favour if Miss Davis would kindly grant him a few moments' interview.

"Oh, well, I suppose I must consent, James. Come in, and find my salts-bottle. It's somewhere about the room, or else in the library, or possibly in the drawing-room. And tell Jane to fetch me another handkerchief, and let the coachman know that I shall take a drive at four o'clock. And then show Dr. Porchester upstairs. Request Mr. Fields to remain below. Oh, my poor nerves!"

James retired, to execute as much or as little of his mistress's injunctions as he deemed the occasion to demand. He was accustomed to her vagaries, and knew how to treat them.

A brief interval, and Dr. Porchester was ushered into the lady's presence.

"Good afternoon, Miss Davis. I am sorry to hear you are somewhat indisposed. The hot weather is very trying. I thought it best to—"

"Thank you, Dr. Porchester; it's very kind of you to call. Don't come any nearer; please take a seat. I'm in rather a nervous state. I'm not so strong as I used to be—I have had some painful anxiety about my nephew—since yesterday" (Dr. Porchester fondly hoped she was coming to the point at once). "I have reason to fear he has been guilty of an act of disobedience—I should like to confide in you—may I?—You take such kind interest in the boy—I think he is well-disposed and honest as a rule—but I fear he yielded to temptation yesterday."

Miss Davis had a way of delivering her sentences with a peculiar punctuation, inserting between each a little tremulous gasp, apparently on the point of pausing for a reply, but always continuing the conversation just as her listener was about to take it up. It is no easy task to converse with such a person. It is a matter requiring tact and delicacy and self-control, and imperturbable patience. In all these elements of social politeness Dr. Porchester flattered himself that he excelled. But he was sorely tried on this occasion, and before the interview closed he half-doubted his title to rank as a man of unquestionable patience and self-restraint.

Miss Davis was compelled through physical exhaustion to pause for breath. Now was the Doctor's chance. He saw that she was launching forth upon a dangerous digression. His time was precious. School at four. He grudged each moment not spent under the blue firmament of heaven. He therefore seized the oportunity to hint in the broadest manner that he had called specially to ask on what grounds Miss Davis had reason to suspect Mr. Fields of dishonest inclinations.

"Oh yes, to be sure, Dr. Porchester. It was very kind of you to call—Mr. Fields is undoubtedly a very pleasant young man with boys — my nephew always speaks of him with regard; I may say admiration. He's a very dear man."

"But, may I ask"—the doctor forced himself to the front—"what reasons you have, Miss Davis, for throwing such grave suspicions upon his character?"

Surely Miss Davis must be brought to bay by such a point-blank question. "Varium et mutabile semper femina," says the poet; and the Doctor found this specimen as difficult to lay hold of as Harry Dawson found the tail of the gold fish.

"Oh, Dr. Porchester, I was conversing with Edwin at the tea-table He is a very thoughtful child—and I hope you find him diligent and attentive in his studies—he was talking to me upon historical and classical subjects—really, for so young a boy, his conversation is considerably beyond his years—yes—beyond his years—I anticipate for him a brilliant future."

Again the worthy Doctor leapt in at the breach.

"I sincerely hope so, Miss Davis. But I have very little time to spare this afternoon" (taking out his watch ostentatiously), "and if you would kindly tell me what grounds—"

"Oh, certainly, Dr. Porchester—certainly—Yesterday afternoon I had occasion to take a drive—Before starting I called my nephew, and said to him distinctly—without any irritability of voice or gesture—Edwin—"

As has been previously intimated, Dr. Porchester was a man of polished and courteous manners at all times. His respect for the female sex was absolutely unimpeachable. Was it his fault that at this particular moment he should be seized with a spasm of bronchial catarrh, under the influence of which he gave vent to a somewhat violent guttural noise, the immediate effect of which was to startle Miss Davis into an abrupt pause in the course of her speech, and to elicit from her the exclamation,

"Oh, my poor nerves!"

Now it was indeed sad that a man so well trained in bearing with the idiosyncrasies of parents and guardians of the young lambs committed to his care—that a man who prided himself upon never being taken off his guard—should ever be betrayed into any unceremonious conduct. True that his time was precious, that his soul was vexed with indignation at the consciousness of being thwarted in his purpose. But should he have risen from his seat so hastily? Should he have taken two steps towards the lady with hat in hand and walking-stick unnecessarily brought to the front? No, he certainly should not. But man is only mortal after all, and a schoolmaster is so accustomed to receive instant obedience to his wishes that we must make some allowance for the worthy man's behaviour.

"Really, Miss Davis," said he, with some warmth, "I have hardly five minutes to spare. I must beg you to postpone other matters for another occasion, and let me know the plain truth about your accusation against—"

"Oh, don't come nearer me, please. My nerves are very sensitive, Dr Porchester—I assure you I hardly know sometimes how I shall get through the day. Edwin is a very dear—"

"I must apologise for interrupting you, Miss Davis, but as you are unable to inform me upon the extraordinary information conveyed in your letter of this morning, I see no need to intrude further upon your time, and—"

"Not at all, I assure you, Dr. Porchester. You are so sympathetic and considerate—"

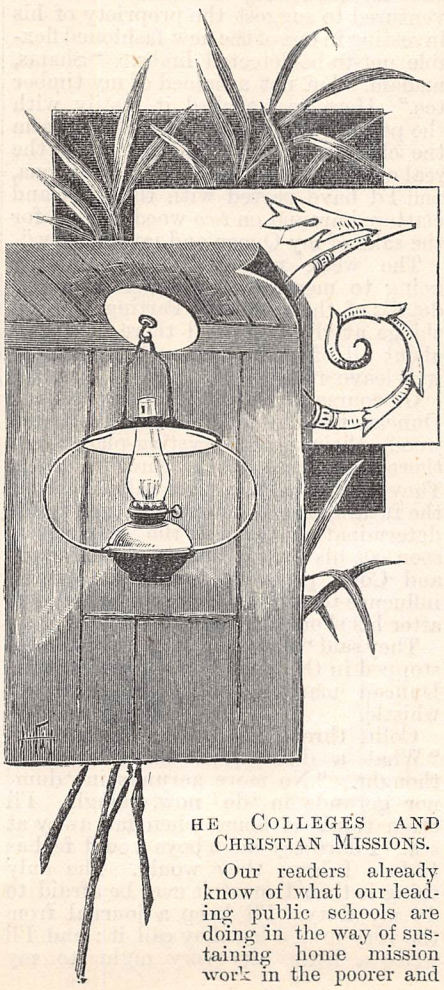
"Well, good afternoon, Miss Davis. I hope you will soon recover your sen—I mean, I hope to-morrow you will be not quite such—that is—hm—hm. Good-bye, Miss Davis!"

'Good-bye, Dr. Porchester—it was so kind of you to call—it does me so much good to talk to you about my dear nephew—I hope he will always—"

But Dr. Porchester was half way down the stairs, and only heard the distant echoes of the last remark.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.



HE COLLEGES AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Our readers already know of what our leading public schools are doing in the way of sustaining home mission work in the poorer and more ignorant districts of the metropolis, particularly in the East End. Now we have another cheering event to chronicle.

On February 4th a meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, of more than usual interest. It was arranged for by the Young Men's Christian Association to give the little company of young men — consisting of a curate, a late captain of the Cambridge eleven, a late stroke of the Cambridge eight, three other Cambridge graduates, and two officers from the army, one from the 2nd Dragoons, the other from the Royal Artillery—the opportunity of addressing once more their fellow young men on the subject of Missions, before themselves proceeding to China to devote their lives to Christ, as well as of declaring to them the grand old Gospel. Some forty undergraduates from Cambridge were present at the meeting, having come up for the occasion, and the great hall was nearly filled with young men. The names of those thus going out to battle with ignorance, idolatry, and heathendom were as follows: — Rev. W. W. Cassels, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; Mr. Stanley P. Smith, B.A., Trinity College, the well-known Cambridge stroke; Mr. C. T. Studd, B.A., Trinity College, the equally well-known Cambridge cricketer; Mr. D. E. Hoste (late of the Royal Artillery); Mr. Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; Mr. Cecil Polhill-Turner (of the 2nd Dragoon Guards); and Mr. Arthur T. Polhill-Turner, B.A., Trinity Hall and Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

In the course of his farewell address Mr. Stanley Smith said:

"I would just call your attention to this fact—and it is a fact, and a fact that we ought to take deeply to ourselves—that the knowledge of this precious Jesus, who, I hope to most of us, is everything in the world, is absolutely wanting to thousands and millions of our brethren and sisters in the present day. What are we going to do? What is the use of calling big meetings like this if the outcome is not to be something worthy of the name of Jesus? He wants us to take up our cross and follow Him. To leave fathers and mothers and brethren and sisters and friends and property and everything we love, and carry the Gospel to the perishing ones. We are not to labour, said He, for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life."

Then Mr. Studd, in the course of an earnest address, said:

"I want to recommend you to-night to my Master. I have tried many ways of pleasure in my time; I have been running after the best Master, and, thank God, by His grace I have found Him. I wish to tell you how the Lord has sought and found me, and how He has led me back to Himself. It was seven years ago when I was converted—saved—when I knew the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and felt that He had forgiven me my sins. I knew ever since I was a little child—for I had always been so taught—that Christ was the Saviour of the whole world; but I had never known that He was *my* Saviour until then. When I did know it I was happy, and loved Jesus Christ with all my heart. But instead of going and telling others of the love of Christ, I was selfish and kept the knowledge all to myself. The result was that gradually my love began to grow cold, and as it began to grow cold, the love of the world began to come in. I spent six years in that unhappy backsliding state. God brought me back at the beginning of last year, and I then saw what the world was worth. The Lord restored to me the joy of His salvation. Still further, He set me to work for Him, and I began to try and persuade my friends to read the Gospel, and to speak to them individually about their souls. The Lord was very loving, and He soon gave me the consolation of saving one of my nearest and dearest friends . . . . I wonder what you would say of me if, now that I am going out to China, I bought a large outfit of things absolutely useless out there. You would say I had gone mad. But what are you doing? You are only going to be on this earth for a short time, and there is eternity to come. And which are you really living for? Are you living for the day, or are you living for the life eternal?"

In the midst of all the war and rumours of war that now disturb and distract the nations, it is surely something to cheer all Christian hearts to see a noble band of young men thus voluntarily giving up all worldly distinction, and foregoing all worldly advantage, to devote their lives to the proclamation of the "good tidings" of the Prince of Peace.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER III.—COLIN'S FIRST SORROW—UNDER ARREST!

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long on itself recoils."
—*Milton.*

It occurred rather suddenly one morning to Colin McLeod that he loved his father and mother, his brother, and his old uncle very much indeed. This was just about a week before he was to start south in order to join his ship. He had already been away to pass his first examination, which, thanks to the tuition of good old Dominie Clayton, he did so successfully as to score within one hundred of the largest number of marks that it was possible to obtain.

When the letter containing the joyful news arrived at Colin's Highland home it was received with varied feelings of emotion by those to whom it was written.

The old running-postman brought the news about luncheon time. McLeod himself tore open the letter in a more nervous manner probably than quite became the dignity and stoicism we generally expect in a Scottish chief.

His wife sat anxiously watching him as he read it. Captain Peter was all of a fidget with impatience. Ronald went quietly on with his luncheon, but he was thinking.

"I knew," said the McLeod, "the lad would never disgrace the name he bears. Bless his heart!"

Ronald was thinking that he might as well have gone to sea or been a soldier and come in for a share of the pay and position inseparable from such professions, and he almost sighed to think there was and could be no chance of it; that he must stay at home and lead the life of a gamekeeper, or something very like it; a Highland chief indeed, but with no more means to support his position than that possessed by a Lowland drover.

Mrs. McLeod read the letter from her dear boy, and handed it to her brother without daring to speak, for the tears were welling up in her mother's heart and almost choking her. If the truth must be told, she would have been almost pleased had Colin failed to pass. Others might have said he was not clever, she would have put it down to nervousness, and been glad to have him back again.

Captain Peter read the letter, then pushed away his plate and pushed back his chair and took a few turns up and down the floor, stamping vigorously with his wooden leg as if to control some emotion of which he was ashamed. Then he shook hands with every one in the room, beginning with his sister and ending with the white-haired serving-man, Raoul Cabrach.

"This is a memorable day," he cried, "for the house of McLeod. That boy will be an admiral before he is a dozen years older. Raoul," he continued, "run as fast as your aged limbs will carry you to Dominie Clayton's; tell him the news, tell him to give the school a holiday, and come over to the castle for a spell."

"To be surely, sir," cried the duinne-wassel, 'she'll do that whatefer, and quick'll be her motions."

Raoul did not wait to put on his bonnet, but went off with a rush, his long white hair streaming behind him in the breeze.

Yes, in one brief week more Colin McLeod was to leave home to commence his cadetship. The week that had gone before had passed all too soon, and so would the coming one; then he would go from home, really from home for the first time in his life, for what appeared long interminable months. He could not help noticing that his mother's eyes were frequently red, that his brother's manner was subdued towards him, and his father's softened from its wonted Spartan austerity; that he was even an object of mournful interest to servants and retainers. And so in his heart of hearts he loved them all for their love for him. He had always been in the habit of looking upon his uncle as—well, just a trifle peculiar. He had often laughed—he felt sorry and ashamed of it now—to see the old man stumping excitedly up and down the floor of the tartan parlour as he talked politics with Colin's father, with that wonderful old wooden leg of his which he would not have exchanged for a modern cork one for all the world.

"Shams, madam! shams! shams!" he exclaimed one day to his sister, as she ventured to suggest the propriety of his investing in one of the new-fashioned flexible not-to-be-detected limbs. "Shams, madam. I'm not ashamed of my timber toe." Here he smacked it lustily with the palm of his hand as it stuck out from the chair in front of him. "I left the real one on the battle-deck of the Bellona, and I'd have parted with the other and clattered around on *two* wooden ones for the sake of my Queen and my country."

The week passed by. I am not going to mention any of the sorrowful details of the parting. Partings are sad things at the best, and there is a deal about all of them that an author may well leave unsaid.

Of course Colin met the keeper's boy Duncan the day before in the dear old wood, their usual trysting-place, and there was a lump in the throat of each. They sat for a long time talking about the future, and Duncan still stuck to his determination to join the marines as soon as his friend should finally pass, and Colin promised to get his uncle's influence to get him into the same ship after his shore drill was completed.

They said "Farewell" at last, and Colin stopped in the wood to think a bit while Duncan marched off, trying hard to whistle.

Colin threw himself on the ground. "What a dear quiet old place," he thought. "No more gerunds in 'dum' nor gerunds in 'do' now, though. I'll often think of home when far away at sea. I dare say most boys would feel as I do. I hope they would. The only thing is that I mustn't ever be afraid to do my duty. I'll keep a journal from the very first, a log they call it; and I'll write a little bit every night to my mother and post the letter once a week. Must write to uncle as well. What a shame of me ever to laugh at him. But if—"

"Ahem!"

It was a voice close beside him; he had not heard the footsteps on the soft moss.

Colin looked up. There stood his big quondam foe, whom Billy the goat had so unceremoniously pitched across the stream. He looked half ashamed.

"I knew you were alone-like," he said, "and ran up to say good-bye like. Here is a little book, the 'Scottish Chiefs.' Will you take it, in remembrance like?"

This farmer lad might have been shy, but he was very sincere.

"I'll take it, and gladly," cried Colin, "and I won't forget you, mind that."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Colin still stayed in the wood, thinking of his future life and prospects.

He was a romantic boy. I like a boy who is so; he gets on in the world. The polish of his romance gets worn off by degrees, it is true, but there is a deal of good solid stuff beneath that stands the wear and tear of the world well.

There was one little matter in connection with Colin's preparation for the service that brought the colour to his cheeks. In reading one day the regulations in the Navy List relating to the entrance of junior executive officers—in other words naval cadets—he came across the following rules:—

"Should cadets bring valuable gold watches or chains with them to the training-ship, they will be taken from them and placed in security until they return to their homes. Silver watches will be allowed to be used."

"Trousers to be made without pockets, and only one pocket on the left breast of the jackets of the two working uniform suits."

Colin bristled up at this. "Do they treat their junior executive officers then as infants?" he muttered. "No valuable watch! We dare not take an heirloom with us. Do they suppose we would sell it, or barter it with the bumboat woman for gingerbread or sugar-candy? No pockets in our clothes! Do they imagine we would fill them until they bulged out with lollipops and apples? Bah!"

Before Colin left his favourite seat in the pine wood, where he had spent so many happy days with his chosen authors, and—well, yes, his Arnold's Latin exercises—he knelt down and prayed; prayed a short and simple but earnest prayer for courage to ever do his duty; prayed for a strength that was not his own to guide him in every difficulty; prayed too for those he loved. He felt stronger in every way when he arose.

"When I'm a man," said he, half aloud, "and have won my epaulets, I'll come back to this same spot and pray."

* * * * *

Farewells were said next morning. Then Colin and his uncle, Captain Peter,

who had determined from the very first to accompany his young admiral south, started on their journey. He told his sister he wanted to see a ship or two once more, and have another sniff at the sea.

He was not dressed very modernly. Perhaps this is even a mild way of putting it, for when men come to a certain age they consider themselves quite independent of prevailing fashions; so the hat Captain Peter wore, although to all appearance as good as new, was quite antediluvian in build; that blue coat of broadcloth looked as whole and hearty as its wearer, and that is saying a good deal, but it was of a fashion and cut peculiar, it may be presumed, to some bygone age, because no one living could remember the fellow to it; one leg was in a kind of knickerbocker of blue pilot, the other was the wooden one, and he carried in his hand a stick of such trusty dimensions that, if need be, it could have served as a boarding-pike.

The wooden leg had, for this memorable occasion, been scraped and stained, and finally varnished, by the captain's own hands. The work had cost him three whole days, and very proud he was when the job was finished.

When the carriage that was to bear them many miles to meet the coach which would finally land them at the distant railway-station had fairly left the castle, and Colin's grief was subdued if not assuaged, Captain Peter commenced at once to give his nephew advice for his conduct and guidance in the career that was opening out before him.

Now Colin was old for his years—in mind, I mean; for the lonely life he had always led at his Highland home had necessitated his falling back for pleasure and amusement upon books. He devoured all that came before him, so to a great extent he really had made himself acquainted with the literature of the day. And therefore, good although much of the advice was which his uncle was now vouchsafing, especially that portion of it which related to obedience to orders, strict performance of duty, manly forbearance towards his juniors, kindness to the men under his command, etc., all that related to the actual life he would have to lead was most decidedly a mile beside the mark. For the service, and all about it, and in it, had altered completely since the days when Captain Peter had strutted the decks of a smart corvette in cocked hat, swinging sword, and much-bedinted spy-glass. The bluff old sailor had forgotten all that—in fact, he felt so fresh and young at heart that he could not conceive how the years had flown.

But to all his uncle said Colin listened with patience and respect. At another time he might have smiled at some of the advice, so out of place was it; but now—no—he loved the old man all the more for his very innocence.

Colin and his uncle reached the port at last, and the two together boarded the training-ship. Colin duly reported, and all the usual office preliminaries were gone through; then, after a chat with one of the officers in the ward-room, his uncle, followed at some little distance by Colin himself, was shown round the ship. Captain Peter scanned and criticised everything with the eye of a sailor. Well, probably he *did* talk a little louder than there was any occasion for; but Colin remarked, with a blush of shame for their insolent behaviour, that the peculiarities of his uncle afforded a deal of amusement to several of the cadets, and that they were merry at his expense even under his very eye. This led to an event, the like of which Colin would have shuddered to contemplate the day before. In his passage round the ship good Captain Peter made frequent use of the words—

"When I commanded the old Furore."

Perhaps there was a slight ring of pride in them, which was excusable in so aged a sailor, and one, too, who had lost a leg in his country's cause. But the words and the tone also were duly remembered by more than one cadet.

Colin was allowed to go on shore and bid his uncle good-bye, as he started for Plymouth. He came off again in the evening in a shore boat, the fellows who brought him charging him only three times the usual fare. Being tired, and a kindly-hearted cadet some two or three years older than he offering to put him up to the ropes, it was not long before he was in his hammock and sound asleep,

"He could die sooner than have his dear old uncle made the butt of unseemly jokes."

and the next thing he remembered was some one shaking his hammock and delivering himself of the intimation that it was "Five bells, sir, please."

Colin soon became aware of where he was, and turned out, not very gracefully, it must be admitted—indeed, he really tumbled out. He fell on his nose, and this caused a good deal of smothered tittering and chaff. He was among the first up—some, indeed, could hardly be prevailed upon to turn out at all, and the quartermaster had to take the number of their hammocks.

Colin felt somewhat shy and uncomfortable withal, for he seemed in a hive of strange bees. He was not sorry, therefore, when Quentin Steele, the youth who had been his friend the night before, came half-dressed to say good morning.

Many were quite as slow at dressing as they had been at getting out of their hammocks, and got up and sat on their sea-chests frog-fashion; others laughed and chaffed, and others, again, lent themselves to actual practical joking. Colin heard his name mentioned more than once, and his country too, in a way that was intended to do neither much honour. He paid no attention at all, but went quietly on dressing. At last a wet sponge struck him on the chest, entirely spoiling the breast of his white shirt. He felt chagrined, but made no remark. He simply placed the sponge in front of him beside his basin.

"Please give me my sponge."

He looked about, and saw a half-dressed cadet standing near him—a much smaller boy than even he was.

"Mind, I didn't throw it," continued the lad.

"No, I believe you," said Colin, aloud. "Cowards and bullies never throw their own things about."

Immediately after there marched up to him the bully himself; he was tall enough, in all conscience, but not at all hard-looking, and loosely knit together. He had tremendously long arms, though.

"I threw the sponge," he said, cheekily.

"Did you?" responded Colin, quietly taking his measure. "I thought as much. Well, I accept your apology before you speak. Go away and learn to behave better in future."

There was a general roar of laughter at Colin's coolness, amid which Master Burgess, or Bully Burgess as the smaller cadets called him among themselves, retired discomfited.

Not for long, though. The shouts of laughing were soon renewed, and there was young Burgess strutting about the deck with an improvised wooden leg and a top-coat on.

"When I commanded the old Furore," he was saying.

"When I commanded the old Furore!"

He brushed past Colin as he spoke the second time. The result may be imagined.

Both were wounded in the tussle; neither eyes nor noses were improved, but the bully was worsted. Colin would never have fought on his own account, but he felt he could die sooner than have his dear old uncle made the butt of unseemly jokes.

Both belligerents were reported. The commander would be on board next day.

"Bring them up to-morrow at twelve," said the first lieutenant. "I will not interfere. I know he will punish them severely. Meanwhile the two young gentlemen must consider themselves under arrest."

Under arrest! The words fell upon Colin's ears like the sound of an avalanche that would soon bury him alive. Under arrest! What a beginning! Nay, but would it not rather be an end to all his hopes, to all his ambition?

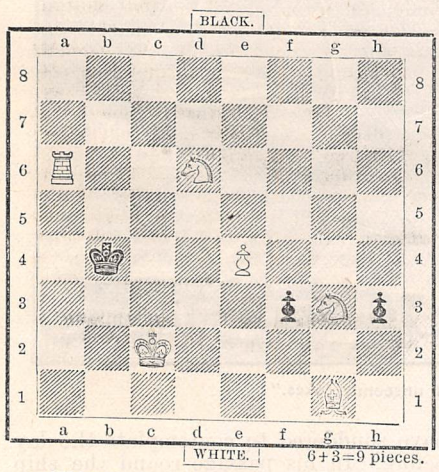
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 414.)

Problem No. 98.

By Mrs. Sophie Schett.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Solutions.

Problem No. 90.—1, K—Kt 2, B—Q 2 (or *a*). 2, Q—R sq. and 3, Q—Q Kt sq., mate.—(*a*) B—R 5. 2, Q × B, any move. 3, Q—B 6, mate.

Problem No. 91.—1, P—Q 8 Kt, P—Q B 8 Kt. 2, B × R P, P—B 8 Kt. 3, K × P, Kt moves. 4, Kt mates.—Without the K R Pawn there could follow 2, B × B P, P—R 4. 3, B—Kt 6 or R 7, and 4, Kt—K 3 mate.—If the Q R P were off, then White might play 2, B—Kt 6 or R 7, and by shifting the position one square to the left, in order to avoid the double move of the B, White could play 1, P—Q B 8 becoming a Q, and mate at the fourth move.

GO-BAN.

Game No. 3, page 221.—The play went on thus:—17, c 3—c 2. 18, f 1—g 1, h 2—h 1. 19, f 3—g 4, f 5—g 5. 20, e 6—f 5, c 4—c 5 (see *a*). 21, b 3—b 2, c 2—c 1. 22, b 2—c 3, d 3—d 2 = five.—(*a*) If Black had played 20, e 4—f 5, then White would have answered c 6—c 5. White's 19th move might have been f 6—g 5, with which he would have won one move sooner.

Game No. 4.

Played on the 7th of February, 1885, between L. H. S. (White) and H. F. L. M. (Black).

White.	Black.
1. e 4.	d 5.
2. d 4.	e 6.
3. c 4.	f 4.
4. e 5.	f 5.
5. f 6.	c 3.
6. b 4.	a 4.
7. g 7.	h 8.
8. f 7.	d 7.
9. g 4.	c 6.
10. d 6.	b 5.
11. e 8.	g 5.
12. e 3.	d 3 (*a*).
13. f 7 e 7.	c 6 c 5.
14. g 7 f 8.	h 8 g 7.
15. e 8 d 8.	g 7 f 7.
16. f 8 e 8.	d 7 c 6.
17. e 8 f 8.	f 7 e 8.
18. d 8 d 7.	e 8 f 7 (*b*).
19. f 8 g 7.	g 5 h 4.
20. e 7 f 8 (*c*).	f 7 g 8.
21. f 8 f 7.	e 6 e 7.
22. g 7 g 6 (*d*).	g 8 g 7.
23. d 6 e 6.	c 6 d 6 (*e*).
24. g 6 h 5.	h 4 g 3.
25. g 4 f 3.	d 3 e 2.
26. h 5 g 5.	g 3 g 4.
27. d 7 e 8.	d 6 d 7.
28. f 7 g 6.	c 5 c 6.
29. g 5 h 6.	d 5 d 6.
30. c 4 c 5.	g 7 f 7.
31. c 5 b 6 (*f*)	c 6 c 7 (*g*).
32. b 4 c 5.	e 2 f 2.
33. f 3 e 2 = five.	

Notes.

(*a*) The position of the white men appears to be the superior one.

(*b*) Black is obliged to come back (or play g 5 g 6), as otherwise White would win with e 7 f 7.

(*c*) A good move, which compels a black man to go near the corner.

(*d*) If White had played d 7 e 6, Black might have replied g 8 h 7 or f 5 g 6, but not h 4 g 5, for in this case White would have won in four more moves.

(*e*) The game is a tough one, since the men are so well mixed that there is no prospect of making a "five" just now.

(*f*) The only move.

(*g*) Black ought to have blocked the diagonal by b 5 c 5.

To Chess Correspondents.

G. A. S. H. (Tiverton.)—Solution of No. 87 correct, that of No. 88 incomplete, since you have omitted Black's best reply of 1, Kt to B 2. In each of these two problems the K has seven squares of his territory free; in the problem by F. C. Collins he has also seven squares free, with the difference that in the latter he can *move* to as many squares. No. 88 was composed five years ago.

W. A. R. (Paris.)—The author of the book is J. Paul Taylor.

C. K.—Problem No 91 was composed in June, 1874, but in spite of its long waiting, it is, as you say, "as original as ever."

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE wreck of the Aurora Borealis is famous for the splendid rescue of her crew. That rescue is one of the grandest achievements of our lifeboat service. Jarman, the Ramsgate coxswain, headed many a daring enterprise in the cause of mercy, but he never did a more striking thing than when he picked the ten wearied Danes out of the rigging of the ill-fated collier on that bitterly cold January morning. The Board of Trade, in their grant to each man, showed what their own countrymen thought of the lifeboat heroes, and the King of Denmark in his gift showed what was thought of them by the countrymen of the rescued.

The Aurora Borealis was a small barque of 236 tons, hailing from Ribe, a port in Jutland. She was commanded by Captain Smith, and was on her voyage from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Messina with a cargo of coals, when, at half-past four on the morning of Sunday, 6th January, 1867, she went ashore near the Trinity Beacon on the Goodwins, on the south-east spit of the sands.

It was an unusually sharp winter. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and on the Saturday a gale sprang up which did immense damage all round our coasts. The night was intensely cold, and the blinding sleet was blown about so thickly at times as to hide every object in its veil. The sea ran fiercely, and the barque was simply caught by the waves and driven by the wind down on to the sands. Finding she was in danger, Captain Smith showed a bright light and made signals of distress, which were perceived on board the Gull lightship, and in consequence rockets were sent up acquainting the lifeboat men that their help was needed. This was about half-past eleven on the Saturday night, and the boat, which had only just returned from one rescue, went out to the other. When the boat got out the snowstorm was so thick that nothing could be done, and so she returned to wait for daylight. At eight in the morning the gale was still raging, but the lifeboat was launched, taken in tow by the tug, and finally found the Aurora Borealis heeled on to the sand with the seas making a clean breach over her. The flag of distress was flying, but there were no signs of the crew, who were taking shelter under cover of the deck-house. The wreck was in the centre of a most furious sea, and the tide was in full flow, so that the task of rescue was extremely difficult.

The tug took the lifeboat well up to windward and then cast off, and with sail up and cable ready down she came on to the ship. The anchor was let go and sixty yards of cable were run out. But before the wreck could be reached there came a huge billow which crashed down on to the boat, drove her under, and swept her over a hundred yards to leeward. Thus the first attempt failed.

The tug again took the lifeboat up into the teeth of the wind and cast off. Down she came, and again at the critical moment the waves seized her and swept her away. Thus the second attempt failed: and the rising tide had driven the Danes from the deck, and in the biting sleet they had lashed a spar in the mizen shrouds and were clinging to it and watching and dreading the failure.

The men shipped their oars, but they were wrenched out of their hands by the sea, and, as the sail was useless in such a tempest, the lifeboat drifted to leeward and was again picked up by Simpson, who commanded the Aid. Again he battled with her into the wind and again she shot down on her errand. As she passed the ship a rope was thrown, but the distance was too great, and, for the third time, there was a miss. And all the while the waves were boiling round, and the wind was howling and actually shearing off the foam crests in its force.

The fourth attempt was differently managed. The steamer tried to tow the boat to the ship, but the danger proved too great; and, after rolling about with her gunwales under water, the cable had to be cut, and both tug and boat went away down the wind.

And now the decks burst up, and the sea was black with coal dust, and pieces of the forecastle were forced off and borne about by the billows. The danger was pressing, and the fifth attempt was made. Simpson brought the Aid close down and tried to fire a line from the mortar, but before he could do so the steamer was seized and actually thumped down on to the sand by the angry sea. The tug was backed out of peril, and then the boat was picked up, and away they went for the sixth attempt. "We won't go home without them," said the men.

The story of the rescue has been so well and fully told by the Rev. John Gilmore, the rector of Holy Trinity, Ramsgate, in his "Storm Warriors," * that we cannot do better than quote the last trial from that stirring record of lifeboat work on the Goodwins. It is so well known as a reading, that were we not to do so our account would seem to be but a bald and feeble abridgment. The quotation is from the chapter

"VICTORY OR DEATH."

* * * *

At last one of the men proposes a plan which must indeed either prove rescue to the shipwrecked or death to all.

"I tell you what, my men, if we are going to save those poor fellows there is only one way of doing it—it must be a case of save all or lose all, that is just it. We must go in upon the vessel straight, hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor over right upon her decks."

"What a mad-brained trick!" says one.

"Why, the boat would be smashed to pieces."

"Likely enough; but there is one thing certain, is there not? and that is that we are never going home to leave those poor fellows to perish, and I do not believe that there is any other way of saving them, and so we must just try it. And God help us and them."

Not a single word against it now!

What, charge in upon the vessel in that mad rage of sea! Victory or death indeed!

Most of the men on board the lifeboat are married men with families—loved wives and loved little ones dependent upon them. Thoughts of this, tender heartfelt thoughts of home, come to them.

"Well, and so we have, and have not those poor perishing fellows also got wives and little ones, and are they not thinking of their homes and loved ones as much as we are thinking of ours? and shall we go home, having turned back from even the greatest danger, without having tried all it is possible to try; go home to our wives and little ones and leave them to perish thinking of theirs? No, please God, that shall never be said of us."

Such thoughts as these pass through the minds of some of the boatmen. And what think the poor nearly-drowned crew of the unfortunate vessel?

There they are, clinging to the loose and shaking rigging, a few feet above the boil of the hungry and raging sea. They have seen effort after effort made and effort after effort fail; they have watched the men do more than they ever dreamt it was possible for men to do; and they have watched the lifeboat live and battle with seas with which they never thought it possible a boat could for one moment contend; time after time they have thought the boatmen were drowned as they saw the huge curling waves break over the boat, swamp it, bury it in the weight of their falling volume of water, and for some seconds hide all from view; they have been watching the men persevere in attempt after attempt, when they thought that from sheer exhaustion it would be impossible for them to make another effort for their rescue.

With equal wonder and admiration they watched the noble efforts of the steamer, marked how nearly she was wrecked, and when she failed gave up all as lost; deciding in their minds that in such a rush of broken sea, strength of tide, and gale of wind, that it is impossible for the boat to reach them or for them to be saved, and all but one give up all hope. When the captain says in despair, "The lifeboat can never make another effort," this man answers, "I have sailed in English ships; I have often heard about lifeboat work, and I know that they never leave any to perish as long as they can see them, and they will not leave us."

"And, look! here she comes again! Oh, God help them! God help them!"

Yes, here she comes again; the steamer had hastened to tow her well into position, well to windward of the wreck. "And here she comes again."

Once more the boat heads for the wreck—this time to do or to die; each man knows it, each man feels it. They are crossing the stern of the vessel. "Look at that breaker—look at that breaker. Hold on! hold on! it will be all over with us if it catches us; we shall be thrown high into the masts of the vessel, and shaken out into the sea in a moment! Hold on all! hold on! Now it comes! No; thank God, it breaks ahead of us, and we have escaped. Now, men, be ready, be ready!" Thus shouts the coxswain. Every man is at his station, some with the ropes in hand ready to lower the sails, others by the anchor, prepared to throw it overboard at the right moment. Round past the stern of the vessel the boat flies, round in the blast of the gale and the swell of the sea; down below, round she comes. Down foresail! The ship's lee gunwale is under water, the boat shoots forward straight for the wreck, and hits the lee rail with a shock that almost throws all the men from their posts; and

* Published by Macmillan and Co.

then, still forward, she literally leaps on board the wreck. Over! Over with the anchor! It falls on the vessel's deck. All the crew of the vessel are in the mizen shrouds, but they cannot get to the boat, a fearful rush of sea is chasing over the vessel and between them and it. Again and again the boat thumps on the wreck as on a rock, with a shock that almost shakes the men from their hold.

The waves soon lift the boat off the deck upon both ropes, cheer to the crew, "Hurrah, mates! hurrah!" All is joy and excitement, but at the same time steady attention to orders. Now the boat is abreast the mizen rigging, opposite to where the men are clinging. "Down helm! the boat sheers in; haul in upon the ropes, men, handsomely, handsomely." The boat jumps forward, hits the ship heavily with her stern, crashes off a large piece of her forefoot. The men are for a moment between the boat and the wreck; a second more and the boat will be on the top of him, crushing him against the rail of the vessel, upon which the keel of the boat strikes and grinds cruelly. Two boatmen seize him, leaning right over the gunwale to do so; they are almost dragged into the water; they are seized in turn by the men in the boat, and all are with difficulty got on board.

Up the boat flies and crashes against the

"Now for the grappling iron—quick! throw it over that line."

and carry her away from the vessel. "Is even this attempt to be a failure? No, thank God! the anchor holds; veer out the cable; steadily, my men, steadily; do not disturb the anchor more than you can help; we shall have them now! We shall have them. All will be well. Ease her a bit; ease her. See how she plunges; a little more cable. Now for the grappling-iron—quick! throw it over that line. There you have it!" And they haul on board a line which had been made fast to a cork fender and thrown overboard from the wreck early in the day, but which the boatmen had never before been able to reach.

They get the boat straight, haul in slowly

A fearful sea rolls over them, the boat is washed away from the vessel. The anchor still holds; they sheer the boat in again; they make the ropes fast, and lash the boat to the shrouds of the wreck, thus verily nailing their colours to the mast. No! they will not be washed away again until they have all the crew on board.

A sailor jumps from the rigging, the boat sinks in the trough of the sea, the man falls

spar lashed to the rigging. "Jump in, men, jump in all of you. Now! now!" In they spring and tumble, falling upon the men, and all rolling over into the bottom of the boat. All are now on board—all on board! "Hurrah! cut the lashings, then; she falls away from the wreck. Cut the cable! quick with the hatchet! All gone! all gone! Up foresail!" The seas catch the boat and bear her away from the wreck. Away she goes with a bound, flying through the broken water. The heavy wind fills the sail; they are fairly under way, and with the precious freight for which they had fought so long and so gallantly safely on board. Thank God! thank God! all are saved at last—*saved at last!*

Our Parrots.

(*See Coloured Plate.*)

1. Soldier Macaw.
2. Yellow-and-blue Macaw.
3. Hyacinthine Macaw.
4. Red-and-blue Macaw.
5. Noble Parrot.
6. Golden Conure.
7. Yellow-headed Conure.
8. Carolina Parrot.
9. St. Thomas Conure.
10. Black-headed Conure.
11. Slight-billed Parrakeet.
12. Red-bellied Conure.
13. Grey-breasted Parrakeet.
14. Passerine Parrot.
15. Azure-bellied Parrot.
16. Mitred Parrot.
17. Blackwing.
18. Restless Parrot.
19. Maximilian Parrot.
20. Hawk-headed Caique.
21. Festive Amazon.
22. Levaillant's Amazon.
23. Spectacle Parrot.
24. Domingo Amazon.
25. White-fronted Amazon.
26. Yellow-faced Parrot.
27. Meyer's Parrot.
28. Black-headed Caique.
29. Grey Parrot.
30. Vasa Parrakeet.
31. Javan Parrakeet.
32. Ring-necked Parrakeet.
33. Malaccan Parrakeet.
34. Red-checked Parrakeet.
35. Malabar Parrakeet.
36. Rosy-faced Love Bird.
37. West African Love Bird.
38. Madagascar Love Bird.
39. Solitary Parrot.
40. White-throated Lory.
41. Superb Lory.
42. Blue Crest.
43. Ruby Lory.
44. Margaret Lory.
45. Indian Lory.
46. Moluccan Lory.
47. Brown Lory.
48. Cardinal Lory.
49. Masked Parrakeet.
50. Blue-eyed Cockatoo.

OUR PARROTS.

(Second Series.)

The plate of parrots presented with our last volume met with so warm a welcome that we are sure of a hearty greeting for the handsome group issued herewith, which completes the subject. Four hundred and forty-eight species of parrots are now believed to exist. Of these we have given examples of a hundred in full colours, and we have so described the rest as to render their identification comparatively easy. Our first plate was entirely occupied by specimens from Australasia; in this one the principal subjects come from South America.

The Green Macaw, or Military Macaw, *Sittace militaris* (No. 1), comes from Tropical America. It is one of the commonest of the macaws, and, like them all, has a very long tail and no feathers on its cheeks. The Peruvian Yellow-and-blue Macaw, or Buff-and-blue Ararauna (No. 2), *S. cærulea*, forms a prominent object in the plate, as does the lovely hyacinthine blue of (No. 3) *S. hyacinthina*. Resembling the latter in form, but of a dull, dusty green, is *S. glauca*. *S. chloroptera* is the red-and-yellow species. *S. coccinea*, the red-and-blue macaw or aracanga (No. 4), is the largest of the parrot family, specimens having been frequently measured of over a yard in length. *S. illigeri*, Illiger's Macaw, has a green back and wings, and, like *S. nobilis*, the Noble Parrot (No. 5), the golden-naped macaw, *S. auricollis*, and the small brown-fronted macaw, *S. severa*, is often seen in this country.

Of exactly the same colour as the breast of the Yellow-and blue Macaw is the Golden Conure (No. 6), *Conurus luteus*. The gold-crowned conure, *C. aureus*, is of a modest green colour, with just a little patch of gold above its beak, which patch in *C. hæmorrhous* is replaced by a blue one. The yellow-headed conure (No. 7), *C. pyrocephalus*, is perhaps the most gorgeous of his race. Very similar to him, but with a golden back, is *C. solstitialis*, the Guaruba, or Sun parrakeet. One of the conures, *C. byroni*, the Chilian lory, is found in Patagonia, and has what looks like a great-coat of bottle-green, with an ermine order of office thrown over his yellow under-clothes. In *C. carolinensis*, the Carolina or Illinois parrot (No. 8), we have the only parrot found in the United States. It is the most northerly, as *C. byroni* is the most southerly parrot. In the island of St. Thomas is found *C. pertinax* (No. 9). *C. ocularis*, the eyed conure, is a Central American specimen, in which the yellow of *C. pertinax* is replaced by a dirty brown; *C. petzi* has a blue-and-orange cap; *C. cactorum*, the Cactus conure, which has a dark-green face; *C. chrysophrys* has yellow cheeks; *C. æruginosus* has a brown throat; *C. tiriacula*, the All-green Parrakeet of Guiana, is a conure with a few blue wing feathers. The black-headed conure, *C. melanocephalus* (No. 10), comes from Venezuela. *C. wagleri*, from Paraguay, has no black about it, but has a cap and necktie of red.

Allied to the conures is the slight-billed parrakeet of Chili, *Henicognathus leptorhyncus* (No. 11), the sole representative of the genus; and then we reach the Pyrrhuras, one example of which, *P. vittata*, is figured at No. 12. *P. cruentata*, the red-eared species, has a plain green breast and blue throat; and *P. smaragdina*, often called the Chilian conure, is all green except its tail. In No. 13 the Monk Parrot, or Grey-breasted Parrakeet, *Bolborhyncus monachus*, and in No. 14, *Psittacula passerina*, the Sparrow

Parrot, we have a single representation of two genera, which, like *Brotogerys*, are very similar in characteristics and of little importance. With them the seven genera—sittace, conurus, henicognathus, pyrrhura, brotogerys, bolborhyncus, and psittacula, which make up the conuridæ.

Our next great group is the Pionidæ, the first genus of which, Triclaria, has only one representative, and that we give, *T. cyanogastra* (No. 15). There is also only one genus of Pachynus, *P. brachyurus*, which is all green, with a small patch of scarlet at the shoulders. Of the next genus, Eucinetus, we give *E. pilcatus*, the Mitred Parrot from Paraguay, as an example (No. 16); *E. histrio*, the Hooded Parrot, has gold lacings on its neck; *E. vulturinus* is of very vulturine look, and has red tips to wings and a yellow collar. *E. amazonicus* is the little Amazon, and has red cap and throat, red shoulders, and dark-green nape. Closely allied to Eucinetus is the genus Euchroura, and of it *E. cingulata* (No. 17), the Black Wing of Venezuela, serves as the type. Like it is *E. surdus*, but it has golden feathers in its tail. *E. viricaudus* has a blue patch on the back, and a green-and-red tail. *E. barrabandi* has a black head with golden cheeks. We now reach the representative genus of the Pionidæ, *Pionias*. In No. 18 we have the Restless Parrot of Brazil, *P. tumultuosus*. Similar to it, but with green head and red bill, is *P. corallinus*. *P. violaceæ*, the Dusky Parrot, has brown wings and a brownish-red body. Of the Maximilian Parrot, *P. maximilianus*, we give an example in No. 19. In the Sordid Parrot, *P. sordidus*, the breast is brown. In the White-headed Parrot, *P. senilis*, the breast is green and the head is capped with white. Massena's Parrot, *P. gerontodes*, has a pink-and-white spotted cap. There are also the blue-headed, yellow-beaked, and bronze-winged Pionias. They all hail from Brazil. The angry-looking Hawk-headed Caique, *Deroptyus accipitrinus* (No. 20), is another member of the Pionidæ, but comes from Surinam and the more northerly districts.

The Festive Parrot, *Androglossa festiva* (No. 21), is the first of a new and important genus, that of the Amazons, of which good examples are also given in Levaillant's Amazon, *A. levaillanti* (No. 22), and the Spectacle Parrot, *A. albifrons* (No. 23). Bodin's Macaw, *A. bodini*, belongs to the same family, and has a red cap instead of the blue headpiece of *A. festiva*, and the throat is all green. The Yellow-Shouldered Amazon, *A. ochroptera*, has golden caps to its shoulders, but, unlike *A. levaillanti*, its head has a green back. The Orange-winged Amazon, *A. amazonica*, has the yellow cap of *A. ochroptera* split into two by a blue bar over the beak, so that the bird seems to have received the tonsure; its wings have blue edges, and in them is a slender slip of red. The Blue-fronted Amazon, *A. æstiva*, has a yellow chest and red tips to its shoulders, and the Yellow-lored Amazon, *A. xanthotora*, differs from *A. albifrons* in having no blue cap, and in having its white poll edged with gold. The Mercenary Parrot, *A. mercenaria*, has the feathers on its neck of slate-colour laced with black, red and yellow tips to its tail, and just a few red feathers in its wings; and the Red-tailed Parrot, *A. erythrura*, has a red-and-orange poll, a purple face, and a red-and-green tail. From Dominica comes *A. augusta*, the Haughty Amazon, with purple breast and russet-and-steel-blue head; from Venezuela comes Bodin's Amazon, *A. bodini*, with all green body, red poll, and azure face; and from Guiana comes *A. ochrocephala*, the Yellow-headed Amazon its name implies, but which also has red and purple tips to its wing-feathers.

The Domingo Amazon, *A. ventralis*, is shown at No. 24; *A. leucocephala* (No. 25) is the White-fronted Amazon from Cuba. The Mealy Amazon, *A. farinosa*, has no dark ears, and the crown is yellow and red, while the neck is edged with blue; the Guatemalan Amazon, *A. guatemala*, has a blue cap; *A. vinacea* has a green cap and a brownish breast; *A. viridigenalis* is not unlike the Cuban bird, but has a grey cap; the Yellow-cheeked Amazon is either *A. autumnalis* or *A. xanthops*, shown in the plate at No. 26.

Of the African genus *Pœocephalus* we give Meyer's Parrot, *P. meyeri* (No. 27). Like it, with yellow breast and ashy throat, is the Senegal Parrot, *P. senegalis*. Ruppell's Parrot, *P. ruppellii*, has no green on its breast. Levaillant's Parrot, *P. robustus*, is of larger build, with bright-green chest and red on the frontlet. When this bird has a yellow cap and yellow tips it is known as *P. gulielmi*, or the Congo Parrot. From Abyssinia comes *P. citrinocapillus*, the yellow-headed species; from Somali Land *P. rufiventris*, with red breast and brown head and shoulders; and from Zanzibar *P. fuscicapillus*, with brown head and green breast. Of the sub-genus Caica, the representative of Pœocephalus in South America, we give *C. melanocephala* (No. 26), the Black-headed Caique from North Brazil differing but in its black cap from its pale-headed cousin, *C. leucogastra*, the commoner species of the south. *C. xanthomera*, a Venezuelan species, has a dark-orange cap instead of a black one. With the three Caiques—all there are—we end the *Pionidæ*.

And now we get to the arch-parrot himself, *Psittacus*, the chief of the *Psittacidæ*, *P. erithacus* (No. 29), the talking grey parrot of our "funny stories and curious facts." Like him, an African, is *P. carycinurus*, the Tunisian Parrot, with a white upper beak. In the Vasa Parrakeet, *Ceracopsis obscura* (No. 30), we have what is really a black variety of *Psittacus*.

And so, having given due prominence to Poll the loquacious, let us hasten on to a much larger family, the ancient birds, the *Palæornithidæ*, one of which, *P. eupatrius*, was brought from India to Europe by the captains of Alexander the Great, although the Java Parrakeet, or Gingi Parrot (No. 31), *P. alexandri*, has received the conqueror's name. *P. eupatrius* has a red nape to its neck, green on its head, and a green breast. Very similar to the Gingi, but with no red under beak, is the Cochin China Parrakeet, *P. fasciatus*. The Blossom-headed Parrakeet, *P. cyanocephalus*, has a red-and-purple hood and a grass-green breast. In *P. torquatus* we have the ring-necked species (No. 32), and in *P. longicauda* (No. 33) the Malaccan representative. With *P. erythrogenys* (No. 34) we are in the Nicobar Islands, where also flourishes his cousin, *P. caniceps*, whose head is grey instead of green, and whose cheek is yellow instead of red. *P. peristerodes* (No. 35) is the Malabar Parrakeet. *P. rosa* is the Burmah Parrakeet, red in the face, blue in the head, and green in the body, and with a necklace of black instead of black and green. A cousin of his with a black head is called Hodgson's Parrakeet, from the Himalayas, and another with a dark-green head is Gironier's, from Ceylon.

And now we come to the African Love Birds. *Agapornis roscicollis* (No. 36) is the rosy-faced one. The Abyssinian one, *A. tarantæ*, has a green face, the Liberian Parrot, *A. swindereni*, has a black band on its neck, *A. pullaria* (No. 37) is the West African Love Bird, and *A. cana* (No. 38) is the Madagascar one. The rest of the *Palæornithidæ* were described in the previous article.

With *Coriphilus* we enter the great family of the Lories, the *Trichoglonidæ* of which we have already said so much. *C. solitarius* (No. 39) is the Solitary Parrot of Fiji, *C. taitianus* (No. 40) is the White-throated Lory of the Society Islands, *C. smaragdinus* (No. 41) is the superb lory of the Marquesas, *C. Australis* (No. 42) is the Blue-crest of the Friendly Islands; and *C. kuhli*, the Ruby Lory (No. 43), the loveliest bird that flies, comes from an as yet unnamed islet near Washington Island. Another beautiful creature, the Margaret Lorikeet from the Solomons, is No. 44, *Trichoglossus margaritæ*.

Domicella is another lovely genus. Of it in the former plate we gave *D. atra*, the Black Lory of New Guinea, as an example. Herein we have *D. histrio* (No. 45), the Indian species from Saugor Island, *D. rubra* (No. 46) from the Moluccas, the Orange-coloured Lory, *D. fuscata* (No. 47), from New Guinea, and the gorgeous Cardinal Lory, *D. cardinalis* (No. 48), from the Duke of York and Solomon Islands. The Fijian Masked Parrakeet, *Platycercus personatus* (No. 49), is given as a further example of the broadtails. The Shining Parrakeet, *P. splendens*, which also comes from Fiji, has a scarlet breast in place of the crimson. In the Pompadour or Tabuan Broadtail, *P. anna*, the crimson is of a very dark shade. As complementary to our other series we have added a figure of that curious bird the Blue-eyed Cockatoo, *Plissolophus ophthalmicus* (No. 50), which reaches us from New Britain.

And here our rough notes on parrot identification must end.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(*Continued from page* 448.)

SENIOR SUBDIVISION (*ages* 18 *to* 21).

Extra Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

WILLIAM E. MILTON (aged 20), 3, Friary Terrace, Drewery Lane, Derby.

Certificates.

VANCITTERS F. RIDDLE, Town and County Bank, Rhynie, N.B.
A. H. W. MANNING, Barrington Street, Tiverton, Devon.
JOSEPH W. WRIGHT, Harleigh House, Bodmin.
GEORGE H. ROBERTS, 7, Augustus Square, Regent's Park.
G. F. W. IRVING, Ravenswood, Coombe Lane, Croydon.
BERNARD SHAW, 36, Elmwood Street, Leeds.
ARTHUR A. MELVILLE, 18, Wills Street, Hunter's Lane, Birmingham.
EDWIN G. CHATT, St. Mary's C. E. School, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
HERBERT H. HOLT, 1, Little Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.
JOHN W. SETCHFIELD, New Square, Chesterfield.
WM. H. VENN, Red House, Coventry.
HARRY AMBLER, 36, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.
W. H. TUCKER, 2, Colworth Road, Leytonstone.
EDWARD H. DEE, Beulah Lodge, Henley-on-Thames.
WM. R. GRANT DEAR, 30, Cumberland Street, Barnsbury, N.
GEORGE CLARK, 4, Wheatly Terrace, Erith, Kent.
WILLIAM BEVAN, Ardgour, St. Matthew's Road, Cotham, Bristol.
SAMUEL D. REED, 2, Phœnix Street, N.W.
FRED. W. DEANE, 235, Great Colmore Street, Birmingham.
JAMES R. PHILLIPS, 1, Wellesbourne Grove, Stratford-upon-Avon.
LEWIS FARLEY, 94, Tank Road, Spring Gardens, Reading.
FINLAY MACKENZIE, Advertising Department, "News" Office, Glasgow.
JAMES P. EWING, 24, West End Park Street, Glasgow.
HARRY J. ROFF, Meyrick Crescent, Mersea Road, Colchester.
PERCY O. SUTTON, Norman Street, Dover.
FREDK. W. LE FÉVRE, 73, St. Peter's Road, Great Yarmouth.
G. H. DOUTHWAITE, 9, Crescent, King Street, Leicester.
H. J. SEAMONS, 11, Granville Terrace, Mayes Road, Wood Green, N.
H. BLACKWOOD, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
JOHN J. BIGG, 61, Mount Pleasant, Barrow-in-Furness.
IVON M. MILLIGAN, 63, Queen Street, Castle Douglas, N.B.
JOSEPH G. WOOD, 84, Oliver Street, Stockport.
ENOS T. BLETCHLEY, 11, Northgate Street, Gloucester.
H. L. MCMASTER, 30, Medina Road, Finsbury Park, N.
W. J. TAYLOR, 55, Forsyth Street, Greenock, N.B.
JOHN U. RANSOM, 12, Ashburnham Road, Bedford.
JOSEPH S. ARNOLD, 16, Lower Lyon Street, Newtown, Southampton.
WM. GOODCHILD, 24, Shacklewell Lane, Dalston.
DAVID MCINTYRE, 227, Paisley Road, Glasgow.
WILLIAM BAINES, 173, Denmark Road, Greenheys, Manchester.
ARTHUR THOMAS SPEAR, George Street, Uxbridge.
WILLIAM GREEN, 17, Lodge Road, Southampton.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

WITHIN the past few weeks we have received quite a number of letters from various parts of the country, and from writers of all ages and conditions in life, urging that we should open a Boys' Gordon Memorial Fund in our columns. Says one adult correspondent, H. M. S. P., and his letter fairly represents very many others:—

Will you allow me, through the medium of your valuable paper, which richly deserves the position it holds in the literature of our boy world, to appeal to the possible future heroes of the nation—the boys of Great Britain—on behalf of a "Boys' Gordon Memorial," which I would suggest might take the form of a "HOME" for the boys of Outcast London? I can, from my experience of boys, safely say that ninety-nine out of every hundred in a position to do so, would willingly help in aiding to a "better life" those of their poorer and less fortunate brothers who are so greatly handicapped in the race by being born and bred up in surroundings of poverty, sin, and wretchedness.

Then our boy readers are equally solicitous. Thus H. W. B. wrote:—

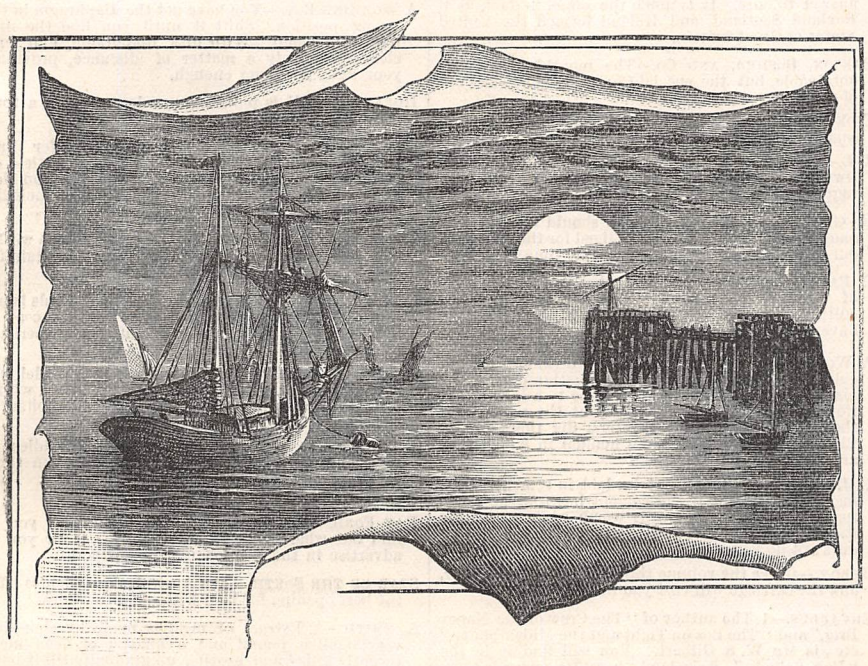
Why should not the readers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER erect a memorial to the memory of the much-lamented General Gordon? If they can place two Lifeboats on our coast, and a Cot in a hospital, surely they can erect a memorial in honour of so great and noble a hero.

And yet another, C. A. B., writes:—

I think the boys of England ought to have a fund among themselves, because I feel sure they would like to pay *their especial* tribute of respect to the memory of so great a hero, whose noble Christian life offers the most stirring example to the future men of England.

To so many earnest appeals we feel we could hardly turn a deaf ear, even if our own sympathies were less warmly identified with the object espoused; and we have resolved, therefore, at once to start a Special "Boy's Own" Memorial Fund. The proceeds will be wholly applied in accordance with Gordon's known wishes—that is, for the benefit of poor boys. In our next number we hope to give full details of the project; and in the meantime we are preparing collecting cards, etc., to be issued under the same conditions as in our Lifeboat Fund.

DOINGS FOR MAY.



THE POULTRY RUN.—Summer is coming. Both cuckoo and nightingale have been telling us that for some time past, and as it is in the common course of nature that summer should follow spring, we are bound to believe them. We should, at all events, be well prepared for the summer season, though it is unlikely we shall have a repetition of the fiercely hot weather of last year. Hatching birds for showing is now nearly over unless for the very latest of them; but hens will sit now well, and the eggs will very likely be nearly all fertile. The nests should be put on the earth, with some nice straw over them. Those nest-boxes we talked about last month can easily be made by any handy lad who possesses, as every boy should, a set of tools. Remember that they have no bottoms, and that they are very well ventilated. But baskets with the bottoms knocked out do equally as well, only they must be heavy enough. These nesting-boxes or baskets are only required where you have a lot of fowls sitting. Few boys will need them, therefore.

You must feed your sitting hens well. That is, put maize and grains near the nest, and also clean water. They will come off to help themselves. The reason for giving hard food is that it digests more gradually.

Now, continue to attend well to the feeding of chickens, both young and old, and sort them out—we mean the half-grown ones—putting the cockerels in one place and the pullets in another. As soon as cockerels that you don't want to keep for stock purposes are big enough for the market, pen them up and fatten them off; or if you do not care to pen them, put them, at all events, into a place by themselves, and feed them five times a day on oatmeal mixed with fat or suet, rice with milk and treacle, or, indeed, any kind of wholesome food they will eat, but let it be of a starchy nature, with fat combined with it.

Do not expose your fowls of any sort to rain and storms. Remember, too, that there are still frosty nights to be guarded against, so shut the doors at night. Give plenty of green food to all the inmates of your run. Now is the time they also begin to enjoy a grass run.

Beware, however, of fattening laying fowls. They must be well fed and in fair condition, but not fat. It would be well now to begin the summer cleaning and beautifying. If you have a long wire run, there is no creeper that you can plant outside it more charming or useful than the common wild convolvulus. You have only to get the roots and place them in a long layer along the foot of the fence. Put three or four together. They soon grow up, and the effect is most charming. It also gives shade to the run.

See to your dust-bath again. Do not forget the sulphur, taking care it is secure against leakage, and proof against a heavy thunder-shower.

See to the ventilation of your fowl-house. It is a fact that should not be forgotten that fowls kept in a well-ventilated, comfortable, clean house, with good perches and clean straw in the nests, seldom if ever ail.

Just a word about overcrowding. Much sickness is caused in this way. Neither the fowl-house itself nor the run should be overstocked; if they are your supply of eggs will suffer, and your chickens will neither thrive nor grow.

Diarrhœa may commence this month. It is a complaint that is best tackled in the bud. And at first it is easily managed by changing the food, giving less green food, and mixing bone-meal with their soft food. The great firm of Spratt keep the best bone-meal. You should never be without a tin of it. It is used also for growing chickens.

By the way, we happen to know that Spratt's Patent have a small guide to the fowl-run. It costs, we believe, threepence. It is a most valuable *multum in parvo* to have for ready reference.

When you collect eggs for keeping, put them carefully away in a drawer, setting them among bran, with the small end uppermost. If they are for any special purpose it is best to mark day and date of their arrival on them.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Your loft or house in the garden will now be doubtless very nice. If you have a long flight in front of a garden pigeonry, with perches and everything complete, you can increase the beauty of it, and also give the birds shade, by planting creepers outside. The trailing nasturtiums look very nice; and although they do not come up very early, they will last till November. The common wild convolvulus may also be used as we recommend above for the fowl-run.

Well, inside and out your pigeonry ought now to be perfect. But if you have delayed any repairs set about them without fail immediately. You might make a new flight if you have the money to spare for the wirework. It only costs about sixpence a yard the best, two and a half feet wide. Never mind if the posts look rough, so long as they are useful.

Do not forget gravel to the floor of your aviary. All birds need this, just as all birds and beasts ought to have a daily supply of fresh water.

Attend well to the general comfort of the loft, and see that there is always plenty of food in the hoppers for the morning meal, for your pigeons will breakfast long before you. The young will also need attention lest they be getting starved.

THE AVIARY.—The birds will be busy breeding now. The principal work of the month will be to see that everything goes on regularly, that there is perfect cleanliness of the cages and food-tins, and a daily supply of fresh water placed in clean, well-rinsed fountains. You ought to have a good supply of seed in. Keep it in pickle-jars unless your judgment can suggest anything better and handier.

Have your nursing-cages ready; you may want them, and they are exceedingly handy if you are going in for breeding to any extent. It will now be time to think about mule-breeding; the goldfinch and canary mule is an exceedingly pretty and interesting addition to the aviary.

Two ailments you must look out for this month and next, namely, sweating and egg-bound. The latter usually is caused by weakness in the bird and an overheated condition of the body. But the young are the principal sufferers. You must endeavour, by an arrangement of sticks on the nest, or twigs, to prevent the hen sitting too close down on the birds. Put a few drops of tincture of steel in the drinking-water, or what does as well, a rusty nail. Egg-bound is also the result of weakness. Hens that have not been in good condition when paired, or that have been kept in too warm a room, are more likely to suffer from it than others. The hen at all events fails to lay her egg, and sits long on the nest in a state of great suffering. The usual remedy is to take her gently up, and, after touching the vent with olive-oil, hold her gently over the steam of hot water in a tumbler. Give extra generous diet, and put a tonic in the water.

THE RABBITRY.—We must remind our readers in this branch that the more exercise and fresh air and sunshine rabbits now have the better. They will run in from summer showers. They are very careful over their wool, only see that you have a place for them to run to. Be careful now with your feeding. A little rack should be placed in the hutches, from which they can pull down sweet hay and clover. This is a better plan than letting them have it among their feed. We must learn economy even in the feeding of rabbits. Be most careful to give no wet green food, and do not permit high-bred rabbits to run about in damp grass. The nights will still be cold, and we may have frost. So keep the rabbits comfortable.

We said a word or two in last month's DOINGS about warrens. We feel sure that, under favourable conditions, it would pay to keep rabbits in a semi-wild state. You want mongrel-bred rabbits of any kind, and bucks as big as possible. The best plan is to breed them indoors, and turn them out about ten or twelve weeks old. Of course they will want food in addition to what they pick up.

THE KENNEL.—Continue as before to exercise well, and keep comfortable. The best times for feeding are eight o'clock in the morning, dry biscuit; and five o'clock in the afternoon, steeped biscuit with scraps or gravy.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Rats and mice, white or piebald, make very excellent pets for boys. They will not smell high if they have proper cages and are cleaned out regularly. The rats will eat almost anything. Here is a good hint about mice. Let canary-seed be the staple of their diet, and they will not smell.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Everything will be growing apace, weeds included. Declare war against the weeds, and keep it up until December comes to kill them with its frosts. Continue to sow peas, and now get your French beans in. These make very pretty climbing plants. We like to see them over arches, the white and red together; the flowers are very pretty. Plant greens of all kinds. Earth up potatoes, and get your vegetable marrows put in. These last must have sunlight and plenty of air.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—The main work of the month in both these will consist in planting out, arranging beds and borders for effect with foliage or flowers, and keeping the earth well stirred, and killing weeds. There is time yet to plant nasturtiums, tropæolums, etc. Some of the bright-red tropæolums look charming in baskets.

* * *With our next Monthly Part we hope to publish life-like Portraits, in Colours, of General Gordon and Lord Wolseley.*

E. W. SHENNAN.—The impressions are those of Maunday money—silver pennies, twopennies, threepennies, and fourpennies—given away every year at the Chapel Royal by the Queen's Almoner on Maunday Thursday. The coins are a survival, not an experiment.

A GREAT ADMIRER.—The side of the wicket you bowl from is a matter of taste and style, and it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule. Some men bowl best over the wicket; others can get no break on the ball unless they bowl round.

C. RUSSELL.—1. Soak your paint-brushes in raw linseed oil for twenty-four hours, and rinse them out in hot turpentine; or wash them in hot soda-and-water and soft soap. 2. The reason that the upper part of Somerset House is whiter than the lower, is that the lower part is built of good stone which stands, while the upper is built of stone of an inferior description, though probably from the same quarry, which shales off under the influence of the weather, and so exposes a fresh surface. The same amount of London smoke and dirt settles on both upper and lower parts.

S. W. T.—A letter addressed Mr. Cross, Menagerie, Liverpool; or Mr. Jamrach, Menagerie, St. George's Road, London, E., will procure full particulars as to monkeys for sale.

G. W. M. and C.—Your chance of success there would assuredly be no worse than here, but you would not have so good a base to fall back on in the event of failure. Do not, however, fall into the usual mistake of supposing that America means New York, and that the cost of getting to the Western States, where labour is fairly plentiful, is the same as that of crossing the Atlantic. America is a large place, and to reach likely ground you will require at least five times the amount of your fare across the herring-pond.

P. O. B.—Quite a mistake. So far from the American States being equivalent to our counties, they are each equal to our country. Each of the States is divided into counties, and it is these counties that answer to ours. It is much the same, in fact, as if England, Scotland, and Ireland formed the United States of Great Britain.

PARSON, BOSHER, AND CO.—The monthly parts are obtainable, but the special Christmas parts are out of print.

FIDELIS and Others.—The competitions are open to all *bonâ-fide* readers.

J. L.—The design for the fretwork cover of the "Boy's Own Annual" can be enlarged by means of the pantagraph, described in the fifth volume.

H. G.—Letters on such subjects should contain full name and address. We are obliged for the offer, but our arrangements are made for some time to come.

G. FAULKS.—Nearly all good booksellers have a copy of "Josephus" in stock. There is a five-shilling edition published by Nimmo. Ward, Lock, and Co. have also recently issued an edition.

A WORKING LAD.—Impossible! We cannot fill our columns with copies of examination-papers, no matter how interesting they may be to a certain section of our readers. If you want the papers, get them from the Queen's Printers, dig them out of Blue Books, or consult some manual in which they are included—and answered.

E. J. BRAY.—The tiles must be laid in cement, but it matters very little if the cement has a stone backing, and it would be hardly worth while to remove it. Try them with the stone in place, and if that does not do you can remove it.

HERON.—Order the volume through a local bookseller, and the carriage will cost you nothing.

EDVARDUS.—1. The author of "The Crew of the Nancy Brig," and "The Bos'un Tight and the Midshipmite," etc., is Mr. W. S. Gilbert. You will find it in the "Bab Ballads." 2. Ireland's heraldic colour is blue, not green See our article on the National Arms in the third volume.

S. Y. V.—The White Cloud Mountain is at Canton. It is the Chinese holy of holies, whither the dead bodies are sent from all parts of the world. Frequently fifteen hundred corpses will arrive there in one day. The steamboat company charges forty dollars for the passage of a live Chinaman, and one hundred and sixty dollars for a dead one.

D. C. T.—Average, in a commercial sense, means damage at sea to ship or cargo. Particular average is payable by the underwriters for partial loss, against which insurance has been made; and general average is payable by the owner for goods lost or destroyed in ensuring the safety of the ship. Average accustomed is the charge for pilots, lights, etc.

J. DAVIDSON, and TRY.—1. You must make the choice for yourself. We know nothing for or against the association you inquire about. Many men fail in the colonies; but, then, many fail by moving into the next street! 2. The Civil Service is over-crowded now, and will be more so in the future. The only Government employments in which the supply will never exceed the demand are soldiering and sailoring.

B. REECE.—The best plan to adopt would be to watch the advertisements in the "Exchange and Mart," and have the dog sent on approval.

FARMER JACK.—1. The presentation plates are bound up in the volumes as sold by us. 2. The home manufacture of fireworks is now illegal. You can buy fireworks; you must not make them.

G. W. LACEY.—For the papers on Ventriloquism see the first and second volumes.

YORKSHIRE NEWSMONGER.—1. You will have to become a student on the Marlborough, and your best plan would be to apply for particulars direct to the Admiralty. 2. A good set of photographic apparatus, instantaneous, can be obtained for a couple of guineas. Apply to any of the camera-sellers.

T. FISHER.—The legend of the olive is that Neptune and Minerva both wished to found a city where Athens now stands. The dispute was referred to Jupiter, who decided that the privilege should be granted to whichever of the appellants should bestow the most useful gift on the future inhabitants of the city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and up sprang a war-horse; Minerva then called up the olive-tree. Verdict for Minerva: olive-tree to be henceforth badge of Athenians.

I. L. X.—1. Morocco leather is made from goatskins. 2. The Exmouth training-ship is at Gray's Thurrock. The office is at 37, Norfolk Street, Strand. 3 The "family name" of Hawkeye was Bumppo—Natty Bumppo. He also appears in "The Pathfinder" as the Leatherstocking, in "The Prairie" as the Trapper, and in "The Deerslayer."

NAPOLEON can get Chapman's "All about Ships" from any nautical bookseller; and Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" from Messrs. Warne and Co. The idea of choosing a "smooth month" to start a sea life in is likely to lead to disappointment. Boys are apprenticed to firms, not to particular ships. A knowledge of geometry is essential.

C. H. WEARING.—The fossil is a piece of the Silurian chain coral (*Halysites catenularius*). The pattern is due to your having obtained a horizontal section. Break a piece off at right angles, and you will see the true position of the septa.

A WORKING BOY.—You have got the diaphragm in the wrong position. Shift it until you find the disk free from cloud. With disk, diaphragm, and lens, clearness is only a matter of distance, providing your light is strong enough.

HORNS.—Tripoli is polishing-powder. Try at a tool-shop if the oilmen fail.

A. S. PARR.—If you have read the paper for three years you can refer back and read the article on tattooing in last volume. You will there find that you cannot remove the marks you have so foolishly disfigured yourself with.

FLYING.—England has the fastest trains in the world, and their rates and distances you can ascertain for yourself from an ordinary railway guide.

C. H. MARTIN.—1. The frost on Christmas cards is obtained by dusting powdered glass on to a coat of half-dry gum. 2. Try a wash of carmine, or perhaps burnt sienna.

W. C. S.—1. To stop a small leakage in a model, use gold-size putty, made by mixing up whiting, white-lead, and gold-size. 2. The best paint for boilers is red-lead.

F. T. SISSONS.—You should never send riddles to magazines without their answers. How can their quality be judged until they are complete? Wait half a dozen years and then try.

RAY FORD.—The only way we can suggest for you to find out where your friend is buried is for you to advertise in the London morning papers.

STAR OF THE SOUTH.—The Australasian Colonies offer the best opening for men with definite trades.

S. SMITH.—1. Extract of meat is made by chopping very small a pound and a quarter of lean meat recently killed and heating up gradually till it boils in a gallon of water, then letting it simmer for a few minutes, and straining it through a hair sieve while still hot, and then evaporating it to a soft mass. 2. The simplest way of fireproofing wood is to dry it thoroughly, and then give it a coat of limewash. 3. Yes, there are such things as fireproof paper and fireproof ink.

N. N.—1. Probably too small for a Gazetteer. Newnham Murren is on the left bank of the Thames, near Wallingford Bridge, about twenty-two miles from Oxford. 2. Achromatic objectives are cemented together with Canada balsam. 3. Impossible; no ship is allowed above Blackwall with more than twenty-five pounds of powder on board.

JOHN.—You will find all about Joe Gargery and his "meantersay" in "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens.

ENTHUSIAST.—The polish on tool handles is either hard varnish or friction polish put on in the lathe.

TWELVE MONTHS' SUBSCRIBER.—Beeswax is made by bees, not by men, and you buy it at an oilshop.

HONEST LIVING.—One of the Civil Service guides, obtainable at most booksellers', will give you the information in detail.

E. N. L.—1. There are several substances besides water that are lighter in their solid than in their liquid state. Tin, for instance, will rise through liquid tin; zinc will float on liquid zinc; bismuth will float on liquid bismuth; and copper and iron also show a slight difference. 2. Aluminium bronze was discovered by Dr. Percy, and consists of ninety parts of copper and ten of aluminium It is used for imitation gold pencils and the working parts of machinery, for which it is equal to the best steel.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 329.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

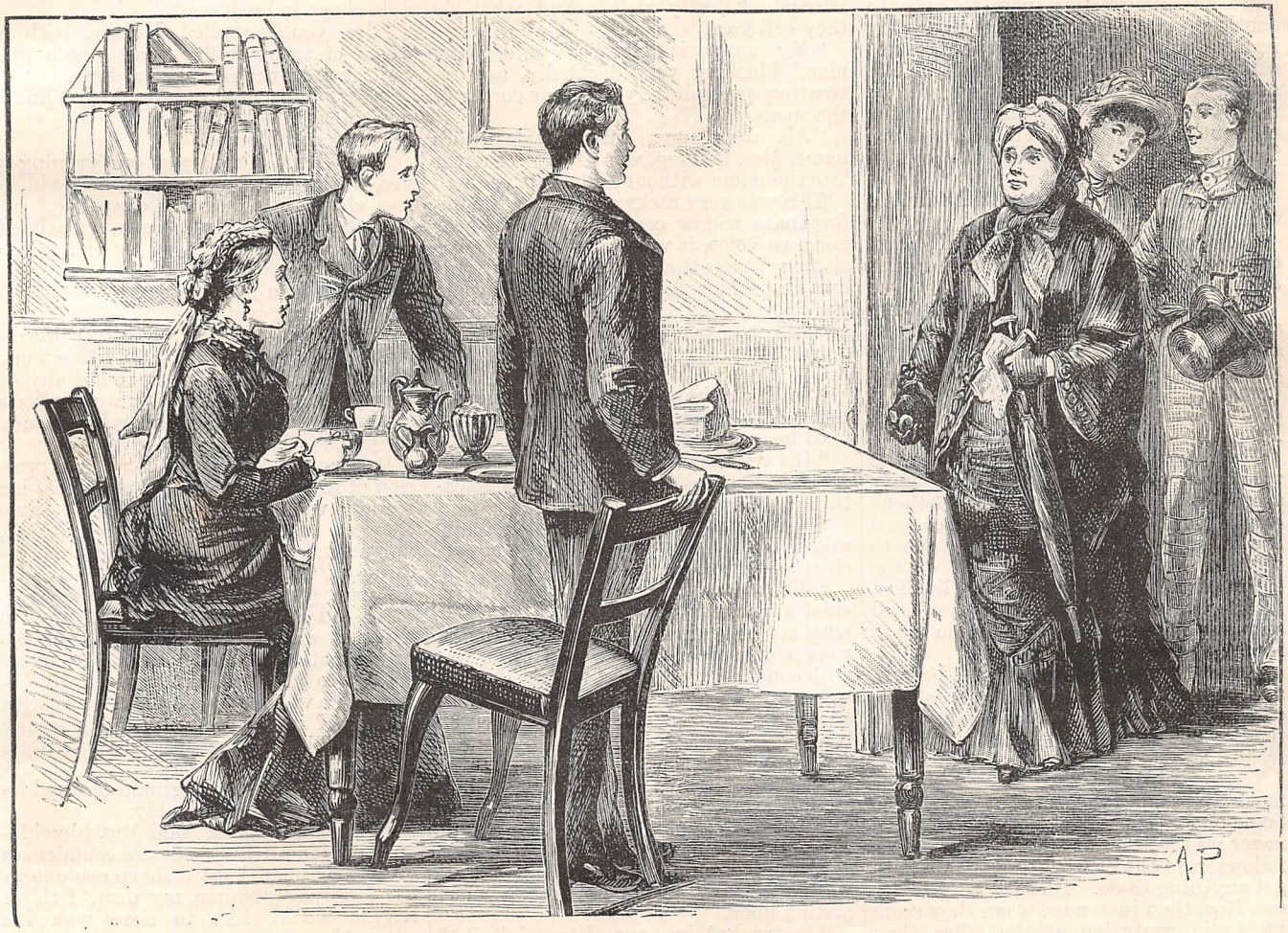
By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—THE CRUDENS AT HOME.

If anything could have made up to the two boys for the hardships and miseries of the day it was the sight of their mother's bright face as she awaited them that evening at the door of No. 6, Dull Street. If the day had been a sad and lonely one for Mrs. Cruden, she was not the woman to betray the secret to her sons; and, indeed, the happiness of seeing them back was enough to drive away all other care for the time being.

Shabby as the lodgings were, and lack-



Mrs. Captain Shuckleford.

ing in all the comforts and luxuries of former days, the little family felt that evening, as they gathered round the tea-table and unburdened their hearts to one another, more of the true meaning of the word "home" than they had ever done before.

"Now, dear boys," said Mrs. Cruden, when the meal was over, and they drew their chairs to the open window, "I'm longing to hear your day's adventures. How did you get on? Was it as bad as you expected?"

"It wasn't particularly jolly," said Reginald, shrugging his shoulders—"nothing like Wilderham, was it, Horrors?"

"Well, it was a different sort of fun, certainly," said Horace. "You see, mother, our education has been rather neglected in some things, so we didn't get on as well as we might have done."

"Do you mean in the literary work?" said Mrs. Cruden. "I'm quite sure you'll get into it with a little practice."

"But it's not the literary work, unluckily," said Reginald.

"Ah! you mean clerk's work. You aren't as quick at figures, perhaps, as you might be?"

"That's not exactly it," said Horace. "The fact is, mother, we're neither in the literary nor the clerical department. I'm a printer's devil!"

"Oh, Horace! what *do* you mean?" said the horrified mother.

"Oh, I'm most innocently employed. I run messages; I fetch and carry for a gentleman called Durfy. He gives me some parliamentary news to carry to one place, and some police news to carry to another place — and, by-the-way, they read very much alike—and when I'm not running backwards or forwards I have to sit on a stool and watch him, and be ready to jump up and wag my tail the moment he whistles. It's a fact, mother! Think of getting eighteen shillings a week for that! It's a fraud!"

Mrs. Cruden could hardly tell whether to laugh or cry.

"My poor boy!' she murmured; then, turning to Reginald, she said, "And what do you do, Reg?"

"Oh, I sweep rooms," said Reg, solemnly; "but they've got such a shocking bad broom there that I can't make it act. If you could give me a new broom-head, mother, and put me up to a dodge or two about working out corners, I might rise in my profession!"

There was a tell-tale quaver in the speaker's voice which made this jaunty speech a very sad one to the mother's ears. It was all she could do to conceal her misery, and when Horace came to the rescue with a racy account of the day's proceedings, told in his liveliest manner, she was glad to turn her head and hide from her boys the trouble in her face.

However, she soon recovered herself, and by the time Horace's story was done she was ready to join her smiles with those which the history had drawn even from Reginald's serious countenance.

"After all," said she, presently, "we must be thankful for what we have. Some one was saying the other day there never was a time when so many young fellows were out of work and thankful to get anything to do. And it's very likely too, Reg, that just now, when they seem rather in confusion at the office, they really haven't time to see about what your regular work is to be. Wait a little, and they're sure to find out your value."

"They seem to have done that already as far as sweeping is concerned. The manager said I didn't know how to hold a broom. I was quite offended," said Reginald.

"You are a dear brave pair of boys!" said the mother, warmly; "and I am prouder of you in your humble work than if you were kings!"

"Hullo," said Horace, "there's some one coming up our stairs!"

Sure enough there was, and more than one person, as it happened. There was a knock at the door, followed straightway by the entrance of an elderly lady, accompanied by a young lady and a young gentleman, who sailed into the room, much to the amazement and consternation of its occupants.

"Mrs. Cruden, I believe?" said the elderly lady, in her politest tones.

"Yes," replied the owner of that name.

"Let me hintroduce myself—Mrs. Captain Shuckleford, my son and daughter—neighbours of yours, Mrs. Cruden, and wishing to be friendly. We're sorry to hear of your trouble; very trying it is. My 'usband, Mrs. Cruden, has gone too."

"Pray take a seat," said Mrs. Cruden. "Reg, will you put chairs?"

Reg obeyed, with a groan.

"These are your boys, are they?" said the visitor, eyeing the youths. "Will you come and shake 'ands with me, Reggie? What a dear good-looking boy he is, Mrs. Cruden! And 'ow do you do, too, my man?" said she, addressing Horace. "Pretty well? And what do they call you?"

"My name is Horace," said "my man," blushing very decidedly, and retreating precipitately to a far corner of the room.

"Ah, dear me! And my 'usband's name, Mrs. Cruden, was 'Oward. I never 'ear the name without affliction."

This was very awkward, for as the unfortunate widow could not fail to hear her own voice, it was necessary for consistency's sake that she should show some emotion, which she proceeded to do, when her daughter hurriedly interposed in an audible whisper, "Ma, don't make a goose of yourself! Behave yourself, do!"

"So I am be'aving myself, Jemima," replied the outraged parent, "and I don't need lessons from you."

"It's very kind of you to call in," said Mrs. Cruden, feeling it time to say something; "do you live near here?"

"We live next door, at number four," said Miss Jemima; "put that handkerchief away, ma."

"What next, I wonder, if my 'andkerchief's not my hown, I'd like to know what is? Yes, Mrs. Cruden. We heard you were coming, and we wish to treat you with consideration, knowing your circumstances. It's all one gentlefolk can do to another. Yes, and I 'ope the boys will be good friends. Sam, talk to the boys."

Sam needed no such maternal encouragement, as it happened, and had already swaggered up to Horace with a familiar air.

"Jolly weather, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Horace, looking round wildly for any avenue of escape, but finding none.

"Pretty hot in your shop, ain't it?" said the lawyer's clerk.

"Yes," again said Horace, with a peculiar tingling sensation in his toes which his visitor little dreamed of.

Horace was not naturally a short-tempered youth, but there was something in the tone of this self-satisfied lawyer's clerk which raised his dander.

"Not much of a berth, is it?" pursued the catechist.

"No," said Horace.

"Not a very chirrupy screw, so I'm told—eh?"

This was rather too much. Either Horace must escape by flight, which would be ignominious, or he must knock his visitor down, which would be rude, or he must grin and bear it. The middle course was what he most inclined to, but failing that he decided on the latter.

So he shook his head and waited patiently for the next question.

"What do you do, eh? dirty work, ain't it?"

"Yes, isn't yours?" said Horace in a tone that rather surprised the limb of the law.

"Mine! No. What makes you ask that?" he inquired.

"Only because I thought I'd like to know," said Horace, artlessly.

Mr. Shuckleford looked perplexed. He didn't understand exactly what Horace meant, and yet, whatever it was, it put him off the thread of his discourse for a time. So he changed the subject.

"I once thought of going into business myself," he said; "but they seemed to think I'd do better at the law. Same time, don't think I've a nailor on business chaps. I know one or two very respectable chaps in business."

"Do you?" replied Horace, with a touch of satire in his voice which was quite lost on the complacent Sam.

"Yes. Why in our club—do you know our club?"

"No," said Horace.

"Oh—I must take you one evening—yes, in our club we've a good many business chaps—well-behaved chaps too."

Horace hardly looked as overwhelmed by this announcement as his visitor expected.

"Would you like to join?"

"No, thank you."

"Eh? you're afraid of being blackballed, I suppose? No fear, I can work it with them. I can walk round any of them, I let you know; they wouldn't do it, specially when they knew I'd a fancy for you, my boy."

If Horace was grateful for this expression of favour, he managed to conceal his feelings wonderfully well. At the same time he had sense enough to see that, vulgar and conceited as Samuel Shuckleford was, he meant to be friendly, and inwardly gave him credit accordingly.

He did his best to be civil, and to listen to all the bumptious talk of his visitor patiently, and Sam rattled away greatly to his own satisfaction, fully believing he was impressing his hearer with a sense of his importance, and cheering his heart by the promise of his favours and protection.

With the unlucky Reginald meanwhile it fared far less comfortably.

"Jemima, my dear," said Mrs. Shuckleford, who in all her domestic confidences to Mrs. Cruden kept a sharp eye out on her family—"Jemima, my dear, I think Reggie would like to show you his album!"

An electric shock could not have

startled and confused our hero more. It was bad enough to hear himself called "Reggie," but that was nothing to the assumption that he was pining to make himself agreeable to Miss Jemima—he to whom any lady except his mother was a cause of trepidation, and to whom a female like Miss Jemima was nothing short of an ogress!

"I've not got an album," he gasped, with an appealing look towards his mother.

But before Mrs. Cruden could interpose to rescue him, the ladylike Miss Jemima, who had already regarded the good-looking shy youth with approval, entered the lists on her own account, and moving her chair a trifle in his direction, said, in a confidential whisper,

"Ma thinks we're not a very sociable couple, that's what it is."

A couple! He and Jemima a couple! Reginald was ready to faint, and looked towards the open window as if he meditated a headlong escape that way. As to any other way of escape, that was impossible, for he was fairly cornered between the enemy and the wall, and unless he were to cut his way through the one or the other he must sit where he was.

"I hope you don't mind talking to me, Mr. Reggie," continued the young lady, when Reginald gave no symptom of having heard the last observation. "We shall have to be friends, you know, now we are neighbours. So you haven't got an album?"

This abrupt question drove poor Reginald still further into the corner. What business was it of hers whether he had got an album or not? What right had she to pester him with questions like that in his own house? In fact, what right had she and her mother and her brother to come there at all? Those were the thoughts that passed through his mind, and as they did so indignation got the better of good manners and everything else.

"Find out," he said.

He could have bitten his tongue off the moment he had spoken. For Reginald was a gentleman, and the sound of these rude words in his own voice startled him into a sense of shame and confusion tenfold worse than any Miss Shuckleford had succeeded in producing.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped, hurriedly. "I—I didn't mean to be rude."

Now was the hour of Miss Jemima's triumph. She had the unhappy youth at her mercy, and she took full advantage of her power. She forgave him, and made him sit and listen to her and answer her questions for as long as she chose; and if ever he showed signs of mutiny, the slightest hint, such as "You'll be telling me to mind my own business again," was enough to reduce him to instant subjection.

It was a bad quarter of an hour for Reginald, and the climax arrived when presently Mrs. Shuckleford looked towards them and said across the room,

"Now I wonder what you two young people are talking about in that snug corner. Oh, never mind, if it's secrets! Nice it is, Mrs. Cruden, to see young people such good friends so soon. We must be going now, children," she added. "We shall soon see our friends in our own 'ouse, I 'ope."

A tender leave-taking ensued. For a while, as the retreating footsteps of the visitors gradually died away on the stairs, the little family stood motionless, as though the slightest sound might recall them. But when at last the street door slammed below, Reginald flung himself into a chair and groaned.

"Mother, we can't stay here. We must leave to-morrow!"

Horace could not help laughing.

"Why, Reg," he said, "you seemed to be enjoying yourself no end."

"Shut up, Horace, it's nothing to laugh about."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Cruden, "you think far more about it than you need. After all they seem kindly disposed persons, and I don't think we should be unfriendly."

"That's all very well," said Reg, "if there was no Jemima in the question."

"I should say it's all very well," said Horace, "if there was no Sam in the question; though I dare say he means to be friendly. But didn't you and Jemima hit it, then, Reg? I quite thought you did."

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" repeated Reg, this time half angrily. "I don't see, mother," he added, "however poor we are, we are called on to associate with a lot like that."

"They have not polished manners, certainly," said Mrs. Cruden; "but I do think they are good-natured, and that's a great thing."

"I should think so," said Horace. "What do you think? Samuel wants to propose me for his club, which seems to be a very select affair."

"All I know is," said Reginald, "nothing will induce me to go into their house. It may be rude, but I'm certain I'd be still more rude if I did go."

"Well," said Horace, "I vote we take a walk as it's a fine evening. I feel a trifle warm after it all. What do you say?"

They said yes, and in the empty streets that evening the mother and her two sons walked happy in one another's company, and trying each in his or her own way to gain courage for the days of trial that were to follow.

The brothers had a short consultation that night as they went to bed, *not* on the subject of their next-door neighbours.

"Horrors," said Reg; "what's to be done about the 'Rocket'? I can't stop there."

"It's awful," said Horace; "but what else can we do? If we cut it there's mother left a beggar."

"Couldn't we get into something else?"

"What? Who'd take us? There are thousands of fellows wanting work as it is."

"But surely we're better than most of them. We're gentlemen and well educated."

"So much the worse, it seems," said Horace. "What good is it to us when we're put to sweep rooms and carry messages?"

"Do you mean to say you intend to stick to that sort of thing all your life?" asked Reg.

"Till I can find anything better," said Horace. "After all, old man, it's honest work, and not very fagging, and it's eighteen shillings a week."

"Anyhow, I think we might let Richmond know what a nice berth he's let us in for. Why, his office boy's better off.

"Yes, and if we knew as much about book-keeping and agreement stamps and copying presses as his office boy does we might be as well off. What's the good of knowing how many ships fought at Salamis when we don't even know how many ounces you can send by post for twopence? At least I don't. Good night, old man."

And Horace, really scarcely less miserable at heart than his brother, buried his nose in the Dull Street pillow and tried to go to sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLD FISH.

By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Fields, as the two pedagogues left Chesterton House, "I am naturally anxious to hear the result of your interview."

"Oh, I could get nothing out of the old lady—absolutely nothing. Charity must make allowances for her eccentricities, I suppose; but either you are a deep-dyed villain, Fields, or your accuser has a bee in her bonnet. I suppose you prefer to accept the latter alternative?"

"Well, I certainly don't like the notion of the former. But it would be satisfactory to clear up the matter. Suppose we examine Aston?"

"Ah, we might possibly get something definite out of him. Bring him to my study after school."

The masters now set themselves to make up for lost time, trudging briskly through the fragrant meadows and shady lanes.

Afternoon school passed away, and Edwin Aston was invited by Mr. Fields to accompany him on a visit to the head master's study. Such an invitation was not altogether agreeable, but it admitted no refusal. Edwin was alarmed indeed, and as he stood in that august presence-chamber he fidgeted nervously, and looked at the carpet and then from one to the other of his preceptors, wondering what particular scrape could necessitate

such an interview. His apprehensions were, however, partially allayed by the kind and cheerful way in which his examination proceeded.

"Look here, my boy," began the Doctor, laying his massive hand affectionately upon Aston's shoulder, and feeling his way confidently into the boy's heart by a peculiar pressure. "I received a letter from your aunt this morning, in which she says something about Mr. Fields encouraging dishonesty among the boys. Can you tell me anything about it? Try and think now."

Edwin stood open-mouthed, and tried to think—at all times a difficult matter to a boy. But no words gave substance to his thoughts. He was dumb with astonishment.

"Have you been saying anything," continued the Doctor, "which could make your aunt imagine such a thing as Mr. Fields cheating? Don't be afraid to speak out. I don't want to frighten you. Come, say something, my boy."

"No, sir, I don't remember saying anything."

"What did you talk about with your aunt at tea last evening?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"Oh, you must try to remember. Didn't you say something about your work—history, or Latin and Greek?"

"Yes, sir, I remember now. I asked her to lend me a volume of Alison's 'History of Europe' to read about Napoleon in Russia."

"Very good. Well, what then?"

"She said I might take it from the library."

"Well, all right; and what about the Latin and Greek?"

"I don't think I said anything, sir—at least, I think I said something, sir, about the fables—but I don't remember what it was."

"Did you mention Mr. Fields' name at all? Were you thinking about him?"

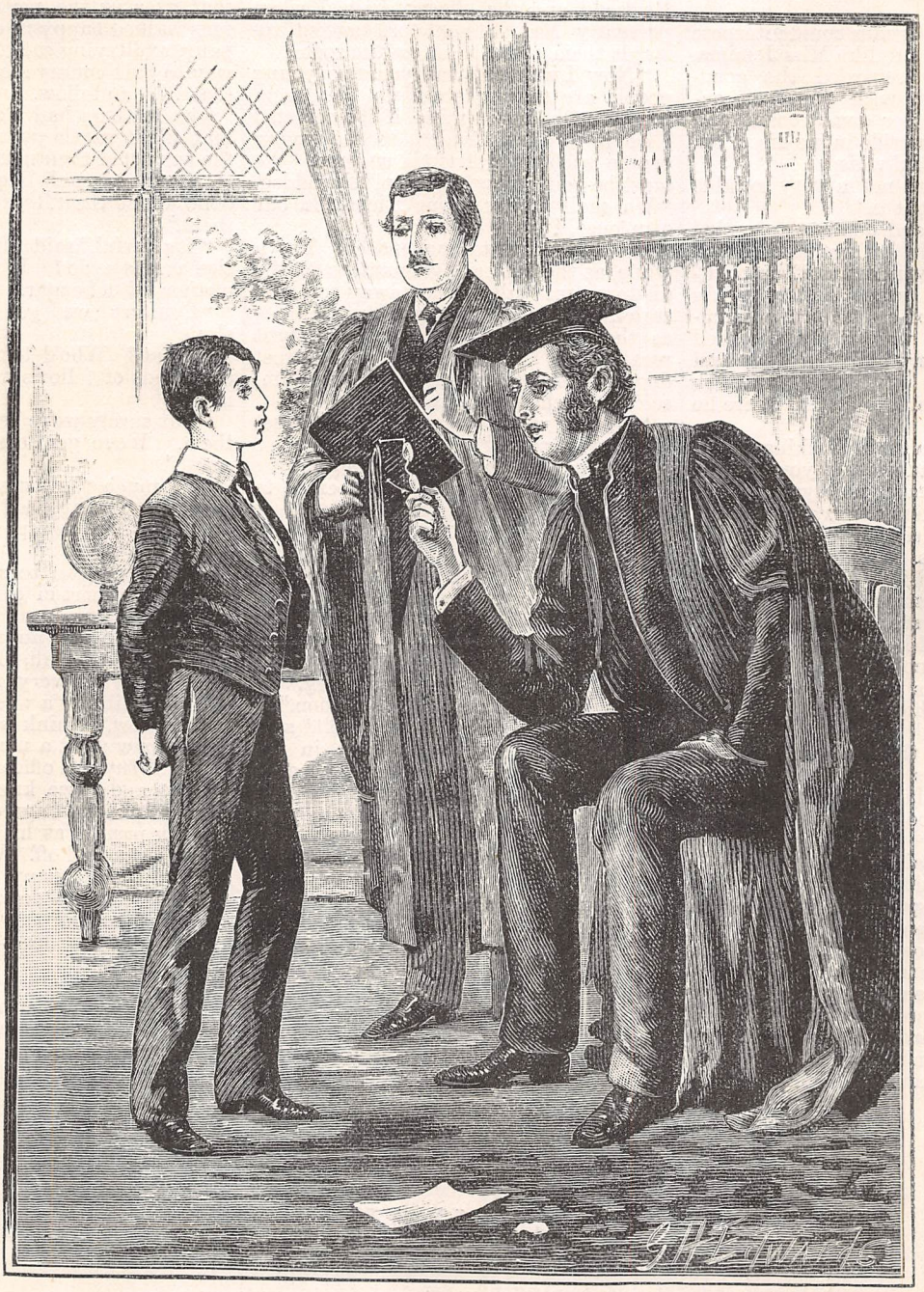
"I don't think I was, sir. I may have been, but I don't think it's likely. I don't often think much about him."

"Oh," said the Doctor, "I'm sorry to hear that. But could you possibly have said anything about his acting unfairly or allowing you to work dishonestly?"

"No, sir; I'm perfectly certain I never said such a thing, sir. Of course I couldn't."

"No, my boy, I never for a moment supposed you could. But have you no idea what your aunt means? Look here, read what she says."

Edwin read. His fears had all fled, and he was able to understand what was written.



"Oh, you must try to remember."

"I don't know what she means at all, sir. I don't think it's fair of her to write like that. I'm sure Mr. Fields is a jolly —I mean—I shouldn't have thought my aunt could have been such a sn—could have written such a letter, sir."

"I understand you, boy. And you can't tell me anything more about it? You're quite sure?"

"Quite certain, sir. I don't know what she means at all."

"Well, that will do; you may go. Good evening."

Edwin went off as fast as he could; relieved at escaping unscathed from such a perilous interview. He hurried home, determined to ask his aunt what she meant by writing such a letter to the Doctor.

He threw down his books with a bang and bounced into the dining-room, where he was surprised to find his aunt already seated at the tea-table.

She bade him go quietly upstairs and make himself tidy.

When he returned she said, "Edwin, you are later than usual this evening."

"Yes, aunt; I had a jaw from the Doctor."

"A what? Edwin, I don't understand you."

"A *jaw*, aunt!"

"What do you mean by a 'jaw,' Edwin?"

"Oh, I don't know; there's no other word for it. He had me into his study and blew me up about your writing to him that Mr. Fields cheated."

Edwin spoke with a flush on his cheek and a flash in his eye, betokening proud indignation.

"After our conversation last evening, Edwin, I could not do otherwise than acquaint Dr. Porchester with what you said."

"What I said, aunt? I never said anything; I'm sure I didn't!"

"Stop, Edwin! Never be hasty in your statements. Let me recall to your memory what seems to have escaped it. You were talking about your classical fables, and you distinctly spoke of Mr. Fields acknowledging that the boys cribbed and cheated."

"What a horrid cram, aunt!—I mean, I'm certain I never said such a thing!"

"Edwin, I am astonished at you! I cannot express the pain your words and behaviour cause me."

Poor Edwin! he could not analyse the conflicting emotions which filled his heart, but his pride was sorely wounded.

He blushed and stammered, and a rush of tears burst from his eyes as he choked out in broken syllables, "It's a horrid shame, aunt! I remember now using the words 'crib' and 'cheat,' but I know I never said we cheated. I couldn't believe you were such a sneak!"

The aunt was moved at the sight of her nephew's evident distress: she had never seen him cry before. She might have added further fuel to his disquietude by rebuking his unseemly language, but she thought it discreet to refrain; and, laying her hand gently on his arm, she only said, "Edwin, you must calm yourself. Let us say no more upon the subject now. Finish your tea, my dear."

Tea was diluted by tears, and ended uncomfortably for both without further conversation.

* * * *

In the early hours of the following morning, when Miss Davis awoke from sleep, she employed the time in meditating how best to solve the mystery of the carp's disappearance. The conclusion to which she arrived was that, since Edwin had not chosen to volunteer any information upon the subject, duty demanded that she should not let the day pass without questioning him upon it. Whenever duty's demands were plain Miss Davis never hesitated to obey them. And the more unpleasant the operation, the sooner was she anxious to get it over. Therefore she would ask him at breakfast.

That meal had not proceeded far before Miss Davis opened the attack.

"Edwin, I noticed with surprise last evening that the gold fish was not in the pond. Is it possible that you could have disobeyed my orders and caught it? Stay, do not reply till I have finished. However terrible may be the consequences of telling the truth"—("Would the old lady give me a whacking?" thought Edwin)—"I feel certain that you cannot tell me a falsehood."

Edwin grew very red and uncomfortable, and answered, "I didn't catch it, aunt, because you told me not to."

"I am very glad indeed to hear that," said his aunt. "Did your friend Harry Dawson catch it?"

"I'm not a sneak, aunt; but I'm sure he didn't." Edwin mentally added, "He was such an ass he couldn't hold the slippery thing!"

"Well, it is an extraordinary matter. I must ask the gardener. Do you think, Edwin, it could have been the boy who comes in to weed the garden? Did you see him anywhere near the fountain while I was out?"

"I told you I am not a sneak, aunt; but I didn't see him anywhere about all the afternoon."

* * * *

The following Saturday would be Edwin's birthday. He had been long looking forward to the occasion with glad anticipations. His aunt always made the anniversary as happy for him as she could. She let him invite any of his friends at Highfield to spend the afternoon, and she meant this time to invite some youthful members of the fair sex to meet them.

The privilege of asking his friends was much valued by Edwin. It was a potent engine with which he wrought for himself no small advantage in social politics. Boys at preparatory schools (for whom these Highfield stories are specially intended) enjoy being asked out for an "exeat" beyond everything. Afterwards when they pass on to a public school and become "men" by one gigantic leap, and develop perhaps into "mashers," they are apt to take a different view of such pleasures. It is wonderful how the climate of some public schools assists this sudden development of manhood. Like as tadpoles suddenly find themselves frogs, so do boys suddenly find themselves men. Little Tommy Tucker leaves his preparatory school at the end of a term, and enters his public school after the holidays, and has not been there a week before he writes to his bosom friend Hop-o-my-thumb: "I like Winchester awfully. We have jolly fun. Last remedy I and another man went a long walk, and had no end of grub."

Edwin was very particular about the boys whom he should favour with a birthday invitation. You may be sure that every one who thought he had a ghost of a chance did his utmost to secure the treat. For weeks beforehand Edwin was courted with marked deference by many a companion who at other times gave no special heed to make himself agreeable. The great Dumpling, for example, would come up to him patronisingly in the playground, and lay his great fat hand round Edwin's neck, and smear and crumple his clean Eton collar with greasy dirty fingers, and say,

"Aston, you're a jolly fellow. I like you awfully. Come on. I'll give you a cake from Punchey's basket."

Buffles and Guzzling Jim too would "suck up" to him with cringing pertinacity. By varied methods, equally obvious in their intention, many a companion competed vigorously for the longed-for favour.

But Edwin received their overtures with scornful contempt, and set his face like a heathen idol against all such undisguised demonstrations of cupboard love. His genuine friends, of course, made no difference in their behaviour, and reposed secure in the assurance of an invitation. The list of favoured guests was known beforehand only to the happy initiated. And this time three boys were basking in the delightful prospect of the next Saturday afternoon. These were Harry Dawson, Dickey Stephenson—his brother had left or he too would certainly have been asked—and who was the third? None other than our old friend Hercules!

Yes, Hercules, the hero of that escapade with the donkey Cacus which has rendered Highfield House School famous all the world over. It is no presumption to assert that the fame of that celebrated episode has spread in all the four quarters of the globe! The Boy's Own Paper is not read in a corner! It is nothing for the author to be proud of. Virgil draws such a picture of Fame as should make few persons anxious to have much to do with her.

He describes her as a monster hideous and huge, swift-footed, many-tongued, all-seeing, growing as she runs, rearing her gigantic form from earth to heaven, terrifying cities, shrieking in the darkness, never closing her eyes in sleep! Ugh! we should not like to have much to do with her, boys!

The wished-for day at last arrived, and a glorious summer day it was, without a cloud upon the sunny skies. But such an occasion deserves another chapter.

(To be continued.)

The Temptation of To-day.

Canon Liddon writes:—There is no temptation to be ashamed of Christ when all the world around is at any rate professing Him; but the temptation was formidable when His Church was young. Wonderful it is how, in those first ages of the faith, men and women, boys and girls, joyfully accepted a painful death rather than be disloyal to their Saviour. It was otherwise when the Church had conquered society; then, during long ages, however much Christians might differ from one another, none would have been ashamed to own the name of Christ. This, however, can now be no longer said; throughout Christendom there is a section who reject the name of Christ, not only in practice, but professedly, and this change clearly imposes upon us the duty of confessing Christ before men more explicitly than when none openly rejected Him. Ashamed of Jesus Christ! What a perversion of the emotion of shame!

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—(*continued.*)

Few persons could imagine the rage of Abrazoff.

"What!" he cried, "does anybody dare to cast such a slur on my name as to suppose me guilty of conduct requiring police investigation? If any such person exists I hurl the imputation back in his teeth. I brand each and every such accuser as a liar, unworthy of the notice of a gentleman, and if he be of noble rank I demand the satisfaction which one gentleman demands of another."

"Mr. Abrazoff," exclaimed Count Schaafstadt, "we are assembled here to-night in peace. We have invited you as a member of the circle of the nobility of Moscow to ask you whether you will satisfy us on certain grave points of conduct imputed to you. If you decline to have the matter looked into by us the law shall take its course and your arrest shall follow—to our extreme regret, because we, being Russian nobles, are unwilling to have the disgrace cast on our order which this conduct implies. With your permission, Mr. Brandt, in whose hands the legal points have been entrusted, will explain the circumstances under which we have invited you to this house to-day."

Livid with rage, Abrazoff snarled,

"Let the fellow read the farrago you have concocted."

Without noticing the insult, the count begged Brandt to read, which he did to the following effect:

"Alexander Sergevitch Abrazoff had two sons, Ivan and Nicolai. Ivan was ten years older than Nicolai, and was heir to a large property left solely to him by his grandfather, subject to certain conditions to be decided upon by the father. Serge married a young lady without fortune whom he met at a ball at St. Petersburg."

"It is false!" shouted Abrazoff; "she was a mere peasant. Of that I have proofs."

"Let me beg you," said Kakaroff, "not to abuse our kindness in laying the whole of the case before you for your guidance; and with regard to the birth of the lady in question, I may inform you that she was first cousin to my wife."

"A conspiracy!" hissed Abrazoff between his teeth.

"Will you allow Mr. Brandt to continue, or do you prefer arrest at once?" inquired Kakaroff.

Abrazoff flung himself back in the chair, and Brandt went on.

"When the father heard from the younger son that Ivan had married without consulting him he formally disinherited the elder and settled every acre of land and every kopek of money on the younger."

"So far that's true," growled Abrazoff.

"The elder son, as a chivalric young fellow, had chosen the military profession, and had joined the Preabojenski regiment of Guards, and was the chosen friend and companion of the famous Skobeleff. Now the 'White General,' as Skobeleff was called, was greatly interested in the private affairs of his officers, and was touched by the tale which he heard from Abrazoff of the manner in which he had been supplanted in his father's love by the younger brother, and taking advantage of a chance meeting with the old gentleman, completely satisfied him as to the perfect respectability of his son's wife, who in her noble devotion had prepared to follow her husband to the field. The father executed a legal revocation of the first will, and signed a new one, which was witnessed by Skobeleff himself."

"It is false—all false!" now fairly shrieked Abrazoff.

"Unfortunately for that statement," said Brandt, "we have the document."

"Will you oblige me by letting me see it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

Brandt here unlocked the portfolio and drew out a document, which he began to read, giving all the legal absurdities of phraseology their full swing with extreme relish. Abrazoff listened until Brandt read the words, "Therefore, and upon these and other such-like cogent and fitting grounds, I hereby utterly revoke, recall, and annul my previous will and testament in favour of my younger son Nicolai, and reinstate my eldest son Ivan in all the rights, privileges, and possessions named in my said will hereby revoked, cancelled, and annulled, such possessions being—"

"The whole thing is a forgery! All the letters of my father, all the documents except the will which conferred the estate on me—all other documents perished in the flames when my house at Berozovo was burnt!"

"I beg your pardon," said Tenterton; "I had the good fortune to save all those documents from the fire!"

"You—you contemptible serf! How could you know anything about those papers, when I had hunted for them for years and could not find them?"

"They were," said Tenterton, "in the writing-table in my room, and I took them with me by mistake amongst my own."

"Holy saints!" cried Abrazoff, now thoroughly taken off his guard; "how could we have overlooked that? And so the house was burnt—that is to say, the—accident of the fire brought me no security!"

Brandt looked at Tenterton, who, answering the look with a glance, said, "Yes, I see you are right now, but I should not have thought it possible."

Here Abrazoff lost all control, became fearfully excited, and before he could be prevented flung himself like a wild beast on Brandt. There was a sharp struggle, and the document was wrenched from the lawyer's hand and torn into a thousand fragments!

"Now," he roared, "you may remember that two can play a dangerous game like this!"

Brandt picked himself up from the floor, and, although in as great a rage as Abrazoff, contrived to calm himself, and, addressing Kakaroff, said, "I appeal to your Excellency for protection in the exercise of my functions as legal adviser to the heir of the estates unlawfully held by Nicolai Abrazoff, whom I denounce in your presence as guilty of perjury, arson, and other crimes. With regard to the destruction of the document just now, I need only say that, as it was but a copy, no harm is done. The original papers are in my strong box, quite out of the reach of the criminal whom I, in the presence of these gentlemen, formally denounce."

Kakaroff turned to Tenterton, who had been an amazed spectator of the scene, and requested him to touch the electric bell, asking at the same time Smirnoff's permission to have it done.

"Certainly, only I can ring myself," said Smirnoff.

He accordingly rose from the sofa and rang.

On the approach of the servant, Kakaroff said, "Will you oblige me by allowing this man to go down to the street door and tell the police-sergeant whom he will find there to whistle and bring in aid? Tell him to whistle twice shrilly and once faintly; aid will arrive at once."

A look from Smirnoff was sufficient. The signal whistle was heard repeated as Kakaroff had desired, and in an incredibly short time the heavy tramp of armed men was heard on the staircase.

"Mr. Brandt, will you kindly reduce to writing a report of this meeting so far, with the admissions of the prisoner that he had sought for the documents all over his house at Berozovo with a view to their destruction; that to ensure that end he set fire to his own house at Berozovo; that, under the impression that the paper read by Mr. Brandt, the advocate, was the original will in favour of his elder brother and that brother's child, he committed a savage assault upon the person of Mr. Brandt, the aforesaid advocate, this assault being committed in the house of Mr. Smirnoff, in the presence of the Count Schaafstadt, of General Kakaroff, Mr. Smirnoff aforesaid, and of Edward Tenterton, all and each of whom heard the admissions and confessions aforesaid? It has become incumbent upon the said Smirnoff to denounce the said Abrazoff to the nearest officer of police in his district as a dangerous person, likely to bring discord into the city of Moscow, and to cause trouble amongst the peaceful inhabitants thereof. Further, that the said Abrazoff, by suppressing the fact of the existence in this life of his nephew, Ivan Abrazoff, commonly called Ivan Dobroff, has deprived the said Ivan of his rights, privileges, and possessions arising, accruing, and situate in the government of Riazan. In consequence of these and other such

evil deeds and practices the said Nicolai Abrazoff is hereby denounced as a malefactor and a felon."

When this remarkable production was ready for signature, all those who were present signed it in the order in which they were mentioned, the armed men were admitted, and the prisoner was carried off to the tschast.

As soon as he had been removed the gentlemen who had met on this most important question drew round the table to read the copies of the other documents which Mr. Brandt had provided. There was convincing proof that Abrazoff had placed his nephew with a peasant woman at Berozovo, that the priest of Ozoonovo had given the boy to Smirnoff, calling him Ivan Dobroff, that this Ivan Dobroff was therefore heir to the estates of the Abrazoff family in the Riazan government, subject to charges for the maintenance of the family of the uncle. The proof of the identity of the boy called Ivan Dobroff was very perfect. It seemed that General Zakoffsky had declared to Kakaroff that he had known Madame Abrazoff, who died during the Turkish war; that he had observed the rage and confusion of Nicolai Abrazoff at hearing of the death of Olga Ivanovna, and of the loss of the boy entrusted to her charge.

Here Tenterton interrupted the account of the various charges against Abrazoff by stating that he was in the carriage at the time of the announcement of the death of the old peasant woman, and was perfectly astounded at the rage into which this news had thrown Abrazoff. Tenterton's evidence was also added to the rest, and was thought important as a corroboration. A striking link in this chain of evidence was the resemblance observed by the boys at the railway station between Ivan in his girl's dress and Abrazoff's sister, which was more than an ordinary family likeness.

At this point Smirnoff spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am deeply sensible of your extreme kindness to my adopted child, to whom, as it seems, wealth is about to flow in such profusion as to render the inheritance with which I have endowed him quite superfluous. But where is he? By some extraordinary fate he is taken from me again just as I was beginning to realise the fact of his return. The house was a happy one for a few days only. Mr. Tenterton knows that I had only just completed an arrangement with him for the more careful training of Ivan, when the boy was mysteriously taken from me, and that on the very day on which Mr. Tenterton came to see him for the first time, a week ago. What can have become of him? I trust, General Kakaroff, that you will now permit me to offer a reward. You see my offer last time produced the boy. I must say that I am quite indifferent to the amount of money that I have to pay so long as I only have him back, the more so as at present any sum that I may pay will not affect his future, seeing that he is provided for so amply by his grandfather's will, and the rewards I now offer will not reduce his capital to any very great extent. I am most wretched about the boy, and I shall be only too glad when General Kakaroff sees his way to the publication of the rewards."

"What do you think of offering?"

"Just as much as I offered before; or more if required."

"You must be uncommonly fond of the boy!"

"I am, and you cannot give me a greater pleasure than to find him for me, and to allow the reward to be given to the actual agents in his discovery."

"To-day is Monday. Will you let the matter remain until Wednesday? I have a series of inspections to make all through the north-east districts of Moscow to-morrow, and I shall put the matter before all the officers of the tschast, place the reward before them, and see what the result may be. I should prefer this to a public reward, which would only open the door to his being stolen again as a fruitful source of income to the thieves."

"But that was not the case on the last occasion. He was found by the police, not by the criminals whom you suspect of taking him."

"That is quite true, but I am not at all sure that the large reward which you then offered may not have influenced this second attempt. Certainly the student Palitzki did not steal him for gain, nor did Anniesie conceal him with a view to the reward; but hosts of thieves heard of the amount you offered, and you may depend upon it they resolved to have him if another chance should offer. I think it was unwise, and should strongly advise you to do nothing until you hear from me on Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning."

"As you like. Of course, you are Prefect of Moscow, and your will is law, but I feel wretchedly uneasy about my boy!"

"That you can be as much as you like, so long as you keep the uneasiness to yourself and don't talk about rewards until the boy is brought home; then give what you like privately, but don't invite the vagabonds of Moscow to empty your pockets through the goodness of your heart."

Smirnoff yielded to this view of the case, although, like many who believe in money, he believed it to be omnipotent.

The next point of importance to be discussed was the mode of action to be adopted with Abrazoff. Smirnoff suggested that as they had been two hours and a half at work, they should first refresh exhausted nature. Accordingly the whole party adjourned to an adjoining room, or rather hall, where a sumptuous cold collation had been prepared under the name of "tea," which was justified by the magnificent silver tea-service and gorgeous samovar of the same metal that stood upon the table.

At Smirnoff's table there was some special delicacy in the flavour of the tea, which had been imported for him by the celebrated Popoffs of Moscow, and the price he paid would have certainly been something utterly beyond the comprehension of English housekeepers, who would never dream of paying fifty shillings per pound for tea!

After tea the whole party retired to the "cabinet," or study as we should call it.

They were not very long about the deliberation, for they had already taken the initiative by drawing up the "denunciation" of Abrazoff, and it was now resolved to follow this up by a regular lawsuit to be conducted by Brandt, who had shown such skill in getting the evidence together.

Said Count Shaafstadt, "You were remarkably clever about that original document and the copy. I was very much scared when I saw it torn. Where are the originals?"

"Safe in my strong box, but any of you can see them at any time, and if General Kakaroff thinks it safer I will deposit them with the case as I draw it up in the hands of the Crown prosecutor, to be produced at the trial."

"No necessity for that," said Kakaroff. "I am only too glad that the matter is in your hands, and am thankful to Tenterton for having made me acquainted with such a lawyer. I am only too happy to think that the success of this cause, which I believe to be certain, will at once bring you before the public at the head of the legal profession. I speak for myself and my friend Count Schaafstadt when I say that the nobility of Moscow will be personally grateful to you for any steps you may take to keep the order from being contaminated in the public mind by the evil deeds of one individual."

Before any reply could be made a servant appeared announcing the arrival of a police corporal with a note for Kakaroff. He was at once admitted, and the prefect opened and read the note, which he handed over to Brandt. Its contents were as follows:

"I am inclined to make terms rather than expose myself and family to a public trial. The evidence is too strong, and I shall be ready to yield up possession to my nephew, of whose existence I was not aware, on being satisfied of his identity. My terms are immediate release and sufficient provision for myself and family.

(Signed) "N. Abrazoff."

"It is too late now," observed the count. "The thing will be all over Moscow to-morrow, and if we withdraw it will be seen to be a matter of favour and arrangement."

"It need not be 'all over Moscow unless you like. My men don't talk, and I have only to suppress it," said Kakaroff. "No person need be a bit the wiser."

"How about the written denunciation," said Smirnoff, "to which we have all affixed our signatures?"

"That has to come before me before it has any force, and then I can suppress it," said the prefect.

"But you have already signed it," observed Brandt; "will it come before you again?"

"Yes, for the stamp and official signature as prefect. Of course, I could stop it, but I am afraid from what I have seen of Abrazoff to-day that if we compromise the matter he will do something very desperate to Ivan; and should he make away with the boy by some means which would keep suspicion from himself, why, all the property would revert to him and his family, and we should have been working for him."

"What singular people you are!" said Tenterton. "In England there would be no possibility of concealing such dreadful things. There the majesty of the law asserts itself!"

This was received with great applause and much laughter, his auditors believing, evidently, that the practices in England were every bit as bad as those in Russia, only not so much talked about.

Kakaroff wrote upon his visiting card the following words: "Received your application. It is too late to suppress the case, instructions having been

issued." He enclosed this in an envelope from Smirnoff's writing-table, sealed it with black wax (the court was in mourning), and, pressing his signet-ring on the wax, completed the missive, which he then sent off by the soldier. Tenterton and Brandt now left, and the official business was over.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—LIFE IN A TRAINING-SHIP.

To say that Colin was unhappy all that day would convey but little notion of the state of his feelings. Under arrest! He had plenty of time to think—he was wretchedly miserable, and, naturally enough, he conjured up the very worst that could possibly happen.

He moved about, when he did move at all, like one in a dream. All the noise and bustle of duty going on around him seemed far away. It did not concern him—so he felt. These happy cadets had probably never disgraced themselves as he had done. How little he knew!

The men too looked so jolly and careless, he would gladly have changed places with any of them. Under arrest! Disgraced and dishonoured already, and hardly a day in uniform! He would be tried by court-martial or by "court of inquiry," and turned out of the service! And his dear mother. Oh! it would break her heart. And his uncle—well, there was some little consolation in thinking that it was on his account he had fought.

He could neither eat nor rest. At times he stood gazing out of the port. He had half a mind to jump in and swim on shore—it was not so very far. But then that would be desertion, and not only desertion but downright cowardice. No, he would stay and brave it all. It would make matters worse to run.

He wished *so* much to have some one to talk with, but all were busy, and the cadet who had proved his friend the day before, and whose name was Quentin Steele, had gone on twenty-four leave.

The day wore away at length, and night fell; he was glad when he found himself in his hammock with all quiet around him, only the steady tread of the sentry heard overhead, or the noise of laughing voices in the distant wardroom. The night before he had fallen asleep with the semi-musical shout of "All's well" from the upper-deck sentries ringing in his ear. The sound was new to him, it breathed romance; it was a sound that he would hear every night of his life for years to come, a sound that was part and parcel of the career that was before him. To-night he heard it, and turned in his hammock and sighed. Gradually all sounds save and alone the sentry's tread died away, but Colin still lay awake, and every time the bells were struck he started as if they rung the funeral knells of his departed ambition.

He did manage to fall asleep at last, and his dreams were weary toilsome ones. No wonder that he awoke unrefreshed in the morning.

His friend Quentin Steele was still absent, so Colin had few he cared to speak to. His brother cadets chaffed Burgess and chaffed Colin through Burgess.

"You'll be hanged this time, Burgess," said one.

"And your co-belligerent will be hung up by the toes."

"*Doesn't* Sawney look white?"

"White, did you say, he looks precious black about the eyes, anyhow."

"He'll look blue enough before long."

"Scotchmen are all green."

Colin took no notice. Twelve o'clock came round at last, and both delinquents were brought up before the commander, "planked," as it is called.

"Keep your pecker up, old man," said a voice close to Colin's ear as he was going on deck. Colin looked round; it was Steele. He had just come on board.

The commander—gold lace half up to the elbows—looked very stern. Colin was not sure though whether he was gazing at him or at Burgess, for, truth to tell, he squinted.

"Oh! Ah!" he grunted, as he heard the complaint, "fighting, eh? I know you, Mr. Burgess, but who is this young gentleman? A fresh face."

"Only came the day before yesterday, sir," said the quartermaster.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the commander, and it was a laugh that boded no good. "Only joined the day before yesterday. Pretty beginning, pretty mess you've made of it. Both equally guilty, I suppose?"

The prisoners did not speak.

"Well, we'll make short work of it."

Poor Colin's heart felt like lead at these words.

"One moment, if you please, sir," said Quentin Steele, coming boldly up in front of the commander and saluting him.

The commander looked at him over a book of some mysterious kind which he held in his hand—but did not speak.

Quentin told the whole story of Colin's arrival with his one-legged uncle, as the reader already knows it, and the scene next morning, Colin's forbearance, great provocation, and so forth.

"That's enough," said the commander. "Mr. McLeod you may go. Don't take the law in your own hands again. Mr. Steele, I'm obliged to you for enabling me to put the saddle on the right horse."

The right horse *was* saddled, and so effectually that he did not leave the ship for a fortnight.

From that very hour Quentin Steele and Colin McLeod were fast friends.

It was not long now ere Colin settled thoroughly down in his new and certainly novel situation. He made many friends, perhaps even a few foes, for Colin was imperturbable. His first experience served him in good part. He was wise. He had learned a lesson, and a bitter one it was, so he determined to profit by it. He tried never to lose his temper, and when chaffed about either his accent or the land of his birth he took it in good part, and if he possibly could he laughed it off; if he really felt angry he kept silent.

So his messmates soon came to know his peculiarity.

"Look out," some one would cry, "McLeod's in a wrath."

"He's too quiet by one-half," another would add.

"It's the lull before the storm."

"Look out, boys, the Assyrian'll be down presently like a wolf on the fold."

But Colin did not keep his anger long. He was soon pleasant and happy again and singing.

Even Bully Burgess made friends with him at last. This lad was always up to mischief and practical joking. He even endeavoured to get Colin to join him in some of his mad pranks, but in vain.

"Now, I say," continued Bully one day, "those fellows Smith, O'Brien, Marvell, Rae, and that lot, are constantly chaffing you about your country. Why don't you hit 'em? That's what I'd do if I had an arm like you; I'd have them out down here into the orlop-deck, one by one—take a day to each, you know, and some days you might polish two off. Think of it. Take my advice. I would simply say after lunch some day. Capital day Friday—work of the week about through, and if you half kill a fellow our old Sawbones will put him on the list till Monday. Do you catch?"

"Yes," replied Colin, "I catch, as you call it, but I won't hold. No, Burgess, the bait isn't tempting enough."

"Well, you're a dough-eater."

"Thank you, I prefer to continue on the same loathsome tack, Burgess; better be a dough-eater than a fire-eater."

"Very well," cried Bully, jumping up; "good-bye."

"The world is half made up of fools like you,
So—live in peace—adieu!"

Poor Bully Burgess, he was never long out of mischief, nor long out of hot water. And as for idleness—well, he used to say to himself that it was his strong point.

"You've heard," he said to Colin once, "or," he added, sarcastically, "your reading has doubtless carried you as far as the story of the truant schoolboy who went on a fine day to a dog and then to a bird and then to a bee and so on, asking them time about to come and play with him?"

"I know, I know;" cried Colin, impatiently; "and they each and all refused. They had something else to do, and at last the boy went to school and settled down to his work like a man."

"Ah, yes," said Bully, "but only the first part of the fable suits my book. Mind that, and if I can't get anybody to

play with me, why, I'll play alone." Bully Burgess did play alone, and to some purpose, as will presently be seen.

Colin McLeod liked his new life very well indeed after a time. The ship he was in was an immensely great craft in our hero's eyes at all events. She was partly school and partly man-o'-war. The lessons were not very hard, and there were about half a dozen naval instructors, to say nothing of French and drawing masters.

The life led was extremely regular; even games and amusements were conducted with method. The strictness of the service routine was for a time rather irksome to Colin, newly from the wild, free hills as he was, but he soon came to like even that. For when duty *was* over, when work *was* done, then he could play with an easy mind and a clear conscience.

There was a naval instructor of the name of Baker, a man of some standing in the service, who, seeing how earnest Colin was in the pursuit of his studies, took a great interest in him.

"Come along," he said one day, "into my cabin. Bring your books; you'll be quieter here.

"Now let us understand each other thoroughly. You can come in here every day when I'm not in. And when I *do* come in you are not to take that as a hint to fly away. Whenever I want you to leave I'll tell you straight. Only don't speak unless you're spoken to, and don't expect me to help you with your lessons; at all events don't ask me, because I won't. I'm paid for doing my duty, and I do it. I'm not paid for doing anything extra, and I don't."

It was such a prettily furnished cabin this of Mr. Baker's. Not very large. There was the cot, covered with rich, soft rugs, two tiny cushioned chairs, and a neat rocking-chair upholstered [ugly word that, "upholstered"] in blue satin, a fairy chest of fairy drawers, a fairy washhandstand, a fairy bookcase with the best authors in the smallest possible compass, and fairy pictures—chiefly of ships and scenery—all round the bulkheads, with brackets in the corners with flowers. Then there were curtains and hangings wherever they seemed in place, so the whole cabin had an air of quiet refinement that was not only refreshing, but calmly impressive.

The great port windows were nearly always open, and the view that Colin saw therefrom was for ever changing as the ship swung with tide or wind. Now it would be the romantic old town itself, now ships and shipping only, now the far-off hills, and anon the sea itself. This latter Colin never tired looking at. It was never, never the same, but whether tossed and foam-flecked with roaring winds or calmly sleeping under a blue and windless sky, Colin felt he loved it. Was it not his future home?

Yes, it would be his future home if he worked now, worked and worked and worked and never tired.

The rocking-chair was very luxurious. One lovely afternoon—it was a Saturday—Colin gave way to temptation; he took his Euclid and sat down in the rocking-chair.

"Douglas threw his work of reference across the table."

It was very pleasant. Colin tried to study. "Let A B C be a given triangle, the angle C A B a right angle, then the angles A C B and C B A are together—"

Colin never got any further, for the simple reason that he had fallen asleep. That rocking-chair was far too pleasant.

By-and-by Baker came in. He smiled to himself and said nothing, but when Colin at length awoke his Euclid was gone, and in its place on his lap lay a Bible, with a pin stuck through this verse—Proverbs vi. 9.

Colin never ventured to sit again in that rocking-chair.

"Look here," said Bully Burgess one morning, "I'm going to have some rare fun to-night. I'm going to give a quiet spread, and we'll have it out about the Scotch and English battles. I'm so sorry you are going on shore to-night and can't come."

Now, Bully really possessed talent, though he put it to a bad use, as may be seen from the following brief account of the last of his doings on board the cadet-ship.

All he invited came willingly enough to Bully's spread. He had managed to get together quite enough of the "good things," as he called them, of this life to make a decent show, and everybody said Bully wasn't a bad fellow at heart, though he often had somewhat queer ways with him.

Now Bully had managed to get to his party a fair sprinkling of Scotch cadets, and these he also managed to seat all at one side of the board. I am not going to say what were the viands Bully placed before his guests; some of them were contraband and of a rather exciting nature. It was not difficult to lead the conversation back to the old days of history, when England and Scotland were at deadly enmity. Then, some argument arising about the amount of slain at a certain battle, Bully quietly produced a couple of books of reference, putting one at each side of the table. They were old books, one written by a Scotch author, another by an English. It is needless to say that both gave a bigoted account of the battle. And it is almost needless to say that, their patriotism fired by Bully's contraband viands, argument soon raged high. Sad to say, words soon came to blows. A Scotch boy was kicked from under the table, apparently from the other side, but I doubt that Bully knew something about it. Then the boy who had been kicked and whose name was Douglas threw his work of reference across the table, crying in a mock heroic tone,

"On as thou wert wont, brave heart,
Douglas shall follow thee."

Douglas did follow, and the row that arose defies description; but there are one or two wearing epaulets now in the service who remember it well.

This was the result. Three days after the battle Bully Burgess's father came down for him, and Bully went away from the ship *in plain clothes*. No one pitied Bully, but I'm sure that many were sorry for the tall aristocratic soldier his father; he looked very sad, and felt his son's disgrace.

Many a time in after life did Colin McLeod look back with pleasure on the happy and uneventful days he spent in that dear old training-ship. I believe when he left he had none but friends on board.

He passed with flying colours. His uncle was delighted. His mother was so glad to have him home for what she in her innocence imagined would be a long "spell" of leave—much longer than any of the previous vacations.

True to his word, Duncan Robb had joined the marines. Colin's brother did the best he could for him; he, too, was glad to have his brother back, and planned all sorts of fishing excursions for him, to say nothing of the pleasant days they were to spend together on the moors.

But in less than a fortnight Colin was ordered off.

"It is the exigencies of the service, my dear," Captain Peter explained to his sister. "Colin no longer belongs to us, but to his country."

Colin's mother was very sad, but somewhat proud withal to think that his country apparently could not get on at all without her boy Colin.

The truth is that Captain Peter himself was at the bottom of Colin's hurried departure. He had a friend or two at Court, and when one of these, who was down in Scotland shooting, offered to get his nephew appointed to a flagship,—

"Flagship!" cried the old captain—"flagship! Fiddlesticks! I want my boy to be a sailor. Send him down the coast a year; let him rough it. If he behaves himself, then we'll get a good ship for him, but no flagships—no feather-bed business. *I* roughed it; let Colin do the same!"

So off down the coast (of Africa) went Colin in a gunboat. He did rough it, and when he returned to his father's glen, just one year after, with six weeks' leave to do as he pleased, he was as brown as a huckleberry, and as tough and hard as hickory.

Then he set himself to enjoy his leave, and I am bound to say he did. Well, he had earned it.

But one forenoon Uncle Peter was heard coming along the hall towards the drawing-room, where Colin was quietly reading to his mother, and the old man was making such a clattering noise with his wooden leg that it was quite evident to everybody that something more than common was in the wind.

"Here you are!" he cried, bursting into the room and waving a long white official envelope over his head—"here you are! What a lucky young dog to be sure! Appointed to the Theodora! Think o' that! And you're only a baby! You're off on special service too! You'll go everywhere and see everything! Lucky young dog, you! lucky young dog!"

Colin's mother turned somewhat pale, and laid down her work. Colin went and kissed her.

"Bid me joy, mother," he said. "It will be a long cruise—a whole commission—but I mean to come back with my epaulets on!"

(To be continued.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

III.—FISHING WITH THE ARTIFICIAL FLY—FLIES AND TACKLE.

The flies which the fly-fisher must needs imitate with fur and feather if he would catch trout are in England comprised by the entomologist under several specific names. The Ephemeridæ, Phryganidæ, Perlidæ, and Muscidæ include most of these, and indeed, on clear streams, may be said to form the chief of the food of the trout inhabiting them. These families may in turn be simplified and rendered easier of remembrance by dividing them into two classes—namely, the Up-winged (Ephemeridæ, Perlidæ, etc.) and the Flat-winged (Phryganidæ, etc.). The former are flies which proceed from the larvæ on the water, and float with wings erect; the latter have their wings placed flat on their bodies. As a rule, the former are gauzy, veined, and almost transparent, and the latter much more coarse of texture, and almost opaque.

Now, it behoves the fly-fisherman to know something about the natural history of the flies he is about to imitate, and, as I detest long formularies and unnecessary technicalities, I shall endeavour to make my remarks as simple and practical as possible. The great family of the Ephemeridæ has been divided and subdivided by naturalists almost to infinity, and I doubt not this has to them been a labour of love worthy of all respect. But so far as we are concerned we may safely say, what careful study and research on my part has convinced me to be true, that for the angler there exists but four different species of the Up-winged insects, and these are the Olive Duns, the Iron Blues, the large Brown Duns, and the Mayfly. On the Itchen, over the best part of which I have control, this is absolutely the case. The Mayfly, being the largest and chief of these flies, though not the earliest, I shall give a slight sketch of its history, at the same time premising that in effect the history of the Mayfly is the history of all the family with but little variation. The Mayfly in its larval and imago states is well known, and when it is added that it is found in all shades from yellow to yellow-brown, and even brown-black, you will confess it is a marvellously beautiful insect, I am sure.

The most important season to the fly-fisher also is that which witnesses the advent of the

Mayfly. During the last week in May or the first in June myriads of these gauzy-winged creatures rise from their whilom watery dwellings, and, after a period of fluttering in the air, descend to the water's marge on its circling eddies, to be sucked in by the trout till each fish is absolutely gorged. Then, above all periods, is the harvest-time of the fisher. With cunning imitation of the green or grey drake he plies his art, or even, be it regretfully said, with the natural fly itself. In either case his success is sure; and even if the fish do not require so much killing as at other times, the aggregate result at the day's end amply compensates him for his discounted sport.

The analogy existing between the transformations which the lepidopterous insects undergo during the course of their life-cycle, and the life, death, and resurrection of man, has often been brought forward by theological naturalists, and very apt and appropriate the analogue seems to be. The Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his "Introduction to Entomology," amongst others, has delightfully applied this series of embryonic developments to the changes of human existence. The changes, for instance, in the life of a butterfly are briefly as follows. First it is found in the form of an egg; this, when hatched, becomes the larva (from the Latin, signifying a mask). In this stage—as Linnæus knew when he bestowed the name—the creature is the ultimate butterfly, with all its colours and beauties enwrapped and marked. Next it becomes a pupa (from the Latin, meaning an infant), and its covering folds it in like the wrappings of a mummy, in which manner it was customary at one time to case children. At last the comparatively inert chrysalis or pupa bursts its fetters and emerges to the light and sunshine of day a gorgeous insect rejoicing in its freedom. This last is termed its imago state.

The insect under consideration, however, has an additional and intermediate development between the pupa and full imago state, which unfits it for the analogue referred to, though perhaps one of the profoundest satires ever written on human nature is to be found in Franklin's address, supposed to have been spoken by an aged member of the Ephemeridæ, which had lived just four hundred and twenty minutes. This intermediate stage is termed the "semi-completa," or pseudimago state, and it is precisely because anglers have not been good enough entomologists to observe it that the green drake and grey drake have been generally regarded as the male and female. Really, as was pointed out long ago by Nichol, the former is the pseudimago, and the latter the perfected form or imago of the same insect.

The life-history of the Mayfly may be thus summarised. The ova are dropped into the water in such immense numbers, that though probably no more than one in a thousand survives its various enemies, yet wherever the fly is found it is in large quantities. As soon as the egg is hatched it turns to and commences to revenge itself on its former enemies, and consumes the eggs of other insects and fish with a voracity not easily credible. This in obedience to the grand law of the balance of life referred to probably by the moody Prince of Denmark: "A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath eat of the worm," which in turn is but an amplification of "eat and be eaten."

Being aquatic animals, the larvæ breathe through a most beautiful provision of nature in the shape of spiraculous filaments extending down the thorax. These are distinctly finished breathing apparatus, and by no means either analogous or similar to the rudimentary gill-like processes of the tadpole or axoloti. After remaining in this stage of existence a period greater or less according to temperature, but probably not exceeding a year, the pupa stage supervenes. In no instances, it may be remarked, do the larvæ of the Ephemeridæ form cases like the larvæ of the stone-fly or caddis, although this has been stated to be so. The pupa differs but little from the larva except in size, which is considerably increased. It feeds similarly, and only at the conclusion of this part of its existence does it exhibit any marks of the great change in its appearance which is approaching.

It lives as a pupa often as long as four years, and just prior to its migration airwards the wings of the ultimate fly may be detected folded tightly across the thorax. Eventually the moment arrives for its advent, or "rising," as it is colloquially termed. Seeking the shore, it emerges, climbing some convenient water-plant; its wings unfold, and, ere it has been more than a few minutes in the sunshine, they are extended. The insect then flutters them or flies, and has attained to the full development of its pseudimago state. It does not, however, in this position remain long. The rays of the sun arouse latent energies, and supply vitality for the ultimate change. In the semi-complete stage the Mayfly possesses a thin pellicle as a sort of overcoat protecting his full-dress for the water, and a trimming of delicate fringes is to be seen on the caudal filament and margin of the wings. Suddenly it may be seen that this splits in somewhat the same manner as does the shell of a lobster when the crustacean is shedding its coat, and the insect, instantly fulfilling its instincts, completes its aëry nuptials in the space of a few hours or even less, to fall exhausted and dying, and is then swallowed by some swift-skimming swallow or voracious trout.

The distribution of the Mayfly is limited, and as uncertain as that of the misteltoe or grayling, or nightingale. The midland brooks of England possess it in abundance; the Colne in Middlesex, and the Hampshire and Derbyshire rivers, are also plentifully stocked with it. Some parts of the Thames abound with multitudes of a very large size; notably is this the case near Windsor. On the other hand, the Surrey Wandle and the Axe, as well as the chief lakes of England, seldom produce it; whilst the trout of some Irish loughs are perfectly glutted with the beautiful creature. And, as has been before observed, wherever it is found the number which arise almost simultaneously is truly prodigious. Reaumur gives a description of a scene of this kind witnessed by him on the banks of the Marne, which would be discredited did it not emanate from such an unimpeachably veracious observer. He says, "When the snow falls with the largest flakes, and with the least interval between them, the air is not so filled as it was around us with Ephemera; scarcely had I remained in one place a few minutes when the step on which I had stood was quite concealed with a layer of them from two to four inches deep." Mr. Pinkerton has also described a similar phenomenon which occurred under his observation, and further corroboration is not wanting to prove the multitudinous and fishly importance of what trout-fishers well know as the "rising" of the Mayfly.

This, therefore, is in brief the life-history of the chief of the *up-winged* flies. The small Duns—viz., Olive, Blue, Yellow, and Golden—are really only the different pseudimago stages, according to weather, of what eventually develop into the small Red-spinner. The large Browns, such as the March Brown and the Iron-blue Dun, are flies bearing a very close resemblance to the Mayflies, but only attain to about half their size. They are eagerly taken by the fish, and their different appellations will be given further on, when the most approved flies are named. Most of them, however, finally emerge as the large Red-spinner.

The *flat*-winged flies consist of a far greater number and variety of species, though they are quite of secondary importance in trout-fishing. The chief of those employed by the angler are the Red, Sand, Cinnamon Stonefly, Yellow Sally, Willow, and Needle flies. These emerge from cases, and belong in their larval state to the large caddis family. Thousands of the caddis, cases and all, are devoured by trout; but when the fly is on the water the trout seem to care for them in a degree quite inferior to that which is exhibited by them for the up-winged species. I shall have a good deal to say about the imitations of the best of these three orders of flies, but in the meantime let me impress on you the wisdom conveyed in the words of David Foster, of Ashbourne, "The real essence of the art lies in deceiving the fish by a *correct copy of any fly that may be at any time absorbing their attention.*"

To revert from the theoretical to the practical, I now proceed to refer to the tackle necessary for artificial fly-fishing, and the first consideration in this connection is the *rod.* No boy of my acquaintance is possessed of sufficient skill to make a satisfactory fly-rod, and I therefore must advise that the tyro save up his money and buy what he wants from some respectable tackle-maker, such as Farlow, of the Strand, or Little, of Fetter Lane, or Foster, of Ashbourne. For a single-handed weapon ten feet is quite long enough; and, if you can afford it, the very best are made of split cane glued up—*i.e.*, the cane is selected and split into segments, and then accurately glued together and bound with silk at intervals. I saw a little beauty the other day with German-silver mountings — ferrules, joints, etc.—ten feet long, and what do you think it weighed? Just eight ounces; but it cost seven guineas at the great International Fisheries Exhibition. Of course the buyer of this was extravagant, for a rod costing half as much would have lasted a lifetime with care, and that is why I counsel the buying of a good one. Unless you step on a glued-up cane rod, the trout does not exist that can break it fairly.

The *winch* is another consideration, and beware of multiplying reels is my first note of warning. They are a delusion and a snare, and are always out of order. An ordinary bronzed check or check-reel will do for all purposes, whether for fly or bottom-fishing, or angling for the strong and impetuous pike. If the barrel of the winch—or, in other words, the axle on which the line is wound—be not more than three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and it is pretty certain not to be, it is a capital "dodge" to wind tape round it till it is quite half an inch through. This of course increases the rapidity with which a fish can be wound up, and also enables you without straining the line to pull out what is required for casting.

The *line* is of great consequence, and its selection requires a little attention. Do not buy too fine a winch-line. An eight-plait line dressed hard is quite fine enough; indeed, the "Acme" line, sold by Messrs. Foster, of Ashbourne, which possesses a fine copper wire woven with it, is the best line in the market. It is not too clumsy as regards size, nor is it too light—the copper gives it both weight and strength, and so increases the facility with which it can be cast as to make it a very pleasant and easy line to fish with. By all means get an "Acme" line in preference to any other if you can afford it. If you cannot spare the money you may economise thus. Send to Mr. Martin, of Lover's Lane, Newark-on-Trent, for an eight-plait silk line, undressed, and dress it yourself thus: Take of pure solid paraffin one pound, pure white resin a quarter of a pound—this can be increased according to experiment; melt them together in a pipkin, and whilst in a melted state—not too hot—soak the line. Let it remain in the solution till you think it is quite permeated with it. Then draw it out through a cork with a split in it. This takes off the superfluous dressing. Next, having stretched it out between nails, polish it with some powdered talc or finely-pulverised pumice-stone, and then you have a capi-

tally-prepared line, quite equal in appearance to the best fourpence per yard lines sold in the first-class tackle-shops. Thirty yards of line will ordinarily be sufficient on any trout stream, and it should always be dried after using. This latter is a golden maxim.

Gut is now so cheap, compared with what it used to be, that hair casting-lines are decidedly out of fashion. I was talking to an old Hampshire fly-fisherman the other night, and he told me that since he can recollect it was customary to tie the flies on to three twisted hairs, each one of course much thicker than the single gut of these times. Gut was extremely dear then. "Why, bless ye, sir, it's cheap enough to tie dogs up with now," said he; and I am inclined to think that, exaggerated as this statement unquestionably is, as compared with its price fifty years ago its present value almost warrants the old fellow's remark. You can buy the best gut for your purpose off any of the tackle-makers, that is if you choose to make your own casting-lines; and you can get the lines themselves for a trifle over what they would cost you if you made them. Not less than three yards the line should be—four yards is even better; and the finer you can use the better will be your chance with the fish.

The next and perhaps most important part of the whole subject is that of the flies. In Vol. III. B. O. P. will be found the whole *modus operandi* of fly-making, with remarks on their killing powers and natural history. I shall not go out of the way to repeat what was there said, but what I now put before my readers must be taken as supplementary. Since those articles were written I have had two years' intimate experience of the chief and most difficult river in England as regards trout; and what I now put forward is the result of it in conjunction with the masters of the art dwelling in the locality. For a great deal of the following I am indebted to

Mr. Hall, of Weymouth, who is perhaps one of the most accomplished amateur fly-tiers in England, if not the world, especially as regards the smaller up-winged flies. In a recent communication published in the "Fishing Gazette" he has some capital dressings, which I quote with apologies to the editor of that paper.

Olive Dun.—Hooks, 0 and 00. Body, olive, a ribbing of fine gold wire is an improvement; wings, dark starling feather; legs and whisks at tail—a hackle stained olive—a dull brown. Another dressing is quill from the fibre of a peacock herl, wings and hackle as before; sometimes a gold tag is added. This is a pattern admitting of several shades, and is the best all-round pattern that can possibly be used in Hampshire. Another, same pattern as last, with light-brown fibres of hare's fur tied in for legs. Very good in April, and an excellent floater. Another—body, leveret's fur dyed olive, ribbed with gold wire; hackle and wings as before. This is known as the rough spring olive—a very useful variety. A very useful olive dun is also made from india-rubber for the body, which is continued from the hook, and cocks up like the actual fly. The wings are of starling, like the others.

Hare's Ear Dun.—Hook, 0 or 00. Body, hare's fur from the ear, ribbed with gold, and fibres picked out for legs, winged with dark starling, or (2) body, yellow silk, slightly waxed, hare's fur tied in at shoulder for legs. Wings as before.

Red, Grey, and Ginger Quill.—Hook, 0 or 00, usually the smaller size Body, undyed quill. There is room for variety in choice of quill. The red one has for legs and whisk red hackle; wings, darkish starling. The grey and ginger are dressed with slighter wings.

The "Little Marryat."—Body, very pale buff opossum fur spun on light-yellow silk; wings, medium starling; legs and whisks, the patent feather from a buff Cochin China cockerel.

The Iron-blue.—Body, quill peacock or condor (if it can be got) dyed a dark-blue with a violet shade; some prefer mauve silk with mole's fur. Legs and whisks, dark honey dun, the natural fly having yellow tips to its dusky-blue legs; wings, from the breast of the water-hen or from the tail-feather of the gooter titmouse.

The Red-spinner.—Body, quill dyed in Judson's light-brown; wings, two hackle points chosen from bright shiny cock's feather, with golden tips; legs and whisks, a red hackle with black central rib. The natural fly has a thick shoulder and thorax which are unmistakably black.

The Badger Quill.—Body, greenish-olive quill, with a couple of white turns at the tail; legs and wings, a badger hackle—that is to say, a hackle with a rusty-grey centre and bright shining yellowish-grey points. The feathers are not easy to get. It does well with a quill body dyed in Judson's light-red. Hook 0 or 00.

Wickham's Fancy.—Hook 00 to 1 and 2. "Whenever the rise of fly is scanty or uncertain use a Wickham," says Mr. Hall. "If a stubborn old trout has refused all your delicate duns and spinners, try a Wickham, and in rough, wet weather, when dry fly-fishing is hopeless, the attractive Wickham is sometimes capable of digging up a few trout from the weedy depths when they can be tempted by nothing else. It should be made as follows: Body, gold tinsel, ribbed from tail to head with red cock's hackle; wings, dark starling. Landrail makes a nice variety.

Flight's Fancy.—Body, pale yellow or primrose silk ribbed with fine flat gold tinsel. Wings, light starling; legs and whisks, pale buff—or, for a change, honey-dun.

The Sedge-fly.—The silver sedge is thus made: Body, white floss silk ribbed with silver, hackled over with buff or light-red hackle; wings, landrail. Hooks, 00 to 1.

The Red Sedge.—Hook as before. Body, red fur from hare's face or fox's ear, or from the reddest part of the opossum's skin. Rib it with gold thread, wind on a red hackle from tail to head, ring it with a ruddy wing feather from a landrail's wing.

The Big Sedge or Cinnamon.—Same dressing as for red sedge, winged with the reddest part of a cock landrail's wing. Though true to nature, it is not well to dress the body thick, for the fly is apt to be lumpy and float badly. Hook No. 2.

The Alder.—Body, bronze-coloured peacock herl; hackle, black or dull-coloured feather with black centre and bronze tips. Wings, from the tail-feather of a hen-pheasant. Hook No. 2.

Brown Quill.—Body, light quill dyed in Judson's dyes a light-brown; legs and whisks, ginger; wings, starling. Hook, 00.

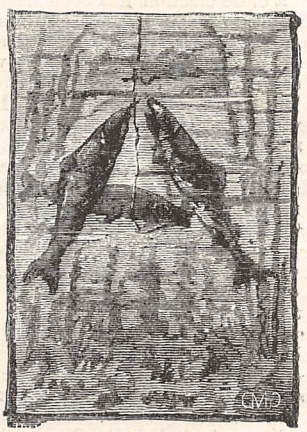
The Indian Yellow.—Body, delicate brown silk ribbed with bright yellow; legs and whisks, a rich buff; wings, from the under-wing feathers of a young grouse. Hook, 00. The head is of an orange hue, and is formed by a couple of turns of a rich dark orange.

The Little Sky-blue.—Body, pale straw-colour of silk, quill a fur; legs and whisks, light honey dun; wings, a pale delicate blue from a jay's wing-feather. Hook 00 or 000.

The Red Tag.—Body peacock herl, short and fat, with a tiny tag of red wool at the tail; at the shoulder a few turns of a dark rich red hackle. Hook, 00.

With these flies an angler may produce fish from any trout stream. They are easily tied if you go about it neatly and follow the directions given in Vol. III. B.O.P., or any tackle-maker would make them for you. Mr. G. Currell, of Jewry Street, Winchester, is especially and deservedly famed for all the patterns I have enumerated, and is reasonable in price. After all, however, everything depends on how you use these lures. If you put them clumsily on the water no amount of excellence in the fly will enable you to take fish. These patterns are in themselves killers on all the most difficult as well as easy streams, and if you do not find them successful it will be because you do not carefully attend to the instructions I am going to give you in throwing the fly. I therefore earnestly bespeak your careful attention to what follows

(To be continued.)



MONK THE MARINE.

THE "party" so named was not a man, but a monkey, and one, too, of most infinite humour. He went to sea, accompanied by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good-humour. I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, which was of a saturnine character, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which he found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes, as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with him, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself; but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent topman, and seldom got beyond the "lubber's hole."

The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was named by the sailors "deputy captain of the foretop." He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on board by the announcement of a sail ahead, which, as well as the chase which followed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the foretop became his favourite station, from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising-ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

He was *started* for this by the boatswain's mate, and lost his rank as deputy-captain of the foretop. In lieu of which, moreover, he was new-named "Monk the Marine," a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, whenever he dared, with blows.

Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves; and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

Poor Pug came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gunroom, determined to imitate him. He, however, succeeded ill in his mixture; for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, in the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed the concoction with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings, of which he finally died.

SCHOOL CRICKET.

SCHOOL CRICKET is ever on the increase, and in its growth has now attained a certain level of excellence which has rendered the pre-eminence of the more fashionable establishments a thing of the past. The public schools coming under the Commissioners no longer have the monopoly of cricket teaching, and the game is practised as a study throughout the country. The change is a welcome one now that the old idea of merely playing at playing has been exploded. There is no healthier lesson to be learnt in life than that happiness depends on putting the heart into all we have to do; dawdling neither in work nor play, but in play as in work being earnest and thorough.

So numerous are the schools claiming the notice of the cricket reviewer, that unless with inordinate space his article is likely to descend into a mere statistical summary. In an article on 1884 this danger is particularly to be feared owing to there having been hardly a team or an individual of conspicuous merit. The average was far higher than usual, but there were few shining lights or striking failures. Perhaps we had better, therefore, adhere to our old plan and take a selection from the schools in alphabetical order.

Many a close election has been decided in these balloting days by the position of a name on the paper. We have all such a tendency to vote for the first thing we see that the name at the head of a list is always sure of a good reception. To this fact Ardingly owed some of the attention which the excellent cricket of Bettesworth, Blackman, Newham, and Brann has now secured for good. As usual, the M.C.C. match resulted in a win for the school, this time by 117 runs; and, as usual, the highest batting average, Brann's 46, is almost the highest of the year. His total included two scores of over 100.

The two great Bedford schools, the Grammar and the Modern, are better known for their prowess on the water than in the cricket-field; but that they are not entirely given over to pursuits aquatic their records for the season clearly show. The Grammar School eleven included P. Christopherson, who took his 65 wickets for an average of 9; and P. T. Bell, who among his scores counted two centuries—one of 122 against Wollaston Park—and in sixteen innings secured an average of 32. The three Birmingham schools—King Edward's, the Oratory, and Oscott—were also busy. The High School won 4 matches out of 11, the Oratory won 5 out of 11, and Oscott won 4 out of 9.

Brighton lost the Lancing match and the Dulwich match; and, in fact, out of a card of twelve engagements only secured one victory. The season was, however, noticeable for the excellent play of the captain, G. H. Cotterill, who made almost a third of the runs obtained by the team, and had the really good average of 35.

Charterhouse won six matches out of fourteen. Two of its eleven, Causton and Coulby, made nearly half the runs, and their averages of 28 and 30 are separated by a wide interval from those of their comrades. The best scores were made by Coulby, who secured 118 against the Cavalry Brigade, and 123 against the Racquet Players. The Westminster match was won; the Wellington match was lost.

Cheltenham were unfortunate in having to draw both their Clifton and Marlborough matches when going well in their favour. The averages were very level; those of ten of the team ran to double figures. E. M. Hamilton distinguished himself in the Clifton match by a long innings of 130, and the captain, Heath, showed himself to be a really good bat, though his average, 21, was equalled by Glass and exceeded by Robinson.

The great school on the Thames Embankment, the City of London, won but a fifth of its matches, and rejoiced in a curiously modest average return, with only one instance of double figures. Clifton found a wicket-keeper in R. H. Johnston destined to make his mark in the world, but otherwise the season was poor. Two matches out of eleven is not a very cheering report, though six draws, including the school matches with Cheltenham and Sherborne, reduced the losses to three—one of them, the Lord's engagement, being a crushing defeat to the extent of an innings and 46 runs.

Devon County School boasted five bowlers, the most expensive of whom required only six runs per wicket, and the best of whom, Hill, required only four. Its summary gives eight wins out of eleven. Dulwich won eight out of fifteen and lost six, its averages being headed by A. P. Douglas with 31, who scored 138 in the Surrey Sessions match. Though Eastbourne won seven matches out of fifteen and lost five, its record was of that topsy-turvy character in which the runs lost on the bowling averaged more than those gained on the batting.

Eton won the Winchester match by five wickets, although in the first innings none of the eleven got into double figures. It was a very fortunate thing for the Light Blues that the weather interfered to make the Harrow match a draw. The results of the season—five losses out of ten, and only three wins—show that the team was hardly up to its level, although in Lucas, Thomas, Philipson, and Forster it had four good men. Forster in the Oriel match made 102—the highest score of the team during the year—and he also distinguished himself in the bowling department, having the capital average of 24 for eleven. The averages were headed by R. J. Lucas, the captain, with 27, F. Thomas, this year's captain, coming next with 23.

The doings of the Scotch schools are kept very much in the dark, owing doubtless to the innate modesty of their pupils. At the same time when Mr. Holms can make 303 not out for Blair Lodge, Mr. Bettesworth not out 203 for the same school, and Mr. H. L. Fleming 168 and 114 for the same school, it is, we think, a pity more details do not find their way to this side of the Tweed. Perhaps as the teams have a strong element of masters and professionals there may be an objection to this until the boys are skilled enough to trust entirely to themselves. Should such be the case we wish Blair Lodge and its fellows a speedy growth in that cricket proficiency of which there is good promise. Fettes had a strong eleven in 1884, and lost but two matches out of a dozen, its average list showing eight of its team with double figures, and four bowlers with singles. Loretto, which touches the English lists owing to the Rossall match, had a somewhat unsatisfactory season considering the excellent bats in the eleven. The main matches against Rossall and Fettes were drawn, but the Stonyhurst and Merchiston engagements were lost, though those with Blair Lodge and Craigmount were won. Altogether out of sixteen trials 8 were lost and 5 won. L. R. Patterson with 27 heads the averages, having made two scores over the hundred, one against the Edinburgh Garrison, the other against Edinburgh Royal Academy, J. B. Harvey, who scored a splendid innings of 106 against Rossall, averaging only 12. But in order to find fitting company for Fettes we have strayed from our order, and must resume.

Haileybury beat Wellington by an innings and 69 runs. The team was an exceptionally good one, and, like a bear, had no tail to speak of. Nine of its members averaged double figures, and one of them, D'Aeth, compiled a century against the Marlborough Blues. Campbell's thirty-four wickets for ten runs a piece was also a notable performance, his best achievements having been in the Wellington match, when he took five wickets for eight runs, and in the Old Boys match, when he cleared out the eleven for 32. Five wins out of eight engagements is a greater measure of success than usually falls to school teams.

Harrow drew the Eton match very much in its favour, and won four matches out of ten. The Lord's match was the sixtieth of the series, and the tenth draw, six of the draws having occurred during the last ten years. Each side claims half of the fifty played out, so that some interest attached to the meeting, especially as in the two previous years the match had had to be abandoned. In the Harrow score of 126 and 152 for six wickets W. A. R. Young was top scorer with not out 23 and not out 35. In the Eton innings of 82, in which, by-the-by, the five first wickets went for 31, Lord George Scott headed the total with 32. The best batting average of the team was Buxton's 24, Butler, the captain for last year and this, only securing 13.

Lancing covered itself with glory by drawing the match with Brighton "owing to unavoidable circumstances." The other side had not a chance at the wickets. Lancing went in first and remained all day to score 465, of which H. Hammond contributed 214, and A. Hammond 120. The return match played at home was won by nine runs and seven wickets, which means that Brighton were all out for 78, and that Lancing had lost only three wickets and made 87 when the stumps were drawn. As a set-off to these successes came the loss of the Tonbridge match by 150 runs. The season's result shows four wins and five losses out of eleven. The averages are headed by H. Hammond with 30, W. H. Brown coming next with 20. In addition to this 120 against Brighton College, A. Hammond also scored 137 against East Somerset.

Remarkable as was the scoring of Lancing against Brighton, that of Leamington against Coventry Grammar School threw it into the shade. Leamington lost only eight wickets during the day and scored 509. Four of the batsmen did not reach double figures, but of the others A. Passman made 121, J. B. Wood 106, D. R. Adye 90, A. Hepburn 66, and G. A. Floyd 60, giving an average for the five of 88, and for the eight wickets of 63!

Malvern had a very fair eleven, and, though it lost the Repton and Bradfield matches, secured seven victories out of fourteen engagements. Its averages were headed by J. H. Copleston, who, with the captain, F. Yardley, is now at Oxford. His high return of 44 owed a good deal to his splendid innings of 132 against the Old Boys, the said 132 being his second century for the year.

Marlborough was unlucky in 1884. It had a good level eleven, and yet only gained one match. Fortunately this was the Rugby fixture at Lord's, which was won by eight wickets; the Cheltenham match was drawn. The averages were headed by J. P. Cheales, whose 171 against the Hampshire Gentlemen went well towards his high return of 36.

Norfolk County School won ten matches out of thirteen, Radley five out of fourteen, Repton six out of eleven, including both the Malvern and Uppingham matches. Rossall beat Shrewsbury by ten wickets, though the summary of three wins out of eleven matches was not as satisfactory as was hoped.

Rugby only won twice out of ten tries, the old experience of the uselessness of a purely batting team for winning purposes being once more confirmed. When the bats fail, as they did in the Marlborough match, their chance is hopeless. Eleven out for 49, and no double figures amongst them, is, however, a run of

ill luck that does not often occur. Let us "hope that it will not occur again," more particularly when Marlborough is this year met on the 29th of July. Of the twenty-seven matches Rugby has, however, won eighteen, so that a few losses to the Wiltshire school can be well afforded.

Sherborne won three matches out of nine, the Clifton match being one of the draws; the averages were headed by E. A. Nepean with 37, and J. B. G. Lester with 21, both batsmen of great promise. Shrewsbury won four matches out of ten, losing the Rossall match by ten wickets; the averages were headed by F. W. Burbury with 39, and by Kemp with 28.

Tonbridge had the best record of the year, seven wins out of ten, and only one loss, that to the M.C.C. The best batsman of the year, W. Rashleigh, was in the team, which averaged no less than 230 runs per innings. Rashleigh's average of 64 was swelled by his long score of 203 against Dulwich; and his 160 against Lancing and 134 against the Assyrians all came in aid thereof. A. O. Hubbard, the second on the list, also claimed a century—that secured against the Old Boys. Such entries in the "Remarks" column as "Won by 380 runs," "Won by 150 runs," "Won by 231 runs," "Won by 142 runs," receive due appreciation among the happy members of a school club, and especially when the team that earned them is generally acknowledged to be the best of the year.

Uppingham is feeling the inevitable ebb-tide which surely overtakes for a while every school, though three wins out of nine is not so bad a return on paper as the fact that the wins were all in May and the losses and draws all in June and July would seem to imply. Wellington, under the new rule which obliges every boy in the Lower School to play at least one game of cricket a week, has undergone an awakening; though the want of a bowler told heavily against the team. In the victorious match with Charterhouse, nine of the team gained double figures, an unusual and healthy sign. This year Prince Christian Victor will captain a very promising eleven.

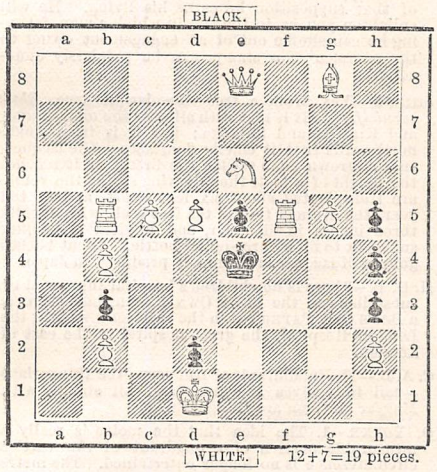
The Westminster team of 1884 was a poor one, and so was that of Winchester. Westminster had two good men in Hurst and Armitage; Winchester had two good men in Watson and Jones; and Westminster and Winchester had each a tail of nine. The parallel can be carried even farther. Westminster played ten matches, Winchester played ten matches; Westminster won two matches, Winchester won two matches; Westminster lost seven matches, Winchester lost seven matches. The match drawn by Westminster was against the Free Foresters, the match drawn by Winchester was against I Zingari. Westminster lost its great match of the season, that against Charterhouse; Winchester lost its great match of the season, that against Eton. Even the batting averages correspond, Armitage heading those of Westminster with 20, and Watson heading those of Winchester with 20. And also do the bowling averages, both Nicholls for Westminster and Hurst for Winchester claiming 13. And with this the most curious of curiosities we end our summary with the usual "Floreat Cricketa!"

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 474.)

Problem No. 99.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

SOLUTIONS,

PROBLEM NO. 92.—1, R×P (ch.), K—R sq. 2, R—Kt 8 (ch.), K—R 2. 3, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), Kt×Q. 4, Q R×Kt mate.

PROBLEM NO. 93.—1, Castles, P×R. 2, B—B 5, K—Q 4. 3, R—B sq., K—K 4. 4, R—B 5 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 94, page 351.—1, Q—B 8, any move. 2, Q mates at Kt 4, K R 8 or B 4 accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 95.—1, K—Q sq., B—Kt 7 (or *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*). 2, R—K 3, K×R. 3, Q—Kt 4, any move. 4, Q or B mates accordingly.—(*a*) R×P. 2, R—Q 3 (ch.), K×P. 3, Q—Kt 6, any move. 4, Q×R P mate.—(*b*) Kt—B 4. 2, Q—K 8, Kt—K 4. 3, R—Q 3 (ch.), any move. 4, Q mates at K 4 or R 4.—(*c*) Kt—K 3. 2, P×Kt, B—B 3. 3, Q—Kt 7, any move. 4, Q mates.—(*d*) P—R 4. 2, Q—Kt 5, Kt—K 4. 3, R—K 3, any move. 4, Q or R mates accordingly.

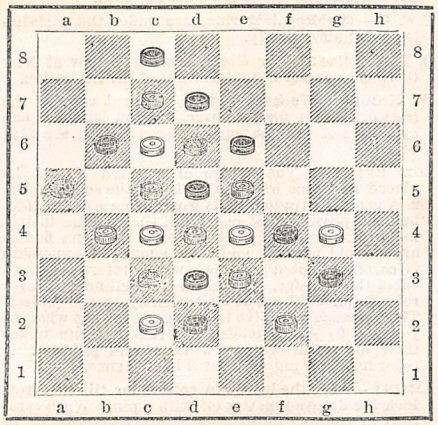
PROBLEM NO. 96.—1, Kt—K 4, K×Kt (or *a*, *b*, *c*). 2, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), any move. 3, Q mates at K R 7.—(*a*) P—Kt 5. 2, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), K—B 5. 3, P—Q 3 mate.—(*b*) P—Q 6. 2, P×P, any move. 3, Kt or Q mates.—(*c*) Kt—Kt 4 or takes P. 2, P—Q 3, any. 3, Q mates.

GO-BAN.

(*See pages* 6, 31, 62, 221, *and* 474.)

GAME NO. 5.

Played between H. M. (White) and L. S. (Black).



White to play, and win in five moves.

The white men are on the squares b4, c2, c4, c5, c6, c7, d4, e3, e4, e5, f2, and g4.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(*Continued from page* 478.)

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages* 21 *to* 24).

Prize—One Guinea.

CHARLES N. NAPIER (aged 22), care of M. W. Ness, 7, Radnor Terrace, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, N.B.

Certificates.

JOHN S. DE VLETTER, care of J. G. Fraser, Esq., attorney-at-law, Bloemfontein.
HENRY MORRIS, Bower Place, Maidstone.
HERBERT E. HURD, Elmcroft, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.
HENRY KNIGHT, 27, Rangemore Street, Burton-on-Trent.
ARTHUR J. DURRANT, 63, Farringdon Street, E.C.
W. E. BULL, Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
HENRY POLGREEN, St. Germans, Cornwall.
WILLIAM L. VARNON, Castle Street, Hinkley.
JAMES B. CRAIGIE, 22, Apsley Place, Glasgow.
ALBERT E. NIXON, 171, Downham Road, Southgate Road, N.
G. T. F. CLARKE, Ingestre, Stafford.
CHAS. F. PETERS, 67, Bengel Street, Liverpool, E.
JOSEPH G. ROWLEY, 37, Holms Street, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, E.
FREDK. WAITE, 40, Moscow Road, Bayswater, W.
W. R. MARTIN, Old Bank, Altrincham, Cheshire.
JAMES E. CHURCH, 40, Enbrook Street, Queen's Park, W.
HARRY METCALFE, 3, York Place, Richmond, Yorks.
FREDK. D. ALLEN, 45, Ellington Street, Barnsbury, N.
JAMES P. STEPHENSON, Baldock Street, Ware, Herts.
EDWIN MORRIS, 32, Castle Street, Shrewsbury.
J. W. CROWTHER, Victoria Road, Todmorden.
JOHN ROBERTSON, 18, Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, near Glasgow.
JAMES LOVELAND, 24, Plymouth Place, Leamington.
JOSEPH S. UPTON, Highbridge Street, Waltham Abbey.
J. W. BIRTLEY, 27, Mulgrave Terrace, Gateshead.
JAMES A. CATTO, care of Messrs. Wyld Brock and Co., Toronto, Canada.
D. MACDONALD, 43, Penrose Street, Plymouth.
JOHN JAMES SIMPSON, 25, Chester Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
TERRILL KENNEY, Savings Bank Department, General Post Office, Cape Town, South Africa.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Continued from page* 479.)

SINCE our last number went to press—and, as our readers understand, our large circulation necessitates our printing at least a month in advance of the actual date of publication—we have received a spontaneous letter from the Editor of the "Globe," the well-known London evening newspaper, which it may be well to quote. Of course, when he wrote he could have known nothing of what we had actually done and were doing in the matter. His letter, which is dated Wednesday, March 25th, but did not reach us until the following day, asks:—

As the recognised organ of British boyhood, your journal could give the project sketched in the enclosed cuttings a most powerful helping hand. Could you see your way to do so? . . . . Gordon's love for the young and helpless could not, I think, be more fittingly commemorated than by a Refuge for Waifs and Strays, erected at the cost of English boys.

The cuttings referred to in this letter were as follows—the first being an Editorial paragraph from the "Globe" of March 19th, and the second from the edition of March 25th:—

The suggestion made in our "By the Way" column on Tuesday, that the boys of England should get up a memorial of their own to the dead hero who loved them so deeply, has already elicited a chorus of approval. Among numerous correspondents who have addressed us on the subject, the head master of St. Ives School, Huntingdon, writes that on putting the matter before his pupils he found them as enthusiastic as unanimous in their desire to give effect to our suggestion. Our correspondent further expresses his conviction, with which we entirely agree, that if other head masters were to follow his example the same response would be given. . . . We cannot undertake to receive subscriptions—a proposal which has come

to us from several quarters—but we should be most willing to help the movement by all other means in our power. . . . It will afford us much pleasure to publish, from time to time, such particulars of the progress made by the good work as may be forwarded to us. The matter now rests with the boys of England and their teachers.

Since last week we have received a number of communications highly approving of our suggestion that the boys of England should get up a memorial of their own to the heroic Gordon. The only difficulty appears to be that of organisation. At every school where the subject has been brought forward the pupils have given a most enthusiastic response, not merely in words, but in donations made on the spot. The head master of one of the leading private schools at the West End gave out subscription sheets to each form, and entrusted all the rest to the boys themselves. In a very short time several pounds were collected, and the only question now is where to send the money. . . The boys are ready, their money is ready, their masters are ready, and it would be a thousand pities if a most praiseworthy enterprise of philanthropy, so happily begun, were to end in nothing for want of organisation.

We at once wrote in reply :—

"May I venture to trespass on your columns, *apropos* of the suggestion in your Notes of yesterday, to state that, in response to solicitations from all parts of the kingdom—alike from parents and their sons—we have resolved to open a BOYS' GORDON MEMORIAL FUND in connection with the BOY'S OWN PAPER, acknowledging in our columns all subscriptions received, issuing collecting-cards, and in other ways seeking effectively to help on the good work.

"The precise form that the memorial should take has been carefully considered; and though all the details are not yet finally settled, it has been definitely determined that the memorial shall be wholly on the lines known to be in accordance with Gordon's own wishes. A Working Boys' Home of Rest, at the seaside, is included in the scheme.

"When I mention that British boyhood has already, through our columns, recently placed two Lifeboats on the coast—at a cost of over £1,200—and also subscribed £400 for a Cot in the London Hospital, it will be readily understood how genuine a success the BOYS' GORDON MEMORIAL is likely to be.

"56, Paternoster Row, E.C.,
March 26th, 1885."

This, then, for the present, sufficiently explains our project, of which the details will be supplied from time to time; and now let us see how the work is to be done.

WAYS OF WORKING.

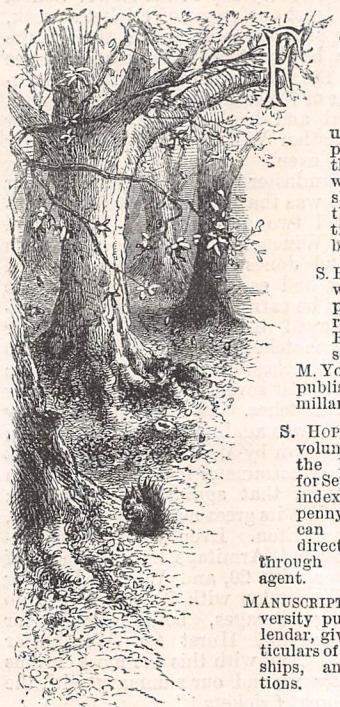
1. First, it is well to remember that it will be best in all cases where it can be managed—as in schools, families, etc.—that one correspondent should undertake to collect the various smaller sums and forward them in one amount. The decided saving in postage and trouble is not the only gain here.

2. In the villages—as in offices and workshops—one person might suitably be appointed to act as secretary or collector; and in the larger towns district committees might be formed, with the clergyman, minister, or other known and responsible person, as treasurer. In schools, both public and private, the masters would in most cases, we doubt not, be found willing heartily to co-operate, and to act as treasurers if needs be.

3. *Collecting-cards* will be furnished to all who, in applying for them, enclose a properly addressed and stamped envelope, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from clergyman, tutor, employer, or other responsible person. The necessity for this must be obvious. *All cards thus sent out will be duly numbered, and registered with the names and addresses of the applicants, and thus the chances of any cards getting into the wrong hands will be effectively guarded against.*

4. *Donations may be sent at once*, and all amounts received will be acknowledged in due course in the columns of the "BOY'S OWN PAPER." Cheques should be crossed, and P.O.O. made payable to H. WILLIAMS. *Coins should in no case be sent through the post.* Postage stamps will be received, but by far the best way of sending small amounts is by POSTAL ORDER. These may be obtained of any value, from 1s. upwards, at any post-office, the charge being ½d. for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; 1d. for 2s. 6d., 5s., or 7s. 6d.; 2d. for 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., or 20s.

Correspondence.



J. R.—Have nothing to do with photographs of pictures unless you purchase them at some well-known shop. Those that you mention are probably pirated.

S. H. RAY.—You will find the particulars regarding Bishop Patteson in Miss C. M. Yonge's "Life," published by Macmillan and Co.

S. HOPEWELL.—The volume ends with the last number for September. The indexes cost one penny each, and can be obtained direct from us or through your newsagent.

MANUSCRIPT.—Each University publishes a calendar, giving the particulars of fees, scholarships, and examinations.

SHAKESPEAR. — The present popularity has nothing to do with the part sale, and it is notorious that more copies of the Waverley Novels have been sold than of any other works of fiction in the world.

S. T. MENGINE.—The steam-pipe is usually made of copper.

HARRY.—For the origin of the term "Black Watch" see back numbers, or consult the index.

T. F. P.—1. Rome is now the capital of Italy. The reason that Florence is given in some books is that the change has been made since they were published. 2. No. is an abbreviation of "numero"—hence the *o*.

J. MCMILLAN.—Never be too certain of the nationality of a tune. Even the "Lochaber no more" you quote is claimed as an Irish air.

E. L. O.—The Haarlem organ is by Christian Müller, and has sixty stops and 4,088 pipes. The Weingarten organ has seventy stops, and originally had 6,666 pipes; and it is said that the monks, who were very rich, were so pleased with it, that they gave Gabler, the maker, 6,666 florins over and above his charges.

CUSSY.—We should leave the mouse alone, but see that he did not want for food. "A black-spotted mouse, that follows us from room to room, and even sits on the fender and washes its face while we are sitting by the fireside, and sings away, and will feed out of your hand," is a treasure that when found should be made the most of.

C. W. H.—Even a lawyer would be in doubt, as the matter is so obscure. Speaking generally, rivers are not open unless they have a towing-path.

T. C. D.—The Royal Marines are under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty.

D. T. MITCHELL.—The Great Eastern is now at New Orleans as one of the attractions of the exhibition.

W. KNIGHT.—We have not an enlarged copy of the fretwork design for the cover, but you can make one by means of the pantagraph, described in the fifth volume.

BOW BELLS.—1. The bridge of a violin should be placed in a line with the nicks of the sound-holes. 2. A genuine Straduarius is worth from £100 to £500, but the possessors of nearly all the genuine instruments are known by the dealers. Cremona fiddles are like old masters, and every change of ownership is carefully noted by those whose interest it is to effect the transfer. 3. Spell as we spell now. Never refer to an old book as an authority on the subject. The instance you give is a queer one, but what do you say to your friends the drum and fife under their old guise of the "drumme and phiph"? A tutor for the "phiph" is still in existence.

LAMINA.—Soak the leaves in soft water till they rot. Pick the decayed matter off with a pin. Wash carefully in running water, and bleach with chloride of lime. Another and quicker plan is to place a layer of leaves on a thin layer of soap, on it lay more soap, and build up a series of layers. Then put them in a mass into a saucepan and boil slowly.

LIGHT.—For books on electric lighting look up in the library catalogue A. Bromley Holmes on "Practical Electric Lighting;" R. E. Crompton on "The Electric Light for Industrial Uses;" T. B. Grierson on "Electric Lighting by Water Power;" Killingworth Hedges on "Useful Information on Electric Lighting;" and J. B. Hammond on "The Electric Light."

G. COLLIER.—Such fun is but folly after all. The examples are so numerous. Here is one of American origin, which, if not that you require, may serve your purpose just as well :—

Oh, for some deep secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar's line may cease;
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot!

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse to scan it o'er
I love a shiver with a roar—
No—I mean a river with a shore!

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land,
How sweet with one you love the most
To watch the cocks upon the roast—
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No—I mean a gipsy tent!

In that retirement lone I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow;
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
No—I mean sitting by a bough!

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose—
No—I mean hard knitting at your hose!

Perhaps on early cares you brood
While sympathy her sweet face shows,
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!

She smiles you into jest at last,
As pleased to see the spell is broke,
And draw from you a gentle moke—
No, no—I mean a mental joke!

HOPEFUL.—We never answer legal questions, or give information that we are informed may lead to litigation. If you want to learn the law, go to a lawyer; he is supposed to know all about it, and on account of that supposition he earns his living. He will enlighten you as to the way in which a man, fancying he can shuffle out of an engagement owing to the omission of a stamp, can be painlessly undeceived.

SHINER.—Yes, from a tree—the lacquer-tree, *Rhus vernicifera*. It is met with all over the main island, and Kinshin and Shikoka; but it is from Tokio northwards that it chiefly flourishes. The lacquer-tree is grown from seeds; the first year it reaches the height of a foot, the following spring the young are transplanted about six feet apart, and in ten years the average tree is ten feet high, with a trunk three inches in diameter, and a yield of lacquer sufficient to fill a three-ounce bottle. About 140,000 gallons of lacquer are annually produced in Japan.

H. G. B.—There is no children's hospital supported by subscribers to the BOY'S OWN PAPER, but there is a BOY'S OWN PAPER cot in the children's ward at the London Hospital, the great hospital in the east of London.

C. A. B.—The inhabitants of Hungary—the Hungarians—call themselves Magyars; and all stamps with Magyar on them are Hungarian.

O. YORKE.—1. The idea that the metre is really a measurable portion of a quadrant of the earth's circumference is no longer entertained. The metre was intended to be so, and that is all you can say. The earth is not a perfect geometrical figure. 2. A gallon of water weighs ten pounds, and a yard of inch-square forged iron weighs ten pounds, so that a gallon of water is of the same weight as thirty-six cubic inches of iron. 3. The real standard of the French system is the platinum kilogramme weight deposited at Paris. The theoretical standard is that a cubic decimètre of distilled water at 39·1 Fahrenheit will weigh a kilogramme.

G. L. N.—The lobelia was named after Lobel, Queen Elizabeth's physician, who is famous as having discovered the two great divisions of the vegetable kingdom—the dicotyledons and the monocotyledons.

P. D.—It is quite true. By the twitchings of the man's muscles, Dr. Hughes Bennett discovered that a tumour of limited dimensions was ensconced at a particular point on the ascending frontal convolution on the right side of the brain, and so he opened the patient's skull, and exactly at the spot indicated a tumour about the size of a walnut was found. The tumour was removed, and the patient recovered.

T. WYCOMBE.—Most of the lead now comes from Spain. About 120,000 tons are thence exported annually. America exports 100,000 tons; Germany 90,000 tons.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 330.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885. Price One Penny.

Gedge and Reginald in the Composing-room.

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

REGINALD'S PROSPECTS DEVELOP.

It was in anything but exuberant spirits that the two Crudens presented themselves on the following morning at the workmen's entrance of the Rocket Newspaper Company, Limited. The bell was

beginning to sound as they did so, and their enemy the timekeeper looked as though he would fain discover a pretext for pouncing on them and giving them a specimen of his importance. But even his ingenuity failed in this respect, and as Horace passed him with a good-humoured nod, he had, much against his will, to nod back and forego his amiable intentions.

The brothers naturally turned their steps to the room presided over by Mr. Durfy. That magnate had not yet arrived, much to their relief, and they consoled themselves in his absence by standing at the table watching their fellow-workmen as they crowded in and proceeded with more or less alacrity to settle down to their day's work.

Among those who displayed no unseemly haste in applying themselves to their tasks was Barber, who, with the dust of the back case-room still in his mind, and equally on his countenance, considered the present opportunity of squaring up accounts with Reginald too good to be neglected. For reasons best known to himself, Mr. Barber determined that his victim's flagellation should be moral rather than physical. He would have liked to punch Reginald's head, or, better still, to have knocked Reginald's and Horace's heads together. But he saw reasons for denying himself that pleasure, and fell back on the more ethereal weapons of his own wit.

"Hullo, puddin' 'ead," he began, "'ow 's your pa and your ma to-day? Find the Old Bailey a 'ealthy place, don't they?"

Reginald favoured the speaker by way of answer with a stare of mingled scorn and wrath, which greatly elevated that gentleman's spirits.

"'Ow long is it they've got? Seven years, ain't it? My eye, they won't know you when they come out, you'll be so growed."

The wrath slowly faded from Reginald's face as the speaker proceeded, leaving only the scorn to testify to the interest he took in this intellectual display.

Horace, delighted to see there was no prospect of a "flare-up," smiled and began almost to enjoy himself.

"I say," continued Barber, just a little disappointed to find that his exquisite humour was not as electrical in its effect as it would have been on any one less dense than the Crudens, "'ow is it you ain't got a clean collar on to-day, and no scent on your 'andkerchers—eh?"

This was getting feeble. Even Mr. Barber felt it, for he continued, in a more lively tone,

"Glad we ain't got many of your sickening sort 'ere; snivelling schoolboy brats, that's what you are, tired of pickin' pockets and think you're goin' to show us your manners Yah! if you wasn't such a dirty ugly pair of puppy dogs I'd stick you under the pump—so I would."

Reginald yawned and walked off to watch a compositor picking up type out of a case. Horace, on the other hand, appeared to be deeply interested in Mr. Barber's eloquent observations, and inquired quite artlessly, but with a twinkle in his eye,

"Is the pump near here? I was looking for it everywhere yesterday."

It was Mr. Barber's turn to stare. He had not expected this, and he did not like it, especially when one or two of the men and boys near who had failed to be convulsed by his wit laughed at Horace's question.

After all, moral flagellation does not always answer, and when one of the victims yawns and the other asks a matter-of-fact question it is disconcerting even to an accomplished operator. However, Barber gallantly determined on one more effort.

"Ugh—trying to be funny, are you, Mr. Snub-nose? Best try and be honest if you can, you and your mealy-mug brother. It'll be 'ard work, I know, to keep your 'ands in your own pockets, but you best do it, do you 'ear—pair of psalm-singin' twopenny-ha'penny puppy dogs!"

This picturesque peroration certainly deserved some recognition, and might possibly have received it had not Mr. Durfy's entrance at that particular moment sent the idlers back suddenly to their cases.

Reginald, either heedless of or unconcerned at the new arrival, remained listlessly watching the operations of the compositor near him, an act of audacity which highly exasperated the overseer, and furnished the key-note for the day's entertainment.

For Mr. Durfy, to use an expressive term, had "got out of bed the wrong side" this morning. For the matter of that, after the blowing-up about the back case-room, he had got into it the wrong side last night, so that he was doubly perturbed in spirit, and a short conversation he had just had with the manager below had not tended to compose him.

"Durfy," said that brusque official as the overseer passed his open door, "come in. What about those two lads I sent up to you yesterday? Are they any good?"

"Not a bit," growled Mr. Durfy; "fools both of them."

"Which is the bigger fool?"

"The old one."

"Then keep him for yourself—put him to composing and send the other one down here. Send him at once, Durfy, do you hear?"

With this considerately worded injunction in his ears it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Durfy was not all smiles as he entered the domain which owned his sway.

His eye naturally lit on Reginald as the most suitable object on which to relieve his feelings.

"Now then, there," he called out. "What do you mean by interfering with the men in their work?"

"I'm not interfering with anybody," said Reginald, looking up with glowing cheeks, "I'm watching this man."

"Come out of it, do you hear me. Why don't you go about your own work?"

"I've been waiting here ten minutes for you."

"Look here," said Mr. Durfy, his tones getting lower as his passion rose; "if you think we're going to keep you here to give us any of your impudence, you're mistaken; so I can tell you. It's bad enough to have a big fool put into the place for charity, without any of your nonsense. If I had my way I'd give you your beggarly eighteen shillings a week to keep you away. Go to your work."

Reginald's eyes blazed out for a moment on the speaker in a way which made Horace, who heard and saw all, tremble. But he overcame himself with a mighty effort, and said,

"Where?"

Mr. Durfy glanced round the room.

"Young Gedge!" he called out.

A boy answered the summons.

"Clear that rack between you and Barber, and put up a pair of cases for this fool here, and look after him. Off you go! and off *you* go," added he, rounding on Reginald, "and if we don't make it hot for you among us I'm precious mistaken."

It was a proud moment certainly for the cock of the Fifth at Wilderham to find himself following meekly at the heels of a youngster like Gedge, who had been commissioned to put him to work and look after him. But Reginald was too sick at heart and disgusted to care what became of himself as long as Mr. Durfy's odious voice ceased to torment his ears. The only thing he did care about was what was to become of Horace. Was he to be put in charge of some one too, or was he to remain a printer's devil?

Mr. Durfy soon answered that question.

"What are you standing there for?" demanded he, turning round on the younger brother as soon as he had disposed of the elder. "Go down to the manager's room at once, you're not wanted here."

So they were to be separated! There was only time to exchange one glance of mutual commiseration, and then Horace slowly left the room with sad forebodings, more on his brother's account than his own, and feeling that as far as helping one another was concerned they might as well be doomed to serve their time at opposite ends of London.

Gedge, under whose imposing auspices Reginald was to begin his typographical career, was a diminutive youth who, to all outward appearances, was somewhere about the tender age of fourteen, instead of, as was really the case, being almost as old as Reginald himself. He was facetiously styled "Magog" by his shopmates, in allusion to his small stature, which required the assistance of a good-sized box under his feet to enable him to reach his "upper case." His face was not an unpleasant one, and his voice, which still retained its boyish treble, was an agreeable contrast to that of most of the "gentlemen of the case" in Mr. Durfy's department.

For all that Reginald considered himself much outraged by being put in charge of this chit of a child, and glowered down on him much as a mastiff might glower on a terrier who presumed to do the honour of his back yard for his benefit.

However, the terrier in this case was not at all disheartened by his reception, and said cheerily as he began to clear the frame,

"You don't seem to fancy it, I say. I don't wonder. Never mind, I shan't lick you unless you make me."

"Thanks," said Reginald, drily, but scarcely able to conceal a smile at this magnanimous declaration.

"Magog" worked busily away putting away cases in the rack, dusting the frame down with his apron, and whistling softly to himself.

"Thanks for helping me," said he, after a time, as Reginald still stood by doing nothing. "I could never have done it all by myself."

Reginald blushed a little at this broad hint, and proceeded to lift down a case.

But he nearly upset it in doing so, greatly to his companion's horror.

"You'd better rest," he said, "you'll be fagged out. Here, let me do it. There you are. Now we're ready to start you. I've a good mind to go and get old Tacker to ring up the big bell and let them know you're just going to begin."

Reginald could hardly be offended at this good-natured banter, and, as Gedge was after all a decent-looking boy, and aspirated his "h's" and did not smell of onions, he began to think that if he were doomed to drudge in this place he might have been saddled with a more offensive companion.

"It's a pity to put Tacker to the trouble, young un," said he; "he'll probably ring when I'm going to leave off, and that'll do as well."

"That's not bad for you," said Gedge, approvingly, "not half bad. Go on like that, and you'll make a joke in about a fortnight."

"Look here," said Reginald, smiling at last. "I shall either have to punch your head or begin work. You'd better decide which you'd like best."

"Well, as Durfy is looking this way," said Gedge, "I suppose you'd better begin work. Stick that pair of empty cases up there—the one with the big holes below and the other one above. You needn't stick them upside down, though, unless you particularly want to; they look quite as well the right way. Now, then, you'd better watch me fill them, and see what boxes the sorts go in. No larks, now. Here goes for the 'm's.'"

So saying, Mr. "Magog" proceeded to fill up one box with types of the letter "m," and another box some distance off with "a's," and another with "b's," and so on, till presently the lower of the two cases was nearly full. Reginald watched him with something like admiration, inwardly wondering if he would ever be able to find his way about this labyrinth of boxes, and strongly of opinion that only muffs like printers would think of arranging the alphabet in such an absurdly haphazard manner. The lower case being full up, Gedge meekly suggested that as he was yet several feet from his full size, they might as well lift the upper case down while it was being filled. Which done, the same process was repeated, only with more apparent regularity, and the case having been finally tilted up on the frame above the lower case, the operator turned round with a pleased expression, and said,

"What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it's very ridiculous not to put the 'capital J' next to the 'capital I,'" said Reginald.

Gedge laughed.

"Go and tell Durfy that; he'd like to hear it."

Reginald, however, denied himself the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Durfy on this occasion, and occupied himself with picking up the types and inspecting them, and trying to learn the geography of his cases.

"Now," said "Magog," mounting his box and taking his composing-stick in his hand. "Keep your eye on me, young fellow, and you'll know all about it."

And he proceeded to "set up" a paragraph for the newspaper from a manuscript in front of him at a speed which bewildered Reginald and baffled any attempt on his part to follow the movements of the operator's hand among the boxes. He watched for several minutes in silence until Gedge, considering he had exhibited his agility sufficiently, halted in his work, and with a passing shade across his face turned to his companion, and said,

"I say, isn't this a beastly place?"

There was something in his voice and manner which struck Reginald. It was unlike a common workman, and still more unlike a boy of Gedge's size and age.

"It is beastly," he said.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, you know," continued Gedge, in a half-whisper, and going on with his work at the same time, "because I guess it's not what you're used to."

"I'm not used to it," said Reginald.

"Nor was I when I came. My old screw of an uncle took it into his head to apprentice me here because he'd been an apprentice once and didn't see why I should start higher up the ladder than he did. Are you an apprentice?"

"No, not that I know of," said Reginald, not knowing exactly what he was.

"Lucky beggar! I'm booked here for nobody knows how much longer. I'd have cut it long ago if I could. I say, what's your name?"

"Cruden."

"Well, Cruden, I'm precious glad you've turned up. It'll make all the difference to me. I was getting as big a cad as any of those fellows there, for you're bound to be sociable. But you're a nicer sort, and it's a good job for me, I can tell you."

Apart from the flattery of these words, there was a touch of earnestness in the boy's voice which struck a sympathetic chord in Reginald's nature and drew him mysteriously to this new hour-old acquaintance. He told him of his own hard fortunes, and by what means he had come down to his present position. Gedge listened to it all eagerly.

"Were you really captain of the Fifth at your school?" said he, almost reverentially. "I say! what an awful drop this must be! You must feel as if you'd sooner be dead."

"I do sometimes," said Reginald.

"I know I would," replied Gedge, solemnly, "if I was you. Was that other fellow your brother, then?"

"Yes."

Gedge mused a bit, and then laughed quietly.

"How beautifully you two shut up Barber between you just now," he said; "it's the first snub he's had since I've been here, and all the fellows swear by him. I say, Cruden, it's a merciful thing for me you've come. I was bound to go to the dogs if I'd gone on as I was much longer."

Reginald brightened. It pleased him just now to think any one was glad to see him, and the spontaneous way in which this boy had come under his wing won him over completely.

"We must manage to stick together," he said. "Horace, you know, is working in another part of the office. It's awfully hard lines, for we set our minds on being together. But it can't be helped; and I'm glad, any way, you're here, young un."

The young un beamed gratefully by way of response.

The paragraph by this time was nearly set up, and the conversation was interrupted by the critical operation of lifting the "matter" from the stick and transferring it to a "galley," a feat which the experienced "Magog" accomplished very deftly, and greatly to the amazement of his companion. Just as it was over, and Reginald was laughingly hoping he would not soon be expected to arrive at such a pitch of dexterity, Mr. Durfy walked up.

"So that's what you call doing your work, is it? playing the fool and getting in another man's way. Is that all you've done?"

Reginald glared at him, and answered, "I'm not playing the fool."

"Hold your tongue and don't answer me, you miserable puppy. Let me see what you have done."

"I've been learning the boxes in the case," said Reginald.

Mr. Durfy sneered.

"You have, have you? That's what you've been doing the last hour, I suppose. Since you've been so industrious, pick me out a lower-case 'x,' do you hear?"

Reginald made a vague dive at one of the boxes, but not the right one, for he produced a "z."

"Ah, I thought so," said Mr. Durfy, with a sneer that made Reginald long to cram the type into his mouth. "Now let's try a capital 'J.'"

As it happened, Reginald knew where the capital "J" was, but he made no attempt to reach it, and answered,

"If you want a capital 'J,' Mr. Durfy, you can help yourself."

"Magog" nearly jumped out of his skin as he heard this audacious reply, and scarcely ventured to look round to notice the effect of it on Mr. Durfy. The effect was on the whole not bad. For a moment the overseer was dumbfounded and could not speak. But a glance at the resolute pale boy in front of him checked him in his impulse to use some other retort but the tongue. As soon as words came he snarled,

"Ho! is it that you mean, my beauty? All right, we'll see who's master here; and if I am, I'm sorry for you."

And he turned on his heel and went.

"You've done it now," said "Magog," in an agitated whisper—"done it clean."

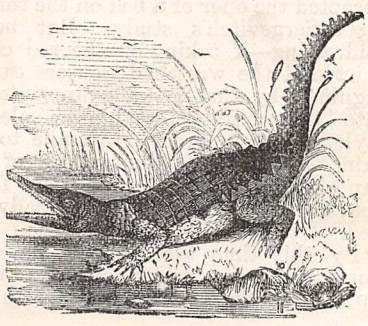
"Done what?" asked Reginald.

"Done it with Durfy. He will make it hot for you, and no mistake. Never mind, if the worst comes to the worst you can cut. But hold on as long as you can. He'll make you go some time or other."

"He won't make me go till I choose," replied Reginald. "I'll stick here to disappoint him, if I do nothing else."

The reader may have made up his mind already that Reginald was a fool. I'm afraid he was. But do not judge him harshly yet, for his troubles are only beginning.

(To be continued.)



IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—THE KATMIEWSKIE TSCHAST.

Moscow is divided into a certain number of districts, to each of which belongs a police-station, called the tschast. This division is also called the tschast, and is divided into certain subdivisions called qvartals.

The police-captain commanding a qvartal is called a qvartalnik, and his duties are to see that the passports of all the inhabitants of his qvartal are in due order, that the police-soldiers are duly posted, that the dvorniks from the various houses report the arrival and departure of all lodgers, servants, and guests in his district.

The qvartalnik generally has a little house in some convenient part of his qvartal, but when that qvartal is that in which the house of the tschast is situated, his lodging is in the house, which contains the dwellings of many of the more than half military civil authorities. Here are the headquarters of the posjarniks, or firemen, with all the host of engines, fire-escapes, pumps, long ladders, vans for the firemen, and so forth. Here are the barracks of the police-soldiers as well as of the firemen, and the stables for all the police horses and those of the fire-brigade as well.

We have already described the quarters inhabited by the gallant Captain Malutin in the grand composite house forming the Katmiewskie Tschast, and we left him in the company of our little hero discussing the hopes, fears, and adventures of the latter. The officer became more and more convinced of the truth of Ivan's assertions and more and more delighted with the anticipations of a grand reward. But what to do with the boy for the moment was a difficulty.

He had a son of his own of about Ivan's size, who was a pupil in the Second Gymnasium, and was on a visit to a friend's house at the other extremity of Moscow with permission to remain there the night and the next day, which was a "prasdnik," or grand holiday. Malutin therefore advised Ivan, after partaking of some excellent tea with various kinds of cold viands—bread, butter, sardines, and cold meat—quietly to undress, go to bed, and get to sleep as soon as he could, and in the morning to assume the habiliments of the captain's son Serge.

The plan met with Ivan's perfect approbation, and, being half dead with fatigue and excitement, he most gladly accepted the offer of a bed on the sofa in Egor Sergevitch's study. But before undressing—if taking off the red calico shirt and the wretched trousers can be dignified by that term—Ivan "pitched into" the viands before him in splendid style, and even brought a smile to the calm, melancholy countenance of the captain himself. At last he was fairly beaten and declared himself ready for bed.

By this time the handmaiden came home, and at her master's command made up the bed on the sofa, and in a shorter space of time than we can very well imagine they had Ivan fast asleep and snoring most melodiously.

Captain Malutin walked up and down in his oddly furnished lodgings until two o'clock in the morning, when a violent pull was given to the bell of the tschast, because the great gates had long since been closed. The fireman sentry had long been fast asleep, so had the dvornik, but the police-soldier on duty was wakeful and speedily opened the wide gates. This prompt attendance pleased the ladies who were driving in, and they gave the driver five kopecks over his fare, which was not an ordinary act on the part of Madame Malutin.

She ascended the queer staircase, followed by her daughter, and the dim lamp, which hardly served to illumine the way, was not sufficient to allow the peculiarities of face, figure, and dress, remarkable in these two ladies, to be discerned by an ordinary spectator. They reached the landing where they found the door leading to their rooms open and the captain just coming forward with a little lamp.

"Captain Malutin!" exclaimed his better half, "how can you leave the door open that way, letting all the heat escape? It is certainly three degrees of cold to-night, and our rooms are never too warm!"

"My dear, I only hastened to keep you from waiting in the cold. Make haste in."

"Make haste in! What next? Do you think you are commanding some poor wretch of a dvornik? I shall walk in as I please!"

On entering the room in which Ivan had been regaled, Madame Malutin exclaimed,

"Oh! I see, when the cat's away the mice will play! So you have been enjoying yourself in my absence?"

"Yes, my dear, I have had the most extraordinary and mysterious visitor I ever had in my life, and there may be good times coming to us yet, according to our treatment of him, for I have him still here."

"Batuschka! Where? What is he? Let me see."

"He is in bed on my sofa-bedstead."

"Impossible! How could you do such a thing as put goodness knows whom to sleep on a bed of *ours?* I am astonished. You might have waited until *I* came home, at least! Let me see!"

The lady ran forward, and rushing into the room found Ivan comfortably snoring on the sofa. One arm was thrown carelessly over the quilt and disclosed the nocturnal garment of her son, which the mother's quick eye at once detected, as well as the wretchedly dirty and miserable *rubaschka*, or red shirt, which, with the still more wretched trousers, was lying on the floor.

"Are those the ordinary garments of the *gentleman* who is to make our fortune? I congratulate you, *General!*" (she always said this when particularly cross); "and when do you think the good times are coming? Ah! you have given your young benefactor the very nightshirt of your own son! Captain Malutin, what does it mean?"

"I can only beg as a favour," he replied to this outburst, "that you will allow this young gentleman whom I have rescued from worse than death to remain in undisturbed possession of the couch. As to Serge's nightshirt, I am confident that kindness to that little neglected child will more than repay you for any quantity of linen or anything else that may be in our power to give him. Come into this room and do not make a sound to wake him—I know what I am about and mean what I say."

Awed by a new manner in her husband's address, Madame Malutin followed him, uncertain whether to break out into open rebellion or to repress the feelings which prompted her to attack him. She was not a stupid woman, but constant disappointment had soured her disposition fearfully. She had not been taught *where* to look for help in need. All her prayers were passionate petitions to the picture of her patron saint (that hung in the corner of her bedroom next to that of her husband) for aid in worldly matters. She looked upon her husband as the source of all her sufferings, and although the patience with which he accepted his lot occasionally impressed her, her general attitude towards him was hostile.

He soon explained in a few words, and then flung himself down upon the sofa in the sitting-room. This sofa had no accommodations for sleepers, being (as all state sofas in Germany and in Russia invariably are) made like two stiff armchairs with a piece joined in between them to unite them into one piece of furniture, the left arm of one and the right arm of the other having been removed to permit of this.

Lying down on such an article of furniture is a difficult problem, and one which Captain Malutin would never have sought to solve. But he did not think about it, his thoughts were all concentrated on Ivan. He fully believed in him, for he had answered all his questions most satisfactorily. He determined, however, to apply to the First Gymnasium to be sure of what he was about, and then to have him well clad in the first instance before taking him to Smirnoff or to Kakaroff.

He wanted to gain time so as to allow the reward, of which he stood grievously in need, to augment. To keep him where he was would gain time, and the reward might increase to any amount, but how could he account for detaining the boy after his clear and unquestionably true statement respecting his misfortune? His duty was clearly to take him home at once, and this was his interest too.

As one means of gaining time he resolved to order a suit of clothes, if he could get a tailor to trust him (a difficult task for a poor man in Moscow), for he could not take him home in the wretched garments in which he was clad when brought to the tschast. The day or two which must elapse before these things could be got ready, added to the prasdnik of to-morrow, would give him about a week, he thought, and this seemed ample time for him to turn round in, and for the reward offered to be increased.

Malutin rose early next morning and went out. In a very short time he returned, however, accompanied by the doctor. The doctor bowed to Madame Malutin, and complimented her on her early rising; then, turning to the captain, he observed,

"I must ask you to let me see the boy at once, for I have many calls to make, and my time is precious."

He led the way into the little room where Ivan lay tossing in the disturbed sleep of fever. The doctor felt his pulse and shook his head.

"He will want careful attention. He has taken a severe cold under circumstances probably of very great excitement. I shall just give him a saline draught, and beg you to keep his head cool. It may pass off with care, or it may, if he be neglected, take a very awkward turn. Is he related to you?"

"Not related at all, but he has come to me under circumstances of peculiar interest. I think I may venture to say that your attention will be well considered. He is not a poor boy."

"My dear Malutin, I never thought of fees. In your house every inmate has a sacred claim. I have not forgotten the Balkan and Plevna!"

"Don't talk nonsense; but, *apropos* of Plevna, you remember the carnage there. After that all human suffering seems mild and comfortable. Do you remember the fearful sufferings of that fellow who was such a favourite with Skobeleff? I forget his name. He was captain of the second company. Surely you remember him?"

"You mean Abrazoff?"

"Of course; yes, that was his family name—I remember now. The *case* I shall never forget. Poor fellow, how he was cut to pieces!"

"Don't talk about it. Write the prescription and take a glass of tea with us; you have taken none yet."

"The lady ran forward and rushed into the room."

"No, thanks—no time. I'm off—good-bye. Adieu, ladies!" And he was gone.

Malutin sent Proscovia to the apothecary's shop attached to the "tschast," and during her absence Madame Malutin asked her husband to tell her more in detail how he had become possessed of the boy, and what was the reason of his saying that their fortunes might be greatly improved by his means.

"The boy is Ivan Dobroff, for whom so

large a reward was offered not long since by the great merchant Smirnoff, and my wish was to keep him until the reward offered should be considerable. I was in doubt how to do this, when this morning I found his head burning and his sleep unnatural. This at once gave me the idea of keeping him quiet until we are able to remove him in comfort to his friends. You see, the state in which he came to me, half naked, wretched, and miserable, gave me grounds to suspect his story. It is known all over Moscow that such a boy has been missing. How easy it is for any young street Arab to say that he is Ivan Dobroff! If it only procure him food and warmth for a day or two, that is always a considerable gain in that class of the community. The doctor says that he must be kept perfectly quiet. So that Sascha must not practise her music, and I shall send a man to the Barsoffs with the request that they will keep Serge for a few days. I don't want it talked about."

"The boy must be carefully tended," she said, "and I will do my best; but I think you should go to his friends and put them at their ease regarding him. Depend upon it, you will not lose in the end. Besides, there is this to consider—the boy has told you where he lives and all about himself, so that you have no excuse for not seeing Mr. Smirnoff."

"Your view is very just, but I can always say that the story was incredible, and that I believed it to be a lie to escape the charge of theft."

"Then the question would arise, How, imagining him to be a thief, you could have decided on bringing him home and treating him like a member of the family. Either you should have put him into a cell as a felon or taken him to Mr. Smirnoff. You had no right to bring him here, and I fear greatly that the good which might have arisen from the reward offered may be undone by this error in judgment."

"I do not think," he replied, "there is any danger in keeping him. Nobody believed his statements, and I was drawn to the child by some undefined attraction in his face that reminded me of times long past. I could not have told you yesterday whom he resembled, but I know now: it was Abrazoff. Do you not remember Abrazoff, formerly of the Preabrojenski Guard, but attached afterwards to us by Skobeleff's own wish—'Because we were such brave fellows,' as he said, 'that we ought to have some guardsmen with us to show the guards the art of war.' Some say it was only to infuse new blood into the mess as we were getting rather sluggish from want of work. But would you believe it, the doctor mentioned Abrazoff this morning, and then I knew whom the boy resembled. He is as like him as possible, allowing for the difference between a man of thirty and a child of twelve. And so I have my story. A child is brought to me charged with theft; he tells a rambling tale which no one credits, but I am attracted by the striking likeness to an old comrade. I see that he is ill; I bring him home, call the doctor, ask you to tend him for the sake of my old friend; and when, in the course of a few days, good nursing and kind treatment have brought him round, I take him to the Loubiyanka and gain the increased reward."

"Well, Egor, you must know best. It may be all as we hope in the near future, but I fancy the better policy would be to go to Smirnoff's now."

Malutin got up and paced the room nervously for some time. At last he said, "No; as I have brought him home, and he is really ill, I'll risk it. I am sure it is better so. But the moment when I find him well enough to speak of all these things I'll talk to him, and then I'll fetch Smirnoff. It would not do before."

When Ivan woke he was slightly delirious, but did not rave. He saw Sascha, whom he called Anniesie, and begged her to fetch him some cold water. This she did, and he seemed refreshed and altogether better after the draught. Madame Malutin he did not seem to see or notice. He sipped cold spring water from the hands of the girl, and talked to "Anniesie" very strangely and incoherently about monks and cannibals and cellars until Sascha grew rather scared. At last he fell asleep, and slept soundly until noon, at which time the doctor, according to his promise, arrived.

His examination of Ivan was satisfactory. He could not pronounce distinctly, but he did not think that there were any signs of typhoid fever or anything really very bad. He attributed the delirium to overwrought sensitiveness, and commanded absolute quiet. As he was leaving, Malutin arrived, and the doctor asked whether he had sent the letter requesting his friends to retain Serge still longer.

"Oh, yes, I sent off a budeschnik with a note first thing this morning."

"That's as it should be. If the boy grows worse we must send him to a hospital, but if within forty-eight hours there should be no change of that kind, or if there should be an improvement (as I hope there will), why, then it would be best to leave him here. Your ladies seem to have taken to him in the most marvellous way."

"Does he remind you of anybody, doctor?"

"There is a vague feeling in my mind of a family likeness to somebody, but for the life of me I cannot tell to whom."

"Then why did you feel reminded of Abrazoff this morning, eh?"

"Batuschka! you are a witch! Yes, that's it. If Abrazoff's son had lived he would have been as old as this little chap, and doubtless would have been like him. Only there's no accounting for these things. Sons are more often unlike their fathers than like them, while the resemblance comes out in another generation. But you are right. The boy unconsciously reminded me of Abrazoff, poor fellow!"

"Do you recollect what Skobeleff used to call Abrazoff?"

"No. Oh, yes I do, though. He used to call him Dobrie Ivan" (*i.e.*, Good John).

"What do you think that little chap told me his name was?"

"Can't imagine."

"Ivan Dobroff!"

"I say, Malutin, this is getting unpleasant. Serving in the police makes you too mysterious. I'm off."

And he was off, leaving the captain in a brown study. At last he was roused by his wife knocking at the door to know what the doctor had reported.

Some days passed over Ivan's head before the truth of the doctor's assertion became manifest. There was no malignant fever to dread, no evidence of its existence. It was the ordinary feverish condition of a very severe cold, aggravated by overwrought sensitiveness. The tender care of the two ladies was rewarded by the rapid advance in health made by the boy. At last the day arrived when he could sit up and walk and talk. The idea of sending for the tailor had been given up. Poor Malutin did not much care to see him, to tell the truth, on account of a "small balance" against him. So, having provided for his son's stay at the house of the friends whom he was visiting when our hero arrived, he encased Ivan in an old suit of clothes which had belonged to Serge.

One day, being much stronger, Ivan was sitting with Sascha and her mother when the latter asked him who Anniesie was, about whom he had so often raved during his illness. So he told them all his adventures since his escape with the student from Mazielovo. He told them of the way in which he had been taken to Kupsk, and of his recovery by Colonel Masloff, and how he had run off to try "to find Anniesie who had been so good to him," how he had been entrapped into the den and stripped and dressed in the the wretched rubaschka and trousers and boots in which he had been brought to the tschast. "One thing," he said, in conclusion of his long story, "I am sure of, they have sent Anniesie and her father to Siberia. And another thing is this—I mean to get them back."

They both laughed at his boyish enthusiasm, but later, when the mother had gone out, Ivan opened out his plans more fully to the girl.

"You tell me where you keep your passport," he said, "and I will borrow it; or better make a bundle of some of your things instead of the old clothes, which I shall tell your father I mean to keep all my life in memory of him. I shall make up two bundles exactly alike, and leave the one with my old things for you to get rid of the best way you can, and you must get me a passport. If you will do this I will be ever so good, and I promise you to learn Latin and please Mr. Smirnoff in every possible way. I will tell him what good people you all are, and how you are almost as good as Anniesie. At least you are perhaps better—I mean I like you almost as much. Funny, isn't it, that two girls should have been so good to me? I shall begin to like girls better. Must be something in them, after all!"

After this long speech, Ivan paused. Sascha did not know what to say. She did not like to promise to aid him in a breach of the laws, and to connive at the escape of a prisoner. But she could not bear to disappoint the warm-hearted little fellow, and to wreck his hopes of serving one to whom he seemed to owe such a boundless debt of gratitude. She tried to gain time by saying, "I'll see about it."

"That won't do," said Ivan. "I must have this help. Look here! It isn't much to ask you for, is it?—a bundle of old clothes of last year and a bit of paper! That's all I want; and your father will have twenty thousand roubles for finding me!"

"Nonsense, Ivan!"

"Fact. Masloff got that, and he had no trouble with me at all, except the fun I had out of him in the railway car-

riage, and that was so little that it was not worth mentioning. Here I have had great care shown me. Your father found me a bundle of rags, and not many of *them*, sick, poor, and wretched, and now I am as happy as a rat in a corn-bin! Well, if the old colonel got twenty thousand roubles for me without any trouble on his part, your father ought to get forty thousand, at least. And then to refuse me the few old clothes '*in*' after a bargain like that, I call downright mean. You are not the girl I took you for."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Won't do! I must have your promise to give me the things and the passport. I have the whole plan arranged, and when I bring back Anniesie you and she will be friends."

Seeing how his heart was set upon the matter she said,

"I will promise you the clothes, and I will promise to try to get the passport, but that is very difficult because they are kept by the police."

"Well, are you not *in* the police?"

She laughed and said, "Well, perhaps I have better chances of getting at those things than outsiders would have, but it is so difficult that I can only promise to try. Now tell me what shall you ask Mr. Smirnoff to let you do?"

"You won't tell?"

"No, I promise not to tell. You will ask him to let you what?"

"Serve in the cavalry."

A hearty laugh showed that this secret was not what the young lady had expected to hear. And Ivan was much offended at having the secret desire of his heart laughed at.

At this juncture Captain Malutin entered the room, and, seeing his daughter so amused, began to ask questions about the cause of her mirth.

"Well," he said, "whatever you were laughing at, there must be some truth in what Ivan says about the reward. It seems that for some days a reward has been offered, but not publicly, to the police. It has been communicated to the head of each tschast in Moscow, but by some means the notice has not reached me. I was busy with many extra duties, and have not been to the head office yonder for a week at least. This is a week ago, and the people of my qvartal have never thought of betraying your safe keeping here! It is altogether miraculous! I must ask you in speaking to Mr. Smirnoff about the matter to dwell on two facts, namely, first, that your identity was not, at first, believed in by any of us at the qvartal; and, secondly, that I have been, as well as my wife, much occupied in attending upon you during your sickness."

"All right," said Ivan. "I will say anything and everything you like, only I want you to let me have a bundle of all the old clothes I have worn on this expedition! I want the rubaschka, the brukie, and the old boots, as well as what I have worn belonging to Serge."

"That reminds me," said Malutin, "you must have a respectable schuba, for the snow is beginning to fall—and, in fact, it is winter."

"How jolly! That is the time to travel. Horses, bells, sledges! How they go! How the snow crackles! How the yamschik bullies the cattle! Don't talk to me of railways; they are well enough for miserable people like the English, who live in a fog, have no horses, and never see snow. I mean to buy a sledge with three black horses and snow-nets over them."

The details of the schuba and fur cap were all satisfactorily arranged. The tailor had heard of the reward from a sergeant who had read the notice in the office, and he was only too glad to have a chance of obliging one of the richest merchants in Moscow, and in a very short time everything was ready to Ivan's satisfaction. He contrived to whisper to Sascha that the representation he should make of his treatment in their house should depend entirely upon the punctual performance of his request to have the bundle of girls' clothes and the passport. She had not been idle, and had actually been able to obtain the document he required from a heap of papers on her father's desk, knowing that he could easily replace it. She had put this in an envelope for Ivan, and put it into his hand at parting. The bundle of his clothes as packed by Helena Petrovna had been removed, and one closely resembling it substituted.

There was a tender leavetaking between Ivan and the two ladies, who had begun to like him hugely; and in a very short time Ivan once more found himself in the grand house of Mr. Smirnoff.

"Come up into my room, captain," cried Ivan. "I want to show you that I spoke the truth about my civil paletôt and cap. There is the peg from which I took the mantle and kepi. Haloah, Yuri! Don't you know me?"

"Is it possible? Yes, it certainly is Ivan Dobroff; and here is Mr. Smirnoff!"

(To be continued.)

THE GOLD FISH.

By the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

CHAPTER V.

The excitement about who were going to share in the enjoyment of Edwin's birthday festivities was only finally allayed on Saturday morning, when the three boys, Harry, Dickey, and Hercules, alone appeared decked in their Sunday clothes. Admired by all, envied by most, for these were now among the influential of the Highfield boys, the trio waited for Edwin Aston after school, and accompanied him to the home of his spinster aunt. Full of spirits at the prospect of the holiday, they laughed and chaffed and experienced the keen delight of freedom.

Miss Davis received them at the door of her mansion with a smile of genial, open-hearted hospitality. With all her crotchets and vagaries, she was a most charming old lady when concerned in the entertainment of young people.

Edwin was delighted at his aunt's gracious reception of his friends. The luncheon was spread with substantial elegance, the table garnished with fair flowers and fruits. Mirth and good-humour flowed apace. The boys discussed their school doings, and never an ill omened word was spoken to mar the harmony of the feast. Miss Davis entered with lively interest into the details of cricket matches, which she understood about as well as a tortoiseshell cat understands the merits of Dresden china. She followed them in the history of woodland rambles and bathing adventures. She affected horror at the mark of the adder's fangs on Harry's wrist. She laughed for the twentieth time over the ludicrous conduct of Cacus in the schoolroom.

Then after lunch was over they went and sat under the verandah to enjoy the cool western breezes that were wafted through clustering traceries of clematis and jessamine and honeysuckle and vine. Miss Davis issued orders to James to bring out a table, and on it was placed an imposing square parcel carefully concealed by paper. This was her birthday present to Edwin, and proved when unpacked to be a handsome "Compendium of Games," containing chess, backgammon, draughts, steeplechase, and a host of other games, all turned out in the highest class of workmanship, such as a boy cannot fail to admire. Edwin's delight knew no bounds. The boys examined every item of the contents of the box, and played a game of steeplechase with all the zest that attends the use of a new toy, and were so engrossed in the exciting sport that they were loth to leave it when the sound of carriage wheels announced the arrival of the young ladies.

Then there were shy shakings of hands, and tongues that before had seemed incapable of ever growing tired became on a sudden slow of speech and awkward in utterance, and it needed the full force of Miss Davis's arts to dispel the shyness of the boys and the coyness of the girls. But that good lady was equal to the emergency. Croquet, La Grace, and battledore upon the lawn gradually prevailed to remove all embarrassment.

And when they were tired of these amusements it was time for tea; which repast, in honour of the auspicious occasion, was to take the form of a picnic under the beech-trees by the pond. It was to be a genuine picnic, with no nonsense about it—as much a picnic as if the guests were on the wild slopes of a Welsh mountain or among the banks and braes of bonnie Scotland.

Baskets of provisions were brought out upon the lawn, and the boys carried them down to a grassy slope near the pond,

where beech and elm trees overshadowed the ground. The young ladies bore the teapots and kettle and lighter articles of the furniture of the feast. Two of the softer sex laid the cloth and set out the delicacies in appetising array, while two were told off to gather sticks for the fire. These were Molly Stephenson and Louise Delamere. Hercules was squire to the latter upon this occasion, and showed her assiduous attentions. Kitty Brown, the blonde, and Edith Grey, the brunette, presided over the teapots, and a blazing fire was soon crackling and sputtering beneath a gipsy tripod of stakes. It was a period of thorough enjoyment to all concerned, not least so to Miss Davis, who seemed to live over again one of her own sunny birthdays in the days long ago of her childhood. The happiness of the children around her brought back memories of the past. To quote the beautiful words of Charles Dickens—which of you boys can tell me from where they come?—"The tear which starts unbidden to the eye, when the recollection of old times and the happiness of many years ago is suddenly recalled, stole down the old lady's face as she shook her head with a melancholy smile."

Merely a passing cloud to dim for a moment the sunny scene.

Tea could not last for ever, and some one suggested a row on the pond. The old punt was soon manned—a craft warranted, if needs were, to carry a brood of young elephants. Harry Dawson and jolly old Hercules rowed three or four of the girls up the deep and shallow reaches, where perch and tench lurked through the hot summer afternoons, as cool as cucumbers, enjoying life while weary masters and boys labour at lessons.

And now we are approaching the crisis of this tale.

"Oh, do let us fish!" cried Edith Grey. "May we, Miss Davis? We can put what we catch into the basin of the fountain."

(You think, my boy, that you can guess what's going to happen, don't you? Not exactly, though!)

"To be sure, my love," answered the kind old lady. "Edwin, dear, fetch the fishing-rods from the stables, and ask cook to make you some dough-paste. We will not use worms, it is so cruel."

The tackle was soon procured, and two of the girls began to angle. Mademoiselle Louise was not slow to capture a perch, which Hercules gallantly took off the hook for her, and got his hand well pricked by the back fin during the operation.

Then the young ladies declared that Miss Davis must come upon the water—a thing she had never dreamed of during all the years she had been at Chesterton House. A garden-chair was placed in the punt, and a chorus of silvery voices begged their kind hostess to embark. Edwin insisted on being captain of the vessel on that voyage. He declared he could not trust his aunt on the water alone. Miss Davis's nerves seemed inspired with supernatural strength that afternoon. "The old lady stuck at nothing," as Edwin expressed it when afterwards talking over the glorious birthday festivities with Harry Dawson.

She actually stepped into the punt and sat in the chair, and suffered herself to be rowed about; and when the oarsmen rested for awhile, and Edwin put a fishing-rod into his aunt's hand, it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that she should hold it! Miss Davis fishing in a punt! Such a wonder had never been known! It was the first and last time she ever fished in all her life.

* * * *

Miss Davis did not find her patience long taxed. See, the float bobs—ducks its white head—dives—furiously disappears. The fisherwoman nearly lets go the rod.

"Hold hard, aunt! don't give in! you've got something grand!"

Miss Davis holds hard with both hands. The hazel wand bends like a shepherd's crook! Crack! the top joint has sprung a leak—that's not quite the correct expression, but the excitement is so intense that we cannot stop to alter it. She grasps the line. She hauls it in hand over hand! She refuses all assistance! Victory is hers! There lies gasping and floundering at the bottom of the punt

THE GOLD FISH!

* * * *

All things must have an end.

The shadows of evening had lengthened. The sun had set. The cool calm holy twilight had followed. The guests at last were gone. Edwin and his aunt stood alone upon the lawn.

"Well, aunt, you have given me the best birthday I ever had. I do thank you with all my heart. And it was *you* who caught the gold fish after all!"

"Edwin, I must beg your pardon. I have misjudged you. In spite of your telling me you had not disobeyed me, I could not help having some misgivings about the disappearance of the fish. I think now it must have found its way into the pond down the overflow-pipe."

"You're right, aunt. I'll tell you all how it happened."

And the boy told the whole story, which need not be repeated here.

In his latter days the burly fish once more reigned supreme in the fountain basin, monarch of all he surveyed; and never again did he escape; for a piece of wire gauze was fastened over the mouth of the pipe. He may have sometimes sighed for the deeper waters and broader pastures of the pond, but, at any rate, he had little to complain of in his declining years, and continued as of yore to be his mistress's only animal pet.

And as for the question of cribbing and cheating, like many a similar misunderstanding, it was soon forgotten by all concerned; and, somehow, from that day forward, Edwin and his aunt seemed to understand each other better; and so, like the hero and heroine in the dear old children's stories, they lived happily ever afterwards.

(THE END.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER V.—"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE."

It was a glorious day, breezy, exhilarating. You would have said so had you been walking among the woods of Mount Edgcumbe, that fringe the sea to the west of Plymouth Sound. The autumn tints were on the trees, the leaves came whirling down in showers; on some parts of the pathways they lay inches deep, and the bare-legged picturesque-looking children returning townwards with baskets laden with ripe, fat acorns danced among them and skipped among them, and laughed to hear them rustle, while high in the branches above dark-tailed squirrels squatted and swung, eyeing the children's baskets with envious glances.

A glorious day among the woods, and a glorious day anywhere you might roam in all the romantic country. But across the wilds of Dartmoor, had you been making your way, you would have felt the full force of the breeze, and, had you been a sportsman, you hardly would have thought it so glorious there.

Then seaward had you looked you would have noticed that Neptune's lambs had come out to play, for the wind blew stiff and strong directly down Channel, and skippers of ships and craft of every kind beating havenwards with scanty canvas could scarce have said it was a glorious day at all. Yet they might have had worse weather, for the sky was blue overhead, and the few white clouds there were gave ample promise that, however stiff the breeze might be, it would be a steady one.

"A glorious day, sir," said Lieutenant Mildmay to his commander as they stood together on the quarter-deck of the Theodora.

The vessel lay at anchor in the harbour, the outermost ship, and some considerable distance astern of the Royal Adelaide, on which the admiral hoisted his flag.

The captain gave no direct answer just then. There was a frown on his not over-handsome face, so it was perhaps as well he did not speak at once.

He was looking at the stores with which the decks were littered, he was listening to the clang, clang, clang of the carpenters' hammers in the ward-room beneath their feet, he was sniffing with supercilious nostrils at the odour of fresh paint.

He gave one impatient glance around him at last, up at the sky, and out across the Sound to the Breakwater, then he took two or three rapid turns up and down the somewhat dirty deck, as lions

chafing at their thraldom do in their cages; then he stopped short, just where he had done before, but he did not look at his lieutenant as he replied,

"A glorious day! Was that what you said, Mr. Mildmay? Of course it is a glorious day, that is the worst of it. A glorious day, and we ought to be out in it instead of hanging here by the nose, like an old hulkus-culkus. A glorious day, indeed, and a glorious wind blowing right down Channel, and we ought to be feeling it, and half way across the bay by this time. But just look at the abominable mess we're in."

"Well, sir, I've been a bit short-handed for the last fortnight. If they won't send me more men from the dockyard when I apply for them, what *am* I to do?"

And Lieutenant Mildmay smiled in a conciliatory kind of way. The smile did not move nor mollify the commander in the least.

"Yes, yes," he replied, curtly, and somewhat cruelly, "laugh away, laugh away. *I* can't afford to laugh."

He paused, then he stamped on the deck so loudly that one blue-jacket at work beside the windlass looked round, and, noticing the dark look on the captain's face, winked to his companion.

"Ain't he in a flame, Bill?" he said.

"He's a hot un, I guess," said Bill. "But heave round."

"I used to be considered a smart officer," continued Captain Blunderbore, "but now, sir, under the circumstances, I could positively excuse Admiral Fuzzgig if he tried us by court of inquiry. I really could, sir.

"Mr. Steele joined yet?" he added.

"No, sir; he will to-day, I believe."

"There again, you see—there again; only that useless young sprat of a McLeod to help the stores on board."

"Yonder he comes now, sir," said Mr. Mildmay; "and I really think the boy does all he can."

For the first time since they had commenced speaking the captain looked his lieutenant in the face; and there was a curl on his lips, half sneer, half smile, as he said,

"I've been shipmate with you before, Mr. Mildmay."

"Yes, you were," replied Mr. Mildmay. "We were in the gunroom together for a year in the old Duncan. I was then mate, and you were middy."

"I did not refer to that time," the captain said, interrupting him. "Call away the gig," he added.

A glorious day for those on shore, among the woods or on the moors; a glorious day for those in ships in harbour, whose officers had little to do but walk on white, clean decks, or gaze listlessly overboard and watch the sea or the flocks of busy gulls that screamed around or floated on the water like miniature frigates. Hardly a glorious day, however, for Colin McLeod, who is now coming towards the Theodora in the biggest cutter, laden to the very gunwale with stores for the wardroom and gunroom, an extra hand or two in the bows, a few red-coated marines crouching down wherever they can find room; the ship's steward, the messman, and two other marines in the stern-sheets, with the cox'ain perched up right aft, tiller in hand, while he himself has barely standing-room.

A glorious day indeed! He is *so* tired now; he has had nothing to eat since morning, and his face looks pale as he lifts his cap to wipe away the perspiration with a handkerchief which—pardon the comparison—looks absurdly like a bicycle rag.

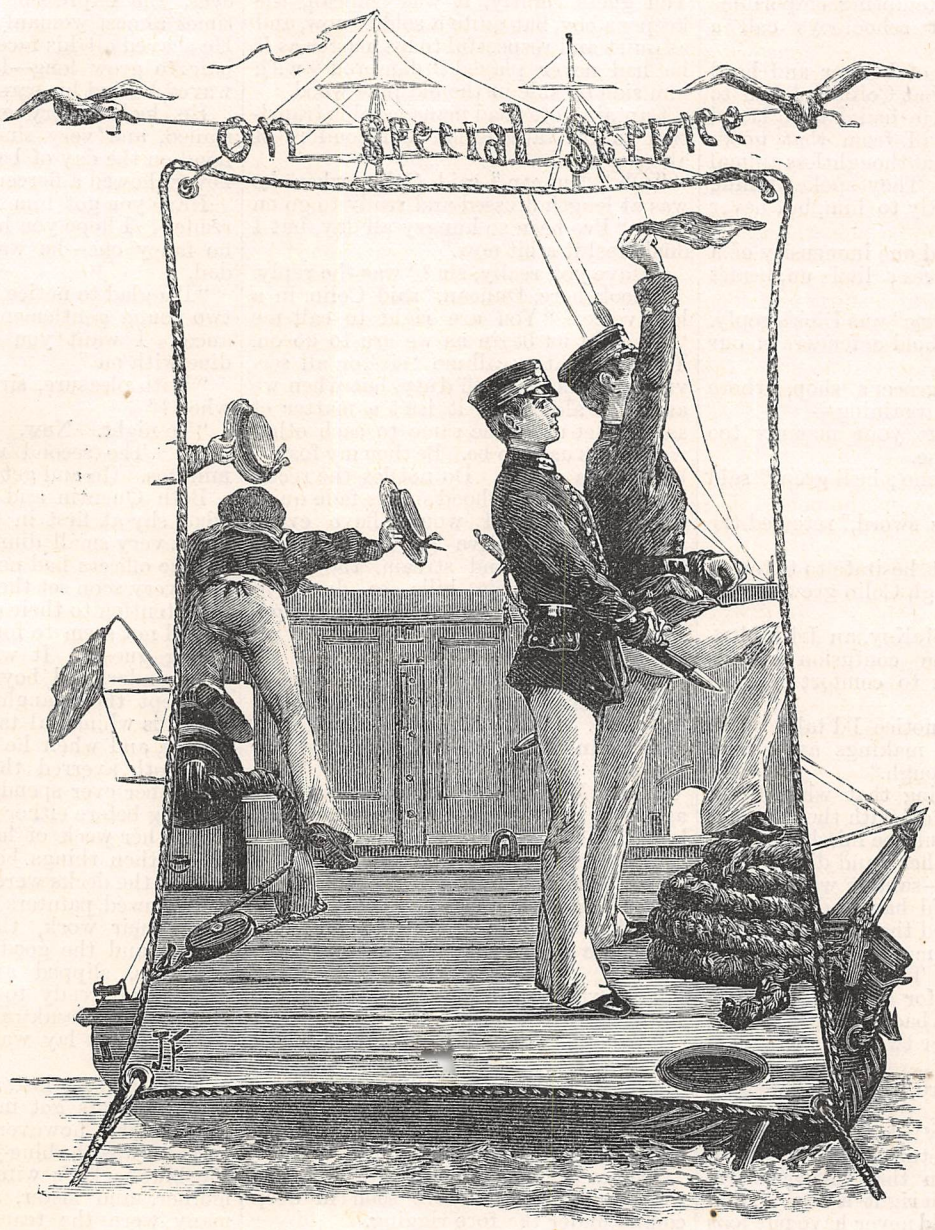
A glorious day! It has been the hardest day, or one of the hardest days, ever he remembers. In that cutter he has been, off and on, 'twixt ship and shore, since one bell—half-past eight—in the forenoon watch; and now it has just gone one bell in the first dog watch from every ship in the harbour—a perfect Babel of bells. He might have found time to dine, but he only took a standing bite, for there was nobody to take his place, and watches have not yet been set.

On shore he has had constant irritation. The working parties have been on better terms with themselves to-day than usual; which means that they have been more full of talk and joke, and chaff and song, and consequently not so full of work, so he has been worrying himself keeping them at it. He knows all their names; he has been down here ten days, and a hundred times at least this day has he had to order "Jones" to keep silence, or "Harris" to go on hauling, or "Jack Brown" to keep his eyes at his work. Jones, Harris, or Jack Brown never failed to reply respectfully,

"Ay, ay, sir."

But that made little difference to the case in point, for what cared they for Middy McLeod? Well, he might report them, but well they knew he would do nothing of the sort.

He was only a mite of a middy even yet. Smaller even than he ought to



"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

have been for his years; small, but good-looking and smart withal, and strong as well. A mite of a middy, but a muscular mite, for all that.

In some streets adjoining the corner where his boats landed were shops with viands in the shape of rounds of roast beef, boiled hams stuck all over with cloves, and sausages swimming in steaming brown gravy. If it had not been for his uniform Colin would have rushed into one of these tempting emporiums and enjoyed what schoolboys call a "good tuck-in."

But the sorrows of hunger and hard work were not all that Colin had had to endure that day. He had had to stand a good deal of chaff from that good-natured but somewhat thoughtless animal the British public. They spoke at him, about him, or directly to him, but never unkindly.

"I say, Dick," said one immensity of a shore-porter, "he bees a little un, bean't he?"

"You shut up, 'Arry," was Dick's reply. "That's one of the bold defenders of our native land."

Passing a greengrocer's shop, where two women stood bargaining—

"Haven't you left your mammy too soon, dear?" said one.

"Let the child alone; he'll grow," said the other.

"And so will his sword," retorted the first speaker.

The men did not hesitate to titter at these remarks, though Colin grew scarlet with vexation.

Perhaps Phelim McKoy, an Irish blue-jacket, noticed the confusion of his officer, and it was to comfort him he said,

"Sorra a bit o' notice I'd take ov it, sorr. There's the makings av a man about, sorr, sure enough."

Well, it was vexing that when Colin was all ready to go off with the last boat two of his crew should be missing.

He went to find them, and did. They begged his pardon—said it was the first glass of beer they'd had to-day, and in triumph he marched them to the steps, only to find two more had gone. He found them next. They had only just run up, they said, for a "bit o' baccy," but when Colin got back the second time and found the other two had gone, then he lost his temper.

"Jump in, steward," he said, "we'll go off without them."

He was twenty yards from the shore when the truants returned.

Silly midshipman that he was. He ought to have gone right away off, and those two men would never have put foot on English ground again for years and years to come—if ever. But he had not the heart.

He is going off with the last boat, then, pale, tired, and worn. Now he meets the captain's gig swinging shorewards with the speed of a Thames racer.

Then oars have to be tossed, and Colin lifts his cap.

The only notice the man of four stripes takes of the salute is to draw the forefinger of one hand rapidly across his nose—a long hooked one—as if brushing a midge off.

The wind caught the bows and swept the cutter some way round till she seemed about to start down Channel, and the captain was heard by his own crew to growl out the word "Awkward!"

But matters were soon put to rights, and at long last they are by the port-side, and Colin, all his feeling of fatigue departing in a moment, runs nimbly up the rope ladder and goes to report.

Down below he went next to have a wash, put on another jacket, and swallow some tea that his servant brought him.

Who do you think that servant was? You guess rightly, it was Duncan, the keeper's boy, but quite a soldier now, and as quiet and respectful to his master as if he had never played "dambrod" with him side by side in the old pine wood.

Captain Peter had managed this transition to the satisfaction and comfort of all concerned.

"Oh! Duncan," said Colin, when he was at length dressed and ready to go on deck, "I've been so hungry all day, but I don't feel it a bit now."

"Have you really, sir?" was the reply.

"Look here, Duncan," said Colin, in a low voice. "You are right to call me '*sir*.' Let us begin as we are to go on. You are right to call me 'sir' on all service matters, on or off duty, but when we are quite alone, and it isn't a matter of service, let us be the same to each other we always used to be. Be thou my foster-brother as of old. Do not let the recollections of our boyhood's days fade quite away, Duncan. I would have every scene in our native glen—forest and moorland, lake and stream, the green woods and purple hills—to dwell in memory for ever, and wherever we go, as bright and clear as a painting on glass."

Duncan did not reply. He busied himself arranging his foster-brother's sea-chest. His heart was too full to reply, and Colin knew it, and said nothing more.

When Middy McLeod went on deck again a very joyful surprise awaited him. Quentin Steele was there!

There was an almost mischievous smile on his handsome face as he advanced to meet Colin with hand extended.

"Why, Quentin! My old sea-dad! You here! You've come to say good-bye?"

"Not yet a little. I've just joined the ship. We sail together."

"We do! And you never wrote to tell me!"

"No, old man, that was my joke. I wanted to give you a startling surprise."

"Well, it is a pleasant one. I'm as happy as happy now."

Arm-in-arm the two strolled away forward together, and were soon in deep confab under the fore rigging.

So interested were they indeed in their conversation that they did not hear a light springy footstep close behind them. They both started and looked up, for a hand was laid on the shoulder of each, and there, towering above them, for he was a tall and squarely-built man, stood the first lieutenant. He was all the sailor, not only in build, but in the way he wore his dress. His frock-coat was open, his waistcoat a white one, his cap well up over the brow, but *not* over the hair, his shirtfront and cuffs were faultless, and diamonds glittered in them, but the neck was very loose.

Poor Mildmay! he was a man who had positively turned grey in the service, waiting and waiting for the promotion that never came. He had no interest, save the interest of honesty, bravery, and strict attention to duty; his very strictness in the matter of duty had on more than one occasion offended people in high places. Be this as it may, the fact remained that Mildmay continued a lieutenant at forty-two, when he ought to have been a post-captain.

Mildmay had a very handsome face, a shapely somewhat aquiline nose, a high white brow, thin mobile lips, and brown eyes, the expression of which was at times almost womanly in their serenity. He shaved all his face and permitted his hair to grow long—locks, in fact, that waved behind his ears and neck.

He looked very engaging when he smiled, and very sincere, but sword in hand on the day of battle Irving himself never showed a fiercer face.

Have you got him in your mind's eye, reader? I hope you have. The sketch is no fancy one—he was the writer's sea-dad.

"I'm glad to notice," he said, "that you two young gentlemen are old acquaintances. I want you both to come and dine with me."

"With pleasure, sir," said Colin, "but when?"

"To-night. Now. The first bugle has gone. The second will go in twenty minutes. Go and get ready."

Both Quentin and Colin were somewhat shy at first in the ward room. It was a very small dinner-party, however, for the officers had not all joined. Mildmay very soon set them at ease. He was all attention to their every want, though he did not seem to force attention on his young guests. It was evident he not only understood boys but loved them. He kept them laughing all the evening with his whimsical talk and his strange stories, and when he dismissed them at last both averred that they could not remember ever spending so pleasant an evening before either ashore or afloat.

Another week of hard work to all on board, then things began to grow shipshape; the decks were cleared, the stores were stowed, painters and carpenters had done their work, the officers had all joined, and the good ship had left her moorings, slipped away out, and anchored—all ready to sail—between the Hoe and the Breakwater.

There they lay waiting for orders to leave.

They came at last, and steam was got up, and boats got in. Quite a fleet of small craft, however, surrounded her. In them was the blue-jacket's sweetheart, the blue-jacket's wife, the blue-jacket's mother, and sister, and children, and many were the tear-bedewed handkerchiefs waved after the brave Theodora as she moved slowly away at last.

And from over the water came the plaintive notes from the flagship's band of that sweet old song,

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

(To be continued.)

*** *The Collecting Cards for the "Boy's Own" Gordon Memorial are now ready. Every reader of the B. O. P. should endeavour to do something to help on the good work.*

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Writing Competition.

(*Continued from page* 495.)

BEFORE dismissing this Competition for the next—"Illumination"—it may be well to make one or two remarks by way of information, advice, or warning. First let us mention that we have accepted all the "Versions" sent in, as there seemed to be some doubt in the minds of competitors as to the one it was intended should be used. Thus we received and accepted copies from the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the Scotch Psalters, as well as Welsh, French, and other versions. But here we made our stand. *Incorrect* copies, of whatever version, were at once rejected, errors in spelling being in many cases fatal, and omitted or duplicated words and sentences accounting for other failures where the handwriting itself was of a high class. We may state, too, that the copies of the Psalm sent in from Board and other schools have been conspicuously marked by the number of words omitted and wrongly spelt, etc. How is this? Once reading over after completion ought to have been sufficient to reveal the errors and omissions. The actual *writing* from some of our great public schools was about the worst received.

Turning now to the other side, we must congratulate our friends both on the number and quality of the papers sent in. The thousands received by us—there were nearly ten thousand in all—prove the popularity of the subject; and in the case of some of the productions it would be very difficult indeed to suggest any improvements, so near are they to perfection in their several styles of penmanship. Regard has of course been paid to national as well as other differences in writing, that all might have a fair and equal chance. We should like to speak a special word of encouragement to those who have been handicapped by natural difficulties—to those lads, for instance, who have to work at manual labour from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and whose only opportunity of learning to write is that provided at the night school or some such useful institution. To such we would say, Do not be depressed because you have not been able to win a prize or certificate, for there are many who have had almost every advantage, so far as one could judge, who have failed quite as much as you, and you have certainly reaped benefit from the effort you have made. Some competitors have had peculiar odds against them. Thus one writes: "I lost my right arm 'stocking' the passenger train between Edinburgh and Dundee on 18th May, 1884." We are agreeably surprised at the style of the writing learned in the short time that has elapsed since the accident, and very heartily wish our friend well.

Then a mother writes: "The specimen of writing sent herewith is penned *without hands* or even feet to aid in the construction of the letters. A living artist, I am told, achieves admirable work holding his brushes betwixt his toes. My poor dear boy holds his pen between his stumps, being possessed of only a portion of each forearm and of each thigh—like Mr. Kavanagh, late member for Wicklow. Competing for the prize is entirely his own conception." Some at least of our readers may remember seeing in one of the picture galleries of Belgium, as we did so recently as last autumn, an artist who copies the Masters, deftly plying his brush with his toes, and heartily shaking the hands of friends in the same way. We send our greetings to our competitor, with our hearty congratulations on the attempt he has made to win laurels in this competition—and, indeed, to all such as have had to face unusual difficulties in their work. These may meet even defeat cheerfully, in the consciousness of having done their best though confronted with obstacles that would have deterred many another.

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

IV.—THE FLY-ROD—HOW TO USE IT.

IN the use of the rod the point to be aimed at is not the length one can throw a line, but the precision with which the bait can be put on the water and the general neatness and lightness of such operation, so that the fish may not be scared, as will ensue without fail on clear water if the angler be clumsy. Not that it is undesirable to cultivate long throwing; on the contrary, he who can command a long line will under some circumstances command fish which his less muscular brethren would be unable to reach.

Cotton, in his contribution to the "Complete Angler," says very truly, "The length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at a distance, and to fish *fine and far off* is the first and principal rule for trout angling;" and Professor Rennie adds in a footnote, "An artist may easily throw twelve yards of line with one hand, and with two he may easily throw eighteen." I wonder what he would say to the throwing at Hendon in June last at the "Anglers' Tournament" got up by Mr. R. B. Marston, where Mr. Mallock, of Perth, threw thirty-two yards with a single-handed fly-rod!

Let it be understood, then, that the style and precision of throwing the fly is the first consideration, and that distance is the next. To be a master fly-fisherman, as I have elsewhere insisted, the tyro must begin young and keep up his practice unremittingly. It is the same with cricket and all other sports requiring manual skill and dexterity; the muscles must be taught to act in a certain way continuously, so that a habit is formed, and then almost independently of personal volition they operate towards a desired end without interference from the voluntary powers. In fact, in most exertions, if we pause to consider and frame them at each performance the chances are that nervousness—*i.e.*, excessive care—steps in and frustrates the good throw, or the high jump, or the finished "drive" at cricket. If, however, correct habits are formed—and practice forms them only—after a time, great or little, according to the facility of the pupil, the movement becomes a part of the recognised performances of the arms, and demands much less thought and guidance, just as my pen at this moment of writing trips over the paper, apparently framing words and sentences of its own will, whilst I am thinking the thoughts it puts down.

I hope you have caught my meaning, and, if not, let me advise you to go through the last paragraph again. If, however, you understand what I desired to convey, the next step is to set about the actual operation of casting a fly.

First let us throw the line from a single-handed fly-rod. Now at the commencement it is not necessary for you to throw the line on water. I rather advise you to select a broad expanse of lawn or field where the grass is short, and there seek to get your hand in. It is quite right to attach an artificial fly, but in order to save the "flicking off," which when you begin your lessons will exhaust a dozen flies in as many minutes, it is well to roll a piece of worsted round the hook. Having done this, it is time to make your first throw.

To do this, take the rod just above the reel with the right hand firmly, the thumb lying uppermost along the rod, pull out with the left hand a good length of line from the reel, then with a backward movement of the rod's point, keeping the elbow in to the side, urge the line behind you; then bring it forward, not too swiftly, but with an even rapid motion, till the rod's point is at about three to five feet from the ground. Your fly ought to have fallen in a straight line before you if this movement is properly performed.

If you wish for more line from the reel now is the time, before recovering, to release some with the left hand from the reel or winch. This do, and as you lift the fly from the grass to send it behind you just give an extra rate of speed to it that the slack line may pass through the rings. Get some one to give you an illustration of how this should be performed, and then with the above description no false understanding can result. Continue to practise on a lawn with first a short line, gradually lengthening it as you proceed until the full limit of your skill and strength is reached, and until you lose the unpleasant popping sound which if your fly were not protected by the worsted would certainly proclaim that it had departed or been "flicked off."

Having managed to throw a line without difficulty in such a way that it faces straight on the water, the fly being at the end of the cast, it next becomes necessary to cultivate precision. To this end I still advise lawn practice for some time. A sheet of white paper makes a good target, and as hitherto you have naturally thrown *with* the wind, it is very advisable to practise throwing sideways, and under and even against the breeze, making your paper the supposed fish to which you wish to present your lure. A heavy line is necessary for these latter manœuvres, and, indeed, I do not myself favour a very light line at all. Having as you think succeeded in fairly mastering the rudiments of casting, you may now hope to take to the water with a chance of succeeding in getting a trout or two without frightening more than two-thirds of what you succeed in getting to rise at you, and if you have persistently practised you may also hope to escape the good-natured but slightly contemptuous laughter of the expert

angler which usually greets the uninitiated and clumsy fly-fisher.

Of course, your motto for a long time yet is, "Practice, practice, practice!" and especially is this necessary when your advancement is sufficient to warrant your taking to the water. If no fish be rising, take imaginary spots for your targets, and do not leave off till you can reach them satisfactorily—*i.e.*, without splash or doubling of the line. If you cannot do this you are not fit to throw over a rising fish.

"But," you will be asking, "when I can do what you say, and see a fish rising, how is it to be fished for?" Verily, a question better replied to by the water than on paper. Half an ounce of practice is worth a bushel of mere theory—though, mind you, if one's theory is right the practice cannot be wrong, for one follows on the other as the night the day. However, these simple rules will aid the intelligent learner.

First let us suppose the fish is rising in open stream. The question primarily occurs, "What at?" Now herein comes your entomological knowledge. Watch carefully, and see if possible the exact fly that is coming down, and if you cannot quite discern the form pay attention to the *size and colour*. These are all-important in fly-fishing and fly-making. "But," you say, "I can distinguish it; it is an olive dun." Well and good. You thereupon attach an olive dun. What next? Well, I suppose you have not been stupid enough to get near your fish from above—for a trout always lies with head up stream. No, he lies ten yards above *you*, and is sucking in the fast-floating flies with quiet but unmistakable enjoyment.

Is your fly attached? Yes! Good! Now draw out some line as I told you before, and get a length in free working order by throwing a few times *in air*. This you will have learnt to do on the grass, or if you have not you ought to have done so after what I told you. Well, you have now, say, a dozen yards of line in working order, and you are keeping it, by alternate movements backwards and forwards, suspended in air. Your object is to drop the fly about three feet above the fish, and let it float over just as you saw the other flies do.

Can you do it? Try. Well done! But the line was not quite straight, and the stream dragged it ever so slightly, and this is enough to startle your fish. Oh, there is another rising fish just above to the right! Try him. Gently your line on a gentle breeze at your back sails through the air, and the fly just falls in front of the jewel-like eyes of *Salmo fario*. He rises, takes it. Mount your rod, don't strike; see you have him. Keep the top well up, and draw in what line is necessary with your left hand. Bring him down stream, gradually increasing your tension on his mouth. So! Into the bank with head slightly raised. Take out your landing-net from the band of your creel, and bring it round over his tail, and then lift. Gently again! See, you have a pound trout! That is a result of *up-stream dry* fly-fishing.

Why "dry" fly? you perhaps ask. Ah! I find that I have forgotten to explain that peculiarity of modern fly-fishing, so, with your permission, fair brother anglers, let me digress somewhat and expound its "art and mystery." To do this effectually I must call your attention to a representative clear—or chalk, almost synonymous terms in trout-fishing—stream well known as the Itchen, in Hampshire. Here the water is so clear and gin-like that the wonder is that the fish take an artificial fly at all. But take the fly they do—and that to a pretty tune sometimes! What do you think of 287 brace of trout in one calendar month (Sundays, of course, excepted) caught by one rod? But this was some years ago. Even now, however, eight and ten brace of fish a day are not by any means uncommon.

But to return. Forty years ago the trout of the Itchen would take the fly if thrown on the water to some extent anyhow. They cared not for the "dry" fly, not they, but were glad to get a fly of any sort. Now things on most such streams are vastly different. Of course the fly by its being flicked in and out and on and off the water becomes soddened with wet, and does not float owing to the weight of the iron hook. Trout nowadays will have none of this, and a device is necessary to dry it. This consists in "flicking" it backwards and forwards in air several times before delivering it to the rising fish. Some anglers dip the fly as soon as it is attached in paraffin oil so as to destroy the capillary attraction. It is a very good dodge, but has this unfortunate tendency—it loosens the binding of the fly, which is in nine cases out of ten waxed with a wax soluble in paraffin. The result therefore is that before you can call out Jack Robinson after hooking a fish, the said fish has taken his hook (or yours) in disgust, leaving you wiser—but not better pleased. This, therefore, is what is termed dry fly-fishing.

By-the-by, only one fly is used, and one of the chief excellencies of a good "dry"-fly angler is his ability to keep his eye on the fly as it falls. He never casts at comparative random, but selects his fish and studiously puts the lure before it with intent in all he does. If you can fish and kill on such a stream as the Itchen or the Dove, or the Test or the Gade in Hertfordshire, you can consider you have graduated, and all other tackle for trout will presently reveal itself without difficulty. I have purposely given you your hardest lesson first, whilst your enthusiam is strong.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE ROTHESAY CASTLE.

To the west of Penmon in Anglesey is Llanalgo, where, as told in our part for March, the Royal Charter was wrecked; to the east of it, about a mile and a half towards the Carnarvon coast, is the Dutchman's Bank, whereon a good many years ago there occurred a wreck which caused, if possible, even more consternation than that we have described. The loss of the Rothesay Castle could not well be omitted from any group of the horrors of the sea, for it furnishes such a striking example of that kind of disaster which is due entirely to stupidity and bad management.

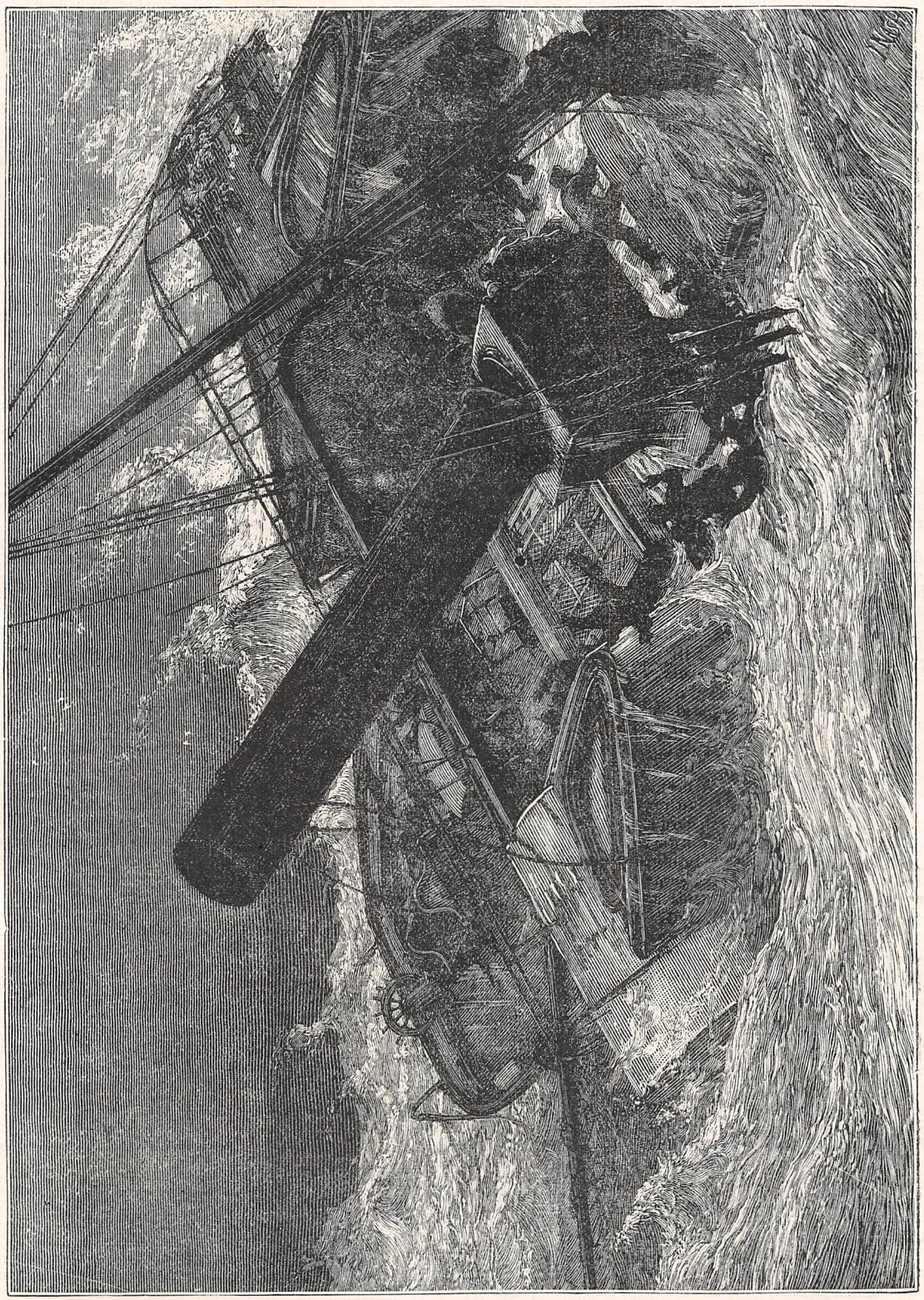
She was wrecked in 1831. She was then eighteen years old—a paddle steamer that had originally been built as a river boat, with upper timbers only four inches thick. After trying to trade across the Irish Channel—when her men left her for unseaworthiness—she had been placed to run as a pleasure steamer between Liverpool and Beaumaris, to which latter place she was bound when she ended her career on the

Dutchman. She left St. George's Pier, Liverpool, at eleven in the morning of the 17th of August. There were one hundred and fifty passengers on board, pleasure-seekers of all classes, some of whom had come in parties from a distance for the trip. As she left the pier her band struck up a lively air, the bright sun shone out cheerily, and all promised well.

As she made her way slowly down the Mersey the clouds began to bank, and when she passed New Brighton the sea grew angry, and the old boat, heavily crowded with passengers, set-to rolling and pitching alarmingly. With the wind and sea against her she did but little good, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours' steaming, she had only reached the Floating Light, fifteen miles from Liverpool.

As the weather threatened to grow worse, many of the passengers appealed to the captain to put back, but that individual having expressed his opinion that there was "a great deal of fear and very little danger," proceeded below to refresh himself. The "pleasant trip" was consequently continued, and the boat drove labouring on. All that was done with regard to her management was—to collect the fares!

The sun set, and the storm grew, and the steamer ploughed on in the teeth of the wind, and her hapless passengers were almost drowned with the spray that came dashing on board of her. Creaking and groaning, with her paddles alternately out of water, she rolled slowly on until at midnight she entered the Menai Straits and stopped dead on the Dutchman's Bank. The confusion may be imagined. There was no gun to



Wreck of the "Rothesay Castle."

signal with, no light or lantern, and no oars in the boat which soon broke adrift. There was only one pump, and that was soon choked by the ashes from the engine-room. The water slowly rose below, for there was nothing to bale it out with. There was not even a bucket to be found. The bell was rung so furiously that the clapper broke, and it had to be struck with a stone. The bell was heard, but in the darkness of the night the spot whence the sound came could not be discovered. The long sandy spot called the Dutchman's Bank runs out into the centre of the channel, and at the spot where the vessel grounded was about a mile and a half from Penmon. Pilots were there ready to go out on receiving the signal; but no signal was made. There was not even a blue-light to give it.

For fourteen or fifteen times the Rothesay Castle bumped on to the sand before she came to her final rest. At the captain's orders the passengers ran together aft so as to shift the weight, but the manœuvre was useless. He then tried to ease her by running the passengers forward, which alike proved useless. And then he simply gave it up as a bad job—and did nothing.

As the boat settled the seas came sweeping over her. Out of the passengers and crew only twenty were saved. The scene was terrible. Let one of the survivors tell his story.

"My wife and some friends came to me and asked if I thought we should be lost. I thought we should, and they proposed going to prayer for the short time we had to live. We all went to prayer, myself and wife in particular, and when we got from our knees I saw four men getting upon the mast, and beginning to fasten themselves to it. I told my wife I would look out for a better situation for us; I took her towards the windlass, and began to fasten a rope to the frame where the bell hung; and when I had got the rope made fast, and looked back for my wife, she had again joined our friends near to the place at which we kneeled down. A great wave almost took me overboard, but I held by the rope; there came a second, and a third wave, before I could see my wife again; and when I looked—they were all gone."

And with them many more. And throughout that night and early morning the steamer slowly broke to pieces, and the waves bit by bit devoured their prey. No attempt was made to launch a raft, or even to cheer the people with hopes of safety. They remained fast and helpless on the sand, until one after another they were all washed away. The bank is dry at low water. One of the passengers who knew the neighbourhood opened his umbrella, used it as a life buoy, floated for about half a mile, and then walked ashore. And although this man well knew that he could do this, and deliberately started with the intention of doing it, yet he never said a word to his fellow-passengers as to their nearness to safety, and left them to drown under the impression that they were hopelessly out at sea. The umbrella was not the only curious life-buoy that was used. One young fellow made a rush for the big drum, jumped overboard with it, and floated ashore at his ease.

A schooner was anchored off Penmon, and heard the bell, but could not make out the meaning or direction of the sound. Those on board of her caught sight of a man struggling in the water, and, taking him on board, heard the first news of the wreck. The boat went off to help, and the schooner's men saved seven in all. The thirteen others of the survivors either swam, floated, or walked to the beach.

The people clustered on the port side or hung round the masts waiting for daylight. The funnel and the masts were soon, however, jerked over. The foremast went last. When daylight came the Straits were dotted with corpses, slowly floating to the Anglesey shore. One of the corpses was that of a magnificently-dressed lady of gentle birth, whom no friends ever came to own, and who was buried in the rough shell like the poorest of the poor. Among the corpses also was that of Mr. Forster, who had three hundred sovereigns in his pocket, and of whose party only one survived—the little dog.

The most pathetic incident, however, is that with which we will bring this horrible story to a close. Among the passengers was a father and his little boy. After the steamer grounded the two kept together hand in hand, resolved at first to die together. But danger is the great touchstone which brings out the innermost depths of a man's character. Slowly the frightened crowd lessened around them, and the waves seemed to grow bolder as they rose on to the wreck. At last there came a wave that rolled over the father and his boy. It seemed to be a case of one life or the other; and the father—to save himself—unclasped his child's hand.

"Father, father, do not leave me!" screamed the little fellow as the man clambered up out of danger. The father heard the cry as the boy was washed off into the water; and remorse seized him. He would have given his life to recall that moment of selfish weakness.

But the boy was not to die. He was one of those picked up by the schooner; and, weeping bitterly for his loss, he was taken to a cottage on shore and put to bed.

He cried himself to sleep, and woke late in the morning whispering the

"Father, father, do not leave me!" with which he had parted from him he loved. He was answered.

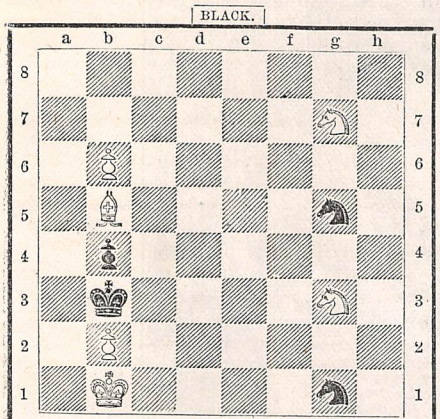
There came a shout of "My boy! My boy!" and he lay clasped in his father's arms. The man had drifted ashore insensible, been put to bed in the same room, and woke to the words that haunted him.

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 495.)

Problem No. 100.

By H. F. L. Meyer.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

Solutions.

Problem No. 97.—1, Q—Kt 4, any of five moves. 2, Q mates at Q 6 or K 4 accordingly.

Problem No. 98.—1, Kt—R sq., any move. 2, Kt—B 2, any. 3, Kt—Q 3 mate.

Problem No. 99.—1, R—Kt 7, K × P (or *a*, *b*, *c*). 2, Q—B 6 (ch.), K × Q. 3, Kt—Q 8 mate.—(*a*) K × R. 2, Q—Kt 6 (ch.), K × Q. 3, B—R 7 mate.—(*b*) K—K 6. 2, Q × P, any move. 3, Q—K 2 or K B 3 mate accordingly.—(*c*) K—Q 6. 2, R × P, K—B 5. 3, Q—Kt 5 mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. A. Philidor Harris.—Our centennial problem is dedicated to you in recognition of your superior horsemanship, and is described as "The four horses in a row."

J. S.—Observe that the following moves in Problem No. 89 lead to a draw: 1, R—B 8, Q—Q 2. 2, R—K Kt 8 (ch.), K × R. 3, Q × R, P—R 4. 4, Q—K 7, Q—Kt 5. 5, P—Q 7, Q × B P (ch.), and draws by perpetual check.—If 4, P—Kt 3, then Q—R 2, and White will either try to give check or attack the Q P, or push his R P forward.—The move of 1, R—B 7 is more easily decided by Q × P (ch.). 2, Q × Q, R × Q. 3, P—Q 7 (or *a*, *b*), R × P (ch.). 4, K—Kt 3, R—Q 5, and draws.—(*a*) P—Kt 3, R—Q 5.—(*b*) R—R 7, R × P (ch.). 4, K—Kt 3, R—Q 5. 5, R × R P, K—B 3, and White has the better game.—The variation *c* on page 367 might be shortened by move 8, Q × R.

J. B.—To page 351. Problems of three pieces consist of the two Kings, a Queen or Rook, or Pawn, and are therefore very easy, like

Problem No. 101.

White: K—Q B 5; P—Q B 7. Black: K—Q R sq. White to play, and mate in three moves.

Four pieces can produce some fine problems, as is shown by the following:—

Problem No. 102.

By W. A. Shinkman.

White: K—Q Kt 2; Q—K Kt 4; B—Q R 4. Black: K—Q R 4. White to play, and mate in four moves.

Problem No. 103.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

White: K—K 6; Q—K 2. Black: K—Q B 8; P—Q B 7. White to play, and mate in eight moves.

On the other hand, even a two-mover may require as many as 22 pieces, thus:

Problem No. 104.

By J. A. W. Hunter and H. F. L. Meyer.

White: K—Q R 8; Q—Q B 3; R—K R 6; Bs—K B 2 and 7; Kts—Q R 7 and K R 8; Ps—Q B 6, Q 2, Q 5, K 4, K Kt 6. Black: K—Q 3; Q—K R 6; R—K R 4; Bs—K B 8 and Q R 6; Kts—K 4 and Q Kt 7; Ps—K Kt 4, K 2, and Q B 2.

Five pieces produce some very difficult positions, as for instance this, by J. Kling: White: K—K B 6; R—Q Kt 7; B—K B 4. Black: K—K R sq.; R—Q R 8. White to move and mate in sixty-four moves.—Or this, by B. von Guretzky-Cornitz: White: K—Q Kt 2; Kts—K 3 and K R 3. Black: K—K Kt sq.; P—K R 5. White to play, and mate in sixty-four moves.

C. J. F.—Notice in Problem No. 91 that not only White, but also Black, can promote the P to a Kt.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Continued from page 496.*)

AFTER our last number had gone to press we learnt that the Editor of the "Globe"—who when he wrote to us knew nothing of our having already started a special "Boy's Own" Fund—intended by his letter to appeal for our co-operation in some other undertaking, and not to suggest that we should inaugurate a separate scheme. This merely by the way.

Since the "Boy's Own" Fund was started, many Gordon Memorial Funds have been suggested, and several have actually been begun. Though the needless multiplying of efforts having a somewhat similar object in view is, of course, for obvious reasons, to be deprecated, those now more prominently before the public need not, if a little care is exercised, in any way clash, nor present the remotest semblance of rivalry.

First, in order of time, amongst what we may call the *Home* efforts, as contradistinguished from the Port Said scheme, comes our "Boy's Own" Fund. Next a fund has been started that we should like to see assume national proportions, and do amongst adults what we hope to accomplish amongst and by the agency of our boys. Its joint-treasurers are Mr. John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"), whose interest in the BOY'S OWN PAPER is well known to our readers, and Mr. H. R. Williams, who is one of the Religious Tract Society Committee by whom the BOY'S OWN PAPER was started, and whose special interest in Ragged Schools is well known. Mr. Williams, in a letter to the daily press dated April 9th, thus explains what he and his coadjutors are aiming at: "A number of gentlemen interested in promoting the welfare of poor children have just met to consider in what way this object could be best promoted, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted: 'That the Committee of the Ragged School Union and the Council of the Reformatory and Refuge Union be requested to form themselves into a central committee (with power to add to their number) to raise a Gordon Memorial Fund for the benefit of poor children.' The resolution forming the committee, as well as the object itself, have, I have reason to know, the approval of the late General Gordon's family. I cannot at present state definitely the form which the memorial is likely to take."

We have chatted with Mr. Williams on this work, and he wishes us all success in our own special effort.

Thirdly, there is the proposed Gravesend Gordon Memorial—first, it would seem, for the purpose of building a Home at Gravesend for Poor Boys, and secondly for the purpose of providing a Public Recreation Ground there. With this effort, too, we have been invited to co-operate; but, while wishing the committee abundant success, we have thought it best to keep to our own definite work on our own lines.

Ours is essentially a BOYS' Memorial to one whose memory English-speaking boys the world over may well delight to unite to honour. Our Fund is intended to be essentially representative of British boyhood—a memorial raised by boys for boys, in fond memory of a noble boy-lover. We hope that boys of all ages and conditions of life will take it up heartily and make it their very own. It will be specially graceful on the part of our leading public and private school-boys thus to stretch out a friendly, helping hand towards lads less happily circumstanced than themselves. But we should certainly not like the effort to be limited to schools. British boys everywhere, we hope, may join in the good work, and a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" is bound to win success.

We rejoice in the proofs already received of the way the scheme commends itself not only to boys, but also to their elders. Thus the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., of Eagle House School, Wimbledon, writes: "I think your idea about a Boys' Gordon Memorial Fund excellent, and I am sure my boys will support it with zest when they return." Other head masters write in the same spirit; and one, representing one of the largest London schools, adds: "I would make a suggestion. Would it not be better not to push collections in schools until the beginning of next term? Our boys here would be glad to make a collection then, but just now . . . . they have about come to the end of their pocket-money. I intend to remind my boys of this again next term." Dr. Gordon Stables and Mr. Talbot Baines Reed both write for cards, the latter adding: "I am greatly pleased to see that the B. O. P. is starting a Gordon Memorial. His splendid example will always be a beacon light to English boys, and I am sure they will respond eagerly to your appeal. If I can be of any service beyond recommending the movement to my own boy friends, which I shall gladly do, please let me know."

The press, religious and secular, and of all shades of opinion, is equally favourable to our effort. To take but two examples. Says the "Rock": "The movement is an excellent one, and we heartily wish it all success." Says the "Baptist": "Amongst the many suggested 'memorials' of Gordon is one already started by the well-known BOY'S OWN PAPER of the Religious Tract Society, that appears not only eminently appropriate in itself, but open to none of the objections that have been urged against the Port Said scheme. There seems a peculiar fitness in the 'boys,' whom Gordon loved so tenderly, *taking the matter in hand for themselves.* They will doubtless carry on their peaceful campaign with characteristic enthusiasm, and win the success they will deserve. The proceeds of the fund are to be 'wholly applied in accordance with Gordon's known wishes—that is, for the benefit of poor boys.'"

We shall now be glad to receive donations with all convenient speed. *All receipts will be duly acknowledged in our columns.* Collecting-cards may now be had, but many readers may prefer to give right out rather than collect. *All* should endeavour to do something, however small. Girl readers, of whom we rejoice to have many, may of course also assist. Amongst those who have already received collecting-cards we may mention the Hon. R. L. N. Brabazon, and Lady Brabazon has also intimated her interest. We hope to begin to print the names of donors in our next number.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S TRIBUTE TO GORDON.

The happiest epitaph that we have seen on General Gordon is the following, published in the new number of the "Journal of Education." The verses are signed "E. D. A. M.," under which initials we have no doubt that we recognise Mr. E. D. A. Morshead, formerly Fellow of New College, and now an assistant-master at Winchester:—

FOR THE GRAVE OF GORDON.

"I had rather be dead than praised."—C. G. G.

By those for whom he lived, he died; his land
Awoke too late and crowned dead brows with praise.
He, 'neath the blue that burns o'er Libyan sand,
Put off the burden of heroic days.
There, strong by death, by failure glorified,
O never proud in life, lie down in pride!

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO GORDON.

The following interesting extract is from a letter just written by Mr. J. G. Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England: "For years I have followed General Gordon's course with constantly increasing interest, wonder, and admiration, and I have felt his death as a great personal bereavement. A providential man, his mission in an unbelieving and selfish age revealed the mighty power of faith in God, self-abnegation, and the enthusiasm of humanity. For centuries no grander figure has crossed the disc of our planet. . . . We Americans, in common with all English-speaking people the world over, lament his death and share his glorious memory. . . . . He has made not only England, but the world richer for his memory."

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

SIMPKINS PRIMUS.

BY F. EDMONDS, BRIGHTON.

My name is Simpkins primus, I'm a most unlucky lad,
I sit by Brown secundus, who's a howling little cad;
He ran a needle in my calves, and when I gave a yell,
The master, that's old Boggles, said sarcastically:—
"Well,
My dear friend, Simpkins primus" (he knows that makes me sour),
"Your voice is very beautiful, but—stay in for an hour."

"Bother Boggles" is my motto, for he loves to wear a frown
Like a cheerful little thundercloud that's always dropping down
With "Simpkins, I am certain I distinctly heard you wink;
Do you think that it is right to polish up your nose with ink?"

In wiping all my tears away I hadn't time to think,
But used a duster just employed for mopping up some ink!

My back is very tender, and I felt the brutal cane,
For, as the poet somewhere says, "the blows came down like rain."
I frolicked round about the room in ecstasy of woe,
And when at length my much-respected master let me go,

"Take your head, sir, to the housemaid, 'twill be handy as a mop,
If you wear such lovely collars you'll be taken for a fop."

Now tell me what on earth could be more innocent than peas?
But just because friend Boggles saw me with them, if you please,
He turned my pockets inside out and confiscated, then,
A knife, a comb, a button-hook, some toffee, and a pen,
Three peppermints, an apple-tart, and what has made me sad,
A sketch with an inscription, saying "Boggles is a cad."

THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

A constant reader, A. H. Hardwick, writes from Mudgee, New South Wales, under date of Feb. 2nd:—"On looking through No. 245 of Vol. V. I read your article on the Canadian or birch-bark canoe, and at once determined to make one. I could not, however, swim at the time; so, taking your advice, I first learnt that art. Then I tackled the canoe. It only took me ten nights to build and paint it (I have no spare time during the day), and, thanks to your well-written instruction, I was very successful. I have sent you by same post as this one of our local newspapers, with a rather lengthy paragraph describing my canoe. It is twelve feet in length, twenty-seven inches beam, and twelve inches deep, and weighs seventy pounds. Not being able to obtain any of the wood you mention, I purchased some pine. The stringers are half an inch, and gunwales one inch thick; and for the ribs I have used hoops of casks. I have compartments each end filled with cork, and also lockers, leaving a space six feet long to sit in. It holds two persons comfortably. The canoe is quite a novelty in our town, which is 190 miles west of Sydney."

Here is an extract from the paragraph referred to in the Mudgee local paper: "It is refreshing to have to record, in these days of larrikinism and degeneracy which seem to have taken hold of a large number of

our Australian youths, a bright contrast. A. H. has devoted his leisure time in breeding fancy pigeons, always making his own cages, and has taken several prizes for his birds in Sydney and Bathurst. Whilst perusing the BOY'S OWN PAPER, in which a drawing and specification on how to construct a canoe caught his eye, he determined to try and construct one, and in about a fortnight he completed his self-imposed task, without any outside aid, in a most creditable manner. The framework is very light pine battens, bent to an even sweep. The bilge is formed of half hoops. There are two lockers for the reception of supplies, and a compartment at both ends filled with cork The whole of the exterior of the canoe is covered with best navy canvas, and painted white, with a blue border around the top edge, and the word 'Mascotte' is painted on both sides. The weight of this neat little craft is about seventy pounds. She has been successfully launched on the Cudgegong, and can be seen any afternoon, after business, manned by her gallant and ingenious little owner, at the rear of Bleak House, or during the day at his boat-shed in Market Street."

CANVAS BOAT.

J. L. writes from the West End, South Brisbane: "I know you will be glad to hear that the B. O. P. is a great favourite in Queensland. I have seen boys and bullock-drivers reading it up in the bush *two* a ta time.

"I have built a canvas boat according to your directions, but not quite the same shape. She is double-ended, and two feet six inches of the ends are filled with cork, so if she swamps she will not sink. We made her to paddle, but have since fixed a pair of outriggers and use sculls; the iron of the outriggers runs through the inside of the boat like a rib. She is called 'Bob,' and is fifteen feet over all, two feet four inches beam, and three inches keel, and one foot deep. I have had two other fellows as big as myself in her, and I weigh about ten stones. The cost, £4, including a second coat of paint. Allow me to recommend Tarr and Wonson's metallic or copper paint to paint boat-bottoms with; it stands a great length of time without cleaning."

Correspondence.

LLWYD.—Shot is made in tall brick towers with iron frames. In the top chamber is a melting-pot, whence the metal is dipped out in iron ladles, and poured into colanders whose orifices are somewhat smaller than the shot is desired to be. The metal drops down into a cistern, and the shot assume the globular form in their descent. The shot are of all sizes, but never smaller than the holes in the colander, and have to be sorted. The fall varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. Buckshot is cast in moulds, and is not made in the towers.

J. JONES.—You can mark your name on the knife-blade by first painting the blade over with Brunswick black, then scratching your name out so as to leave the steel exposed, and then pouring on it a little aquafortis or dilute nitric acid.

B. DEVON.—1. Clean the gilt frame with a weak solution of sal volatile in water. 2. Cut your stencils out of Whatman's hand-made double elephant paper. Continuous cartridge-paper is also suitable. Before using it coat each side with boiled oil or boiled oil and varnish. The oiled royal sold for press copy-books is well adapted for stencilling.

GWALIA.—For practical chemistry try Roscoe, Bloxam, Valentin, Fownes, or Meldola. Your best plan would be to join a Science and Art class, and make the educational experiments therein required the base of your studies. You will then be able to select the best book to suit you. There is a list of books in the Science Directory, published by the Department, price sevenpence post free.

I. P. J.—1. Not directly, but by a roundabout route. Florin comes from Florence, and Florence from Fleur-de-Lis, the arms of Tuscany. 2. Ink comes from *encaustum*, the Latin for "something burnt in," as the letters were made by the stylus in the wax. The encaustum of the old Roman days was the special red ink which the emperors used for their signatures. The red colour of sealing-wax is due to the same practice. Pen is of course from *penna*, the quill.

P. KAUBE.—Supplement in the sense quoted means the remainder after dividing by the nearest ten. To square by supplement you add the supplement to the number, multiply the sum by the base, and to it add the square of the supplement. Thus, to square 18 you take 8, the supplement, add it to 18, and get 26, which you multiply by the base, 10, and get 260, to which you add the square of 8, or 64, and $260+64=324=18^2$. In another example you will see the advantage better. $1007^2=1007+7=1014\times1000=1014000+7^2=1014049$.

INQUISITIVE. — The ballad of "The Revenge" is by Lord Tennyson, and will be found in the latest edition of his collected works. Messrs. Macmillan are the Laureate's publishers.

NAIVETE.—If you procure a copy of the "Civilian" or the King's College "Civil Service Candidate," you will find all your queries fully answered.

ETCHING.—1. There are no cheap books on etching. Apply to Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, publishers, Essex Street, Strand. 2. Neither articles nor illustrations can be reproduced without our permission.

LEPANTO.—Seven yards on a vessel's mainmast is the latest rig. Mainyard, lower topsail-yard, upper topsail-yard, lower topgallant-yard, upper topgallant-yard, royal-yard, and skysail yard. "Yards" are only used above the skysail when the skysail is not big enough, and are merely booms with no fixed names and in no fixed order. Sails above skysails are merely fancy articles, not appearing in a ship's inventory. They bear such names as skyscrapers, skyrakers, moonrakers, cloud-ticklers, etc.

A DELIGHTED READER (St. Hilaire, Canada).—Instructions for working the Shadow Show were given in the May part for 1882.

ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS. — For information regarding the corps apply to Mr. E. Wildy, 3, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

R. SPROULE.—In the spaniel and allied breeds the skin between the toes comes well up along the joints, and hence the dogs are said to be web-footed.

S. E. C. (Sierra Leone.)—1. All the books can be obtained through Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. The price of the first you mention is two shillings, the last is out of print. 2. The "pocket timepiece" is merely a small wooden sundial, and is hardly worth the trouble of sending such a distance for. 3. In Wyman's Technical Series there is a five-shilling book by Wilson on practical printing that might suit you.

A JOLLY TAR.—The oil covers the waves as with a cloak, and prevents them breaking. It acts very much in the same way as the piece of wood in a pail of liquid, which keeps the contents from slopping over.

A. A.—1. A charter-party is the technical commercial phrase for the agreement for hiring a ship. 2. Cancellation means literally the crossing out with strokes in the form of trellis-work. 3. "Hypothecate" is a long word for "pawn."

B. T. Z.—1. The cheapest historical peerage is in Whitaker's Almanack. Get the edition with supplement, price two shillings. 2. The Army List is published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

A DULWICH BOY.—There is a great difference between the arrangements for an illustrated magazine and those for a newspaper. We go to press so long beforehand that all mere news would be useless.

PATTERN.—We do not know of a market for such stencils. The patterns for tile-work, etc., are printed in sheets, and have to be used as transfers.

PLUNKEY. — The instructions on Snowskate-making were on page 464 of the fifth volume.

C. MAHON.—The articles on Goats were in the March and April parts for 1882.

W. HOSS.—For mouldings for picture-frames try Beckmann, of Cow Cross Street; or Rees, of Drury Lane.

JUSTICE. — We never answer legal questions. Our advice to ill-treated apprentices invariably has been "to grin and bear it." In many cases there are faults on both sides, and at the worst the tyranny will end at a stated time. Do your best, learn all you can; and when in due time it comes to you to be a master, think of what you have suffered as a warning, and do not ill-treat the poor lads that are then entrusted to you.

SCHOLASTICUS.—We are delighted to hear that we have just the $\frac{1}{8589934592}$nd part of our ancestor of a thousand years ago, but we are in no way comforted or appalled thereby. We have no doubt he was an exceedingly good fellow, and so were all the other 8,589,934,591 to whom you assure us we are indebted. As, however, the world is pretty full now, and it has only 1,400,000,000 inhabitants, we fail to see for the moment how it managed to contain half a dozen times as many in the days of King Alfred. However, there is nothing like statistics. We should not wonder if one of the 8,589,934,592 was not some relation of yours, Scholasticus; and so, as a presumably distant cousin, we quite agree with you.

P. and L. D.—The Great Eastern has always had a screw.

FLORIAN.—Your best plan would be to consult the "Gentleman's Magazine," and read Bancroft and the numerous lives of Washington. Any dictionary of dates will give you the complete list of battles.

BAD WRITER.—1. Compare the signature and work in your picture with that in the genuine pictures at the National Gallery. 2. Try any brass founder's, such as Stanton in Shoe Lane, etc., etc. See the directory.

A LOVER OF THE "B. O. P."—1. Messrs. Letts publish some well-known bicycling maps. They cost about a shilling each. You could get a good map of the district at the bookstall. The best map is the Ordnance map, inch to the mile. Apply to Messrs. Stanford, Charing Cross, for their list of Ordnance Survey publications. 2. The peg in the nut of the violin bow takes out. 3. The value of the rupee varies with the market price of silver. Average it at twenty pence.

F. T. GOODMAN. — 1. The difficulty with most oil painters is to get the surface rough and powerful enough. You should put your paint on more thinly. 2. All the volumes can be obtained through any bookseller; the first costs six shillings, the others seven shillings and sixpence each.

COGNOSCO.—For bleaching ivory we have given several processes in recent numbers. Refer to your index.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 331.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885. Price One Penny.

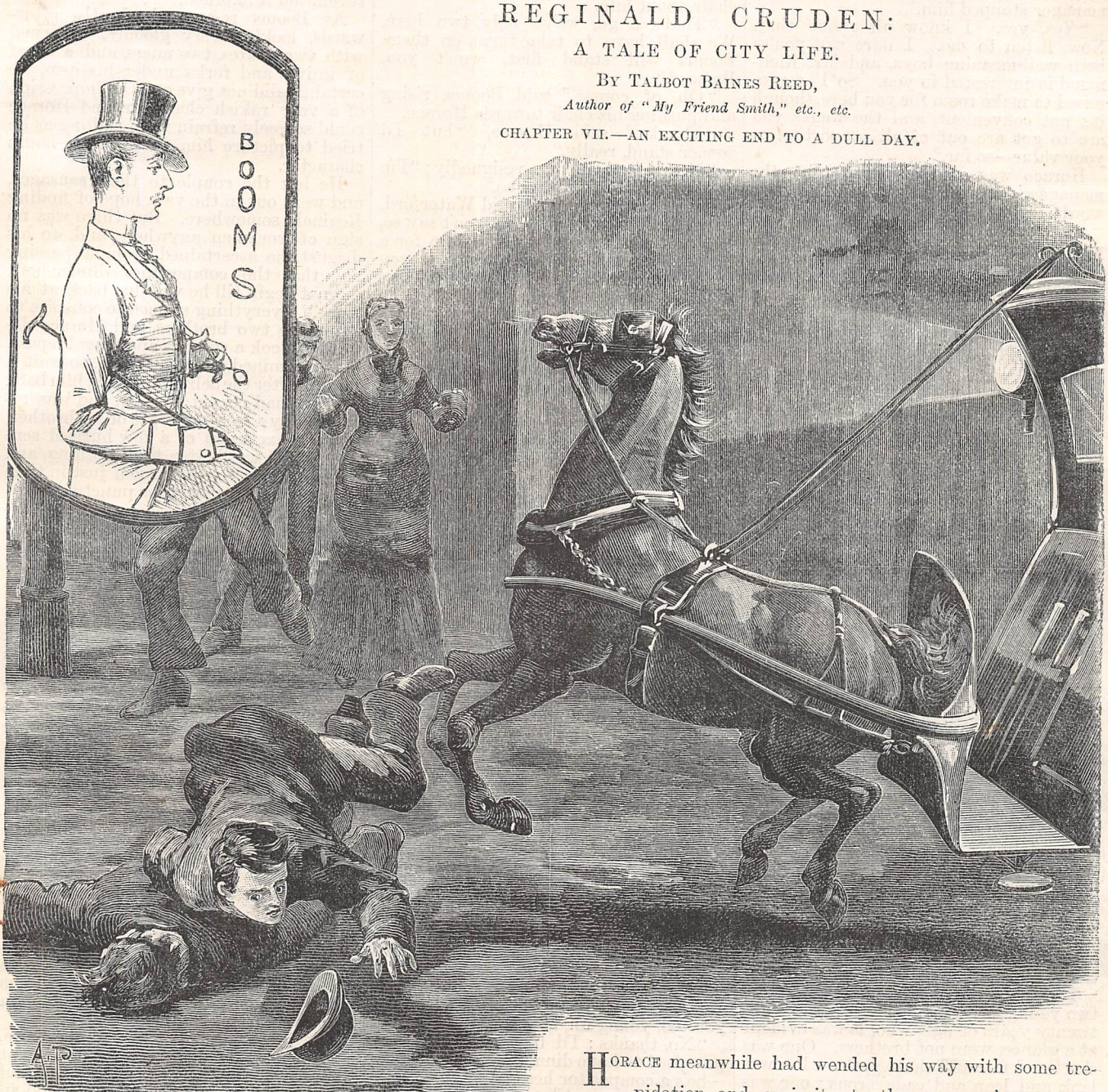
REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—AN EXCITING END TO A DULL DAY.



"As the cab dashed past it just grazed the sole of his boot."

Horace meanwhile had wended his way with some trepidation and curiosity to the manager's sanctum. He felt uncomfortable in being separated from Regi-

nald at all, especially when the latter was left single-handed in such an uncongenial atmosphere as that breathed by Mr. Durfy and Barber. He could only hope for the best, and, meanwhile, what fate was in store for himself?

He knocked at the manager's door doubtfully and obeyed the summons to enter.

Brusque man as the manager was, there was nothing disagreeable about his face as he looked up and said,

"Oh—you're the youngster Mr. Richmond put in here?"

"Yes, sir, my brother and I are."

"Yes, and I hear you're both fools. Is that the case?"

"Reginald isn't, whatever I am," said Horace, boldly.

"Isn't he? I'm told he's the bigger fool of the two. Never mind that, though—"

"I assure you," began Horace, but the manager stopped him.

"Yes, yes. I know all about that. Now, listen to me. I dare say you're both well-meaning boys, and Mr. Richmond is interested in you. So I've promised to make room for you here, though it's not convenient, and the wages you are to get are out of all proportion to your value—so far."

Horace was glad at least that the manager dropped in those last two words.

"If your brother is clever and picks up his work soon and doesn't give himself airs he'll get on faster than you. I can't put you at case, but they want a lad in the sub-editor's room. Do you know where that is?"

"Yes, sir," said Horace, "I took some proofs there yesterday. But, sir—"

"Well, what?" said the manager, sharply.

"Is there no possibility of Reginald and me being together?" faltered the boy.

"Yes—outside if you're discontented," said the manager.

It was evidently no use, and Horace walked dismally to the door.

The manager looked after him.

"Take my advice," said he, rather more kindly than he had hitherto spoken; "make the best of what you've got, young fellow, and it'll be better still in time. Shut the door after you."

The sub-editor's room—or rooms, for there was an inner and an outer sanctum—was in a remote dark corner of the building, so dark that gas was generally burning in it all day long, giving its occupants generally the washed-out pallid appearance of men who do not know when day ends or night begins. The chief sub-editor was a young, bald-headed, spectacled man of meek appearance, who received Horace in a resigned way, and referred him to the clerks in the outer room, who would show him how he could make himself useful.

Feeling that, so far as he was concerned, he had fallen on his feet, and secretly wishing poor Reginald was in his shoes, Horace obeyed and retired to the outer room.

The occupants of that apartment were two young gentlemen of from eighteen to twenty years of age, who, it was evident at a glance, were not brothers. One was short and fair and chubby, the other was lank and lean and cadaverous; one was sorrowful and lugubrious in countenance; the other seemed to be spending his time in trying hard not to smile, and not succeeding. The only thing they did appear to share in common was hard work, and in this they were so fully engrossed that Horace had to stand a full minute at the table before they had leisure to look up and notice him.

"The gentleman in there," said Horace, addressing the lugubrious youth as being the more imposing of the two, "said if I came to you you could set me to work."

The sad one gave a sort of groan and said,

"Ah, he was right there. It *is* work."

"I say," said the other youth, looking up, "don't frighten the kid, Booms, you'll make him run away."

"I wish *I* could run away," said Booms, in an audible soliloquy.

"So you can if you like, you old crocodile. I say, young un, have you got a chair?"

Horace had to confess he had not a chair about him.

"That's a go, we've only two here. We shall have to take turns on them. Booms will stand first, won't you, Booms?"

"Oh, of course," said Booms, rising and pushing his chair towards Horace.

"Thanks," said Horace, "but I'd sooner stand, really."

"No, no," said Booms, resignedly; "I'm to stand, Waterford says so."

"Sit down, young un," said Waterford, "and don't mind him. He won't say so, but he's awfully glad to stand up for a bit and stretch his legs. Now, do you see this lot of morning papers—you'll see a lot of paragraphs marked at the side with a blue pencil. You've got to cut them out. Mind you don't miss any. Sure you understand?"

Horace expressed himself equal to this enormous task, and set to work busily with his scissors.

If he had had no one but himself to consider he would have felt comparatively happy. He found himself in a department of work which he liked, and which, though at first not very exciting, promised some day to become interesting. His chief was a gentleman not likely to interfere with him as long as he did his work steadily, and his companions were not only friendly but entertaining. If only Reginald could have a seat at this table too, Horace felt he could face the future cheerily. How, he wondered, was the poor fellow getting on that moment in his distant uncongenial work?

"You're not obliged to read all the paragraphs, you know," said Waterford, as Horace's hand slackened amid these musings. "It's a close shave to get done as it is, and he's marked a frightful lot this morning."

He was right. All the cuttings had to be taken out and pasted on sheets before twelve o'clock, and it took the three of them, hard at work with scissors and paste, to get the task accomplished. They talked very little, and joked still less; but when it was all done, like three honest men, they felt pleased with themselves, and decidedly amiable towards one another.

"Now Booms is going out for the grub, aren't you, Booms? He'll get some for you too, young un, if you like."

"No, thanks; I'd be very glad, but I promised to have dinner with my brother—he's a compositor here."

"Lucky man!" groaned Booms; "think of having nothing to do but pick up types instead of slaving like this every day!"

"See the sausages are hot this time, won't you, Booms? And look alive, there's a dear fellow."

Booms retired sadly.

"Good-natured chap, Booms," said Waterford; "rather a risk of imposing on him if one isn't careful. He's an awfully decent fellow, but it's a sad pity he's such a masher."

"A what?" asked Horace.

"A masher. He mayn't look it, but he goes it rather strong in that line after hours. He doesn't mean it, poor soul; but he's mixed up with some of our reporters, and tries to go the pace with them. I don't care for that sort of thing myself, but if you do, he's just your man. You wouldn't think it to look at him, would you?"

"Certainly not," replied Horace, much impressed by this confidence and the revelation it afforded.

As Booms re-entered shortly afterwards, looking very gloomy, burdened with two plates, two mugs, and a sheaf of knives and forks under his arm, he certainly did not give one the impression of a very rakish character, and Horace could scarcely refrain from smiling as he tried to picture him in his after-hours character.

He left the couple to their sausages, and went out in the vain hope of finding Reginald somewhere. But there was no sign of workmen anywhere, and, to his disgust, he ascertained from a passing boy that the compositors' dinner-hour did not begin till he was due back at his work. Everything seemed to conspire to sever the two brothers, and Horace dejectedly took a solitary and frugal repast. He determined, at all hazards, to wait a minute after the bell summoning him back to work had ceased pealing, and was rewarded by a hasty glimpse of his brother, and the exchange of a few hurried sentences. It was better than nothing, and he rushed back to his room just in time to save his reputation for punctuality.

The afternoon passed scarcely less busily than the morning. They sat—and Booms had contrived to raise a third chair somewhere—with a pile of work in front of them which at first it seemed hopeless to expect to overtake.

There were effusions to "decline with thanks," and others to enter in a book and send up to the composing-room; there were some letters to write and others to answer; there were reporters' notes to string together and telegrams to transcribe. And all the while a dropping fire of proofs and revises and messages was kept up at them from without, which they had to carry to their chief and deal with according to his orders.

Horace, being inexperienced, was only able to take up the simpler portions of this miscellaneous work, but these kept him busy, "hammer and tongs," with scarcely time to sneeze till well on in the afternoon.

The "Rocket," unlike most evening papers, waited till the evening before it appeared, and did not go to press till five o'clock. After that it issued later editions once an hour till eight o'clock, and on special occasions even as late as ten.

The great rush of the day, therefore, as Horace soon discovered, was over at five o'clock, but between that hour and seven there was always plenty to do in connection with the late editions and the

following day's work. At seven o'clock every one left except a sub-editor and one of the clerks, and one or two compositors to see after the eight-o'clock and any possible later edition.

"As soon as you get your hand in, young un, you'll have to take your turn at late work. Booms and I take every other night now."

Horace could say nothing against this arrangement, though it meant more separation from Reginald. At present, however, his hand not being in, he had nothing to keep him after the seven o'clock bell, and he eagerly escaped at its first sound to look for Reginald.

Not, however, till he had witnessed a strange sight.

About a quarter to seven Booms, whose early evening it was, showed signs of uneasiness. He glanced sorrowfully once or twice at the clock, then at Horace, then at Waterford. Then he got up and put his papers away. Finally he mused on a washhand-basin in a corner of the room, and said dolefully,

"I must dress, I think, Waterford."

"All serene," said Waterford, briskly, "the young un and I will finish up here." Then nudging Horace, he added in a whisper, "He's going to rig up now. Don't pretend to notice him, that's all."

Booms proceeded to divest himself of his office coat and waistcoat and collar, and to roll up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, preparatory to an energetic wash. He then opened a small box in a corner of the room, from which he produced, first a clothes-brush, with which he carefully removed all traces of dust from his nether garments; after that came a pair of light-coloured "pats," which he fitted on to his boots; then came a bottle of hair-oil, and afterwards a highly-starched "dicky," or shirt-front, with a stud in it, which by a complicated series of strings the owner contrived to fasten round his neck so as to conceal effectually the flannel shirt-front underneath. Once more he dived, and this time the magic box yielded up what seemed to Horace's uninitiated eyes to be a broad strip of stiff cardboard, but which turned out to be a collar of fearful and wonderful proportions, which, when once adjusted, fully explained the wisdom displayed by the wearer in not deferring the brushing of his trousers and the donning of his "pats" to a later stage of the proceedings. For nothing, not even a pickpocket at his gilt watch-chain with its pendant "charms," could lower his chin a quarter of an inch till bedtime. But more was yet to come. There were cuffs to put on, which left one to guess what had become of Mr. Booms's knuckles, and a light jaunty necktie to embellish the "dicky." Then, with a plaintive sigh, he produced a blue figured waistcoat, and after it a coat shaped like the coat of a robin to cover all. Finally there appeared a hat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned, and dazzling in its glossiness, a pair of gay dogskin gloves, a crutch walking-stick, a pink silk handkerchief, and then this joint work of art and nature was complete!

"All right?" said he, in melancholy tones, as he set his hat a little on one side of his head, and, with his stick under his arm, began with his gloves.

Waterford got up and walked slowly and critically round him, giving a few touches here and there, and brushing a little stray dust from his collar.

"All right, dear boy. Mind how you go, and—"

"Oh!" groaned Booms, in tones of dire distress, "I knew I should forget something. Would you mind, Waterford?"

"What is it?"

"My glass—it's in the box, and—and I should have got it out before I put the collar on. Thanks; I should have been lost without it. Oh! if I *had* forgotten it!"

With this awful reflection in his mind he bade a sorrowful good-night and walked off, with his head very erect, his elbows high up, and one hand fondling the nearly-neglected eyeglass.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Waterford, as he disappeared.

"It is—rot," said Horace, emphatically. "Why ever don't you laugh him out of it?"

"My dear boy, you might as well try to laugh the hair off his head. I've tried it a dozen times. After all, the poor dear fellow means no harm."

"But what does he do now?"

"Oh, don't ask me! According to his own account he's the fastest man about town—goes to all the shows, hobnobs with all the swells, smokes furious cigars, and generally 'mashes.' But my private notion is he moons about the streets with the handle of his stick in his mouth and looks in a few shop windows, and gets half a dozen oysters for supper, and then goes home to bed. You see he couldn't well get into much mischief with that collar on. If he went in for turn-downs I'd be afraid of him."

The bell cut further conversation short, and in another minute Horace and Reginald were walking arm-in-arm in the street outside.

There was much to talk about, much to lament over, and a little to rejoice over. Horace felt half guilty as he told his brother of his good fortune, and the easy quarters into which he had fallen. But Reginald was in too defiant a mood to share these regrets as much as he would have done at any other time. As long as Durfy wanted to get rid of him, so long was he determined to stay where he was, and meanwhile in young Gedge he had some one to look after, which would make the drudgery of his daily work tolerable.

Horace did not altogether like it, but he knew it was no use arguing then on the subject. They mutually agreed to put the best face on everything before their mother. She was there to meet them at the door, and it rejoiced her heart to hear their brave talk and the cheery story of their day's adventures. All day long her heart had gone out to them in yearnings of prayer and hope and love, and it repaid her a hundredfold, this hour of happy meeting, with the sunlight of their faces and the music of their voices filling her soul.

As soon as supper was over Reginald suggested a precipitate retreat into the streets for fear of another neighbourly incursion. Mrs. Cruden laughingly yielded, and the trio had a long walk, heedless where they went, so long as they were together. They wandered as far as Oxford Street, looking into what shops were open, and interested still more in the ever-changing stream of people who even at ten o'clock at night crowded the pavements. They met no one they knew, not even Booms. But it mattered little to them that no one noticed them. They had one another, and there was a sense of security and comfort in that which before these last few weeks they had never dreamed of.

They were about to turn out of Oxford Street on their homeward journey when a loud shout close by arrested their attention. Looking round, they saw a boy with disordered dress and unsteady gait attempting to cross the road just as a hansom cab was bearing down at full speed on the place where he stood. They only saw his back, but it was evident he was either ill or dazed, for he stood stupidly where he was, with the peril in full view, but somehow helpless to avoid it. The cabman shouted and pulled at his horse's head. But to the horrified onlookers it was only too clear that nothing could stop his career in time. He was already within a yard or two of the luckless boy when Reginald made a sudden dash into the road, charging at him with a violence that sent him staggering forward two paces and then brought him to the earth. Reginald fell too, on the top of him, and as the cab dashed past it just grazed the sole of his boot where he lay.

It was all the work of a moment—the shout, the vision of the boy, and the rescue—so sudden, indeed, that Mrs. Cruden had barely time to clutch Horace by the arm before Reginald lay prone in the middle of the road. In another moment Horace was beside his brother, helping him up out of the mud.

"Are you hurt, old man?"

"Not a bit," said Reginald, very pale and breathless, but rising to his feet without help. "Look out—there's a crowd—take mother home, and I'll come on as soon as I've seen this fellow safe. I'm not damaged a bit."

With this assurance Horace darted back to his mother in time to extricate her from the crowd which, whatever happens, is sure to collect in the streets of London at a minute's warning.

"He's all right," said Horace—"not hurt a bit. Come on, mother, out of this; he'll probably catch us up before we're home. I say," said he, and his voice trembled with excitement and brotherly pride as he spoke, "wasn't it splendid?"

Mrs. Cruden would fain have stayed near, but the crowd made it impossible to be of any use. So she let Horace lead her home, trembling, but with a heart full of thankfulness and pride and love for her young hero.

Reginald, meanwhile, with the coolness of an old football captain, proceeded to pick up his man, and appealed to the crowd to stand back and give the fellow room.

The boy lay half-stunned with his fall, his face covered with mud, but to Reginald's delight he was able to move and with a little help stand on his feet. As he did so the light from the lamp of the cab fell on his face, and caused Reginald to utter an exclamation of surprise and horror.

"Young Gedge!"

The boy looked at him for a moment in a stupid bewildered way, and then gave a short startled cry.

"Are you hurt?" said Reginald, putting his arm round him.

"No—I—I don't think—let's get away."

Reginald called to the crowd to stand back and let them out, an order which

the crowd obeyed surlily and with a disappointed grunt. Not even a broken leg! not even the cabman's number taken down! One or two who had seen the accident patted Reginald on the back as he went by, but he hurried past them as quickly as he could, and presently stood in the seclusion of a by-street, still supporting his companion on his arm.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired again.

"No," said Gedge; "I can walk."

The two stood facing one another for a moment in silence, breathless still and trembling with the excitement of the last few minutes.

"Oh, Cruden!" cried the boy at last, seizing Reginald's arm, "what will you think of me? I was—I—I'd been drinking—I'm sober now, but—"

Reginald cut him short gently but firmly.

"I know," said he. "You'd better go home now, young un."

Gedge made no answer, but walked on, with his arm still in that of his protector.

Reginald saw him into an omnibus, and then returned sadly and thoughtfully homeward.

"Humph!" said he to himself, as he reached Dull Street, "I suppose I shall have to stick on at the 'Rocket' after all."

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—LESSONS.

The delight of Smirnoff in getting back his pet again was not to be described. We therefore judiciously closed the chapter when he appeared on the scene. Captain Malutin had been rewarded far beyond his most sanguine dreams, and he told his wife that the good fortune that had come upon them was her reward for her heroic victory over herself and her disposition to domineer. She said nothing, but really thought in her own heart that the good fortune was *his* reward for a life of self-denial and more than human forbearance.

They had not yet left the tschast at the time when we resume the thread of our narrative, therefore we have no occasion to visit them in their quaint old lodging. Ivan was as good as his word, and was working well and steadily. He had taken an immense fancy to Tenterton, all of whose time not occupied at the Kremlin was taken by Smirnoff, who also arranged apartments for him in his house in the Loubiyanka, so that Edward had two homes, in each of which he was absolute master.

Both the count and Smirnoff placed a horse and sledge at his special command, so that if he had been able to ride in two sledges at a time he might have done so. Nor is this any exaggeration of what formerly was the mode of treating English teachers and governesses in Russia. The sympathy shown by England with the Turks in the last war, however, greatly changed all this, and from that time the respect paid to the English as a national feature in Russia may be said to have come to an end, but notwithstanding this there were at the period of which we write many families, like those of Count Schaafstadt, where the individual belief in us had not been upset by the unfortunate political views taken by the Russians.

The scene is Tenterton's sitting-room in the Loubiyanka. The persons present are Tenterton and Ivan, who is looking helplessly at a reading-book of which he is supposed to be mastering the contents.

"Well, Ivan, how much of the anecdote do you know? It is not difficult, and we have been over it several times. Do you understand the sense perfectly? You have translated it, but I am not sure that you quite understand it."

"I understand the grammar, I understand the words, so that I could relate the anecdote in Russian, but I don't see the sense of it."

"Well, that is another question; but tell me your difficulty and I will try to remove it."

"The moral of the story, as you call it, is that George Washington became a great man because he could not tell a lie. Now I think he became a great man in spite of not being able to tell one. That's what we all think in Russia. He must have been very clever indeed to have got on so well without. I can't see the use of being unable to defend oneself or one's friends."

"It is no real defence, Ivan, that is itself a crime."

"That is what you English say in all those tiresome books that the girls pretend to be so fond of. I am more honest, and I own openly I hate them. I like a good, bold, daring deed to read about, something that stirs the blood and makes it tingle."

"My dear boy, I quite understand you. Any boy who is worth his salt must love action and dash. But there is quite as much merit, nay, more, to him who is able to control such violent feelings, and keep them under bit and bridle. The horse of the Ukraine is a wild and very dangerous animal, but under control he is the most useful servant to man. So the active mind uncontrolled is a fierce and savage beast, but with discipline it is the grandest gift we have."

"That is all true enough, but has nothing to do with telling lies. I think it is much better if, for example, I am asked who did something queer at school, for me to say I don't know than to get a schoolfellow punished."

"I do not admit that, Ivan. You may always refuse to tell, and few schoolmasters would try to force a boy to reveal what schoolboy honour would induce him to keep in his own mind."

"Oh, wouldn't they? Try Schwann!"

"Of course there are many cases where the truth should and ought to be known, and the master should always have the right of insisting on knowing the truth, for boys cannot be expected to be the best judges of their own conduct. If that were the case, why should they go to school?"

"That is all very fine, but it does not prove to me that I may not defend myself when I get into a scrape by saying that I know nothing about it; or if a friend—Abrazoff for instance—were to do something which, if known, would make old Schwann mad with rage, shouldn't I be a mean cad to go and split on him?"

"Certainly, unless he had done some great wrong, and your silence would cause another to be punished."

"I should say I had done it myself."

"Then you would be very criminal, for in the first place there would be the crime of lying (which *is* a crime, after all), then the crime of shielding the guilty party, and lastly the wrong done to Mr. Smirnoff in making him feel that all his care had been wasted upon an unworthy, ungrateful boy."

"Oh, I should tell *him* the truth of the matter."

"And pray why should he believe you? If you practise lying as your rightful weapon, why should *anybody* believe you?"

"Oh, he could see in a moment that it was true."

"Come, Ivan, that is nonsense. If people could see at once what was true nobody would tell any more lies, as it would be useless."

"That is so; but it does not prove that lying is wrong, and it can't be wrong, it is so natural."

"It is natural for a tiger to tear a man to pieces, and it is not wrong in the tiger; but it is very wrong in a man to murder another."

"That does not prove lying to be a sin."

"No, but it proves that things which you call natural because they are done, are not of necessity right on that account."

"If you would show me that lying is wicked I would never tell another lie as long as I live!"

"You believe the Bible?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why do you believe it!"

"Because the priest says that it is the word of God."

"Why do you believe that?"

"I think *you* are wicked now to ask such a question."

"Well, never mind that for the present. I *do* ask why you believe the Bible to be true because it is the word of God?"

After some hesitation Ivan said,

"I never thought of that before; but I suppose it is because He is the God of Truth."

"My dear Ivan, you have answered beautifully and simply. He is the God of Truth, and cannot lie. He hateth a lie, and His word is Truth. Now, if you set yourself up against Him in any way you oppose Him in that way, and in opposing Him you commit every crime, because His nature is all goodness, and the opposite to that is all evil."

"I don't see why opposing one part of any person is opposing the whole!"

"Think a moment. If I shot at you with a revolver, whether I shot you through the head, or through the heart, or through the lungs, I should be equally your enemy, equally to blame, and the attack would be equally upon you wherever the bullet struck."

"I see," said Ivan, "what you mean—that by telling lies I attack God in that part of His nature which is Truth, and by doing so I attack His goodness also. That is very dreadful to think of, Mr. Tenterton. But there is something in it. Our priest never talks like that. I don't know whether it is right or not, but at all events it is a new way of looking at the case. I don't like to promise, but I think I shall make up my mind not to tell any more lies. I am very thankful to you, at all events, for taking all this trouble about me. None of my other teachers ever gave me such a lesson as you have this morning."

They were reading German that day, and Ivan was more attentive and more willing than ever. When the lesson was over Tenterton took his leave, and the boy was writing his exercises alone in his room. He had been engaged in work for about an hour, and was conscientiously working away with all his might, when there was a knock at his door, and Smirnoff stepped in.

"Just before we go to lunch, Ivan, I want to have a little chat with you. Are you very busy?"

"Not now, but I have been very busy indeed, and I have only just finished my work."

"Very well. I shall sit down here and wait until you have done all that you have to do, and then we can talk at leisure."

"I have finished; I am only going to put the exercises into their proper order, and put them away as Mr. Tenterton likes to find them."

"Really, I am very much obliged to Mr. Tenterton for the care he is taking, but I shall want some one else to prepare you for the Lyceum; and, clever as he is, he can't do *that*."

"He can do much more; he can prepare me to become as good as he is himself!"

"H'm!" said Smirnoff. "I hope he is not trying to make a heretic of you! That would be a very sad wind-up. Does he ever talk about the orthodox church?"

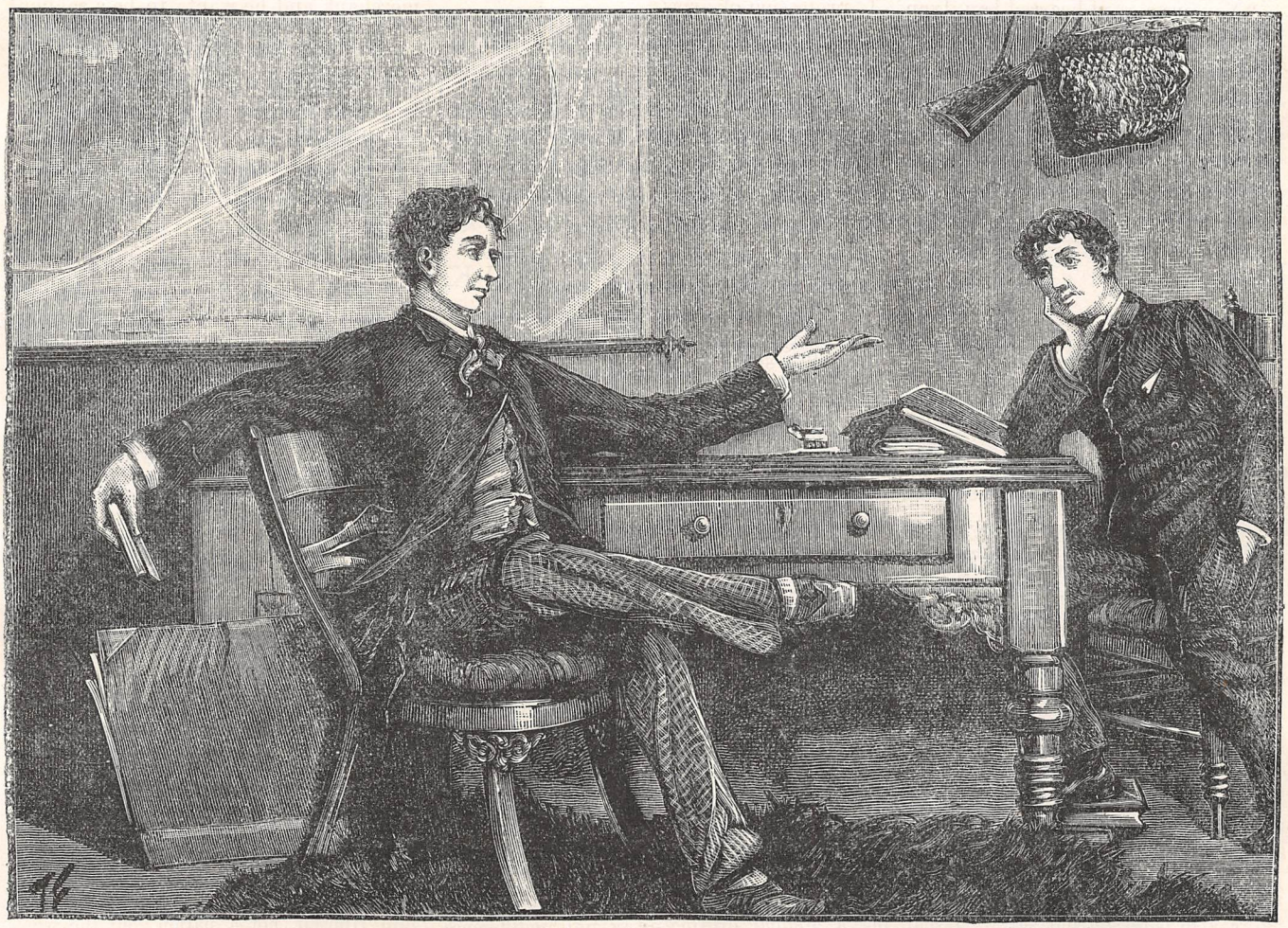
"Never; he never speaks of things connected with church observances, but he has taught me that it is a sin to lie."

"Very good—very good indeed; but he must not invade the province of the priest. That will never do. I must speak to Simeon Ignatievitch when he comes; he must look after this. You see, Ivan," he continued, "I am a rich man, and have intended all along to leave you well provided for. I took you into my house as a poor orphan, meaning to educate you, care for you, and leave you a rich man at my death; but there seems to be a sort of fate against the prosecution of my plan. When you were missing the first time it seemed as though you had been taken from me just to show how vain all human wishes are. At great expense, and with great mental agony, I passed through that trial. Then you were lost to me again, and now there is a chance of your being removed from me again."

"Who told you I was going to run away again?"

"Nobody told me so, but there is a strong probability that you may turn out to be the rightful heir to the whole of the Riazan property of which you have heard Mr. Tenterton speak, and then you are not the poor orphan whom I adopted."

"Yes, I am," replied Ivan, quickly; "I am not changed, but as soon as you made me your heir I ceased to be a poor orphan, and rich men always become richer. So that, supposing I do inherit this land, it can make no change in the circumstances under which you adopted me. I was a



A very serious Conversation.

friendless orphan, but ceased to be so directly you adopted me. So if you come to that, you should have disinherited me again. Though what it would have led to I can't for the life of me see!"

Smirnoff laughed heartily. "You are getting too clever, Ivan; I am no match for you at all!"

"Send me to the Lyceum, and they will soon get all the cleverness out of me—queer lot of muffs the boys are there! But, seriously, if I should be, as you say, a rich man on my own account, you had better give the money you meant for me to those who have to turn out on my account. That would be fair. Only I want to think your house my home, money or no money!"

"You are a good-hearted boy, Ivan. I think, after all, that Tenterton is doing you good."

"Sure of it," interrupted Ivan; "only what I want you to do in case I should become rich without your aid is this: First let me go into Siberia and find Anniesie, bring her home, and then you may settle some money on her if you like. I shall see that she has plenty as long as she lives. Then, in the next place, I want to serve in the cavalry. There will be war with England some day to get possession of all the land of which she has robbed the poor Hindoos. I should like to serve against the English."

"I thought you were very fond of Mr. Tenterton?"

"I adore him! But he is not England, nor the English nation."

"Well, my boy, should the matter, which has now been brought into court, be decided in your favour, you will be able to follow any profession you like. But if you are to be considered my son and heir, I will never countenance the profession of arms."

"I must get your permission," said Ivan, "for the trip to Siberia. It was a mean thing to promise Anniesie to get her off, and then to send her to Siberia in that way! I have been thinking of fixing some scrape on myself and being sent off at the Government expense, only people don't come back, and I want to come back again with Anniesie."

"It is nonsense to talk of going to Siberia, Ivan. Your wild ideas will end in serious trouble for us all. You have absolutely no feeling for me. What trouble, pain, and anxiety you have already caused me! And how much more are you thinking of causing. I must talk to General Kakaroff about this wild scheme."

"Sorry I spoke of it if it displeases you, only I had rather go *with* your permission on account of the passport," replied Ivan.

Smirnoff was silent. "What am I to do?" he thought to himself. "Here I intended to educate this little fellow as a merchant, and he wants to be a soldier! I wanted to find an affectionate grateful son to soothe my declining years, and the young monkey is off after every passing cloud that catches his fancy. I have been a fool for my pains, that's all."

(To be continued)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Daily Temptations and Daily Victories.

The Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., whose pen is so often busy for the Boy's Own Paper, writes in a little book he has published, entitled "The Young Guard of the King's Army," in a very helpful and sympathetic way of boys' daily trials and temptations. He says:

"There is a verse in the Book of the Revelation which says, 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' The Greek word is the present participle Νικῶν. It means in classical Greek, 'He that is victorious—he that wins the victory,' but being the present participle, its force must be continually present, not past nor future, and I do not think we shall be wrong in laying some stress upon the present force.

"God gives us daily a certain portion of battle, in which we must either win or lose. God wishes us to be continually winning, because otherwise we must be losing. It is impossible to stand still.

"My dear boy, God promises the final inheritance to him who is conquering now. No one can be conquering who is not in earnest. God might have said, 'He that is always in earnest about salvation shall inherit all things.'

"Therefore, you are always being encouraged to show now that you are in earnest about life.

"God promises everlasting life to all who prove their faith in His promises by earnest pressing forward to reach them. Therefore, be in earnest. Do not let any day slip away carelessly. Do the moment's duty with all your might, to the glory of God. That must prove to Him that you are in earnest. In lessons or playtime, whatever you have to do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. You have to conquer in the battle against manifold enemies; one of them is waste of opportunity; others are impurity of thought and word and action, idleness, unkindness, ingratitude. These are enemies in the path, trying to hinder your advance to the Promised Land. It is in fighting against these that God must see that you are in earnest.

"If you are conquering you are on the safe road to heaven, and making definite progress, for he that is conquering shall inherit all things.

"That present participle is very strong. We must cling to it all through life. It is present, not past nor future. For suppose that you are now in earnest about spending each day in the best manner, hiding nothing away from God, but true and sincere, feeling that your conscience shines even before the eyes of God, and suppose that as time goes on you grow careless, like some of the soldiers in the allegory of Agathos, so that it becomes no more a daily conquest and winning the way to heaven, but a gradual drifting away into indifference. What becomes of the present participle? It could no longer apply to you; its promise would not be for you.

"He that is always winning the battle against temptations shall inherit all things. God will be his God, and he shall be God's son."

Napoleon's Tribute to Christianity.

No one will accuse the first Napoleon of being weak-minded or namby-pamby. He strode the world in his day like a Colossus, a man of gigantic intellect, however morally worthless. Conversing one day, at St. Helena, as his custom was, about the great men of antiquity, and comparing himself with them, he suddenly turned round to one of his suite, and asked him, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The officer owned that he had not yet taken much thought of such things. "Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will tell you." He then compared Christ with himself, and with the heroes of antiquity, and showed how Jesus far surpassed them. "I think I understand somewhat of human nature," he continued, "and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; but not one is like Him. Jesus Christ was more than man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws men to Himself for their highest good; who unites to Himself, incorporates into Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race."

When John Newton's memory was almost gone, he used to say that, forget what he might, there were two things he never could forget. They were: 1. That he was a great sinner. 2. That Jesus was a great Saviour.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—ON THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

The Theodora was slipping along like a veritable eel through the water. From stem to stern she really looked a beautiful craft. She might have had more breadth of beam; if she had, she would not have been so fast. She was full-rigged, but the masts—masts of hollow iron—looked by no means bulky, nor the rigging cumbersome. In fact, there

was something almost foreign in the latter; they were extra long yardarms, the sails had a more jaunty cut about them than you usually find in your sturdy Britisher, and any one used to a seafaring life would not have failed to perceive that the very canvas itself was of a lighter texture than the ordinary Dundee. It looked as though it would reef more easily, and would catch and hold the wind better, but it was none the less strong for all that.

The Theodora was a black craft, black all over the hull, with the insides of her ports picked out with vermilion. There was little or no rake about her masts, so she did not look what sailors call "saucy," but she looked a viper—that is the word. Manned with true British sailors, there was no "give in" in a ship like this; an enemy might sink those colours, but they could never haul them down. You would have felt that, had you gazed on her as she went glancing over the Bay of Biscay. Had you been a sailor homeward-bound and observed her from your ship's deck you would have said to some one near you,

"Yonder goes a man-o'-war; she is outward-bound, and looks business from bowsprit to binnacle."

There was not much noise on deck, where the surgeon and Benbow, the young navigating sub-lieutenant, were walking up and down in that brisk and hurried manner peculiar to sailors in temperate climates. It was getting near evening. The sun was declining in a bank of grey-blue clouds, and though there was no sea on, a big tumbling swell was beginning to roll in from the wide Atlantic, and if it came on to blow the Theodora would have it "ugly."

There was little noise then, save the churn-churning sound of the screw, for the engines were well down amidships, and the Theodora had a fighting deck beneath the upper one, which was flush. With the exception of two, all the guns, ten in number, were on this middle deck, and abaft of it was the captain's quarters; beneath was the ward-room, and to one side of the steerage, as you might call it, on the starboard side, just outside the door of the ward-room, was the gun-room.

So you will perceive the Theodora was a kind of small corvette. She was built for speed and strength, and had an armament that you could have done well-nigh anything with.

"And you think it's going to be a puff, eh?" said the surgeon.

"My dear boy," said Benbow, "it's going to be a blow, not a puff! Then we'll see what the Theo. can do. But it strikes me she is staunch and true, and there is no doubt about one thing, doctor—we've got the heels of every ship in the service."

"Have we, think you?"

"Think?—I'm sure of it! I don't say we can knock twenty knots out of her—"

The surgeon laughed aloud.

"Ah, you may laugh! but put us to it, and we'll come precious near it."

"Well," said the surgeon, "she ought to have been called the 'Hornet.'"

"Why?"

"Because she can sting and fly away."

"Egad, sir! but she can sting and stay. Sting and stay—sting and hang on like a bulldog!"

"You like her?"

"I do, doctor; don't you?"

"Don't know anything about her yet."

"But I do, though! I saw her built at Pembroke Docks; I know every bolt and timber and plank and plate in her. She—"

What more Benbow was going to say may never be known, for the captain's steward came up and saluted.

"Captain wishes to see you, sir."

"Me?" said the doctor. "Be there in a moment."

He was back again very soon.

He was laughing, but quietly, as if to himself. The doctor stood six feet two in his shoes; Benbow was little over five, so the one looked up and the other looked down.

"The captain's sea-sick," said the surgeon.

"You don't mean it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I do! Well, that is the result of having friends in high places, who keep you in a harbour ship till the bottom of her rots out. Just the way of the world! There is dear old Mildmay yonder—been at sea all his life, and done many a plucky thing, and he's only first lieutenant yet."

"And an older man than the skipper."

"Yes; can give him two years."

"Well, I'm off below to the gun-room."

"Why aren't you in the ward-room?"

"I'd just as soon be where I am. Besides, the youngsters want looking after, you know. Look in and see us often, won't you?"

"That I will! Good night."

All ships are merry when homeward bound, but I like to see the crew of a craft happy even when sailing away from home. It shows their hearts are in the right place, and that they really are nowadays, as in the days of Drake and Nelson, hearts of oak. To use a homely expression, the men of the Theodora were all "as happy as sandboys."

So long as the screw was grinding and the pulses of the great engines working steadily little else could be distinctly heard; but when the wind freshened, then, as it blew pretty fair, being abaft the beam, fires were banked and sails set, and from the deck, where the men had their messes and did all their work, a murmur could be heard as from a bee-hive, interspersed with many a hearty laugh, showing that somebody or other was spinning a yarn, and many a snatch of song or song complete. And even the men on deck, in the intervals of trimming sails, gathered together in little knots, and their busy conversation, carried on in a low tone, showed that their hearts were full, and that they were glad to interchange ideas.

But neither in the gun-room nor in the ward-room itself was the sandboy element entirely absent. Though the chalky cliffs of old England had not long disappeared, all had settled down and felt quite at home.

Only, two individuals were far, very far indeed, from being either happy or comfortable. One was the captain. He was down to it, as the doctor explained. The other was Mr. Han D'Austin, the paymaster's clerk. He, too, was "down to it." A tallish young man he was, of fair complexion, and of very delicate, though aristocratic features. It was his first voyage, and he looked but ill able to rough it. He had no cot or couch to recline on like the captain. He was excused duty for a day or two, that was all, and expected to get round in that brief recess.

He lay about wherever he could get lying room—on the lockers, on a sea-chest, where he had to curl his long legs under him and lean on his elbow, looking for all the world—so Benbow told him—like a devil-fish in a glass tank.

Poor Han D'Austin had to stand a good deal of chaff from his messmates. Even his English, which was, like himself, of quite an aristocratic tone, was criticised. The marine officer, Captain West, was a gentleman of the same type. He had been to sea before, however, but never long enough to rub the *bon ton* polish off him. He also mouthed his English, and murdered his "r's," and, as Benbow said, was altogether too new and too good for a ship's mess.

"I was nevah used to this sort of thing," D'Austin explained to Colin, who had come with the intention of doing him a service. "If my father and mother knew what I am at this moment suffering they would be inconsolable, I do assure you. Believe me, McLeod, low though you now see me pwostate on this howid sea-chest, only one short week ago I was the centah of an admiwing gwoup of family welatives."

"Ha, Mistah Austin," cried Benbow, "can I do anything foh you. Delighted I'm shuaw. Shall I send the steward with a basin and a feathah?"

"I don't want your basin no' your feathah," cried Austin, angrily; "leave me alone, sir."

Benbow was by no means a bad-hearted little fellow, but for his years he was a terribly rough old salt.

"I'm the oldest member of this mess," he explained, the first day they all sat down to dinner. He knocked on the table as he spoke by way of drawing attention. "I'm the oldest member of the mess, and I mean to exact respect from you youngsters, d'ye hear? and if anybody crosses my hawse, let him look out for squalls. Now fall to and take your dinner. Mind, I'm caterer, and I tell you it isn't always nor often either during the commission that you'll settle down to such a good dinner. Fall to. Wait a minute, Quentin Steele, you will take turns every day with McLeod in asking a blessing. Don't have to be reminded of that. Brown, you young son of a gun, take your arms off the table. Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am a midshipman, sir."

"I can see as much from your togs. Don't look scared, but answer me."

"I'm a supernumerary, sir. Going to join the flagship at the Cape."

"Stupid numerary, are ye? Glad to hear it. We'll soon get rid of you. Don't put your elbows on the table again."

"No, sir."

The wind continued fair, the "blow" that Benbow had prophesied never came, but great seas continued to roll in from the Atlantic, and on these the Theodora rolled and pitched, or combined the motions of pitching and rolling, in a way that seemed very satisfactory to the ship herself, if not to all the crew.

One evening, about a day before the vessel reached Madeira, the wind, that had gone down so far as to permit of stunsails being set both below and aloft, began to freshen up towards sunset, and there were some indications too of squalls. The sky in the east, though, was a sight

to see. It was filled with rolling clouds, great banks of cumulus, grey beneath but white as the driven snow on the tops, and the spaces between these, the rifts in the masses of cloud, were of an intensity of blue that could hardly be equalled.

But lower down and quite close to the horizon the interspaces were green. And these clouds went drifting over the firmament at a speed that told old sailors on board the Theodora that there was far more wind high in air than below on the sea's surface.

The sun went down at last behind the western waves, and appeared to set them all aflame. The sun went down like a round red burnished copper shield, and hardly had it disappeared when directly in the east over a bank of grey-blue mist up rose the full moon, and so like in every way was it to the orb of day, which had just gone out of sight, that the ship's boys laughingly pointed to it and cried, "Hurrah! the sun's up again, boys. Morning has come, and we have never been in bed."

Studding sails had been got in two hours before moonrise, then a reef was taken in in the topsails, but still the wind freshened and freshened, and the ship went tearing through the waves, cleaving the dark water with her bows as a knife would have done, and leaving a broad foaming wake behind her that was soon, however, obliterated by the racing waves.

It had just gone eight bells, and shortly after Colin, whose watch it was below heard the order given.

"Hands shorten sail!"

There was the usual rattling of feet across the deck as the men scurried along and chased each other into the rigging.

But hardly three minutes elapsed ere a cry arose that startled every one in the ship, fore and aft,

"Man overboard!"

Colin rushed on deck. The ship was being hove-to, the lifebuoy had already been lighted and let go. He was just in time to see a tall figure with long hair floating out on the breeze stand for a moment on the bulwarks, between him and the sky, then plunge downwards into the sea.

It was Mildmay; the tall and stately figure with the long, long hair would have told Colin that, but yonder also lay the coat, thrown, as it had been, hurriedly over the hatchway; the coat with its two rows of gold lace and one of gold braid, which distinction the lieutenant's seniority entitled him to.

Colin strained his eyes and gazed after him. How rapidly he seemed to swim! Yet this was more apparent than real, for the ship had not yet quite lost her way, and was drifting to the westward and south.

And all that Colin could see was one little dark spot in the midst of the pathway made by the moonbeams, hidden every now and then in the bars of shade, and anon appearing again on the crests of the heaving waves.

To the right of this moonlit path burns one solitary star on the breast of the sea. That is the light from the lifebuoy.

Two boats are called away, and are being lowered into the water with all speed, and yet how interminably long it seems to Colin ere they reach it. But there is the plash of oars at last, and they are off to the relief. One steers directly for the lifebuoy—the drowning man may already have reached it; the other follows in the wake of the lieutenant, but he must by this time be fully a quarter of a mile away.

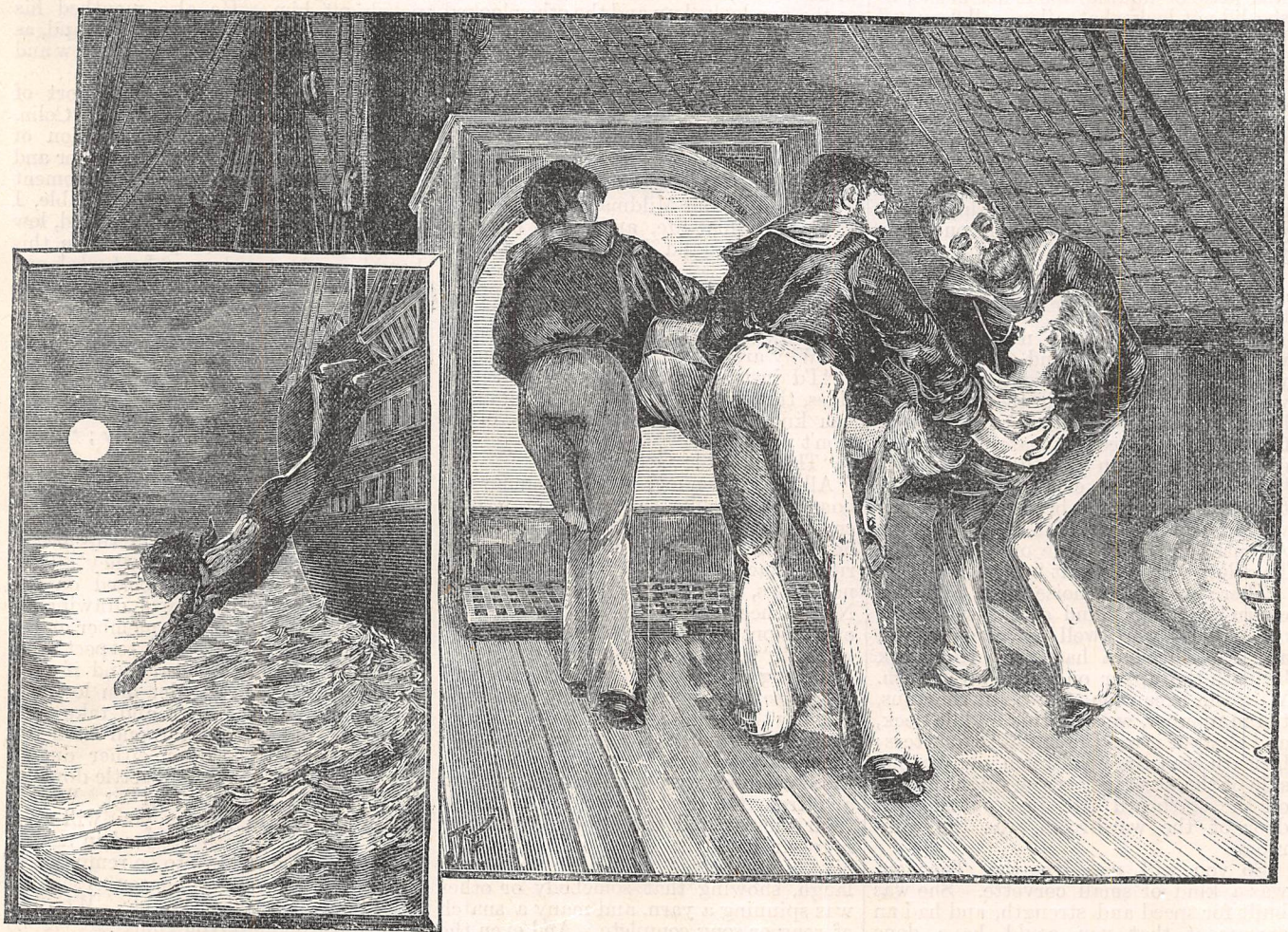
There is silence in the ship now fore and aft, a silence broken only by the occasional flap of a sail or creaking of a block, for both officers and men, if they have to walk, move upon tiptoe, if they have to speak they do so in whispers.

Fifteen minutes have passed; the boats are hardly visible even by the aid of night-glasses, and so far away are they that not a sound comes from them across the water.

But the silence is broken at last, for there reached the ears of those on board one long, wild, despairing cry. Then all is still once more.

But presently the well-known plash of oars can be heard, and soon the boats are alongside. A few minutes more and they are hoisted on board—the rescued and the rescuer.

Colin could not bear to look upon Mildmay thus, so pale, so drooping, so lifeless. Are they both dead? he wondered, and, wondering, shuddered.



"So pale, so drooping, so lifeless."

(*To be continued.*)

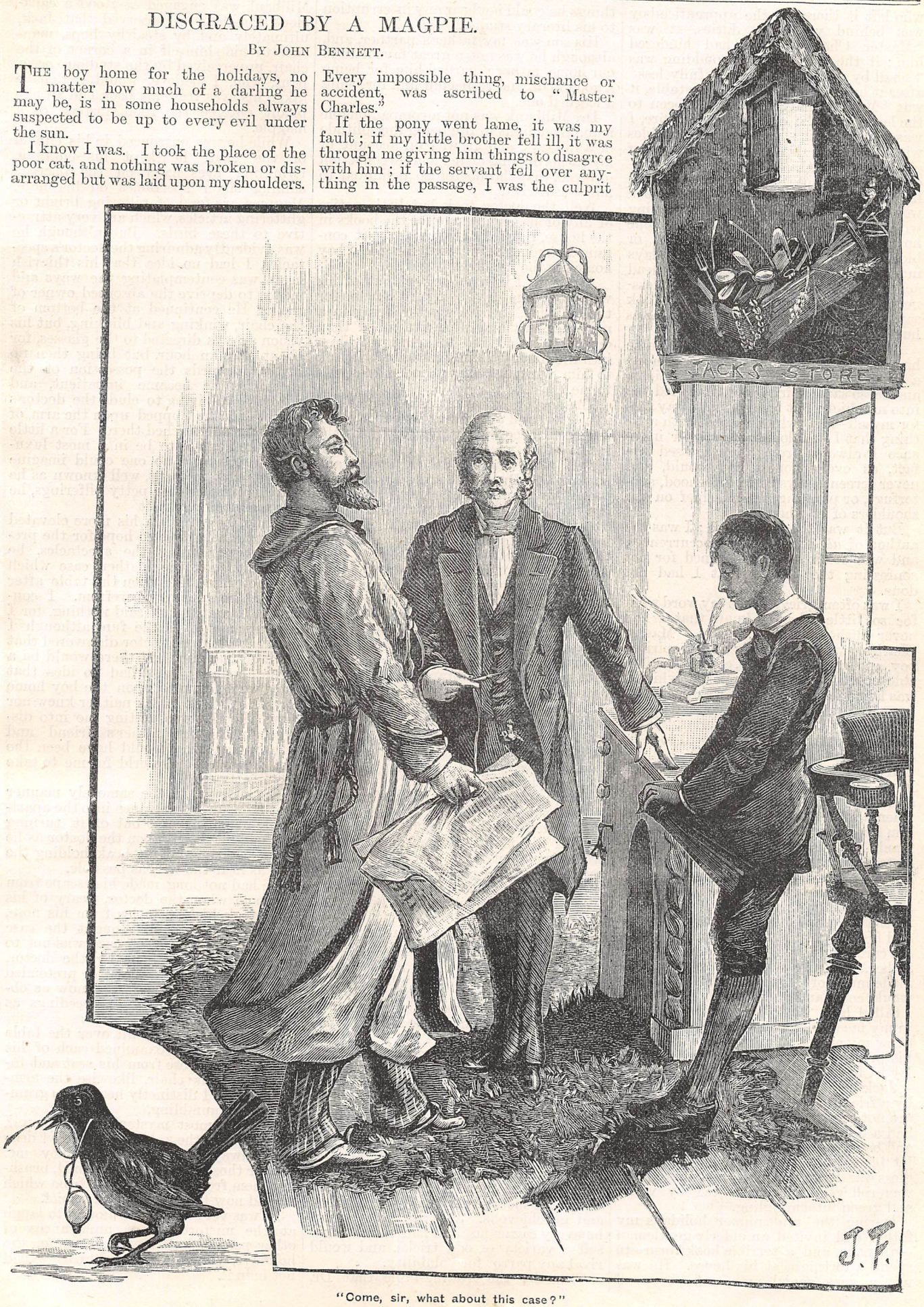
DISGRACED BY A MAGPIE.

By John Bennett.

The boy home for the holidays, no matter how much of a darling he may be, is in some households always suspected to be up to every evil under the sun.

I know I was. I took the place of the poor cat, and nothing was broken or disarranged but was laid upon my shoulders. Every impossible thing, mischance or accident, was ascribed to "Master Charles."

If the pony went lame, it was my fault; if my little brother fell ill, it was through me giving him things to disagree with him; if the servant fell over anything in the passage, I was the culprit



"Come, sir, what about this case?"

who left it there; if the apprentice-boy was behind with his duties, it was "Master Charles" that had hindered him; if the mince-pie or pudding was "small by degrees and beautifully less" after it had been taken from the table, it was "Master Charles" that had been to the larder; if the chimney caught fire, I was accused of it; if uncle in his rambles with me should slip down over a piece of orange-peel on the pavement, it was because I had not run before him and kicked it out of the way; if the clock wouldn't go, I must have been playing with it, for it always went until I came home; if father's books were torn or blotted, "that boy home for the holidays must have done it;" if mamma's head aches, it is through my noise and restlessness; and if the dinner is spoilt, Cook says it was "all through Master Charles hurrying and flurrying her."

I know when I, "Master Charles," came home for the holidays I brought with me a very large amount of animal spirits, and these same spirits sometimes led me into mischief; but then I must say this for myself—that when charged with anything that I *had* done under their influence I always promptly confessed the fact, as every honest boy would, and never screened myself by falsehood, subterfuge, or planting the mischief on the shoulders of another.

But it was to no purpose; I was the author of *all* the doubtful occurrences, and was often specially blamed for not confessing the things that I had not done.

I was often grieved that my word went for so little when I knew that I had never dishonoured it. But "Master Charles" was notoriously a high-spirited boy, and, as I said before, every questionable occurrence that happened while I was home for the holidays was posted to my account, but always good-naturedly balanced by the endearing terms, "Well, bless his heart! his holidays will soon be over; let him have his fling!"

My father was one whom I might well love—social, liberal, and good-tempered; and it is saying a good deal for a father when a son confesses that he always liked him for a companion. He lived in gentlemanly style in a beautiful suburb of the metropolis, and, amongst other agreeable hobbies of his, he kept a magpie, and a very beautiful bird was "Jack." But he was a magpie all over, from his cunning eye to the tip of his long and graduated tail, and his chatter and thievish propensities. He cared for nobody in the house but my father. I, being seldom at home, never made much of Jack's acquaintance. He would come and perch on my knee when I called him "Jack," and look quizzingly in my face if I was eating anything, and draw my attention more particularly to his presence by coaxingly crying, "Charley! Charley!"

Jack had been presented to my father by a friend in Ireland, where these birds are not so scarce as now in England. He had a beautiful plumage; his head, neck and back, and under part of his tail, were jet black, and in certain lights a blue gloss was distinguishable, and this, again, was relieved and contrasted by white and green intermingling.

During the midsummer holidays my father had invited an elderly gentleman—an LL.D., and a terrible bookworm—to spend a fortnight at his house. He was not a very genial man, and above all things he could not bear any interruption to his literary studies.

His son was my father's partner, and, although he was not a great favourite in our home, father regarded him for being a good man, and respected him for being a learned one.

Dr. Millbank was not a companionable man, his delight in life being the solitude of a library; and it was on account of my father having rather a large collection of books that the doctor so delighted to make us a visit.

Well, the doctor took but little notice of any of us, as he came for the books in the house, not for the humanity it contained, and certainly not for the "boy home for the holidays."

As a rule, I invariably kept out of his way; but one day, being fresh home for the holidays, and the doctor being in a more friendly and talkative mood than ordinary, I ventured to accompany him into the library, taking care only to speak to him when he condescended to speak to me.

The doctor, however, soon became lost in a book, and altogether forgot my presence. I accordingly retired into the recess of a window, and also engaged myself with a book on old sports and pastimes. Dr. Millbank's back was turned upon me, and he was thoroughly lost in his studies. I was too much amused in observing my father's friend to regard the book I had taken up, although a very interesting one.

He was a Dominie Sampson over again, and must have sat to Sir Walter Scott for his portrait, only that the doctor paid more attention to his dress than the dominie, and made great display of an elaborately stiff-starched white neckcloth and a frilled shirt. He was a tall, thin man, with a military uprightness, a peculiarly long neck, and a small head, which could not boast a single hair; and, to keep the obnoxious flies from troubling his bald pate, he threw his capacious handkerchief over it. In the style of his day, two heavy gold seals hung from a watch-pocket of his trousers.

Now, learned as was the doctor in his special subjects—mostly of the dry-as-dust order—he knew but little of the natural history of magpies; and at the present moment my interest and the interest of my story is with one of those birds, Jack by name.

And here he comes, and, as he thinks, unperceived by any one. But Jack, for all his cunning, is for once mistaken, for while I held my book as if attentively reading it, my eyes were peering over the top of it to watch his movements. Yes, here he comes, hopping into the library, and, to elude observation as much as possible, he hops along by the wall.

It seemed by his turning his head cunningly first on one side and then on the other that he had some special object in his visit. Once or twice he paused in his hop and stood on one claw, and quizzed me to see how far I was engaged or asleep, or anything but noticing him. I felt sure by his cautious, sly manner that he was on some thievish expedition, what, for the moment, I could not discover. He looked remarkably pert, grave, and mischievous. Jack was very tame, but very sagacious, and had taught himself a variety of odd tricks, and would rival any parrot for volubility.

Close by the reading-table that Dr. Millbank was engaged at stood a capacious arm-chair. I observed that Jack, ultimately and by stealthy hops, managed to hide himself in a corner of the chair, unperceived by the studious occupant, who, I believe, would not have taken his eyes from his book had an elephant entered the room instead of a magpie.

While he was ensconced in his citadel of the chair he kept his cunning, twinkling eyes fixed on the doctor's shining silver spectacles on his nose. Magpies are fond of pilfering bright or glittering articles, which are very attractive to these birds. But although he was evidently admiring the doctor's spectacles, I had no idea that his thievish heart was contemplating the ways and means to deprive the absorbed owner of them. He continued at the bottom of the chair, winking and blinking, but his vision always directed to the glasses, for about half an hour, but being then no further towards the possession of the spectacles he became impatient, and adroitly contriving to elude the doctor's observation he hopped upon the arm of the chair and perched there. For a little while he feigned to be in a most luxurious repose, and no one could imagine that at that moment, well known as he and his tribe are for petty pilferings, he was meditating a theft.

While, however, in his more elevated position, and seeing no hope for the present of purloining the spectacles, he stealthily took the leather case which the doctor had laid upon the table after taking the glasses therefrom. I continued to watch, but said nothing, for I too much enjoyed the fun, although I felt that when the doctor discovered that his case had vanished there would be a scene about it; but I had no idea that they would pounce upon the boy home for his holidays. Jack neither knew nor cared that he was getting me into disgrace with my father's friend and visitor, and who would have been the last person in the world for me to take any liberty with.

The magpie, in the same sly manner that he made his entrance into the apartment, made his exit out of it, turning his long black tail upon the doctor as he hopped along, and his beak holding the case as near the wall as possible.

He had not long made his escape from the room when the doctor, weary of his book, took his spectacles from his nose, and naturally enough sought the case to place them in. The case was not to be found—at least, not by the doctor. I kept closely to my book, or pretended to do so, for my eyes were now as observant of the doctor's proceedings as they had been of the magpie's.

The doctor looked all over the table and under it; he examined each of his pockets, then rose from his seat and investigated his chair, likewise the arm-chair, while I distinctly heard him grumbling and mumbling,

"This is most mysterious. I know I placed it on the table. Dear me! dear me! always something to annoy me. Bother those flies!" he exclaimed, brushing them from his bald head, from which he had now taken his handkerchief.

It was very wrong, no doubt, to laugh at the misfortunes or annoyances of other people, but I was home for the holidays, you know, and I really could not help it.

Could he have brought the case with him? Oh, he was perfectly sure that he had, and it was most mysterious where or how it vanished, for no one had been in the room.

He laid down his spectacles on the table, while he took a ruminating walk round the room, holding his sharp chin in his hand and frowning in his displeasure and mystification, while he looked to the right and the left of him, and on the floor, and then he espied me lounging with outstretched legs in the recess with my book of sports.

"Ah, ah, Master Charles, and so you are the culprit, are you?"

"Sir!" I exclaimed, affecting to be ignorant of his meaning.

"My case, young gentleman—where is it?"

"What case, sir?" I innocently inquired.

"My spectacle-case—where is it?"

"Spectacle-case? I have not got it."

"What! Why, I laid it beside me on the table, and now it is gone! You should not take such liberties with your elders."

"Why, sir, I have not moved from the spot where I now recline."

"I care nothing about that, sir," the doctor interrupted, and I was very glad of the interruption, for I hardly knew what I was going to say. "I care nothing about that. The case is gone, and it had no volition of its own, and therefore you *must have taken* it, for no one else has been in the library."

"It is very unfortunate for me, doctor—"

"My spectacle-case, Master Charles, if you please!" he cried, still too impatient to permit me to finish my sentence. "I am too old to be your playmate, and it is a rule of mine never to give or take liberties with the young or old."

"You really, sir, are accusing me for what I have not done," I said, "but—"

"That is all subterfuge, sir!" he broke in impetuously before I could explain matters. "There I laid the case—"

"And it is a very hard case for me to be accused of removing it."

"Your joke is impertinent at a time like this. If your father were here I am quite sure that he would not tolerate your behaviour towards me. You are the only person, as I said before, who has been in the library since I have been reading here—"

"Excuse me, doctor—"

"Do not interrupt me, Master Charles. I was going to say that you are the only person who has been in the library, and therefore you must have the case."

"I have not got it—there, doctor!" I exclaimed as emphatically as I could. "You were not aware that I was in the library until you saw me."

"What of that, sir?" asked the doctor, in quarrelsome tones.

"This—that as you did not see me enter the room, others might have come and gone without your knowledge. Indeed—"

"Do not mask your tricks with impertinence. I tell you again that I am sure that I laid the case on the table."

"And I am equally sure that I have not got it," I stoutly persisted.

"Then I must ring the bell for your father. Boys home for the holidays take so much licence nowadays that really they have become an intolerable nuisance. They are never happy but when they are in mischief, which is by no means creditable to the training that their parents pay for. There is too much parental petting now to turn out good boys, and too much forgetfulness of 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' There should be no school holidays if I could have my way."

(To be continued.)

RECENT CYCLING.

A CENSUS of the cyclists at the beginning of this year gave 35,000 as the grand total of members belonging to the various recognised clubs. Of these the Cyclists' Touring Club, which holds a peculiar position and can hardly be classed with the rest, claimed about 17,000, while 5,000 were distributed among some 120 metropolitan clubs, 8,500 among 200 provincial clubs, 1,500 amongst sixty Scotch clubs, 400 among fourteen Irish clubs, 100 among seven Welsh clubs, 1,300 among the various tricycling clubs, and the remainder among clubs of all sorts that could not well be classified. Given then 35,000 club men, how many thousand riders of the wheel are there unattached? A moderate estimate would put them at quite double as many, and we shall not be far wrong in assuming that there are at least 100,000 cyclists in the United Kingdom at the present time.

The clubs are of all sorts and sizes, but in our census we have only included those having a fair number of riders, and we have taken no notice whatever of "honorary members" and such purely decorative auxiliaries. Some of the clubs are very strong. In the metropolitan area, for instance, we have the London with 220, and next to it the Pickwick with just the hundred. The Pickwick is the oldest of the clubs, it having been formed in 1870. Almost equal to it in strength is the Stanley, which comes before the public every year as promoting the show of machines, and whose late exhibition on the Thames Embankment was one of the noteworthy events of this season. Among the country clubs there are several that exceed the hundred. Bedford, for instance, has 114; the Birchfield, of Birmingham, has 150; the Speedwell, of Birmingham, has 175. Bournemouth has 110, Cambridge University has 200 members, Jersey 115, Halifax has 100, Lincoln has just over a hundred, and so have two of the Leeds clubs, the Crescent and the Harehills. In Scotland the clubs do not run so large. The two main centres are Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the chief clubs in each are the University with eighty members, and the Lanarkshire with seventy-five. As Edinburgh University is the largest club in Scotland, so Dublin University is the largest club in Ireland, mustering as it does nearly ninety members. The tricyclists average higher than the unspecialised cyclists; the largest of the metropolitan clubs, the London, boasts 140 members, while the largest of the country clubs, the Brighton, claims 110.

And if the cyclists have improved in numbers, the machines they ride and the times they accomplish have undergone a marvellous improvement likewise. The quarter-mile record is now held by H. A. Speechly, who at the Clapham Park meeting at the Crystal Palace in August last succeeded in covering the distance in 39 seconds. In the month before the same track saw the lowering of the half-mile record to 1 min. 19⅗ sec. in A. Thomson's match against time. The Surbiton records in 1882 made by the renowned Dr. Cortis still stand for the three-quarter and the mile, the former being 2 min. 1⅘ sec., the latter 2 min. 41⅕ sec.; but after these we have a long series of changes all wrought in 1884 on the fast Crystal Palace path. In 1878 the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer secured the two-mile championship with 6 min. 30½ sec.; the record is now held by H. R. English with 5 min. 33⅖ sec., a gain of nearly a minute. The records for the three and four miles are held by G. Lacy Hillier, the four-event champion of 1881, who on the 25th of last September rode the three miles in 8 min. 32 sec., and the four in 12 min. 15 sec. On the same occasion Hillier secured the five-mile record with 14 min. 18 sec., a considerable improvement on champion time. In 1879 Cortis was five-mile champion with 15 min. 29⅖ sec., in 1880 he was champion with 15 min. 10⅖ sec., and in 1881 Hillier was champion with 15 min. 39⅘ sec., and though neither of these were bests they yet serve well as fingerposts to indicate the advance. After the five miles we come to a long string of records clean away to the twenty miles, all credited to H. R. English on the 11th of last September. For the six we have 17 min. 33⅗ sec., for the seven we have 20 min. 30 sec., for the eight we have 23 min. 28⅘ sec., for the nine we have 26 min. 22⅔, for the ten we have 29 min. 19⅗ sec., for the eleven we have 32 min. 19⅗ sec., for the twelve we have 35 min. 15 sec., for the thirteen we have 38 min. 16 sec., for the fourteen we have 41 min. 26 sec., for the fifteen we have 44 min. 29⅗ sec., for the sixteen we have 47 min. 26 sec., for the seventeen we have 50 min. 22 sec., for the eighteen we have 53 min. 20 sec., for the nineteen we have 56 min. 15 sec., and for the twenty we have 59 min. 6⅗ sec., which, considering how a few years ago it was declared to be impossible to ride twenty miles within the hour, is something worth making a note of, as is also the fact that before the hour was completed English had added another 560 yards to the distance traversed, and thereby secured the record for the longest run within the hour. The Northumbrian was far and away the best man in 1884, but, as we pointed out some time ago, the cycling records are more likely to be improved than those in athletics, owing to there being more improvable circumstances attending them. We improve our paths and we improve our machines, so that any comparison of man with man is always unfair to the oldster. In fact the only true comparison is that which is made between the men on the same track on the same day, and which is such an obvious one that nobody cares to mention it.

The records from the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth mile are still held by Cortis. These we gave at some length in 1880, and so need only catalogue here. They are in due order: 1 h. 3 min. 45⅗ sec., 1 h. 6 min. 51⅗ sec., 1 h. 10 min. 9⅗ sec., 1 h. 13 min. 26⅗ sec., and 1 h. 16 min. 41⅗ sec. The records from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-eighth mile remain unchanged since H. F. Wilson secured them at the Surrey meeting in August, 1883, and there has been no change between thirty-nine and fifty since the fifty-miles championship of 1882. M. H. Jephson claims thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, and forty-two; W. K. Adam claims forty-three; C. D. Vesey claims forty-four; Jephson claims forty-five; Keith-Falconer claims forty-six; Jephson claims forty-seven, forty-eight, and forty-nine; and Keith-Falconer has the fifty. As the times were all given in an article on Long Distance Bicycling in the November part for 1882, we need not here tabulate them.

One of the most striking events of last season was the curious match between Mr. Hillier and Major Holmes, in which the

younger man of twenty-eight allowed his senior of seventy-eight a mile for every year there was difference between their ages, and which simply meant that while the major rode fifty miles Mr. Hillier would ride 100. This Mr. Hillier failed to do. He did 146 miles in 9 h. 59 min. 34 sec., while the major covered 115 miles in 9 h. 59 min. 58 sec.—by no means a bad spell for a veteran of seventy-eight. Although Mr. Hillier lost his match, he succeeded in securing the records from fifty-one to fifty-four miles, and all the records over 101, those between fifty-five and 100 being still left to Mr. F. R. Fry, as detailed in an article on the Cycle Championships in the part for December, 1883.

In tricycling all the records underwent a change in 1884 except those made by Mr. Lowndes the year before, for the half, three-quarters, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven miles, and the full list now stands:—Quarter-mile 47 seconds, H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, July 12, 1884; half-mile 1 min. 32⅕ sec., three-quarter mile 2 min. 18 sec., M. J. Lowndes, Surbiton, July 21, 1883; one mile 3 min. 3⅘ sec., H. N. Corsellis, Crystal Palace, July 21, 1884; two miles 6 min. 26⅗ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, September 25, 1884; three miles 9 min. 45 sec., four miles 13 min. 3 sec., five miles 16 min. 19 sec., six miles 19 min. 35 sec., seven miles 22 min. 54 sec., eight miles 26 min. 9 sec., nine miles 29 min. 23 sec., ten miles 32 min. 33⅗ sec., M. J. Lowndes, Surbiton, June 21, 1883; eleven miles 37 min. 44 sec., M. J. Lowndes, Crystal Palace, June 25, 1883; twelve miles 42 min. 24 sec., thirteen miles 45 min. 54¼ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884; fourteen miles 49 min. 21 sec., fifteen miles 52 min. 53 sec., C. E. Liles, Lillie Bridge, June 21, 1884; sixteen miles 56 min. 29 sec., seventeen miles 1 h. 3¾ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884; eighteen miles 1 h. 3 min. 30 sec., nineteen miles 1 h. 7 min. 15 sec., twenty miles 1 h. 10 min. 50 sec., twenty-one miles 1 h. 14 min. 33 sec., twenty-two miles 1 h. 18 min. 3 sec., twenty-three miles 1 h. 21 min. 43 sec., twenty-four miles 1 h. 25 min. 21 sec., twenty-five miles 1 h. 28 min. 58 sec., C. E. Liles, Lillie Bridge, June 21, 1884; thirty miles 1 h. 50 min. 43½ sec., thirty-five miles 2 h. 13 min. 7¼ sec., forty miles 2 h. 31 min. 57¼ sec., forty-five miles 2 h. 52 min. 35¼ sec., fifty miles 3 h. 11 min. 15 sec., 100 miles 6 h. 43 min. 32½ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884.

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

V.

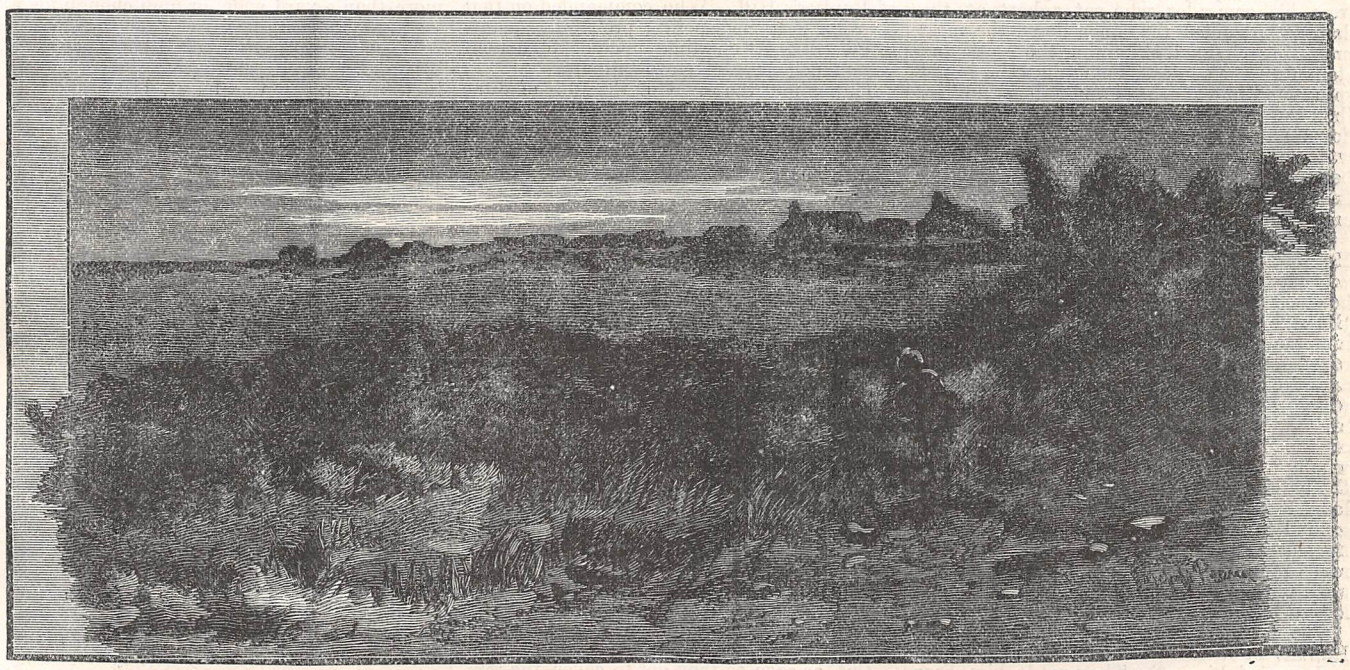
On many other rivers the methods of fly-fishing differ materially in detail, but the principles are generally the same, or nearly so. For example, you will find that the flies used on the rapid rivers of the north are not exact imitations of anything, but rather what is called "fancy" flies, or rather spiders, in that they are all legs and no wings at all, whereas our flies of the south are, as far as

possible, exact copies of the natural insect, and as such are taken by the denizens of our streams. Then again on other thicker and more sluggish rivers you will find that the larger flat-winged flies (as opposed to the upright-winged) are continually resorted to, and capital sport is achieved thereby. Even on the Itchen the night flies are used—sometimes three on a cast, and this cast very coarse—for the taking of a good basket of the largest of our trout. Perhaps also this consummation so devoutly to be wished merits a further explanation before I conclude my gossip on "how to use" the fly-rod.

Imagine then a glowing August sunset. The "king of day" has just retired beneath the massed cloud canopy of his glory, and the tender tints of orange and gold, of purple and hyacinthine hues, are flooding the landscape and glinting on the unruffled stream, turning it to a semblance of that heaven-born sea of glass mingled with fire. Softly and imperceptibly the magic colours deepen and change, and the gloaming steals gently over all. No pearl wreath of dew rises over the river like a chill snow-pure winding sheet to the dead day, but to the good fortune of the night angler the evening closes in on night with starry dark-blue firmament and to the chorus of the bird music to which a dry, still, warm, late summer evening always gives rise. Curious, isn't it? that the eternal fitness of things of which we speak so often, and, alas! care so little to trace out, has so arranged it that the more perfect in summer beauty the night may be, the better is it for the nocturnal angler, as if, indeed, as is probably the case, not alone do the birds and other of the higher animals delight in the witchery of this ineffable hour, but the fish also appreciate the graciousness and the freshening influences after the intolerable heat and dust of midday? Yet it is so, and if the conditions be less than I have sketched of our ideal night fly-fisher's season, then does his sport fail in a corresponding degree.

But he—rigging up his trusty fly-rod with winch and line and stout fly cast, attached to which is an imitation cinnamon fly, and perhaps a couple of Fetid Browns—sallies forth, and passing by the now placid mill pool gently perchance steps (waterproofed as he is to the waist) into the shallow run of pellucid water which wanders at a pace of two miles an hour over the brilliant pebbles of this chalk stratum. On either side the banks are clothed with sedge, amidst which the tall sceptre-like bulrushes stand out dark against the sky. "He hereth the melodyous armony of the fowls," to quote the gentle Dame Berners. There is the sedge-warbler with its pretty quaint song, the plaintive shrill call of the moorhen, and now anear and then afar the harsh burr-like screech of that ventriloquist of birds—the landrail. The agile dabchick dips into the water close by him, and in the deepening twilight he just discerns the bonny brown-coated rat as it sits sedately and solemnly enjoying its meal on yon patch of decaying weeds set free by the recent weed-cutting. Ay, and as he bends forward to notice this self-satisfied dweller by the stream, lo! the luscious sounding kiss-like "chop" of a feeding trout as it takes in one of the larger sedge-flies—probably the actual insect of which Piscator possesses the artificial on his cast. Just watch *his* movements now. Half a minute is not passed ere the line whistles through the air with a softly sighing sound, and the fly falls, making hardly a dimple in the placid face of the water, just within the rings of vibration made by the rise. Onward it floats, and suck! chop! the fish has risen again, this time to the angler's lure. Little grace is now given, for the time of twilight is fast ebbing away, and absolute darkness or its near approach is by no means so valuable to Piscator as is the present time. So, within the time I have been talking about it, the landing-net is placed under the fish, and the fisher, with a sigh of illimitable content, moves on with lynx eye ever on the watch for the "rise" which unerringly tells of the presence of his quarry. Nor is he always content to watch for this. Now and then he throws his fly in likely spots, such as where perchance an oily eddy circles round some gnarled and rugged root outstretched like toil-battered fingers to clutch the passing flotsam of the water, or the fly goes silently through the air perhaps on to the lisping runnel with a touch as of a mother's kiss, and there finds the feeding trout. And so he fishes till the silence and darkness warn him it is time to rest, and so he returns with a heart of peace fresh from his communion with nature and the "voices of the night."

(To be continued.)



HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

IV.—ISRAEL PUTNAM.

And now, having dealt with Rogers and the Starks, we come to the most famous of the Rangers—Israel Putnam. Putnam joined the regiment in 1755, and soon afterwards was instrumental in saving his captain's life.

Rogers and he were sent scouting to Crown Point to ascertain the state of its fortifications. Leaving their men in a willow thicket, they went on in front to learn what they could. The sun rose, and the French began to stream out of the fort in such numbers that the retreat of the scouts was cut off. In about an hour one of the soldiers stumbled on Rogers and was just about to run him through, when Putnam appeared and struck down the Frenchman with his rifle. There was an alarm, but in the confusion both Rogers and Putnam escaped.

In 1757 Putnam was promoted to a majority, and one of his first exploits was to strike on the track of the armament destined to capture Fort William Henry. His report was disregarded, and after a six days' bombardment the fort fell. The garrison capitulated and were to march forth with the honours of war; so ran the articles, but it would seem that for "honours" "horrors" had been written. For no sooner had the rear guard left the gates than the Indians flew upon the Englishmen furiously, and slaughtered them in cold blood. Not an effort was made by the French to stop the atrocious attack, and only a miserable remnant of the garrison survived. When Putnam, who had been sent forward to the fort to watch the enemy's movements, came on the scene of carnage next day, he found the barracks burning and hundreds of corpses — men, women, and

children — lying half consumed among the ruins.

But it was at another fire that Putnam was to earn his fame. In the winter the barracks in Fort Edward were one night found to be in flames. Within twelve feet of them stood the magazine containing three hundred barrels of powder. Colonel Haviland attempted to batter down the barracks with his heavy artillery, but to no purpose. A line of men was formed to pass buckets from hand to hand. The end of the line was Putnam, who took his station on the roof of the shed as close to the flames as he dared. His mittens were burnt off his hands, but he stuck to his post, and it was not until the roof began to give way that he left it. The walls of the magazine were charred, the outer skin of planks was indeed burnt through, and still he refused to leave until the blaze was quelled. When Putnam's second mittens were pulled off the skin came with them; his face, his hands, his body, were one mass of blisters, and it took him weeks to recover from his exposure. His indomitable resolution had, however, saved Fort Edward.

One day in the course of the following summer he and five men were surprised by Indians while lying in a canoe near the Fort Miller rapids on the Hudson. To remain or cross the river would have been fatal. Before the canoe was under way one of the men was killed. Putnam steered the craft round and made straight down the stream. The current was broken into eddies and whirlpools as it rushed furiously over the shelving and projecting rocks. Without aid from his comrades, who sat aghast at the danger, he guided the canoe down the most promising channel, skimming the rocks and stemming the eddies. Sometimes she would spin round in a whirlpool and halt for a little, then she would shoot off at a tangent and fly down and down until at last the quieter waters were reached. The rapids had never been passed before, and the wondering Indians refrained from firing as soon as the canoe entered the dangerous gorge.

In August Putnam was taken prisoner. He was out with Rogers and Dalzell, and was unexpectedly attacked by Molang at the head of five hundred French and Indians. His rifle missed fire, and an Indian seized him and bound him to a tree. The fight raged for some time. The Rangers rallied and drove back the Indians. The tree to which Putnam was tied was thus brought midway between the combatants in the centre of the hottest fire from both. He stood wholly unable to move even his head while the bullets showered by, and many of them lodged in the tree above him, struck the ground in front of him, and passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. The fight raged round him for over an hour. Even the tomahawks began to fly about, and one lodged in the tree an inch above his head.

The Rangers won the battle, but the Indians in their last rally secured Putnam and carried him off. They made him bear the packs of a number of the wounded, and with his hands lashed behind his back marched him for miles into the hills. When night came they stripped him and bound him naked to a tree. They laid the fire ready for the sacrifice, and danced in joy and sang of his approaching doom. At length the brushwood was lighted, but a shower of rain came on and extinguished the struggling flame. Again the torches were brought and at last the circle was aglow. The Redskins danced and sang around the victim and mocked him as he writhed to avoid the fire which was licking up closer and closer. All seemed lost, when suddenly a Frenchman leapt into the clearing, and dashing the Indians aside, kicked the blazing wood away, and cut the prisoner's bonds. The Frenchman was Molang himself, the leader of the Canadian partisans, who had been informed by a messenger of the proceedings of his allies.

Although his life was saved Putnam was kept a close prisoner. His arms were tied to two young trees, his legs were secured in the same manner, and these trees formed the basis of a curious cage constructed over him, in which the unhappy Ranger spent the dreary night that followed his release from death. He was forwarded to Ticonderoga, examined by Montcalm, and then sent up into Canada, whence he was afterwards exchanged.

He took part in Amherst's operations, and at the close of the war with the French was sent to Cuba with the provincial troops owing to hostilities having broken out with Spain. This was 1762. The transport in which were Putnam and his men was driven on a reef, rafts were made of her masts and spars, and every one reached the shore in safety. They pitched a camp, fortified it, and remained for some days until the storm subsided, when they were taken off in another ship, and joined the convoy for Havana.

On the 14th August Havana surrendered to Lord Albemarle and Admiral Pococke, and the expedition was over. Putnam returned to Connecticut, and after a few months' service against the Indians betook himself to his farm.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops were attacked as they returned from destroying the magazines at Lexington. That was the first blow in the War of Independence. Putnam heard of it as he was ploughing in his field. He left the plough standing in the furrow, and, without stopping to say good-bye to his wife or to change his clothes, started for Boston. With Prescott, Warren, Stark, and Reed, he took part in the battle of Bunker's Hill. Who commanded on that occasion is a moot point; probability points to Prescott. At one time much of the honour —too much—was given to Putnam.

Throughout the night of the 16th of June the strokes of spade and pickaxe fell quick and strong on the famous Boston hill, and column after column of men swiftly and silently marched up to the low redoubt on its crest. The morning came, and as soon as the entrenchment was discovered by the British, orders were given for its storm. The barges with the five thousand men that were to attack it left the fleet a little before noon. Every roof and spire of the neighbouring city had its crowd of spectators anxious for the coming fight.

By three in the afternoon the redcoats had all landed at Morton's Point. The order to advance was given, and up the hillside came the heavily-accoutred British infantry. The redoubt gave not a sign of life; it was silent and still as the grave.

Suddenly, when the height was almost gained, the flame broke forth, and the soldiers, swept down in dozens, leisurely and steadily retreated to shelter. Again they came on; again the fort was silent until they were almost in, and then again came the death-hail, and the redcoats were driven back. Over a thousand were now left behind.

But, as soon as they got to cover, the remnant threw away their knapsacks and awkward trappings, fixed their bayonets, and came up the hill for the third time, shoulder to shoulder, steadily as on parade. In vain the Americans reserved their fire as before; in vain they mowed their assailants down as they neared the parapet. The Englishmen were now free, and more fitted to cope with them, and on, unchecked, came the line of cold steel. The gaps closed up as quickly as they were made. The redoubt was reached, surrounded, swept clear, and the routed Americans were driven off down the slope and over the neck, and away to the Winter Hills.

Such was the Battle of Bunker's Hill, which nine Americans out of ten still speak of as a Yankee victory.

After Bunker's Hill, Putnam, now a general, was employed in sundry expeditions with varying success. Though a most popular character with his men, he does not ever seem to have worked harmoniously with his superior officers. His best-known exploit is his riding down the hill named after him, near West Greenwich. The hill is cut deeply into terraces, and he is said, when caught napping by a British force under Tryon, to have ridden his horse down the precipices.

Many other exploits are recorded of him, some of which rather verge upon legend. That he was an extraordinary man there can be no doubt. The stories of his early life give eloquent evidence to his character. He was born at Salem in 1718, and from the first bore that reputation of being clever and strong, and unusually fearless and frank, which he retained until his death in 1790. He married young and settled at Pomfret, in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford, where there afterwards occurred his fight with the she-wolf. The story runs that Pomfret was ravaged by a wolf family. The cubs were generally killed off, but the old dam remained uncaught. She had damaged her foot in a trap, so that her track could be recognised in the snow, and yet all attempts to destroy her proved in vain.

At last, in 1743, Putnam, having lost seventy of his sheep and goats, determined to pursue the wolf until he finished her. He tracked her to the Connecticut River, and then back to Pomfret, and up to a hole in a huge ledge of rock which led down to a cavern. The entrance into this cavern was by an oblique path for fifteen feet, then along a horizontal fissure for ten feet, and then up along a fifteen-feet incline, till the chamber was reached. In no place was the passage more than a yard wide, or high enough for a man to stand upright in.

When the wolf was tracked home her siege began. Dogs were sent in, but they came out in terror. Straw was burnt, brimstone was burnt, all to no purpose. At last Putnam resolved to go in himself and tackle the wolf. He took off his shoes and stockings, tied a rope to his leg, and, with a piece of birch-bark as a torch, crept down the slope, along the level, and up into the cavern. He saw the eyeballs of the wolf glaring angrily in the light of his torch, and heard her gnashing her teeth and grunting at being disturbed. He pulled the rope, and his friends thinking something had gone wrong, hauled him out with a run. His shirt was torn to tatters, and he was much bruised. But he loaded his gun with buckshot, and for the second time entered the cave. Again he saw the wolf, and as she crouched to spring he fired. Stunned by the explosion, and almost suffocated with the smoke, he was again drawn out by the rope tied to his leg. After a few minutes he again entered the cave, and, feeling the wolf's nose, found that she was dead. He then seized her by the ears and dragged her after him as he was drawn out by his companions.

GAS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

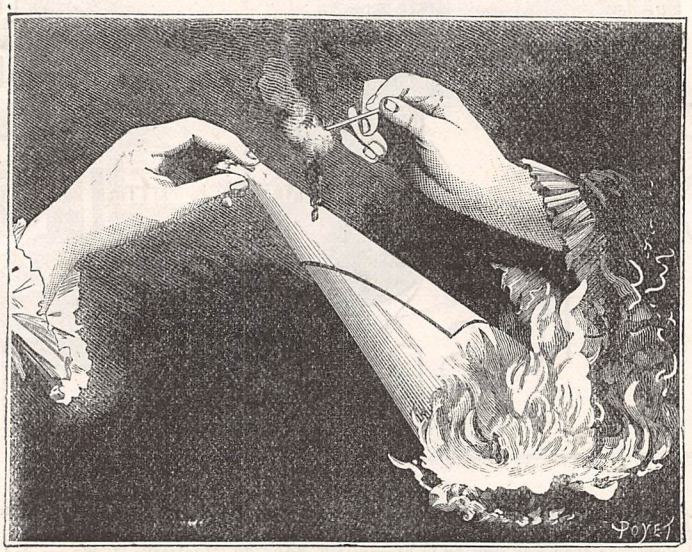
THERE are two very simple ways of making lighting gas on a small scale.

For the first take an ordinary clay pipe—that known as a churchwarden is the best—and fill its bowl with some small pieces of coal. Cover the top with clay so as to prevent the coal coming into direct contact with the flame, and then insert it into the fire, leaving the stem sticking out. In a few minutes the gas will stream out of the mouthpiece, and on applying a light will give a steady brilliant flame.

This is the old way; the new way is very much more effective as a lecture experiment, but not quite as safe for an ordinary operator. There is, however, no danger if the experiment is performed over an iron tea-tray or other incombustible.

Take a piece of packing paper and twist it into a cone, as shown in the illustration. Towards the end make a large pinhole. Hold the paper in the left hand and light the open end. The heat developed by the flame produces a distillation of the organic matter of which the paper is composed, and the gas thus formed rushes out through the pinhole, where it can be lighted in the same way as that which streams from the tobacco pipe.

The experiment is a startling one; unfortunately it does not last very long. The light should be applied to the gas as soon as the mouth of the paper is in flames, and the arm should be kept rather farther away from it than the artist in his desire for effect has thought fit to show in our illustration!



THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Continued from page* 511.)

SINCE our last week's number went to press we have received many congratulations on having taken in hand the "Boy's Own" Memorial. In a message from her home at Southampton, Miss Gordon herself says:—

"*She hopes very much that the Boys' Memorial will succeed: it has her best wishes. A Home for poor boys is what would be most in accordance with General Gordon's desires.*"

Then, some one having expressed a fear lest Gordon's fame should induce warlike sentiments in our boys—and there are some good people who never by any chance do anything in the world but express fears and otherwise distribute wet blankets—one of the leading religious journals replies that though possibly there may be some slight danger in this direction, there is happily a more than usually bright "other side." The writer then continues:—"With such a war prevailing as that in the Soudan, and with the leading dailies and illustrated papers full of the exciting details, our British boys must have altered very much in their nature of late years if, copying their elders, they are not more or less affected with the 'war fever' and military hero-worship; and it is a happy thing, therefore, that the leading figure of the campaign should be a Gordon, whose genius was not simply that of a soldier, whose vocabulary seemed quite devoid of the words 'glory' and 'prestige,' and whose ambitions all must admit were neither social nor professional, but rather in the direction of a whole-hearted devotion to duty—and duty, too, as understood and translated into action by the earnest prayerful Christian. We have had such examples before—and are proud of them—in Lawrence and Havelock, in Goodenough and Hedley Vicars; but such stars of the services are none so plentiful as to cause us to slight, or omit to utilise as a most powerful teaching force, the pre-eminent qualities of Chinese Gordon."

Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A., of the Southwark Blind School, sends us a poem on Gordon, entitled "Too Late." We have space for but a few lines:—

His name lives written in ten thousand hearts;
It lingers in the prayers, at eventide,
Of little children, ere they say "Good night;"
Brings broken tears of joy to weary eyes,
Wherever falls the cloud of grief or pain.
They hear his voice, they see him as of old;
To them he is not dead—he cannot die.
By every sweet and tender memory he lives:—
And secret benedictions crown his grave,
Whether he lies unburied on the sand,
Or, hidden, rests far down the ancient river's bed;
There still he lives, beyond the desert waste,
The Soldier, Saint—the man who walked with God!
Who passed into the fight, unarmed, 'mid foes
Of deadliest hate, and swayed the mingled host
By the one power, supreme, of living Faith.

As we mentioned last week, we shall now be glad to receive donations with all convenient speed. All receipts will be duly acknowledged in our columns. Collecting Cards may now be had, but many readers may prefer to give right out rather than collect. *All* should endeavour to do something, however small. Girl readers, of whom we rejoice to have many, may of course also assist.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

II.—Illumination Competition.

IT will be seen by reference to page 15 of the present volume that we wrote as follows:—

"We offer *Three Prizes*, of *Two Guineas*, *One Guinea and a Half*, and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of a Bible promise, which may be selected, at the option of the competitors, from either the Old or the New Testament. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors."

Our Award is as follows:—

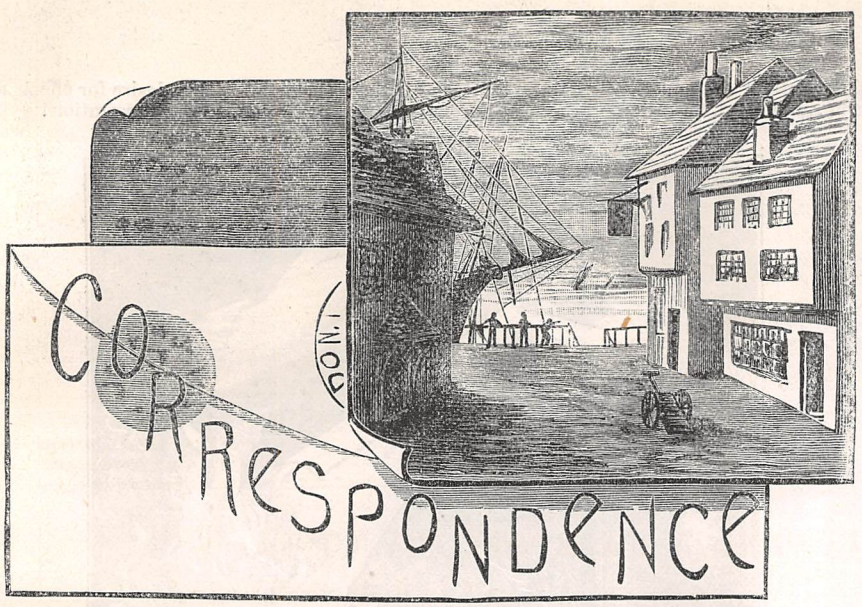
JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to* 14).

Prize—One Guinea.

HAROLD E. SPEED (aged 12), 26, Loughborough Park, Brixton, S.W.

Certificates.

EDWARD TYMMS, 8, Pittville Street, Cheltenham.
WILLIAM MARTIN, 35, Broughton Street, Queen's Road, Battersea.
F. A. OLDAKER, Worple Road, Epsom.
C. L. A. SEARCH, Holmesdale House, Reigate, Surrey.
JOHN L. MORRES, 42, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, N.
FRED ARNOLD, Mount Avenue, Jersey.
DAVID R. DRYDEN, 10, Lawton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
THOMAS MARTIN, 15, South Street, Greenwich.
CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.
LOUIS R. DEUCHARS, Auchterarder, Perthshire.
LOVELL E. WILLIAMS, 25, Moorland View, Ben Rhydding, *vid* Leeds.
W. H. CULLIS, 98, London Road, Worcester.
THEODORE A. MINOPRIO, Grosvenor House, Aigburth Drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
R. S. FRANKS, Queen Street, Coatham, Redcar, Yorks.
HUGH P. MITCHELL, Easthill, Oakleigh Park, Whetstone, N.
HUBERT J. PAYNE, 9, Eastbourne Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.
ERNEST P. BROOKES, Upper School, Kingscliffe, Northants.
FREDERICK PATERSON, 5, Clarence Terrace, St. Luke's, Cork.
BOB GRAHAM, Mount Avenue, Jersey.
THEODOR MARTIN MÜLLER, High Street, East Grinstead, Sussex.
F. J. GROOM, 49, Baxter Road, Essex Road, Islington.
DUDLEY C. HARGREAVES, 4, Belmont Road, Broadstairs.
E. J. GREENE, 3, Charlwood Place, Pimlico, S.W.
G. H. WAYMARK, 13, Darville Road, Stoke Newington.
DELAMOTTE EDWARDS, Cricket Field Lodge, Hampstead Lane, Highgate.
GEORGE MEEK, 3, Church Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
OSWALD C. JONES, 2, College Hill, Shrewsbury.
RONALD RUTTER, Head Street, Halstead, Essex.
G. H. ROBBINS, 19, Dalberg Road, Brixton, S.W.
ALLAN WARNER, 71, St. George's Square, Pimlico.



B. A. G.—1. Lieutenant Lockwood, in the Greely Expedition, is said to have reached lat. 83° 24′, long. 40° 46′. This means a hundred miles more of the Greenland coast line than was seen by Lieutenant Beaumont in the Nares Expedition. 2. Roraima is the mountain in British Guiana, or rather on the borders thereof. It is a flat-topped pillar of sandstone, with an almost perpendicular face near the summit of nearly two thousand feet.

GRAVER.—Your best plan is to become apprenticed to a wood engraver, and secure a position on one of the illustrated papers. You will hardly make a fortune at the art.

LEPIDOPTERA.—"Entomology for the Month" was in the third volume. "Entomological Localities near London" in the fourth.

ANGLER.—The "Saturday Half Holiday Guide" is published by Bemrose, Old Bailey. It costs threepence.

AN EXPLORER can refer to the index for the fifth volume, and find therein the article on Cricket Bats, which he has overlooked. See pages 606 and 622.

E. J. SCAMMELL.—Quite a mistake. Charles the Great, whom the French call Charlemagne, was a German, wrote German, and spoke German. There was no such kingdom as France in those days. The names are those of the principal chiefs of the Franks, and are of no historical importance. They vary in every book. You have been misled by some old-fashioned work; the whole history of the period has been revised. You will never meet with such a question in a public examination.

D. W. O.—You are in error in supposing that people in London know everything. Get rid of the notion that every one is watching you or taking the slightest interest in your dress or idiosyncrasies, and your shyness will soon evaporate. No man who is conscious of his unimportance can be "a bore in the social sphere."

VICTOR OLIVER.—You are not the first that has been influenced by the moon. "As I am very much in love with a young lady whose name is Diana, can you kindly inform me how I can gain her affections?" Well—keep your distance, and never say die. Tell her you have written to us for advice!

DOVECOT.—Paint the calico with boiled linseed oil. When it is dry give it a second coat.

VIOLIN.—No varnish can be made without a gentle heat. The directions are all tested and approved, so that you have only to follow them carefully. Other readers have written to inform us of their success.

L. H.—1. The magazine you mention has been defunct for some time. 2. A small printing-press, to be of any use, would not cost less than five pounds. 3. One of the stamps was Hungarian, the other German.

YOUNGSTER.—A reminiscence of barber-surgery. The barber's pole is the staff that used to be grasped by the patient before he was bled. The red-and-white stripes are the ribbons that used to bind up the wound.

N. MICHAELIS (Paris).—1. There was an article on Revolving Slides for the Magic Lantern in the part for October, 1883. 2. The volumes cost seven shillings and sixpence each.

W. B. W.—We had articles on bird-cage making in the parts for March and April, 1883.

F. RADFORD (Montreal).—1. We are glad to hear that the Boy's Own Penny Whistle "plays splendidly," but we cannot spare space for another key-board just yet. Try and make one according to the instructions; there is nothing very difficult about it. 2. We gave the management of the light in the first volume, but shall soon give an article on how to make it.

A NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALLER.—We know of no club with the tartan colours you mention. There is a Football Annual published at one shilling, giving most of the club colours and addresses. You can get it through Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., or Messrs. Robertson.

M. LONG.—You have been working in a pit of boulder clay, and the fossils are derivative. There are no ammonites in rocks above the chalk.

A WOULD-BE ATHLETE should read our articles on training in the second volume.

TIMON.—Too many queries by a long way. We cannot fill this page with detailed references to articles that have appeared. Buy the indexes and look up the subjects for yourself.

CATHAY.—By Cathay the Elizabethans meant China, or rather Tartary; of the native name of which, Khitai, Cathay is a corruption.

A. B. C.—Christmas in Australia comes in the height of summer, the seasons south of the equator being the reverse of ours.

REGREDERE NE PROGREDERE.—The "Bazaar, or Exchange and Mart," is published at 170, Strand. Its price is twopence. It is obtainable at all the principal railway bookstalls.

M. F.—Collect your plants when dry. Press them between sheets of absorbent paper, and warm them thoroughly when under pressure, and you will find the colours last for years.

A. E. W.—We had eight articles on Lawn Tennis in the fourth volume. Refer back, as we cannot again take up the subject—at least for some time.

J. BUNNINGTON.—The quotation is a libel, ingeniously worded so as to avoid prosecution. Our coloured plates take over a year in preparation, so that the thing is impossible to begin with. The statement is of course untrue—but it is characteristic of the class of literature to which such rubbish belongs.

NEMO ALIAS NULLUS should invest in the current quarterly Navy List, and study the circulars for himself. It is published by Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

J. H. H.—We do not know what you mean by a "copy of a deed." If you want a copy of a will you apply to the Probate Department at Somerset House. If you mean a copy of a conveyance you must get permission from its present holder.

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.—Boys who go to sea before the mast have to pay no premium.

G. S. B.—The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth numbers were in the June part for 1879.

A. W. H.—A sequel is a continuation, a parody, a burlesque. "The Cryptogram" is the sequel to "The Giant Raft." "The Teashop" in the last February part is a parody on "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

P. W. H.—All the packets of plates are kept in print.

BONNIE DUNDEE.—We have already given the various tartans. The Highland Clans formed the frontispiece of our fifth volume.

RUMBO.—For how marbles are made see the July part for 1883.

HUMOR.—Artemus Ward is the assumed name of Charles F. Browne; Aunt Fanny of Mrs. F. D. Gage; Barry Gray of Robert B. Coffin; Hosea Biglow of James Russell Lowell; Josh Billings of Henry W. Shaw; Bob Short of A. B. Longstreet; Hans Breitmann of C. G. Leland; Vandyke Brown of W. P. Brannan; Ned Buntline of E. Z. Judson; Christopher Caustic of T. G. Fessenden; Laura Caxton of Lizzie B. Comries; Geoffrey Crayon of Washington Irving; Porte Crayon of D. P. Strother; Shirley Dare of Susan Dunning; Q. K. Philander Doesticks of M. N. Thompson; Dunn Brown of Samuel Fiske; Edmund Kirke of J. R. Gilmore; Elizabeth Wetherell of Susan Warner; Ethan Spike of M. F. Whittier; Fanny Fern of Sarah Parton; Fanny Fielding of Mary Upshur; Fanny Forester of Emily Judson; Fat Contributor of A. M. Griswold; Florence Leigh of Anna T. Wilbur; Tom Folio of J. E. Babson; Francis Oldys of George Chalmers; Frank Forrester of W. H. Herbert; Howard Glyndon of Laura Reddon; Grace Greenwood of Sarah Lippincott; Major Jack Downing of Seba Smith; Orpheus C. Kerr of R. H. Newell; Mark Twain of Samuel L. Clemens; J. K. Marvell of Donald Mitchell; Petroleum V. Nasby of David R. Locke; Oliver Optic of W. T. Adams; Mrs. Partington of B. P. Shillaber; Peter Schlemihl of George Wood; Poor Richard of Benjamin Franklin; Sam Slick of T. C. Haliburton; Timothy Titcomb of J. G. Holland.

INKPOT.—To re-magnetise a magnet scrape it from north to south from the centre with the north pole of another magnet, and then scrape it from south to north from the centre with the south pole of your other magnet.

A VOLUNTEER ARTILLERYMAN.—The rearrangement of buttons on army tunics was for the sake of economy. It was an experiment, and proved a failure. At the same time the gold stripes were taken off the left arm.

G. A. J. FRASER (Canada).—Our arrangements are made so far in advance that the story would be useless to us.

BOY READER.—You will find articles on the Royal Standard in the parts for March, 1881, and October, 1883.

F. S. J.—In Lloyd's Register of British Shipping you will find full particulars of all our merchant ships, with the names of their owners, builders, captains, etc., etc.

F. WELCH.—The set would come cheaper in volumes if procured through one of the discount booksellers. The first and second volumes are not now kept in part form.

T. LINTON.—See answer to FLORIAN in last week's number (No. 330, May 9th, 1885). The list of Independence battles is as follows: 1775—April 19, Lexington (if it is worth while calling it a battle); June 17, Bunker's Hill, won by British; December 31, Quebec, won by British. 1776—August 27, Long Island, won by British; October 28, White Plains; December 26, Trenton, won by Americans. 1777—January 3, Princeton, won by Americans; August 16, Bennington, won by Americans; September 11, Brandywine, won by British; September 19, Bemis Heights; October 4, Germantown, won by British; October 7, Saratoga, won by Americans. 1778—June 28, Monmouth, won by Americans. 1780—August 16, Camden, won by British; October 7, King's Mountain, won by Americans. 1781—January 17, Cowpens, won by Americans; September 8, Eutaw Springs, won by Americans; October 19, Surrender of Yorktown. We have given this from an American book, in order that you may hear the other side. Where the result is not stated the battle is claimed as drawn. At the same time most of these fights were British successes, and most of the American victories were mere outpost affairs. In the pitched battles the British won, and the war only came to an end on account of France and Spain joining in the fray, and the electorate of this country failing to see what good could be obtained by its continuance. The colonists could have been annihilated, but what then?

A READER.—Get the September and October parts for 1881. You will find therein a long series of articles on making model engines.

E. G. W.—According to some authorities, the old English "Nowell" is a contraction of "nouvelles" or tidings.

TOMAHAWK.—1. Christmas is the old feast of Yule. 2. If you mean the genus Camel, you can have as many humps as you please. If you mean the species Camel, you have two humps. The confusion arises from both camels and dromedaries belonging to the genus *Camelus*. The camel=*Camelus bactrianus*, and has two humps; the dromedary=*Camelus dromedarius*, and has but one.

PURPLE MADDER.—The articles on Painting were in the May, July, and September parts for 1881.

MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—The Marquess of Salisbury is descended from the eldest son of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, of the Elizabethan days. The battle of Crevant was in 1423.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 332.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,
Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. DURFY GIVES REGINALD A TESTIMONIAL.

"The Wilderham Captain sent him sprawling."

Reginald Cruden was a young man who took life hard and seriously. He was not brilliant—indeed, he was not clever. He lacked both the good sense and the good humour which would have enabled him, like Horace, to accept and make the best of his present lot. He felt aggrieved by the family calamity, and just enough ashamed of his poverty to make him touchy and intractable to a

degree which, as we have seen already, amounted sometimes almost to stupidity.

Still Reginald was honest. He made no pretence of enjoying life when he did not enjoy it. He disliked Mr. Durfy, and therefore he flared up if Mr. Durfy so much as looked at him. He liked young Gedge, and therefore it was impossible to leave the youngster to his fate and let him ruin himself without an effort to rescue.

It is one thing to snatch a heedless one from under the hoofs of a cab-horse and another to pick him up from the slippery path of vice and set him firmly on his feet. Reginald had thought nothing of the one, but he looked forward with considerable trepidation to meeting the boy next morning and attempting the other.

Gedge was there when he arrived, working very busily, and looking rather troubled. He flushed up as Reginald approached, and put down his composing-stick to shake hands with him. Reginald looked and felt by a long way the more uncomfortable and guilty of the two, and he was at least thankful that Gedge spared him the trouble of beginning.

"Oh! Cruden," said the boy, "I know exactly what you're going to say. You're going to tell me you're deceived in me, and that I'm a young fool and going to the dogs as hard as I can. I don't wonder you think so."

"I wasn't going to say that," said Reginald. "I was going to ask you how you were."

"Oh, I'm all right; but I know you're going to lecture me, Cruden, and I'm sure you may. There's nothing you can say I don't deserve. I only wish I could make you believe I'll never be such a fool again. I've been making resolutions all night, and now you've come here I'm sure I shall be able to break it off. If you will only stand by me, Cruden! I owe you such a lot. If you only knew how grateful I was!"

"Perhaps we'd better not talk about it now," said Reginald, feeling very uncomfortable and rather disconcerted at this glib flow of penitence.

But young Gedge was full of it yet, and went on,

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf this very day, Cruden. I've told the errand-boy he's not to get me any beer, and I'm determined next time that beast Durfy asks me to go—"

"What!" exclaimed Reginald; "was it with him you used to go?"

"Yes. I know you'll think all the worse of me for it, after the blackguard way he's got on to you. You see, before you came I didn't like—that is, I couldn't well refuse him; he'd have made it so hot for me here. I fancy he found out I had some pocket-money of my own, for he generally picked on me to come and have drinks with him, and of course I had to pay. Why, only last night—look out, here he comes!"

Sure enough he was, and in his usual amiable frame of mind.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" he said to Reginald, with a sneer. "Do you know where the lower-case 'x' is now, eh?"

Reginald, swelling with the indignation Gedge's story had roused in him, turned his back and made no answer.

Nothing, as he might have known by this time, could have irritated Mr. Durfy more.

"Look here, young gentleman," said the latter, coming close up to Reginald's side and hissing the words very disagreeably in his ear, "when I ask a question in this shop I expect to get an answer; mind that. And what's more, I'll have one, or you leave this place in five minutes. Come, now, give me a lower-case 'x.'"

Reginald hesitated a moment. Suppose Mr. Durfy had it in him to be as good as his word. What then about young Gedge?

He picked up an "x" sullenly, and tossed it at the overseer's feet.

"That's not giving it to me," said the latter, with a sneer of triumph already on his face. "Pick it up directly, do you hear? and give it to me."

Reginald stood and glared first at Mr. Durfy, then at the type.

Yesterday he would have defiantly told him to pick it up himself, caring little what the cost might be. But things had changed since then. Humiliating as it was to own it, he could not afford to be turned off. His pride could not afford it, his care for young Gedge could not afford it, the slender family purse could not afford it. Why ever did he not think of it all before and spare himself this double indignity?

With a groan which represented as much inward misery and humiliation as could well be compressed into a single action, he stooped down and picked up the type and handed it to Mr. Durfy.

It was well for him he did not raise his eyes to see the smile with which that gentleman received it.

"Next time it'll save you trouble to do what you're told at once, Mr. Puppy," he said. "Get on with your work, and don't let me catch you idling your time any more."

And he walked off crowned with victory and as happy in his mind as if he had just heard of the decease of his enemy the manager.

It was a bad beginning to the day for Reginald. He had come to work that morning in a virtuous frame of mind, determined, if possible, to do his duty peaceably and to hold out a helping hand to young Gedge. It was hard enough now to think of anything but his own indignities and the wretch to whom he owed them.

He turned to his work almost viciously, and for an hour buried himself in it, without saying a word or lifting his eyes from his case. Then young Gedge, stealing a nervous glance at his face, ventured to say,

"I say, Cruden, I wish I could stand things like you. I don't know what I should have done if that blackguard had treated me like that."

"What's the use?" said Reginald. "He wants to get rid of me, and I'm not going to let him."

"I'm jolly glad of it for my sake. I wish I could pay him out for you."

"So you can."

"How?"

"Next time he wants you to go and drink, say no," said Reginald.

"Upon my word I will," said Gedge; "and I don't care how hot he makes it for me, if you stick by me, Cruden."

"You know I'll stick by you, young un," said Reginald; "but that won't do you much good, unless you stick by yourself. Suppose Durfy managed to get rid of me after all—"

"Then I should go to—to the dogs," said Gedge, emphatically.

"You're a greater fool than I took you for, then," said Reginald. "If you only knew," he added more gently, "what a job it is to do what's right myself, and how often I don't do it, you'd see it's no use expecting me to be good for you and myself both."

"What on earth am I to do, then? I'm certain I can't keep square myself; I never could. Who's to look after me if you don't?"

Like a brave man, Reginald, shy and reserved as he was, told him.

I need not repeat what was said that morning over the type cases. It was not a sermon, nor a catechism; only a few stammering laboured words spoken by a boy who felt himself half a hypocrite as he said them, and who yet, for the affection he bore his friend, had the courage to go through with a task which cost him twenty times the effort of rescuing the boy yesterday from his bodily peril.

Little good, you will say, such a sermon from such a perverse, bad-humoured preacher as Reginald Cruden, could do! Very likely, reader; but, after all, who are you or I to say so? Had any one told Reginald a week ago what would be taking place to-day he would have coloured up indignantly and hoped he was not quite such a prig as all that. As it was, when it was all over, it was with no self-satisfied smile or inward gratulation that he returned to his work, but rather with the nervous uncomfortable misgivings of one who says to himself,

"After all I may have done more harm than good."

* * * *

By the end of a fortnight Reginald, greatly to Mr. Durfy's dissatisfaction, was an accomplished compositor. He could set up almost as quickly as Gedge, and his "proofs" showed far fewer corrections. Moreover, as he was punctual in his hours, and diligent at his work, it was extremely difficult for the overseer or any one else to find any pretext for abusing him.

It is true, Mr. Barber, who had not yet given up the idea of asserting his moral and intellectual superiority, continued by the ingenious device of "squabbling" his case, and tampering with the screw of his composing-stick, and other such pleasing jokes not unknown to printers, to disconcert the new beginner on one or two occasions. But ever since Reginald one morning, catching him in the act of mixing up his e's with his a's, had carried him by the collar of his coat and the belt of his breeches to the water tank and dipped his head therein three times with no interval for refreshment between, Mr. Barber had moderated his attentions and become less exuberant in his humour.

With the exception of Gedge, now his fast ally, Reginald's other fellow-workmen concerned themselves very little with his proceedings. One or two, indeed, noticing his proficiency, hinted to him that he was a fool to work for the wages he was getting, and some went so far as to say he had no right to do so, and had better join the Chapel to save trouble.

What the "chapel" was Reginald did not trouble even to inquire, and replied

curtly that it was no business of any one else what his wages were.

"Wasn't it?" said the deputation. "What was to become of them if fellows did their work for half wages, they should like to know."

"Are you going off, or must I make you?" demanded Reginald, feeling he had had enough of it.

And the deputation, remembering Barber's head and the water tank, withdrew, very much perplexed what to do to uphold the dignity of the "chapel."

They decided to keep their "eye" on him, and as they were able to do this at a distance, Reginald had no objection at all to their decision.

He meanwhile was keeping his eye on Gedge and Mr. Durfy, and about a fortnight after his arrival at the "Rocket" a passage of arms occurred which, slight as it was, had a serious influence on the future of all three parties concerned.

The seven o'clock bell had rung, and this being one of Horace's late evenings Reginald proposed to Gedge to stroll home with him and call and see Mrs. Cruden.

The boy accepted readily, and the two were starting off arm in arm when Mr. Durfy confronted them. Reginald, who had never met his adversary beyond the precincts of the "Rocket" before, did not for a moment recognise the vulgar, loudly dressed little man, sucking his big cigar and wearing his pot hat ostentatiously on one side; but when he did he turned contemptuously aside and said,

"Come on, young un."

"Come on, young un!" echoed Mr. Durfy, taking his cigar from his mouth and flicking the ashes in Reginald's direction, "that's just what I was going to say. Young Gedge, you're coming with me to-night. I've got orders for the 'Alhambra,' my boy, and supper afterwards."

"Thank you," said Gedge, rather uncomfortably, "it's very kind of you, Mr. Durfy, but I've promised Cruden to go with him."

"Promised Cruden! what do you mean? Cruden'll keep till to-morrow, the orders won't."

"I'm afraid I can't," said Gedge.

"Afraid! I tell you I don't mean to stand here all night begging you. Just come along and no more nonsense. We'll have a night of it."

"You must excuse me," said the boy, torn between Reginald on the one hand and the fear of offending Durfy on the other.

The latter began to take in the position of affairs, and his temper evaporated accordingly.

"I won't excuse you, that's all about it," he said; "let go that snivelling lout's arm and do what you're told. Let the boy alone, do you hear?" added he, addressing Reginald, "and take yourself off. Come along, Gedge."

"Gedge is not going with you," said Reginald, keeping the boy's arm in his, "he's coming with me, aren't you, young un?"

The boy pressed his arm gratefully, but made no reply.

This was all Mr. Durfy wanted to fill up the vials of his wrath.

"You miserable young hound you," said he, with an oath, "let go the boy this moment or I'll turn you out of the place—and him too."

Reginald made no reply. His face was pale, but he kept the boy's arm still fast in his own.

"Going with you, indeed?" shouted Mr. Durfy, "going with you, is he, to learn how to cant and sing psalms! Not if I know it—or if he does, you and he and your brother and your old fool of a mother—"

Mr. Durfy never got to the end of that sentence. A blow straight from the shoulder of the Wilderham captain sent him sprawling on the pavement before the word was well out of his mouth.

It had come now. It had been bound to come sooner or later, and Reginald as he drew the boy's arm once more under his own felt almost a sense of relief as he stood and watched Mr. Durfy slowly pick himself up and collect his scattered wardrobe.

It was some time before the operation was complete, and even then Mr. Durfy's powers of speech had not returned. With a malignant scowl he stepped up to his enemy and hissed the one menace,

"All right!" and then walked away.

Reginald waited till he had disappeared round the corner, and then turning to his companion took a long breath and said,

"Come along, young un, it can't be helped."

The reader must forgive me if I ask him to leave the two lads to walk to Dull Street by themselves, while he accompanies me in the wake of the outraged and mud-stained Mr. Durfy.

That gentleman was far more wounded in his mind than in his person. He may have been knocked down before in his life, but he had never, as far as he could recollect, been quite so summarily routed by a boy half his age earning only eighteen shillings a week! And the conviction that some people would think he had only got his deserts in what he had suffered, pained him very much indeed.

He did not go to the "Alhambra." His clothes were too dirty, and his spirits were far too low. He did, in the thriftiness of his soul, attempt to sell his orders in the crowd at the theatre door. But no one rose to the bait, so he had to put them back in his pocket on the chance of being able to "doctor up" the date and crush in with them some other day. Then he mooned listlessly up and down the streets for an hour till his clothes were dry, and then turned into a public-house to get a brush down and while away another hour.

Still the vision of Reginald standing where he had last seen him with young Gedge at his side haunted him and spoiled his pleasure. He wandered forth again, feeling quite lonely, and wishing some one or something would turn up to comfort him. Nor was he disappointed.

"The very chap," said a voice suddenly at his side when he was beginning to despair of any diversion.

"So it is. How are you, my man? We were talking of you not two minutes ago."

Durfy pulled up and found himself confronted by two gentlemen, one about forty and the other a fashionable young man of twenty-five.

"How are you, Mr. Medlock?" said he to the elder in as familiar a tone as he could assume; "glad to see you, sir. How are you too, Mr. Shanklin, pretty well?"

"Pretty fair," said Mr. Shanklin. "Come and have a drink, Durfy. You look all in the blues. Gone in love, I suppose, eh? or been speculating on the Stock Exchange? You shouldn't, you know, a respectable man like you."

"He looks as if he'd been speculating in mud," said Mr. Medlock, pointing to the unfortunate overseer's collar and hat, which still bore traces of his recent calamity. "Never mind, we'll wash it off in the Bodega. Come along."

Durfy felt rather shy at first in his grand company, especially with the consciousness of his muddy collar. But after about half an hour in the Bodega he recovered his self-possession, and felt himself at home.

"By the way," said Mr. Medlock, filling up his visitor's glass, "last time we saw you you did us nicely over that tip for the Park Races, my boy! If Alf and I hadn't been hedged close up we should have lost a pot of money."

"I'm very sorry," said Durfy. "You see, another telegram came after the one I showed you that I never saw; that's how it happened. I really did my best for you."

"But it's a bad job, if we pay you to get hold of the 'Rocket's' telegrams and then lose our money over it," said Mr. Medlock. "Never mind this time, but you'd better look a little sharper, my boy. There's the Brummagem Cup next week, you know, and we shall want to know the latest scratches on the night before. It'll be worth a fiver to you if you work it well, Durfy. Fill up your glass."

Mr. Durfy obeyed, glad enough to turn the conversation from the miscarriage of his last attempt to filch his employers' telegrams for the benefit of his betting friends' and his own pocket.

"By the way," said Mr. Shanklin, presently, "Moses and I have got a little Company on hand just now, Durfy; what do you think of that?"

"A company?" said Mr. Durfy; "I'll wager it's not a limited one if you're at the bottom of it! What's your little game now?"

"It's a little idea of Alf's," said Mr. Medlock, whose Christian name was Moses, "and it ought to come off too. This is something the way of it. Suppose you were a young greenhorn, Durfy—which I'm afraid you aren't—and saw an advertisement in the 'Rocket' saying you could make two hundred and fifty pounds a year easy without interfering with your business, eh? what would you do?"

"If I was a greenhorn," said Durfy, "I'd answer the advertisement and enclose a stamped envelope for a reply."

"To be sure you would! And the reply would be, we'd like to have a look at you, and if you looked as green as we took you for, we'd ask for a deposit, and then allow you to sell wines and cigars and that sort of fancy goods to your friends. You'd sell a dozen of port at sixty shillings, do you see; half the cash down and half on delivery. We'd send your friend a dozen at twelve and six, and if he didn't shell out the other thirty bob on delivery we'd still have the thirty bob he paid down to cover our loss. Do you twig?"

Durfy laughed. "Do you dream all these things," he said, "or how do you ever think of them?"

"Genius, my boy; genius," said Mr. Medlock. "Of course," he added, "it couldn't run for long, but we might give it a turn for a month or two."

"The worst of it is," put in Mr. Shanklin, "it's a ticklish sort of business that some people are uncommon sharp at smelling out; one has to be very careful. There's the advertisement, for instance. You'll have to smuggle it into the 'Rocket,' my boy; it wouldn't do for the governors to see it, they'd be up to it. But they'd never see it after it was in, and the 'Rocket's' just the paper for us."

"I'll try and manage that," said Durfy. "You give it me, and I'll stick it in with a batch of others somehow."

"Alf thinks we'd better do the thing from Liverpool," continued Mr. Medlock, "and all we want is a good secretary—a nice, green, innocent, stupid, honest young fellow—that's what we want. If we could pick up one of that sort there's no doubt of the thing working."

Mr. Durfy started and coloured up, and then looked first at Mr. Medlock and then at Mr. Shanklin.

"What's the matter? Do you think *you'd* suit the place?" asked the former, with a laugh.

"No; but I know who will!"

"You do! Who?"

"A young puppy under me at the 'Rocket,'" said Durfy, excitedly; "the very man to a T!" and he thereupon launched into a description of Reginald's character in a way which showed that not only was he a shrewd observer of human nature in his way, but, when it served his purpose, could see the good even in a man he hated.

"I tell you," said he, "he's born for you if you can only get him! And if you don't think so after what I've said, perhaps you'll believe me when I tell you, on the quiet, he knocked me down in the gutter this very evening because I wanted to carry off a young convert of his to make a night of it at the Alhambra. There, what do you think of that? I wouldn't tell tales of myself like that for fun, I can tell you!"

"There's no mistake about that being the sort of chap we want," said Mr. Medlock.

"If only we can get hold of him," said Mr. Shanklin.

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Durfy; "only if he comes to you never say a word about me, or he'll shy off."

Whereupon these three guileless friends finished their glasses and separated in great good spirits and mutual admiration.

(To be continued.)

DISGRACED BY A MAGPIE.

PART II.

Most of the speech recorded in our last chapter the doctor muttered to himself as he advanced to the bell-rope. He walked with his back towards the door, and as he did so my old friend Jack the magpie came hop-hop-hopping in, and his thievish eye at once fell upon the silver specs which the enraged man had laid down on the very spot on the table where before he had laid the case which had so disgraced me in his eyes.

Jack quietly hopped upon his old quarters in the arm-chair and as quickly possessed himself of the envied trophy, and I became the innocent witness of another theft much greater than the last.

Deeper disgrace to me, I thought; but as the doctor was evidently sure I was the culprit, and was not likely to accept any explanation from me, I thought it best to keep quiet, though by this I no doubt made myself Jack's accessory.

A servant answered the bell, and he was requested to send my father hither, and, of course, my father came.

"Well, doctor, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he inquired. "You appear agitated — what is the matter?"

"Nothing very serious, sir, but at the same time very annoying," replied the doctor.

My father looked at me, and the expression of my countenance satisfied him that there was some fun about, and that the doctor was the victim of it. My father was as fond of harmless sport as myself, and it was that which so much endeared him to me and the young generally.

"I shall have much pleasure in helping you out of your difficulty," said my father to his visitor, "if you will let me know what it is."

"The difficulty rests with Master Charles, who has been letting off upon me a little holiday legerdemain," replied the doctor, who had grown a trifle pleasanter in his manner since the entrance of my father.

"Explain, my son; for although you are home for the holidays, I shall not tolerate any liberties being taken with your seniors."

"I am not conscious of having done so, papa," I replied.

"My spectacle case, Master Charles, where is it?" inquired the doctor.

"Come, sir, what about this case?" asked my father, authoritatively.

"I have not got it, papa, and so I have repeatedly told Dr. Millbank."

"Look here, sir, if you please," said the doctor to my father. "I laid my spectacle case on the table where you see my glasses," and here he pointed to the table, and my father looked on the spot indicated, and said,

"Where, doctor, where? I see no glasses."

We were all standing some distance from the table, and the doctor could not see what was on it—he only spoke from the knowledge that he had placed his spectacles on the table, to which he now drew near, when, to his great surprise, and to my greater amusement, he made the same discovery that my father had done, that there were no glasses there.

"Why, sir, not five minutes ago I laid my glasses on this spot!" he exclaimed, giving the table rather a loud rap with his knuckles, which did not harm the table, though it did the knuckles, as the doctor's screwed-up face indicated. "There, sir, exactly there—and now you see with your own eyes that both case and spectacles are gone!"

"I see, doctor, that they are not now on the table," said my father. "Are you quite sure you placed them there?"

"Will you kindly take my word for it, Mr. Mitford?" answered the perplexed doctor.

"Both eyes and memory, doctor, you will allow, are sometimes treacherous."

"Not in this case, sir, believe me," replied the doctor, controlling his rising temper as much as possible.

"I saw them there, papa," I said.

"Why, of course you did, Master Charles," returned the doctor, in tones and looks that plainly indicated that I had been little rogue enough to have moved them. "And no one has been in the room but you—eh, Charles?"

"I won't say that, sir," I replied; "but I do say that I have neither laid my hands on the case nor spectacles."

"Well, well, of course I must believe you, Charles," returned the doctor, but any one might have seen that he had his doubts about that matter.

"It is a very mysterious occurrence, Dr. Millbank," remarked my father.

"I cannot say that I see any mystery about it, sir; I am no believer in spiritualism, but I am in logic. I laid the spectacles and case there on that table, and your son saw that I did. They are now gone—no one has been in the room but Master Charles."

"*Ergo*, Master Charles must have them," interrupted my father. "That is the true inference of your logic. But my boy, Dr. Millbank, has a great regard for truth, which I never knew him to dishonour; and when he tells you that he has not got the case or spectacles, you may safely rely on what he says."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Mitford," replied the doctor, who was evidently convinced against his will. "Boys, you know, sir, home for the holidays are capable of obtaining a great deal of amusement at the expense of others."

"I see, sir, you still think my son is the culprit."

"My dear Mr. Mitford, not for the world would I say so. Master Charles is a youth that I have a great regard for, and when he says that he has not got the missing articles, I am bound to believe him. But boys home for the holidays—but there, I have said all that before. We must put it all down, I suppose, amongst the thousand and one mysteries that are said to surround us. But I am not a believer in mysteries, but a strong one in cause and effect. Spectacles and case could not be taken from the table without hands."

"That is still a poke at Master Charles," said my father, who was very gentle with his learned visitor.

"No offence to Master Charles, sir, I do assure you," said the doctor. "But it is very mysterious, is it not, Mr. Mitford?"

"Very—no doubt of it, sir. And I quite agree with you that the things, if they were placed there—"

"Which they were, Mr. Mitford, and Master Charles saw them too," interrupted the doctor.

"Well, then," continued my father, "it is impossible that they could have been

moved without hands. Now some one else might have been in the room besides Charles—"

"But no one, my dear sir, that would have taken such a liberty," again interrupted Dr. Millbank.

"That has to be discovered, sir. Every member of the house shall be examined before you," said my father, quite in earnest.

"I beg that you will take no such trouble, sir."

But my father would have his way, and summoned all the servants and family to the library, and on the occurrence being related to them they each and all declared that they had not that morning been in the library, and took their departure in rank and file from the apartment, but scarcely able to conceal their laughter, which did not at all serve to appease the doctor's displeasure.

After they had left, another visitor came hopping into the room—no less than my father's favourite, Jack, the magpie. My father was now seated by the side of the doctor, and the bird, as was his custom, hopped and flew to his shoulder, which was his favourite perch when he had the opportunity.

"Well, pa," said the cunning bird, bending his head and beak to my parent's face.

"And what do you want, Master Jack?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the magpie, which was another daily phrase of his which he had picked up. Then he pretended to be sleepy, winking and blinking, and even yawning, and crying, "Poor Jack! poor Jack!"

"A fine rare bird, Mr. Mitford, is your magpie," said the doctor, who would not have said so much had he known, as I did, that Jack was the author of his misery.

"He is a very troublesome old fellow, aren't you, Jack?" said my father, fillipping him on his long beak.

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the bird, fluttering his wings—"pooh, pooh!"

"By-the-by," cried my father, "I wonder if the magpie has taken the things from the table?"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the bird, while the doctor mentally cried the same.

"Bright things have great attraction for magpies," said Mr. Mitford.

"But my spectacle-case doesn't happen to be bright; it is blue morocco leather."

"Tell the truth!" I said, catching the bird up by his tail, much to his displeasure. "What have you done with the spectacles?"

"Pooh, pooh!" screamed the bird, making divers pecks at my hands, which made me restore him to his perch on my father's shoulder.

"Well, Mr. Mitford, I must go now whether I get my glasses or not," said the offended doctor; "but I might as well be without my head as my spectacles!"

"I am indeed sorry for the occurrence," rejoined my father.

"And so am I," I said, "for I still fear Dr. Millbank thinks I have got them."

"It must be somebody, Master Charles, must it not?"

"Depend upon it, my friend," said my father, "it is the magpie who is the thief."

"Easier said than proved, dear sir," replied the doctor. "I know this, however, that I would not keep a bird capable of such thefts. But I am surprised, Mr. Mitford, that you should suggest such a solution of the mystery. It is quite a vulgar error to suppose that magpies are thieves of anything but that which contributes to their sustenance."

"Keep Jack for a day or two and try it," said my father, laughing.

"There is no inducement, sir, since you give them such a bad character," said the doctor; "I am fond of all birds, too," he added.

"We have lost several articles," continued my father.

"But how lost, Mr. Mitford? The bird cannot swallow them!"

"No; but Jack has an appetite for thieving, or appropriating things to hide or bury."

"I have read as much, but put it all down as fables invented to please children. Besides, dear sir, who would keep birds to be robbed by them?"

"There is good and evil in everything. Jack is an amusing companion at times, but nevertheless he is a great thief."

"Pooh, pooh!" croaked the bird, as if he understood the passing conversation.

"I quite agree with the bird's remark," said the doctor, much amused that Jack so aptly replied to my father. "It is a fact easily demonstrated. If a magpie will take one bright thing he will take another. There is a silver pencil-case," said the incredulous doctor, placing it on the table, when, to his great surprise, the bird, that had hitherto been immovable, hopped from my father's shoulder to the arm-chair. "Now, sir, if the bird took my glasses, and if it is his nature to steal, he will soon possess himself of the pencil-case."

"Not when he is observed, perhaps. Jack, like human thieves, doesn't like his evil propensities to be seen."

"Then let us all three retire and leave the magpie with the pencil-case. What then?"

"Why, that when we return you will find the bird and the case both flown."

"A bargain, sir!" said the doctor, quite pleased that he should soon have the satisfaction of proving my father in the wrong.

We all retired to the dining-room, and had a little agreeable talk about magpies, and the plot that had been laid to discover whether Jack was a thief or not.

An hour later I asked whether I should go and look after the bird and the case.

"No, thanks, Master Charles," said the doctor, "I object to that; you are home for the holidays. We will all go together when your father is prepared."

"I am quite ready, sir."

So we all three went to the library and to the table. Bird and pencil-case had vanished! The doctor was astonished; I and my father were not, but laughed to each other at the doctor's expression of surprise.

"What do you say now, doctor?" quizzed my delighted parent.

"That they are gone!" he replied.

"It could not be by 'the boy home for the holidays,' now, could it?"

"But the bird, sir—where is the bird?" exclaimed the doctor, who fairly felt himself in a dilemma.

"Gone to his storehouse," replied my father.

"But where is that?"

"I have not been able to discover."

"Have you taken any means to do so?"

"I have not. Can you suggest any?" inquired my father.

"Watch him," was the laconic but sensible reply.

"But the cunning fellow has committed his depredations when he has not been seen."

"Plant some temptation for him, as now, and then place three or four persons to watch where he takes it."

"A very good idea, and I will follow it out now, if you please."

"I should like very much, for my curiosity is now deeply excited. Ah! Master Charles, you are a boy of an excellent temper to bear so well as you have done with my petulance and hasty conclusions."

"I am glad, sir, that you have discovered it was not 'the boy home for the holidays' that took your spectacles," I said, smiling.

"Now I will place my gold pencil-case on the spot where you placed your silver one, and then wait the return of the sly old bird."

This was done, and it was not many minutes before the bird entered, no doubt to see if there were any more bright things to be taken away. What! another pencil-case for Jack! No one was in the room but the doctor, who this time pretended to be deeply engaged in a book, as I had before done, while I and my father planted ourselves in unseen places outside the room. The bird was not slow in accomplishing his theft, and as quickly hopped out of the library with the pencil-case.

"Seeing is believing!" exclaimed the doctor, closing the book with a loud bang. "I wouldn't keep a magpie for the world."

Then he made his way to the courtyard, where I and my father had stationed ourselves. We had not been long here before the bird came hopping along with the pencil-case in his beak, and he flew to the top of a loft.

The doctor's countenance expressed indescribable surprise, while I and my father laughed heartily as Jack flew up to his hiding-place. But we had sense enough to wait before Jack flew down again before we mounted a ladder for the loft lest we frightened the marauder before he had deposited his new treasure.

With a croaking cry, Jack flew over our heads, and descended at a glass door which led into the hall. Directly he was out of sight we all ascended the ladder, and when we had got to the roof, there, in a leaden valley between two angles, we discovered a hoard of bright things, amongst others the cases and spectacles belonging to Dr. Millbank!

The articles that the bird had purloined and hidden here were almost too numerous to mention; there were two silver thimbles of mamma's, a shilling, a half-crown, two silver spoons, tinfoil, brass buttons, etc., etc., the whole in a scooped-out pit, as well as the place would admit, and covered over with a little mould and leaves.

"What do you say now, doctor?" triumphantly asked my father, extending his hands over the magpie's storehouse and handing him back his property.

"That I will never keep a magpie," he returned, shaking his head, placing his hands behind the tail of his long clerical-cut coat, and blushing and laughing.

During a little conversation between

us on the top of the loft the saucy bird returned, looking unutterable things and screaming when he saw us there and his hoard disturbed.

When the doctor held up his glasses and was about to admonish him the bird turned tail upon us and flew off, croaking "Pooh! pooh!" and we did not see him for two days afterwards. He was evidently deeply offended; indeed, Jack was not the same bird afterwards, and was even cold and indifferent to the caress of my father; as for "Master Charles," he dare not touch Jack's tail.

On taking his departure, the doctor, smiling good-naturedly, remarked,

"I assure you, Mr. Mitford, until now I set down all these wonderful stories of animals that we meet with as fabulous. But your bird, sir, has taught me a wholesome lesson, that things may nevertheless be true, whether we believe them or not; and, further, I have had a warning not to be too hasty in coming to conclusions with boys home for the holidays upon circumstantial evidence; and, still further, that as long as I wear spectacles I will never keep a magpie."

We each and all had a hearty laugh, a shake of the hand, and the doctor took his departure.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Character.

The word "character" is derived from a Greek verb that means "to cut into furrows, to engrave." Letters, figures, or signs were called "characters," because of their being engraved. Whatever is written upon the heart makes the man what he is, and is manifest in outward expression. Considering how inerasible it all is, how careless boys are as to what is written upon their inner being, and how often the devil is allowed to hold the graving-tool!

What Would Mother Say.

Do you ever dare, when alone, or with one or two companions, to do anything you would be ashamed to do in your mother's presence? Look honestly into the matter. Remember that God is now searching you through—that you cannot dare dissemble with Him—that He is reading your inmost soul as clearly as you can read an open book.

The boy who has a pure and true idea of reverence for his mother is never left to himself. Her presence occupies a chamber in his heart. He bears her remembrance about with him—as the high priest bore about with him the remembrance of the people by the engraved gems of his breastplate. In moments of privacy, in the time of temptation, when some evil thought has arisen, some wicked word has been spoken, some sinful action has been suggested—if a boy reverences his mother, her sacred presence rises before him, and in the strength of her remembrance there comes the preventing power of the Holy Spirit; and he has courage to resist the devil, and comes out of the temptation with unsullied conscience.—*Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A.*

A Boy Wanted.

I saw a bill, says a writer, in a window, the other day, with the heading, "A Boy Wanted," which set me to thinking. Two Scripture texts came into my mind in connection with it, and they were these: "No man can serve two masters,"—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Listen to the words of the Son of God—He who has proved His deep love for sinners by giving up His life's blood on Calvary: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "A Boy Wanted" by Jesus, and each of you whom I am addressing is he to whom these words apply.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—LIEUTENANT MILDMAY.

The funeral-bell was tolling on board the Theodora next day, and the Service for the Dead, which never sounds more impressive than at sea, was being read in slow and solemn tones by the clergyman: "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." At these words the grating on which it lies is tipped, and with sullen plunge the body sinks into the depth of the ocean.

The service is concluded; then the hands are piped down and go forward or below to their work and duties, but more slowly and more quietly than is their wont at most times. Is it grief for Fred Adams, the young A.B. who has just found rest in a mariner's grave, that keeps them so still? No; for few knew him, and only one on board had been "shipmates" with Fred before; that was a first-class boy. Yonder he is, weeping bitterly beside a gun. Every one respects his grief, but no one attempts to console or comfort him. He will get well ere long. Fred's "traps" will be sold in the ship by auction; then Fred himself will pass away from the thoughts of all on board. But there may be some little cottage, some hamlet in England, where a mother or a sister dwells, and in their minds the memory of this humble sailor will be green for ever.

A deeper sorrow than that for the drowned sailor has spread itself over the ship. Lieutenant Mildmay lay in his cot, so weak, so ill, so feeble, that the surgeon could give but little hopes of his life. Many of the crew had been under this officer before, and the way they talked of him to their messmates proved how much they loved and respected him. But even to those who had not sailed with him previously Mr. Mildmay had already endeared himself. They could see he was a strict officer, but a kind-hearted man, a genuine gentleman and sailor.

All that day Mildmay seemed hovering betwixt death and life. He spoke towards evening, but only in a husky whisper. The doctor was with him almost constantly, and whenever he entered the ward-room he was eagerly questioned about the state of his patient, and his replies were listened to, and his very looks as he made them noted by even the mess-servants, and these were speedily reported and commented on in the steerage, the engine-room, on deck, and even in the galley.

The Theodora held on her course, and shortly after passing the Cape de Verdes fell in with the trade winds. One afternoon, about ten days after the fatal accident had taken place, Dr. McGee, the surgeon, called Colin on deck.

"My patient, poor Mildmay," he said, abruptly, "wants to see you."

"Wants to see me?" replied Colin, in some surprise.

"Yes, he wants to see you. Have you known him or sailed with him before?"

"No, never. I never saw Mr. Mildmay until I came on board the Theodora."

"Well," said the surgeon, "I may as well tell you that he has been raving somewhat, and it is just possible he mistakes you for some one else. But he is sensible enough at present. You know Mr. Mildmay's cabin? Very well; go to him, but, mind, don't stop a moment longer than you can help, as talking may excite him too much.

"Not," added the surgeon, as if speaking to himself, "that it makes a very great deal of difference."

Colin stopped a moment, then said,

"Oh, sir, pardon me, but you speak as though there were no hopes of your patient. He has been so kind to me. I hope you do not think he will die."

"Look here, young gentleman," said McGee, brusquely, "I shan't let you go down below there at all unless you can manage to pull a more cheerful face. So there! As to Mildmay's dying or living I can say little. Come, I don't want to talk unkindly to you. You are a terribly nervous chap, but screw up your courage and *look* happy, whether you feel so or not."

The ship was gently swinging to and fro on the waves, but moderately steady withal. Colin paused before Mildmay's curtained door, but at that moment the ship gave an extra roll to windward, and the drapery swung aside and revealed his presence.

"Come in, McLeod," said a faint voice.

Mildmay lay in his cot with his long grey hair floating back over the snowy pillows, and with his hands clasped and lying outside the coverlet. It was an easy, even happy attitude. He moved his face towards Colin and smiled; then he beckoned him to a chair close by the cot, so situated that the two were face to face. There was a hectic flush on each of Mildmay's cheek-bones, and his eyes were more sparkling than usual, otherwise few could have said he was ill.

"Dr. M'Gee," he said, "is one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the best meaning, but he has got an idea into that old Scotch noddle of his that I am about to lose the number of my mess."

"I'm glad to hear you talk so cheerfully," said Colin, smiling.

"I know you are, boy," said Mildmay. "There is that in your face which tells me you are sincere. Now raise my shoulders a little, and put that extra pillow which you see on the chair yonder under my head. You have no idea how feeble I am!"

The poor lieutenant *was* feeble, and talked very feebly too, with many a pause and catch of the breath.

"May I give you anything, sir?"

"A little wine-and-water. Thank you. Now tell the sentry to allow no one to come near this cabin-door until you leave."

Colin did as he was told, and returned as quickly and as quietly as he could.

Mildmay seemed to have fallen asleep, but so still did he lie, and so inaudible was his breathing, that Colin after a short time grew alarmed, and laid his hand on the lieutenant's wrist. How cold and clammy it felt! But Mildmay opened his eyes at once.

"I was thinking," he said, "I was away back again in the distant past. Colin McLeod, it is a long, long time since I was a boy like yourself, but still it seems but like a dream of yesterday."

Colin made no reply, and after a short pause Mr. Mildmay went on.

"Now," he said, with that sad smile of his, "disabuse your mind of the notion that I am never going to leave this cot alive, because I know and I *feel* that I shall be on duty again long before we are at the Cape. But there is always a chance of a sick man taking a turn for the worse, so on that account I have made up my mind to tell you something which otherwise you would probably never have known. What I am about to tell you is the romance of my own life. I tell it to you, Colin, because I knew your uncle."

"My uncle, sir? My uncle, Captain Peter?"

"Your uncle, Captain Peter. One of the best and bravest men that ever trod on a quarterdeck."

"You know him, then, sir?"

"Know him? Ay, ay, I know him, and knew him long before Colin McLeod was born. I served with him when I was only a mite of a middy. That was in times of peace; and I served with him when a junior lieutenant, he being my captain. That was in the stirring days of the Crimean war, Colin. I was young then, but even the rattle of the drum that now summons us to quarters fires my blood. I have but to close my eyes for a moment, and the old days come back again."

"You love war, then, sir?"

"Not for itself, Colin McLeod, not even for the excitement of the battle, not for the blood and the carnage, but for the virtues it causes to shine forth in the breast of every man who *is* a man. Ah! Colin, war is a great leveller, it fills up the valleys and it brings the mountains low."

"I must not keep you talking, sir."

"Colin McLeod, our good surgeon, McGee, put that notion in your head. 'Don't excite old Mildmay,' he said; but I brought you here to talk to you, and I mean to do so as much as I please, in spite of our worthy medico, who seems not to know that to lie and think the thoughts one cannot speak is far more exciting and debilitating than talking can possibly be."

"It is sad to think of the slain in war," said Colin.

"Oh, boy, yes; but this world is full of pain and sorrow; pain in peace as well as pain in war. What says the goodly Bishop Porteous?

> 'War its thousands slays,
> But Peace its thousands ten.'"

Mr. Mildmay paused for a moment, then recommenced abruptly.

"Did your good uncle never tell you of the fierce fight in which he lost his leg?"

"Long, long ago," replied Colin, "I remember his describing something of it to my mother; and now, strange to say, sir, it begins to dawn upon me that he must have mentioned your name more than once, though I took little notice. You were nothing to me then, sir."

Mildmay seemed intensely pleased, for he put out his hand and pressed Colin's.

"What you have told me," he said, "is better far than anything our surgeon has given me since I have been laid low. No, your uncle was never a man to boast, but a braver deed has seldom if ever been done—a braver action never fought at sea—than the capture and defeat of those two Russian ships-of-war by the old Bellona, commanded by your gallant Uncle Peter. We were coasting along the shores of the Black Sea, in company with a French frigate, when on rounding a point we came suddenly in sight of two monster Russians, bearing down upon us with all sail set. We beat to quarters at once—we were always ready—and so also did the Frenchman, and in less than fifteen minutes the first shot was fired. It seemed to be an understood thing betwixt the foe and us that we should fight ship to ship. But, both in guns and tonnage, to say nothing of men, those Russians were twice as powerful as we were.

"Your uncle, Colin McLeod, appeared to think we were too near the shore for a free fight, so we stood out to sea, the Russians following with precisely the same sails that we carried. They wanted to test their sailing power as against our own. In this respect, too—much, no doubt, to their own satisfaction—they proved our superiors.

"But," continued the lieutenant, leaning now on his elbow, as if the subject had given him fresh strength, "there was one thing in which the foe was not our superior—in the prowess of her men; they possessed not the indomitable courage and cool skill of ours. Ah, boy! whenever you hear or read of foreign powers counting or reckoning up our naval strength by the number of ships and guns in our dockyards, just smile to yourself, for ten to one they will forget that every man in our fleet is a sailor born and bred, with the blood of the ancient vikings in his veins, and descended from a race that has been mistress of the seas for hundreds of years."

"But the battle, sir," said Colin, who was not unmindful of the surgeon's warning. "How did it end?"

"As battles 'twixt the Briton and the Russ always did end," said Mr. Mildmay. "It was a fierce and terrible fight, though. Alas! for the poor Frenchman, the struggle had not lasted more than half an hour before, high over the thunder of our own guns and those of the enemy we were engaging, rose the roar of a terrible explosion, an immense canopy of smoke and flames filled the air, mingled with masses of splintered masts and timbers. The Frenchman had sunk, and to the assistance of the poor men who floated around the spot where she had gone down the dastardly enemy never sent a single boat. She began to bear down on us, however, though crippled in her bowsprit and with her foremast gone by the board.

"Your uncle saw his chance, and although his sails were riddled with shot and his rigging cut about, his spars and yard arms were almost intact. With one parting volley at the ship he had been fighting he ran down to meet the other. The old Bellona seemed that day to sail like a witch.

"'We'll rake her!' cried your uncle to his first lieutenant; 'then stand by to lower boats and pick up our French friends.'

"The enemy saw the manœuvre, but was in too crippled a condition to prevent its complete success. We poured our whole broadside into her stern as we swept past. The wind caught the smoke and revealed her upper decks immediately after. It was a sickening sight. The other mast tottered and fell, the wheel was blown to atoms, and bridge and boats were in splinters. The Frenchman was revenged.

"Before the other Russian could get near us we had picked up nearly thirty of our friends, and had the boats hoisted inboard again. Then the battle recommenced 'twixt ship and ship, for the crippled Russian made straight for the beach in a sinking condition, leaving her sister ship to give a good account of us if she could. Had your uncle, Colin, commanded that great line-of-battle ship, with her armament and powers of sailing, instead of the smaller and more slow Bellona, the fight would not have raged so long as it did.

"Quick as she was, and well manned, the enemy failed in every attempt to rake our craft; then she lay broadside on to us, and the force of her fire was terrific. We soon had several of our guns rendered useless, and had hardly men enough left to man the rest. Our crowning disaster, however, was when our maintopmast was splintered by a shot, and came slowly crashing down.

"Almost at the same moment, Colin, a shot tore through your poor brave uncle's leg, and he fell on the bridge. Rayson, the first lieutenant, and the surgeon himself, were by his side in a moment, and would have had him carried below.

"'Tourniquet, doctor, tourniquet!' was all he muttered; but the instrument

was speedily applied, and the bleeding stopped.

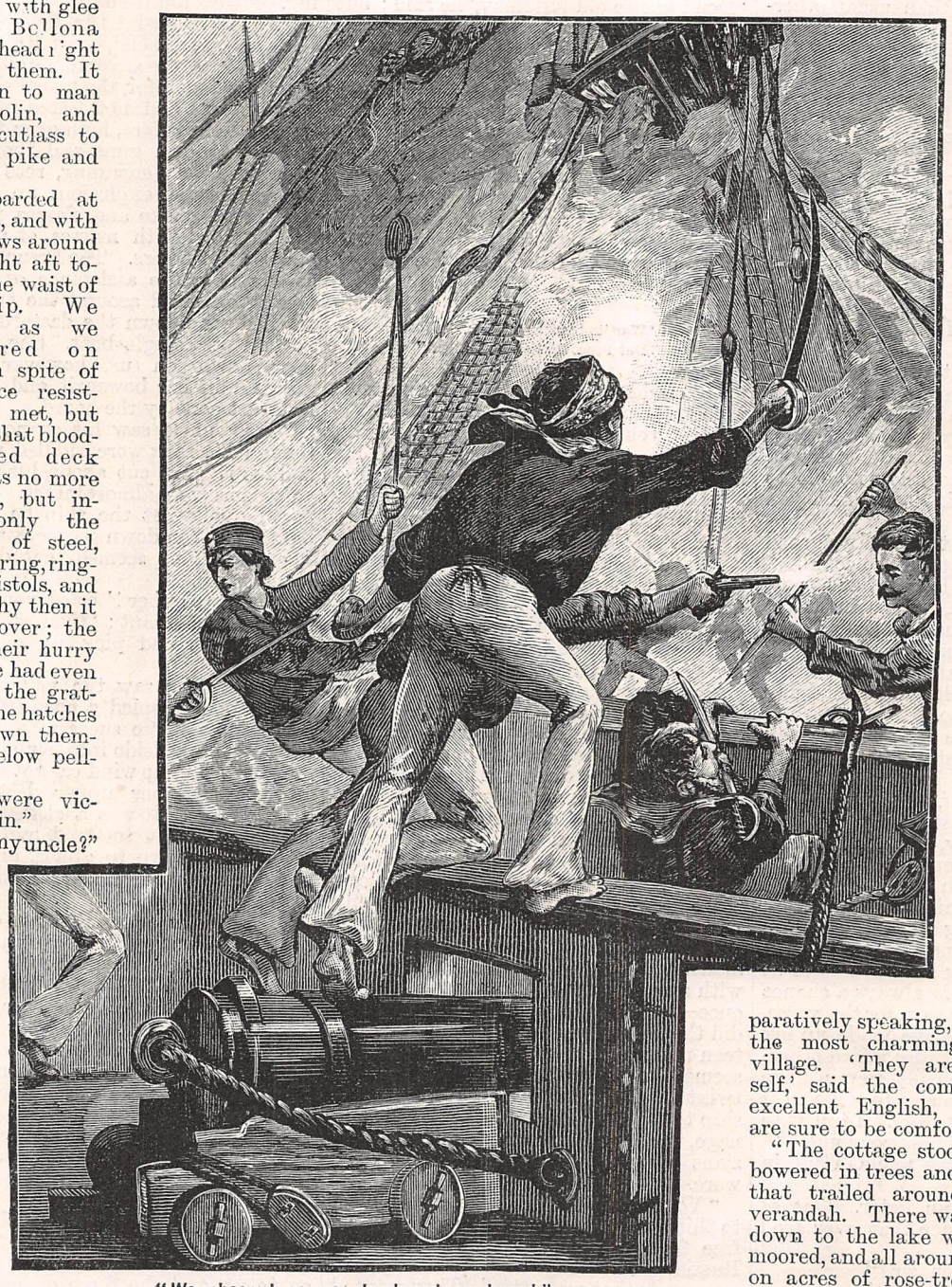
"Rayson," he cried, hurriedly, gasping out the words, "run us alongside! Board her, cutlass in hand, in the good old fashion; it is our only chance!'

"One last broadside was fired, then, to the surprise of the Russians—who now looked upon us as a prize, and who were shouting with joy and mad with glee—the Bellona forged ahead right down on them. It was man to man then, Colin, and British cutlass to Russian pike and pistol.

"I boarded at the bows, and with my fellows around me fought aft towards the waist of the ship. We cheered as we clambered on board in spite of the fierce resistance we met, but once on that blood-drenched deck there was no more cheering, but instead only the clashing of steel, the ring, ring, ringing of pistols, and then—why then it was all over; the foe in their hurry to escape had even torn up the gratings off the hatches and thrown themselves below pell-mell.

"We were victors, Colin."

"And my uncle?"



"We cheered as we clambered on board."

"He had never left the bridge, although the surgeon tried to force him below. I was the first to return to him. 'I feel the pain now,' he said, 'but we are victorious, this is a glorious hour!'

"The brave man spoke no more for days. I took charge of the captured man-o'-war, and we made sail for Scutari.

"About the third day—for we were detained by boisterous head winds—our look-out reported land on the lee bow.

"It was no land, but a bank of dense fog, and hardly were we into it ere it blew almost a hurricane, and we were laid on our beam ends. We righted, but with the loss of a spar that had been splintered in the engagement and afterwards spliced.

"We never saw the Bellona again. But, alas! for the fortunes of war, next morning we fell in with a Russian frigate. It is needless to say that we became an easy prey to her; we had not men enough to fight even a gunboat. I was a prisoner of war."

Lieutenant Mildmay stopped speaking, and lay back on the pillows.

"You are exhausted, sir," said Colin.

He pressed Colin's hand again, then closed his eyes again as if resting.

"I was a prisoner of war," he said again presently. "And now, dear boy, comes my own little romance. Every life, Colin, has its romance. I've had mine. It was a dream while it lasted, but it has gone, and it can never return. I must be brief, for I fain would sleep."

"Some other time, sir, perhaps."

Lieutenant Mildmay seemed to start.

"No, boy, no," he said, "there is no time like the present.

"I was marched a prisoner of war into the interior. I shall not tell you of the sufferings I endured on the road; suffice it to say that after a long and weary journey of over a week we found ourselves, I and my men—or the few of them that had not been killed by the way—"

"Killed!"

"Ay, boy, killed by their brutal escort. We found ourselves in a lovely little village that nestled among trees near a wide and beautiful lake. There was here a small fort or castle, and the commandant visited us.

"He was not only civil, he was even kind. I hesitated to give my parole, but he pleaded with me to do so. If I did he told me I might go where I liked, and be his guest frequently, and my life would be as happy as it was possible to make that of a prisoner of war.

"I took his advice, and was, comparatively speaking, free. I was billeted at the most charming cottage in all the village. 'They are foreigners like yourself,' said the commandant, who talked excellent English, 'and with them you are sure to be comfortable.'

"The cottage stood on an eminence embowered in trees and covered with creepers that trailed around gables, porch, and verandah. There was a green lawn sloping down to the lake where a little boat lay moored, and all around the house were acres on acres of rose-trees, the perfume from which on this sweet summer's evening was delightful in the extreme. As the commandant and I walked together up the gravel pathway the sound of music—a girlish voice singing to a harp—came through the open window and fell on my ear.

"I looked towards my companion.

"'It is Annette,' he said, 'little Annette. You will like her. But don't fall in love, you know,' he added, smiling.

"'I don't think it is likely,' I replied, with a light laugh.

"How little I knew what was before me!"

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER I.—GOING ASTRAY.

It was a hot day in summer, so hot that even the birds seemed to feel it, and had hidden themselves in the shade of the thickest-leafed trees, or perhaps in the ivy on some crumbling old walls—somewhere, at any rate, where the sun's rays could not beat so fiercely. The grass here and there looked dry and burnt up, and curious little crawling insects were scrambling through it, busy and lively in the heat which exhausted other creatures. The sky had not a cloud, and the trees stood motionless, not a bough nor a twig moving in the still air.

The place we are looking at is a long high road, coming down a hill in one direction, and going up a hill in the other—just the sort of white, dusty road which seems so tiresome when one has a long hot walk before one. To the left there are some trees and the roof of a lodge, and opening out of the fence are gates, showing the entrance to a house.

As we look through the gates, the eye is refreshed by the sight of tall shadowy trees and green cool grass; while the drive, as it curves away out of sight, is flecked here and there with the bright sunshine.

Everything is very quiet here in the depths of the country; only now and then through the silence comes some sound or inarticulate cry from a distance, showing that life is stirring somewhere out of sight.

But, listen! Is that a footstep? A footstep, or rather the steps of two people coming down the drive, and nearing us very slowly. Just at the turn they come into sight—two boys, one about thirteen, the other looking a couple of years younger. Sauntering along, and deep in talk, they are evidently in no hurry; but the sound of their voices rings through the still air, and as they draw nearer their words become audible.

"Father says he thinks we shall like him," the younger boy was saying. "He said he had heard he was nice enough, didn't he, Jack?"

"Yes; but a fellow who has been in India all his life must be rather different. I dare say he won't care for anything that we like. I wonder his father didn't send him home before."

"Mother told me the other day that after Uncle Henry's wife died he could not bear to part with this boy Tom, as he was his only child. So he took him about with him everywhere, and only sent him home at last because he found that he was getting spoilt."

"So he is to stay here for the rest of the holidays, and go back to school with us! I wonder how he will like it? How I should hate to be going for the first time at twelve years old—wouldn't you, Bertie?"

"I should think so! Particularly if he doesn't know much, and can't take a good place. We shall have to look after him."

"I hope he won't be a muff, and will be able to take care of himself," said Jack, going out on the road and looking along it. "I say, how hot it is! This will remind Tom of India. I suppose he will find it quite cool while we are frizzling."

Bertie laughed. He was standing with both hands shading his eyes, looking away into the distance.

"I think I can see something coming down that second rise," he said, "but it may be some farmer's trap. Just wait a minute. All right!" he shouted, after a little. "I can make out the dog-cart now," and, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a shrill whistle.

"Humbug!" said Jack. "Do you think they can hear that from where they are?"

Bertie did not seem to hear. He was standing watching the approaching vehicle, with a broad grin of expectation on his face. Just then a shrill bark came from the distance; and, with a scuttling of eager feet, a little fox-terrier dashed down the drive and leapt in wild excitement on the boys.

"Oh, get down!" said Jack, pushing the dog away. "Snap, old fellow, that whistle wasn't meant for you. I declare he makes one hotter than ever."

"Doesn't he?" said Bertie; "but here comes the cart. What is he like? You speak to him first."

"How are you, Tom?" said Jack, advancing and holding out his hand. "Pull up a minute, Jones! Look here, would you like to get down now and walk up to the house with us? This is my brother Bertie. I am Jack, you know. I suppose you have heard all about us. I'm so glad you've come. All right; go on, Jones."

As the new comer jumped down from his high seat, the three boys stood still for a minute and looked at each other. Jack was secretly disgusted to find that, though a year younger, his cousin had slightly the advantage of him in height, and involuntarily squared his shoulders as he compared his sturdy build with the other's slight figure. Bertie in the meantime was gazing with blank surprise at patent leather boots, gloved hands, and clothes such as do not generally grace the form of the British schoolboy, and was just going to indulge in an ironical whistle when, remembering himself in time, he plunged both hands into his pockets instead.

As for Tom, his quick, restless eyes were roving everywhere. He had smiled when first meeting his cousins, but now his face had settled into a weary, impatient expression, which seemed habitual to it. He looked pale and dark beside the light-haired, sunburnt English lads; but he held himself very erect, and had an air of condescension which brought an amused smile to Jack's good-tempered face. As they all turned to walk up the drive together some remarks were made upon Tom's journey, which broke the silence; and by the time they arrived at the broad sweep in front of the house the boys were all in eager and engrossing conversation.

The little terrier in the meantime had been hunting diligently, quite oblivious of the heat and of an occasional call from one of the boys. Now he appeared, carrying something in his mouth, with an important air.

"It is only a stone," explained Bertie. "That is a trick of Snap's, and we could never break him of it."

"Do you mean to say that you allow him? Why, he will break all his teeth!" said Tom, going up to the dog and trying to take away the stone.

Instantly the terrier turned and seized the boy's sleeve between his teeth, and in the same moment, as it seemed, the dog was shaken off and was limping away with a severe kick on the shoulder.

Bertie's face was full of consternation. He looked at Jack, who, flushing scarlet, had walked after the dog. "Oh, I say, Tom!" he said; "what made you do that? That's Jack's dog, and he won't let any one touch him."

"The little brute turned upon me!" said Tom, angrily.

"I know; but, you see, he thought you were a stranger, and he is so old I don't think he could have hurt you. But never mind. Would you like to go in now and see the house and our father and mother? and then we can come out again when it is cooler."

The house into which the boys have disappeared is a fine old place, and has belonged to the Stanton family for many generations. On one side runs a moat, which, in front of the house, has been transformed into a sunk fence, separating the lawn from the park. There is a curious old walled garden not far off where the fruit hangs heavily on the trees; and there are cool shrubberies behind the house, and many sheltered flower-bordered walks, where the late blossoms will linger till nearly Christmas.

Near enough to hear the lowing of the cows and the shrill crow of some triumphant cock the home-farm begins—a source of never-ending interest to the boys, for there they keep their pets, and there, among the men, they have many fast friends, to whom the return of the boys for the holidays is an ever-welcome event.

If we turn now and enter the house by the open door a grateful sense of coolness strikes us as we cross the wide hall, hung round with horns, stags' heads, and dark old pictures. In front of us we can see a broak oak staircase; but we will turn here to the left into a room in which we can hear voices. Bertie and Tom are standing talking to a lady and gentleman, who are evidently Mr. and Mrs. Stanton. The new comer does not seem at all shy, and has plenty to say to the lady who is smiling at him so kindly. Bertie is begging his father to let them do something, at which Mr. Stanton shakes his head, but seems amused. Then the boys are sent off that Tom may get something to eat—an idea which is jumped at by Bertie, who declares that he is dying of hunger himself, having lunched considerably more than an hour ago.

Afterwards, when they came out again, they saw Jack standing not far from the house. He turned away his head as they approached, and continued speaking to the gardener as if unaware that they were so near.

Bertie made a face, and, drawing Tom aside, said, "I say, do you mind saying something to Jack about hurting Snap? I am afraid he is angry about it."

Looking very much surprised, his cousin broke out, "Well, I think it is I who ought to be angry! Am I to stand still quietly to be bitten by a dog?"

"Oh, he wouldn't really have bitten you," said Bertie, looking perplexed; and, seeing that Jack could hear, he added, rather weakly, "It is only his way."

Tom laughed. "Well, if that is his way, he will probably get punished again!"

Jack looked round. "You can leave the punishment to me another time," he said.

Getting very red, Tom burst out laughing again, and said, "What a fuss about a dog!"

Bertie, who had been looking at his brother rather anxiously, now asked quickly, "Shall we go somewhere?"

Jack looked rather doubtful for a minute before replying, "Yes. We can go to the stables. I dare say Tom would like to see the horses." Then, turning to his cousin, he said, "I can't bear to see animals knocked about. That is why I was put out just now, but of course you didn't know that Snap was such an old dog. Your father has a lot of horses in India, I suppose?"

This question brought out a flood of recollections and descriptions of life in the East. The boy seemed glad to be able to speak of it, and ended with,

"I wish I were out there now!"

"But your father will be coming home in a year or two, won't he?" asked Bertie, sympathetically.

"Yes; but it won't be the same in England—everything is different here. Now he is commissioner, and people think a great deal of him, but when he comes home he says he will be nothing, and just like every one else, and I shall hate that."

"Oh, you will get accustomed to it, and I am sure you will find England very jolly when you have been home a little time. Wasn't it very dull sometimes, having no brothers or fellows to knock about with?"

"There was always a regiment, so I had plenty of friends."

"Oh, well, this is the way down here. Our ponies are turned out; you can see them afterwards."

The old coachman met them as they entered the yard. He was always glad to see the boys when they had come to "behave theirselves," as he said, and now he was particularly anxious to see the new comer, as he had known his father, whom he spoke of as "Mr. Henry," much to Louis's amusement. He took great pride in his horses, and as he opened a door and several dark heads with glancing eyes and pointed ears were turned towards the light, he exclaimed,

"There, sir, I think we can show you one or two here as good as anything you have seen in India."

Tom's face lighted up and lost its listless expression as he went in among the horses, examining and admiring with a real knowledge and interest which went to the old man's heart. He had much to say on the comparative merits of the Arab horse, and made the other boys laugh with his stories of the stratagems to be employed in mounting a vicious country-bred pony, or the difficulties people had in speaking to each other when their horses were always ready to fight. He expressed a wish to try one or two of the horses, turning to the old servant with an air of command which seemed rather to perplex the autocrat of the stables.

Jack laughed.

"I know you may not have any of these without father's permission, but I dare say Richards can let you have something, if you won't find it too hot to ride now."

Tom's face clouded, and he looked sullen and discontented as he said,

"I might have any horse of my father's that I liked. If I can't try these I don't care for any others, thank you."

"You see," said little Bertie, trying to improve matters, "things are so differently managed in England."

"Yes, I wish they weren't."

"But we have some good useful horses that you haven't seen yet, sir. Please to step this way."

Tom's interest, however, was not to be reawakened. He followed the coachman carelessly, and made no comment on the other contents of the stable, so that Jack soon proposed an adjournment.

The old man stood shaking his head as he watched the retreating figures of the three boys.

"Ah," he said, with a sigh, "I can see a look of his father in him now and again, but Mr. Henry never had ways like this one."

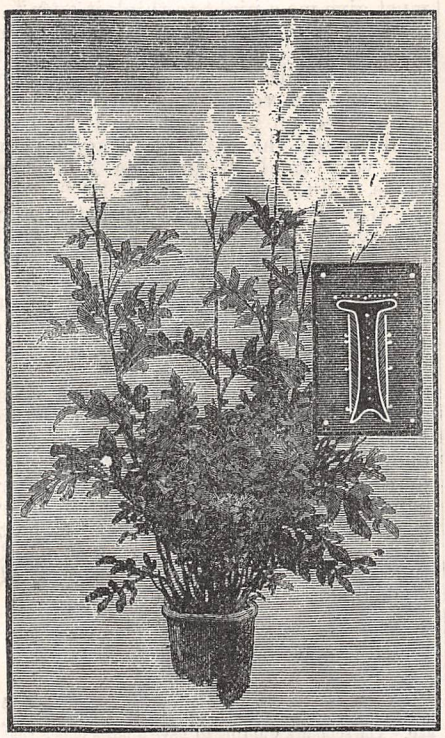
(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—*(continued.)*



IVAN saw that there were no pleasant thoughts passing in Mr. Smirnoff's mind, for his brow was clouded and his look was not the kind, open, frank look of a few hours back. As we have seen, he was not a stupid boy, though self-willed to an excess. He said no more about Siberia, but sought to draw Mr. Smirnoff's attention from a painful subject by directing it into an agreeable channel. He therefore showed him his German writing, which indeed had greatly improved. This interested Smirnoff, who looked with pride and gratification at the well-written pages of the exercise book. So when the bell rang for lunch he went downstairs in high good-humour again.

Just as they were going into the dining-room together two visitors were announced—General Kakaroff and Tenterton. Smirnoff immediately left the room, giving orders to the servants to lay covers for two more. Ivan remained behind and begged the butler to let him, not Tenterton, have the foot of the table, and by dint of some coaxing the man consented. The dining table was arranged without the extra leaves, so that it was perfectly square, and the boy's object was to be near Kakaroff, not opposite him. By his management of the butler he now contrived to get the prefect on his left hand and Tenterton on his right.

When the gentlemen entered and lunch was served, conversation was general, and the boy was quiet. But an opportunity arose when Smirnoff applied to Tenterton for some information respecting English customs in regard to certain matters of commerce. Ivan bent over to Kakaroff and asked him how Madame Kakaroff was. Kakaroff, who always admired Ivan, and was greatly amused with his adventures, said,

"Thank you, she has not been quite well of late, but she often speaks of you. Why don't you come and see us now and then?"

"You must ask Mr. Smirnoff that question. I should only be too glad, I am sure. It is what I have been longing to do ever since I have been back, but I don't like to ask."

Hereupon Kakaroff turned to Smirnoff and said,

"My little friend Ivan has not been to see us for ages, and my wife is anxious to see the hero of two escapes; when will you let him come to us?"

"Whenever you feel disposed to be bothered with him," said Smirnoff, laughing.

"But I don't bother you, do I?" said Ivan.

"I fancy few people have ever bothered me so much! However, it is part of my business to *be* bothered, and, after all, I don't much mind Ivan, he contrives to make himself interesting and to group around him all sorts and conditions of men. Let me see," continued the prefect, looking at his memorandum book. "On Saturday we are free. I shall, with your permission, send a trusty driver with my own sledge and a mounted cossack, so that your *protégé* may be in perfect safety. I will send for him and send him back in safety at night."

"You will spoil him by making a lion of him before his time. But let it be as you wish."

The party broke up. Tenterton and Ivan took a walk on the boulevards, a very pleasant feature of Moscow. Kakaroff went to his bureau, or office as we should call it, to sign papers, and Smirnoff was engaged in conferences on foreign railway projects and other speculations.

On the Saturday the excitement of our little hero knew no bounds. Tatiana could not understand what was the matter with him.

"You must be fond of the police," she said, as she laid out for him some specially white fine linen and brand new garments which he insisted on wearing for the first time at the house of Kakaroff.

Ivan was duly fetched away by the

"swell" turn-out of the prefect, and attended by a tall cossack with a long lance, on a little horse like a pony, but with plenty of "go" in him; and very proud the boy felt tearing down the boulevard towards the palace inhabited by Kakaroff. Many mujiks took off their caps as he dashed past, and stood bowing till he was out of sight.

There had been some heavy falls of snow, and the clean white cover hiding the dirty and irregular pavement of Moscow, substituted uniform cleanliness, and made what Kakaroff called the Natural Railway of Russia. As the sledge neared the house the porters at the door gave notice to the gendarmes on duty within, one of whom came out to assist our hero to alight. As soon as he entered he was ushered upstairs to the upper hall, where servants were ready to relieve him of his schuba and goloshes, for no one in Russia goes out without goloshes, which are always left with the schuba and other wrappings in the vestibule or antechamber under charge of the schwitzar or swiss, who is responsible for their safety, and whose name recalls the ancient time when the trusty porter was a native of the land of upright minds and simple honesty.

We know the house of General Kakaroff, having already visited him several times. Ivan was shown into the crimson drawing-room, where, sitting on a circular settee in the centre, was the lady of the house, who received him most graciously.

"My dear young friend, what a long time it is since you were here, and in that time what fresh and exciting adventures you have passed through! And your adventures are so tragic, you cause people to be shot or otherwise slain, or else to be sent to Siberia, put into prison, and so forth! You are really 'Ivan the Terrible.'"

"Not so terrible to other people, your Excellency, as to myself. I am half afraid to go out for fear of running against some fresh adventure that may not turn out so well for me as the others have! But you spoke of Siberia. May I tell you a secret about something I am dying to do? I want it *kept* a secret, and I want you to help me."

"Tell me what it is, Ivan. I cannot promise to do anything in the dark, nor shall I promise secrecy any further than this. I will not betray you to anybody."

"That will do for the present."

Madame Kakaroff smiled at the offhand way of our hero, who, however, was perfectly respectful.

"Well, now, you must tell me what new pagan castle you intend to attack, only this time I hope you will not involve the general in personal conflict with brigands in cellars."

"I am coming to that—"

"Oh, then, stop; I won't have anything to do with it."

"You mistake what I mean. I say I am coming to *it*, not to *him*."

"That is another thing. Well, go on."

"You recollect Anniesie?"

"Of course I do. But it makes me wretched to think of her. I did *my* best to save her."

"I know you did, and now you must do your best to rescue her."

"I? Batuschka! What can I do?"

"I will tell you. I want you to get me leave to go to Siberia. I want you to find out where she is imprisoned, to get my passports properly arranged, and to have a girl's passport which I have with me properly regulated for Siberia and back."

"Anything else? Why, Ivan, you take my breath away. Skobeleff was a baby to you. He never would have dared to think of such a mad-brained escapade. What do you mean?"

"Why, of course I mean to go and fetch Anniesie."

"Well, you have excited my curiosity now; you must tell me the rest after dinner. I was going out, but I shall stay at home, and see nobody. Alexander, tell the people I am at home to nobody. Set tea for me and Ivan Ivanovitch in the white boudoir, and see there are writing materials."

"Directly, your High Excellency."

At this moment the general entered, and the little party of three went in to dinner, when Ivan kept his entertainers in wonderful spirits by a well-sustained series of imitations of the comical people he had met in his last adventure. He gave the old long-bearded rascal so well that Kakaroff declared he could *almost see the beard*. He gave the butcher and his apprentice with such a change in his voice that you might have sworn there were two people present in the performance. Both Kakaroff and his wife were more delighted than ever with Ivan, and as few people are more grateful for being amused than the Russians, the prefect and his wife each secretly resolved to help Ivan in every possible way. *He* was thinking of the Riazan estates, and *she* was wondering how she could aid him in getting "to Siberia and back with a girl's passport."

Dinner was over, coffee was brought, and then Ivan was carried off by the lady of the house, while Kakaroff drove off to some people where there was a ball to be watched, as one of the English royal family was reported by the police to have accepted an invitation, and it was not a family of sufficient distinction to justify such an honour being either expected or conferred.

They were scarcely left alone when Madame Kakaroff invited Ivan to divulge his plan. When he had done she said, "Now, Ivan, your plan is most ingenious, most charming, but I fear only possible in a story-book. You have been reading the story of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' and here you are ready to brave the perils of a Russian winter over the trackless snow to find one who was kind to you and to pay a debt of gratitude. I will grant the motive to be noble, but I doubt the possibility of carrying out your plan. On the other hand, there are railways now. If it be carried out I should for one be delighted. But we must have the consent of Mr. Smirnoff and, if necessary, his aid."

"That," said Ivan, "is the greatest difficulty of all. I don't mind the wolves. If they eat me, why, all the better for the Abrazoffs. But asking Mr. Smirnoff for his consent is worse. I have faced one cannibal, and I really am not much afraid of the wolves, but I don't feel like asking for this permission where I know there will only be opposition. Do you know what I think? Look here! you ask him. That's the thing. You can turn anybody round your little finger, and you will manage Mr. Smirnoff splendidly. *I mean to go*, though perhaps I may have to wait for my own money to come in, because my plan *means* money. There is only one obstacle, and that is the police-station on the frontier, and to the commandant of that station I must have a letter from the general directing him to be careful and considerate in dealing with the sick girl just crossing. I must have letters to the governor of Tobolsk and to the commandants of all the penal establishments to which Anniesie is likely to have been sent, and I must find out her number; I know that names are all abolished over there. It will be difficult, but as it is not very long since she went I do not despair of getting her out. But how to get the letters I don't know, unless you have them written and make one of the aides-de-camp submit them to the general with the usual batch of things to be signed in the regular course of official business. Or perhaps you can talk him over to helping me more directly. Anyhow, I can't do without your help."

"Then I understand you want me to talk over the general to anything I find feasible, and to use my powers of persuasion with Mr. Smirnoff."

"I don't think there is much more you can help me in besides those items. The money I can get, and all the rest I can manage of myself."

"Well, I think there is quite enough work cut out for me, Ivan; and if it had not been for Anniesie, to whom I have taken a violent fancy, I should have laughed at the whole scheme as a pack of boyish nonsense. You are a daring little fellow, but more than daring is wanting here. I don't know what to do. You must give me a night to think it over."

"Certainly, only there is very little time, and if you don't help me I must run away without your assistance, and that will be very difficult on account of my plan on the frontier. I shall be glad to see the Steinfeldts again; he was very kind to me, was Anniesie's uncle, and the aunt was a brick!"

"Well, Ivan, as your clever little brain has worked out all this, I think it would be a great hardship to you to act against you. How I can act *for* you I cannot tell, but I will see what I can do. If I find it possible for me to do as you wish I will write to Mr. Smirnoff and invite him to dinner on Tuesday next, and I shall also write to you at the same time asking you to send me 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia;' and this you will understand to mean, 'I agree to the journey, and will help.' If, on the other hand, I send you a book—no matter what—then you will know that I cannot help you. Now, good-night; go to bed and dream of wolves and sledges, and all kinds of horrors! Good-night."

(To be continued.)

WORDS OF CHEER.

E. G. W. writes from Gateshead-on-Tyne: "I first got to know of the B. O. P. at school, about six years ago. The scholars wanting to have a boy's paper that they would be permitted to read, and that would really be worth reading, held a meeting, to which the master was invited. The B. O. P. was selected. The next thing we did was to vote in a treasurer to keep the books and money. There were over a hundred subscribers on the lists at first. Off all these papers we had 2½d. discount (a dozen), and at the end of the year we had a trip with the discount money, saved up for that purpose. The master found the paper so interesting and instructive that every Wednesday afternoon he allowed us to read out of the current number instead of our regular reading-book. For the last two and a half years I had the honour of being treasurer. The last year I was at school I proposed buying a new set of cricketing materials for the club instead of having a trip with the savings, and a splendid set we thus secured."

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

"The same Wild Hummocks of Palæocrystic Ice."

In our August part for 1883, when we told the story of Kane and Hayes and Hall and De Long, we pointed out the curious fate that seems ever to attend an American Arctic exploration. The expeditions all begin well, and all end miserably. To that rule the latest attempt to solve the Polar mystery was no exception. All went right with Lieutenant Greely to begin with, and then came the end in cannibalism. It is a sad story; let us glance at the work that was accomplished without unduly dwelling on the horrors that accompanied it.

The Greely expedition—twenty-four in number all told—was landed in Lady Franklin Sound on August 11, 1881. It was one of two expeditions dispatched by the United States Government in co-operation with the International Polar Committee to work out the weather and magnetic phenomena of the district. It was not an exploring expedition in the usual sense, for its duties necessitated its remaining in one spot, and any attempts at geographical discovery on the part of its members were purely voluntary. The other expedition, under Lieutenant Ray, entrusted with similar duties, was sent to Point Barrow in Northern Alaska, and did its work without loss. Lieutenant Greely and his men were taken north in the Proteus, a Scotch whaler, and without a check proceeded up Kennedy Channel to the point that had been fixed upon for their camp. The Proteus left them comfortably installed, with boats, a house, and provisions and stores for two years, at the end of which time they were to be relieved.

They were not relieved; the vessels sent to help them failed to get far enough north, and the retreat of the party ended in disaster. Greely's orders were to leave his camp not later than 1st of September, 1883, and it was expected that he would find a relief party at Littleton Island. From July, 1882, to August, 1883, not less than fifty thousand rations were taken in the Neptune, Yantic, and Proteus up to or beyond this spot. Of this immense number only one thousand were landed. The rest, incredible as it may appear, were by a succession of blunders returned to the United States; and Greely was left to starve and find his way home unaided.

Before he commenced his retreat he had, however, done much exploring work which he was not expected to do. The camp was fixed where the Discovery had wintered in 1875, and from this point, called by the Americans Fort Conger, Lieutenant Lockwood had been dispatched north-eastwards in 1882, and south-westwards in 1883. He had made his way along the coast-line of the large island of Greenland until he had in longitude 84°45′ reached the latitude of 81°44′, or about thirty furlongs nearer the pole than Captain Markham had been on the Palæocrystic Sea in 1876, and in doing this he had added to our charts a new coast-line of a hundred miles beyond the farthest point seen by Lieutenant Beaumont during the Nares expedition. Although Lockwood saw as far as 38° west longitude, yet there were no signs that he was anywhere near the northern end of Greenland, which consequently remains as great a mystery as before.

The northern coast which he surveyed resembled the coast to the south in nearly all respects. There were deep fiords and outlying islands. The interior was a confused mass of mountains covered with snow or ice. The fiords were broad level stretches of snow and ice, devoid of ice-foot, floebergs, hummocks, or any other sign that could show their connection with the Spitzbergen Sea. The rocks were rugged and steep, and built up of quartz and schistose slate. The vegetation was the same as that of Grinnell Land, and saxifrages and Arctic poppies were found growing along the route. Above the eighty-third parallel a hare and ptarmigan were killed, and traces were visible of the lemming, the Arctic fox, and the Polar bear, and, strangest of all, at the farthest point reached there was heard the cry of a snow bunting. From Cape Bryant along the entire coast a tidal frontier was found running from headland to headland; to the south of it the ice was smooth and flat, to the north of it were the same wild hummocks of palæocrystic ice on which Markham led his men out over the ocean in 1876. Where he stopped he took soundings at seventy-two fathoms, but Lockwood in trying between Cape May and Cape Britannia could not reach the bottom at one hundred and thirty-three fathoms. The farthest point reached now bears the name of Lockwood Island, the farthest point seen was named Cape Robert Lincoln.

In the south-westerly direction there was found for seventy miles an immense ice-cap estimated at six thousand miles in area; but between the eighty-first and eighty-second parallels the country south of the cap extending from Kennedy and Robeson channels to the western Polar ocean was free from snow for a hundred and fifty miles and more. Vegetation abounded, dead willow was gathered in such abundance as to serve for fuel, and in more than one locality willow, saxifrages, grasses, and other plants grew in such profusion as to completely cover large tracts, affording excellent pasturage for the musk cattle, which feed towards the coast during the summer and withdraw to the interior as winter advances. Evidences were noted in the way of raised beaches, marine shells, and drift wood of the recent elevation of the land above the sea, and at one place

the trunks of two large coniferous trees were found in such a state of preservation as to allow of their use for fuel. And on the shores of Lake Hazen to the west of Fort Conger there were met with the remains of permanent Eskimo huts. The farthest point reached in this direction was latitude 80° 48′, longitude 78° 26′. As with all American expeditions, some curiously inappropriate names were bestowed; such monstrosities, for instance, as the "R. L. Dodge River," and "Lake J. S. Fletcher, Jun.," being obviously doomed to the proverbial short life—and a merry one.

Greely's retreat promised at first to be successful. It was not till January, 1884, that his party began to die off, and famine did not threaten them till late on in the spring. But then the disease which had been laughed at had begun its work, and when the rescue took place at Camp Clay nearly all had perished. The relief expedition had been placed under the command of Captain Schley, who took with him two Dundee sealers, the Thetis and the Bear, and Sir George Nares's old ship the Alert, which had been presented for the purpose by the British Government. After cruising about a little and finding the records Greely had left, Schley fortunately discovered the islet on which the last camp had been pitched. He was only just in time; seven of the men were alive. Had he been two days later all would have been lost.

A miserable sight it was that greeted Lieutenant Colwell as he walked up to the tent which had been wrecked by the gale, and could only be opened by cutting a slit in its cover.

"It is not easy to give an idea of the desolate and horrible aspect of this bleak and barren spot as it looked to those who reached it on that memorable Sunday in June, 1884. In front lay the sea with its ice pack stretching away to the northward, and at the back the glaciers and rocky precipices of the mountains. On one side was the slope, with its rude graves, and on the other the deserted and roofless hut with the ice-foot below it; while between them was the wrecked tent in which lay the remnant of the expedition, half dead with cold and hunger and distress. Everywhere was the barren rock, except where the snow still lay deep in the hollows. There was no soil except the sandy disintegration of the rocks themselves, and but little of that. On the southern slopes here and there were little patches of flowering moss, the only vegetation that could find support in this Arctic wilderness. At the foot of the ridge lay the body of Schneider, who had died four days before, and whom the others had been too weak to bury. Everywhere around the hut and around the tent were scattered broken cans, rude cooking utensils, and tattered clothing."

After the stones had been lifted that kept down the flapping tent, the lieutenant entered. "On one side, close to the opening, with his head towards the outside, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others, seated on the ground in the middle, had just got down a rubber bottle that hung on the tent pole, and were pouring from it into a tin can. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant staring eyes. As Colwell appeared he raised himself a little, and put on a pair of eyeglasses. 'Who are you?' asked Colwell. The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly. 'Who are you?' again. One of the men spoke up, 'That is the major—Major Greely.' Colwell crawled in and took him by the hand, saying to him, 'Greely, is this you?' 'Yes,' said Greely, in a faint broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, 'yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men—did what I came to do—beat the best record."

And so he had. The best—and the worst. For outside lay the mutilated corpse of Henry with a bullet through it; and near by were six of the other corpses—all of which had been cut and "the flesh removed."

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

I.—CROSSING THE LINE.

The old-fashioned saturnalia of Neptune's visit aboard vessels crossing the line is now but seldom met with, except in rare instances on sailing ships, the captains of which enjoy keeping up the ancient customs of "the good old days."

On board fast steamers, that are always driven full speed ahead, and are bound to make a quick passage or "bust," as the Americans say, they have neither time nor inclination for such frivolities, and in a few years the custom, now more honoured in the breach than the observance, will be as much a thing of the past as the belief in the Flying Dutchman, or in the ill-luck of sailing on a Friday. It is an open question even amongst its admirers whether it was ever of any real good, but there is no doubt that it formed a break in the tedium and monotony of a long voyage, and afforded much amusement to all concerned, excepting the victims themselves.

The following is the account of the writer's initiation some twenty-five years ago, and will be found a very fair representation of what the ceremony used to be; in some ships, of course, it was milder, and in others it was carried to a greater extreme.

We were on board a small corvette, and the men, having obtained permission from the captain, began making their preparations a day or two beforehand. There was a great deal of mystery maintained about the business, and some of the "green hands" were kept so much in the dark that they were not even aware that anything out of the common was about to occur.

We did not cross the line until about four bells in the forenoon watch (ten o'clock a.m.); and at noon, when this information was announced, certain mysterious smiles, nods, and winks were exchanged among those who were in the secret.

After dinner there suddenly came a hail from somewhere over the bows—most likely some fellow had climbed out on the rigging of the bowsprit for the purpose.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!" replied the captain, who was evidently expecting the summons and had remained on deck on purpose.

"What ship is that?" inquired the mysterious voice.

"H.M.S. H——r."

"Be good enough to heave to; I want to come on board."

The orders were immediately given, and the maintopsail yard was backed, and the ship hove-to.

Then from the other side of the fore course, where they had been attiring themselves, Neptune and his court made their appearance and walked aft.

King Neptune was disguised in a flowing oakum wig, well powdered with flour, on which rested a handsome tin crown, while a canvas mantle covered his shoulders, and he held a three-pronged harpo on in his hand.

By his side walked a sea man dressed as a woman, and supposed to be Amphitrite, his queen; she wore any amoun t of petticoats, a marvellously constructed bonnet, and a paper parasol.

She took short mincing footsteps, and pretended to be very modest and shy.

Behind them came the doctor with an exaggerated lancet, pill-box, and medicine bottle, the barber with a huge razor made out of a piece of hooping from a barrel, the barber's mate with a lather-pot and shaving-brush, both of Brobdignagian dimensions, and a host of lesser tormentors dressed up to represent everything that could *not* be found on the face of the earth.

"Good day to your honour," exclaimed Neptune, bowing and scraping to the captain, "I've come on board to welcome you to my d'minions—all right, Frighty, yer needn't punch so, I'll interduce ye d'rectly—and this here's my missis, yer honour."

"Very pleased to see your majesties, I'm sure," answered the captain, with difficulty restraining a smile as Amphitrite gave a curtsey, "and what can I do for you?"

"Why, I heard as how your honour had got a lot of green uns aboard what had never crossed the line afore, so I thought as how I'd like to make 'em free."

"Very good," said the captain, "and as you have evidently travelled some distance, perhaps you would not object to drinking the queen's health?"

Would a duck swim? The health was duly honoured, and then Neptune turned his attention to business.

While he had been addressing the captain his followers had been busy fixing up a little throne on the gangway, in front of which was a small seat for the prisoner, consisting of a plank, the ends of which rested on two barrels. Behind this had been arranged a large tarpauling, that had been shaped into a species of tank and filled with water, from two feet and a half to three feet deep in the centre.

Neptune and his queen having seated themselves upon the throne, the first victim was brought before them.

They began with the officers, and we all obtained our freedom at the price of a fee each. Next came the seamen, and then began the fun.

The routine was to seat the poor wretch on the plank, and then Neptune would remark,

"I say, 'Frighty, his hair 's too long, ain't it?"

"Rather," the queen would reply, "and look at his beard."

Then the barber would be summoned and told to do his duty.

He would commence lathering the victim with a composition of soap, bilge-water, and every other abomination they could get hold of.

In the midst of this, Neptune would ask the poor fellow's name, and when he opened his mouth to reply the barber would fill it with the lathering composition, and then the plank being tipped up, he would be sent backwards into the water, where a couple of water-imps would see that he was properly washed—*i.e.*, half-drowned—before he made his exit the other side.

Suddenly amid the laughter there arose a

cry of triumph, and in a few minutes a body of imps were seen dragging towards the throne no less a person than the master-at-arms. This person is the chief of the ship's police, and holds almost the equivalent rank of a superintendent ashore.

As it happened, this particular master-at-arms had greatly abused his power and made himself very unpopular on board, so much so that on one occasion the captain had been obliged to privately reprimand him for exceeding his duty. Therefore it may be imagined with what delight the men seized the opportunity of paying off some of their old scores.

"I protest!" yelled the master-at-arms, struggling furiously. "Remember I am the master-at-arms. I will not be treated in this disgraceful manner! I will report you all! This is shameful! I will not submit to it."

But he was obliged to, and at length he was firmly seated upon the plank of punishment and the lathering commenced.

But even that did not cause him to hold his peace, and with his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth full of lather, he continued to abuse and threaten his tormentors.

"You've got too much lather on, barber," called out Neptune, holding his sides with laughter, and then the barber produced his razor and commenced scraping the unhappy man until his cheeks must have been as sore as if they had been blistered.

If the reader can imagine what he would feel like after having been well rubbed with a nutmeg-grater for a quarter of an hour he will be able to sympathise with the feelings of the master-at-arms.

At last when the unhappy victim had nearly worked himself up into a state of semi-raving lunacy they capsized him into the tank behind.

The attendant imps were not backward in their part of the business, and the unfortunate master-at-arms swallowed nearly as much salt water during the next ten minutes as he had fresh water ever since we left England.

At length he was allowed to make his escape, and disappeared down the hatchway. He was not seen again for the next three days, for he put himself on the sick-list and remained in seclusion. He tried very hard to ascertain who his tormentors were, but the secret was well kept and the names never leaked out.

Of course there was no more work done on board the ship that day.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

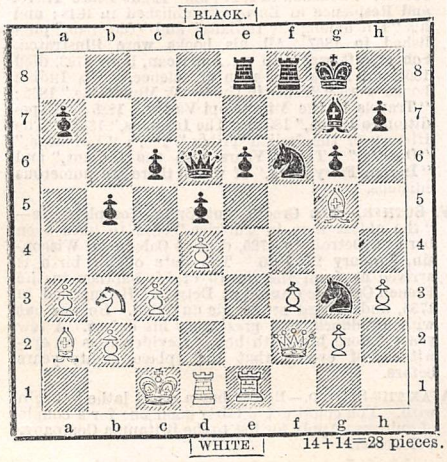
(Continued from page 510.)

CONSULTATION GAME.

Played in February, 1885, between S. and S. (White), and H. M. (Black).

Irregular Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—Q 4	P—K Kt 3
2. P—K 4	B—Kt 2
3. Kt—K B 3	P—Q 3
4. B—Q B 4	B—Kt 5
5. P—K R 3	B × Kt
6. Q × B	P—K 3
7. P—B 3	Kt—K 2
8. B—K Kt 5	Kt—Q 2
9. Kt—Q 2	P—Q B 3
10. P—Q R 3	Castles
11. B—R 2	P—Q 4
12. P—K 5	P—B 3
13. P × P	Kt × P
14. Q—K 2	Q—Q 3
15. Castles, Q side	Q R—K sq.
16. P—B 3 (*a*)	Kt—B 4
17. Q—B 2	P—Kt 4
18. Kt—Kt 3 (*b*)	Kt—Kt 6 (*c*)
19. K R—K sq. (*d*)	



14+14=28 pieces.

Which were the moves that enabled Black to win an officer in seven moves? This question is our

PROBLEM No. 105.

NOTES.

(*a*)—P—K Kt 4 would have been better.

(*b*)—White now tried to prevent Black's intention of playing P—Q R 4, but thus gave up the defence of the dangerous square at K 4.

(*c*)—White must now lose either the exchange or the Q B.

(*d*)—Safer to have taken the Kt with the B, for Black must now win the exchange or an officer in seven moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

"STALEMATE."—Your friend is right. The rule in your old book is no longer used. At present you do not lose, but draw, by placing your opponent into stalemate. If a King cannot move and is not in check, and if none of his men can move, then the game is a draw, and is counted half a point to each player.

CECIL B.—The following position would do. White: K a 5; L a 3; N f 1; O b 7, f 2; P a 2, b 6, d 4, e 6. Black: K d 5; O f 5; P f 3, f 6, f 7.

H. A. U.—Solutions correct.

REDUCED RATES FOR POSTAL ORDERS.

Readers desirous of helping on our Gordon Memorial Fund would do well to note the reduced rates at which Postal Orders are now obtainable. They are now issued as follows: 1s., 1s. 6d.—½d. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 10s. 6d.—1d. 15s., 20s.—1½d.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Continued from page 527.)

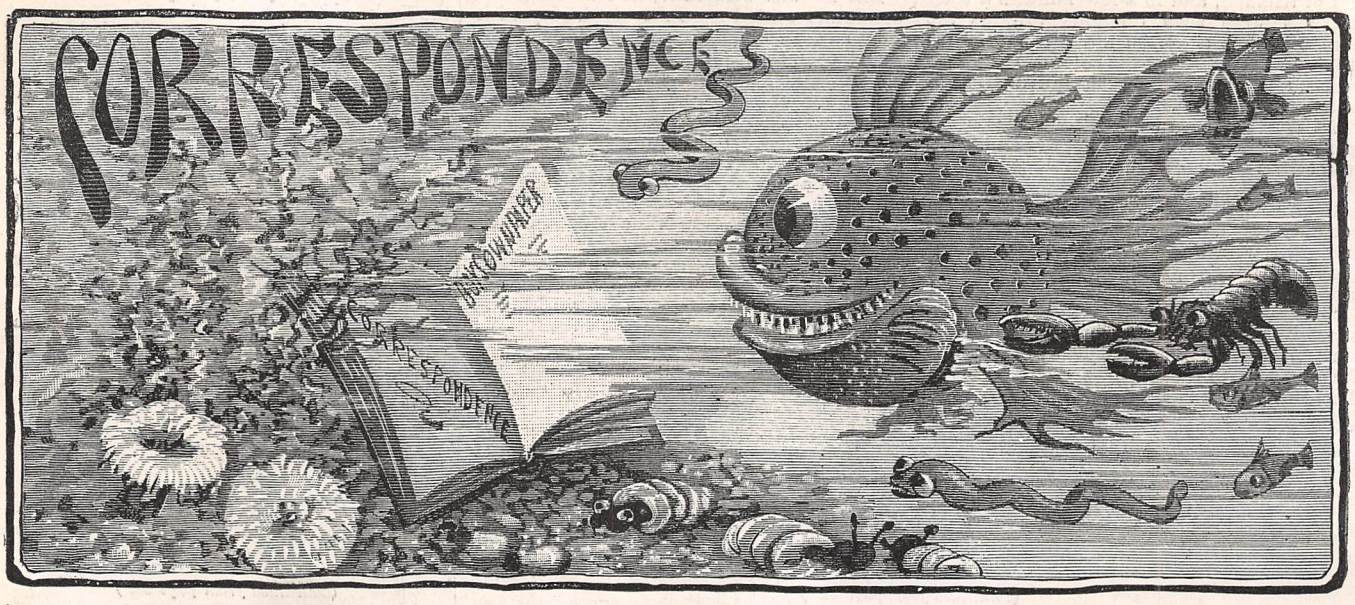
WE are happy to be able to report that the collecting cards are now being daily applied for, and a goodly number have already been furnished. At present we have not heard from many of the larger public and private schools; but every school, we should hope, would be in some way represented. The lads in our workshops and factories should also take up the matter with zealous interest.

The "Model Yachtsman" for May, after quoting from our columns the particulars as to the object and scope of the Fund, remarks:—

"This explanation of the object is sufficiently explicit to enable us to understand that Gordon's well-known love for the young and helpless is through the aid of 'our boys' to be a perpetual fountain, still swelling forth, though he be dead, in blessed streams of assistance and succour for the oppressed and miserable. The Institution for Destitute Boys, or whatever form is actually decided on, will no doubt be all that Gordon could wish, and is a worthy object for the tribute of the Boys of Britain to the memory of that great Christian spirit. We should therefore recommend our youthful readers to send to the BOY'S OWN PAPER for a Subscription Card, and identify themselves with the 'Boy's Own' Gordon Memorial."

(Contributions received up to April 30.)

	£	s.	d.
"Cornish Chough"	0	3	0
C. S. (Cookham)	0	1	0
April 14.—Joshua Francis Wyatt, 1s.; Two Sisters, £3	3	1	0
April 16.—*Per* S. and H. Durrant	0	15	0
April 17.—From the Boys of the Cordwainers and Bread Street Wards' School	0	10	0
April 20.—G. T., 5s.; *Per* A. Field, £1 8s. 11d.	1	13	11
April 21.—C. Decker, 5s.; G. N. Laws, 1s...	0	6	0
April 23. — *Per* H. R. Clayson, £1 7s.; J. E. F., 1s.	1	8	0
April 25.—*Per* W. H. Carter	0	3	6
April 27.—*Per* Percy Sharp	2	9	0
April 30.—*Per* S. and H. Durrant (second card), £2; Herbert E. Meade, 3s.; Robert Finlay, 6d.	2	3	6
Carried forward	£12	13	11



ADHUC TIRO (Ayr).—The Marjorie is a 6S-tonner, designed by G. L. Watson. In 1884 she won ten first and five second prizes out of thirty-five starts, and the value of the prizes was £922. We have taken the liberty of quoting from your welcome letter about the catamaran.

CONNAUGHT RANGER.—Promotions from the ranks are very rare, but there is no examination.

HOPE.—The engineer students for the Navy are specially trained, and you are too old to enter. Your best plan would be to apply to the superintending engineer of one of the large steamship lines.

J. C. P.—Apply to the Institute of Civil Engineers. You will have to be apprenticed. There is an engineering school at the Crystal Palace which has a good reputation.

A RUSSIAN (St. Petersburg).—All the volumes are kept in print. "The Giant Raft" was in the third volume; "The Cryptogram," its sequel, in the fourth. Captain Cook was killed in 1779.

PAUL MASCARENHAS.—Go on a walking tour and wear a knapsack. That is the best cure for round shoulders. In the phrase, "Davy Jones's Locker," Davy=duffy, the nigger term for a ghost; and Jones =Jonah. Davy Jones is thus Duffy Jonah, and the meaning is that the man has gone to the place of safe keeping where Jonah was sent to.

AJAX.—We gave some notes on dumb-bells in the articles on Gymnastics in the second volume.

DOUBLE DEMY.—1. A man has a right to pronounce his name as he pleases, but the usual pronunciation of the word Marjoribanks is as you say, Marjbanks. 2. An ordinary Civil Service examination. For particulars apply to Cannon Row.

C. P. I.—1. The Greek system of numbers was a letter one, like the Roman, but quite different. The first nine letters of their alphabet represented the units —alpha for 1, beta for 2, etc.; the next nine the tens —iota for 10, kappa for 20; and the third nine for hundreds—sigma for 200, tau for 300, etc. A dash underneath stood for thousands, and an M multiplied the value ten thousand times. With regard to your opinion that the old systems answered every purpose that a reasonable person could require, perhaps you would like to extract the cube root of $\delta\psi o\delta$ in the Greek numeration. 2. January from Janus, February from Februus, March from Mars, April from Aprilis, May from Maia, June from Juno, July from Julius Cæsar, August from Augustus Cæsar. September, October, November, December, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months.

GULIELMUS.—The Probate Registry has been removed from Doctors' Commons to Somerset House, and hence letters on the subject of wills go to Somerset House, no matter how addressed. Doctors' Commons is on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard. To "common" is to dine together, and the place is so called owing to the doctors of civil law having to dine together there on certain days in the week, when the ecclesiastical courts were in session.

H. H. C.—A yorker is a full pitch or a volley—a ball that does not touch the grass until it has passed the popping-crease.

G. W. F. WRIGHT.—Gooseberry=gorseberry=rough berry. Strawberry=streowberry=the plant that strays (by throwing out its runners); hence Latimer's Strawberry Preachers = non-resident clergy, who strayed from their parishes.

VIOLIN.—To prevent the pegs slipping or sticking try Paralapsine, obtainable in fourteenpenny bottles, post free, from F. P. Fullbrook, 157, High Street, Hounslow. It is said to be most efficient. A little powdered resin is the usual remedy.

CATAMARAN, BARNUM, and Others.—Your doubts and queries as to the catamaran described in the part for last May are nearly all answered in the following letter from ADHUC TIRO (Ayr), just to hand:—"Five fellows here made a catamaran some time ago, according to the directions given in the BOY'S OWN PAPER, but as our finances were rather limited we could not construct it the full size. The pontoons were made of five-eighths lining, six and a half inches broad. The beams joining the pontoons were six feet long and two inches square, screwed down with strong hoop-iron. The sail we made of cotton-bags opened out and sewed together. The mast was stepped into a block of wood bolted to the deck and fore-beam. It was fitted with a sprit, and a stay on each side. We launched the craft on the Merchants' Holiday here. We went all right till we got in front of the mouth of the harbour, when we saw the tug bearing down on us, then we had to cut across the harbour to avoid it. The wind was beginning to blow pretty strongly from the south, and we were in a fair way to be blown off the coast. Our two paddles were of no use, so we had to run straight for the shore; however, we got in all right, and had a fine sail afterwards with a beam wind. I think the catamaran has not sufficient hold in the water to beat to windward; that is almost its only fault."

G. R. Y. (Birkenhead.)—"Killiecrankie" and the "Island of the Scots" are by Professor Aytoun. You had better buy the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" there are many editions published by Blackwood. The ballad of "Obadiah-bind-their-Kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron" is by Lord Macaulay, and you will find it with his Lays.

BOXER.—Join the Cadet Corps of the London Rifle Brigade. For particulars, apply to the staff-sergeant, F. C. Ellett, 30, Southampton Row, High Holborn, W.C., or to the headquarters of the regiment. You can see the corps drilled in Guildhall on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

UNCLE BILLY.—Leave the old violin alone. The wearing off of the varnish by constant use is one of its chief recommendations.

AN INQUIRER.—You can obtain any coloured plate by buying the part containing it. We have had to reprint.

F. C. POOLE.—Skates with double runners have been tried on ice before, and proved failures. If you cannot skate on ordinary skates, you must strengthen your ankles till you can.

BUTCHER.—Persons in search of situations on ships should apply to the owners of the ships. If there is not a vacancy on one vessel of the line there may be on another.

A. R. N.—The cotton grass is one of the *Cyperaceæ —Eriophorum.*

J. W. ATKINSON.—There were articles on the Magic Lantern in the February and March parts for 1884.

W. F. U.—The articles on Violin Making were in the November and December parts for 1882.

J. M. (Leith.)—1. There is a shilling book on Canaries, published by Dean and Son. There are, besides, a two-shilling book, published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, on "General Management of Canaries;" another by him on "Exhibition Canaries;" and a five-shilling "Canary Book," containing the other two. 2. The varnish will do no harm.

A READER OF THE "B. O. P."—1. You can get "La Nature" from any bookseller. It is a French scientific paper, published weekly, and answers to our own "Nature." 2. "Adventures in the Air" were in the October part for 1883.

CHRIS.—You would find Spohr's Violin School as good a practice-book as any. But any music-seller would advise you.

T. J. K.—Give the scraps a coat of size first, and then varnish them with any clear varnish.

W. H. SAUSSEN, JUN.—1. Dumb-bells should never exceed two pounds in weight. If you want something heavier get Indian clubs. 2. Apply to Routledge or Warne. 3, etc. Too many questions.

D. A. G.—1. You could get them by enclosing the cost and a directed envelope. 2. The British coins circulate in all the colonies. There is a mint at Sydney.

LONDONDERRY.—The scientific name of the reindeer moss is *Cladonia rangiferina.*

R. S. V. P.—There is a life of Havelock by Marshman, and one of Wolfe by Parkman.

NEMO.—Your father's brother is your uncle, and it matters not when he was born.

A YOUNG BLACKSMITH.—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the fifth volume.

PRINCE ARTHUR.—There is no difficulty; the clause is self-explanatory. A gentleman is not a waterman or lighterman, nor does he ply, work, or navigate a wherry. Your reading would prevent your hiring a boat at a shilling an hour. You are neither a freeman of the Company nor an apprentice. Better leave Acts of Parliament alone.

ONE ABOUT TO MAKE A FORTUNE (and we hope he may, and use it properly, though riches are not everything).—The BOY'S OWN PAPER has an office in the Canadian capital.

SWEET WILLIAM.—Mr. Ballantyne's "Twice Bought" was in the fifth volume.

W. R. K.—1. The examination is supposed to be more difficult, hence the superior value of the degree. 2. There are so many exceptions that you had better get a calendar.

AN IRISHMAN.—The articles on Training were in the second volume. There were six of them, and they were in the July, August, and September parts.

YOUNG BUCK.—Catlin was an American. His works were his Letters, in two volumes, published in 1841; his "North American Portfolio of Hunting Scenes," published in 1844; his "Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe," published in 1848; and his "Life among the Indians," and "Okeepah," published in 1867. All his books were illustrated. Schoolcraft was also an American, born 1793, died 1864, but more of a man of science. His Indian books were "Scenes in the Ozark Mountains," 1853; "Travels in the Mississippi Valley," 1825; "Expedition to Itasca," 1834; "The Iroquois," 1847; "The History of the Indian Tribes," 1847; "Talladega," "Oneota," "Thirty Years with the Indians," and "Indian Fairy Book," of which there are numerous editions.

F. SUTHER.—Not Creole, but Crele—Joseph Crele—"the oldest man in America," said to have been born at Detroit in 1725, died at Caledonia, Wisconsin, January 27, 1866. The date of his birth is arrived at from the record of his baptism in the French Catholic Church at Detroit. He married in 1755, and settled at Prairie du Chien. He was out with Braddock, and present at his defeat. A few years before his death he gave evidence as an eyewitness of events that took place eighty years before.

AJAX THE SECOND.—Better buy a small lathe to begin with. You could get a fairly good one for a couple of guineas. Apply for list to the Britannia Company, Colchester.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 333.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

"Gave the Performer a dig in the back."

CHAPTER IX.—SAMUEL SHUCKLEFORD COMES OF AGE.

Reginald, meanwhile, blissfully unconscious of the arrangements which were being made for him, spent as comfortable an evening as he could in the conviction that to-morrow would witness his dismissal from the "Rocket," and see

him a waif on the great ocean of London life. To his mother, and even to young Gedge, he said nothing of his misgivings, but to Horace, as the two lay awake that night, he made a clean breast of all.

"You'll call me a fool, I suppose," he said; "but how could I help it?"

"A fool! Why, Reg, I know I should have done the same. But for all that, it *is* unlucky."

"It is. Even eighteen shillings a week is better than nothing," said Reginald, with a groan. "Poor mother was saying only yesterday we were just paying for our keep, and nothing more. What will she do now?"

"Oh, you'll get into something, I'm certain," said Horace; "and meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I'll do anything rather than live on you and mother, Horrors; I've made up my mind to that. Why," continued he, "you wouldn't believe what a sneak I've been already. You know what Bland said about the football club in his letter? No, I didn't show it to you. He said it would go down awfully well if I sent the fellows my usual subscription. I couldn't bear not to do it after that, and I—I sold my tennis-bat for five shillings, and took another five shillings out of my last two weeks' wages, and sent them half a sov. the other day."

Horace gave an involuntary whistle of dismay, but added, quickly,

"I hope the fellows will be grateful for it, old man; they ought to be. Never mind, I'm certain we shall pull through it some day. We must hope for the best, anyhow."

And with a brotherly grip of the hand they turned over and went to sleep.

Reginald presented himself at the "Rocket" next morning in an unusual state of trepidation. He had half made up his mind to march straight to the manager's room and tell him boldly what had happened, and take his discharge from him. But Horace dissuaded him.

"After all," he said, "Durfy may think better of it."

"Upon my word I hardly know whether I want him to," said Reginald, "except for young Gedge's sake and mother's. Anyhow, I'll wait and see, if you like."

Mr. Durfy was there when he arrived, bearing no traces of last night's *fracas*, except a scowl and a sneer, which deepened as he caught sight of his adversary. Reginald passed close to his table in order to give him an opportunity of coming to the point at once; but to his surprise the overseer took no apparent notice of him, and allowed him to go to his place and begin work as usual.

"I'd sooner see him tearing his hair than grinning like that," said young Gedge, in a whisper. "You may be sure there's something in the wind."

Whatever it was, Mr. Durfy kept his own council, and though Reginald looked up now and then and caught him scowling viciously in his direction, he made no attempt at hostilities, and rather appeared to ignore him altogether.

Even when he was giving out the "copy" he sent Reginald his by a boy instead of, as was usually his practice, calling him up to the table to receive it. Reginald's copy on this occasion consisted of a number of advertisements, a class of work not nearly as easy and far less interesting than the paragraphs of news which generally fell to his share. However, he attacked them boldly, and, unattractive as they were, contrived to get some occupation from them for his mind as well as his hand.

Here, for instance, was some one who wanted "a groom, young, good-looking, and used to horses." How would that suit him? And why need he be good-looking? And what was the use of saying he must be used to horses? Who ever heard of a groom that wasn't? The man who put in that advertisement was a muff. Here was another of a different sort:

"J. S. Come back to your afflicted mother and all shall be forgiven."

Heigho! suppose "J. S." had got a mother like Mrs. Cruden, what a brute he must be to cut away. What had he been doing to her? robbing her? or bullying her? or what? Reginald worked himself into a state of wrath over the prodigal, and very nearly persuaded himself to leave out the promise of forgiveness altogether.

"If the young gentleman who dropped an envelope in the Putney omnibus on the evening of the 6th instant will apply to B., at 16, Grip Street, he may hear of something to his advantage."

How some people were born to luck! Think of making your fortune by dropping an envelope in a Putney omnibus. How gladly he would pave the floor of every omnibus he rode in with envelopes if only he could thereby hear anything to his advantage. He had a great mind to stroll round by No. 16, Grip Street that evening to see who this mysterious "B" could be.

"To intelligent young men in business.—Add £50 a year to your income without any risk or hindrance whatever to ordinary work.—Apply confidentially to Omega, 13, Shy Street, Liverpool, with stamp for reply. None but respectable intelligent young men need apply."

Hullo! Reginald laid down his composing-stick and read the advertisement over again: and after that he read it again, word by word, most carefully. £50 a year! Why, that was as much again as his present income, and without risk or interfering with his present work too! Well, his present work might be his past work to-morrow; but even so, with £50 a year he would be no worse off, and of course he could get something else to do as well by way of ordinary work. If only he could bring in £100 a year to the meagre family store! What little luxuries might it not procure for his mother! What a difference it might make in that dreary, poky Dull Street parlour, where she sat all day. Or if they decided not to spend it, but save it up, think of a pound a week ready against a rainy day! Reginald used to have loose enough ideas of the value of money; but the last few weeks had taught him lessons, and one of them was that a pound a week could work wonders.

"Apply confidentially." Yes, of course, or else any duffer might snatch at the prize. It was considerate, too, to put it that way, for of course it would be awkward for any one in a situation to apply unless he could do it confidentially—and quite right too to enclose a stamp for a reply. No one who wasn't in earnest would do so, and thus it would keep out fellows who applied out of mere idle curiosity. "None but respectable intelligent young men need apply." Humph! Reginald's conscience told him he was respectable, and he hoped he was also moderately intelligent, though opinions might differ on that point. "Omega"—that sounded well! The man knew Greek — possibly he was a classical scholar, and therefore sure to be a gentleman. Oh, what a contrast to the cad Durfy! "Liverpool." Ah, there was the one drawback; and yet of course it did not follow the £50 a year was to be earned in Liverpool, otherwise how could it fail to interfere with ordinary business? Besides, why should he advertise in the "Rocket" unless he meant to get applications from Londoners?

Altogether Reginald was pleased with the advertisement. He liked the way it was put, and the conditions it imposed; and, indeed, was so much taken up with the study of it that he almost forgot to set it up in type.

"Whatever are you dreaming about?" said young Gedge; "you've stood like that for a quarter of an hour at least. You'll have Durfy after you if you don't mind."

The name startled Reginald into industry, and he set the advertisement up very clearly and carefully, and re-read it once or twice in the type before he could make up his mind to go on to the next.

The thought of it haunted him all day. Should he tell Horace, or Gedge, or his mother of it? Should he go and give Durfy notice then and there? No, he would reply to it before he told any one; and then, if the answer *was* unsatisfactory—which he could not think possible—then no one would be the wiser or the worse for it.

The day flew on leaden wings. Gedge put his friend's silence down to anxiety as to the consequences of yesterday's adventure, and did and said what he could to express his sympathy. Mr. Durfy alone, sitting at his table, and directing sharp glances every now and then in his direction, could guess the real meaning of his pre-occupation, and chuckled to himself as he saw it.

Reginald spent threepence on his way home that evening—one in procuring a copy of the "Rocket," and two on a couple of postage-stamps. Armed with these, he walked rapidly home with Horace, giving him in an absent sort of way a chronicle of the day's doings, but breathing not a word to him or his mother subsequently about the advertisement.

After supper he excused himself from joining in the usual walk by saying he had a letter to write, and for the first time in his life felt relieved to see his mother and brother go and leave him behind them.

Then he pulled out the newspaper and eagerly read the advertisement once more in print. There it was, not a bit changed! Lots of fellows had seen it by this time, and some of them very likely were at this moment answering it. They shouldn't get the start of him, though!

He sat down and wrote—

"Sir,—Having seen your advertisement in the 'Rocket,' I beg to apply for particulars. I am respectable and fairly intelligent, and am at present employed as compositor in the 'Rocket' newspaper office. I shall be glad to increase my income. I am 18 years of age, and beg to enclose stamp for a reply to this address. Yours truly,—REGINALD CRUDEN."

He was not altogether pleased with

this letter, but it would have to do. If he had had any idea what the advertiser wanted intelligent young men for he might have been able to state his qualifications better. But what was the use of saying "I think I shall suit you" when possibly he might not suit after all?

He addressed the letter carefully, and wrote "private and confidential" on the envelope; and then walked out to post it, just in time, after doing so, to meet his mother and Horace returning from their excursion.

"Well, Reg, have you written your letter?" said his mother, cheerily. "Was it to some old schoolfellow?"

"No, mother," said Reginald, in a tone which meant "I would rather you did not ask me." And Mrs. Cruden did not ask.

"I think," said she, as they stopped at their door—"I almost think, boys, we ought to return the Shucklefords' call. It's only nine o'clock. We might go in for a few minutes. I know you don't care about it; but we must not be rude, you know. What do you think, Reg?"

Reg sighed and groaned and said, "If we must we must;" and so, instead of going in at their own door, they knocked at the next.

The tinkle of a piano upstairs, and the sound of Sam's voice, audible even in the street, announced only too unmistakably that the family was at home, and a collection of pot hats and shawls in the hall betrayed the appalling fact, when it was too late to retreat, that the Shucklefords had visitors! Mrs. Shuckleford came out and received them with open arms.

"'Ow 'appy I am to see you and the boys," said she. "I suppose you saw the extra lights and came in. Very neighbourly it was. We thought about sending you an invite, but didn't like while you was in black for your 'usband. But it's all the same now you're here. Very 'appy to see you. Jemima, my dear, come and tell Mrs. Cruden and the boys you're 'appy to see them; Sam too—it's Sam's majority, Mrs. Cruden; twenty-one he is to-day, and his pa all over—oh, 'ow 'appy I am you've come."

"We had no idea you had friends," said Mrs. Cruden, nervously. "We'll call again, please."

"No you don't, Mrs. Cruden," said the effusive Mrs. Shuckleford; "'ere you are, and 'ere you stays—I am so 'appy to see you. You and I can 'ave a cosy chat in the corner while the young folk enjoy theirselves. Jemima, put a chair for Mrs. C. alongside o' mine; and, Sam, take the boys and see they have some one to talk to 'em."

The dutiful Sam, who appeared entirely to share his mother's jubilation at the arrival of these new visitors, obeyed the order with alacrity.

"Come on, young fellows," said he; "just in time for shouting proverbs. You go and sit down by Miss Tomkins, Horace, her in the green frock; and you had better go next Jemima, Cruden. When I say 'three and away' you've got to shout. Anything'll do, so long as you make a noise."

"No, they must shout their right word," said Miss Tomkins, a vivacious-looking young person of thirty. "Come close," said she to Horace, "and I'll whisper what you've got to shout." Whisper, "'Dog,' that's your word."

Horace seated himself dreamily where he was told, and received the confidential communication of his partner with pathetic resignation. He only wished the signal to shout might soon arrive. As for Reginald, when he felt himself once more in the clutches of the captivating Jemima, and heard her whisper in his ear the mysterious monosyllable "love," his heart became as ice within him, and he sat like a statue in his chair, looking straight before him. Oh, how he hoped "Omega" would give him some occupation for his evenings that would save him from this sort of thing!

"Now call them in," said Sam.

A signal was accordingly given at the door, and in marched a young lady, really a pleasant, sensible-looking young person, accompanied by a magnificently-attired young gentleman, who, to Horace's amazement, proved to be no other than the melancholy Booms.

There was, however, no time just now for an exchange of greetings.

Mr. Booms and his partner were placed standing in the middle of the floor, and the rest of the company were seated in a crescent round them. There was a pause, and you might have heard a pin drop as Samuel slowly lifted his hand and said in a stage whisper,

"Now then, mind what you're at. When I say 'away.' One, two, three, and a—"

At the last syllable there arose a sudden and terrific shout which sent Mrs. Cruden nearly into a fit, and made the loosely-hung windows rattle as if an infernal machine had just exploded on the premises.

The shout was immediately followed by a loud chorus of laughter, and cries of,

"Well, have you guessed it?"

"Yes, I know what it is," said the pleasant young lady. "Do you know, Mr. Booms?"

"No," he said, sadly; "how could I guess? What is it, Miss Crisp?"

"Why, 'Love me love my dog,' isn't it?"

"Right. Well guessed!" cried everyone; and amid the general felicitation that ensued the successful proverb-guessers were made room for in the magic circle, and Horace had a chance of exchanging "How d'ye do?" with Mr. Booms.

"Who'd have thought of meeting you here?" said he, in a whisper.

"I didn't expect to meet you," said the melancholy one. "I say, Cruden, please don't mention—*her*."

"Her? Whom?" said Horace, bewildered.

Booms's reply was a mournful inclination of the head in the direction of Miss Crisp.

"Oh, I see. All right, old man. You're a lucky fellow, I think. She looks a jolly sort of girl."

"Lucky! Jolly! Oh, Cruden," ejaculated his depressed friend.

"Why, what's wrong?" said Horace. "Don't you think she's nice?"

"She is; but Shuckleford, Cruden, is not."

"Hullo, you two," said the voice of the gentleman in question at this moment; "you seem jolly thick. Oh, of course, shopmates; I forgot; both in the news line. Eh? Now, who's for musical chairs? Don't all speak at once."

"I shall have to play the piano now, Mr. Reginald," said Miss Jemima, making a last effort to get a word out of her silent companion. "I'm afraid you're not enjoying yourself a bit."

Reginald rose instinctively as she did, and offered her his arm. He was half dreaming as he did so, and fancying himself back at Garden Vale. It was to his credit that when he discovered what he was doing he did not withdraw his arm, but conducted his partner gallantly to the piano, and said,

"I'm afraid I'm a bad hand at games."

"Musical chairs is great fun," said Miss Jemima. "I wish I could play it and the piano both. You have to run round and round, and then, when the music stops, you flop down on the nearest chair, and there's always one left out, and the last one wins the game. Do try it."

Reginald gave a scared glance at the chairs being arranged back to back in a long line down the room, and said,

"May I play the piano instead? and then you can join in the game."

"What! do *you* play the piano?" exclaimed the young lady, forgetting her dignity and clapping her hands. "Oh, my eye, what a novelty. Ma, Mr. Reginald's going to play for musical chairs! Sam, do you hear? Mr. Cruden plays the piano! Isn't it fun?"

Reginald flung himself with a sigh down on the cracked music-stool. Music was his one passion, and the last few months had been bitter to him for want of it. He would go out of his way often even to hear a street piano, and the brightest moments of his Sundays were often those spent within sound of the roll of the organ.

It was like a snatch of the old life to find his fingers once more laid caressingly on the notes of a piano; and as he touched them and began to play, the Shucklefords, the "Rocket," Omega, all faded from his thoughts, and he was lost in his music.

What a piano it was! Tinny and cracked and out of tune. The music was in the boy's soul, and it mattered comparatively little. He began with "Weber's last waltz," and dreamed off from it into a gavotte of Corelli's, and from that into something else, calling up favourite after favourite to suit the passing moods of his spirit, and feeling happier than he had felt for months.

But "Weber's last waltz" and Corelli's gavottes are not the music one would naturally select for musical chairs; and when the strains continue uninterrupted for five or ten minutes, during the whole of which time the company is perambulating round and round an array of empty chairs, the effect is somewhat monotonous. Mrs. Shuckleford's guests trotted round good-humouredly for some time, then they got a little tired, then a little impatient, and finally Samuel, as he passed close behind the music-stool, gave the performer a dig in the back, which had the desired effect of stopping the music suddenly. Whereupon everybody flopped down on the seat nearest within reach. Some found vacancies at once, others had to scamper frantically round in search of them, and finally, as the chairs were one fewer in number than the company, one luckless player was left out to enjoy the fun of those who remained in.

"All right," said Samuel, when the first round was decided, and a chair withdrawn in anticipation of the next;

"I only nudged you to stop a bit sooner, Cruden. The game will last till midnight if you give us such long doses."

Doses! Reginald turned once more to the piano and tried once more to lose himself in its comforting music. He played a short German air of only four lines, which ended in a plaintive, wailing cadence. Again the moment the music ceased he heard the scuffling and scampering and laughter behind him, and shouts of,

"Polly's out! Polly's out!"

"I say," said Shuckleford, as they stood ready for the next round, "give us a jingle, Cruden; 'Pop goes the Weasel,' or something of that sort. That last was like the tune the cow died of. And stop short in the middle of a line, anyhow."

Reginald rose from the piano with flushed cheeks, and said,

"I'm afraid I'm not used to this sort of music. Perhaps Miss Shuckleford—"

"Yes, Jim, you play. You know the way. You change places with Jim, Cruden, and come and run round."

But Reginald declined the invitation with thanks, and took up a comic paper, in which he attempted to bury himself, while Miss Shuckleford hammered out the latest polka on the piano, stopping abruptly and frequently enough to finish half a dozen rounds in the time it had taken him to dispose of two.

Fresh games followed, and to all except the Crudens the evening passed merrily and happily. Even Horace felt the infection of the prevalent good-humour and threw off the reserve he had at first been tempted to wear in an effort to make himself generally agreeable. Mrs. Cruden, cooped up in a corner with her loquacious hostess, did her best too not to be a damper on the general festivity. But Reginald made no effort to be other than he felt himself. He could not have done it if he had tried. But as scarcely any one seemed afflicted on his account, even his unsociability failed to make Samuel Shuckleford's majority party anything but a brilliant success.

In due time supper appeared to crown the evening's delights. And after supper a gentleman got up and proposed a toast, which of course was the health of the hero of the occasion.

Samuel replied in a facetious County Court address, in which he expressed himself "jolly pleased to see so many friends around him, and hoping they'd all enjoyed their evening, and that if there were any of them still to come of age—(laughter)—they'd have as high an old time of it as he had had to-night. He was sure ma and Jim said ditto to all he said. And before he sat down he was very glad to see their new next-door neighbours. (Hear, hear.) They'd had their troubles, but they could reckon on friends in that room. The young fellows were bound to get on if they stuck to their shop, and he'd like to drink the health of them and their ma." (Cheers).

The health was drunk. Mrs. Cruden looked at Reginald, Horace looked at Reginald, but Reginald looked straight before him and bit his lips and breathed hard. Whereupon Horace rose and said,

"We think it very kind of you to drink our healths; and I am sure we are much obliged to you all for doing so."

Which said, the Shucklefords' party broke up, and the Crudens went home.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

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CHAPTER XX.—FRAU VON STEINFELDT.

The winter has crept on. The snows are lying so thick that where the footpath has been cut through the white mass on the boulevards a wall of nearly seven feet high is presented on either hand of the pedestrian.

The courtyards of the various houses (which, indeed, are important elements in the economy of the Russian houses) are well cleared of snow by the very industrious dvorniks, whose duties seem so manifold that we English, with all our "go," would be puzzled to get through half of them. One of these duties is to clear the courts of the snow, which is no easy task.

The first thing to be done when the heavy falls set in is to clear a pathway through the court for the various inhabitants of the house to approach the back entrances by which servants and tradespeople find access, and therefore the snow is shovelled off and flung in two heaps on either side. Periodically carts come and clear off this encumbrance of the court, and this is most vigorously done just after the thaw begins at the end of April. But besides this, after each heavy fall, there is almost of necessity a clearance of roads and pathways in the towns. Still, when the grand clearing begins in April thaw, there is hard work for shovel and pick-axe, for the successive layers of snow press heavily and still more heavily on the lowest stratum until this becomes a sheet of ice as hard and firm as marble.

At this time the frozen rivers break up, and huge blocks of ice are borne from the smaller streams to the grand waters of the big rivers that intersect Russia. Enough snow lies in the roads to afford a good travelling basis to the sledges, which for so many months of the year are the chief means of transit. From the beginning of November until the thaw in April, generally speaking, no *wheels* are seen in the great towns, everything being moved on sledges, the only vehicles, save the few tram-cars, the railway-trains, and the Imperial state carriages for town use, which are on wheels.

The trial of Abrazoff for the suppression of Ivan's identity, wrongful detention of property, and other malpractices, has been concluded in Ivan's favour, for whose property Smirnoff has been named curator and administrator. But Ivan had implored him to provide for the wife and children of the malefactor, which he, greatly to his own disgust, has consented to do; for Ivan declared, on the day of the decision of the court, that unless something were done for them he would, on coming of age, make the whole over to Pavel.

To avert this—which, with Ivan's obstinate character, was far from unlikely—Smirnoff had visited Madame Abrazoff and had requested her to retain the town lodging which she now occupied, and to continue the education of her children on the same scale as before. But Madame Abrazoff declined to accept any *alms* from the "enemy of her house," as she called Ivan.

The cause had occupied a comparatively short time, for all the evidence had been conclusive. Brandt gained much reputation by his conduct of the whole affair, the real fact being that it was so clear a case that every attempt at defence broke down, and Ivan was triumphant.

Ivan's great object, now that winter had really set in, and the roads were covered with their mantle of smooth snow, through which — along certain beaten tracks, at least—the sledge would glide swiftly, and, but for the merry bells, noiselessly, was to visit Siberia, and, if possible, rescue his friend Anniesie from the terrors of exile. His great trouble was Smirnoff's violent opposition to his going. He would not hear of it under any pretence whatever; nor was it until Madame Kakaroff said that she thought Ivan would "be missing" a third time unless permission were obtained, that he could be brought to listen to the idea for a moment.

At last, one day, after a long talk with that lady, he sent for Ivan and said to him,

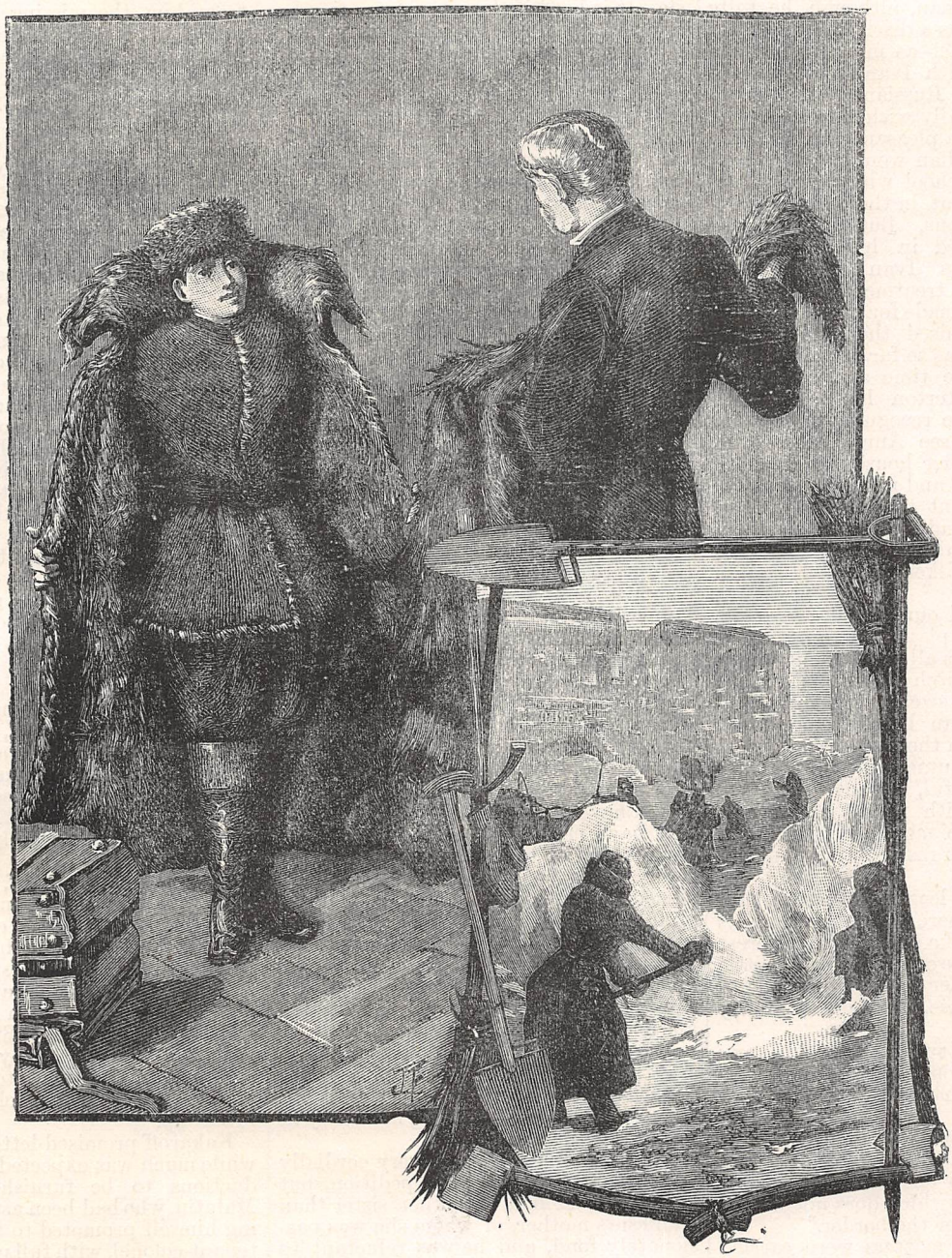
"I hear some bad things of you, Ivan. You are, I understand, resolved to give me more pain than you have yet caused, and no person in this world has ever given me so much. You are bent on carrying out this mad scheme of going to Siberia, and even *without* my consent if you cannot go with it. How a boy like you can dare to set himself up against those who are older than himself—those to whom he owes everything—and bid defiance to their wishes, is more than I can understand. You have been rescued from worse than poverty, and raised to more than ordinary wealth. You are a mere child, and yet you have been treated like an equal by the most distinguished people of Russia. I have ever been a kind friend and father to you, and in return you do everything in your power to show your ingratitude. I have now

had enough; and I intend, as the most reasonable thing to be done with you, to place you as a boarder with Director Schwann, and to give him special charge over you. You will be allowed absolutely no liberty except during the summer vacation, which you are to spend with Tenterton in England. There you will be under his entire control."

felt rather unwell; I did not run away. It was fortunate in the end, because the police-officer found that I was the son of Captain Abrazoff, which was a great help, you know. And then Anniesie. Next to you, I owe everything to her. She preserved me from the cannibal, and though she *did* make me wear girl's clothes, I can forgive everything for her

uncle; you ought to invite them and ask them what they think. I shall want her to go with me, at any rate, so if she is against it I won't go. Ask her to talk it over with you, at least."

"It's of no use, Ivan. I cannot consent, as curator or guardian of a child, to expose him to such hardships and dangers. It cannot be!"



"Boxes were packed and fresh furs bought for the journey."

Ivan fell on his knees and clasped his hands in an agony of supplication. "Do not be so harsh with me," he pleaded. "I have, indeed I have, tried to do my best with Mr. Tenterton. I have made progress in German, in French, and Latin, to everybody's satisfaction, only to please you. I did not run away from you of my own free idea; it was Serge Nicolaevitch who took me, and you know how I suffered in consequence. The second time I did not mean to run away. I slipped out in the evening because I

kind treatment afterwards. Pray let me go and save her from the mines. I can do it, I know, and then I will never ask you for any further indulgence. You know Karamsoff goes every year to Siberia. He goes ever so far by rail and the rest by sledge. I should not get into any mischief. People might think I was going for you, and I really understand travelling. Madame Kakaroff thinks I ought to go, so does Ivan Petrovitch, only he dare not say so. I want you to write to Anniesie's aunt, and to her

"But you need not give me permission, You allow me to pay a visit to the Steinfeldts, who were so good to me when I was sent away from the cannibal with Anniesie. She will take me with her, and you only give permission as far as Kursk, and if she takes me on with her, why, that is not your fault, is it?"

"I must repeat what I have said, Ivan. It is utterly out of the question."

Finding all persuasion useless, Ivan next thought he would try some other influence. He begged for a fortnight's

interval before being sent to Schwann as a pupil, professing the profoundest disgust at the idea. Fortunately for Ivan, the "manners and customs" of that gentleman were getting more and more talked about by the general public, and Smirnoff was not so anxious about the matter as he appeared to be, although he felt that under Schwann the boy would find escape impossible. He disliked Schwann as a man, although he fully believed in him as a disciplinarian. He had a desire to act as much as possible in conformity with Ivan's wishes. He was, like most Russians, anxious to please, and he really wished to make the path of learning a pleasant road for Ivan. An English guardian would have packed his ward off to school without any hesitation, and without in the least consulting his inclinations. But Smirnoff was more kind-hearted in his views, and thought that as Ivan would have to endure the treatment, the more endurable it was made for him the better. He readily promised the extension of time, and Ivan was so far victorious.

As soon as the time arrived for his walk with Tenterton he begged his friend (for such he recognised him to be) to take him to see Anna Feodorovna Kakaroff, and as her house was situated on the boulevard, and it was not too cold to walk, they bent their steps thither. They found the lady at home, to whom Ivan now communicated his plan, having seen Tenterton walked off by "His High Excellency."

"You see," said our hero, "I *must* go. No other boy can play the two parts. I have the passports all right enough now, and Egor Sergevitch has promised me letters to police 'swells' out there, and you can make Ivan Petrovitch do what you like. Only in the first place I want you to invite Anniesie's aunt. That would be delightful, because then she could walk off with me at once. Mr. Smirnoff could no more resist her than Pavel Abrazoff can resist sugar-plums at Einem's."*

"Well, I will at least write to this lady and tell her that there are certain persons in Moscow who take so great an interest in her niece that she ought to join the little party and add her aid to our united efforts in the cause. I think she may come."

"Think! I am sure of it," said Ivan; "and when she comes I will undertake to make her do what is right. Tell her that I am in it. But there is another thing that we must do—we must find out the part of Siberia where Anniesie is and the number which she has received instead of the name, which does not accompany prisoners over the border."

Within a week matters were carried out pretty much as Ivan had suggested. The plan worked well. The Steinfeldts had arrived by special invitation; Mr. Smirnoff was won over; for Madame Steinfeldt said she would go too. She thus explained the matter to Ivan's guardian:

"Do you think that I could countenance his being sent, child that he is, into the interior of Siberia, to run all possible risks there and on the journey? Why, he would never come back alive! But I undertake the expedition, and Ivan only goes out as my companion and aid, for without him I am powerless. I trust you will allow him to go. I am the mother of a family of children, and yet my husband gives me leave to attempt the rescue of my sister's child; and, after all, Ivan has no such sacred ties as that to bind him to his home. His actual relatives have shown themselves all along his worst enemies. His two friends are yourself and Anniesie. It is hard if the one refuses to allow him to help in rescuing the other. Every moment is precious, and we have already lost time enough. I shall ask the general for letters of introduction to the governor of the district. I shall travel well attended, and in the best manner, on my own account as well as Ivan's, and I am sure to have aid in regard of the passports for myself and children."

Even Smirnoff was pleased with having seen reason to yield, knowing how much Ivan's heart was set upon getting off to Siberia. He dreaded driving him to open rebellion, or to the step of "running away," although he judged that the boy's feeling of honour and sudden determination to stick to the truth at all hazards would prevent his taking such a step after promising not to do so unless very high pressure were used. So Ivan was kept in ignorance of the arrival of Herr and Madame von Steinfeldt until the evening when he was to meet them at Smirnoff's.

"You know, Ivan," said Smirnoff, as they were sitting together on a sort of committee of ways and means—"you know that you *could* not have gone alone, nor would it have been of the slightest use, for prisoners, I find, in Siberia are not permitted to see mere friends and acquaintances. They are only allowed to receive actual *relations*, so that unless Frau von Steinfeldt had gone with you there would have been no chance whatever of your seeing Anniesie at all. You would have been taken up on suspicion, and have ended your days in prison. I say nothing of the cruel disappointment to me which your loss would have occasioned, the care wasted, and the hopes of your future all brought to nought. Your going with Madame Steinfeldt will remove the difficulty, inasmuch as she will be permitted to see Anniesie, and will probably have to present you to the authorities as one of her sons, in which case fresh passports must be provided, and this must be done at the office of the governor-general, whose secretary, Mr. Levinski, will do everything necessary at my representation."

Von Steinfeldt did not very cordially approve of the Siberian expedition, but his wife never had any other sister than Anniesie's mother, of whom she was passionately fond, and he was reluctant to place any difficulties in the way of her seeing—and, if possible, saving—this beloved sister's child. Von Hohenhorst had been a fashionable dandy guardsman in the days of his youth, and his wife's family had strongly objected to the marriage at first, but on the death of his father he had inherited a large fortune, left the service, and settled down, as he said, as a quiet country gentleman, looking after his land. He renewed his offer, and was accepted, but soon after his marriage he gave way to gambling. The young bride was not long in the enjoyment of her happiness. The lands were sold, and von Hohenhorst was a pauper. A house in St. Petersburg wanted at this time a confidential German clerk, and von Steinfeldt had recommended his wife's brother. Von Hohenhorst accepted, and went to St. Petersburg, where, however, it was found, after two years, that he had falsified the books and had embezzled large sums of money. To screen his wife's family von Steinfeldt had induced the principals to forbear prosecuting on condition of their receiving from him the missing sums of money, which were paid. Anniesie was about ten years of age when this took place, and she was left an orphan by the death of her mother. Frau von Steinfeldt wished to take the little girl into her family and adopt her as one of her own, but the girl was passionately attached to her father, and could never see anything but good in the wretched outcast, who, however, had the one virtue of being as passionately devoted to her. Hohenhorst had now become connected with revolutionists and anarchists—people who are to society what wolves and other beasts of prey are among the flocks and herds. When Hohenhorst joined this fraternity von Steinfeldt had heard of it in some way, and had begged him to change his name on account of his wife's family, which he actually had the consideration to do, assuming that of Hermann. How he lived it was impossible to say, but he joined the gang of evil-doers infesting Moscow, and besides the graver crime of attempting the destruction of the national government, he was concerned in various great robberies, which had thrown the police into perfect consternation.

"As," said Steinfeldt, "the expedition is for the good of my wife's family, I cannot think of accepting any pecuniary help from Mr. Smirnoff, or, indeed, from any other friend of Ivan's. The whole undertaking becomes mine in right of my wife, whose expenses I alone can pay. The generous aid offered by Ivan we accept most cheerfully, but we cannot accept money."

"But," said Smirnoff, "*I* cannot let him travel at your expense, and so I propose that we divide the expense between us. In fact, that will be the only condition of my full permission."

After some talk this arrangement was definitely agreed upon as final. Both Ivan and Madame von Steinfeldt agreed that the winter journey would be best, and preparations were to be commenced at once. With this resolution the party broke up.

Kakaroff promised letters and support, while much was expected from the introductions to be furnished by Captain Malutin, who had been astonished at finding himself promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, with full pay and appointments. Things are so wonderful in Russia! Boxes were packed and fresh furs bought for the journey, although it was fortunately not a very cold winter.

It was decided to travel by railway as far as possible, and no one can imagine who has not experienced it what luxurious travelling it is in Russia. The time was decided on and all preliminaries were arranged; but so important a step as a journey to Siberia is not to be treated at the fag end of a chapter, so we propose to resume the account of Ivan's adventures in a new one.

(To be continued.)

* A celebrated maker of sweets in Moscow.

TOM STANTON: A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Tom slept late, in spite of repeated calls from the other boys, whose rooms were near his. Prayers were over, and the servants were just leaving the dining-room as he jumped the last few steps of the stairs into the hall. Mrs. Stanton was making the tea, and received his excuses kindly. Jack was sitting on the floor by a window with his dog in his arms, while Bertie was kneeling on a chair with his elbows on the table, and was talking earnestly to his father, who seemed amused.

"Let your father read his paper, Bertie," cried Mrs. Stanton.

"But, mother, this is something really important; we may never have such a chance again!"

"What is it?" asked Tom, going towards Jack.

"Why, an old building that has been used for all sorts of things is to be pulled down to-day, and we want to take Snap down there. The men say the place is swarming with rats, and there will be a lot of dogs to catch them. Father doesn't much care for us to be there, but I think it will be fun, don't you?"

"Rather!" said Tom. "Let us hurry. How soon do they commence?"

"Oh, they are at it now, I suppose; but the things won't begin to run yet. I think father will let us go, and we shall be in very good time!"

Down at the farm they found a good many men assembled watching the demolition of the old building. Some outsiders, having heard of what was going to be done, had arrived in expectation of the fun, bringing with them a strange variety of curs, which, although held in cords by their owners, stiffened their backs and growled at each other, even breaking sometimes into open warfare. There was a good deal of noise and dust, and much rough joking on the part of the men; but, on the whole, it was an animated scene, and the boys found it very amusing. Many hands being at work, the walls began to come down very quickly; and presently out of a thick cloud of dust there came a cry of "Look out, down there!" followed by a snap from one or two of the captive dogs, and an exclamation of "Got away!" from some of the men. Then the curs were loosed by their several owners, and, apparently quite aware of what was expected from them, wandered round the heaps of bricks and mortar with ears and tails erect and sharp watchful eyes. Soon they had plenty to do, and nobly did old Snap distinguish himself, being urged on and applauded by the boys.

Amongst the spectators was a man who had brought a very ugly but clever terrier, which had done great execution with the air of an expert. His owner kept his eye on the dog, but appeared to regard all that went on more as a matter of business than amusement. He was a strange-looking fellow with very light hair and a red sunburnt face marked with the smallpox, and was clothed in shabby grey cords and gaiters, with a faded green coat and a red handkerchief wound tightly round his neck.

As the excitement began to slacken he drew near Jack, and, watching for a glance of recognition, touched his cap obsequiously.

"Hullo, Bart, is that you?" remarked Jack, carelessly.

"Yes, Mr. Jack, it's me, and glad I am to see you two gents home again." Then drawing nearer, "Nothing in my way to-day, squire, I suppose?"

"No, nothing," said Jack, turning away.

"Because supposing you wanted a rabbit or a guinea-pig as would do you credit, or a squir'l, or a pair of mice as white as milk, I know where I could lay hands on them—for you, sir, not for every one."

"No; I am getting tired of things like that. You must invent something new, Bart, if you want me to buy."

"All right, squire. You wouldn't like a little real sport with beauties like them, now, would you?"

"Ferrets?" exclaimed Jack, as two long, slim, white things were tenderly produced from the recesses of the other's waistcoat.

"Ferrets they are, and there isn't a-many things in their own line as could escape them, if I give 'em the chance. Please to be careful, sir; they're apt to be a little spiteful with strangers. But there, what a treat it is to see them animals bolt their game. There ain't a prettier sight on earth. Say the word, squire; shall it be to-day?"

Jack looked round while the hoarse voice continued to speak. Bertie was not to be seen; but Tom was standing near, and turned quickly as he heard his name called.

"Look here," Jack said, and pointed to the snake-like creatures struggling in their owner's hands. Bart again touched his cap and expatiated on the merits of his pets, while Tom wondered and admired. He caught at the suggestion of sport, and eagerly proposed that they should accept Bart's offer.

Jack looked uncomfortable.

"I don't know whether father would like it," he said. "Just wait here a minute, Bart. I wonder where Bertie is?"

While looking round for his brother Jack explained to his cousin that, as Mr. Bart did not bear the most unblemished character, Mr. Stanton very much objected to the boys having dealings with him. "He is so useful that the men about here like him to come sometimes, so father does not forbid it; but I am sure he would never let us go anywhere with him."

"What a nuisance!" grumbled Tom. "That is always the way when one wants to do anything very much. Things that one likes always seem to be wrong."

"Yes, don't they?" said Jack, kicking the stones in front of him. "I want awfully to see some ferreting, but I know it wouldn't be the least use asking father."

"I suppose not. But I say, don't you think, for once, we might go without asking him?"

Jack reddened. "I shouldn't like to; and we should get into such a row afterwards when he knew it."

"Yes; but I mean, I don't see why he should know it. Can't we just go for an hour or so this afternoon, and say nothing about it?"

"No, Tom; I don't think we can."

"I declare I must see those ferrets at work. It's capital fun, I know; and what can be the harm? We need not have anything more to do with that fellow afterwards. Oh, I say, Jack, let us manage it somehow!"

"We can't, Tom; it isn't possible. Bertie would tell you so, too, if he were here."

"Well, look here. Suppose I go and ask Bertie what he thinks? He is a good little chap, and won't split."

"Split! No; but he will say the same as I do."

"At any rate, I can go and speak to him. Just wait here a minute till I come back."

Jack sat down on a log of wood and looked gloomily at the ground. The suggestion that they should secretly do a thing so contrary to his father's wishes had disturbed him deeply. He, too, longed for the amusement offered, and sat thinking about it until he felt as if it were the only thing worth doing. As Tom said, there seemed nothing really wrong about it, and perhaps his father would not mind much when it was all over.

When Tom came back, with Bertie beside him, Jack looked inquiringly at his brother. The little fellow's face was clouded, and he listened in silence to his cousin's eager explanations.

"Yes, of course it would be fun," he said, at last; "but we can't do it, can we, Jack?"

"I don't know," said Jack, slowly; "I suppose not."

"Father would never allow us, so what is the use of thinking about it?"

"Oh, Bertie, shut up!" said Tom, impatiently. "We know that as well as you do. We want you to think of some way of managing it."

"Well, I can't, then! And if I were you I should stop thinking about it."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Tom, turning away impatiently as Bertie ran off again.

He was in a fever of impatience. Brought up as he had been by a father who idolised him and granted his every wish, he had never learnt to relinquish his own plans at the desire of those wiser than himself. Surrounded too long by the falsehood and servility of Indian servants, he had missed the wholesome training which makes a boy shrink from deceit as from dishonour. His lips lent themselves readily to something that was not quite the truth, and Jack's hesitation now only appeared to him a want of daring quite unworthy of a fellow with any pluck.

Going back to Bart, who was whistling to his ugly terrier, Tom entered into an eager conversation, after which dog and master withdrew in the slinking, agile manner of their kind, and Tom sauntered back to where his cousin was still sitting.

"Well, have you made up your mind?" he asked, with a slightly contemptuous smile.

"Yes, I have," said Jack, rising.

"There was a shout from Tom."

"You will go?"

"No; not I!"

"All right, then; there is no use in saying anything more about it. Your father will be out this afternoon, won't he?"

"Yes, and mother too. They are going to drive into the town, and dinner will be half an hour later."

"That's splendid. I like a good long afternoon," and so speaking the boys went slowly back to the house.

After lunch Tom left his cousins on some excuse and did not return. While seeing their father and mother start the boys did not miss him, and it was only after some time that his prolonged absence struck them as strange. No answer coming to their shouts, and his room being empty when they looked in, they wandered down to the farm, expecting to find him amusing himself with the animals there.

But in the meantime Tom had run off to join Bart, who had been waiting for him under a large hollow oak-tree in a remote corner of the park. Together they made their way to some hedgerows, where Tom enjoyed the pleasure which he had longed for to its fullest extent. Hour after hour passed in ever-growing excitement, and when one of Bart's snake-like hunters entered a burrow the boy watched and listened with the same eagerness as the ugly terrier which took a share in the sport.

At last the lengthening shadows reminded Bart that evening was approaching, and that he had far to go; and, turning to his companion, he suggested that it was time to return.

Tom said "All right" rather reluctantly, and took up the ferret in his hands while Bart was making arrangements for the concealment of the dead rabbits.

The man was just saying, "Don't you attempt to take the line off his neck yourself, sir," when there was a shout from Tom. For a moment the ferret was seen hanging to one of his fingers, then it dropped off, and disappeared rapidly into a rabbit-hole.

(To be continued.)

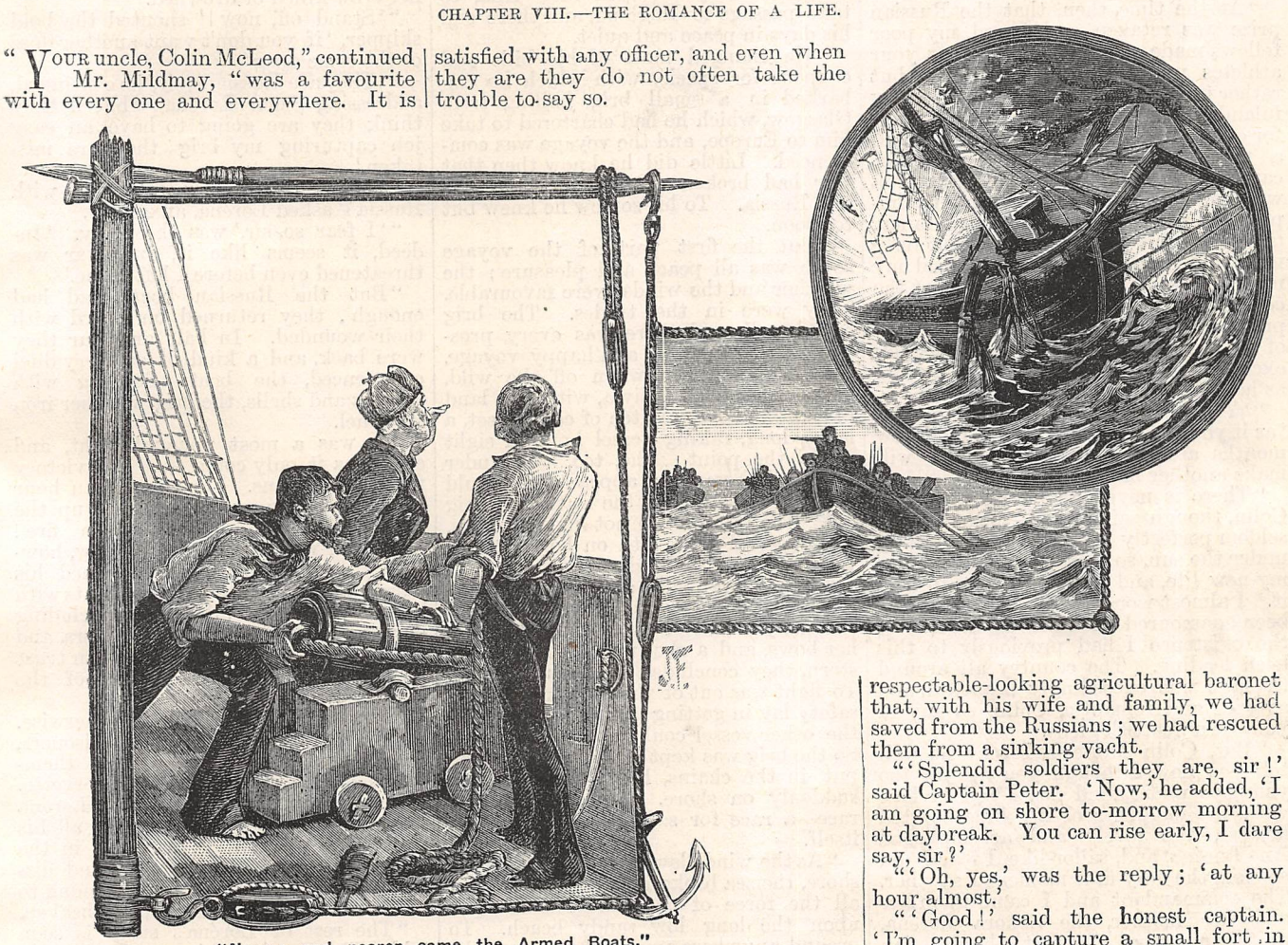
ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

"Your uncle, Colin McLeod," continued Mr. Mildmay, "was a favourite with every one and everywhere. It is hardly too much to say that the men in his ship all but worshipped him, while his officers not only respected their captain, but were proud of him. The admiral of the fleet had said more than once he could trust Captain Peter and his bold Bellona to do anything, and, strange though it may seem, the Admiralty at home were satisfied with all he did do. This is really strange, because Admiralties are seldom or never satisfied with any officer, and even when they are they do not often take the trouble to say so.



"Nearer and nearer came the Armed Boats."

"You may be sure we had plenty of fighting while we belonged to the old Bellona, both in her and out of her, both afloat and ashore.

"Captain Peter prided himself on the proficiency in drill which his crew had attained. 'They are not only fine sailors,' he would say, 'but they are jolly good soldiers. Can't be beaten, in fact.'

"I remember your uncle making use of these very words to a small intensely respectable-looking agricultural baronet that, with his wife and family, we had saved from the Russians; we had rescued them from a sinking yacht.

"'Splendid soldiers they are, sir!' said Captain Peter. 'Now,' he added, 'I am going on shore to-morrow morning at daybreak. You can rise early, I dare say, sir?'

"'Oh, yes,' was the reply; 'at any hour almost.'

"'Good!' said the honest captain. 'I'm going to capture a small fort in here. You shall go with us, Sir George. It will be a treat for you, and you will then see what kind of soldiers the sailors of the Bellona are.'

"'Me go with you!' cried Sir George, forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"The old Bellona was engaged on special service. She wasn't a very fast sailer, but it is wonderful, after all, what we did with her. We were here, there, and everywhere, one day acting as con-

voy to a fleet of our own merchantmen—for there were pirates in those days in the Levant—next fighting a Russian frigate, and next probably on shore storming a fort.

"Those were stirring times, I can tell you, and some of the scrapes your uncle got into would have been both sad and serious had it not been that he invariably managed to get out of them all in the neatest manner imaginable. Yes, we had lots of fighting, and—although we never complained—short commons. Very often we had nothing for dinner but weevily biscuits, and what we left was fried in a little dripping for supper. The excitement carried us through, but we were all pretty war-worn.

"War-worn, but not weary. Not a bit of it! Only with the exception of the cook, who, the men said, kept up the rotundity of his person by licking the soup-ladle, there wasn't a single ounce of spare fat on any of us, from the captain to the cabin-boy. We looked positively gaunt, with semi-sunken eyes, brown skins, and high cheekbones. But our muscles were steel, our sinews like strips of machinery belts.

"At the time, then, that the Russian prize was retaken and I and my poor fellows made prisoners I was what your athletes would call in fine form, but rather under weight. The long journey inland and my sufferings by the way—for our escort was a sergeant fellow and a troop of irregular, *very* irregular, cavalry, none of whom understood a word of English—did not tend to improve my condition. You may fancy, then, how glad I was to find myself once more under a hospitable roof. And my mind was all the more easy in that the commandant of the fort had not only promised to look well after the comforts of my men, but to endeavour to effect an exchange of prisoners at as early a date as he could.

"'You look, though,' he added, kindly, 'as if you really needed a rest, and a few months among our bracing hills will make another man of you.'

"There is never any good growling, Colin, though sailors are—so they say—seldom perfectly pleased with anything under the sun, so I soon settled down to my new life, and I came in time to love it. I almost wondered how I could have been enamoured with the excitement of the existence I had previously to this been leading. The country all around the lake was exceedingly beautiful, and as wild and romantic, Colin, as any of your own Scottish glens.

"But, Colin McLeod, I may as well tell you now, although you are far too young to understand me, I fell in love with the daughter of my kind-hearted hostess, the lovely and accomplished Ana Loréna, and, sailor-like, I fear I did so from the very first moment I saw her. The commandant and I came upon her and her mother, the Señora Loréna, quite unawares. In fact, the Russian officer stalked quietly up to the casement window smoking his cigarette, and I followed. Anetta, as he called her, did not perceive me, for I was hidden by the roses that clustered around the verandah; so she merely gave one upward glance at the commandant, and a smile so sweet I had never seen on a face before—and went on with her song, a very tender one, a very plaintive one, called 'Juanita.'"

"I know it," said Colin.

"Then some day you must sing it to me. It will restore to me for a time the feelings of days long gone by, of days that were to me the happiest in all my existence. The name Loréna will strike you as being a Spanish one. My hostess was of Spanish extraction, but theirs was a very sad story. They came, or rather they had been brought, from Lima, in South America. You have never been there yet, but I have, and fain would be there again. But something tells me that I shall not live to visit that fair city any more, and this is my chief reason for confiding to you the history of the romance of my life.

"Lima is to my thinking the most charming city in the world; the scenery all about it is an earthly paradise. Alas! that it should be the scene of so much dissension and strife and periodical outbursts of war and rebellion!

"Señor Loréna had lived long in this city, and had amassed wealth, but, tired at last of the continual excitement, he determined, with his wife and only daughter—only child, in fact—Ana, to take passage to England, and there end his days in peace and quiet.

"He changed most of his bills and coupons for specie, with which he embarked in a small brig hailing from Glasgow, which he had chartered to take him to Europe, and the voyage was commenced. Little did he know then that war had broken out betwixt England and Russia. To his sorrow he knew but too soon.

"But the first part of the voyage south was all peace and pleasure; the weather and the winds were favourable. They were in the trades. The brig sailed well, and there was every prospect of a prosperous and happy voyage. One day, however, when off the wild, barren shores of Bolivia, with the land in sight and every stitch of canvas set, a large, long, raking vessel hove in sight round the point. She, too, was under sail, and from her appearance would draw at least double the water the brig did. The captain did not like her looks, and, with all his wealth on board, Señor Loréna was exceedingly nervous.

"As the large ship altered her course and bore down towards them, and as presently a ball of smoke rose up from her bows, and a shot tore past the brig's stern, they concluded she was a pirate. To fight was out of the question. Their safety lay in getting well in shore, where the other vessel could not follow them. So the brig was kept away, and two men put in the chains, lest she might run suddenly on shore. It was a strange race—a race for safety—a race for life itself.

"As the wind blew directly towards the shore, the sea broke in great rollers with all the force of the wide Pacific right upon the long low sandy beach. To ground anywhere among these would be fatal. They had the satisfaction at last, however, of seeing the great ship lie-to. She would not venture farther, and presently the brig herself cast anchor. It would soon be night, and as there was no moon, they hoped to slip away in the darkness.

Several shots were fired by the enemy, who now displayed the Russian flag, but every shot fell short. Much to the consternation of those in the brig, boats were now seen to be lowered, no less than four of them, and were soon swiftly speeding over the water towards the brig.

"'Let us fight!' cried Loréna.

"'That we will,' said McGregor, the captain. 'My brig shall never be taken by boats as long as I have a shot in the locker.'

"So the crew were armed, and the only guns on board—two brass six-pounders—were loaded and run out.

"Nearer and nearer came the armed boats.

"McGregor hailed them in English.

"'Stand off,' he cried, 'or we'll blow you out of the water.'

"The reply was a hailstorm of bullets from the small arms of those in the boats.

"'Give it 'em now!' roared McGregor, as the boats still advanced.

"The brig's guns were loaded with pieces of old iron, terribly bad for the guns, Colin. But it was terribly bad for the first of those boats as well. McGregor himself laid and fired the piece, and the result was appalling. The Russian boat was literally blown to sticks, and half her crew killed or drowned.

"'Stand off, now!' shouted the bold skipper, 'if you don't want another dose of the same drug.'

"'They are Russians, sir,' he continued, addressing Señor Loréna; 'but if they think they are going to have an easy job capturing my brig they are mistaken.'

"'Is England, then, at war with Russia?' asked Loréna, anxiously.

"'I fear so, sir,' was the reply. 'Indeed, it seems like it, and war was threatened even before I left home.'

"But the Russian boats had had enough; they returned on board with their wounded. In half an hour they were back, and a kind of artillery duel commenced, the boats fighting with rockets and shells, the brig with her iron shrapnel.

"It was a most unequal fight, and ended, as it only could end, in a victory for the Russians. For in half an hour smoke was seen coming spewing up the fore-hatch — the brig was on fire! McGregor was a determined fellow, however. He got up sail and beached his burning brig, then took to the boats with his passengers and all hands, concluding he would rather brave the breakers, and land on an inhospitable shore, than trust himself to the tender mercies of the enemy.

"But fate had willed it otherwise. They were pursued and made prisoners, and in a very short time found themselves on board the Russian corvette. The brig was left to smoulder. Loréna was a poorer man now; nearly all his wealth, all his specie, was left in the burning vessel, which blew up and disappeared, every timber of her seeming to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

"The rest of Loréna's story is soon told. The Russian ship was homeward-bound, and in two months' time the unfortunate family found themselves in the very village to which I was led a prisoner of war. They, however, were told they were free.

"Loréna was not destitute; he still had bonds to sell, and might have gone to England and settled down in ease, though not in affluence; but his wife and daughters were enamoured of the quiet beauty of the scenery in which

they now found themselves, and so they stayed in the village. They took a small farm—a rose farm—and at the time I made the acquaintance of the Señora and her daughter the father had been dead about a year; the new life had not suited him, who had been accustomed all his days to bustle and to business.

"Colin, I loved little Ana Loréna, as I have already said, from the very day I first entered her presence. But it was not till six long months after that I dared to tell her so.

"I had been out on the lake shooting wild birds; it was winter, and the ice covered the whole surface of the loch, and ducks, geese, and even black swans were abundant. In my hurry to get one of the latter, which was only wounded, I fell. Some snow got into one barrel of my gun, and when I next fired it burst. One large piece struck me on the left arm, severing an artery and making a terrible wound.

"When I recovered consciousness I was at home in the little cottage, and both Ana and her mother were tending me. I need not describe my long illness further than to say it was to me one of the sweetest periods of my chequered career, for I soon knew that Ana loved me even as I loved her. We were married in the ensuing spring in this village of roses. Ah, Colin! life seemed all roses to me then. But my happiness was of brief duration, for in less than six weeks came the order for my exchange."

The lieutenant suddenly ceased talking, and his eyes had a far-away, dreamy, even mournful, look in them when he shortly afterwards resumed his narrative.

"Go I must, and leave all I now held dear! My duty called me. Duty! I had ever looked upon it as a sacred thing, but with its sacredness there now appeared to me to be mingled something of the awful. Duty and destiny were beckoning me away. Obedience must be mine.

"Then hope came to our aid and solace. It told a too flattering tale, and for more than a week before our parting Ana and I talked about nothing else save the happiness in store for us when we should once again be reunited, never to have to say 'Farewell' any more as long as life lasted.

"On my arrival at home, or shortly after, I was appointed to a ship for service on the eastern shores of Africa. It was what sailors call 'the tail end of a commission,' so I had not to be away for more than a year.

"Never a year of all my life, Colin, passed more slowly to me than that did, yet peace was proclaimed at last, and we were ordered back to England.

"But letters during the previous two months I had had none, either from my wife or her mother.

"As soon as I arrived at Portsmouth I asked for and obtained six months' leave of absence on half-pay, and you may be sure I shipped at once for the Black Sea. I hired a rude kind of drosky, drawn by two fleet horses, and in three days' time I had arrived at the village by the lake.

"What a scene of desolation met my gaze! The beautiful hills, once covered with roses, were black and bleak and bare, the fort was in ruins, and every house in this once smiling hamlet was wrecked and roofless.

"From a half-wild Russian peasant who was toiling in a field some distance off I learned that before the war closed a Turkish raid had been made on the village, and every living being who had not previously fled was put to the sword.

"'The commandant of the fort,' I inquired; 'was he slain?'

"'Oh, no, sir,' was the reply; 'he went off to a town inland a week before.'

"'Did he go alone?' I asked, trembling.

"'Let me see,' said the mudjik, laying down his rude turnover spade.

"All my hopes hung on his answer. 'Can't you remember?' I asked.

"'To be sure, to be sure!' said the fellow. 'Why, I went with him, and there was my wife, and—'

"'Stay!' I cried, holding out a gold piece; 'this is for you. Tell me now, did any foreigners go as well?'

"'To be sure, to be sure! The Lorénas went—the old lady, the young lady, and the baby.'

"Colin, I could have hugged that rough mudjik to my heart for the information he gave me.

"He went with me to the town whither the dear ones had gone for safety. They were not there, nor was the commandant; he, I afterwards found, had joined his regiment and was reported killed.

"I cannot think to this day of all my weary wanderings in search of her I was doomed never to see again, and in search of my dear mother-in-law and my child, without feelings that quite overcome me.

"At long last I got a clue; I found out a portion of the truth. My wife was drowned in crossing a frozen river, and her mother was left, by Heaven's mercy, to nurse and tend my child. But why had they not written to me? Where lay the mystery? It has been a mystery to me now for fifteen long years, and it was only cleared up a few days after I was appointed to this ship—a mystery, Colin, that has wrinkled my brows and whitened my hairs, and made me an old man before my time.

"Here," he continued, pulling a letter from under his pillow, "is the explanation, and a very simple one it is.

"This letter is from the commandant of the village fort; it tells me of my wife's death, it tells me that she believed *me* dead, that no letters arrived at the village for months before the Turkish raid, and that he, the commandant, had since found out they had been laid aside by Russian officials because they were English, and *happened to be over weight!**

It was only lately, continues the commandant, that he discovered I was still alive. But the concluding part of the letter is the most important, for it informs me that my child—my daughter—is now living in Lima with her grandmother.

"Colin McLeod, a sick man has many strange fancies, and I have at this moment a presentiment that I may never see Lima. If I should not, you must seek out the dear ones and tell them what I have told you. You promise?"

"I promise, sir; but—"

"Nay, nay; say no more. Here are some other papers; they may or they may not prove of service."

"What are they, sir?" asked Colin.

"They are sketches and maps and plans of the very spot where the brig in which Señor Loréna embarked at Lima was beached and destroyed, and where all his specie lies buried in the sand. Take them and copy them; do the work here in my cabin, where I trust often to find you. Having done so, keep the copies under lock and key, and return the originals to my desk."

"And you really think, sir, that—"

"I think nothing, Colin. Only mark this—these sketches were taken by Señor Loréna from the port of the cabin of the Russian corvette that made him prisoner. He, my father-in-law, must have thought there was a possibility of one day recovering his buried treasure.

"Go now, boy. Come to me again tomorrow, I feel tired now and would sleep."

He held out his hand to Colin as he spoke; Colin pressed it, and silently drew aside the door-curtain and retired.

He did not go on deck again, but forward on the main deck, where he could walk about and ponder and think upon all he had heard.

He felt singularly interested in this kind-hearted lieutenant, who talked in such a fatherly way to him. He felt drawn towards him—felt he was really beginning to love him.

Colin met the doctor next morning coming aft from the sick-bay, and inquired about his patient.

"Getting on wonderfully well," was the reply. "A great change for the better since yesterday. He has had a critical sleep."

Colin was greatly relieved.

It was indeed a critical sleep that Mildmay had enjoyed. His mind had been in some measure relieved from having told Colin his story, and nature had commenced the healing process immediately.

When Colin was sent for that forenoon to Mr. Mildmay's cabin he found his friend sitting up in his coat, calm and quiet and cheerful.

"Come along, young man," said Mildmay; "I want to see you begin to make those sketches 'right away,' as the Yankees say. Sit down."

(To be continued.)

* Founded on fact.

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE CAPTAIN.

Since the days of the *Royal George* the British Navy had sustained no such disaster as that which befell it when, in September, 1870, the Captain turned keel uppermost in the Bay of Biscay, and foundered with nearly five hundred men. She was a new ship, a costly experiment, and the controversy which had raged while she was being built had apparently been lulled to rest by her successful trials. She was the pioneer of the turret-ships, the first sea-going monitor, built according to the designs of

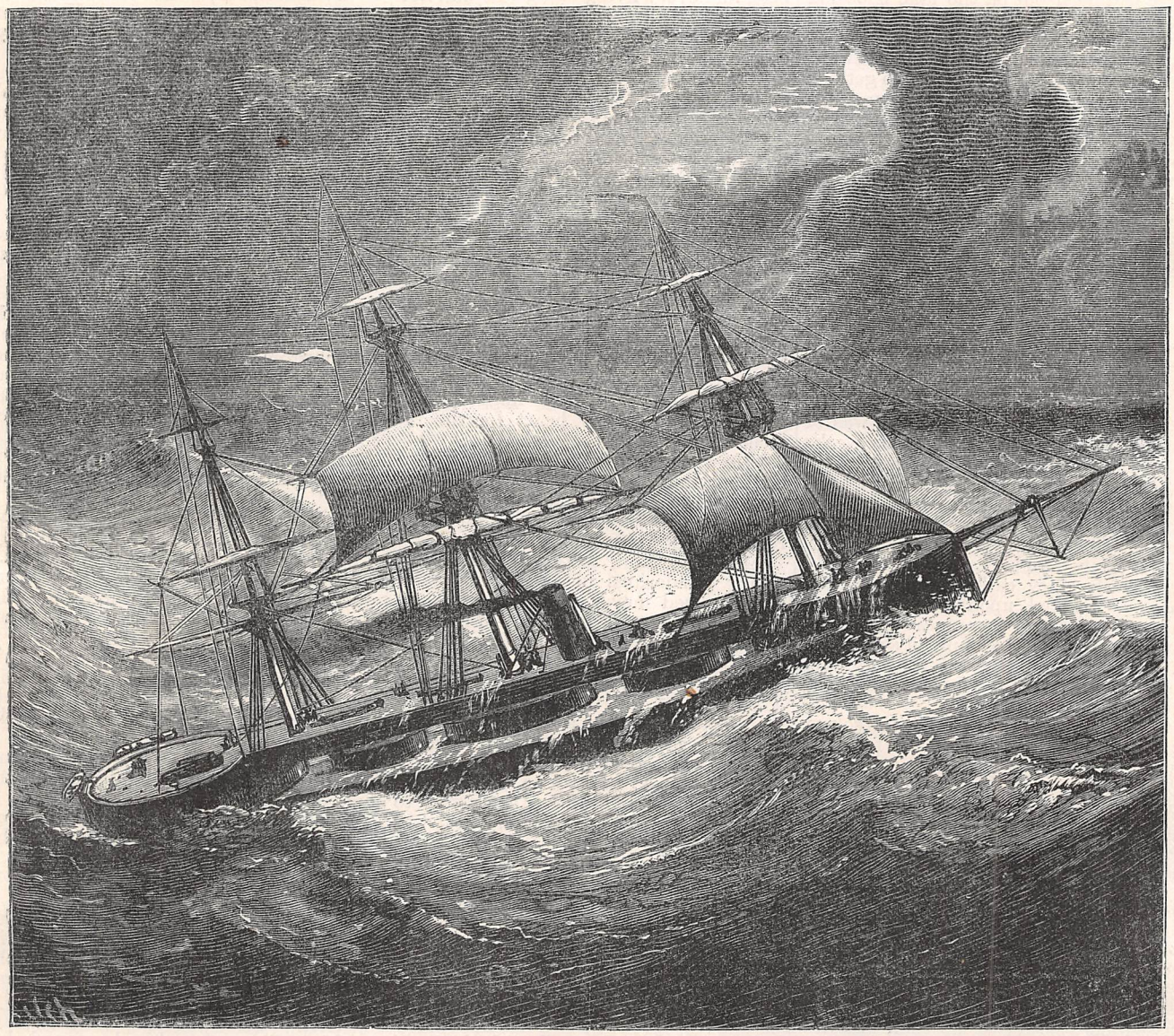
Captain Cowper Coles, who shares with the famous Swedish-American Ericsson, and, according to some accounts, claims priority over him, in originating the fortress class of warship.

It is hardly fair, however, to say that she was designed by Captain Cowper Coles, for after years of worry he had succeeded in forcing our Admiralty to have the ship built, and the Admiralty officials introduced such modifications into the original plans as practically made the Captain nobody's child in particular. And these alterations affected she was on her beam ends, acted as an enormous sail and prevented her ever recovering herself.

Her officers were the pick of the Navy. In command was Captain Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, V.C., the son of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, and among her officers were the son of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, a son of Earl Northbrook, and a brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and on board as a passenger was her originator, Captain Cowper Coles. The survivors were the gunner, Mr. May, and seven-

fleet were counted all safe; when day broke there were only ten of them—the Captain had disappeared.

A storm had come on, and about midnight, just after the starboard watch had taken charge, a squall had struck the monitor and heeled her over. She was at the time under snug canvas on the port tack, close-hauled. The captain was on deck, and gave orders to "Let go the foretopsail halliards!" and then "Let go the fore and main topsail sheets!" but before the men could get to do so the vessel had gone over so much that



H.M.S. Captain in the Bay of Biscay.

her in two vital points—in the enlargement of her sail plan and in the decrease of her freeboard; and the freeboard was still further decreased by an error ascribed to the builders, so that when the ship was launched she floated twenty-one inches deeper than had been calculated.

She was a double-screw ship-rigged ocean cruiser of 4,272 tons; she was 320 feet long by 53 feet beam, and had engines of 900-horse power. She had six guns, two 6½-ton guns unprotected and four 25-ton guns, two in each of her turrets. Her armour ranged from eight inches in thickness down to three inches. She had a very low freeboard so as to allow the guns to be worked all round, and a high poop and forecastle, connected by a hurricane deck, the bottom of which, once

teen of the crew. The rest, 480 in all, were drowned.

It was not her first passage across the Bay, for she had been twice to Vigo before she foundered, and in her early cruising had behaved so well that many who had been prominent in asserting that she was unseaworthy had admitted that they had been mistaken. The disaster occurred on the 7th of September, 1870. She was cruising with the fleet under Admiral Milne, and the admiral had been on board during the day conducting his inspection, so that the crew had been through a prolonged drill. In the evening the admiral, declining to dine on board, had left for his flagship, and his galley had been nearly swamped alongside as he went away. As the night closed in the eleven sail of the

they were washed away. A furious sea struck her before she could recover, and on to her beam ends she went. For an instant she floated on her side, and then she slowly turned bottom upwards. She remained for a few minutes rocked on the waves, and then sank stern foremost with a tremendous explosion.

As she turned the water rushed down her funnel, and a loud roar began, which continued for a short time. And above the din were heard the shrieks of the stokers, for the probability is that the fires were shot out into her stokehole. Her boilers were fired athwart her, and the stokers, lying or standing on the starboard boiler-fronts were, there is only too good reason to suppose, covered with the blazing fuel, which must have forced the

furnace-doors open with its weight and filled the ship with smoke and flame.

The catastrophe was so sudden that there was no time to give warning below. Of those who were saved all belonged to the watch on deck with one exception—a seaman named David Dryburg. He had felt the ship heel over, and, fearing that she would not right again, had made a desperate rush and got to the weather hammock nettings as she laid on her beam ends. And then, as she kept turning over, he slowly scrambled up her side until he reached the spot where her keel would have been if she had had one. From here the seas washed him off, and finding one of the boats drifting past he clung to it, and was saved.

A strange experience! But not much stranger than that of Admiral Hope, who, curious to relate, was the president of the court-martial which conducted the inquiry into the loss of the Captain. He was on board H.M.S. Racer in 1836, when she capsized in the West Indies. With others he had been on her side as she lay on her beam ends, and on her keel as she turned mast downwards, and as the hull rolled over—for the Racer actually righted herself—had scrambled down again over the bulwarks and on to the deck as the ship resumed her normal position!

Some of the Captain's boats broke away. To one of them—the steam lifeboat pinnace, which was floating keel upwards—Captain Burgoyne and four others were clinging as the canvas-covered galley and launches came drifting by. The gunner and some of the men jumped on to the nest of boats, cut the canvas away, and threw the galley out, and then the first launch floated from underneath the second, and the oars were got out in the second launch to take off the captain, who was still with the pinnace to windward. All efforts to get the boat up to the wind proved useless. The furious sea threatened each instant to swamp the boat, and when her head was turned to windward the waves swept in, filled her to the thwarts, and washed two of the men out of her. The pump was set going, and the men baled away with their caps, and again the boat was turned towards the pinnace, but to no purpose. One of the men was going to throw his oar to the captain, but the captain stopped him with, "For God's sake keep your oars, men; you will want them!" All had left the pinnace but himself. He had remained to the last, refusing to jump till his men were in safety. The last man that left his side had asked him if he was going.

"Come, sir, let us jump!"

"Save your own life, my man; jump and save yourself! I shall not forget you some day!"

And the seaman jumped to the galley and was saved, while the captain remained—to die.

His country could ill spare him. As one who led, but did not drive, his men, he was very popular, and although very young for his command—only thirty-seven—there was no more accomplished sailor in the service. He had entered the Navy in 1847, and risen to be commander in nine years. In fact, the story goes that when appointed to the Ganges the Admiral had told him he was too young, and requested him to refrain from entering on his duties until he had communicated with headquarters—which Burgoyne had firmly but courteously declined to do, on the ground that he would not have received the appointment unless the authorities had expected him to set to work immediately.

As the gunner and his men were tossing about in their boat the Inconstant went driving past them in the gale. Their wild shout of "Ship ahoy!" was unheard and unheeded, and, knowing that the coast was to leeward, they gave up all hope of being rescued by the fleet, and made for the land, which they reached at Corbucion, near Finisterre, whence they were brought home in the Volage.

The news of the loss of the Captain arrived when the country was in the throes of excitement over the surrender of the French Emperor at Sedan, and at once it superseded even that great event in interest. It was indeed appalling to lose such a ship and crew so suddenly and completely; and the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to those who perished speaks truly of the nation's grief.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

II.—THE GRATINGS.

FLOGGING is now entirely abolished in both the navy and army, and boys who have once passed from the training ships will never more run the risk of having their better feelings hardened or deadened altogether by being compelled to witness and assist at one of the most brutal exhibitions of man's cruelty to his fellow-man.

It is impossible to describe the effect of a spectacle of this kind upon a youth fresh from all the kindly and softening influences of home.

We have ourselves witnessed a soft-hearted and emotional youngster affected to tears at the sufferings borne by a seaman while undergoing this degrading and cruel punishment, while it is a well-known fact that youths who have afterwards turned out brave as lions when fighting for their Queen and country have actually fainted while assisting for the first time at a flogging.

For some years the punishment of the cat had been reserved for the most serious offences, but there is no doubt that under any circumstances it was a mistake to grant the power of inflicting such a terrible punishment to one man, who might be a tyrant, cruel by nature, or even if he were not so was at all events liable to error, prejudice, and mistakes.

As a case in point, in which we truly believe that an innocent man was punished, we will relate the first flogging it was our misfortune to be present at.

It was in 1865, and we were serving on board a corvette on the coast of Africa. She had only lately been commissioned, and the men had not become thoroughly accustomed to one another and to their officers, or, as they say at sea, they did not yet "pull together."

One evening, as is usual after quarters, we were practising the men with "sail drill;" reefing topsails, we believe, was the work being carried out.

The yard had to be lowered, the men sent up aloft, the reef taken in, and then the yard hoisted again.

Of course the object was to get this all done in the shortest possible time, and very often it had to be performed over and over again until the captain was satisfied with the manner in which the operation was conducted.

In order to attain the desired end it is necessary that every man should know his duty and do it smartly and with all his power.

The officers have to see that the men carry out the orders given promptly and efficiently, encouraging or scolding them as the case may be.

The reef had been taken in, and the yard was being hoisted once more, but the second lieutenant, who was standing by the mainmast, did not consider that the men who were hauling on the maintopsail halliards were working properly.

"Pull away, men!" he cried, excitedly, wishing to get the maintopsail yard up before the others, "put some strength into it! Fall back on it!"

Then noticing one man in particular, a marine named Hopkins, he added,

"Why don't you haul, Hopkins? You're not pulling a bit!"

The man muttered something in reply, which, what with the noise and excitement, must have been somewhat difficult to catch.

He always said that he replied "I *am*, sir." But the lieutenant maintained that he swore at him, using a word that has very much the same sound.

He reported the man, who denied the charge, making the excuse we have mentioned, but of course his word could not be taken against that of his superior officer. Unfortunately for him also he happened to bear a bad character as a lazy idle fellow, and only the previous week it had been found necessary to shave his head on account of his want of cleanliness. Of course this went against him, and he was found guilty of insubordination, and sentenced to receive four dozen lashes.

The following day the sentence was carried out as follows. A big grating was securely fastened to the side of the ship in the gangway, and another one placed on the deck for the victim to stand upon. The boatswain's mate then piped the "hands" to "witness punishment." The seamen all gathered forward, the marines were drawn up under arms with fixed bayonets, and the officers in full uniform congregated aft.

Then the captain appeared, and the first lieutenant having reported "all ready," the prisoner was sent for.

The captain now read the particular article of war that the man had infringed, and we all listened bareheaded. Then followed the warrant and the sentence, after which the prisoner was "seized" up.

This was done by fastening his wrists and ankles to the upright grating with a species of webbing in such a manner that, his hands being stretched out over his head and his feet stretched apart, he could not move an inch to avoid the blows of the cat.

A piece of canvas was then fastened round his waist, and another round his neck for protection, thus leaving the whole of his back bare for the infliction of the torture.

The first boatswain's mate was then ordered to "lay on." He removed his jacket, and taking the cat, measured his distance, and swinging it well over his shoulder, brought it down on the prisoner's back.

The cat consisted of a small wooden handle about two feet in length, to which were fastened nine long pieces of thick white line, about the size of coarse whipcord, but harder in consistence.

The first stroke left nine red marks, the seventh tore the skin, and the blood began to spurt forth amid the howls and yells of the poor wretch who was suffering the punishment.

At the end of twelve lashes a fresh boatswain's mate stripped and went to work, administering the next dozen.

After this every cut brought away portions of skin and flesh, and the victim's shrieks for mercy were heartrending to listen to.

The master-at-arms counted "thirty-nine," when the man's head dropped on to his shoulder, his cries ceased, and he fainted.

The doctor, who was standing by me, immediately attended to him, and by his directions he was cast loose and carried down below.

He was in his hammock in the sick-bay under the surgeon's care for some weeks, and then the captain, having remitted the remainder of his punishment, he returned to duty.

But this, although disgusting and brutalising enough in all conscience, was nothing in comparison to the really awful punishment of "flogging round the fleet."

This was awarded to men who had been guilty of some crime legally punishable by death, but who, through extenuating circumstances or any other cause, escaped the capital sentence. In many cases, however, death would have been preferable, for it generally ensued, after lingering torments impossible to imagine or describe.

This torture—for it can be called nothing else—was carried out in the launch of the ship to which the prisoner belonged. A grating was erected in the middle of the boat, which contained, besides a party of armed marines, a surgeon, master-at-arms, two or three seamen to attend to the victim, and an officer in charge. This boat was then taken in tow by the boats of the fleet, and towed from ship to ship.

Alongside each vessel it was made fast, while the boatswains' mates came down and administered their four dozen lashes, the rigging being manned by the crew in order to witness it.

A flogging round the fleet was generally considered to be equivalent to *five hundred lashes*, so that it is no wonder that so few men ever survived it, and that those who did were broken-spirited cripples or imbeciles for the remainder of their shortened life.

Let us be thankful that this blot upon our naval glory has been removed, and that "rigging the gratings," as a preparation for a flogging used to be termed, is a thing of the past.

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

What a pity it is that at least nine out of every ten of those who take up the sea-water aquarium, whether as a mere object of amusement, or with the intention of learning some of the mysteries of nature, should relinquish their task before many weeks have passed away! Perhaps the inmates die, one after another, without apparent cause, or the water loses its natural clearness, and gives out an odour of a painfully disagreeable character. Or, maybe, one of the larger captives takes advantage of his superior size and strength, and proceeds to dine upon his fellow-captives, thus speedily depopulating the tank. Whatever the particular cause, however, the aquarium gradually ceases to interest its owner, and ere long is put upon one side, never to be again received into favour.

And yet there is not one of the above calamities which might not have been averted at the expense of a little time and trouble. A fish or other small creature died, perhaps, and was not removed until it had begun to putrefy, and so contaminated the water. Carelessness. Or superfluous fragments of meat, etc., used in feeding the prisoners were left to decay, and so brought about the same result. Carelessness again. Or some savage and voracious creature was placed among a number of gentle and inoffensive companions, like a wolf in a flock of lambs, and naturally took advantage of its good fortune. Once more, carelessness. If a little daily attention is but paid to the vessels, there is no reason why the possessor of an aquarium should ever be obliged to complain that he is unable to keep his captives for very long in a healthy condition.

And there is another important point which ought to be considered—namely, that unless these same captives *are* in perfect health, very little pleasure or instruction can be gained from watching their habits. Every movement is as listless as those of a schoolboy suffering from a severe bilious attack, or a very bad cold, and gives one no idea whatever of the life and fire which may characterise the same animals under more favourable conditions. The more carefully, therefore, that their wants are provided for, the more natural will be the doings of the prisoners, and the greater the pleasure to be derived from watching them.

Now for some practical directions, beginning, of course, with the vessels to be employed.

The character of these naturally depends very much upon the purpose which they are intended to fulfil. If it is desired merely to watch the habits of the various marine creatures in the solitude of one's own apartment, pie-dishes, earthenware pans, jam-pots, almost anything, in fact, will answer perfectly well. But, if the aquarium is to be a drawing-room ornament, and therefore a thing of beauty as well as a serviceable article, some structure in which glass plays the principal part must of course be chosen.

At most of the shops devoted to the sale of natural history apparatus, and at many glass-cutters' as well, may be procured certain oblong tanks, which, if not too deep, will answer our requirements in a perfectly satisfactory manner. There is one great disadvantage about them, however, and that is that they admit far too much light. Most of the inhabitants of the ocean, it must be remembered, either live at depths to which the daylight can only partly penetrate, or else escape the unwelcome sunbeams by retiring into the various nooks and crannies furnished by sunken rocks, seaweed, etc. So, before making use of our tank, it will be as well to cover three sides with sheets of cardboard, which regulate the allowance of light, and which can be removed when it is required to inspect the contents.

(To be continued.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

VI.

I must now, I find, wind up my line again, and return to practical considerations. You have been informed about angling with the single-handed rod, and if the directions are followed with any degree of intelligent appreciation the tyro will not fail to become efficient in so far as their scope extends. A few remarks must, however, be made in reference to fly-fishing with the double-handed weapon, for are not some of our best fly-fishers, notably Mr. Francis Francis, advocates of the double-handed in preference to the single-handed rod?

Now, the double-handed rod is usually about sixteen feet long unless salmon is the fish it is used for. Even then sixteen feet is ample length for most of my readers. For trout-fishing, however, from fourteen feet to sixteen feet is a good length, and the precise measurement is adjusted to your height and strength. It is useless to think of using a rod which will absolutely tire you out in an hour or two, and so if I may be allowed to judge for you I would send to Foster of Ashbourne for a light split-cane weapon—if you intend, that is, to use the two-handed weapon.

There is but little modification to be made in the directions already given as to the method of using this longer rod. We have sufficiently indicated the position of the hands, etc., and it is nice to acquire the knack of ambidexterity which was insisted upon by the late Mr. Charles Reade some years ago. His opinion was that the "Coming Man," as he termed an ideal personage hereafter to be born, was a person who would use both his right and left hand with equal ease—that, in fact, as with gymnasts, each boy and girl should be taught that both hands are equal in strength and dexterity if properly used and developed. Now, in my eyes this is an incontrovertible theory, and I have myself reduced it to practice in the throwing of a line, and in fact in fishing generally. I advise all boys to try and do the same. It is a great relief to be able when fishing to relieve the one-sided strain by changing over. It strikes me we should hear less of partial paralysis if this ambidexterity were urged upon all systematically.

The advantages of a double-handed rod are, first, greater command, within certain limits of course, of the direction of the fly, and a greater power of long casting. Rennie, as I told you, says that eighteen yards can be thrown with a double-handed rod. But this is far behind what has been done recently. At the casting tournament before referred to the following scores were made, and my readers may judge of their superiority to those of the learned professor who edited "Walton and Cotton":—Major Traherne 45 yards, P. Mallock 43 yards.

So far I have only adverted to the ordinary style of casting, or the overhand, as it is termed. There is one other style which is most useful, and which every tyro ought to be master of before he can fairly call himself an artist, and that is the Welsh or Spey cast. Though it is specially favoured by salmon-fishers, it is extremely useful to the trout angler when there are many obstructions, such as bushes, boulders, or what not, fringing the river's bank. The line is brought up and whisked off the water by an upward and backward movement of the rod and delivered forward again before the line is quite off the water by a forward and lower movement of the upper part of the rod. This throw is always very serviceable when there are impedimenta of whatever nature in the way, and so some of the best fish of a river are brought under "fire," as Foster, in the "Scientific Angler," terms it. The test of skill in a trout-fisher is the capture of a fish which lies in a spot apparently impregnable, and this cast is one of the dodges by which such an ultimatum may be attained.

Though the general *modus operandi* of fly-fishing for trout has been pretty completely indicated, there are yet several points on which it is advisable to say a few words. One of them, the subject of *striking*. In a former part of this series I said, "Mount your rod; do not strike," and the advice was sound under the circumstances. A young angler will, if advised to strike, invariably in the excitement of the moment strike too hard and lose his fly, perhaps break his casting-line, and in any case lose his fish. Hence it is that Ogden of Cheltenham, a famous dry-fly fisherman in his day (indeed, he claimed to be the inventor of the method), advocated no striking to the young beginner. But an equally great master of the art—also gone to the Spirit Land—who during his life was styled the "Amiable Angler of Dovedale"—I mean Foster of Ashbourne—this angler, I say, deemed it certainly advisable that the learner should acquire the knack of hooking his fish in an effective and skilful manner. This he advises should be a short, quick wrist motion, commenced sharply but ended almost instantly and abruptly, like a quick movement of the hand in bringing a foil in fencing from *tierce* to *carte*. The hand holding the rod is turned upwards and backwards whilst the arm is stationary when a short line is out, the movement being lengthened when the intervening line is either long or loose.

(To be continued.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

THE POULTRY RUN.—If everything has gone well in your run, and you have attended to the hints we have thrown out from time to time, you ought now to be getting plenty of eggs. You will have ducks and chickens ready for the market, and over and above all this we trust that you may have more than one bird giving promise of show qualities. You will carefully separate any very fine birds from wasters, and be extra good to them. The best birds we ever bred were black games, that we had made actual pets of. So please take the hint. Probably you do not intend to show, nevertheless you would like to see beautiful birds about your place—fowls that even a judge could find few faults with.

Now that eggs are plentiful you ought to preserve them for winter use. They may not eat perfectly fresh, but then they will be a vast improvement on the ordinary shop eggs. As soon as the eggs you want to preserve have been laid they must be stored. This indeed is one of the secrets of success. Put down in a box a good layer of bran, say three or four inches. Place this box in a cool, dry cellar, and rub each egg well over with lard before you place it in its situation, then cover up. Fine dry sand may do as well as bran. The French varnish eggs with a mixture of linseed-oil and beeswax. But after all, the main thing is to keep the air out. Now in June, if you take the trouble, you will be able to find out the best laying hens; and if it be eggs alone you go in for, you should breed from these. There is a great deal in pedigree or strain. If you once get on to a good laying breed you will find it very profitable, and you will be getting eggs when the fowls of other folks are doing nothing but eating their heads off. If you have broody hens that you care to sit, place good eggs under them, and if so minded these may be ducks' eggs or those of the bantam. If you do not wish the fowls to sit, then you must put them under a basket for a night and day in the dark, but do not be cruel.

Did we mention lately that a sitting hen should have a dust-bath? It is most important, as it keeps down the insects, which have a tendency to prevent even the growth of the young chickens. It is best to let the hen come off when she has a mind to; but if sitting too close, and positively starving herself, she had better be taken off in the evenings. If you—and no doubt you will—save any money now, lay up a fund for improvements.

Attend well to the feeding; see that the fowl-house is properly ventilated, and that no rotting vegetable matter or sloppiness of any kind be left about the run, for diarrhœa is apt to occur from bad smells. Be very particular as regards the cleanliness of the nests. See that the perches themselves are clean, and not damp and slippy, and that they are so placed that droppings cannot fall on the nests beneath.

Go in now for limewashing and general disinfecting. We ourselves use Sanitas, but carbolic acid and water does good if used in places beyond the chance of its doing the fowls any harm.

Be very careful to give plenty of fresh water—soft, not hard—and place the drinking utensils quite out of the sun, but still in a position where they can be seen and reached by the inmates.

Fatten cockerels that are old enough. Put down gravel, old lime, etc., in the run. See again to the dust-bath. Do not forget that the more often the water is changed now, and the cleaner and sweeter the dish, the less chance there will be of disease breaking out.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—The same amount of attention with regard to the comfort and cleanliness of the loft must be maintained as we advised last month. Have no slop, no dust, no dirt; have free ventilation without draught, plenty of clean water in clean, well-rinsed fountains; and plenty of wholesome, easily-digested food in the hoppers. Read our last DOINGS, and even those that went before, and whenever you find a good hint pop it down in your note-book. A note-book is easily kept, and is most valuable if it be indexed. If it be not indexed it is worse than useless, it is then like Paddy's garret—everything is uppermost, but nothing is at hand.

Your birds will now enjoy their bath. Well, it must be a clean one. You must rinse it out and put fresh water into it every evening.

Another thing that must not be forgotten is the so-called salt-cat—a mixture of old lime from walls, bay-salt, and brine. The birds, if confined to the aviary (and if they be very valuable they will be so confined), should have green food within their reach; a grassy turf or two does well.

If they have a nice outdoor aviary it will be well now to put some shelter from the sun over a portion of it; an old sack or piece of old canvas of any kind will do very well.

Do not forget a good supply of gravel. If you have spare time and think of going in for showing, you might now devote it to getting baskets ready for travelling purposes.

About this time of year pigeons are apt to be troubled with vermin: a little mercurial ointment rubbed about the neck is the cure, but it is a good plan to have a summer limewashing and thorough disinfecting of the loft. Only this must be done so as not to disturb the birds at all.

Pine sawdust which has been steeped in paraffin-oil is often put in the nest-pans with great advantage, and over this the ordinary nesting-material, straw or otherwise. The sawdust may be renewed when the young are two or three days old. This keeps down fleas. So will sawdust that has been steeped in strong quassia water.

THE AVIARY.—Wean the young gradually on to seed, with, however, as much dispatch as possible. If you have many birds breeding, nests will be hatching fast, and you cannot devote too much attention or time to your little favourites. Feed well. Give a bath daily. Give clean water daily, putting a rusty nail or a little bit of saffron in the water if you think there is any necessity. Do not forget the green food. Do not give it wet, however. It ought to be fresh, but not wet.

Be particular about cleanliness. Mites in breeding-cages are a great affliction, and can only be kept down by perfect attention to cleanliness.

THE RABBITRY.—Read over last month's DOINGS, and try to profit by them. Your rabbits ought now to be as happy as the day is long. If there be any one ailing take it out at once and put it by itself in an extra hutch, and keep it warm, feeding on the best of grains and roots, with a mash of some kind once a day. Rabbits suffer from a variety of ailments, when not properly attended to; it should be borne in mind that all their diseases may be attributed to one or other of the following causes, leaving infection out of sight—want of proper food, irregularity in feeding, wet green food, damp, bad-smelling bedding, and over-confinement in close, unwholesome hutches.

THE KENNEL.—"What does it cost to keep a dog?" is a question often asked by boys. Well, small dogs, such as terriers—and, indeed, any dog from the size of a collie downwards—will be maintained easily enough on the scraps of the table. But these must be collected and made into a nice substantial meal twice a day, with milk or gravy, and always given fresh, for dogs are not pigs. Kept thus, the dog's food is hardly missed. A mastiff or St. Bernard requires biscuits, horseflesh, boiled paunches, boiled liver and lights, etc., and only boys who have plenty of pocket-money can afford to keep such animals.

DOMESTIC PETS.—We mentioned the other day pigs as pets. They are not very elegant, but if regularly washed it is wonderful the sagacity they shew. But a duck or a goose, if made a pet of, affords the greatest amusement. They will follow like dogs, and show a very large amount of affection for master or mistress. Feed very often, give dainties, and do not let your favourite be fed by any one but yourself, and you shall see what you shall see.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant out your autumn stock of greens, cabbages, kail, etc. Keep down weeds. Water in the evening whenever needed. Earth up potatoes. Attend to your lettuces, your celery, marrows, etc. Sow turnips, beans, and peas again.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—You can still go on planting out annuals. Attend well to the beds, the walks, and borders. Give a liberal allowance of old manure to anything you put down. Go on making pretty improvements in basket-work and boxes for flowers. If you have a summer-house covered with creepers see to their arrangement for effect. Mulch rose-trees. Cut grass and trim lawns.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—This should now be most lovely both outside and in. Those boys who have no window-boxes should not hesitate to make them even now, fill them with good mould, and plant them. Study your neighbours' plans, and imitate. The charming canary creepers may still be put in. They soon run up now, but water must not be forgotten.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

Illuminating Competition.

(*Continued from page* 527.)

MIDDLE SUBDIVISION (*ages* 14 *to* 16).

IN consequence of the great number of Illuminations received in the Middle Division, and the excellence of much of the work, we have made a Subdivision of all ages from 14 to 16, and awarded Special Extra Prizes as follows:—

Prize—21*s.*

ROBERT E. MINTERN (aged 15), 28, Knowle Road, Brixton, S.E.

Prizes—10*s.* 6*d. each.*

ROBERT S. BALFOUR (aged 15), care of Miss Stevenson, 5, Athol Place, Edinburgh.

WALTER J. TAYLOR (aged 14), 49, Canonbury Road, Islington, N.

R. D. WARRY (aged 15), 23, Annandale Road, Greenwich.

Certificates.

MYLA E. ELKINS, 14, Culworth Street, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, 63, St. Giles's Plain, Norwich.

CHARLES J. LENTON, 17, Grey Road, Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool.

ERNEST EASON, South Street, Sherborne, Dorset.

WALTER ALLOTT, 64, Monson Street, Lincoln.

CHAS. A. WALKER, 17, Millgate, Wigan.

ALBERT HILL, 15, Green Hill, London Road, Worcester.

JAMES H. BOWES, Francis Street, Elland.

GEORGE W. COLE, 12, Plimsoll Street, East India Road, Poplar, E.

ALFRED R. PIGOTT, 4, Northfield Terrace, Cheltenham.

ALLAN R. MENZIES, 34, Grove Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NINA TURNER, The Poplars, Deddington, Oxon.

JAMES G. GIFFORD, 25, Rose Street, Aberdeen.

ALEX. W. JONES, Brampton Brian, Herefordshire.

FREDK. G. STROHMENGER, Bonnland Villa, 7, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N.

J. B. WILSON, 45, Ewbank Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

FRANK P. CHAPMAN, 42, High Street, Dover.

GEORGE J. JACK, Drylaw Cottage, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh.

GEORGE A. NICOL, 24, Loanhead Terrace, Rosemount, Aberdeen.

CHARLES E. TRINGHAM, 53, Commercial Road, Hereford.

GEORGE A. HILL, 2, Marlborough Avenue, Princess Avenue, Hull.

GEORGE E. NERVES, 39, Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

CYRIL BERTRAM BYERS, 5, Addison Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick.

ERNEST F. SHERRY, 4, St. John's Hill Grove, New Wandsworth.

BASIL W. BRADFORD, care of Rev. H. J. Wiseman, 1, Albert Road, Clifton, Bristol.

THOMAS PRATT, 4, Roslin Terrace, Southfield Road, Wandsworth.

ARTHUR H. ALFORD, 332, Liverpool Road, Islington.

GEORGE P. GOULD, Fairfield, Pinhoe, Exeter.

ALLAN MACQUARRIE, 3, Ford Place, Finnart Street, Greenock, N.B.

JOHN PEDDER, 13, Somerset Place, Bath.

CHARLES D. RUDGE, 19, Edwardes Street, Balsall eath, Birmingham.

TOM PENDLEBURY, 82, Bonner Road, Victoria Park, E.

G. P. MORRIS, 17, Viaduct Street, Bethnal Green Road, E.

JOHN K. GARIOCH, 367, Essex Road, N.

JOHN BRAND, Upland Kinnoull, Perth.

JOHN R. BATEY, 12, Cromwell Terrace, Hanson Lane, Halifax, Yorkshire.

ARTHUR H. BRITTAIN, 31, Sterndale Road, West Kensington Park.

G. CRICHTON JACKSON, 1, St. George's Terrace, North Road, Plymouth.

DAVID BROOKS, 1, Acacia Place, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood.

G. W. HOWARD, 124, Caledonian Road, King's Cross.

J. W. RICHARDSON, 7, Elder Villas, Aickland Hill, Lower Norwood.

LEXIE B. GILLESPIE, School House, Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire.

H. BAGGS, 200, The Grove, Hammersmith.

WILLIAM E. READ, Abbey House, Abbey Green, Bath.

WILLIAM R. PICKLES, 63, Whetley Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire.

ALBERT E. HINDE, The Studio, Huntingdon.

HERBERT G. CLAYDON, 7, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

W. F. WILSON, Endcliffe Avenue, Sheffield.

HARRY BAKER, Hope Cottage, Bury Street, Fulham Road, Chelsea.

EDWARD C. LONG, Police Station, Newmarket, Cambs.

A. HAINES, Roddhurst, near Kington, Herefordshire.

JOHN MACBETH, Dalrymple, Ayr.

CHARLES ANDERSON, Nursery Road, Sunbury, Middlesex.

Correspondence.

A SPURIOUS BOY.—We cannot give news, as we go to press so long beforehand that the news would be all out of date. We have something of the sort, however, under consideration.

A SKATING NOVICE.—Try Goodman's "Fen Skating," published by Sampson Low and Co.

COUNTRY BOY.—To give the information you ask would be simply copying out pages 246 and 247 of Whitaker's Almanack; and you may as well get the book for yourself, price one shilling, from 12, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

ROB ROY CANOE.—The best book on boats, is Mr. Dixon Kemp's twenty-five shilling "Yacht, Canoe, and Boat Sailing," published at the "Field" office. There is a half-crown practical manual of "Boat and Canoe Building," published at 170, Strand. You would get a list of other books on the subject from C. Wilson, Nautical Warehouse, Minories.

PEDESTRIANUS.—There is no reason why a healthy lad should not walk 113 miles in easy stages of under twenty miles a day. The great secret is to start early each morning, and have plenty of rest in the early part of the night. Early to bed and early to rise, in fact.

D. C.—To blacken paper for drawing on in white warm it on the top of a stove, and rub it over with beeswax until it is completely covered with a layer of equal thickness. Then smoke a piece of glass in the candle, and when it is quite cold lay it on the waxed paper and rub it well down on it. You will have a surface on which, with a needle or pen, you can trace white lines as fine and clear as you wish.

FILIUS.—The "Language of the Restless Fays" was in the third volume, pages 294, 309, and 472. The numbers were in the February and March parts for 1881.

R. CORNER.—We ought to be much obliged to you for sending us for insertion the puzzle which we published in 1881, on page 327 of our third volume!

H. TRUEMAN.—1. Several species of Papilio are known as Swallowtails; *P. Machaon* is one of the best-known. 2. In Wyman's Technical Series you will find an admirable manual on electrotyping. Apply for list to 29, Great Queen Street, Long Acre.

E. W. B.—In the third volume there was a series of papers on Entomology for the month in which the subject was treated; and in the first volume there was a long series on killing, setting, and preserving.

DOLPHIN.—Read our articles by Mr. Harrington Keene; and then get "Float Fishing," by J. W. Martin, price two shillings, published by Sampson Low and Co.

W. E. PINK.—See "The Building of the Swallow, or How to Make a Boat," on page 149 of our second volume.

A WOULD-BE SOLDIER.—There is no such book published. The nearest approach to it is our coloured plates of "The British Army," "The Volunteers," and "Our Military Bands."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

This year, as last, we purpose issuing a

SPECIAL EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, *to consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Sketches, Articles, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best artists.*

This Special SUMMER NUMBER *will be issued with the July Part of the "Boy's Own," and will cost 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy.*

As it is intended to print only a limited number, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE, *by which means they will of course obtain precedence over the ordinary purchaser. Readers who failed to do this in regard to our last Christmas Number found themselves unable to obtain it, and the very same thing is not at all unlikely to occur in regard to this* SUMMER NUMBER, *which will not be included in the bound volume.*

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER.

From water-colour drawings by ALFRED PEARSE.

56 PATERNOSTER ROW E.C. LONDON

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON. C.B.,R.E.

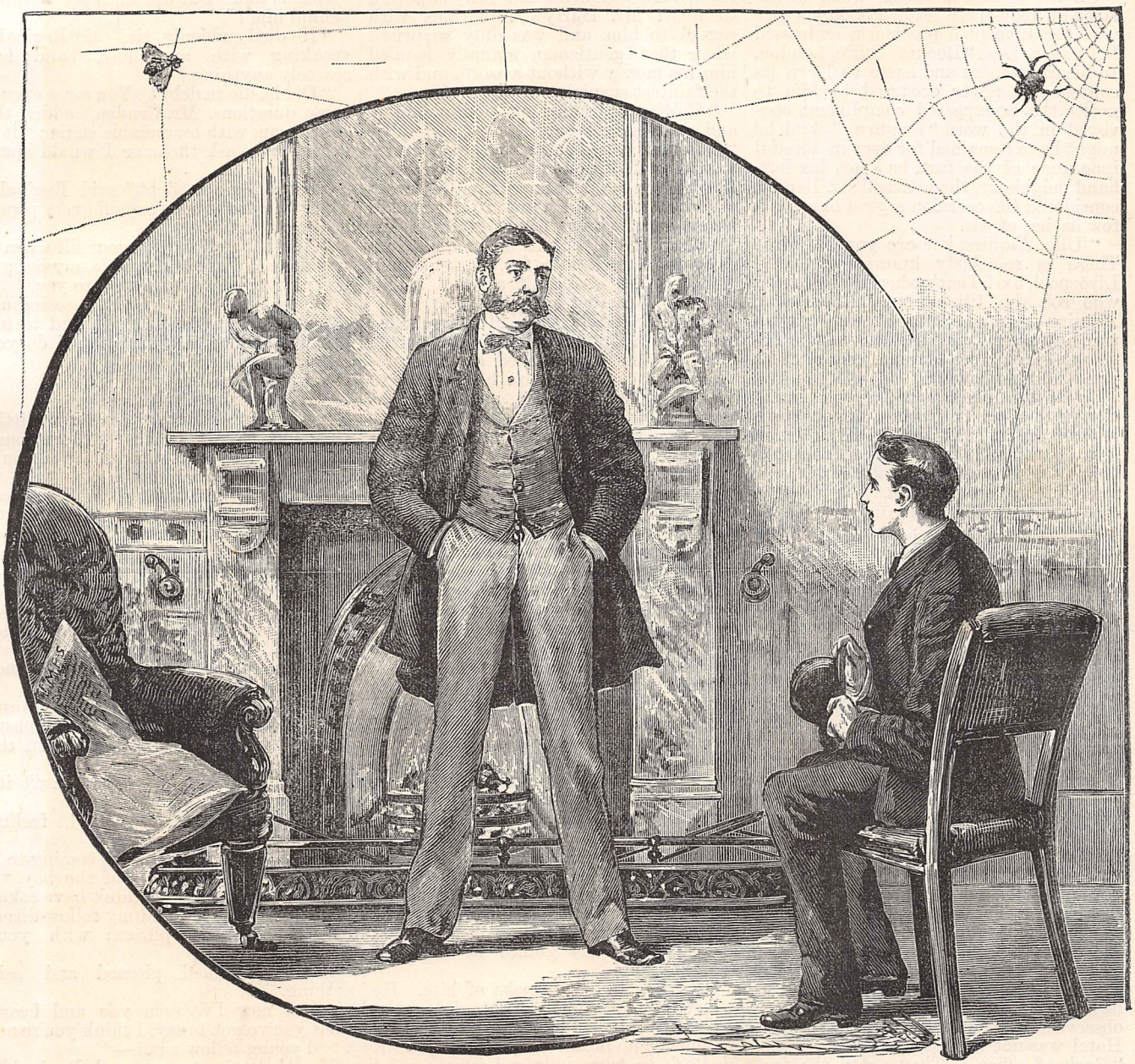
GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY. G.C.B.,G.C.M.G.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 334.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

CHAPTER X.—"'WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOUR?' SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY."



"What made you think you would suit us?"

THE two days which followed the dispatch of the letter to "Omega" were long and anxious ones for Reginald Cruden. It would have been a great relief to him had he felt free to talk the matter over with Horace; but somehow that word "confidential" in the advertisement deterred him. For all that, he made a point of leaving the paper containing it

in his brother's way, if by any chance the invitation to an additional £50 a year might meet his eye. Had it done so, it is doubtful whether Reginald would have been pleased, for he knew that if it came to selecting one of the two, Horace would probably pass for quite as respectable and considerably more intelligent a young man than himself. Still, he had no right to stand in his brother's way if fate ordained that he too should be attracted by the advertisement. He therefore left the paper lying conspicuously about with the advertisement sheet turned toward the beholder.

Horace, however, had too much of the "Rocket," in his business hours to crave for a further perusal of it during his leisure. He kicked it unceremoniously out of his way the first time he encountered it; and when Reginald saw it next it was in a mangled condition under the stairs in the suspicious company of the servant girl's cinder-shovel.

On the second morning, when he arrived at his work, a letter lay on his case with the Liverpool postmark, addressed R. Cruden, Esq., "Rocket" Office, London. In his excitement and haste to learn its contents it never occurred to him to notice the unexpected compliment conveyed in the word "Esquire;" and he might have remained for ever in blissful ignorance of the fact, had not his left-hand neighbour, the satirical Mr. Barber, considered the occasion a good one for a few flashes of wit.

"'Ullo, *Es*quire, 'ow are you, *Es*quire? There is somebody knows you, then. Liverpool, too! That's where all the chaps who rob the till go to. R. Cruden, *Es*quire—my eye! What's the use of putting any more than 'London' on the envelope—such a well-known character as you. Stuck-up idiot!"

To this address Reginald attended sufficiently to discover that it was not worth listening to; after which he did not even hear the concluding passages of his neighbour's declamation, being absorbed in far more interesting inquiries. He tore the envelope open and hurriedly read—

"Sir,—Your favour is to hand, and in reply we beg to say we shall be glad to arrange an interview. One of our directors will be in town on Monday next, and can see you between one and two o'clock at Weaver's Hotel. Be good enough to treat this and all further communications as strictly confidential.—We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

"The Select Agency Corporation.

"P.S.—Ask at Weaver's Hotel for Mr. Medlock.

"Liverpool."

The welcome contents of this short note fairly staggered him. If the tone of the advertisement had been encouraging, that of this letter was positively convincing. It was concise, business-like, grammatical, and courteous. Since his trouble Reginald had never been addressed by any one in the terms of respect conveyed in this communication. Furthermore, the appointment being between one and two—the dinner-hour—he would be able to keep it without difficulty or observation, particularly as Weaver's Hotel was not a stone's-throw from the "Rocket" office. Then again, the fact of his letter being from a "corporation" gratified and encouraged him. A Select Agency Corporation was not the sort of company to do things meanly or inconsiderately. They were doubtless a select body of men themselves, and they required the services of select servants; and it was perfectly reasonable that in an affair like this, which *might* lead to nothing, strict mutual confidence should be observed. Supposing in the end he should see reason to decline to connect himself with the Corporation (Reginald liked to think this possible, though he felt sure it was not probable), why, if he had said much about it previously, it *might* be to the prejudice of the Corporation! Finally, he thought the name "Medlock" agreeable, and was generally highly gratified with the letter, and wished devoutly Monday would come round quickly.

The one drawback to his satisfaction was that he was still as far as ever from knowing in what direction his respectable and intelligent services were likely to be required. Monday came at last. When he went up on the Saturday to receive his wages he had fully expected to learn Mr. Durfy's intentions with regard to him, and was duly surprised when that gentleman actually handed him his money without a word, and with the faintest suspicion of a smile.

"He's got a nailer on you, old man, and no mistake," said Gedge, dolefully. "I'd advise you to keep your eye open for a new berth, if you get the chance; and, I say, if you can only hear of one for two!"

This last appeal went to Reginald's heart, and he inwardly resolved, if Mr. Medlock turned out to be as amiable a man as he took him for, to put in a word on Gedge's behalf as well as his own at the coming interview.

The dinner-bell that Monday tolled solemnly in Reginald's ears as he put on a clean collar and brushed his hair previously to embarking on his journey to Weaver's Hotel. What change might not have taken place in his lot before that same bell summoned him once more to work? He left the "Rocket" a needy youth of £47 10s. a year. Was he to return to it passing rich of £97 10s.?

Weaver's Hotel was a respectable quiet resort for country visitors in London, and Reginald, as he stood in its homely entrance hall, felt secretly glad that the "Corporation" selected a place like this for its London headquarters rather than one of the more showy but less respectable hotels or restaurants with which the neighbourhood abounded.

Mr. Medlock was in his room, the waiter said, and Mr. Cruden was to step up. He did step up, and was ushered into a little sitting-room, where a middle-aged gentleman stood before the fireplace reading the paper and softly humming to himself as he did so.

"Mr. Cruden, sir," said the waiter.

"Ah! Mr. Cruden, good morning. Take a seat. John, I shall be ready for lunch in about ten minutes."

Reginald, with the agitating conviction that his fate would be sealed one way or another in ten minutes, obeyed, and darted a nervous glance at his new acquaintance

He rather liked the looks of him. He looked a comfortable, well-to-do gentleman, with rather a handsome face, and a manner by no means disheartening. Mr. Medlock in turn indulged in a careful survey of the boy as he sat shyly before him trying to look self-possessed, but not man of the world enough to conceal his anxiety or excitement.

"Let me see," said Mr. Medlock, putting his hands in his pocket and leaning against the mantelpiece, "you replied to the advertisement, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Reginald.

"And what made you think you would suit us?"

"Well, sir," stammered Reginald, "you wanted respectable intelligent young men—and—and I thought I—that is I hoped I might answer that description."

Mr. Medlock took one hand out of his pocket and stroked his chin.

"Have you been in the printing trade long?"

"Only a few weeks, sir."

"What were you doing before that?"

Reginald flushed.

"I was at school, sir—at Wilderham."

"Wilderham? Why that's a school for gentlemen's sons."

"My father was a gentleman, sir," said the boy, proudly.

"He's dead then?" said Mr. Medlock. "That is sad. But did he leave nothing behind him?"

"He died suddenly, sir," said Reginald, speaking with an effort, "and left scarcely anything."

"Did he die in debt? You must excuse these questions, Mr. Cruden," added the gentleman, with an amiable smile; "it is necessary to ask them, or I would spare you the trouble."

"He did die in debt," said Reginald, "but we were able to pay off every penny he owed."

"And left nothing for yourself when it was done? Very honourable, my lad; it will always be a satisfaction to you."

"It is, sir," said Reginald, cheering up.

"You naturally would be glad to improve your income. How much do you get where you are?"

"Eighteen shillings a week."

Mr. Medlock whistled softly.

"Eighteen shillings; that's very little, very poor pay," said he. "I should have thought, with your education, you could have got more than that."

It pleased Reginald to have his education recognised in this delicate way.

"We had to be thankful for what we could get," said he; "there are so many fellows out of work."

"Very true, very true," said Mr. Medlock, shaking his head impressively, "we had no less than 450 replies to our advertisement."

Reginald gave a gasp. What chance had he among 450 competitors?

Mr. Medlock took a turn or two up and down the room, meditating with himself and keeping his eye all the time on the boy.

"Yes," said he, "450—a lot, isn't it? Very sad to think of it."

"Very sad," said Reginald, feeling called upon to say something.

"Now," said Mr. Medlock, coming to a halt in his walk, in front of the boy, "I suppose you guess I wouldn't have asked you to call here if I and my fellow-directors hadn't been pleased with your letter."

Reginald looked pleased and said nothing.

"And now I've seen you and heard what you've got to say, I think you're not a bad young fellow; but—"

Mr. Medlock paused, and Reginald's face changed to one of keen anxiety.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Cruden, you're not altogether the sort we want."

The boy's face fell sadly.

"I would do my best," he said, as bravely as he could, "if you'd try me. I don't know what the work is yet, but I'm ready to do anything I can."

"Humph!" said Mr. Medlock. "What we advertise for is sharp agents, to sell goods on commission among their friends. Now, do you think you could sell £500 worth of wine and cigars and that sort of thing every year among your friends? You'd need to do that to make £50 a year, you know. You understand? Could you go round to your old neighbours and crack up our goods, and book their orders and that sort of thing? I don't think you could, myself. It strikes me you are too much of a gentleman."

Reginald sat silent for a moment, with the colour coming and going in his cheeks; then he looked up and said, slowly—

"I'm afraid I could not do that, sir—I didn't know you wanted that."

So saying he took up his hat and rose to go.

Mr. Medlock watched him with a smile, if not of sympathy, at any rate of approval, and when he rose motioned him back to his seat.

"Not so fast, my man; I like your spirit, and we may hit it yet."

Reginald resumed his seat with a new interest in his anxious face.

"You wouldn't suit us as a drummer—that is," said Mr. Medlock, hastily correcting himself, "as a tout—an agent; but you might suit us in another way. We're looking out for a gentlemanly young fellow for secretary—to superintend the concern for the directors, and be the medium of communication between them and the agents. We want an educated young man and one we can depend upon. As to the work, that's picked up in a week easily. Now, suppose—suppose when I go back to Liverpool I were to recommend you for a post like that, what should you say?"

Reginald was almost too overwhelmed for words; he could only stammer—

"Oh, sir, how kind of you!"

"The directors would appoint any one I recommended," continued Mr. Medlock, looking down with satisfaction on the boy's eagerness; "you're young, of course, but you seem to be honest, that's the great thing."

"I think I can promise that," said Reginald, proudly.

"The salary would begin at £150 a year, but we should improve it if you turned out well. And you would, of course, occupy the Company's house at Liverpool. We should not ask for a premium in your case, but you would have to put £50 into the shares of the Corporation to qualify you, and of course you would get interest on that. Now," said he, as Reginald began to speak, "don't be in a hurry. Take your time and think it well over. If you say 'yes' you may consider the thing settled, and if you say 'no'—well, we shall be able to find some one else. Ah, here comes lunch—stop and have some with me—bring another plate, waiter."

Reginald felt too bewildered to know what to think or say. He a secretary of a company with £150 a year! It was nearly intoxicating. And for the post spontaneously offered to him in the almost flattering way it had been—this was more gratifying still. In his wildest dreams just now he never pictured himself sitting down as secretary to the Select Agency Corporation to lunch with one of its leading directors!

Mr. Medlock said no more about business, but made himself generally agreeable, asking Reginald about his father and the old days, inquiring as to his mother and brother, and all about his friends and acquaintances in London.

Reginald felt he could talk freely to this friend, and he did so. He confided to him all about Mr. Durfy's tyranny, about his brother's work at the "Rocket," and even went so far as to drop out a hint in young Gedge's favour. He told him all about Wilderham and his schoolfellows there, about the books he liked, about the way he spent his evenings, about Dull Street—in fact he felt as if he had known Mr. Medlock for years and could talk to him accordingly.

"I declare," said that gentleman, pulling out his watch after this pleasant talk had been going on a long time, "it's five minutes past two. I'm afraid you'll be late."

Reginald started up.

"So I shall, I'd no idea it was so late. I'm afraid I had better go, sir."

"Well, write me a letter to Liverpool to-morrow, or Wednesday at the latest, as we must fill up the place soon. Think it well over. Good-bye, my man. I hope I shall see you again before long. By the way, of course you won't talk about all this out of doors."

"Oh, no," said Reginald, "I haven't even mentioned it yet at home."

Mr. Medlock laughed.

"Well, if you come to Liverpool you'll have to tell them something about it. See, here's a list of our directors, your mother may recognise some of the names. But beyond your mother and brother don't talk about it yet, as the Corporation is only just starting."

Reginald heartily concurred in this caution, and promised to act on it, and then after a friendly farewell hastened back to the "Rocket" office. The clock pointed nearly to a quarter past two when he entered. He was not the sort of fellow to slink in when no one was looking. In fact he had such a detestation of that sort of thing that he went to the other extreme and marched ostentatiously past Mr. Durfy's table as though to challenge his observation.

If that was his intention he was not disappointed.

"Oh," said the overseer, with a return of the old sneer which had been dormant ever since the night Reginald had knocked him down. "You *have* come, have you? And you know the hour, do you?"

"Yes, it's a quarter past two," said Reginald.

"Is it?" sneered Mr. Durfy, in his most offensive way.

"Yes, it is," replied the boy, hotly.

What did he care for Durfy now? To-morrow in all probability he would have the satisfaction of walking up to that table and saying, "Mr. Durfy, I leave here on Saturday," meanwhile he was not disposed to stand any of his insolence.

But he hardly expected what was coming next.

"Very well, then you can just put your hat on your head and go back the way you came, sir."

"What do you mean?" said Reginald, in startled tones.

"Mean? what I say," shouted Durfy. "You're dismissed, kicked out, and the sooner you go the better."

So this was the dignified leave-taking to which he had secretly looked forward. Kicked out! and kicked out by Durfy! Reginald's toes tingled at the very thought.

"You've no right to dismiss me for being a few minutes late," said he.

It was Durfy's turn now to be dignified. He went on writing, and did his best to affect oblivion of his enemy's presence.

Reginald, too indignant to know the folly of such an outburst, broke out,

"I shall not take my dismissal from you. I shall stay here as long as I choose, and when I go I'll go of my own accord, you cad, you—"

Mr. Durfy still went on writing with a cheerful smile on his countenance.

"Do you hear?" said Reginald, almost shouting the words. "I'm not going to please you. I shall go to please myself. I give *you* notice, and thank Heaven I've done with you."

Durfy looked up with a laugh.

"Go and make that noise outside," he said. "We can do without you here. Gedge, my man, put those cases beside you back into the rack, and go and tell the porter he's wanted."

The mention of Gedge's name cowed Reginald in an instant, and in the sudden revulsion of feeling which ensued he was glad enough to escape from the room before fairly breaking down under a crushing sense of injury, mortification, and helplessness. Gedge was at the door as he went out.

"Oh, Cruden," he whispered, "what will become of me now! Wait for me outside at seven o'clock; please do."

That afternoon Reginald paced the streets more like a hunted beast than a human being. All the bad side of his nature—his pride, his conceit, his selfishness—was stirred within him under a bitter sense of shame and indignity. He forgot how much his own intractable temper and stupid self-importance had contributed to his fall, and could think of nothing but Durfy's triumph and the evil fate which at the very moment when he was able to snap his fingers in the tyrant's face had driven him forth in disgrace with the tyrant's fingers snapped in his face. He had not spirit or resolution enough to wait to see Gedge or any one that evening, but slunk away hating the sight of every body and wishing only he could lose himself and forget that such a wretch as Reginald Cruden existed.

Ah! Reginald. It's a long race to escape from oneself. Men have tried it before now with better reason than you, and failed. Wait till you have something worse to run from, my honest, foolish friend. Face round like a man, and stand up to your pursuer. You have hit out straight from the shoulder before to-day. Do it again now. One smart round will finish the business, for this false Reginald is a poor creature after all, and you can knock him out of time and over the ropes with one hand if you like. Try it, and save your running powers for an uglier foeman some other day!

Reginald did fight it out with himself as he walked mile after mile that afternoon through the London streets, and by the time he reached home in the evening he was himself again.

He met his mother's tears and Horace's dismal looks with a smile of triumph.

"So you've heard all about it, have you?" said he.

"Oh, Reginald," said his mother, in deep distress, "how grieved I am for you."

"You needn't be, mother," said Reginald, "for I've got another situation far better and worth three times as much."

And then he told them, as far as he felt justified in doing so, of the advertisement and what it had led to, finishing up with a glowing description of Mr. Medlock, whom he only regretted he had not had the courage to ask up to tea that very evening.

But there was a cloud on the bright horizon which his mother and Horace was quicker to observe than he.

"But, Reg," said the latter, "surely it means you'd have to go to Liverpool?"

"Yes; I'm afraid it does. That's the one drawback."

"But surely you won't accept it, then?" said the younger brother.

Reginald looked up. Horace's tone, if not imperious, had not been sympathetic, and it jarred on him in the fulness of his projects to encounter an obstacle.

"Why not?" he replied. "It's all very well for you, in your snug berth, but I must get a living, mustn't I?"

"I should have thought something might turn up in London," persisted Horace.

"Things don't turn up as we want them," said Reginald, tartly. "Look here, Horace, you surely don't suppose I prefer to go to Liverpool to staying here?"

"Of course not," said Horace, beginning to whistle softly to himself. It was a bad omen, and Mrs. Cruden knew it.

"Come," said she, cheerily, "we must make the best of it. These names, Reg, in the list of directors Mr. Medlock gave you, seem all very respectable."

"Do you know any of them?" asked Reginald. "Mr. Medlock thought you might."

"I know one or two by name," replied she. "There's the Bishop of S——, I see, and Major Wakeman, who I suppose is the officer who has been doing so well in India. There's a Member of Parliament, too, I see. It seems a good set of directors."

"Of course they aren't likely all to turn up at board meetings," said Reginald, with an explanatory air.

"I don't see myself what business a bishop has with a Select Agency Corporation," said Horace, determined not to see matters in a favourable light.

"My dear fellow," said Reginald, trying hard to keep his temper, "I can't help whether you see it or not. By the way, mother, about the £50 to invest. I think Mr. Richmond—"

Mrs. Cruden started.

"This exciting news," said she, "drove it out of my head for the moment. Boys, I am very sorry to say I had a note to-day stating that Mr. Richmond was taken ill while in France, and is dead. He was one of our few old friends, and it is a very sad blow."

She was right. The Crudens never stood in greater need of a wise friend than they did now.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

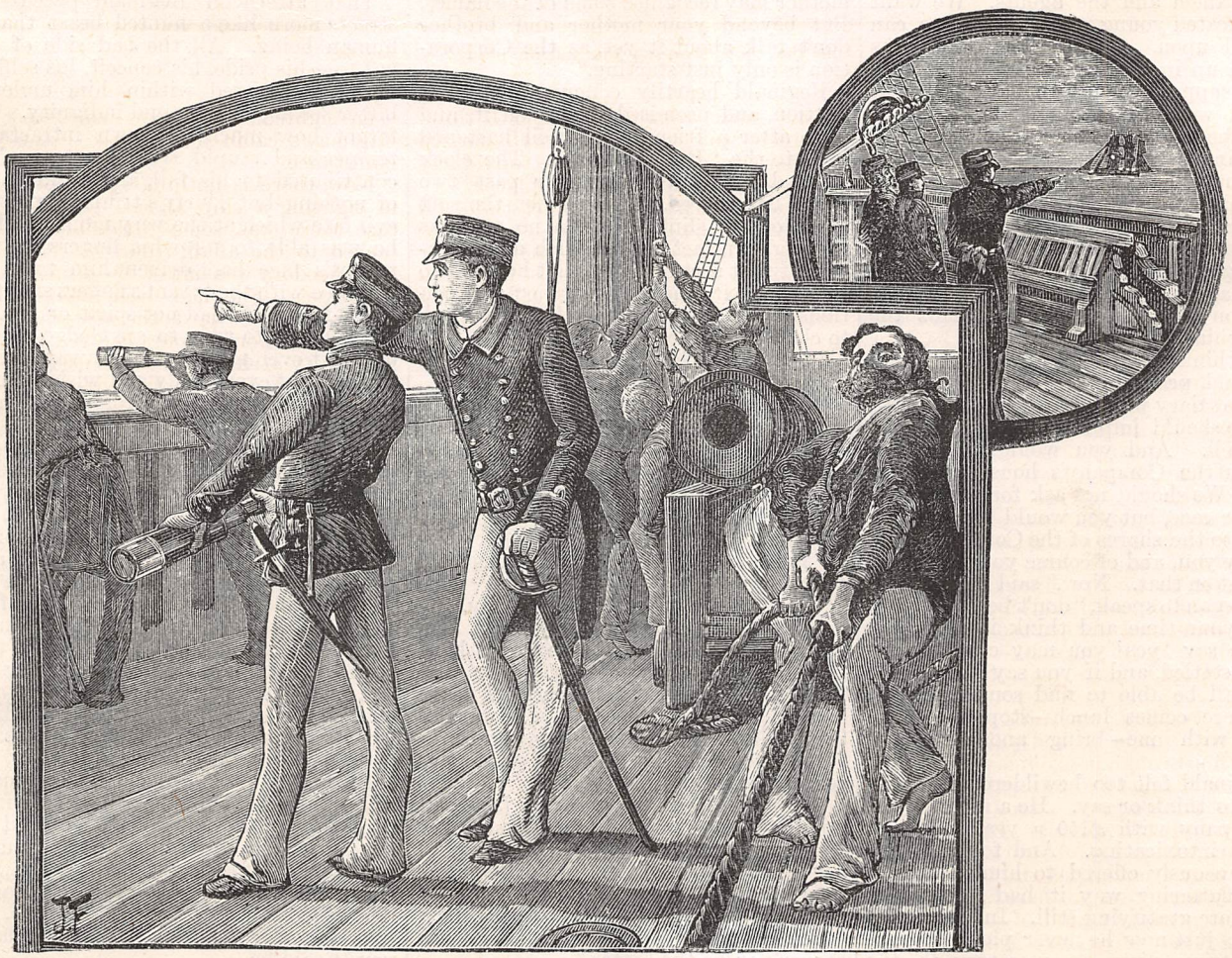
CHAPTER IX.—IN TOWARDS THE WEST LAND—A STRANGE SAIL.

"I hear," said Lieutenant Mildmay to Colin one day, "that our good captain is still ailing."

"Yes, sir," replied Colin, "he has caught cold, I believe, or something of the kind."

"Call it by the right name, boy; put it in French if you like—*mal de mer*."

"But it seems so strange to me, sir,



"A strange sail."

"Then came the choir chanting the solemn litany."—*See page 568.*

that so old a man as Captain Blunderbore, and so old a sailor—"

"Stay, Colin. You must take care how you use the word 'old,' except as a term of endearment."

Colin laughed pleasantly. "Indeed, if I may speak plainly," he said, "there is nothing particularly endearing about Captain Blunderbore; at all events he hasn't evinced any very loveable disposition as yet. But, sir, he must be over fifty."

"Not quite, perhaps, and he hasn't roughed it in the service either, as I and your dear old uncle have. That accounts for the *mal de mer*, Colin."

"And why, sir," asked Colin, "hasn't he roughed it?"

"Too many friends at home, Colin; too many friends in high places; too many molly-coddles to give him the best ships, that never go twenty miles out of sight of land—ships with well-found messes, large cabins, and feather beds."

"Well, a life in ships like these," said Colin, "must be merely playing at being sailors."

"Ah! yes, lad, true, and that is one thing your uncle wished you to avoid. 'Colin must rough it, Mildmay,' he writes, in one of his pithy letters. 'There is the stuff in him to make a good officer if it be only properly worked.' But sit down, boy, and do a bit of work. You can bring your friend Quentin to my cabin also any time I am not here."

"That is so very kind of you," replied Colin; "but, dear Mr. Mildmay, this doesn't mean roughing it, and I think my uncle would just be as well pleased if I were to do my work on top of my sea-chest, or in my own mess-place."

"True, he might, but I don't think I'll spoil you for all that. Ha!" he continued, "you have no idea what a tartar I am in the way of discipline. Duty is a most sacred thing, Colin, and if ever I found you fail in it I would bring you up sharp with a round turn, as the sailors say. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Well, sir, I have copied one of these letters. Now I am going to continue my letters home."

"Continue them? Explain."

"I write a bit about every second or third day to my father and mother and brother. And also one to the old dominie, and one to our old servant Raoul."

Lieutenant Mildmay's eyes sparkled. He looked admiringly at Colin.

"I'm glad you don't forget home," he said. "And tell me, will your old dominie, Clayton I think you call him, be pleased to get your letter?"

"Oh! delighted; he will carry it in his pocket till it is all frayed at the folds, and read it to everybody he can get to listen. He will read it to the scholars too, and a great many are still there that know me."

"Good," said Mildmay. "What a delightful thing it is to have a home, and to be loved! Now go and write. Hullo, though, what is that!"

"I'll run and see, sir."

It was a shout on deck. A vessel had been sighted, and Colin came back to Mildmay's cabin and reported the circumstance.

Now there is nothing very wonderful in sighting a ship at sea. But in this case there was some little interest attached to the affair from the fact that the Theodora was out of the usual track of vessels. She had been steering in pretty closely towards the western shores of Africa. For rumours had reached the Admiralty at home that the slave trade, so well kept down in the Indian Ocean, had broken out here. The Portuguese are not above running a profitable cargo when they have a chance, nor are the Spaniards either.

More sail was clapped on the Theodora, and she was kept away a few points so as to steer in the direction of the strange sail, which, curious enough, seemed wishful to sheer off in quite a suspicious way, and give the war ship a wide berth.

There was a good deal of bustle on deck, and some small show of excitement when Colin went up again.

Benbow and the doctor were walking up and down the quarter-deck; even D'Austin had come up, and had his pale face and aristocratic nose over the bow in the direction of the chase, for chase she now appeared to be.

Captain Blunderbore sent for his second lieutenant.

"Good evening, Captain Blunderbore," said that gentleman, coming down off the bridge and tripping up to his commander.

"Ah! good evening," replied the captain, returning the salute; "so we're in chase, are we?"

"Well, sir," began Gayly, "when anything runs away I think it is our duty to —er—"

"To run after it, Mr. Gayly; most certainly. And what do you make of her?"

"Well, sir, it is getting dark now, and we won't see much more of her, I fear. At present she is a bit of a mystery. You see, sir, she is running clean away from us, or trying to; now what does she want to run away for, I ask, if she has, morally speaking, a clean bill of health?"

"True, Mr. Gayly, true sir."

"So I've given the orders to get up steam, and we'll try if we can't overhaul her."

"Quite right. But she'll be sure to extinguish her lights when it gets very dark, won't she?"

"I fear so, sir. I fear so."

And as he spoke little Gayly stood before the captain with his left forefinger pressed against the left corner of his mouth, and his left elbow supported by his right hand in a very thoughtful attitude indeed.

A smart wee man was Lieutenant Gayly, I can assure you. About five and twenty, fair-haired, heavy in brows when cogitating, fierce in eye, square-shouldered, a waist like a hornet's—they did say that Gayly wore stays—white immaculate gloves, spotless linen, and patent-leather boots upon feet not much bigger than a Chinese lady's.

I don't say that Gayly was not smart and clever, mind you, and a good strict officer and all that, but he had too much peacock pride about him for a genuine sailor.

"Do everything for the best, Mr. Gayly," said the captain. "Indeed, I know you will. I'm going below now. Keep me posted."

"That I will," replied Gayly, smartly.

Captain Blunderbore made his way to the companion. He met Quentin Steele and Colin coming along the quarter-deck, on the lee side, and stopped to speak to them.

"I hope you like your ship, young gentlemen, and are doing your duty," he said in a half stern, half fatherly tone of voice.

"Oh! she is a splendid craft," said Quentin, with enthusiasm.

"First-class," said Colin.

"Well, lads," replied the captain, pointing away ahead to the light now glimmering across the water from the strange craft. "We're going to get some prize-money for you. Ha! ha! Lucky young rascals. I wish I was young again."

It was a merry little party that evening in the captain's cabin. Benbow was in fine form, and told many of his most miraculous yarns.

Dr. M'Gee, in his own way, was not a whit behind him.

Captain Blunderbore laughed till his eyes ran water, and he had to blow his nose and laugh again; but Benbow never laughed a bit, even when telling the most preposterous stories.

Meanwhile steam was got up; but about ten o'clock, when Lieutenant Gayly came in to make a report, he had a rather long face.

"Can't get near her, sir," he said.

"She still burns her lights?"

"Yes, sir."

"Strange!" said the captain. "Well, well, just keep on. If you do get near enough, put a shot through her rigging."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It was a lovely night. Though no moon was shining then, the stars were so bright that every mast and sheet and stay was distinctly visible, and the broad wake that the Theodora left behind, whitened by the churning screw, and the racing waves sparkling in the stars' light, and far away to windward the strange mysterious sail.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

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CHAPTER XXI.—RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.

We have stated that Frau von Steinfeldt and Ivan preferred the winter for travelling, but this must not be taken as a rule of universal application. Many Russians prefer to perform their long journeys in May, when the disagreeable part of the year, the time of the great thaw, is over, and the sun has not yet commenced to burn everybody and everything with its pitiless rays. But when there is a good beaten track over the snow, and the road is hard and firm, there is no question as to which is the best time to travel in Russia.

On the present occasion a first-class carriage for two was taken for the travellers, a carriage which could readily be converted into wonderful bedrooms, by raising seats, depressing backs, and otherwise acting upon the extraordinary machinery of the luxuriously-stuffed sofas lining the carriage. Each carriage, or rather compartment, opened upon the common corridor, in which were windows for the admission of light, and, like all windows in Russia, for the exclusion of cold. There was a regular room, or compartment, with a lavatory for ladies at one end, and at the other a similar room for men. This corridor was warmed by a stove at each end, which supplied heat enough for all the hot-air pipes winding round the carriages, keeping them warm despite the cruel cold without, the extent of which is quite unknown in England. There was, in the carriage in which Ivan travelled, also a room like a saloon, to which people could retire while the conversion of the carriage in which they rode was being effected.

It is true that on Russian lines the speed is nothing compared with that attained in England, but the want of rapidity in travelling is well compensated for by increase of safety and of comfort. People travel such enormous distances in Russia that a few hours, or a day or two even, more or less, cannot make much difference in their calculations; whereas in so small a country as England it is easy to count the very minutes which we have at our disposal for travelling purposes.

At the time agreed on the two adventurers, with their luggage, were seen "on board the train" by Smirnoff, Tenterton and Madame Kakaroff. Von Steinfeldt had arranged to accompany them as far as Nijni Novgorod. Very hearty farewells were exchanged, and the journey commenced.

By an arrangement with the guard, a bed was made up for Ivan in the saloon during this journey. Nothing of special interest in the progress of our story occurred during this portion of the trip. Nijni was reached, and its peculiar fair-like arrangement of streets was not so striking as usual on account of the snow, which lay like a dazzling tablecloth spread over the whole town. It was not a time to see the fair, which does not begin till the summer, and our travellers had not started on a sight-seeing expedition, nor did the town under snow possess any great attractions for them. The projecting spires glittering in the sun, the Russian domes and crosses, were familiar objects to them; besides, their minds were so full of other and sadder thoughts that such external matters had little interest for them just now.

They alighted at the terminus, and in the spacious hotel attached to it they found ample accommodation and not many visitors to distract the attention of the Tartar waiters, who in their white linen jackets and trousers did not look as if they believed it to be winter. Ivan said they were snow men animated for the occasion, but who would melt away in the thaw.

There was a touching leave-taking between husband and wife as the former took the return train to Moscow. After his departure neither Ivan nor Madame Steinfeldt seemed to care about Nijni and its oddities. They were impatient to reach Kazan, to which the railway is not yet complete. They therefore hired two sledges, in one of which they drove with some smaller articles of dress and certain requisites which they very zealously guarded. In the second sledge they deposited their heavier luggage, which was guarded by a Russian ex-soldier, engaged on the recommendation of the hotel-keeper at Nijni.

The air was piercingly cold; so cold that no English lady would have cared to face it, but the warm furs provided for the travellers bid defiance to the climate. There was no wind. The air was as calm and as still as death. The yamschik had to drive most carefully

not to miss the beaten track which gave solidity to the mass of snow over which they travelled, and which itself had been hardened by the passage of many sledges. The road was indicated by poles set in the ground, originally spars, but now only projecting a few feet from the snow.

It must be borne in mind that on each side of this beaten track the snow was loose and feathery, so that if the driver missed his way there was no chance for the traveller but certain death, for the depth of the snow was, as indicated by the poles, considerable, and if the horses had fallen over they would have plunged deeper and deeper into the sea of snow, and have perished, involving sledge and passengers in ruin. In view of the possibility of such an accident, Herr von Steinfeldt had recommended the engagement of another sledge, so that help should be at hand in the worst case. Besides which the authorities at Nijni had ordered relays of horses at the stations along the route.

The nights of two days were passed in weird villages forming the stations for the horses and dignified by the name of towns. But there was no talk of bed! The grimy little wooden hovel serving as the best "hotel" presented no attractions to sleepers in that region, sofas in the common room were used by the travellers covered up in their own furs. A samovar they found. As no peasant is without that useful article, and as they were provided with tea, sugar, and all sorts of preserved meats stowed away in the second sledge, they were well off for food. They had plenty of sugar themselves, and so were greatly amused at the sight of a large lump of this important aid to tea-drinking hanging in the centre of the room by a long string, so that the frequenters of the "hotel" could drink their tea from the glass and take a small "bite" at the sugar, retaining the morsel so secured in their mouths to sweeten their tea in its passage. Even in western Russia, in Moscow itself, there are many persons who, instead of dissolving their sugar in their tea, bite off such small portions as they may require and drink the tea unsweetened, save by the amount of sugar it may wash off from the lump in the mouth.

At length the strange "Tartar city" of Kazan was reached without any accident. The two nights' want of rest and the three days of incessant travelling had somewhat exhausted our friends, and they were glad enough to find themselves in a comfortable hotel. The Oriental appearance of much that they saw struck them as very odd. The women with their veils coming from the Tartar town, the colour of the men of the same district, whose tawny complexion would vie with the Hindoos, seemed so strange. The Tartars have their own town, but they do not entirely keep in it, and we meet them all over the streets of the Christian city, though Christians seldom go into the Tartar portion, with the exception of the missionaries, who are very active in their endeavours to convert their Mohammedan neighbours. They have a regular school for Tartar children rescued from Mohammedanism and trained to become missionaries amongst their countrymen. As in Moscow and in other Russian towns, there is a Kremlin at Kazan also surrounded by walls and containing numberless holy buildings.

After a good rest at this "second Moscow," a long and tedious journey of five days brought our travellers to Perm, whence the new railway was to carry them to the Ural Mountains, and so into Asia proper. Ivan said it was "jolly to know geography," and he "thought it fun to drive out of Europe into Asia without any change of carriage. The luggage had been transhipped from the big sledge to the train, and the comfort of railway travelling soon taught our two friends to forget the discomfort to which they had been subject.

Fairly in Asia, no trouble or indeed any noteworthy event occurred, and our friends continued on their way in great comfort until they arrived at Ekaterineburg, where already preparations had been made to receive them, and here the grand scheme laid by Ivan came into play.

The reader may remember that the boy was most anxious to obtain possession of a suit of clothes belonging to the daughter of the officer of police into whose hands he fell on the occasion of his second loss, and to induce her to let him have her passport. His idea had always been to pass the barriers as a girl, openly and without shrinking, offering his passport as Malutin's daughter. Once across, he meant to have changed his dress to that of a boy, and to have repassed the barrier in his own person unperceived—and, indeed, to have waited until a good opportunity of doing so should offer. Now the fact of travelling as the son of the Frau von Steinfeldt rendered part of the trick easier of accomplishment. She had been provided with three passports—one for herself, another for her daughter, and another for her son. With her own hands she had prepared a well-fitting dress, with hat, cloak, and baschlik (a kind of hood worn to keep the head warm in winter) all complete for Ivan to masquerade in as Fräulein von Steinfeldt, and the passports were arranged for Tobolsk and back, thus providing for the return of Frau von Steinfeldt with *two* of her children, while Ivan trusted to his past experience to enable him to pass for a boy and a girl in getting into the "difficult" ground of Ekaterineburg. Their letters procured them a warm reception from a rich Siberian merchant named Zoffolovski, and here operations first commenced.

Their sledge drove up to the door, and was soon surrounded by servants, who desired to help in getting out the smaller parcels in the carriage. It was a hooded sledge, and Ivan had been able to slip on a dress skirt, a schuba, and a baschlik or hood, so as to be, to all intents and purposes, a young lady. The two were shown up a short flight of about a dozen wooden steps to a large hall from which doors opened on either hand. A benevolent old gentleman apologised for the non-appearance of his wife (who was ill in bed) to welcome the new-comers.

The next morning they were late in rising, and at noon they were to leave and pass the barriers into what may be called the police country, and here some delicate management was requisite.

Away drove Madame Steinfeldt with Ivan as a girl. The day was bright, though intensely cold; the snow lay thick upon the ground, and they trotted off, the merry bells jingling from the "duga" or bow over the centre horse of the three that drove the sledge. When they arrived at the barrier they found several soldiers and an officer inspecting the sledge with their luggage, which of course was already at the bar. Madame Steinfeldt stepped out and presented her passport, together with those of Ivan and Olga.

At the sight of the name the officer ordered the barrier to be opened very wide, the guard to turn out and salute. Then he regarded the three passports and only two persons, and asked whether her son were coming on or not. He would make a note if she wished, and let him through afterwards, or do whatever she liked to avoid delay. This had been provided for by Frau von Steinfeldt, who said, "Ivan should have been in the sledge with the baggage. If you please, I will drive after the luggage-sledge, which is not far off, because my daughter wishes to see whether a favourite trunk is there or not. Of course, she can remain and go on with the luggage while I drive back for Ivan."

"Whatever you please. I have orders to offer you every possible aid in passing the barrier. It is only my duty to you to check the number of travellers by the number of passports. Pray do exactly as you like otherwise."

Thanking the officer for his courteous attention, she drove rapidly after the other sledge, which she soon overtook. Within her sledge were Ivan's schuba and boy's baschlik, and she contrived to put every article of his girlish attire except the large external cloak and the baschlik into the luggage-sledge. This done, Ivan returned to her sledge and lay down at the bottom, well covered by furs and the apron or cloth.

On coming to the barrier the officer saluted as before, and Frau von Steinfeldt exclaimed, brightly, "All right, I shall soon return with my son."

Away they rattled, and Ivan emerged from under the apron of the sledge, and put on his boy's schuba and baschlik. She then returned with him in his boyish character and passed the barrier triumphantly, the officer saluting as before; and the yamschik, satisfied that the lady had found what she thought she had forgotten, took no note of Ivan.

At the next station Madame Steinfeldt requested that the drivers might be changed as well as the horses, for now a serious journey lay before her. She had to make for Tiumen, a distance of two hundred miles from Ekaterineburg. Wolves were reported "out," and she had no male protector save Ivan, who, however, astonished her by showing a wonderful revolver which he had bought at the "English Magazine" at Moscow. It was a large one with six chambers, and Ivan showed what a store of ammunition he had provided.

"This is something like travelling, you know!" he said. "But before we go on, I wonder if we could not engage some one to ride with us and help us take charge of the wolves?"

"A very good idea, Ivan. I must see the head-man of this village—which, indeed, seems rather an important place. There are several very respectable houses in it, and the cutting and setting of precious stones are, I am told, much practised here. I think, as we must wait to know about the guard, we might stop and look at the workshops and have some lunch."

This latter was a proposal that could never come amiss to Ivan. So they were driven to a long, low log hut, which was the "hotel" of the place; but, on receiving an unlimited order for lunch, the table was speedily spread, and a wonderful soup made its appearance. There were three kinds of bread on the table—the coarse black bread of the country, ordinary white bread, and the little dinner-rolls called "roses," for which Russia is justly famed. After the soup there was some magnificent fish, with somewhat of the flavour and all the consistency of boiled veal; then came beef and a salad, then partridges, then a capercailzie, and lastly a pudding like a Madeira cake, with sauce of a most delicious flavour. Red and white wines of Russian growth were supplied, and the repast terminated with coffee. When Madame Steinfeldt asked for the bill, judge her astonishment when the demand amounted to one rouble each (a rouble is just two shillings)!

After this lunch they were waited on by the head-man of the place, who had already heard that "Excellencies" were travelling, to whom every respect must be shown. He came in a green dress-coat, with the eagle button and a gilt collar of office. He was attended by his secretary, and when they entered the long room, unfurnished save by a long deal table, two deal chairs, some deal forms, the big, big stove in the centre, and the holy saint in the corner, they paused, threw off their schubas, and bowed. Oh, *how* they bowed!

"I am much obliged to you, gentlemen, for your politeness in coming to me," said Frau von Steinfeldt. "I took the liberty of asking you to do so, as I want your kind assistance and advice. We are travelling to Tiumen, and hear that the wolves are out. Can you assist me by inducing some gendarmes or mounted Cossacks to accompany us so far?"

"Most certainly. You have but to command. We have not many guards here, but we can spare a corporal with six men, if you please."

"That is charming; and now tell me, if you please, how much I must pay for this generous aid."

"What your Excellency pleases to give the men they will be pleased to accept. We have orders to show you every attention, and are only too glad to have the opportunity of doing so, if you will only speak well of us to the Emperor when you see him next. He will ask you if you have seen *me*, Peter Petrovitch Lomonoff, and it would be a pleasant feeling to know that the Emperor was personally satisfied with me."

With many bows and almost entire prostration of the person on the floor of the queer chamber to which we have introduced our readers (and to which the "worst inn's worst room" in England would have been palatial by contrast), the magnates of the town withdrew to seek the military aid required. Everything is military in Russia, and in Siberia, where so much civic soldiership is required, all men, excepting those in the penal settlement, who belong to the guarded and watched classes, have some touch of soldiership. Some police-soldiers were in the town at the time of our hero's visit, and to them our friend the mayor repaired with all the dignity of authority.

"You are all of you good servants to our Imperial Master the Emperor of All the Russias, the Head of the Church on Earth, and the Commander of all our Armies?"

"Hurrah! long live the Czar!" cried the officer, a young lieutenant, and the cry was re-echoed by the men, though it did not sound quite so hearty.

"A near relation of his Imperial Grace the Emperor has just arrived, but without escort. You will be chosen, or, at least, six of you will be chosen, to escort her to Tiumen, where she must be safely deposited with the mayor of that place."

Presently one of the soldiers who had gone out returned with his sergeant, who merits a special introduction to the reader. Stefan Michaeloff Gabrielloff was a tall, gaunt man, with a fiery red face like the sun seen through a fog. The hair of his head had been worn away by the pressure of his helmet, his whiskers were shaven off, and so was his beard, leaving his face as smooth as a Dutch cheese. But it seemed as though all the hair wanting in those places had been collected to form a pair of mustaches so big, so long, so thick, so bristling as to give the wearer enough fierceness for the whole troop, who, to do them justice, were no milksops either.

He was a man of about fifty or fifty-two, very muscular though gaunt-looking. His nose showed tokens of intimate acquaintance with the customs of any army rather than the "Blue Ribbon." But *the* feature about the man was certainly the mustache. This was in splendid order, well waxed, curled from the centre downwards, so as to overshadow the mouth, which seemed in consequence to be within some fortification of an impregnable nature. The two ends were waxed as though in defence of the face—and indeed of the whole man—nay, when riding at the head of a sergeant's guard, they looked as though they were in some way doing duty for the whole company.

The bearing of this man was very soldierlike. He had fought under the white general at Plevna, "Don't you know?" and his eye would glisten and his mustache bristle as he said it, so that he looked, not as the Americans say, as though he had eaten a pint of fish-hooks, but as though he were all through made of bayonets.

This worthy entered the room, his face red from use of the poison of Russia—vodka—and his form a little stiffer (if possible) than usual. He entered the room hurriedly, clothed in his long grey overcoat, with the white sword-belt and white straps for the sword. He wore an undress cap of green cloth with red pipings and the Russian cockade in front. Nobody could have doubted who saw him that the Russians had been successful. He entered the room hurriedly, but seeing the officer he drew himself up into a martial attitude, and brought his hand to the salute, exclaiming,

"What are your orders?"

The officer returned the salute carelessly, saying, "You must ask these gentlemen. This is the mayor and that is his secretary."

And so it was arranged that this sergeant should take charge of the travellers.

The sergeant was now introduced by the mayor to Frau von Steinfeldt, who won the grim soldier's heart at once by presenting her hand, which he kissed reverentially, and then ventured to suggest that another sledge should be added for stores and provisions, poles and canvas for tents in case of snowstorms overtaking them, in which case they must make a stern fight of it.

The readiness of this warrior charmed our hero. The lady gave him *carte-blanche* in the purchase of whatever he thought necessary, and found to her surprise that forty roubles (about £4 in English money) covered the whole. When everything was arranged and the men in marching order, she was touched by a trait of true Russian feeling.

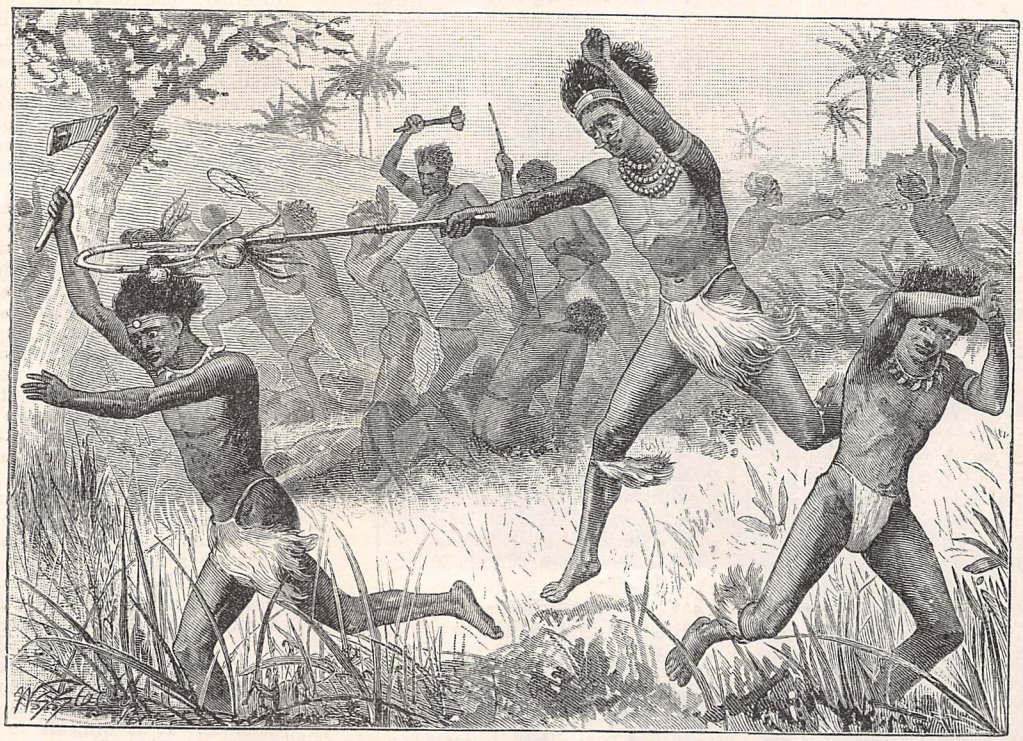
Through the snow came a priest in full canonicals with the gorgeous dress of the Greek Church; the deacon in his white robe followed with a large cross; then came the choir chanting the solemn Litany, the words of which sound so weird from Russian lips, gaining immensely in musical effect! "*Gospodi po mie letiye!*" [Lord have mercy upon us] sounded grandly in that strange place. And the scene was a subject for a painter! The queer, long, low log-cabin of an hotel; the soldiers firm on horseback with their grey coats over their fur schubas, with their baschliks of the same brownish grey as their coats, the white cross-belts forming a pleasing relief; the queer-looking old-fashioned sledge, like a hooded phaeton, dismounted from its wheels to be dragged through the snow; then the group of priests and the choristers blessing the party!

And now all was ready: the three sledges, the peasant sledge with poles and canvas, the six troopers and sergeant Gabrielloff, who had all his party in perfect order, two in advance, one on one side of Frau von Steinfeldt's sledge and himself on the other, one in charge of the provision sledge, and two to bring up the rear. Then he gave the word, "Forwards—March!" Away they started, leaving the young lieutenant lamenting that he had allowed the sergeant to take the place which he might have occupied just as well and so profitably to himself. The soldiers uttered another hurrah! which was echoed by many of their comrades who now came upon the scene. The priest stood with outstretched hands and upturned eyes imploring the Divine blessing on the party. The mayor and several functionaries of that small town laid in a store of neuralgic rheumatism for the rest of their days, by standing bare-headed in the biting cold, bowing to the departing "princess." The peasant women, in their curious brown, yellow, or black schubas, their red handkerchiefs and yellow shawls, bound over and about their heads, looked like a party of North American Indians, while the mujiks standing in a separate group looked much about the same.

"Ah-h-h!" (almost three syllables) exclaimed a fine old Russian peasant woman to a Samoyede girl who had come into town with a party of her country-people bringing supplies of game. "Ah-h-h! there goes a real lady! That's a Russian, and that is what you get to see by coming to us."

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA.



Life in New Guinea.—The Mancatcher at work.

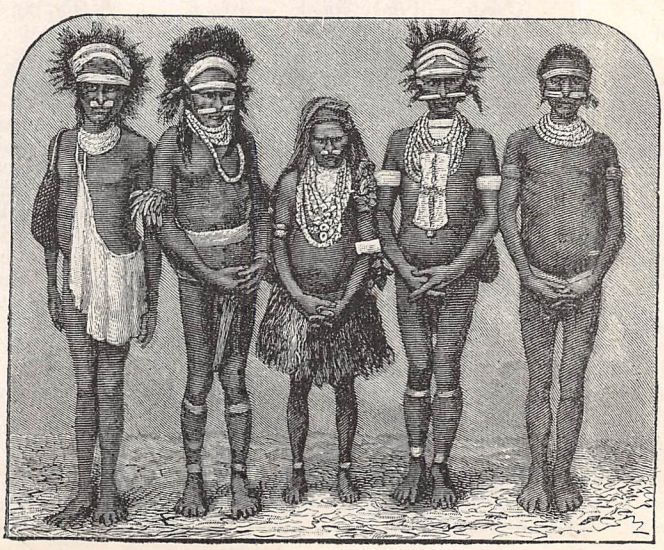
THE manners and customs of New Guinea are rather startling.

"It was resting-day at a village, far away from the coast, and, spreading my chart out on the middle of the floor in the small native house in which we were camping, several sitting round, I was tracing our journey done and the probable one to do, when strange drops were falling around, a few on the chart. They came from a bulky parcel overhead. Jumping up quickly, I discovered that they were grandmother's remains being dried. Our chart was placed on the fire, and the owner was called lustily, who hurriedly entered and walked away with the parcel."

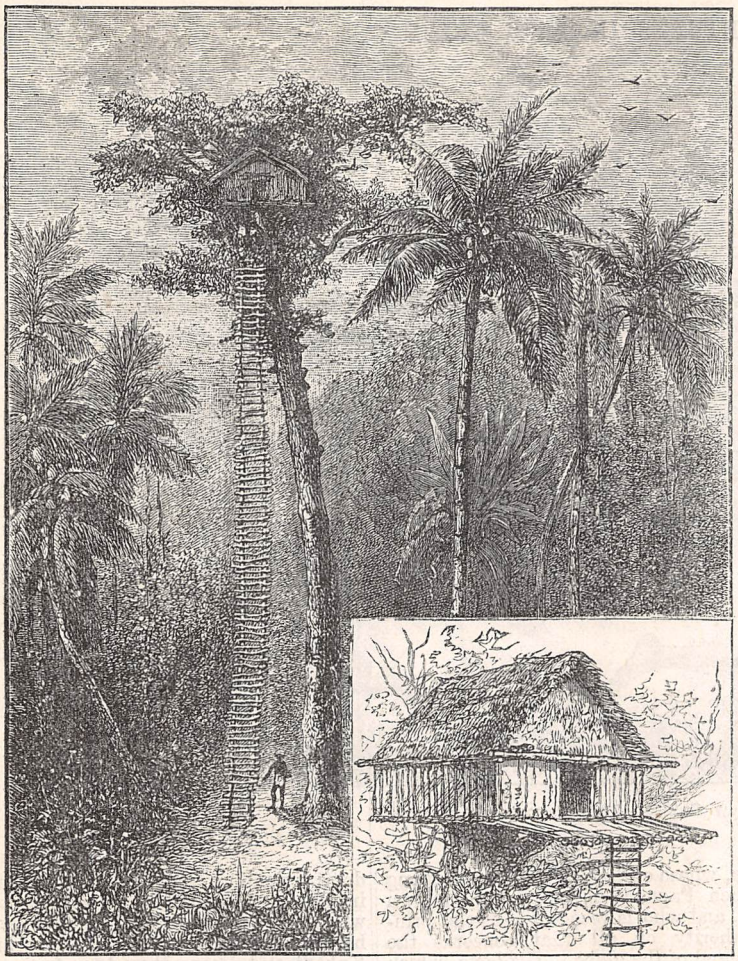
This horrible way of treating the dead is curious enough, but it is by no means the most curious thing in the new book on New Guinea just issued by the Religious Tract Society. The earlier and chief part of that volume is from the pen of the Rev. James Chalmers, whose enthusiastic labours among the heathen Papuans have been well known for years, and who is recognised as the principal authority on all that concerns the largest island of the globe. His facts, which are far more interesting than fiction, can therefore be relied on, and, as we have hinted above, it is indeed a strange people with whom we have to deal.

On the subject of dress, for instance—to say little of that modern innovator who helped to get the teacher's goods ashore and who had a pair of trousers minus a leg, and wore the body of the trousers round his head with the leg falling gracefully down his back—we read of a people that wear nose-jewels three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and daub their faces in stripes of black, white, red, and yellow; who when in mourning paint themselves all over black and wear net collars, and when in very deep mourning get inside a "very tight kind of wickerwork dress extending from the neck to the knees in such a way that they are not able to walk well." We read of head-dresses seven feet high, built up on a wooden frame, while "at Kabadi and Naara they have frames about two feet and a half in height and three feet broad, and from the centre a long stick ten or twelve feet long; on the frame and centre they fasten plumes until all the wood is hidden." We read of tattooed chiefs, each mark on whom means a life violently taken, and some of whom are almost covered with these savage medals of honour. And we read of tight-laced dandies, whose bodies have been tortured into dumb-bells. "It is ridiculous to see a broad band round the stomach of a dandy, the flesh above and beneath bulging out by way of revenge. The band is made of strong material, and when of sufficient length the ends are dexterously woven together on the body. However corpulent the dandy may become, this band indicates

Boevagi, Chief of Port Moresby.



Natives of South-Eastern New Guinea.



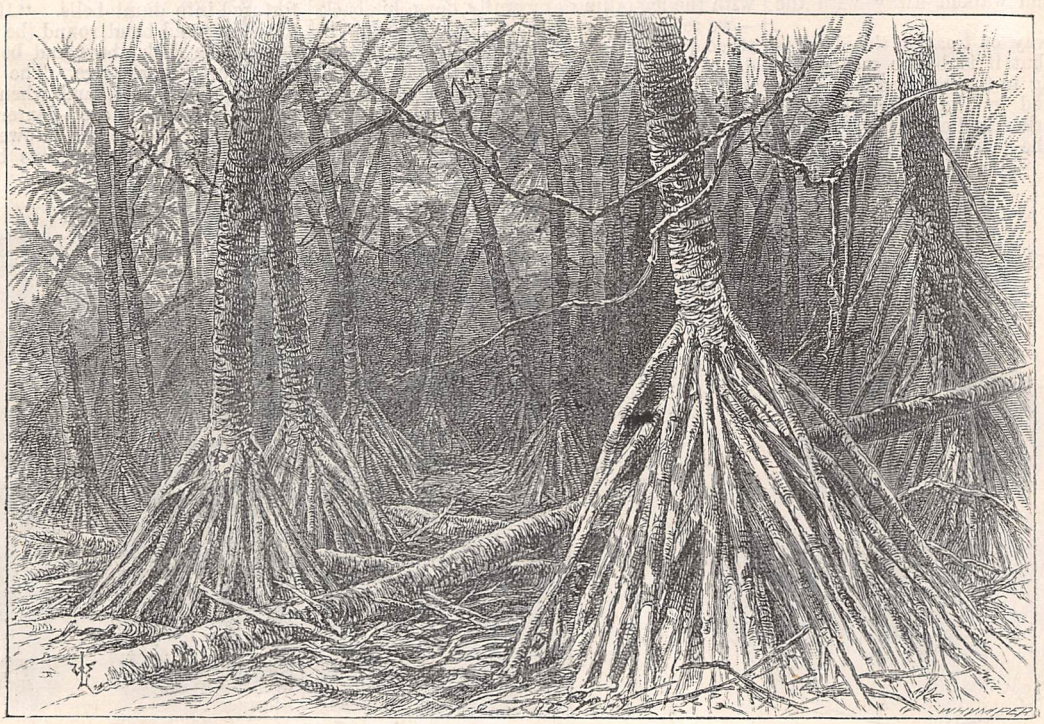
Tree Houses.

his original dimensions. There is no way of removing it except by the knife."

The only field in which these people have shown much skill and ingenuity is in the manufacture of weapons. Of these we give an illustration of the most deadly. It is known as the mancatcher, and was invented by the natives of Huon Bay, but it is used all over the island. The peculiarity of the mancatcher is the spike in its handle, which once the loop is over the neck can hardly fail to be fatal. In canoes, too, the people are rather ingenious, the Port Moresby natives during the south-east monsoon lashing their canoes together, sometimes up to as many as fifteen, and forming a safe and peculiar-looking raft.

The houses too are strange. In that temporarily occupied by the teachers "skulls, shells, and cocoanuts are hung all about; the skulls are those of the enemies he and his people have eaten. Inside the house, hung up on the wall, is a large collection of human bones, bones of animals and of fish." Bones are much in use for decorative purposes. "One of our guides to the village wore as an armlet the jawbone of a man from the mainland he had killed and eaten; others strutted about with human bones dangling from their hair and about their necks." Some of the houses are in the tops of trees, with ladders of long vines on each side to assist ascent. Some are like animals. "The largest houses are built to represent an alligator with open mouth; the platform in front of the house is the lower jaw, and the long shade over the platform the upper, so that standing on the platform you stand in the alligator's mouth, the house sloping to appear as a body." And in some districts the houses have a regular burglar alarm. "On the door hangs a bunch of nutshells, so that when the door is shut or opened they make a noise. Should the occupants of the house be asleep and their foes come, they would on the door being opened be wakened up. Spears and clubs are all handy."

And the domestic utensils are peculiar. "In crossing one of the spurs a native and his son brought us bananas, and water in a bamboo. It is difficult to drink out of a bamboo. Place the open end to the mouth, raise gradually, look out, here it comes—steady! Ah! too much raised; it is a deluge streaming over you and nearly choking you. Try again. Well, a little better, yet far from perfect. Choking are you? Never mind; practise, and you will soon be an expert—a native in drinking truly. The natives have been having a feast. They began with boiled bananas and finished with a large snake cooked in pots. It was cut up and divided out amongst all. Sixteen eggs were found in her, a little larger than a good-sized fowl's egg. They seemed to relish it much, and the gravy was much thought of. They say pig is nothing compared to snake. Ah, well, tastes differ."

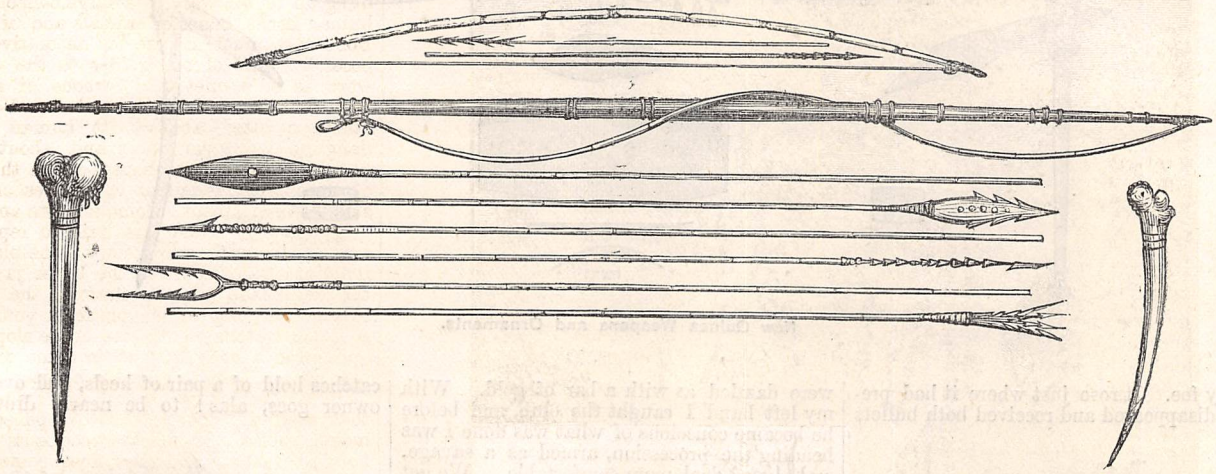


A Forest of Pandanus-Trees.

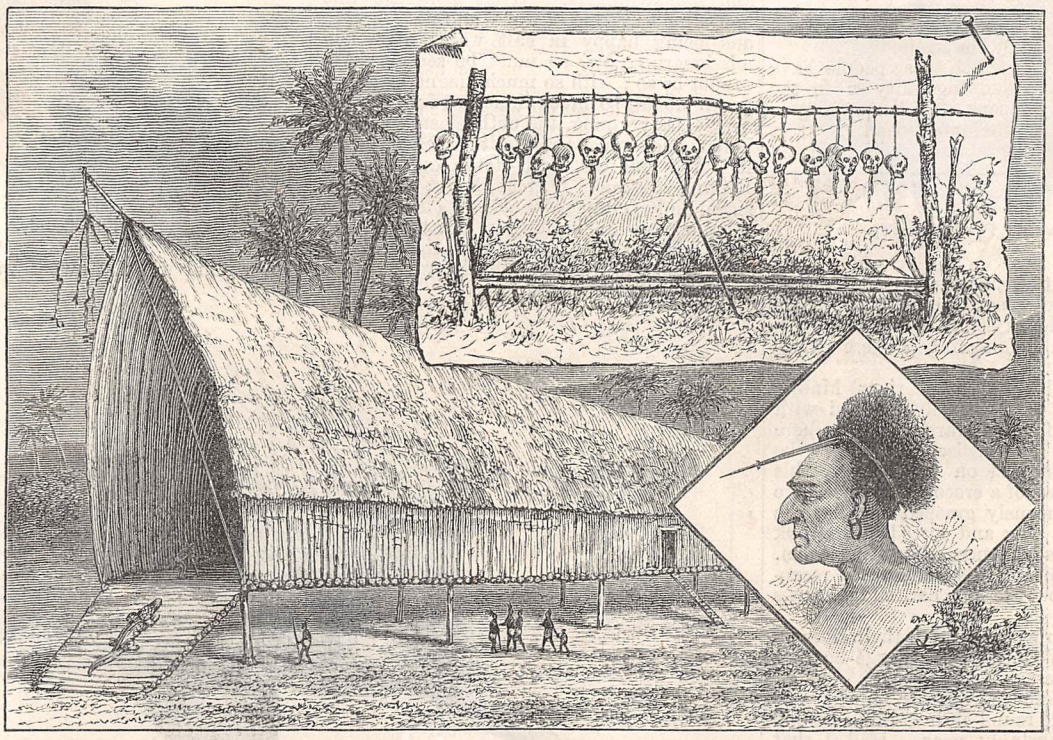
Of the animal life Messrs. Chalmers and Gill give many graphic notes. "We saw three nests of the mound-building megapode; one of them was fifty-one feet in diameter. It is said that larger nests exist at East Cape. It seems incredible that so small a bird should build such immense tumuli as nests. In point of fact, however, no such mound was ever built by a single bird or in one season. The *Megapodius tumulus* never sits upon her eggs, but buries them deep in the mound, to be hatched by the heat of the sun and fermentation. We had two fine eggs for breakfast; being fresh, they proved to be capital eating." Or take the following concerning the world-famous birds of Paradise:—"One morning we had camped on a spur of the Owen Stanley Range, and being up early to enjoy the cool atmosphere, I saw on one of a clump of trees close by six birds of Paradise, four cocks and two hens. The hens were sitting quietly on a branch, and the four cocks, dressed in their very best, their ruffs of green and yellow standing out, giving them a large, handsome appearance about the head and neck, their long flowing plumes so arranged that every feather seemed carefully combed out, and the long wires stretched well out behind, were dancing in a circle round them. It was an interesting sight. First one, then another would advance a little nearer to a hen, and she, coquette-like, would retire a little, pretending not to care for any advances. A shot was fired, contrary to my expressed wish; there was a strange commotion, and two of the cocks flew away, the others and the hens remained. Soon the two returned, and again the dance began and continued long, and I having strictly forbidden any more shooting, all fear was gone; and so at last a rest, and then a little nearer to the two dark-brown and certainly not pretty hens. Quarrelling ensued, and in the end all six birds flew away."

In the New Guinea rivers the crocodiles are pretty numerous, and some of the stories about them are particularly thrilling.

"His wife went to the beach at break of day. In the twilight she observed what she took to be a log of wood lying on the black sand. To her horror, the log became animated and rushed upon her, being in reality a hungry crocodile watching for prey. A smart blow on the neck from the serrated tail laid her on the sand; she was then grabbed by the right thigh and carried into the sea. The *paws* with their sharp claws were used, *not the jaws* of the reptile. The poor woman had nothing in her hand to defend herself with. She, however, furiously beat its paw with her clenched fist, and so much alarmed it that it relaxed its hold for a second, and retired to a little distance, still intent upon its prey. Teinaore heard the screams of his wife at the first, and happily arrived at her side just as the reptile loosed its grip. The loud voice of the husband and the splashing of the water so alarmed the crocodile that it made off into deep water. As soon as Teinaore had deposited his wife in the care of friends he ran.

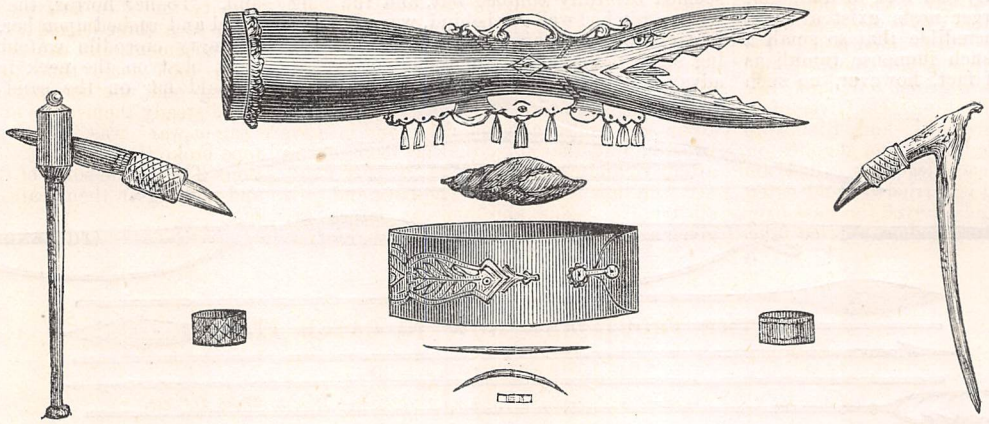


New Guinea Weapons.



Dubus at Vailala and Moapa—Koapina, Chief of Moapa.

for his rifle, rammed two bullets into it, and waded into the shallow water in search of his scaly foe. It rose just where it had previously disappeared and received both bullets in the eye, but it was not until the following day that the body was secured. The slugs testified to its identity."



New Guinea Weapons and Ornaments.

A Native of Port Moresby.

But perhaps the following is more extraordinary.

"Whilst pulling up this river Mataio assured me that it is horribly infested with crocodiles. A famous warrior, fishing here alone one day (he unwisely stood in the stream), was clutched on both sides of his body by the claws of a crocodile. The brave fellow instantaneously grasped the separate claws of either paw and forced them back with tremendous violence, dislocating them. The brute, not liking this unexpected reception, made off, but the man carried the marks to his grave."

The missionaries went with their lives in their hands. We need not enlarge on that point; one extract will suffice us.

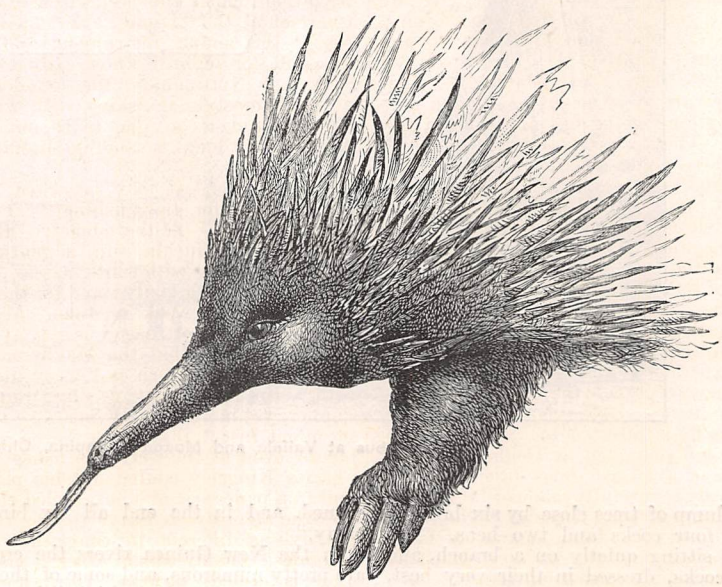
"We were followed by the crowd, one man with a large round club walking behind me and uncomfortably near. Had I that club in my hand I should feel a little more comfortable. When on the beach we saw the canoes had left the vessel and were hurrying ashore; our boat was soon afloat, still we had some distance to go. I must have that club or I fear that club will have me. I had a large piece of hoop-iron, such as is highly prized by the natives, in my satchel. Taking it, I wheeled quickly round, presented it to the savage, whose eyes were dazzled as with a bar of gold. With my left hand I caught the club, and before he became conscious of what was done I was heading the procession, armed as a savage, and a good deal more comfortable. We got safely away."

And as a contrast we will quote in conclusion one of the most delightful descriptions we ever remember meeting with in a book of travel.

"What is that noise? Oh, bathers, in for a good sea-day, in one of the finest bathing-places I have ever seen; swimming, diving, turning somersaults, and ducking one another; there they go. A shout! Off under the water, back again, meet, down all go again, and come up in different places, blowing hard and roaring with laughter. What a splendid beach! So white and clean, so firm, and so suitable for swimmers and non-swimmers. What nonsense and how stupid looking at them and not going in and being happy in salt water too! Old missionaries now, so must be sedate. Ah, cannot be so; with so much magnetic happy youth about, so much innocent fun, the old hearts beat young, the enthusiasm of youth is felt, and—must I relate it? Yes, out with it. We undress, and clothe ourselves in bathing costume. A great shout; the enthusiasm and excitement reaches its height; the missionaries are bathing! What! missionaries ducking them, racing with them, diving with them, swimming under water with them! What next? A missionary dives some distance out, crawls along the bottom, catches hold of a pair of heels, and over the owner goes, alas! to be nearly drowned.

A Hula Dandy.

Never mind who the owner was or who the



Echidna.

missionary was, but in years to come that bathing will be remembered.

"What next? We spread leaves, gather in classes, and sit quietly; the serious business of the day is about to begin, and to the natives the really most important. Pig, sago, rice, and bananas are soon divided, and the babel ceases, whilst our chief, Boe, asks a blessing, thanking the Giver of all good, of peace, goodwill, and friendship, who spreads a table for us, and supplies our every want; then each leader is called, and the division of food is carried off and eaten. All are satisfied and revived for new exertions in fun, but first a short service takes place. 'I have a Father in the promised land' is sung in Motuan, a few words of encouragement are spoken, and an earnest prayer is offered to Him who loved and still loves children that He would bless these children. The prayer is offered by the first convert, a good earnest fellow, who has already done much service in the distant west; his favourite story in new places is Noah and family and the flood, and he says when he tells that story that he soon gets an attentive audience.

"And now for racing. The boys and girls all try it; beads and looking-glasses are given as prizes. What roars of laughter, as they tumble over one another, and when others carry off the palm no bad spirit is shown. The racing was led off by a missionary and two natives, the former coming in first; a three-legged race was the climax of amusement, and caused roars of laughter. They took some time to find out that by taking one another round the neck they could steady themselves and run faster. The 'tug-of-war' was exciting, and when the rope broke the shouting was beyond description. Then came some of their native games, and nothing in them called forth condemnation."

(THE END.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART VII.

Another piece of advice to be given is, Never shun the capture of a fish because it seems in a position of danger to your tackle. I think it the height of cowardice in an angler to say, "Oh, it's no use trying that fish; it will only break away." My motto is, "Hook the fish" first, and let the landing of him be a subsequent consideration. It is surprising how fertile you are in expedients when a large fish is taxing your tackle at one end and you are taxing your inventive faculties for his capture at the other. And, besides, good tackle will take a great deal of straining ere it gives way, so, taking the matter in all its bearings, I am certainly of opinion that even if you lose your prey at last "it is better to have hooked and lost than never to have hooked at all."

Always fish up if you possibly can. Indeed, I would not give a snap of the finger for the pleasure of being obliged to fish down, yet this certainly sometimes happens when the wind is dead against one and very rough. If it is not over rough it is generally possible to get a line crosswise over the stream, and with this you must in such circumstances be content. Still, the obvious reason for fishing *up* ought never to let you forget that this is the most rational way of circumventing the fish. "What, don't you know the rational reason?" Didn't I tell you some time back that trout always lie with their heads up stream? Well then, my friend! if you stand so that they can see all there is of you and let the line *down*, don't you think it is just possible that Master Trout will imitate a celebrated comic character, and, winking his eye, quote "Not for Joseph"? Whereas if you are behind the trout you will find you are on a comparatively blind side, and that, though those bright expansive eyes are capable of seeing a little distance over the back of their owner, they are by no means so situated as to reveal anything going on more than a few yards off. This fact is so self-evident that I wonder there could ever have been a sane person found who would be bold enough to contradict it. Certainly, however, Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell did dispute it some years ago against Mr. Stewart, another well-known author on fishing, and in the columns of the "Field" too. Of course Mr. Stewart had the weight of natural fact on his side, though Mr. Pennell's arguments were remarably well put, as one would expect from so experienced and brilliant a writer.

Only one exception to the up-stream-fishing rule occurs to me, and that is when the deadly Alexandra fly is resorted to. This fly I first saw some ten years ago at Denham Fishery. It consists of a largish hook (about No. 6), and the body is carefully made of broad silver tinsel, wrapped round closely. The wings may be formed of a dozen strands of brown turkey feather, and the hackles, which are very voluminous, consist of the blue fibry feathers from the peacock's neck—altogether a deadly apparition! Although its use is forbidden rightly on many streams, it is sometimes used where the water is rough, well-wooded, and swift-running. The line is let out down-stream, and drawn up with a number of swift jerks, which, as they are at regular intervals, reveal the white silvery body amidst the darker shades of the hackle and wings. The trout doubtless takes this creature for a minnow, and in clear streams my opinion decidedly is that its use should be prohibited.

Certain climatic influences also unquestionably interfere with success in trout fishing, apart from the mechanical influence of an adverse wind. An instance occurs to me in the decided unfavourableness of a north-east wind in early summer, or the equally adverse influence of a distinct north-west. Then, again, it is ordinarily quite vain to seek really first-class sport when the temperature of the water is much below that of the air, though even this is not so bad as when the water is warmer than the atmosphere—as is shown at night by the mists rising through radiation, enveloping the stream in a chilly, ghastly fog, dangerous to the angler, and certainly inimical to the results of the rod. And these remarks lead me to urge on all young fishermen the desirability of possessing a thermometer. A decent one can be got for a shilling, and a systematic observation of the relative temperatures of the air and water respectively may be made, which I know to possess very pronounced interest to all who study piscine life, than which branch of natural history there is none more fascinating. My father, one of the best barbel and bream fishermen of the Thames, always paid attention to this simple instrument, and so also did—and, for aught I know, still does—Mr. Bailey, of Nottingham, the founder of the Nottingham style of fishing with which his name must ever continue to be indissolubly connected as long as angling literature remains.

"What then," it may be asked, "is the best weather for trout-fishing?" I unhesitatingly reply—a thermometer at about ninety degrees in the sun, a gentle south-west wind, a sky with white masses of cumulus clouds floating lazily; and for the season, give me the first week in June. My reason for this selection of season is not a peculiar one. It is then that the Mayfly makes its appearance, and, much as I enjoy the fishing with a tiny quill gnat, or olive dun, or red-spinner, yet more entirely do I love the large succulent insect that floats, borne on every breeze, even to the veritable fishes' mouths. Charles Kingsley poured out his piscatorial soul in a panegyric of unexampled eloquence over the alder-fly—a Satyr to the Hyperion Mayfly—as different in comparison as I to Hercules. The fly which, albeit it visits us in June, is termed "of May," is of all creatures beautiful, with its grey-green or yellow-green (as the case may be) wings glistening in the sun, and like the most exquisitely wrought lace in texture and design. It is then that the trout enjoy a gross feeding-time, and you can see with a satisfaction the angler alone knows the bold, gloriously hearty rise to a mouthful of fly which, after a few days, shall so have gorged the recipient as to have rendered it lazy and overfed. Nevertheless, when you get it, and it comes to table with a delicious nutty flavour and salmon-red flesh, you pronounce for the Mayfly season after all.

Though in past times, in the columns of the Boy's Own Paper, I have fully given the names of flies which I deemed most suitable for the times of year variously specified, it seems to me fitting to again put down a list of such artificial lures as are likely to be of use to the student of these columns. I give them, and I need only here add in conclusion that almost all tackle-makers will supply them; but if any difficulty occurs, Messrs. Foster, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, will recognise and dress them according to these particulars. If you desire to learn fly-dressing for yourselves you have only to refer to my previous articles in Vol. III. B.O.P.

List of Foster's Standard Trout Flies.

Olive Dun Shades	For February and November, March and October, and April and September.
Dark April Dun	All capital killers.
Whirling Blue Dun	
Pale Blue Dun	
Yellow Dun of May	May and August shades.
Hare's-ear Dun	A splendid early fly on the chalk streams of the south of England.
Golden Dun	June shade.
Pale Evening White	July shade.
Pale Evening Dun	Do. do.
Iron-blue Dun	For April and May and September and October.
Little Pale Blue	For August and September.
October Dun	For October and November.

General Flies.

Red Spinner	Three shades.
Jenny Spinner	
March Brown	For March and April, May and June, and August (ADugust un).
May Fly	For early June fishing, three dressings.
February Red.	
Sand Fly.	
Cinnamon Fly.	
Grannom, or Green-tail.	
Stone Fly.	
Needle Fly.	
Yellow Sally.	
Willow Fly.	
Cowdung Fly.	
Oak Fly.	
Cock-a-bonddhu: Palmers	
Wren-tail.	
Red Ant.	
Black Ant.	
Black Gnat.	
Grey Gnat.	

There are eight different dressings of the palmers or caterpillars, which in the natural state are supposed to be the larvæ of the *Arctia caja* moth.

(To be continued.)

TOM STANTON: A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER II.—(*continued.*)

TOM made a face, and pulled out his handkerchief; but Bart was down on the ground in a moment, and looked as if he would go headlong after his property, while a torrent of reproaches and exaggerated lamentations broke from his lips.

Surprised and offended, Tom stood looking at him. He was not accustomed to being spoken to like this; and though he was too proud to complain of the pain he was in, it seemed strange to have his hurt treated as a thing of no consequence.

"Get up," he said, angrily, at last. "If your ferret is really gone for good, as you say, I will pay you for him."

"Yes, sir," said Bart, rising to his knees and looking up with cunning, furtive eyes; "I shall expect you to do that, indeed. A poor man can't afford to lose what earns his living for a gentleman's sport. And my best ferret it was, and now I shall never set eyes on it again," and he grovelled once more.

"Come on," said Tom, shortly, for his stolen pleasure was beginning to taste bitter in his mouth; "it is getting late, and I must be going. How much do you want for that beast?"

Rising slowly to his feet, Bart stood a minute as if in calculation, scanning the boy's face once or twice doubtfully.

"Why, now, look here, sir," he said at last, producing the companion ferret, "it is no use trying to deceive a gent like you; but just cast your eye over this little animal. You see what he is; as near perfection for a ferret as may be. Well, then, the other as is gone was, I should say, as superior to this one as a prize lop-ear is to a' ordinary bunny. And clever! Ah! That's what I grieve about. Nateral talent like that can't be picked up every day."

"Oh yes, I know, of course," broke in Tom, who was losing patience; "but the question is, what do you want for him?"

Bart shifted his feet and put up his ferret carefully.

"Fifteen shillin's," he said, doggedly, "and not a penny less."

Tom exclaimed in dismay, while the blood rushed to his face. "Look here!" he said, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out some small silver, "this is all that I have now."

Bart laughed as if in scorn.

"It isn't a bit of use to offer me that, sir; but seeing that you are one as would wish to do what is right, perhaps I had better speak to Squire Stanton about it."

The man's furtive eyes watched the boy closely while speaking.

Tom stood looking all round in great perplexity. In spite of his short acquaintance with his uncle he felt instinctively that here was a guardian who, however kind, would brook no disobedience. This must be hidden from him at any cost. Tom had never had to suffer for his faults, so he did not fear punishment; but he was anxious to gain the approbation of his father's brother that a good account might be written of him to the only being for whom he cared much in the world. He was sorry now that he had done what he knew was forbidden, but at present the only thing to be thought of was how the thing could be concealed. Humiliating as it might be, this fellow's mouth must be closed.

"Look here," he said, sullenly; "if you speak to my uncle there will only be a row, and perhaps you won't get anything"—here Bart shook his head confidently—"but if you hold your tongue you shall have your money in time, and perhaps something more. I shall be getting a tip from my father soon, I think."

Bart grumbled that it was "hard to be kept out of one's own," but "to oblige" Tom agreed to say nothing about his loss for the present.

"You'll be able to give me something now and then, sir, I suppose?" he concluded.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, to whom the whole business had become most distasteful. "Here, take this, and now I'm off."

"Good evening, sir, and mum's the word between you and me," said Bart, breaking into a grin as, after watching the boy out of sight, he lit his pipe and sat down comfortably in the confident expectation of his ferret's reappearance in a minute or two.

Unobserved Tom reached the house and got up into his own room. It was late, but the other boys were still out, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton had evidently not yet returned. Slowly he began to dress for dinner, for his finger was very painful and hindered him. It was not long before the boys' voices sounded downstairs, and Bertie's thick boots came running along the passage to his cousin's room.

"Tom, are you there? Why, where have you been all the afternoon?" he said, coming in.

"Where have you been, you mean?" said the other, with his fatal facility in making excuses. "Why, I have had a splendid walk by myself all over the place, and never saw you anywhere!"

"No, I should think not," answered Bertie. "We never thought you would go off like that by yourself. Why didn't you tell us?"

"Well, I was always expecting to meet you every moment. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, we have been at the farm all the time; but I'll tell you afterwards, or I shall be late for dinner."

The evening passed off pretty easily for Tom. He had almost forgotten his afternoon adventure, when suddenly at dinner his uncle asked him if he had hurt his hand, as his handkerchief was twisted round his finger.

With a beating heart Tom answered glibly that he had cut it with his knife. Mrs. Stanton asked if it was a bad cut, and on hearing that it was not, told him to ask one of the maids for some plaster, and the subject dropped.

That night, though, Tom's sleep was broken and disturbed. His compact with Bart weighed on his mind. Even if he wrote at once to his father and asked for the money it would be nearly two months before he could get an answer, and in the meantime his uncle was only to supply him with the same pocket-money as his cousins received. Toss and turn as he might, he could see no way out of his dilemma, and with time confession was only becoming more difficult. How could he stand up before the guardian, who resembled so strongly his own father far away, and tell him that his brother's son had been guilty of the meanness of falsehood and deceit? No, anything rather than that. His uncle's good opinion must be kept at any price. Dead secrecy for the present, and in the future who could tell what might turn up?

(*To be continued.*)

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Continued from page* 543.)

WHAT curious boys some are who hail from the north! Thus a Kilmarnock correspondent writes to ask if "there are not boys in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin as well as London," and to suggest that we should raise a Home in each of those cities as well as in London. He then adds: "Again, I would like you to remember that General Gordon was of *Scottish* descent," and finishes off by sending us just—*nothing* towards the fund that, in his view, ought to accomplish so much! Precisely the same thing occurred in regard to our previous efforts. The boys who wrote frequent letters as to how many lifeboats should be subscribed for, and precisely where they ought to be placed, invariably forgot either to give or collect even the smallest current coin of the realm towards the work. It is certainly not in this way that the "Boy's Own" Gordon Memorial will be raised. Now is obviously the time for united effort, and not for impossible advice!

Might we also remind such correspondents that London not only accommodates more inhabitants than the whole of Scotland, and that there are more Scotchmen in it than in Edinburgh itself, but also, as the greatest city in the world, it is peculiarly representative of all classes. Thither, in great numbers, come the youth of Scotland and Ireland, and from all parts of England lads pour in by tens of thousands to seek that "fortune" which to most of them never comes.

Amongst the multitude of books recently issued on General Gordon, one published by W. Rice, and entitled "Epitaphs on C. G. Gordon," has peculiar interest. It is, it seems, the outcome of an offer by the proprietors of "The Journal of Education" of a prize for the best epitaph on Gordon. Out of more than two hundred compositions sent in, ten have been selected for publication, and others are added by contributors to the paper. Several are in Latin or Greek, and all exhibit profound admiration for their subject. Here is one of those in English, signed "F. W. B.":—

Happy who in their hour of triumph die!
More noble he, who, 'mid the desert sand,
Held light his own life, death, or victory;
So God he served, and helped that hapless land!

One of the best Latin ones commences thus:—

Nubia te plorat raptum, te Serica tellus,
Qualibet oppressæ gentis amicus eras.

The American poet Whittier, having expressed a desire that Lord Tennyson might see his way to write a poem on Gordon, the Laureate has replied thus:—

"DEAR MR. WHITTIER, — Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey—that is, for his cenotaph:—

"Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan;
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.

"With best wishes, yours very faithfully,
"TENNYSON."

Subscription List of the "Boy's Own" Gordon Memorial Fund.

(*Contributions received up to May* 22.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward.. ..	12	13	11
May 4.—H. Brown	0	1	0
May 5.—Collected by F. B. Malim	2	7	6
May 6.—C. H. Haselton	0	2	6
May 8.—F. Ogden Loesch, 2s.; W. P. T. G., 2s. 6d.	0	4	6
May 9.—J. F. A. Higgins, 2s.; K., 3s.; C. W. Aitchison, 5s.; G. H. Trepbé, 2s. 6d. ..	0	12	6
May 11.—From the Masters Stein, being the proceeds of three collecting-boxes, 16s.; W. S., 10s.	1	6	0
May 15.—E. Hainsworth (Queensbury) ..	0	2	6
May 16.—A Warm Sympathiser	0	0	2
May 19.—C. H. Scott, 1s. 6d.; Collected by Marian Richards, £2 14s. 6d.	2	16	0
May 20.—Collected by H. M. S. Pierpoint, £1 13s. 3d.; collected by A. F. Prime, £1 16s.; collected by Thomas Ingram, £1 16s.	4	19	3
May 21.—From the boys of Eagle House School, Wimbledon, Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A. collector:—G. K. Maconochie, 1s. 6d.; P. Leahy, 6d.; A. V. Poynter, 6d.; H. A. D. Richards, 1s. 6d.; W. de M. Malan, 2s.; A. G. Malan, 1s.; A. D. Saunderson, 3s.; H. G. Lynch Staunton, 3s.; R. J. F. Thomas, 6d.; G. Leigh Bennett, 6d.; J. H. Welch, 6d.; G. P. K. Winlaw, 1s.; W. W. Winlaw, 6d.; R. Wyman, 6d.; A. S. Anton, 4s.; B. R. Armstrong, 1s.; A. Bannatyne, 7s.; J. W. A. Batchelor, 6d.; R. Y. H. Bullock, 1s.; J. D. Capel Cure, 1s.; E. H. S. Cullen, 6d.; J. Deane, 6d.; R. Dew, 3s.; C. J. Dixey, 2s.; C. E. Few, 1s.; C. Fry, 1s. 6d.; A. G. M. Graham, 6d.; A. J. Hancock, 1s.; G. A. Hereford, 6d.; J. G. Holmes, 6d.; G. I. Huntingford, 7s. 6d.; C. J. Leahy, 1s.; E. P. Logan, 2s. 6d.; E. H. M. Luckock, 1s.; Donation from the Chapel Offertory Fund, Eagle House School, £5 5s.	7	18	6
May 22. — Collected by W. H. Tanner, 15s. 3d; Slipway, 1s. 6d.; Collected by G. B. Sargent, 9s. 4½d.; Collected by H. W. Smith, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Maud Hony, £1 4s. 6d.	2	18	1½
Carried forward	£36	2	5½

WORDS OF CHEER.

A Chester clergyman writes: "I recognise in your work something far higher than the desire to please. Your paper is doing more than can be told for the youth of England."

"Yachtsman" (Bristol), writes: "Your paper is admired by all. I have seen engine-drivers, dock labourers, navvies, carpenters, and many others reading it, and quite a score of men round one number, eager to look at it."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

REFERRING to the late Mr. W. E. Dodge, the Rev. Newman Hall quotes the following lines as having formed the favourite motto of that eminent philanthropist. They may serve to guide others to firmer and simpler faith in God as the daily Guide and Helper of His people:—

"Build a full, firm fence of faith all about to-day;
Fill it in with useful works, and within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars, anxious for to-morrow,
God will help whatever comes, be it joy or sorrow."

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

"Without any distinct or immediate reference to God, we may honour Him by taking His gifts with a thankful heart for a temperate enjoyment. We may prove ourselves under law to Him by shunning all excess, by showing that we hate the sneer that wounds a neighbour, and find no wit in the jest that taints the spirit, or by studying to give others pleasure at our own expense. Lads in the cricket-field need not break out into psalms and hymns; they may prove themselves religious by their strict honour, their consideration for their playmates, their good temper under defeat, their readiness to give credit to their opponents. . . . By keeping their tastes simple, their tempers sweet, their hearts pure and tender and grateful, they may make their whole life a psalm of worship and praise."—*Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D.*

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

II.—Illumination Competition.

(*Continued from page* 559.)

MIDDLE SUBDIVISION (*ages* 16 *to* 18).

AS explained in our last number, so many readers have competed in the Middle Division, and so much of the work has been really excellent, alike as to freshness of design and painstaking execution, that we resolved to cut the division in half, and increase and readjust the prizes.

Our Award is as follows:—

Prizes—One Guinea each.

HERBERT COOPER (aged 16), 8, King's College Road, Adelaide Road, South Hampstead.

CHARLES F. CAMPBELL (aged 17), 54, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.

Extra Prize—10s. 6d.

D. ENOCK (aged 17), Hill Crest, Lickey Hills, Bromsgrove.

Certificates.

ALLEN E. THOMPSON, 2, Park Walk, Stockwell Road, S.W.

ALFRED E. HILLMAN, 28, Brabourne Grove, Peckham, S.E.

WM. SMITH, JUN., 46, Holburn Road, Aberdeen.

EDWD. BASTAIN, 90, Arlington Road, Camden Town, N.W.

H. R. ADAMS, Fairfield, Farnham, Surrey.

H. C. BECKINGSALE, 2, Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.

THOS. K. WOODCOCK, The Gardens, Oakbrook, Rawmoor, Sheffield.

FRANK W. MANN, 49, Merrow Street, Walworth, S.E.

J. T. JACKA, Hea Villa, Hea, near Penzance, Cornwall.

ERNEST ANDERSON, Old Road, Wateringbury, near Maidstone.

ERNEST G. MAXWELL, 268, Romford Road, near Forest Gate, Essex.

NORMAN FRASER, 13, Athole Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

ALEXANDER FRASER, 26, Holburn Road, Aberdeen.

JOHN E. TAYLOR, care of Messrs. Grundy and Son, 54, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

RAYMOND H. AVERNS, King Field, Coventry.

G. R. ENOCK, Hill Crest, The Lickey, Bromsgrove.

CLARENCE ISACKE, 47, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

EDWD. H. HEAZELL, The Private Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.

HERBERT J. THORPE, 25, Oak Terrace, Halifax.

JOHN BAYES, 56, Upper North Street, Poplar, E.

GEORGE L. STEVENS, 6, Mount Pleasant, Merton Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

WALTER R. SIMMONDS, New Romney, Kent.

GEORGE C. LOSACK, 16, Hazlemere Road, Peckham.

GEORGE H. DAVIES, 6, Judd Street, Euston Road, W.C.

JOHN W. BIRCHENALL, Kennedy Grove, Mile End, E.

H. C. WALLACE, 20, Lambert Road, Brixton Rise, S.W.

W. HOPKINSON, 27, Queen Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

JOHN R. T. COURT, 16, Warwick Street, New Cross, S.E.

FREDK. W. GREGORY, 29, Kingsmead Terrace, Bath.

WILLIAM READ, 59, Victoria Street, Blackburn.

THOMAS H. SMEDLEY, Nottingham Road, Stapleford, Notts.

WILLIAM WILSON, 5, Melbourne Place, Edinburgh.

W. H. ROYLE, 3, Millbrook Villas, Upper Park Road, New Southgate, N.

RAYMOND T. BERTHON, Southcombe, Paignton.

NELSON CHRISTOPHERSON, 15, Upper Winchester Road, Catford, S.E.

WILLIAM T. JARVIS, 3, Rail Villas, Fairfield Road, Chelmsford.

HENRY T. EARL, Belgrave House, 151, King's Road, Canton, Cardiff.

WALTER R. GREENFIELD, Holmesdale, Chesswood Road, Worthing.

J. J. SUTTON, Ashleigh, Westhill Road, Wandsworth.

P. C. C. DAVIS, 231, Seven Sisters Road, N.

T. FISHER, 12, Manchester Road, Southport.

WALTER G. TOCKNELL, 315, Broad Street, Birmingham.

ARTHUR HOLT, 128, Orchard Street, Pendleton, near Manchester.

FRANK W. BURT, West End, Christchurch, Hants.

G. L. WOOLLIAMS, 36, Pimlico Road, Pimlico.

ROLAND JOHN PECK, 1, Canonbury Square, N.

CHARLES SPARY, 188, Ellesmere Road, Eccles, near Manchester.

R. H. L. TUCKER, The Shrubbery, South Molton, Devon.

GEORGE HARE, 73, Bousfield Road, Nunhead, S.E.

ARTHUR N. SAMPSON, 17, Frederick Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

LEONARD S. GREEN, Calais Cottage, 33, Cleveland Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.

WALLACE YEATES, 42, Atlantic Road, Brixton, S.W.

A. C. REMNANT, 19, Mardale Street, Shepherd's Bush, W.

ARTHUR J. FORBES, Deaf and Dumb Institution, Brighton.

FREDK. J. MAJOR, 69, Peckham Park Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

BERNARD LAWSON, 4, Earlston Place, London Road, Edinburgh.

W. B. THOMSON, 66, Elm Street, Humberstone Road, Leicester.

ALFRED L. GOODALL, 2, St. Stephen's Villas, Chatsworth Road, Lower Norwood.

JOHN H. ROBSON, 3, Osborne Place, Bensham Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

EDWIN FANSHAW, 155, Eccleshall Road, Sheffield.

JOHN M. FLINT, 43, Somerville Road, New Cross, S.E.

T. A. DERMOTT, 82, High Street, Whitechapel, E.

A. P. FROST, 30, London Road, Horsham.

A. F. MORROW, 10, New London Road, Chelmsford.

W. A. STAINTON, 6, Shaftesbury Villas, Hornsey Rise, N.

T. W. PALMER, South Farm, Berrow, near Burnham, Somerset.

FREDK. RITCHIE, Grammar School, Garston.

PERCY VELLENOWETH, 12, Sugden Road, Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction, S.W.

FREDK. PLAMPING, 1, Howland Mews West, Fitzroy Square.

HENRY MACKRELL, Bushey Paddocks, Hampton Wick.

THOMAS F. MATTHEWS, 79, Appach Road, Brixton.

M. G. BRYAN, 16, Gough Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

ELPHEGE J. PIPPET, Solihull, Birmingham.

CHARLES H. MARSH, 3, Avalon Buildings, Glastonbury, Somerset.

FRED. PLUMER, Elmhurst, Lee, Kent.

GEORGE PITTMAN, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

BRUCE FRESHWATER, Coventry Street, Market Harboro', Leicestershire.

PHILIP J. GILL, 150, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

CLEMENT WHITE, 102, Ifield Road, West Brompton, S.W.

REGINALD T. DICK, 22, Brunswick Square, W.C.

JAMES J. BLOCK, 108, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

GEORGE ROBSON, 35, Blake's Road, Peckham.

D. F. WILLS, 16, Argyle Place, Edinburgh.

FRANK H. DONALLY, 54, Canterbury Road, Ball's Pond Road, N.

R. HAMILTON, 14, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

F. W. RAYNER, 32, Noel Street, Islington, N.

Correspondence.

WALTER (Bristol).—The 81-ton gun is 27ft. long outside, and has a bore 16in. in diameter and 24ft. in length. The outside diameter at the muzzle is 2ft, and at the breech 6ft. Its weight with carriage exceeds 120 tons. It is said to be able to send a shot through a 24-in. iron plate at a range of ten miles. The weight of the shot is about 1,250lb, and that of the powder 240lb., in grains as big as lumps of washing-blue, about an inch and a half square.

BOY WRITER.—Such information only holds good for the year in which it is published. The regulations are all different, and you would not be eligible.

BOANERGES.—Indian clubs cost from sevenpence to ninepence per pound. You can get them from any cricket outfitter's. The articles on their use appeared in our August and September parts for 1882.

RICHARDS.—All the volumes are kept in print. You can refer to the indexes of those you have for the way to make birdlime.

J. B. CLUTTERBUCK.—Guides to the Civil Service are published by Stanford, by Warne, by Cassell, by Ward, Lock, and Co., etc., etc., and can be obtained from any bookseller.

G. V. P.—The sentences have different meanings. "She looked beautiful" is correct, and "she looked beautifully" is correct; but it all depends on what sense you attach to the "looked." In the last phrase she used her own eyes, in the first you used yours.

D. M. E.—The London Model Yacht Club sail their matches on Thursdays at the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens; the Model Yacht Sailing Association generally sail on Mondays on the same water. There is no compulsion, but it is an act of common courtesy to keep your own boat off the water while racing is going on.

SORTHYSH KHAN.—You will find Gog and Magog described in "Arms of the City Companies" in the part for last October.

F. SHELLEY.—The subject is too important to be dealt with here. We are arranging for some articles on it.

A BIRMINGHAM LAD.—Your lantern is a very good one. The best lanterns have the most lenses. If you have room to fix it a duplex paraffin lamp would give most light. The objection to paraffin is that it gives off great heat. To make the limelight apparatus you would require the bags, and those you could hardly make. In our first volume we had a series of articles on the magic-lantern, and in them you will find the oxyhydrogen apparatus described.

B. PETERSON.—You might try Palmer's "Index to the 'Times' Newspaper" for the year. The speeches are indexed under the speakers' names, so that the task would not be a lengthy one. You will find the index at most public libraries.

CANADA.—The Government Department of Agriculture of Canada publishes a guide-book containing information for intending settlers. It can be had from the offices in Victoria Street, or from Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son at the bookstalls. It contains 140 pages of matter, is beautifully illustrated with drawings by the Princess Louise, and costs one penny.

F. J. FIELD.—We have no room at present for a story of the character you name.

B. ROWLAND and TARTAR.—Scrape the tar off with a scraper, and give a coat of American potash to loosen that in the pores of the wood. The American potash should be dissolved in boiling water, and put on overnight with a mop made of rags, as it destroys any good mop or brush. After the potash is scrubbed off, and the plank has become thoroughly dry, it should be gone over with a very sharp scraper, and finished with glass-paper to get a smooth surface. The plank will then require one, if not two, coats of red lead, to cover up the remains of the tar stains in the plank, before putting on any other paint. If the boat is too large to be turned bottom up, and the tar very thick on the bottom, the most effectual plan is to use an old frying-pan as a grate, lashing it on to a wooden handle about three feet long, and using for fuel some old tar-barrel staves split up. One man holds this under the bottom of the craft to melt the tar, and a second, having a scraper on an iron bar, scrapes off the melting tar through the fire. The scraping must be completed with a sharp scraper when the plank has got cold. When made smooth apply the red lead. If no tar shows through the first coat, one coat will be sufficient; if the stains of tar are visible, give a second coat. It should be remembered that coal tar under water stands better than most kinds of paint, and is a good groundwork for all anti-fouling compositions which are mixed with naphtha. It is, therefore, necessary only to make the surface of the tar smooth if one of these compositions is to be applied, and not to eradicate the stains of the tar from the wood, as for painting. Paint for a boat's bottom, if the boat is constantly kept afloat, should have much verdigris in it, as it checks the growth of weed.

CYPRIEN.—Platnauer's, in Fetter Lane, E.C., is specially established for the sale of back numbers and missing parts of periodicals and magazines. You might get the information there. If not, advertise in one of the trade papers, such as the "Bookseller" or the "Publishers' Circular."

H. M. WILLY.—Get Mr. Gray's book on "Going to Sea," published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and Kent and Co., price one shilling. It will answer all your queries in full.

FORE HATCH.—There are no photographs of engines, and the subject is too technical for us to enter into. For a list of the model yacht clubs buy the "Model Yachtsman," monthly, price twopence, from Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey, E.C. In the part for May, 1881, you will find an article on rigging and sailing; but if you have any special plans you might send on approval.

FIDDLE STICK.—A list of all the ships of the Royal Navy is given in the Navy List; and a list of the regiments of the Army is given in the Army List, both of which you can obtain through any bookseller.

AUBREY ST. JOHN (Dalkeith, N.B.).—We never answer questions that reach us in unstamped envelopes.

J. J. M.—The rooms of the Linnæan Society are in Burlington House. You have to be proposed and seconded by Fellows, who guarantee your fitness from personal knowledge.

HUSSAR.—Every regiment in the British Army is open to receive recruits if of suitable height, health, and character.

W. M.—Have a cold bath every morning, and walk five miles a day. "The Ever Victorious Army," by Andrew Wilson, is still on sale, published by Blackwood and Sons.

J. G.—The coin is a Scotch bawbee of the reign of William III.

L. G. HALL.—On application to Messrs. Hachette, of King William Street, Strand, you may be able to buy sample copies of the two French publications for the young, "Education—Recreation," and "La Jeunesse." Both are illustrated.

A YOUNG SQUIRREL.—Answered before. A "Vinegar Bible" is one in which the word vineyard is misprinted vinegar. The "best cement for mending fossils" depends on the nature of the rock; but the following is very good for general use. Mix together two parts of gum arabic, two parts of ground white lead, and one part of powdered sugar-candy, and pour a little hot water on them; stir the mixture each time you use it, and add more water when needful.

C. G. W.—We fear your bird has blood poisoning. Feed only on canary-seed, and it may pull round. Put about ten drops of tincture of iron in its fresh drinking-water every morning.

REGULAR READER.—If you have to write again please adopt a more definite *nom de plume*. 1. The reason your hen lays soft eggs, despite her having lime and a good run, is overfeeding. Give grain, and in her soft food put powdered oyster-shell. 2. Very likely to, we fear.

N. LEE.—The way to make linseed-oil birdlime was described in No. 197, in the part for November, 1882.

A. MCL.—The surest plan is to number the backs of the books with an indiarubber stamp. If you prefer adhesive labels use Stickphast instead of gum. You can get the stickphast from almost any stationer. It is manufactured by Field and Tuer, Leadenhall Street Press.

E. H. F.—They have all been given in our pages. See indexes. The rose is from the incident in Temple Gardens; the shamrock is from the plucking of its leaf by St. Patrick to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity; the leek is from the Britons wearing it in their hats, at the suggestion of St. David, during the battle with the English. For the harps see the National Arms in Vol. III.

W. A. WHITE.—We would suggest the Dee as a pleasant river for a trip. The cost of a boat for a week would be about £3. You can average the hire of a rowing boat at ten shillings per day.

GRAPH.—A simple one? P. H. A. tells us by this post that three-quarters of a sixpenny packet of Nelson's gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water is the best. We cannot vouch for this, but we can understand that almost any good jelly would serve for a few pulls.

J. H.—The hemp-seed is the cause of your canaries losing feather. Stop that, and they will get right.

CONEY.—You can keep about eight or even ten in the space you indicate. Let them have outdoor exercise, though. Rabbits do not do well always confined.

D. S. N.—You are right in your conjecture, and the sooner you get rid of them the better. Have the cage examined at once and thoroughly cleansed. Rub the tiniest bit of blue ointment behind the bird's neck, not bigger than a small pea.

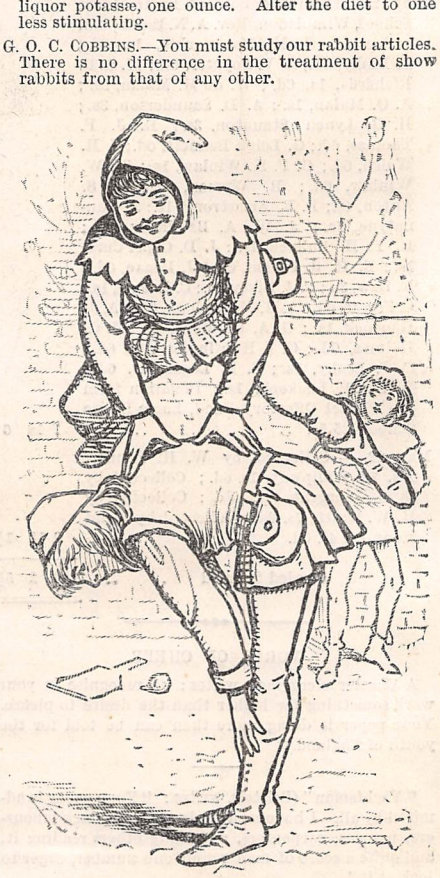
C. D. G. A.—Under no circumstances whatever would we undertake to criticise or publish a serious drama.

GUINEA PIG.—The floor of the hutch should be kept cleaned, or it will soon become unbearable. TINY (of Muswell Hill, N.) sends us the following, which may put you on the right track: "GUINEA-PIGS' HUTCHES.—Our hutches have zinc linings to the floors, and removable boards laid on these for facility in cleaning. For some time past we have put, instead of the boards, dry earth about an inch thick on the zinc, with the usual litter of hay or straw upon it. This seems to answer very well. There are two pigs in each hutch, and we change the earth twice a week. The hutches are much drier, and smell less, and the floor is warmer for the pigs than damp boards were. We dry the earth in a shallow box before the study fire, but in the summer it could be got more easily, and we intend then to use it over the whole of the hutch floor, and not only in the sleeping-room as we do now. Has this dry-earth plan been tried before for rabbits or guinea-pigs? It is what they are accustomed to in a state of nature."

H. H. HEALEY.—We can give you no rule because there is none. Each fowl should have enough to eat greedily, but no more; some eat far more than others.

J. D.—Wash the dog twice a week, and afterwards dress all the sore places with the following liniment: Olive oil, seven ounces; creosote, half an ounce; liquor potassæ, one ounce. Alter the diet to one less stimulating.

G. O. C. COBBINS.—You must study our rabbit articles. There is no difference in the treatment of show rabbits from that of any other.



THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 335.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

"He sat staring at the bill."

CHAPTER XI.

REGINALD TAKES HIS FATE INTO HIS OWN HANDS.

The next day Reginald wrote and accepted the invitation of the directors of the Select Agency Corporation. He flattered himself he was acting deliberately, and after fully weighing the pros and cons of the question. True, he still knew very little about his new duties, and had yet to make the acquaintance

of the Bishop of S—— and the other directors. But, on the other hand, he had seen Mr. Medlock, and heard what he had to say, and was quite satisfied in his own mind that everything was all right. And, greatest argument of all, he had no other place to go to, and £150 a year was a salary not to be thrown away when put into one's hands.

Still he felt a trifle uncomfortable about the necessity of going to Liverpool and breaking up the old home. Of course he could not help himself, and Horace had no right to insinuate otherwise. All the same, it was a pity, and if there had not been the compensating certainty of being able to send up regular contributions to the family purse, which would help his mother to not a few comforts hitherto denied, he would have been more troubled still about it.

"What will you do about the £50?" said Horace next day, forcing himself to appear interested in what he inwardly disapproved.

"Oh," said Reginald, "I'd intended to ask Richmond to lend it me. It's not exactly a loan either; it would be the same as his investing in the company in my name. The money would be safe, and he'd get his interest into the bargain. But of course I can't go to him now."

"No, and I don't know whom else you could ask," said Horace.

"They might let me put it in a pound a week out of my salary," said Reginald. "That would still leave me two pounds a week, and of that I could send home at least twenty-five shillings."

Horace mused.

"It seems to me rather queer to expect you to put the money in," said he.

"It may be queer, but it's their rule, Mr. Medlock says."

"And whatever does the Corporation do? It's precious hazy to my mind."

"I can't tell you anything about it now," said Reginald; "the concern is only just started, and I have promised to treat all Mr. Medlock told me as confidential. But I'm quite satisfied in my mind, and you may be too, Horace."

Horace did not feel encouraged to pursue the discussion after this, and went off alone to work, in low spirits and feeling unusually dismal.

"By the way," said Reginald, as he started, "bring young Gedge home with you. I meant to see him last night, but forgot."

Reginald spent the day uneasily for himself and his mother in trying to feel absolutely satisfied with the decision he had come to and in speculating on his future work. Towards afternoon, weary of being all day in the house, he went out for a stroll. It was a beautiful day, and the prospect of a walk in the park by daylight was a tempting one.

As he was passing down Piccadilly he became aware of some one approaching him whom he knew, and whom in another moment he recognised as Blandford.

There was some excuse certainly for not taking in his old schoolfellow's identity all at once, for the boy he had known at Wilderham only a few months ago had suddenly blossomed forth into a man, and had exchanged the airy bearing of a schoolboy for the half-languid swagger of a man about town.

"Hullo, Bland, old man!" exclaimed Reginald, lighting up jubilantly at the sight of an old familiar face, "how are you? Who would have thought of seeing you?"

Blandford was surprised too, and for a moment critically surveyed the boy in front of him before he replied.

"Ah, Cruden, that you? I shouldn't have known you."

Reginald's face fell. He became suddenly aware, and for the first time in his life, that his clothes were shabby, and that his boots were in holes.

"I shouldn't have known *you*," he replied; "you look so much older than when I saw you last."

"So I am; but, I say," added Bland, reddening as an acquaintance passed and nodded to him, "I'm rather in a hurry, Cruden, just now. If you're not engaged this evening come and dine with me at seven at the 'Shades,' and we can have a talk. Good-bye."

And he went on hurriedly, leaving Reginald with an uncomfortable suspicion that if he—Reginald—had been more smartly dressed, and had worn gloves and a tall hat, the interview would have been more cordial and less hasty.

However, the longing he felt for the old happy days that were past decided him to appear at the "Shades" at the hour appointed, although it meant absence from home on one of his few remaining evenings, and, still more, a further desertion of young Gedge.

He repented of his resolution almost as soon as he had made it. What was to be gained by assuming a false position for an evening and trying to delude himself into the notion that he was the equal of his old comrade? Did not his clothes, his empty pockets, the smart of Durfy's tongue, and even the letter now on its way to Mr. Medlock, all disprove it? And yet three months ago he was a better man all round than Blandford, who had been glad to claim his friendship and accept his father's hospitality. Reginald rebelled against the idea that they two could still be anything to one another than the friends they had once been, but all the while the old school saw came back into his mind—that imposition sentence he had in his day written out hundreds of times without once thinking of its meaning: "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

He reached the "Shades" a few minutes before seven, and waited outside till his friend arrived. He had not to wait long, for Blandford and a couple of companions drove up punctually in a hansom—all of them, to Reginald's horror, being arrayed in full evening dress.

"Hullo, Cruden, you've turned up, then," said Blandford. "What, not in regimentals! You usen't to be backward in that way. Never mind; they say dress after seven o'clock here, but they're not strict—we can smuggle you in."

Oh, how Reginald wished he was safe back in Dull Street!

"By the way," continued Blandford, "these are two friends of mine, Cruden, Mr. Shanklin and Mr. Pillans. Cruden's an old Wilderham fellow, you know," he added, in an explanatory aside.

The gentleman introduced as Mr. Shanklin stared curiously at Reginald for a few seconds, and then shook hands. Had the boy known as much of that gentleman as the reader does he would probably have displayed considerably more interest in his new acquaintance than he did. As it was he would have been glad of an excuse to avoid shaking hands with either him or his empty-headed companion, Mr. Pillans. He went through the ceremony as stiffly as possible, and then followed the party within.

"Now then," said Blandford, as they sat down at one of the tables, "what do you say? It'll save trouble to take the table d'hôte, eh? are you game, you fellows? Table d'hôte for four, waiter. What shall we have to drink, I say? Hock to start with?"

"I won't take any wine," said Reginald, with an effort.

"Why not? You're not a teetotaler, are you?"

"I won't take any wine," repeated Reginald, decisively; and to his satisfaction he was allowed to do as he pleased.

The dinner passed as such entertainments usually do; diminishing in interest as it went on. In his happiest days Reginald always hated what the boys used to call "feeds," and he found that three months' altered circumstances had by no means reconciled him to the infliction. He shirked the last two or three courses, and grew heartily tired of the sight of a plate.

"You wondered how I came to be in town?" said Blandford. "The fact is my uncle went off the hooks a few weeks ago, and as I'm his heir, you know, I came up, and haven't gone back yet. I don't think I shall either."

"No, what's the use, with the pot of money you've come in for?" said Mr. Shanklin; "you're far more comfortable up in town."

"Yes, and *you're* a nice boy to show a fellow about town," said Blandford, laughing.

"Wilderham's all very well, you know, Cruden," continued he, "but it's a grind being cooped up there when you've got your chance of a fling."

"Well, you've not wasted your chances, my boy," said Mr. Pillans, who, besides being empty-headed, was unhealthy in complexion and red about the eyes.

Blandford appeared rather flattered than otherwise by this observation, and told Mr. Pillans to shut up and not tell tales out of school.

"I suppose Wilderham hasn't changed much since last term?" asked Reginald, wistfully.

"Oh, no; plenty of fellows left and new ones come—rather a better lot, take them all round, than we had last term."

"Has the football club been doing well again?" asked the old boy.

"Oh, middling. By the way, the fellows growled rather when you only sent them half-a-sov. instead of a sov."

Reginald coloured up. Little his comrade knew what that half-sovereign had cost him!

He relapsed into silence, and had to derive what compensation he could from the fast talk in which the other three engaged, apparently heedless of his presence.

In due time the meal ended, and Blandford called for the bills.

Until that moment Reginald had never imagined for a moment but that he had been dining as his old schoolfellow's guest. He had understood Blandford's request of his company as an invitation, and as an invitation he had accepted it, and as an invitation he had repented of it. What, then, was his embarrassment

to find a bill for six shillings and sixpence laid down before him as his share of the entertainment.

For a moment a flush of relief passed across his face. He was glad not to find himself under obligations to Blandford after all. But in another moment relief was changed to horror as he remembered that three shillings was all the money he had about him. Oh, the humiliation, the anguish of this discovery! He would have had anything happen rather than this.

He sat staring at the bill like a being petrified.

"Come along," said Blandford, "let's go to the smoking-room. I suppose you fellows will have coffee there. Coffee for four, waiter. Are you ready?"

But Reginald did not move, nor did the waiter.

"What's the row?" said Blandford to the latter.

The waiter pointed to Reginald's bill.

"Oh, he's waiting for your bill, Cruden. Look sharp, old man!"

The colour came and went in Reginald's face, as though he had been charged with some hideous crime. And it seemed like a deliberate mockery of his trouble that his three companions and the waiter stood silent at the table eyeing him and waiting for his answer.

"I'm sorry," he said at length, bringing up the words with a tremendous effort, "I find I've not money enough to pay it. I made a mistake in coming here."

All four listeners stood with faces of mingled amazement and amusement at the boy's agitation and the tragic manner in which he accounted for it. Any one else would have carried it off with a jest, but to Reginald it was like passing through the fire.

"Would you mind—may I trouble you—that is, will you lend me three-and-sixpence, Blandford?" he said at last.

Blandford burst out laughing.

"I thought at least you'd swallowed a silver spoon!" said he. "Here, waiter, I'll settle that bill. How much is it?"

"No," said Reginald, laying down his three shillings; "if you can lend me three-and sixpence, that's all I want."

"Bosh!" said Blandford, pitching half-a-sovereign to the waiter, "take it out of that, and this coffee too, and come along into the smoking-room, you fellows!"

Reginald would fain have escaped, but the horrid dread of being suspected of caring more about his dinner than his company deterred him, and he followed dejectedly to the luxurious smoking-room of the "Shades."

He positively refused to touch the coffee or the cigar, even though Blandford took care to remind him they had been paid for. Nor, except when spoken to, could he bring himself to open his lips or take part in the general talk.

Blandford, however, who, ever since the incident of the bill, seemed to consider himself entitled to play a patronising part towards his old schoolfellow, continued to keep him from lapsing into obscurity.

"Where's your brother living?" he asked, presently.

"He's in town too," said Reginald. "My mother and he and I live together."

"Where? I'd like to call on your mother."

"We live in Dull Street," said Reginald, beginning in sheer desperation to pluck up heart and hang out no more false colours.

"Dull Street! That's rather a shady locality, isn't it?" said Mr. Pillans.

Reginald rounded on him. Blandford might have a right to catechise him; but what business was it of this numskull's where he lived?

"You're not obliged to go there," he said, with a curl of his lip, "unless you like."

Mr. Shanklin smiled at this sally, a demonstration which considerably incensed the not too amiable Mr. Pillans.

"I'll take precious care I don't," said the latter.

Reginald said "Thanks!" drily, and in a way so cutting that Mr. Shanklin and Blandford both laughed this time.

"Look here," said the unwholesome Pillans, looking very warm, "what do you say that for? Do you want to cheek me?"

"Don't be a fool, Pillans. It doesn't matter to you where he lives," said Blandford.

"Thank goodness it don't—or whether he pays his rent either."

"It's a pity you had to leave Garden Vale," said Blandford, apparently anxious to turn the conversation into a more pacific channel; "such a jolly place it was. What do you do with yourself all day long in town?"

Reginald smiled.

"I work for my living," said he, keeping his eye steadily fixed on Mr. Pillans, as if waiting to catch the first sign of an insult on his part.

"That's what we all do, more or less," said Mr. Shanklin. "Blandford here works like a nigger to spend his money, don't you, old man?"

"I do so," said Blandford, "with your valuable assistance."

"And with somebody else's assistance too," said Mr. Pillans, with a shrug in the direction of Reginald.

Reginald understood the taunt, and rose to his feet.

"You're not going?" said Blandford.

"I am. I don't forget I owe you for my dinner, Blandford; and I shan't forget that I owe you also for introducing me to a blackguard. Good night."

And without allowing his hearers time to recover from the astonishment into which these words had thrown them, he marched out of the "Shades" with his head in the air.

It was a minute before any of the three disconcerted companions could recover the gift of speech. At last Mr. Shanklin burst out into a laugh.

"Capital, that was," he said; "there's something in the fellow; and," he added, internally, and not in the hearing of either of his companions, "if he's the same fellow Medlock has hooked, our fortune's made."

"All very well," said Pillans; "but he called me a blackguard."

This simple discovery caused still greater merriment, at the expense of the outraged owner of the appellation.

"I've a good mind to go after him and pull his nose," growled he.

"Nothing would please him better," said Blandford. "But you'd better leave your own nose behind, my boy, before you start, or there won't be much of it left. I know Cruden of old."

"You won't see much more of him now," sneered Pillans, "now he owes you for his dinner."

"It strikes me Bland was never safer of a six-and-six in his life than he is of the one he lent to-night," said Mr. Shanklin. "Unless I'm mistaken the fellow would walk across England on his bare feet to pay it back."

Mr. Shanklin, it was evident, could appreciate honesty in any one else. He was highly delighted with what he had seen of the new secretary. If anything could float the Select Agency Corporation the lad's unsuspicious honesty would do it. In fact, things were looking up all round for the precious confederates. With Reginald to supply them with honesty, with easy-going spendthrifts like Blandford and Pillans to supply them with money, and with a cad like Durfy to do their dirty work for them, they were in as comfortable and hopeful a way as the promoters of such an enterprise could reasonably hope to be.

The trio at the "Shades" soon forgot Reginald in the delights of one another's sweet society. They played billiards, at which Mr. Shanklin won. They also played cards, at which, by a singular coincidence, Mr. Shanklin won too. They then went to call on a friend who knew the "straight tip" for the St. Leger, and under his advice they laid out a good deal of money, which (such are the freaks of fortune) also found its way somehow into Mr. Shanklin's pocket-book. Finally they supped together, and then went home to bed, each one under the delusion that he had spent a very pleasant evening.

Reginald was far from sharing the same opinion as he paced home that evening. How glad he should be to be out of this hateful London, where everything went wrong, and reminded him that he was a pauper, dependent on others for his living, for his clothes, for his — faugh! for his dinner! Happily he had not to endure it much longer. At Liverpool he would be independent. He would hold a position not degrading to a gentleman; he would associate with men of intellect and breeding; he would even have the joy of helping his mother to many a little luxury which, as long as he remained in London, he could never have given her.

He quickened his pace and reached home. Gedge had been there, spiritless and forlorn, and had left as soon as he could excuse himself.

"Out of sight, out of mind," he had said with a forced laugh to Horace when the latter expressed his regret at Reginald's absence.

Mrs. Cruden and Horace both tried to look cheerful; but the cloud on the horizon was too large now to be covered with a hand.

When Reginald announced that he had written and accepted the invitation to Liverpool there was no jubilation, no eager congratulation.

"What shall we do without you?" said Mrs. Cruden.

"It is horrid having to go, mother," said the boy, "but we must make the best of it. If you look so unhappy I shall be sorry I ever thought of it."

His mother tried to smile, and said,

"Yes, we must try and make the best of it, dear boys, and if we cannot seem as glad as we should like to be, it's not to be wondered at at first, is it?"

"I hope you'll get holidays enough now and then to run up," said Horace.

"Oh, yes; I don't fancy there'll be

much difficulty about that," replied Reg. "In fact it's possible I may have to come up now and then on business."

There was a silence for a few seconds, and then he added, rather nervously,

"By the way, mother, about the £50. I had intended to ask Mr. Richmond to advance it, although I should have hated to do so. But now, I was wondering—do you think there would be any objection to taking it out of our money, and letting it be invested in my name in the Corporation? It really wouldn't make any difference, for you'd get exactly the same interest for it as you got through Mr. Richmond; and of course the principal would belong to you too."

"I see no objection," said Mrs. Cruden. "It's our common stock, and if we can use it for the common good, so much the better."

"Thanks," said Reginald. "If you wouldn't mind sending a line to Mr. Richmond's clerk to-morrow, he could let me have the cheque to take down on Monday with me."

The three days that followed were dismal ones for the three Crudens. There are few miseries like that of an impending separation. We wish the fatal moment to arrive and end our suspense. We know of a thousand things we want to say, but the time slips by wasted, and hangs drearily on our hands. We have not the spirit to look forward or the heart to look back. We long to have it all over, and yet every stroke of the clock falls like a cruel knell on our ears. We long that we could fall asleep and wake to find ourselves on the other side of the crisis we dread.

So it was with the Crudens; and when at last the little trio stood on the Monday on the platform of Euston Station, all three felt that they would give anything to have the last few days back again.

"I'll write, mother, as often as ever I can," said Reginald, trying to speak as if the words did not stick in his throat.

"Tell us all about your quarters, and what you have to do, and all that," said Horace.

Mrs. Cruden had no words. She stood with her eyes fixed on her boy, and felt she needed all her courage to do that steadily.

"Horrors," said Reg, as the guard locked the carriage door, and the usual silence which precedes the blowing of the whistle ensued, "keep your eye on young Gedge, will you? there's a good fellow."

"I will, and I'll——"

But here the whistle sounded, and amid the farewells that followed, Reginald went out into his new world, leaving them behind, straining their eyes for a last look, but little dreaming how and when that little family should meet again.

(To be continued.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

VIII.—SPINNING THE MINNOW FOR TROUT.

The Rod.—I think it convenient to go seriatim through the tackle required for spinning for trout, and to explain the method of using it afterwards, this procedure having in my opinion the advantage that the learner has the divisions of his subject made for him, and thus a less strain is thrown on the memory. A consideration of the rod proper for trout-spinning will therefore first occupy our attention.

My own preference emphatically is for an East India cane rod of about fourteen feet in length—though this length for narrow streams may be shortened to ten or eleven feet if so desired. The rod is of course by no means so pliable as the stiffest fly-rod, nor is such pliability necessary, seeing that in striking a sharp and decisive stroke is necessary, and this could not be dealt with the whippy weapon in use for fly-fishing. Of course I am referring at this moment exclusively to the requisites for ordinary spinning in contradistinction to the "fly-fishing spinning" of some recent writers in the "Fishing Gazette," which style partakes certainly of the finer art which its name sufficiently indicates. For this style a fly-rod would answer very well, though the rings must be upright, of course, as with the ordinary spinning-rod.

The Line is commonly of eight-twist plait silk, dressed with some hard dressing. It does not require to be remarkably fine, though it ought to be strong and of durable make. Some of the so-called American lines are much to be condemned, several instances having come under my notice of most imperfect wearing quality. The length of the line ought to be quite fifty yards, so that as the end which is most used begins to rot, the weak part may be broken off from time to time without seriously shortening the remaining line.

Just a memorandum here of advice—always dry your lines after using by coiling the wet part out on a chair in a dry, warm situation. The practice of leaving the line to dry on the reel is a sadly wasteful one, and not infrequently brings its own punishment in the loss of a good fish.

The Reel is best of that make known as the Nottingham, and is composed generally of wood and metal. The peculiarity of these winches is that they are very free-running, and allow of the line being used with celerity—a great boon when one properly knows how to manage them. Of course, this free-running may be a great nuisance at first in the hands of the tyro, but after he has accustomed himself to it, it becomes a great convenience, enabling him as it does to command both rod and line with certainty and efficiency.

The next tackle required for the outfit of the trout-spinner is what is termed *the trace*. Now I am bigoted in this little matter, and believe in nobody's traces but those I make myself. The making is not very troublesome, and I accomplish it thus. I select, first, three-foot strands of some round fairly-fine gut, which it is my practice to stain in dilute ink (Morrell's Bank ink is the best). I then with the first one form a loop in one end—previously soaking the end in warm water—and, taking my whipping-silk, I attach a small brass swivel at the other end. To the free loop of this swivel I whip one end of another length of gut, and again to this another swivel is attached. The same process is gone through with the next length, and another swivel again placed at *its* extremity. To the free loop of this a large loop of gut is attached by whipping, and then you have your trace—a trifle over three feet long, and possessing three swivels, which, because they are of brass, cannot rust, as, I am sorry to say, the steel ones frequently do. Some minnow-spinners run some drilled shot on the trace, but I prefer to sink the bait by a weight in its inside, as I shall presently describe.

The Flight.—Of course, as the attentive reader is quite aware, we are now only speaking of the use of the natural bait, for which the word flight is alone applicable. I do not quite know the origin of the word as applied to an assemblage of hooks, but it is the term by which all combinations of tackle possessing more than two hooks is technically designated, whether for trout, salmon, pike, or perch fishing. There are several patterns of flights for trout spinning, and amongst them I especially favour those figured in the illustrations.

Fig. 1 shows a remarkably good style of flight, and is, perhaps, the best for all-round work extant. It is the device of Mr. Foster, to whose sons my thanks are due for the opportunity of using the representation. The

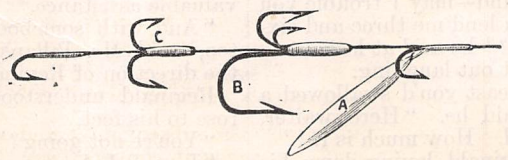


Fig. 1.

"Scientific Angler" thus describes the method of baiting: "First, the lead [A] is inserted in the mouth of the fish, the lips being then closed by the movable lip-hook. This being done, the bait is pierced through from one side to the other by the *large* hook [B], which should be so placed as to keep the lead well up in the minnow's back. Lastly, one of the pair of tail hooks [C] should be made to slightly curl the tail of the minnow." Fig. 2 shows the minnow or other small fish baited.

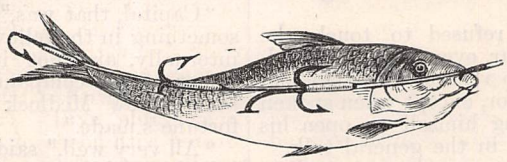


Fig. 2.

Of course the hooks ought for trout spinning in ordinary rivers to be half as large or even smaller. The size of the hooks as shown will do capitally for *Thames* trout spinning.

Fig. 3 shows the sort of tackle still used by the Scotch anglers. The single or lip-hook is hooked through both lips of the minnow, and one each of the two next double hooks are laid in the bait towards the back, the one of the pair nearest the tail being so placed as to curve the bait slightly. The third pair of hooks is allowed to remain free.

so that when the bait is drawn through the water a fish which would otherwise escape through coming "short," as it is termed, stands an imminent chance of being captured. Of course, a lead is required on the trace for this flight.

Fig. 4 represents the ordinary Thames flight for trout, and is still in high favour on that river. I give it room here, not because it is superior to Fig. 1, but out of deference

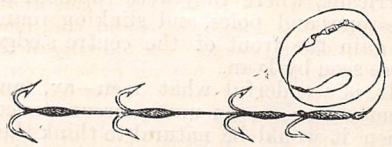


Fig. 3.

to the opinion that it is, which many of my angling acquaintance entertain. The method of baiting is as follows. The triplet-hook at A is passed through the centre of the vertebra of the tail of the bait, a little distance from the fork, in such a way as to be very firm. The tail is thus bent, and one of the second triplet-hooks is fixed in the fish rather nearer the back than the belly, so as to keep the tail bent. Next the remaining triplet is inserted, and finally the lip-hook is passed through both lips, a twist of the gut having been previously taken round B to prevent it —being movable otherwise—from slipping. If this flight be put on carefully the bait spins very truly, and is most attractive to large Thames trout, for which fish it is especially suitable.

In Fig. 5 we have the representation of Mr. Francis Francis's trout tackle, which, when made half the size of the drawing, is a very good style of weapon for all the trouts which take a spinning bait. The method of baiting

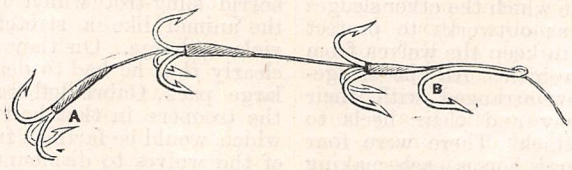


Fig. 4.

is as follows. The large hook A is entered just above the fork of the tail of the bait, and carried completely through (past the barb) the vertebra or backbone. It is then turned, so that the tail end of the bait is curved round the bend of the hook; this gives the necessary curve for the spin. The lip-hook (B) is then adjusted through both lips of the bait, and the loose triplet swings on either as it revolves in the water. Sometimes another hook is whipped in a reverse way at C, so that the bend in the tail caused by A can come undone. This is not absolutely necessary, however. A lead on the trace is indispensable.

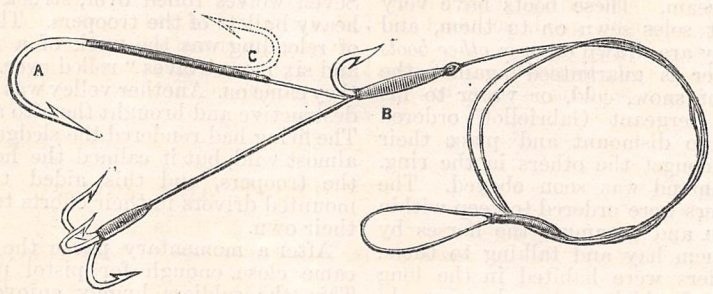


Fig. 5.

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—SIBERIAN TRAVELLING.

"Forward! Trot!" were the sounds that broke that "cheerful monotony" which somebody quaintly calls the jangling of the sledge bells. Besides which there were now four drivers apostrophising, abusing, coaxing, and chaffing their horses, as only Russian coachmen can.

"Away they go, jingle jangle through the snow;" and an hour's fast driving has left the little town far behind them, and they are in the apparently trackless steppe covered with snow, having all the effect of being at sea in a little boat, only not so safe!

The drivers steer by the stars at night, by the position of the sun in the daytime, and are in great measure rather led by the horses than anything else. These sagacious animals seem to calculate where they ought to put their feet down, and are unerring guides until a wind arises or a fall of snow comes that baffles them and foils the driver.

Our travellers, with their unusual escort, had met with no adventures worthy of note until the evening of the first day on the steppe, when they were told that a party of Ostiaks was approaching. Ivan and Madame Steinfeldt peeped through the hood of their sledge to see these denizens of the northern desert. But for the moment there was nothing to be seen.

About midnight the lady was awoke by the sudden halt of her vehicle, and the subsequent sound of human voices in violent conversation. She withdrew the curtain in front of the hood of her sledge and peeped out, but the cold was so intense that she could hardly bear it. Still she was interested in the scene. The moon was waning and near setting, the stars were shining in supernatural splendour, and from the snow around her there stood out in strong relief about six sledges, each drawn by two reindeer, such as we are accustomed to connect with Esquimaux life. The Ostiaks had come so far with certain valuable furs for sale at Ekaterineburg, and had halted to converse with our party. Their dress of elk-skin with the leather outside, and by consequence the fur in, was curiously ornamented with stitched work showing considerable skill. Their heads were covered with hoods of the same, for, like the Russians, they take great pains to keep the head warm. But, oh, the queer boat-like sledges, and the odd-looking deer that drew them, and the statue-like figures of the soldiers with their bashliks, looking like knights of the tenth or eleventh century in chain-mail armour glittering in the moonlight, the glitter in the present case being due to the frost on their coats and hoods.

Yet all interest of a sentimental or poetic cast yielded to the terrible announcement that a large pack of wolves was advancing from the north, though how they knew this, or how the gendarmes knew of the approach of the Ostiaks, Frau von Steinfeldt never learnt. Having given this unwelcome news, the wanderers of the desert moved on, leaving our party in no very enviable frame of mind. Our friend the sergeant came up and, touching his forehead with his hand in military wise, said,

"Your Serene Highness need not fear, but when morning dawns we shall have to fire shots, but there will be no shots from the enemy's side. All you have to do is to calm the terrors of the suffering princess, and if possible keep her without any knowledge of the real cause. Perhaps the young knyaz may like to have a pop at a wolf, in which case I will give him a horse-pistol."

"Oh!" cried Ivan, "you are very kind, but I have my own. You don't think I should travel through Siberia unarmed!"

"That is the pure blood that spoke there," said the sergeant. "But I cannot do better than leave you in the sledge with your mother. After all, the wolves may come near enough for you to pop at them. If it should be so, aim at the eye or breast. Ah! here they come."

There was nothing to be seen. Not a trace of change in the surroundings announced to the lady and boy the approach of the dreaded foe; but the cavalry sergeant saw *that his horses were uneasy*. Quick as thought his men had

dismounted. Another moment sufficed to disengage the horses from the sledges. Hay from the extra sledge was thrown in a circle round the covered sledge, before and beside which the other sledges were arranged as outworks to protect the horses and to keep the wolves from the principal vehicle. All the sledge-horses were now arranged with their noses to the hay and their heels to the expected attack. There were four sledges, with three horses each, making twelve horses in all, which, added to the seven horses of the gendarmes, made up a total of nineteen horses all told.

In travelling over snow Russians are provided with immense boots of felt reaching up to the thigh, and made without seam. These boots have very thick felt soles sewn on to them, and when they are drawn on *over other boots* the wearer is guaranteed against the passage of snow, cold, or water to his person. Sergeant Gabrielloff ordered his men to dismount and place their horses amongst the others in the ring. This command was soon obeyed. The four drivers were ordered to keep within the circle, and to amuse the horses by giving them hay and talking to them. The soldiers were habited in the long felt boots of which we have been speaking, which had been smeared with a very odoriferous kind of tallow, rendering the snow of none effect as an enemy. Consequently, when stout Gabrielloff ordered his men to dismount there was no fear of any evil consequences. They dismounted accordingly, and helped the yamschiks to soothe the now almost unruly horses. Discipline is a wonderful tamer, and the horses, accustomed to their riders' voices, were soon brought to stand calmly while their riders arranged the circular formation in which the animals had to stand.

As soon as this result was brought about the men were ordered to mount *reversed*—that is, with the face to the tail! In this strange position, then, with carbine bent, pistols loosened in the holsters (now *behind* them), and each man with all the chambers in his revolver loaded, the troopers awaited the attack.

And very soon, as Macaulay says, "the low howling of the wolves is heard amidst the snow!" The horses are seized with a fit of trembling and strive to break the rings, and here the wisdom of placing the drivers in the midst became evident. Without their soothing and encouraging address the animals, despite the fact that the ring formation is so natural to them that they adopt it themselves against their enemies without the intervention of man, some would have burst all bonds and sought their own safety in flight. But the drivers were equal to the occasion. They had been liberally paid and kindly treated, and they knew that when their work was done they would be better off than ever; so that it was very much to their interest to behave well.

At last the wolves came in sight and neared the circle rapidly. The drivers exerted themselves to the utmost, the soldiers sat like statues, but their unwonted position seemed to add to the terror of their horses. At last the wolves came on, near enough for the gendarmes to fire. The sergeant sat in that part of the circle exposed to the first attack of the wolves. He was calm and very resolute. It seemed as though he thought those terrific moustaches formed a barrier over which no amount of wolves would ever pass.

On came the savage brutes at the horrid sling-trot which never fatigues the animal like a stretching run or a violent charge. On they came. Seeing clearly that he had to deal with a very large pack, Gabrielloff rapidly ordered the troopers in that half of the circle which would be farthest from the attack of the wolves to dismount and join the others, mounting the sledge-horses and leaving their own. By the time this was done the wolves had advanced near enough for the men to fire with effect.

The word was given, and the carbines were all discharged with deadly aim. Seven wolves rolled over, struck by the heavy bullets of the troopers. The work of reloading was the work of a minute, and six more wolves "rolled over." Still they came on. Another volley was equally destructive and brought them to a stand. The firing had rendered the sledge-horses almost wild, but it calmed the horses of the troopers, and this aided the dismounted drivers in their efforts to soothe their own.

After a momentary pause the wolves came close enough for pistol practice. This the soldiers hugely enjoyed, and being so near the flash, the wolves were frightened. Some of the foremost turned tail and fled, to be attacked by their own race for their cowardice. Still the great pack came on. The men were now reduced to their revolvers, which were discharged with less effect than the big horse-pistols. On came the enemy, abandoning the sling-trot and rushing at the horses. And here the wisdom of Gabrielloff's disposition made itself apparent, for as the wolves approached, their rush was met with a volley of kicks from the hind hoofs of the horses that laid many of them low. This gave the soldiers time to reload and fire another volley from the larger pistols, which seemed greatly to disconcert the enemy, many of whom started off at a decidedly brisk pace over the snow.

Ivan was watching the conflict through the leathern curtain of the hood of the sledge, which he had drawn aside to permit of his seeing the fray. Suddenly there was a scream from Frau von Steinfeldt. Ivan turned and encountered the horrible face of a wolf whose head was just being thrust into the carriage. Quick as thought Ivan turned his revolver on him, and the beast, with "hideous howl," rolled over dead into the snow. But the incident alarmed both him and the lady, and they threw back the curtain of the hood to be more on their guard. This action revealed to them two others, who, escaping the shower of kicks from the hoofs of the horses' hind legs, had crawled into the circle to attack the sledges.

Gabrielloff's disposition of his forces was perfect. The three sledges formed an excellent barricade, so that if any wolves, escaping from the soldiers' fire, and remaining uninjured by the kicks of the horses (which seemed to be equally deadly in their effects), should penetrate to this inner part of the fortress, they would still be unable to attack the precious ones in whose defence the whole plan was arranged, without first having to tear down the protecting sledges, which had been well lashed together by the ropes and strengthened by the poles originally brought to construct tents with. Before the monsters in their fury could break through all this opposition to their progress, there were plenty of chances of getting shots at them. How the wolf which Ivan shot contrived to get so far unseen was never known. But the two who succeeded him in the attack upon the interior had not even so much good fortune as he. They rushed at the barricade, where they were repulsed by the ropes and poles, and slinking round to gain the front of the centre sledge, were seen by Ivan.

It is wonderful what men—ay, and women too—can do under circumstances when it would be natural to think they would be too excited or too frightened to do anything. Frau von Steinfeldt coolly took her aim and sent a bullet through the eye of a wolf, which rolled over as Ivan's had done.

The attack of the wolves was far more furious than is usually the case with these monsters. They are generally afraid of fire, and do not attack many men. Probably the prime condition of the horses attracted them, for they could not have scented the provisions, as the milk was hanging in frozen lumps, and about twenty large frozen meat pies were hanging also from the roof. Hams, pieces of beef, joints of mutton, many large fish, were stored there, but being all frozen emitted but little scent. Besides these were small barrels of caviare, plenty of marmalade (which is in great request in Siberia), quantities of white bread cut in slices and buttered to keep it soft; tea, sugar, coffee, and other things which could have had no charms for the wolves. Whatever may have been the reason of this terrific attack, it was successfully repelled, and, as the sergeant subsequently remarked, "without loss on his side!"

It has taken some time to describe the actual attack of the wolves, but in reality the whole battle was short and sharp. The brutes, discomfited by the kicks which they had received from the horses, annoyed by the constant fire from the soldiers, at last turned tail, leaving a great number dead upon the field of Mars. The remainder withdrew, and were escaping in the same careless sling-trot in which they had advanced, when they were greeted with a rattling fire from the carbines in the rear. The horses had become almost unmanageable through fear, and it was the highest time to release them from their "ring fence." Accordingly the four drivers led off their trembling animals in a direction opposite to that taken by the wolves. Fortunately the intense frost held the snow firm, so that the poor beasts did not sink very low into the white covering of the ground, often found to be so fatally treacherous. The cavalry horses, accustomed to discipline, soon "fell in," when Gabrielloff "formed" them, and in a few minutes a regular pursuit of the surviving wolves commenced, but was soon relinquished from the uncertain nature of the ground, though not until about eight had dropped beneath the fire of the carbines.

On his return to the encampment the wary sergeant ordered the sledges to be prepared for immediate departure, and very shortly everything was in marching order once more.

"You ought to be a general, sergeant!" said the lady to her escort.

"It would be pleasant as to the pay, but not as to the work. A general does not see so much of his men as a sergeant does. I am pleased with my fellows on the whole, but we ought to have shot more wolves. I have a particular reason to hate wolves. They sent my mother mad!"

"Pray tell me the story, sergeant!"

"Not now, your Serene Highness, we must push on now for Trabsk, for there is snow coming if I am not much mistaken."

The same marching order was adopted that we have described already, and the little party reached the village described by the sergeant in perfect safety on the evening of the day that rose on the defeat of the wolves.

The miserable inn was a building in two parts, one on one side of the entrance hall or passage, and the other on the other. The division to the left was devoted to the accommodation of the family of the owner, and the other, a large oblong room, to that of the guests. The floor, like all floors in Russia, save in very wealthy houses, was bare. The furniture consisted of a large deal table, the stove, and some forms beside a large low shelf for a "bed." On the walls were several cheap and very gaudily-coloured prints representing scenes in the lives of saints. In the south-eastern corner was the Icon, or sacred picture, before which each guest is expected to cross himself. And now Frau von Steinfeldt arranged her plan.

"Sergeant," she said, "I must have a place screened off for me in the corner where the bedstead is. Let the men bring the canvas for the tents and make a partition there as quickly as possible. Then let the feather beds be brought out from the sledge and arranged behind the screen, while in front we have the provisions unpacked."

To the people of the house this desire to avoid publicity seemed strange, but the letters demanding assistance in the name of the emperor, coupled with the sergeant's assurance that the pay was princely, silenced all opposition. The troopers soon constructed a screen, the actual object of which was to allow of Ivan's appearing sometimes as Olga and sometimes as Ivan. *One of the children was always behind it.*

The night's rest was secured without any impertinent questions being asked, but the next day the sergeant announced the impossibility of proceeding on the journey on account of the snow, which was now falling in immense quantities, so as to render it impossible for the horses to see and for the men to find the way. This was unpleasant, but they were halfway to Tiumen, and so Madame Steinfeldt was not anxious until she found that the snow was likely to continue another day. However, she made the best of it, and took the opportunity to ask the sergeant how it was that his mother was driven mad by wolves. She asked him to sit down while telling the story, but this he said could not be done, so he stood like a column of iron while he told his tale thus:

"It is nearly fifty years ago, your Serene Highness. I was the youngest of a family of four. My father was sergeant-major, and his regiment was at Tiumen. I was a boy of six years old, strong and hearty, and not a great favourite with my mother, whose chief delight was in her two younger children, of the ages of one year and two years respectively. Now it happened that the colonel commanding the regiment had somehow been suspected of applying the funds of the regiment to his own private purposes, and certain circumstances were brought forward to prove that he, with a certain Major Strogonoff, had together committed peculations to a large amount while the regiment was under command of a Colonel Brilloff the preceding year. The colonel was perfectly innocent, and declared that Colonel Brilloff could prove if he liked that he was not with the regiment at all during the period. This Colonel Brilloff had been, at the time of which I speak, advanced to the rank of major-general, and was at Ekaterineburg while we were at Tiumen. To reach him seemed impossible. Soldiers were then not permitted to travel, and the enraged general at Tiumen would allow no officers to quit the garrison, for he said he had no right to give special leave of absence for nonsense. At last the officers of the regiment petitioned for a month's delay in executing the sentence of disgrace and banishment to the mines for life, which sentence had actually been passed upon their colonel. Then arose the question, Who would go to Ekaterineburg and give a letter to the general? The civilians were indifferent, and the soldiers were not allowed to go. What was to be done?

"Now, my mother and father were very poor. The parents of my mother had objected to the match, but had given their consent at the express desire of the colonel, who advanced my father and furnished his little quartier for him in a very handsome way for our ideas, and gave my mother a dowry of one hundred roubles. Of course my father was ready to die for his colonel, but could not leave the regiment. And so my mother determined to brave the journey and put a letter into the hands of the general at Ekaterineburg. All the whole regiment, officers and men, liked both my father and my mother, so they were quite wild about the expedition. They got a troika sledge for her with provisions and everything, and off she set, as brave as a lion. Only she would not listen to the advice of her friends to leave her two babies at home behind her. No, she never had trusted her children out of her sight, and she never would do so; they were *her* children, and she would not part with them; but as for me, I was my father's favourite, and would be all right. So she departed on her errand of mercy.

"Nothing very important took place until the second day of her journey from Tiumen. This place was not built then, and it must have been hereabouts that she was attacked by wolves. The driver was frightened, so were the horses. They dashed along at a fearful pace, and the horrid wolves in full cry after her. At last she threw out some provisions, which delayed the whole pack, for those who seized the food were at once worried by their comrades to give it up, and so the row was fearful. But it was soon over, and the wolves were again in full pursuit of their human prey. Again my mother flung out food, and again was the pursuit stayed. Your Serene Highness has honoured the wolves by listening to their music; you may imagine how it sounded to one poor defenceless woman with her two babes. On sped the sledge, but the wolves soon overtook it, and now articles of covering and clothing were thrown out to stop them in their course; then there was nothing more to throw. The wolves were gaining ground. What was to be done? Fancy the horror in that poor woman's soul. If she lost her life that was nothing, of course, but the colonel would not be saved from worse than death, the whole regiment would be disheartened, the officers insulted, and the men enraged perhaps to disloyal acts. And then what loss of blood would follow! Besides, did not she owe her happiness to the colonel? To him she owed her husband and the very bread she ate. To let him rot in a quicksilver mine, to let a stain be cast on the regiment, no! It must be done—there was nothing to be thrown out but the children—one was flung out—it stopped the wolves. It was a new morsel for them, and their fighting, howling, shrieking over the mutilated body of her child rang in the mother's ears! An hour was gained by this awful deed, but at the end of that time they came on again, and—Why should I harrow your feelings? The second child went! My mother arrived at Ekaterineburg, saw the general, gave the letter. He never noticed anything strange, but he ordered a large sledge well lined with fur to be got ready, and he ordered Cossacks to attend him. He had been promoted to full general now, but he made my mother sit by his side, and they travelled back as fast as the swiftest horses in Russia could take them. They reached Tiumen without accident, and the general fully proved that our colonel was perfectly innocent. He re primanded the other officer, who had been too quick about his displeasure with the colonel, and he was afterwards disgraced. But my poor mother! she went home alone, caught sight of me, and flew at me as if she were a wolf. They got me out of her arms, but she died soon after raving mad. That is my wolf-story, and it is not a pretty one, but it's true, and you see why I like to shoot wolves—when I can!"

The soldier drew himself up, saluted mutely, faced round, and was gone.

The whole of that and the following day were passed in watching the snow as it fell in thick flakes, hiding the village, as it were, with white fur; and, indeed, the warm covering contributed greatly to the comfort of the dwellers in that part of the world. At last the snow-cloud cleared, and the blue sky shone over the white shroud that lay upon the body of dead nature. Then Gabrielloff appeared and announced that it was time to depart, that he had hired guides with snow-shoes to conduct them on their way, and to assist in transporting the sick princess to her bed in the sledge; to which Frau von Steinfeldt consented. She told him to return in half an hour, during which interval Ivan slipped on the skirt over his dress, assumed the girl's schuba and bashlik, and was as pretty a little girl as could be imagined. On account of the long skirt and other portions of female dress, he looked much taller than he did in his boy's costume. His great difficulty was to keep from laughing, for everything tickled his sense of fun so immensely. However, he reached the sledge in safety, and Frau von Steinfeldt dismissed the faithful sergeant to look after the packing of the

provisions that were yet to last the whole party two days. While he was thus absent Ivan shuffled off his feminine attire, and was "himself again." He assumed his schuba, fur cap, boy's bashlik, and over-boots, and when the sergeant returned he found our hero patting the horses quite coolly.

At last they "got under way" again, and off they sped through the steppe, carefully led by their guides in the snow-shoes, who skimmed along the surface of the snow much as a skater flies over the ice. In fact the horses could not keep up with them on account of constant sinking in the new-fallen snow, which was not yet of sufficient solidity to form a road.

However, at the end of the second day from their departure from Trabsk they arrived at Tiumen. Although Ekaterineburg may be considered, politically speaking, as the first Siberian town, the actual frontier is much farther north and east, lying between Ekaterineburg and Tiumen, much farther, in fact, than the requirements of our tale allowed us to place it. But Tiumen is in Siberia proper, and affords the traveller the very best means of ascertaining what is being done, or what is going to be done to the prisoners, who are from hence distributed to the various places of punishment. Some are declared to have forfeited their *prav* or rights as citizens. This *prav* may be lost entirely or only partially; when entirely lost the man is in fact an outlaw, if he be killed it does not matter, nobody cares. If he were a noble he loses all nobility, whether hereditary or merely arising from his tchin or rank in the service. He has no wife, for the loss of his entire right includes the rupture of the marriage tie. His children are absolved from all obedience to him. He is dead to the community for ever. He cannot sign his name to a letter, as his name is lost with his other *prav*. That is to say, his surname is lost, though he retains the baptismal appellation. Instead of a surname he obtains a number. Thus such a person originally called Prince Ivan Ivanovitch Zaklistoff would lose the prince, the Ivanovitch, and the Zaklistoff of his name, and dwindle down to Ivan No. 1,222,333,444, or whatever it may be. This is quite enough to quench the light of life in most men's minds. Such a prisoner can have no property, is forced to wear the prisoner's dress, and to have the head partially shaved.

Both men and women are subject to corporal punishment of the severest kind, and when let out of prison for good behaviour, or allowed to do something for themselves as settlers or domestic servants to settlers, they are at any moment liable to be ordered back to prison by a governor. They march into Siberia in great gangs of convicts accompanied by police-guards with drawn swords, but they are permitted to take money bestowed upon them by charitable people who may be moved to compassion on seeing them march with their irons clanking as they go. No person can tell the sad feeling caused by seeing such a train of convicts leave Moscow or any other great town to take the dreary march to Siberia. Many a time had Frau von Steinfeldt in her youth witnessed the passage through Moscow of such gangs, but never had it occurred to her that the tender plant, her own beloved niece, would ever be forced to wear that hated dress, or be driven along the road like a beast to a market.

"Still the great pack came on."

When the town of Tiumen "came in sight," as the sailors say, Frau von Steinfeldt's heart beat high with mingled fear and hope. The gilded domes and crosses were fewer than in most Russian towns, but after the paltry accommodation of the villages and towns they had hitherto seen, it seemed to promise great things to the now weary travellers to get into a town that was at all worthy the name.

As her sledges drove through the gate, and the gendarmes rode by their side, the first idea of the sentries seemed to be that a winter gang of criminals had arrived. The two mounted soldiers sent on before, however, soon corrected this impression, and the sentries presented arms as to a member of the Imperial family as our friends entered the town.

(To be continued.)

TOM STANTON:

A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

PALE and unrefreshed Tom awoke the next morning. His whole hand was swollen and throbbing, but after putting some plaster on his finger he managed to get through breakfast without exciting remark. The boys found him dull and languid, and after a time he left them to their rough play, and going to the moat, sat down with his hand resting in the water, the coolness of which gave him a little ease.

"Lifting the dog, he tossed him into the tree."

After a time Jack's terrier trotted up. Always a little distrustful of the new arrival, he did not venture to approach, but stood at a respectful distance.

Something in the dog's attitude irritated Tom's easily roused temper, and reaching for a stone from the gravel path beside him, he sent it after the little animal, who was rapidly disappearing behind some bushes. The stone had hit something, it was evident, but that sound was not the yelp of a dog. Peeping cautiously round the bushes, as if apprehensive of another missile, appeared the figure of a stoutly built boy of about Tom's own height, who was carrying a large basket. Slowly he came down the path and stood still at a little distance, as though waiting to be addressed.

Looking up with the haughty air with which he spoke to all beneath him, Tom asked, "Was it you who cried out?"

"Yes, sir, your stone hit me on the shoulder."

"Oh, well, it wasn't meant for you. I didn't see that any one was there."

"No, sir. 'Twere meant for Mr. Jack's dog, I know."

"Well, it didn't touch him, so you needn't run and tell Mr. Jack. And look, here's a sixpence for you."

"Thank you, sir, all the same; but I don't wan't the money."

"Nonsense! Here, catch. Who are you, and what's your name?"

"I am Sam Easton, sir, the gardener's son. I live at the lodge."

"Oh, I say, tell me, have you ever been bitten?"

"By a dog, sir?"

"By anything. It's all the same, I suppose."

"No, I haven't, sir; but one often hears tell of people being bitten by dogs, and rats, and such like."

"Well, what do they do for it?"

"Oh, a-many things. If a doctor's handy he'll put something on, or a smith will burn it with a hot iron; but I have heard old Mother Pringle say as the sovereignest remedy of all is— But I needn't tell you about that, sir."

"Yes, go on."

"She did say that if a man got an animal—one as goes on four legs, she said—and named it after the one that bit him, and cut a bit of hair off it to scatter to the four winds, and then shut that animal up without food till it was dead, that just as fast as the creature pined away so the man's wound would dwindle with it, till at last he was cured and healed and all danger was past."

"Do you think that is true?"

"I don't know, sir. Father he can't abide the old woman. He says years ago, before people knew better, she would have been burned for a witch, and bids me not to go nigh her."

"I thought there were no more witches now."

"Not real ones, I suppose there ain't; but— There's the rector, sir, saying good-bye to the master. I must be going."

"No, stop a minute, Sam, I want to hear some more. They used to tell me things like this in India, but I didn't know it would be the same in England."

"Yes, sir; but for all Mother Pringle's queer ways folks go to her; for she is clever with herbs, and can make a cure—aye—quicker than the doctor sometimes. If all's true that I've heard, it's likely she'll soon have enough to do, for—"

"Ah! Tom, is that you?" said the voice of Mr. Stanton close by, making both the boys look quickly round. "Where are the others? I wanted to tell you all that for the present I wish you to keep out of the village. The rector has been telling me that there is a good deal of sickness there now, and it is better not to run the risk of infection. Tell your father what I say, Sam," he added, turning to the boy, who was taking up his basket. "For a time you had better not go into the village shops. I suppose you have been down there now?"

"Yes, sir; I had some errands to do for father."

"Ah! Well, he will manage differently when he hears what I have said. Go now and tell him; and when you see the boys, Tom, don't forget my message," said Mr. Stanton, continuing his way to the stables.

A little time longer Tom sat where he was, letting the cool water trickle through his fingers, and apparently thinking deeply. Then he got up, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, went slowly to find his cousins.

It was soon after lunch on the same day. For a wonder even the boys seemed subdued by the heat, and were lying about the cool morning-room in attitudes more comfortable than graceful. Jack and Tom, who often differed in opinion, had just begun a mild argument, when the roll of carriage wheels announced a visitor.

"Who is it?" cried Jack, jumping up. "I'm off, or we shall have to go in. Bertie, whip up the back stairs, and run round and spy into the hall. They won't see you if you look through the banisters. I know what being called in to see visitors means; mother is sure to say afterwards, 'You might have brushed your hair, dear!' Well, who is it?"

"All right," said Bertie, grinning; "it's old Mr. Harrington. I'm going in."

"So am I," said Jack, promptly leaving the room.

"It's Jack's godfather," Bertie stayed to explain; "and he always gives us both a tip when he calls. Won't you come in too?"

"No—why? I don't know him," answered Tom. "I shall go out, I think."

Getting his hat, he stepped out of the low window and looked cautiously round. All that side of the house lay in shade. It was the servants' dinner-hour, and no one was to be seen about. Only Snap, Jack's terrier, lay stretched on the cool grass fast asleep. Bending down, Tom patted the dog gently, and then, taking out his handkerchief, he knotted one end into the leather collar.

"Hie up, boy! come for a race?" he said; and leading the terrier by the handkerchief, he turned into a narrow path, and ran down it on the way to the park. It was hot after leaving the shade of the shrubbery, but Tom ran on, for he had some distance to go, and not much time to do it in. How the sun did blaze, and how the heat made his hand throb and ache! His finger seemed to be getting worse instead of better, and it was quite time that he should do something to cure it. There, at last, he could see the tree where he had met Bart. With its few branches standing out against the sky, the old oak stood apart, lonely and desolate in its decay.

Arrived underneath the tree, Tom did not pause an instant for thought, but lifting the old dog from the ground, he tossed him up in the air, so that he fell down the hollow trunk with a yelping cry. A whimpering sound followed, but the boy did not stay to listen. With a beating heart, but with sullen determination, he hurried away and retraced his steps as quickly as he had come. After all, it was only a dog — quite an old, stupid dog—and Jack would not mind much about it after the first. Let it bark as it might, no one was likely to hear it there; and why should any one suspect that he could know what had become of the dog?

Crimson and panting, he regained the shrubbery. It would never do to be seen like that; a turn among the trees might cool him. Seeking a retired spot, made almost gloomy by the shade of evergreen shrubs, Tom sat down to rest. But soon a feeling of anxiety as to the result of what he had just done began to oppress him, and vague terrors such as he had never known before weighed down his spirits. Impatiently he sprang to his feet. His hand was unbearably painful. Up in his own room he could bathe it, and perhaps get the burning out of it.

A night of pain put Tom's fortitude to the test, and in the morning all concealment was at an end, for his hand and arm were so swollen that they would not go into the sleeve of his jacket. In spite of his fears of discovery, it was almost a relief to think that at last something might be done to relieve him, for as yet the old woman's charm had had no effect. Idly he sat on the side of his bed, wondering what would happen, and what he should say if questioned, until Jack came in on his way downstairs to see if Tom were ready.

Exclaiming with surprise and dismay at the sight of the swollen hand, Jack ran off to tell his mother, and soon poor Tom found himself being tended with a gentle, pitying care, which made him wonder why he had feared so much to have his hurt discovered. He was glad to lie down and rest until the doctor came, for he felt faint and ill, and while he kept his eyes closed, and appeared to sleep, at any rate he could not be questioned; and soon the exhaustion of pain brought on a heavy slumber, from which Tom only awoke to find his uncle and aunt beside him with a stranger.

"I blame myself," Mr. Stanton was saying, "for not having seen sooner that something was the matter with the boy; but he made no complaint of the pain which he must have suffered, and has behaved like a little hero."

"A cut with a knife, did you say?" asked the doctor, who had put Tom's hand into a basin of warm water to remove the plaster which the boy had applied so unskilfully.

"Yes, done two or three days ago," replied Mr. Stanton, while Tom watched the doctor silently.

The plaster was slowly coming off, and disclosed a wound, at which Mrs. Stanton exclaimed, while the doctor shook his head.

"This is not a cut," he said, looking at Tom, who had his eyes fixed on the ground. "This is the bite of some sharp-toothed animal," continued the doctor, after a pause; but still Tom neither looked up nor answered.

Mrs. Stanton would have spoken, but, holding up his hand to restrain her, the doctor turned to Tom, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "Come, my boy, let us hear all about this business."

For a few moments there was silence. In the confusion of his thoughts only one thing was clear to Tom—that he must devise some excuse which might account for his former silence without leading to the discovery of that which he had borne so much to conceal.

Clearing the sullen look from his brow, he looked quickly up at the faces round him, and said, dropping his eyes again, "I did it to save Jack."

"Jack! What of him?—what had he to do with it?" asked Mr. and Mrs. Stanton together.

"It was his dog," said Tom, as if with reluctance.

"Did Snap bite you?" cried Mrs. Stanton, in evident alarm.

"Yes; it was that day when I was out alone. I was not thinking of the dog, and just near the house I bent to pick up a stick, and I suppose Snap thought I was going to hit him with it, for he flew out suddenly and bit me here on the finger."

"But why didn't you tell us, Tom, at once? Such things should never be concealed," said his uncle.

"I was afraid," mumbled Tom, "that Jack would lose his dog, and he is so fond of him."

"It was kind of you, my boy, but I am very sorry all the same. Doctor, will you come and speak to me when you have done here?" said Mr. Stanton, leaving the room hurriedly.

Mrs. Stanton said nothing, but Tom could see the tears in her eyes as she quietly gave the doctor the assistance he needed. Drawing a deep sigh of relief, Tom wondered if his ready tongue had saved him once more, and tried to think that there was nothing so very wrong in this network of lies with which he was surrounding himself.

"It won't do any one any harm," he thought; "the dog is gone already, and it is better Jack should think that Snap was to blame than that my uncle should tell my father things that would vex him about me. When this is all over I'll take care not to do anything that is forbidden again, and—and I must try to make it up to Jack somehow, if I can."

That was a dull day for Tom. The doctor said he had better be kept quiet, so the boys were not allowed to go near him. Only towards evening Bertie got leave to go and see him for a few minutes, and crept softly into the room as if he expected to find his cousin at the point of death. He seemed relieved when Tom spoke to him as usual, and, sitting down, was soon retailing the events of the day.

"Jack is in an awful state," he said. "Snap can't be found, you know, and now James says that he never came for his supper last night as usual. It is so odd what can have become of him. He seemed all right when I saw him last, and he can't have been stolen, for he would never let a stranger touch him, and besides, he isn't worth anything now."

So Bertie chatted on, until, finding that Tom was lying with closed eyes, and did not answer, he got up, and, saying he was afraid that he was tiring his cousin, wished him good night, and left the room.

Tired Tom was, but only with uneasy thoughts. Again and again he went over all the chances of his being found out, and even when sleep closed his heavy eyes, feverish dreams renewed the terrors of the day.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER X.—CAPTURE OF A PORTUGUESE SLAVER—MAKING IT "COMFORTABLE" FOR THE CREW.

Next morning broke bright and fair, the sea was all that suits a sailor's fancy, the breeze strong and bracing, and every inch of canvas set.

It was found that steam did not help the Theodora along, or was not needed, so fires were banked.

It *was* provoking, though, for yonder was the strange sail—the phantom ship, as she came now to be called—miles and miles away to windward of them. There was no getting up to her.

The excitement on board the Theodora now increased rather than abated.

About nine o'clock, and just after divisions, the captain himself came on deck. He called Benbow, and, chaffing him, asked where the fleetness of the Theodora had flown to?

"Yonder is the chase," he said, "and chase she is likely to remain, Benbow. She is walking away from us. She has the heels of us, and she knows it."

"A wild-goose chase, I should say," put in M'Gee.

"I don't think," said Lieutenant Gayly, somewhat contemptuously, "that a surgeon has any right to put in his oar in matters strictly connected with the working and management of the ship. Pills are more in your way, Dr. M'Gee."

"Man," said M'Gee, "I would think now that a few o' those same pills would do *you* good. It would help to take some of that gall out of your blood. There are just ten on the sick-list this morning," he continued, turning round and saluting the captain.

"Thank you, doctor," replied Captain Blunderbore.

But the doctor did not retire immediately. He owed Mr. Gayly one, and he meant to let him have it.

"I think, sir," he said presently to the captain, "it would be the correct thing to put Mr. Gayly on the list."

"On the sick-list?" said the captain. "Why, doctor, what makes you think so? Nothing wrong with my second lieutenant, I trust?"

"Indeed, sir, I fear there is."

Gayly was standing with one hand on the bulwark, looking as pleasant as a badger in a soda-tub.

"I fear, sir—indeed I am sure—he is suffering from blood-poisoning."

The captain gazed anxiously towards Gayly, and, thinking he had gone far enough, M'Gee hastened to complete his explanation.

"He laces too tightly, sir. Horrid thing, tight lacing! Gives his liver no play. Drives the bile all through the blood."

Captain Blunderbore laughed, and Benbow joined heartily, and even the man at the wheel, who had heard all, took the liberty of smiling. Gayly grew red, then white, and bit his lips and lowered his brow, but that did not affect M'Gee in the least. That officer simply nodded and smiled to him, lifted his cap to the captain, and retired with his sick-list under his arm.

"Yes," said the captain, resuming his conversation with Benbow, "I want to know where all the Theodora's fleetness has flown to."

"That ship," said Benbow, shaking his fist towards her—"well there, I won't use strong language. I think, though," he said, "we might carry more sail."

"Oh, by all means set it, then; only don't tear the sticks out of her."

Benbow and Gayly consulted together. Then orders were given. The boatswain's pipe screamed and bubbled right merrily in the morning air, reefs were shaken out, and an additional fore and aft sail or two clapped on.

The Theodora felt it. She seemed to awake and shake herself into newness of life, and in a few minutes it was evident from even the swirl of the water and the fast retreating foam alongside that she was moving far more swiftly through the water. The race had commenced in earnest.

Mr. Gayly ordered the log to be heaved. Shortly after Benbow once more advanced to where the captain stood, glass in hand, gazing steadily at the chase.

"She'll do," cried Benbow—"she'll do yet! We're knocking two more knots out of her. I told you she could do it!" and the sailing-master rubbed his hands with glee.

"One thing to me is pretty evident Mr. Benbow," said Captain Blunderbore: "yonder ship is a clipper, and as long as the wind holds she can beat us; and as the wind will hold for days and days, we'll lose her."

"Think so, sir?"

"Think so! yes. Do you, Mr. Benbow, imagine that if she didn't know her own speed, and guessed at ours, she wouldn't have extinguished her lights last night and tried to give us the slip in the dark?"

"Well, yes; there is something in it."

"But," continued Benbow, "my glass tells me that we are even now gaining on her."

"And mine says nothing of the sort. Come up to the bridge, Mr. Benbow."

"Now, then, what says your glass?"

"Why—why—I declare they are clapping on more sail!"

"Yes; and so we may say good-bye to them."

"But see, sir—see how she yaws! There is something wrong there—something strange going on!"

"Ay, that there is!" said the captain. "The sail doesn't go up quickly. Down it goes again!"

"There is a row yonder, sir, depend upon it."

"Mr. Gayly," cried Captain Blunderbore, "clear away the pivot gun, and get ready to fire!"

The pivot gun was a sixty-pound chaser, a somewhat ancient-looking Mons Meg of a thing that lay forward between the bows like some huge monster of an antediluvian type waiting for its prey.

She was speedily loaded, and the men stood by to open the bow ports or bulwarks.

"We are gaining on her now," said Benbow; "and it gets more and more evident every moment there is something up on board of her."

"Look! yon was a puff of smoke, as if a pistol had been fired. Another, and still another!"

The strange vessel now appeared but badly managed, and there was no attempt to make more sail.

Presently her sails shivered; then round came the yards. She was aback.

Then a larger puff of smoke rose from about her quarter-deck, and soon after across the water came the quavering roar of a heavy piece of artillery.

"That's mutiny," said Captain Blunderbore. "Civil war on shipboard."

Captain Blunderbore. "A little closer, Mr. Gayly."

"Shall we hit her, sir? Mr. Barclay can do it." Mr. Barclay was the gunner.

"No," replied the captain, smiling, but shaking his head. "We must not hit forth from the bows of the Theodora, and a shot went crashing through the rigging of the strange barque.

She had evidently imagined that her flag would protect her.

That shot, however, had the desired

"They were received by the captain of the barque himself.'

Meanwhile the Theodora gained on her hand over hand.

"Fire across her stern, Mr. Gayly."

The thunder of the great gun then rolled forth, the ship shook and reeled, and in a few minutes a balloon of white foam rose twenty yards astern of the chase, telling where the ball had struck the water.

But no visible effect was produced on board the strange sail. She had filled again, and was once more staggering on her way, with sheets awry and sails that sadly needed trimming.

"Go a little closer next time," said her; if we can overhaul her without hitting her all the better for everybody."

"Look!" cried Colin, who was also on the bridge. "She has run up colours."

"Can you make them out, Mr. McLeod?" asked the captain. "Your eyes are young."

Colin looked through his glass for a moment.

"It is the Spanish ensign, sir," he replied. "I caught sight of it this moment fairly afloat on the breeze."

"Yes," added Benbow, "that is the flag. Mr. McLeod is quite right, sir."

Once again smoke and fire belched effect. The barque lay to, and the Theodora's boats, four in all, were at once called away.

The captain went in his own gig, Benbow had command of a boat, and Quentin and Colin commanded the others.

When within a hundred and twenty yards of the barque the Theodora was laid to, and away sprang the boats.

They expected no resistance, nor did they find any.

They were received at the side by the captain of the barque himself, a tall, dark, and very ill-favoured man, and with no very good grace either. He

saluted Captain Blunderbore; then, speaking quickly and almost fiercely, he demanded to know the reason of the Theodora's fire.

He spoke in Spanish, but Mr. Barclay, the gunner, a man who could speak almost any language, was one of the party, and acted as interpreter.

"You fire on *me*, the merchant captain of a friendly power!" cried the skipper of the mysterious barque. "I shall duly enter the occurrence in the log, and the Government of Spain shall demand apology and redress."

"My good fellow," returned Blunderbore, "pray restrain yourself. You showed no flag, and you ran away from us. We are here in these seas to protect British commerce and protect the coast. How do we know what or who you are? Behold, your decks are slippery with blood; several men lie dead and many wounded. What means the mystery?"

"*Sedicion—motin*," murmured the fellow.

"Mutiny," said Barclay.

"We guessed as much, and now you will kindly show your papers, and we will assist you."

"Assistance?" cried the Spanish captain. "We want none. I have already quelled the mutiny."

"We want no assistance," added several other cut-throat-looking fellows who stood near their captain. "The mutineers are now close under hatches."

"Then I'll have some of them up and question them," said Blunderbore. "Benbow, order your fellows to knock the hatches off."

The Spaniard issued some hurried order, and from the poop deck there instantly rushed out over twenty fully-armed men. At the same moment the muzzle of an ugly-looking nine-pounder was lowered over the poop itself.

Benbow and Blunderbore sprang at once back towards the gangway. One word from the latter and the British marines to the number of fifteen sprang on board.

"Fix bayonets," cried Blunderbore.

The marines obeyed as coolly as if on parade, and brought their rifles to the deck with a ring and a rattle that evidently had an effect upon the Spaniards. But the muzzle of that ugly nine-pounder still covered the men and officers of the Theodora.

"Resistance is useless," said Blunderbore, "if you mean to resist; you have not yet done so, nor have we exceeded our duty. Your explanations, however, must be most perfect and complete, or you are our prisoners. No mere merchant ship can show so many armed men. You will please produce your papers."

As the captain spoke the last words a loud crash was heard. A hatch had been burst open, and a tall gigantic negro sprang up and leapt on deck. The blood was streaming from a recent wound in his brow.

He looked a fearful apparition; his black almost naked form, on which the usual scars were visible on the chest, his powerful limbs and fierce eyes, and the determined attitude he assumed, made him indeed a formidable subject.

His appearance was the signal for a rush forward of the Spaniards. The marines' bayonets were at once levelled, and the foreigners staggered back again, scowling defiance as they went.

"They lie," cried the negro, in English—"they lie. Gentlemen of the British Navy, they lie. I'se one Krooman. I hab served in de Navy. Dese men are not Spanish. Dey are Portugee. Dis is a Portugee ship. Ship am full, gentlemen, full to de hatches of slaves. See for yourselves."

Blunderbore spoke a few words in a low voice. He hardly moved his lips as he did so. Yet the effect was instantaneous.

The marines rushed on the armed crew with one ringing cheer, and in two minutes every man was disarmed, and Blunderbore had declared the barque a British prize.

The sailors and marines cheered once more, and back from the Theodora came a triple echo; and, looking over the bulwarks of the barque, one could see the British tars clustering on bulwarks and rigging, as they waved their caps and cheered.

The skipper of the slaver became very quiet now, and very humble indeed.

"I confess," he said, "to have been legally captured on the high seas."

"Taken red-handed, tell him, Mr. Barclay," said Captain Blunderbore.

"But," was the bold reply, "I have never drawn sword or levelled rifle against a British officer or man, or resisted, except by words, your attack upon me. I have not therefore forfeited my life, nor the lives of my crew."

"How well he seems to know the law," said Benbow, when this was interpreted.

"No," was the answer from Blunderbore, "you have not forfeited your life to us, but it will be our duty to hand you over to your own countrymen, and by their laws you will be tried for murder."

"Meanwhile, sir," said Benbow, "don't you think these wretched Portuguese fellows should exchange places with their still more wretched captives, who are still under hatches? A little of their own medicine will do them good."

The marines, drawn up there on the maindeck, felt mightily amused and pleased at Benbow's proposal, and they grinned to a man. Benbow was a great favourite with every one on board the Theodora. He had so much dash and go in him, so much life, but withal so much genuine humour, that there was no resisting him.

Captain Blunderbore was somewhat taken aback at this proposal.

"Really, Mr. Benbow. Yes—that is, no, you know; at least I must have time to think. This rascally crew must of course be made prisoners."

"And put in irons?" suggested Benbow.

"Well, yes, they resisted in a measure. Irons, though, Mr. Benbow, eh? Irons?"

"Certainly," said Benbow; "irons, sir, by all means."

"No ropes would hold these slippery eels," said Barclay, quietly. "They are all born Davenport Brothers."

"Besides, sir," continued Benbow, "irons are ever so much more wholesome. Dr. M'Gee will tell you that."

"Depends on the climate, gentlemen," said Barclay, shuffling shyly with his feet, as if he felt he was taking considerable liberty in talking thus with his superior officers, without having been invited to join the conversation. "Depends on the climate. In a ship I was in up in the Arctic regions, the captain put a man in irons, and he was left all night in the cockpit. Next morning he was found lying on his back insensible-like, and the irons, sir, were frozen into his ankles. He lost both his feet and died afterwards."

"Died, did he?" said Captain Blunderbore. "Dear me, dear me! Poor fellow, poor fellow! Really, though, the best thing he could have done. Well, Mr. Benbow, as we can't have these scoundrels loose, you know, I think—it must be irons."

"And release the slaves and put them below?"

"Well, I suppose—it—must—be so."

"But," continued good, simple Blunderbore, who really had a kind heart of his own with all his little eccentricities, "make it as comfortable for them as the circumstances will admit of."

"Oh, yes; we'll make it comfortable for them. Just explain that to yonder scowling skipper, Barclay, will you?"

Barclay laughed.

"You lubberly [*cochino*] old son of a sea cook," he said, in Spanish, "we're going to make it hot for you! You'll have irons on your legs to keep them cool, and may be a yard or two of hemp [*cuerdo*] round your neck to wind up with!"

"I hope you're explaining to them, Mr. Barclay," said the captain, "that we do not mean to treat them with hardship, nor impose upon them further restraint than the exigencies of the occasion and the service demand."

"That is just what I'm doing," said Barclay, "and I think I've made it plain to them, sir."

"Now, Mr. Benbow, you can do your duty. Secure your men. The marines shall remain here with you. I shall send the doctor on board and some more men, and—and the irons."

"And the irons, sir?" exclaimed Benbow. "Pray, sir, do not!"

"Eh! What?"

Benbow drew himself up to his full height, which was not a great stretch after all.

"There are irons on board, sir; slave irons," he said, boldly. "Those are good enough for ruffians such as these. What, sir, would we place British man-o'-war irons on the legs of Portuguese slave-traders? Perish the thought, sir! Could we, I ask you, sir, ever afterwards dare to put these same irons on the feet of our own decent blue-jackets? No, sir, the biggest scapegrace of a marine, the veriest bounty-jumper, would blush like a rose, sir, or a slice of beetroot, to don irons that once had graced the ankles of a base and cowardly dealer in human flesh."

There was a murmur of applause from the marines, and one of them, Davis to name, a fellow who was never sober when he had a chance of being the reverse, and who boasted that he had been thrice flogged in ten years, was heard to mutter,

"Blowed if ever I'd care to wear those irons again."

"Well, well, well," said Blunderbore, "have your own way, Mr. Benbow. But, bless my heart, what a capital actor you'd have made."

And off went the captain in his boat.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

V.—MYLES STANDISH.

And now let us go back a few years and say a word or two of one whose story can never be told too often. Myles Standish, who headed the first exploring party of the Pilgrim Fathers, and to whom is mainly due the successful colonisation of New England, was a true "hero of the backwoods"—for the backwoods are simply the forests beyond the boundary of civilisation, and that boundary is being constantly driven back. In Standish's time it was on the seashore; to-day it is in the Far West.

Standish was born near Chorley in Lancashire in 1584, and—fortunately as it would seem for the world at large—was defrauded of his inheritance by some rascally relative. Amongst the curious associations of these latter days was the company formed in 1846 to recover the Standish estates and divide them amongst the famous captain's descendants—a company, however, which did little beyond clearing up the date of Myles's birth and realising the utter hopelessness of the task they had set themselves.

Standish, having seen service in the Low Countries as one of Elizabeth's captains, and married a wife from the Isle of Man, had settled at Leyden. Thither came the fugitives from Scrooby, fleeing for conscience' sake from the persecution of King James. With them came many other Englishmen from various parts of the country, and for a time a large Puritan colony settled in the old university town. It was only for a time, however. In a few years most of them resolved to leave Europe altogether, and seek their fortunes across the Atlantic, where religious liberty knew no restraint beyond what they should put upon it themselves.

The Speedwell, a small vessel of sixty tons, was purchased and brought round to Delft Haven. There was a solemn leave-taking. "The feast was at the pastor's house, which was large. Earnest were the prayers for each other, and mutual the pledges. With hymns, prayers, and the interchange of words of love and cheer, a few hours were passed." And then Leyden was left, and, after the short run by canal to Delft, the embarkation took place. It was the 22nd of July, 1620, when the Speedwell set sail bound to Southampton.

At Southampton she was being waited for by the Mayflower, a ship of double her tonnage, bought by emigrants from England, and on the 5th of August both vessels put to sea. They soon had to run into Dartmouth, the Speedwell proving leaky. Thence they started on the 21st, and again after a day or two they had to put back. This time they came to Plymouth, and there the Speedwell was abandoned, and thence the Mayflower set out alone on her world-famous voyage. On board were one hundred and two passengers, of whom forty-one were men. Among them were Myles Standish and his wife Rose.

The voyage was a stormy one. They had been sixty-three days out when they sighted Cape Cod. The Mayflower kept off for some time, and at last dropped anchor in the bay just past the white sand cliffs where Provincetown now stands. It was Saturday, 11th November, 1620. In the cabin of the Mayflower the pilgrims had already drawn up that scheme of government which was to prove the germ of the present constitution of the United States. John Carver was chosen governor for the year, and as soon as the anchor was down Captain Myles Standish was sent off with sixteen men to explore and report. They soon returned with the news that the district seemed sterile and unsuitable for a settlement.

After the Sunday spent in services, and Monday and Tuesday occupied in getting the shallop together, another visit was paid to the shore. Standish and fifteen men in complete armour landed at Long Point and made their way by the coast. Six or seven Indians came in sight after they had gone about a mile, and precipitately fled.

Standish tried to catch them in vain. Night came on, and he encamped. Then he went on and found a spring, and then through a valley where were traces of deer he reached the little lake near Pond Village in Truro. Then he came across some Indian graves, discovered an iron kettle from some shipwrecked cargo, and halted to examine a mound, which proved his most important find. "In it we found a little old basket, full of fair Indian corn, and digged farther and found a fine, great new basket, full of very fair corn of this year, with some six-and-thirty goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red, and others mixed with blue, which was a very goodly sight." The pilgrims had never seen maize before. They had lighted on an Indian barn. They filled the kettle, hung it on a stick so that two men might carry it, and took it back with them. Eight months afterwards they met the Indian owners and paid them "to their full content" for what they had taken.

On their way to the ship the explorers came upon a sort of trap, which Bradford was carefully examining when he released the catch, and found himself caught by the leg, snapped up, and dangled head downwards in the air. He was speedily set free, and the local deer-traps were avoided for the future. There are many more comfortable positions for a man in armour than to be dancing about in the air suspended by one leg to a strong young sapling.

The report given by Standish was not favourable, and the Mayflower made her way along the coast. At Great Meadow Creek, in Eastham, Standish and a party from the shallop came into collision with the natives. He had ten men with him. Five he left to guard the boat, and five he took to keep the barricade he had thrown up round his camp. The Indians attacked quite suddenly, and showered on the half-dozen Englishmen scores of bone and flint-headed arrows, which dropped harmlessly off their coats of mail. One Indian made himself conspicuous by voice and gesture, and shot arrow after arrow with wonderful strength and precision from behind a tree. Standish waited for him. The Indian's arm was exposed as he drew an arrow to the head to shoot. The captain fired and the shattered arm dropped helpless. "The savage gazed for a moment in apparent bewilderment and dismay upon the mangled and bleeding limb, and then, as if conscious that he had fought his last battle, uttered a peculiar and distressing cry, which was probably the signal for retreat, and dodging from tree to tree disappeared, his warriors following his example."

After a Sunday spent on Clark's Island the pilgrims continued their voyage, and on Friday, 11th December, the Mayflower dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbour, so-named after the Plymouth whence she had sailed. She was not the first vessel to enter Plymouth Bay; years before our old friend Captain John Smith the Great had surveyed it when out on the voyage in which he gave the country the name of New England.

The settlement was formed and the land plotted out; and in March Samoset strode in with his "Welcome, Englishmen," which proved so astonishing. And indeed the sight of the naked savage walking fearlessly into their midst and addressing them in their own tongue was enough to cause alarm. The explanation of his friendship with the English fishermen at Monhegan was sufficiently reassuring, and Samoset proved of considerable service. Squanto followed, and with the help of these two in their dealings with the natives the colonists increased in prosperity.

The district was gradually explored by Standish. A visit was paid to Massachusetts Bay, also previously mapped by Smith, and the pilgrims reached the three-crested peninsula of Shawmut, on which Boston now stands. Turning to the south-west they noticed the sharp contour of the arrow-headed Blue Hills, from the Indian name of which—Massachusetts—the State was afterwards to take its name. The land was so pleasant that "they wished they had settled here rather than at Plymouth." The Indians proved friendly, and when Squanto suggested that they should be plundered owing to their being generally "bad," Standish gave him his noble reply, "The Indians are never so bad for me to wrong them or give them just cause of complaint."

Meanwhile another party of settlers had landed at Weymouth and fallen into difficulties. An Indian conspiracy was formed to drive the white men back to the sea. Standish went off to Weymouth to arrange the defence. It was the turning-point in the history of New England.

The Indians sent a spy, ostensibly to sell furs. He returned with the news that though the captain was courteous "he saw by his eyes that he was angry in his heart." Four of the Indians came swaggering into the village. "Tell your captain that we know he has come to kill us. But we do not fear him. Let him begin as soon as he dares. We are ready for him."

Other Indians came pouring in, and, followed by the yelling crowd, the gigantic Pecksuot made his way into the hut where were Standish and four men. The chief began to whet his knife, and marched up to Standish, boasting of his power to lay the "little man" low. The captain coolly ordered the door to be shut to keep any more Indians from entering, and then with a rush he seized the knife from the Redskin, and after a desperate struggle plunged it into his heart. Two other Indians were killed in the fray, and the fourth, Wituwamat's brother, was seized, bound, taken out, and hanged. The Indians outside fled into the wilderness and were pursued. They rallied after a little, but three were immediately shot down, and then the whole body made off.

"Oh, how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you had killed any!" wrote the Rev. Mr. Robinson from Leyden. To which the unanswerable reply was returned that those on the spot were the best judges of what to do, that Standish was responsible for the safety of the colony, that the measures he adopted were purely in self-defence, and that in no other way could he have saved the colonists from massacre. His fight with Pecksuot ensured the permanence of the settlement, and henceforth the talk of eventual return came to an end.

Alarms of attack constantly came in, and kept the captain busy. In 1622, to guard against the danger of surprise, a palisade was built round the settlement. It was nearly a mile long, and was formed by trunks of trees driven in deep down side by side, so that it was a work of some importance. In the centre a blockhouse was built to serve as a citadel. A citadel it was in more senses than one, to judge by De Rosière's description of what he saw in 1627.

"Upon the hill they have a large square house, with a flat roof made of thick-sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot over balls of four or five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with

his musket and firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march in great order, and each sets his arms down near him."

No notice of Standish would be complete without some allusion to the story of the courtship of "the maiden Priscilla" that has been sung so sweetly in Longfellow's brilliant hexameters. It is said to be merely a legend, but, legend or no legend, the fact remains that Priscilla Mullins was one of the young girls on board the Mayflower, and that John Alden afterwards married her.

Rose Standish, as we have seen, accompanied her husband to New England, and in the first winter, which proved so fatal to the pilgrims, she died, and in the same winter died the father, mother, and brother of Priscilla. The captain remained a widower for some years, and then, making up his mind to win Priscilla for his second wife, is said to have resolved to do it by proxy, and sent the message by John Alden.

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier;
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning.
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases;
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

As Alden was already in love with Miss Mullins the commission was a difficult one, and he in vain tried to get out of it. The masterful captain, however, insisted, and Alden did his best for him, as we know. As far as Standish was concerned, Priscilla would have none of him, but as to his loyal, good-looking, eloquent friend she held very different opinions, and so the praises of the captain, which promised to be interminable, were at last cut short with the "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" which sent Alden off in agony to the seashore.

Thinking it, however, his duty to inform his client how matters stood, he returned and did so. Standish was furious, and the little man—"Captain Shrimp" was his nickname amongst his enemies—was inclined to be thorough when he was angry. However, an alarm of Indians approaching cut short the interview, and the captain buckled on his harness and strode off to the blockhouse, where the rattlesnake skin filled with arrows lay on the table as a defiance, and the Redskin who had brought it was waiting for his answer. Standish did not keep him waiting very long.

"'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge.'
Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets,
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying in thundering tones, 'Here, take it! This is your answer.'
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest."

Standish with eight men and guide went off to meet the enemy, and was absent for some time. The rumour of his death brought matters to a crisis between Alden and Miss Mullins, and when Standish returned as one risen from the grave it was to meet the wedding party and to shake hands with the bridegroom and bride. In a few years' time Standish proved more successful in another courtship. His second wife was Barbara—his deceased wife's sister.

He died in 1656, when treasurer of the colony, leaving three sons. On Captain's Hill at Duxbury there now stands his lofty monument, built in 1872, towering a hundred and twenty feet from the summit of the cliff, and serving as a landmark from afar. But, in the words of its inaugurator, "High as it may gleam in the rising or setting sun upon the mariner returning in the very furrow that the keel of the Mayflower made, the principles of common sense, moral truth, manly honesty, prudent energy, fidelity incorruptible, courage undauntable, all the qualities of manhood that compel unflinching execution of the State's behest, are firmer and higher and brighter still."

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(*Continued from page* 558.)

Another thing which *must* be excluded is dust, and this may be easily done by means of an ordinary sheet of glass, which can be procured for a few pence. In order to render it as effective as possible, a strong wine-cork should be cemented to each corner in such a manner that the glass may be raised about an inch or so from the actual rim of the aquarium, the corks fulfilling the duties of legs. The great advantage of this plan is that the air-supply is not cut off, and that, of course, is a matter of the greatest importance.

If the oblong tank cannot be obtained, or is thought unsuitable, a very fair substitute may be found in the bell-shaped glasses with which gardeners are accustomed to cover their choicest flowers, thus enclosing them in a miniature greenhouse. These, which may be had very cheaply of various sizes, should be treated in exactly the same manner as the tanks, with regard to the exclusion of light and dust.

Let us now suppose that the vessels are procured, and duly filled with sea-water; what is next to be done?

Undoubtedly the air-supply for the water must be attended to. Fish and other aquatic creatures require air just as we do ourselves, excepting that they extract it from the water by means of their gills, while we breathe it by the aid of lungs. If a fish were to be placed in a small vessel of water, and no care be taken to replenish the air-supply at frequent intervals, he would shortly die of suffocation, just as we should were we enclosed in an air-tight chamber, for, the oxygen once exhausted, he would be unable any longer to breathe. I dare say that many of us have noticed that fish, when kept in captivity, seldom remain absolutely still for more than a few moments together, but constantly swim slowly along in order that the water may flow over their gills, and so enable them freely to respire. For the same reason you will always find that fish in small rivers, etc., lie with their heads directed up stream, thus meeting, as it were, the flow of water.

As the contents of your tank, however, must necessarily be still, you must have recourse to some system of artificial aeration. A certain quantity of air will be sucked up by the water, and the greater the surface exposed, the greater, of course, will be the amount thus absorbed. Air, you know, sucks up a good deal of water, so water returns the compliment and sucks up the air. If your tanks have many inmates, however, this will be by no means sufficient, and you must arrange for a further supply.

This you can do in two ways.

The first, and least troublesome, is by keeping a certain amount of seaweed in each of your vessels, which will purify the water in a most wonderful degree. The fact is that plants breathe just as do animals, with this difference—that whereas the latter inspire oxygen and expire carbonic acid gas, the former exactly reverse the process, absorbing the deleterious gas and giving out the beneficial. If you examine the leaves of any aquatic plant you will see upon them a number of small bubbles, some of which occasionally rise to the surface and burst in order to make way for others. These bubbles consist of the oxygen gas which is continually being given off by the plants, and a large proportion of which is absorbed by the water as it ascends to the surface.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

II.—Illumination Competition.

(*Continued from page* 575.)

Senior Division (*ages* 18 *to* 21).

In this Division the First Prize is increased in amount, and divided between two competitors who are equally meritorious in their different styles, the one working on a bold design in oils, and the other skilfully executing an illumination in water-colours:—

Prizes—25s. each.

Harry Sydney Turk (aged 19), Burlington Cottage, New Wanstead, Essex.

Edwin H. Pratt (aged 19), Town Street, Horsforth, near Leeds.

Extra Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

Harold Freeman Poole (aged 18), 18, Egerton Road, Greenwich.

Wm. Cadenhead Smith (aged 18), 74½, Constitution Street, Aberdeen.

Certificates.

Edwd. C. Cocking, 192, Friern Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

William Muras, Jun., care of Mr. John Dawson, 14, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Alfred Howell, 70, Lord Street, Sandford Hill, Longton, Staffs.

Chas. E. Thorpe, 75, Macklin Street, Derby.

J. T. Hanson, 11, Violet Street, Pellon Lane, Halifax.

Arthur Maxey, 14, Brincliffe Edge Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield.

Edmund T. Maidment, 6, George Street, Warminster, Wilts.

James Sorlie, 216, High Street, Perth, N.B.

Nora Fairfax, Fairfax House, Withington, near Manchester.

L. A. Evans, 100, Lloyd Street, Greenheys, Manchester.

J. W. Constantine, 15, Milton Place, Halifax.

Lot Ramsden, 1, Kearsley Terrace, Nursery Mount Road, Hunslet Carr, Leeds.

L. J. Glendenning, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

Frank Allibon, 122, High Street, Ryde, I.W.

Ernest E. Denney, 110, Avondale Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.

W. A. Norton, 4, Ebor Terrace, Woodhouse Hill, Hunslet, Leeds.

W. E. Brixey, 33, West Street, Harwich, Essex.

James J. Newman, 59, Gayhurst Road, Lansdowne Road, Dalston.

Edgar Board, 189, High Street, Cheltenham.

J. P. Ewing, 24, West End Park Street, Glasgow.

Benjamin Shone, 29, Pocock Street, Blackfriars Road.

James H. Bakes, 68, Micklegate, York.

Thos. Oakley, 9, Spring Garden Place, Stepney.

G. H. Douthwaite, 9, Crescent King Street, Leicester.

Charlotte E. Attree, Picardy House, Belvedere, Kent.

W. Moughton, care of Mrs. Sabberton, Thorpe St. Andrew, near Norwich.

Frank Wassner, 21, St. Ann's Terrace, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Fredk. J. T. Gunn, 24, Scotland Street, Edinburgh.

Walter Hadley, Cambridge Road, Moseley, near Birmingham.

A. H. W. Manning, 31, Alma Street, Taunton.

Richard Shaw, 34, Dilston Grove, Jamaica Level, Bermondsey.

H. C. Winser, Laetaville, Cloudesley Street, Barnsbury, N.

Correspondence.

DAWSON.—You can buy thick fret-wood from Melhuish, of Fetter Lane; Faulkner, of Cheapside; or Churchill, of Sun Street, Finsbury. You cannot expect to get rid of a machine unless at a loss of at least a third.

THETA.—You can get the model and the scenery from Webb, of 146, Old Street, St. Luke's; or Murray, of Great Queen Street, Long Acre.

ANXIOUS FATHER.—We never answer such medical questions. The subject is one for a doctor.

W. T. SAYER (Majorca).—The reason is that the quality of glue varies so much. The finer the article the more constant the quality, hence glycerine is always more trustworthy than glue. The properties of baryt. nit. are quite different from those of the sulphate, and a failure could only be expected. Graph mixtures are very much of a lottery, but if the materials are used pure and in exact quantity the failures are few.

T. BARNARD.—You buy solder ready-made. For a shilling you can get from your ironmonger a card with solder, tool, and directions, all complete.

GUILLAUME (Wellington, N.Z.).—So long as your pigeons are under shelter it matters little, but the more weatherproof your house is the better.

BARDIK.—You do not keep the rat clean enough. Give no meat and more grain. Clean soft dry hay and sawdust.

TOMMY.—We cannot at present spare Dr. Gordon Stables to go so far as Jamaica to see your poor Polly, though he himself would, he says, "go like a shot." Give the bird nothing but seeds, grain, and nuts, with now and then a chilli. Rub the sore places with vaseline; give a bath. Yes, a fowl put in solitary confinement for a time in the dark will go off the "cluck."

G. E. ABBOT.—There, we have put your name in full as you desire. Looks pretty in print, doesn't it? Read reply to TOMMY, and feed in the same way.

H. V. B.—There is no limit of age for apprentices in the merchant service; the limit is that fixed by particular firms. You may be too old for one firm and yet be admissible by another. At the same time few respectable shipowners will have anything to do with lads under fourteen or over eighteen.

J. GUNSON.—In the event of your finding a part wrongly bound, you have only to take it back to the shop you bought it from and exchange it. Your idea that the whole issue was necessarily wrong is delightful.

JACK FIDD.—1. To find the centre of a mainsail—that is, of a trapezium—join its opposite corners so as to divide it into four triangles, and find the centre of each triangle. To find the centre of a triangle bisect each of its sides, and draw lines from the points of bisection to the opposite angles. The centre of the centre is where the three lines meet. Having found the centres of each of the four triangles in your mainsail, join those centres, and where the two joining lines cross you get the centre of the sail. 2 The "emersed wedge" is that portion of the boat which is taken out of the water as the vessel heels. The "immersed wedge" is that portion which enters the water as the vessel heels.

R. D.—1. Optical instruments requiring to be lacquered are first of all as highly finished and polished as possible, and then kept warm while the lacquer is applied. In lacquering always use a camel-hair brush, and always go over the article in one direction. 2. The black is either nitrate of silver, or, more probably, nitrate of copper, made by dissolving copper wire in nitric acid.

C. HENDERSON.—1. You could get the indiarubber from almost any indiarubber shop in Southampton. If you have to write to London, try Cow, Hill, and Co., of Cheapside; Macintosh, of St. Bride Street; or the North British Company, of Cannon Street. You only require a couple of ounces. 2 Keep to Physics and Mathematics until you are articled.

J. FERGUSON and MILITARY.—In 1880 there were ten promotions of men from the ranks to be commissioned officers; in 1881 there were thirteen; in 1882 there were thirteen; in 1883 there were nine; in 1884 there were thirteen. The ages at the date of commission ranged from twenty-one to thirty-eight. This does not take into account the quartermasters, riding-masters, Coast Brigade officers, Army Hospital Corps officers, men who gained commissions for bravery in the field, or the sub-inspectors of Army schools, all of whom of course "rose from the ranks."

OLD RED SANDSTONE.—Pennell's "Field Geology" is published by Baillière, price seven shillings and sixpence.

H. H. P.—The pseudo-Shakespearian plays, "Yorkshire Tragedy," etc., are in the old editions of the works found only occasionally. Your best plan would be to advertise in the "Bookseller" or "Publishers' Circular."

W. SMART.—There is no book at present specially treating of the Indian Civil Service. Refer to our articles.

A. C. D. B. E.—Refer to our Fishing Tackle articles in the third volume. The brandling is marked from head to tail with alternate bars of red and yellow; when handled there exudes from it a yellow fluid of a very nasty smell; it is found in old dung-heaps, and almost in any old heap of decaying vegetable matter.

T. B. (Hampshire.)—Try a quarter of an hour's practice with the dumb-bells each morning after having your bath.

AUTOLYCUS.—1. Never reef a sail in a model yacht if you can help it; rather shift the mainsail for a smaller one. The fewer wrinkles, folds, and tackles you have flying about the better. Large vessels only have them because they cannot help it. Reefs, blocks, and rigging were not invented for beauty and speed, but for use, and only such are retained as are absolutely necessary. 2. The pennant is the old whip. When the Dutchman hoisted the broom as a sign that he would sweep the English from the sea, the English admiral ran up the whip as a sign that he would whip the Dutch till they stayed ashore. The broom got the worst of it, and to this day, when from unavoidable circumstances a vessel is of no further use to the owner, up goes the broom to the masthead, in token that she is for sale!

NIL DESPERANDUM.—1. Post-office orders are for any exact amount up to £10, and are made payable to a particular person at a particular place at the time of issue. Postal orders are for 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., and £1 only, and can practically pass from hand to hand as Government notes for those amounts, and are payable at any post-office to any person without any question of identification. 2. Chickamauga was one of the battles in the American War. 3. Each cartridge is a round.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER.—For a list of arms-bearing families you must consult Burke's "General Armory," or works of that sort. There are no cheap publications that would give you the information.

CABBAGE STUMPS.—In "Harper's Magazine" for February and March, 1885, you will find an article on the House of Orange that may assist you. William the Silent was assassinated in 1584.

T. M.—The title-page and index to each volume costs one penny, or three-halfpence post free.

SUBSCRIBER (Newfoundland).—We cannot undertake the responsibility of guaranteeing the trustworthiness of any tradesman. You must consult advertisements and choose for yourself.

F. G. T.—The articles on "How to lay out a Garden" began in November, 1883, and ended in April, 1884.

A CRICKETER.—Photographs of cricket celebrities are now kept in stock at every cricket warehouse. Try Lillywhite, Frowd, and Co., or James Lillywhite, or Wisden. Any directory will give you full addresses.

T. JEDDART.—A Roman road was an elaborate engineering work. It had a foundation of hard earth, a bed of large stones, two or more layers of stones and mortar, and gravel, lime, and clay, and a causeway fifteen feet broad paved with stones. Watling Street ran from London to Wroxeter, with continuations from London to Dover, and from Wroxeter into Wales. The Foss ran from Seaton in Devonshire to Lincoln, and under the name of High Street to the Humber. The Icknield Way went from Ilingham, near Bury, to Wantage, Cirencester, and Gloucester. Ermine Street ran through the Fens from Lincoln to London. Besides these, there were many cross streets. One great road ran from Exeter to the Land's End, and another went from St. David's to Carnarvon.

R. HARRIS.—1. The author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was Miss Jane Porter, who also wrote the "Scottish Chiefs." 2. The origin of the flute is wrapped in mystery from the days of Marsyas upwards. It is much too old for its inventor's name to have been preserved. "The world knows nought of its eminent men in those pre-alphabetical days."

F. E. and J. C.—Has not Barlow a cricket warehouse in Manchester? If so, apply there. As a rule all cricket warehouses are agencies for gymnastic and athletic apparatus.

TEBO.—Such glasses are called lenses, but to explain their action would be to give you a lesson in optics, which we have no space here to do. See our articles on the Microscope in the first volume, and on the Telescope in the sixth.

R. P.—We decline to answer party questions. At the same time we think a little more thought would lead you to see the absurdity of inveighing on one page against Government "extravagance," and on the other proclaiming your intention of entering the Civil Service, "where the salaries are so good and there is a pension"!!! Surely in a question, as you put it, of "robbing taxpayers," the receiver would be as bad as the thief.

MUSICUS.—The bottles are the same as the musical tumblers, and are tuned by pouring water into them, in the same way as described in our article on Musical Glasses in the March part for 1885.

D. M. T.—It is possible for a private soldier to obtain a commission; and in cases where he does so the Government makes him a small grant, which, we believe, about covers the cost of his new uniform. The Government is never very extravagant in what it gives its soldiers.

J. L. C.—We cannot spare room for eighteen answers concerning old City churches. Refer to Thornbury's "Old and New London," published by Cassell and Co., Limited.

F. VARLEY.—"The Angler's Diary," post free one shilling and eightpence from the "Field" Office, 346, Strand, has a list of the rivers of Great Britain; but your neighbourhood is notoriously poor in fishing stations.

T. F.—Not necessarily. There is an ostrich farming company in South Australia, with a capital of £20,000; and in New South Wales ostrich farming has also been introduced with success.

Z. B. S. E.—1. A hickory rod is the better of the two. You ought to get a very good one for six shillings. 2. Leave it to dull down. 3. A pike will take anything.

JUMBO.—A vessel's registered tonnage is the amount of her cargo space measured up under the official rule, which assumes that all vessels are of similar curves and proportions. Her burthen tonnage is what she actually carries, counting every forty cubic feet as one ton. Her displacement is really what she weighs, it being simply the amount of water she displaces when loaded down to her Plimsoll mark.

MARLBOROUGH.—You can kill grouse and ptarmigan from August 12 to December 10; black game or heath fowl from August 20 to December 10, except in the south of England, where the shooting begins on September 1; partridges from September 1 to February 1; pheasants from October 1 to February 1; and bustards from September 1 to March 1.

R. S. J. N.—The MS. must be sent to the editor, and if deemed suitable it will be retained, eventally published, and paid for.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

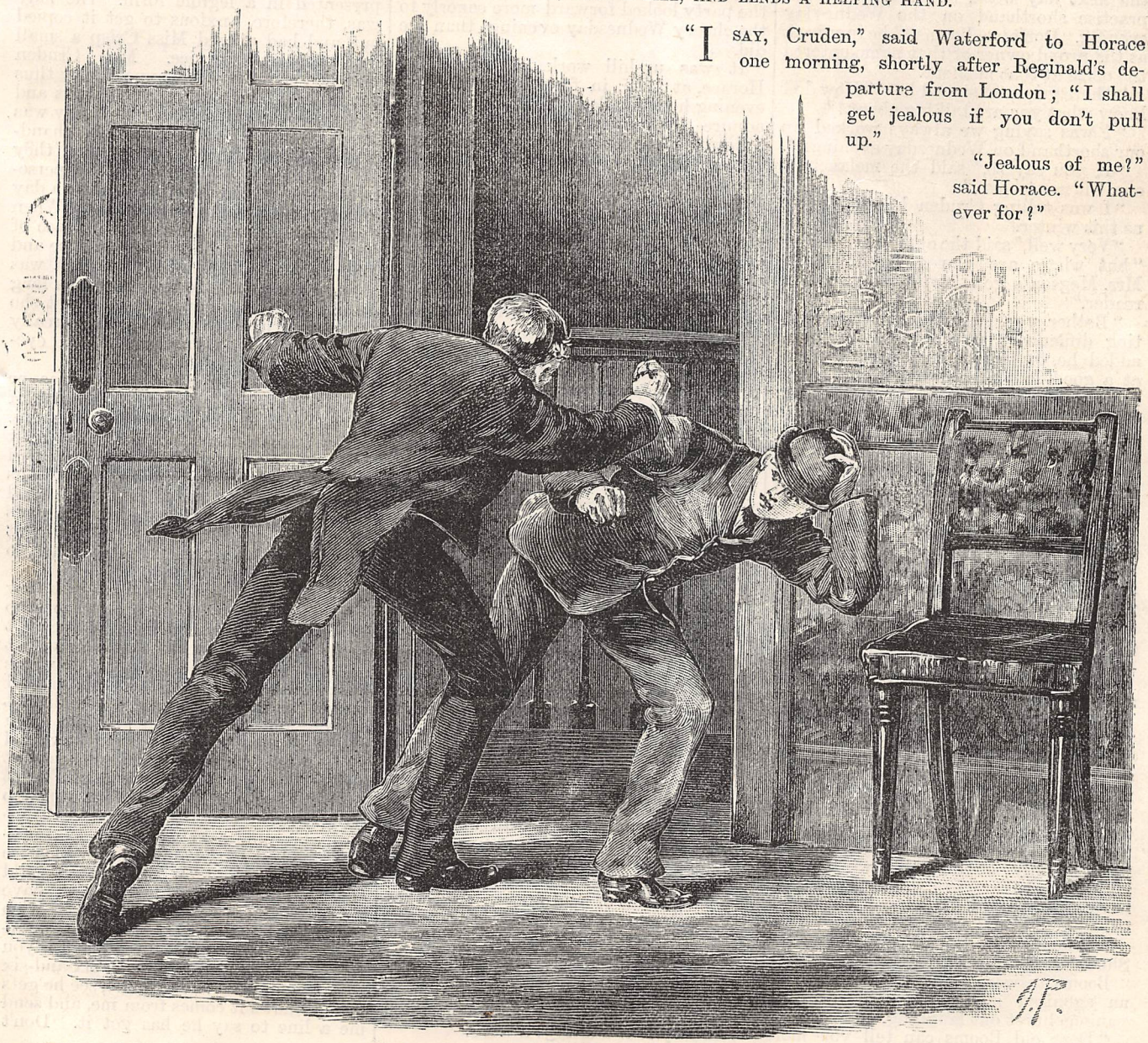
By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.—HORACE LEARNS AN ART, PAYS A BILL, AND LENDS A HELPING HAND.

"I say, Cruden," said Waterford to Horace one morning, shortly after Reginald's departure from London; "I shall get jealous if you don't pull up."

"Jealous of me?" said Horace. "Whatever for?"



"Made a desperate rush at him just as he reached the door."

"Why, before you came I flattered myself I was a bit of a dab at the scissors-and-paste business, but you've gone and cut me out completely."

"What rot!" said Horace, laughing. "There's quite enough cutting out to do with the morning papers to leave any time for operating on you. Besides, any duffer can do work like that."

"That's all very well," said Waterford. "There's only one duffer here that can do as much as me and Booms put together, and that's you. Now, if you weren't such a racehorse, I'd propose to you to join our shorthand class. You'll have to learn it some time or other, you know."

"The very thing I'd like," said Horace. "That is," he added, "if it won't take up all a fellow's evenings. How often are the classes?"

"Well, as often as we like. Generally once a week. Booms' washerwoman—"

"Whatever has she to do with shorthand?" asked Horace.

"More than you think, my boy. She always takes eight days to wash his collars and cuffs. He sends them to her on Wednesdays and gets them back on the next day week, so that we always practise shorthand on the Wednesday evening. Don't we, Booms?" he inquired, as the proud owner of that name entered the office at that moment.

"There you are," sighed he. "How do I know what you are talking about?"

"I was saying we always worked up our shorthand on Wednesday evenings."

"If you say so," said the melancholy one, "it must be so."

"I was telling Cruden he might join us this winter."

"Very well," said the other, resignedly; "but where are you going to meet? Mrs. Megson's gone away, and we've no reader."

"Bother you, Booms, for always spotting difficulties in a thing. You see," added he, to Horace, "we used to meet at a good lady's house who kept a day school. She let us go there one evening a week, and read aloud to us, for us to take it down in shorthand. She's gone now, bad luck to her, and the worst of it is we're bound to get a lady to take us in, as we've got ladies in our class, you see."

At the mention of ladies Booms groaned deeply.

"Why, I tell you what," said Horace, struck by a brilliant idea. "What should you say to my mother? I think she would be delighted, and if you want a good reader aloud she's the very woman for you."

Waterford clapped his friend enthusiastically on the back.

"You're a trump, Cruden, to lend us your mother; isn't he, Booms?"

"Oh, yes," said Booms. "I've seen her, and"—here he appeared to undergo a mental struggle—"I like her."

"At any rate I'll sound her on the matter. By the way, she'll want to know who the ladies are."

"It'll only be one this winter, I'm afraid," said Waterford, "as the Megsons have gone. It's a Miss Crisp, Cruden, a friend of Booms's, who—"

"Whom I met the other night at the Shucklefords?" said Horace.

Booms answered the question with such an agonised sigh that both his companions burst out laughing.

"Dear old Booms can tell you more about her than I can," said Waterford. "All I know is, she's a very nice girl indeed."

"I agree with you," said Horace; "I'm sure she is. You think so too, don't you, Booms?"

"You don't know what I think," said Booms, which was very true.

One difficulty still remained, and this appeared to trouble Horace considerably. He did not like to refer to it as long as the melancholy masher was present, but as soon as he had gone in to fetch the papers Horace inquired of his friend,

"I say, Waterford, do you mean to say he chooses the very night he hasn't got a high collar to—"

"Hush!" cried Waterford, mysteriously, "it's a sore question with him; but *he couldn't write if he had one.* We never mention it, though."

It is needless to say Mrs. Cruden fell in most cordially with the new proposal. She needed little persuasion to induce her to agree to a plan which meant the bright presence of her son and his friends in her house, and it gave her special satisfaction to find her services on such occasions not only invited, but indispensable; and it is doubtful whether any of the party looked forward more eagerly to the cheery Wednesday evenings than she did.

It was up-hill work, of course, for Horace, at first; in fact, during the first evening he could do nothing but sit and admire the pace at which Miss Crisp, followed more haltingly by Booms and Waterford, took down the words of "Ivanhoe" as fast as Mrs. Cruden read them. But, by dint of hard, unsparing practice, he was able, a week later, to make some sort of a show, and as the lessons went on he even had the delight of finding himself, as Waterford said, "in the running" with his fellow-scholars. This success was not achieved without considerable determination on the boy's part; but Horace, when he did take a thing up, went through with it. He gave himself no relaxation for the first week or two. Every evening after supper he produced his pencil and paper, and his mother produced her book, and for two steady hours the work went on. Even at the office, in the intervals of work, he reported everything his ears could catch, not excepting the melancholy utterances of Booms and the vulgar conversation of the errand-boy.

One day the sub-editor summoned him to the inner room to give him some instructions as to a letter to be written, when the boy much astonished his chief by taking a note of every word, and producing the letter in a few moments in the identical language in which it had been dictated.

"You know shorthand, then?" inquired the mild sub-editor.

"Yes, sir, a little."

"I did not know of this before."

"No, sir; I only began lately. Booms and Waterford and I are all working it up."

The sub-editor said nothing just then, but in future availed himself freely of the new talent of his juniors. And what was still more satisfactory, it was intimated not many days later to Horace from headquarters, that as he appeared to be making himself generally useful, the nominal wages at which he had been admitted would be increased henceforth to twenty-four shillings a week.

This piece of good fortune was most opportune; for now that Reginald's weekly contribution was withdrawn, and pending the payment of his first quarter's salary at Christmas, the family means had been sorely reduced, and Horace and his mother had been hard put to it to make both ends meet. Even with this augmented pay it might still have been beyond accomplishment had not their income been still further improved in a manner which Horace little suspected, and which, had he known, would have sorely distressed him.

Mrs. Cruden, between whom and the bright Miss Crisp a pleasant friendship had sprung up, had, almost the first time the two ladies found themselves together, inquired of her new acquaintance as to the possibility of finding any light employment for herself during the hours when she was alone. Miss Crisp, as it happened, did know of some work, though hardly to be called light work, which she herself, having just at present other duties on hand, had been obliged to decline. This was the transcribing of the manuscript of a novel, written by a lady, in a handwriting so enigmatical that the publishers would not look at it unless presented in a legible form. The lady was, therefore, anxious to get it copied out, and had offered Miss Crisp a small sum for the service. Mrs. Cruden clutched eagerly at the opportunity thus presented. The work was laborious and dreary in the extreme, for the story was long and insipid, and the wretched handwriting danced under her eyes till they ached and grew weak. But she persevered boldly, and for three hours a day pored over her self-imposed task. When Horace returned at evening no trace of it was to be seen, only the pale face and weary eyes of his mother, who yet was ready with a smile to read aloud as long as the boy wished, and pretend that she only enjoyed a labour which was really taxing her both in health and eyesight.

Reginald had written home once or twice since his departure, but none of his letters had contained much news. He said very little either about his work or his employers, but from the dismal tone in which he drew comparisons between London and Liverpool, and between his present loneliness and days before their separation, it was evident enough he was homesick. In a letter to Horace he said—

"I get precious little time just now for anything but work, and what I do get I don't know a soul here to spend it with. There's a football club here, but of course I can't join it. I go walks occasionally, though I can't get far, as I cannot be away from here for long at a time, and never of an evening. You might send me a 'Rocket' now and then, or something to read. What about young Gedge? See Durfy doesn't get hold of him. Could you ever scrape up six-and-six and pay it for me to Blandford, whose address I give below. It's something he lent me for a particular purpose when I last saw him. Do try. I would enclose it, but till Christmas I have scarcely enough to keep myself. I wish they would pay weekly instead of quarterly. I would be awfully obliged if you would manage to pay the six-and-six somehow or other. If you do, see he gets it and knows it comes from me, and send me a line to say he has got it. Don't

forget, there's a brick. Love to mother and young Gedge. I wish I could see you all this minute."

Horace felt decidedly blue after receiving this letter, and purposely withheld it from his mother. Had he been sure Reginald was prosperous and happy in his new work this separation would not have mattered so much, but all along he had had his doubts on both these points, and the letter only confirmed them.

At any rate he determined to lose no time in easing his brother's mind of the two chief causes of his anxiety. The very next Saturday he appropriated six-and-six of his slender wages, and devoted the evening to finding out Blandford's rooms and paying him the money.

Fortunately his man was at home, an unusual circumstance at that hour of the night, and due solely to the fact that he and Pillans, his fellow-lodger, were expecting company; indeed, the page-boy (for our two gay sparks maintained a "tiger" between them) showed Horace up the moment he arrived, under the delusion that he was one of the guests. Blandford and his friend, sitting in state to receive their distinguished visitors, among whom were to be the real owner of a racehorse, a real jockey, a real actor, and a real wine merchant, these open-hearted and knowing young men were considerably taken aback to find a boy of Horace's age and toilet ushered into their august presence. Blandford would have preferred to appear ignorant of the identity of the intruder, but Horace left him no room for that amiable fraud.

"Hullo, Bland!" said he, just as if he had seen him only yesterday at Wilderham, "what a jolly lot of stairs you keep in this place. I thought I should never smoke you out. How are you, old man?"

And before the horrified dandy could recover from his surprise, he found his hand being warmly shaken by his old schoolfellow.

Horace, sublimely unconscious of the impression he was creating, indulged in a critical survey of the apartment, and said—

"Snug little crib you've got—not quite so jolly, though, as the old study you and Reg had at Wilderham. How's Harker, by the way?"

And he proceeded to stroll across the room to look at a picture.

Blandford and Pillans exchanged glances. Wrath was in the face of the one, bewilderment in the face of the other.

"Who's your friend?" whispered the latter.

"An old schoolfellow who—"

"Nice lot of fellows you seem to have been brought up with, upon my word," said Mr. Pillans.

"I suppose he'll be up for Christmas," pursued Horace. "Jolly glad I shall be to see him, too. I say, why don't you come and look us up. The *mater* would be awfully glad, though we've not very showy quarters to ask you to. Ah! that's one of the prints you had in the study at school. Do you remember Reg chipping that corner of the frame with a single stick?"

"Excuse me, Cruden," began Blandford, in a severe tone; "my friend and I are just expecting company."

"Are you? Well, I couldn't have stayed if you'd asked me. Are any of the old school lot coming?"

"The fact is, we can do without you, young fellow," said Mr. Pillans.

Horace stared. It had not occurred to him till that moment that his old schoolfellow could be anything but glad to see him, and he didn't believe it now.

"Will Harker be coming?" he inquired, ignoring Mr. Pillans' presence.

"No, no one you know is coming," said Blandford, half angrily, half nervously.

"That's a pity. I'd have liked to see some of the old lot. Ever since we came to grief none of them has been near us except Harker. He called one day, like a brick, but he won't be up again till Christmas."

"Good night," said Blandford.

His tone was quite lost on Horace.

"Good night, old man. By the way, Reg—you know he's up in the north now—asked me to pay you six-and-six he owed you. He said you'd know about it. Is it all right?"

Blandford coloured up violently.

"I'm not going to take it. I told him so," said he.

"Oh yes, you are, you old humbug," said Horace, "so catch hold. A debt's a debt, you know."

"It's not a debt," said Blandford. "I gave it to him, so good night."

"No, that won't do," said Horace. "He doesn't think so—"

"The fact is the beggar couldn't pay for his own dinner, and Blandford had to pay it for him. He managed it very neatly," said Mr. Pillans.

Horace fired up fiercely.

"What do you mean? Who's this cad you keep about the place, Blandford?"

"If you don't go I'll kick you down the stairs," cried Mr. Pillans, by this time in a rage.

Horace laughed. Mr. Pillans was his senior in years and his superior in inches, but there was nothing in his unhealthy face to dismay the sturdy schoolboy.

"Do you want me to try?" shouted Mr. Pillans.

"Not unless you like," replied Horace, putting the money down on the table and holding out his hand to Blandford.

The latter took it mechanically, too glad to see his visitor departing to offer any obstacle.

"I'll look you up again some day," said Horace, "when your bulldog here is chained up. When Reg and Harker are up this Christmas we must all get a day together. Good night."

And he made for the door, brushing up against the outraged Mr. Pillans on his way.

"Take that for an impudent young beggar!" said the latter as he passed, suiting the action to the word with a smart cuff directed at the visitor's head.

Horace, however, was quick enough to ward it off.

"I thought you'd try that on," he said, with a laugh; "you're—"

But Mr. Pillans, who had by this time worked himself into a fury by a method known only to himself, cut short further parley by making a desperate rush at him just as he reached the door.

The wary Horace had not played football for three seasons for nothing. He quietly ducked, allowing his unscientific assailant to overbalance himself and topple head first on the lobby outside, at the particular moment when the real owner of the racehorse and the real wine merchant, who had just arrived, reached the top of the stairs.

"Hullo, young fellow!" said the sporting gentleman; "practising croppers, are you? or getting up an appetite? or what? High old times you're having up here among you! Who's the kid?"

"Stop him!" gasped Pillans, picking himself up; "don't let him go! hold him fast!"

The wine-merchant obligingly took possession of Horace by the collar, and the company returned in solemn procession to the room.

"Now then," said Horace's captor, "what's the row? Let's hear all about it. Has he been collaring any of your spoons? or setting the house on fire? or what? Who is he?"

"He's cheeked me!" said Pillans, brushing the dust off his coat. "Hold him fast, will you, till I take it out of him?"

But the horse-racer was far too much of a sportsman for that.

"No, no," said he, laughing, "make a mill of it and I'm your man. I'll bet two to one on the young un to start with."

The wine-merchant said he would go double that on Pillans, whereupon the sporting man offered a five-pound note against a half-sovereign on his man, and called out to have the room cleared and a sponge brought in.

How far his scientific enthusiam would have been rewarded it is hard to say, for Blandford at this juncture most inconsiderately interposed.

"No, no," said he, "I'm not going to have the place made a cock-pit. Shut up, Pillans, and don't make an ass of yourself; and you, Cruden, cut off. What did you ever come here for? See what a row you've made."

"It wasn't I made the row," said Horace. "I'm awfully sorry, Bland. I'd advise you to cut that friend of yours, I say. He's an idiot. Good-bye."

And while the horse-racer and the wine-merchant were still discussing preliminaries, and Mr. Pillans was privately ascertaining whether his nose was bleeding, Horace departed in peace, partly amused, partly vexed, and decidedly of opinion that Blandford had taken to keeping very queer company since he last saw him.

The great thing was that Horace could now write and report to Reg that the debt had been paid.

His way home led him past the "Rocket" office. It was half-past ten, and the place looked dark and deserted. Even the lights in the editor's windows were out, and the late hands had gone home. Just at the corner Horace encountered Gedge, one of the late hands in question.

"Hullo, young un!" he said. "Going home?"

"Yes, I'm going home," said young Gedge.

"I heard from my brother yesterday. He was asking after you."

"Was he?" said the boy, half sarcastically. "He does remember my name, then?"

"Whatever do you mean? Of course he does," said Horace. "You know that well enough."

"I shouldn't have known it unless you'd told me," said Gedge, with a cloud on his face; "he's never sent me a word since he left."

"He's been awfully busy—he's scarcely had time to write home. I say, young un,

what's the row with you? What makes you so queer?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, wearily; "I used to fancy somebody cared for me, but I was mistaken. I was going to the dogs fast enough when Cruden came here; I pulled up then, because I thought he'd stand by me; but now he's gone and forgotten all about me. I'll—well, there's nothing to prevent me going to the bad; and I may as well make up my mind to it."

"No, no," said Horace, taking his arm kindly; "you mustn't say that, young un. The last words Reg said to me when he went off, were, 'Keep your eye on young Gedge, don't forget;' the very last words, and he's reminded me of my promise in every letter since. I've been a cad, I know, not to see more of you; but you mustn't go thinking that you've no friends. If it were only for Reg's sake I'd stick to you. Don't blame him, though, for I know he thinks a lot about you, and it would break his heart if you went to the bad. Of course you can help going to the bad, old man; we can all help it."

The boy looked up with the clouds half brushed away from his face.

"I don't want to go to the bad," said he; "but I sort of feel I'm bound to go, unless some one sticks up for me. I'm so awfully weak-minded, I'm not fit to be trusted alone."

"Hullo, I say," whispered Horace, suddenly stopping short in his walk, "who's that fellow sneaking about there by the editor's door?"

"He looks precious like Durfy," said Gedge; "I believe it is he."

"What does he want there, I wonder—he wasn't on the late shift to-night, was he?"

"No, he went at seven."

"I don't see what he wants hanging about when everybody's gone," said Horace.

"Unless he's screwed and can't get home—I've known him like that."

"That fellow's not screwed, though," he added; "see, he's heard some one coming and he's off steady enough on his legs."

"Rum," said Horace. "It looked like Durfy, too. Never mind, whoever it is, we've routed him out this time. Good night, old man; don't go down on your luck, mind, and don't go abusing Reg behind his back, and don't forget you're booked to come home to supper with me on Monday, and see my mother. Ta-ta."

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—TIUMEN.

On arriving at this remarkable town, half prison, half market, Madame Steinfeldt had very little inclination to look about her. The streets are broad and not unhandsome, though many of the houses—in fact, most of them—are low wooden structures of no pretensions to beauty, save that some of them are painted blue or red, while others remain of the dirty brown of the logs.

There is a long, low, wooden colonnade with a thatched roof on the left hand of the chief street on entering, after passing through the wall of the town by a gate. And here Frau von Steinfeldt was told she had better remain, as the building to her right was the most splendid hotel in Tiumen. Here she hired rooms, and took care to have it known that she was travelling with her two children to see a relative in some part of Siberia. Her letters of introduction procured her attention from the highest functionaries. The mayor came to see her, so did the governor, which latter official promised to do all in his power to aid her. After the visit of this functionary the clever German woman called the sergeant and the troopers to her, and made them this pretty speech:

"My brave defenders and friends, but for your courage and devotion I and my children would long ere this have been whitened skeletons hidden under the whiter snow of this cruel region. I shall mention your names in the highest circles to which I may have access, and for this purpose I request Sergeant Gabrielloff to furnish me with a list. Further, I wish him kindly to accept from me this small offering of one hundred roubles, to be used by him as occasion may require. To my other friends of this journey I present (with the permission of the sergeant) the sum of twenty-five roubles each."

Here the enthusiasm of the men got the better of discipline, and expressed itself in loud hurrahs.

"May you prosper in the service you adorn, and may God bless you for your kindness to a lone woman and her children in trouble."

Here the men took off their caps (they had come in without bashliks), and falling on their knees, crossed themselves devoutly, and then rising, begged the sergeant to express *their* opinion.

"I have now a few words to say," the lady continued. "You will be asked questions about my children. Say something good about them if you can honestly do so. You have not seen much of my darling Olga. She will come presently, and thank you in her own name for all you have done. And if they should ask about her you can say that she is sixteen years old, though very small for her age." At this the men, standing bolt upright in true military guise, saluted and uttered a short, sharp "hurrah!" that was like a bark. Ivan was then brought in with his hair nicely parted, and with a charming little white Astrakan cap on his head, to which was affixed a perfect cataract of magnificent *black* hair, which hung down below his waist (and which had been supplied by the Court hairdresser before they left Moscow). He wore an exquisitely-made blue velvet dress trimmed with white Astrakan fur of the crispest curl, long gloves with five-and-twenty buttons, each buttoned over the tight-fitting sleeves.

The hope of benefiting Anniesie had given him confidence in his part, and imparted a certain amount of grace that delighted the troopers.

"We are most grateful to you, sergeant, for all your efforts in our service," was what he said.

The soldiers stood at the salute all the time he was speaking. As he concluded, the sergeant gave the word, and the men faced round and filed off from the room in military order without a word.

When they were gone, Ivan said,

"Splendid fellows, aren't they? Don't blame me for wishing to serve in the cavalry. I would rather be Sergeant Gabrielloff than the richest merchant in the world."

On the third day of their stay at Tiumen the governor called in state, but without his aide-de-camp, and was admitted to a private audience. He told Frau von Steinfeldt that the inquiries he had made had proved so far successful that he had discovered the person she required. It appeared that Anniesie was under sentence of exile, but not of hard work, nor of loss of civil rights, inasmuch as she had been concerned with others in some Nihilistic plot, but was not a leader. It seemed, however, that her father was what is called a "Black Nihilist," who had been at the head of a very dangerous society, and that the girl had in all probability acted under his orders. The father had been sent already to Kara, among the murderers and worst kind of criminals, to work in the gold mines there, with the loss of all social rights and of all hope. She was to be retained in Western Siberia, though it was not yet decided what should be done with her, but in a few days she would certainly be sent off somewhere.

"There will be some difficulties, of course," he continued, "in the way of your application, but I will do my best. I cannot promise that she shall be freed from prison to come to you, but I will tell the governor of whatever prison it is to allow you access whenever you please; and further, that your children—as you wished—may have free access to her cell."

When the Frau von Steinfeldt offered the governor a *trifle* to arrange this matter for her, the trifle consisted of ten new hundred-rouble notes. A thousand roubles is a large sum of money in Siberia, and to hear it called a "trifle" was worth something, but to *receive* it as a trifle was worth a good deal more. He was a Russian official, and they are so badly paid as a rule that any little extra help in the way of "fees" never comes amiss.

And therefore he unhesitatingly took the bribe with unfeigned delight.

The next day, at the same hour, he called and asked to see Marie Feodorovna. She accompanied the governor to the director of the chief prison of detention, where prisoners have to remain pending the final examination and verification of the sentence. Those who are to be severely punished are very often put in solitary cells; others, again, are put into large rooms where as many as a hundred are confined together. Amongst those who have not been sentenced to loss of privileges and rights of citizenship there are distinctions made, according to position in society and education. Occasionally these persons are treated with considerable kindness, the women not being flogged, and being allowed cells, where two or three can live together. Anniesie was among this favoured number, and the governor, with some pride, introduced Frau von Steinfeldt into a cell where there were only four prisoners, all women, in the room. This cell was provided with two lounging boards like those seen in barracks, each capable of holding two. Over each board was a shelf containing the various possessions of the prisoners—respectively a comb, a spoon, the sacred picture of her saint, the missal of the Greek Church, and one or two trifling articles of personal property.

There was in the corner the regulation ikon of the prison, which was the only ornament. But the stove was heated and the double windows were well closed, so that there was a very agreeable amount of heat in the place, contrasting favourably with the cold outside.

As soon as Anniesie saw her aunt she stared at her for a moment wildly, then rushing up to her she flung her arms round her neck, exclaiming in Russian, "Ach Tëtka" (pronounced Akh Tyotka), "Tëtka," burst into a flood of tears and fainted away.

The governor was much moved at the warm affection existing between aunt and niece, and gave directions to the keeper of the ward to allow this lady, either alone or in company with her son or daughter, or both, to see the prisoner at any time between sunrise and sunset on any day she pleased; also to allow this lady to pass out of the prison with her son or daughter or both, whenever she chose during the day—*i.e.*, from sunrise to sunset.

Very sweet was the communion of those true-hearted women during that brief conference. And when Frau von Steinfeldt left the prison it was with a lightened heart. She was driven home in the governor's own sledge, accompanied

"We are most grateful to you, sergeant, for all your efforts in our service."

to the door of the inn by the governor himself, who promised to obtain for Anniesie the privilege of having a room to herself at the proper charge and expense of her aunt. Nor was it long before this promise was performed.

As soon as Anniesie had a room allowed her to herself her aunt brought Ivan to see her. The meeting was too touching for description. She, poor girl, had suffered greatly from the effects of her exile and the extreme severity with which she knew her father had been treated. She was to a certain extent dazed and not half the girl she had been. Ivan cried like a baby from sheer sympathy. He listened with great eagerness to her story of the march. It seems that for more than two months she had never been without the presence of a gendarme.

We refrain from harrowing our readers with a repetition of the horrors which she related. Nor need we dwell minutely on the plan of escape arranged upon. Suffice it to say that the little party did not avail themselves of the permission given that Anniesie should visit Frau von Steinfeldt and her children. This brave lady visited the prisoner every day, bringing constant presents for the keeper of the ward, the master of the prison, and all the officials connected with it, to gain for her niece their goodwill and aid. It was known that she only intended to bring one of her children each day, one day Olga and another day Ivan. And by this means the escape was effected.

The rich velvet dress with Astrakan trimmings had been made with a very long skirt to conceal Ivan's trousers and boots, but another body had been made in Moscow to fit Frau von Steinfeldt. This the two women had carefully altered to fit Anniesie exactly. When this and certain other preparations had been made, Frau von Steinfeldt sent Ivan to the governor-general with a request to have her passport signed by him, and that he would also see that those of her son and daughter were in order, signed, stamped, and sealed by him and ready for her departure in three or four days.

He was only too glad to aid her in every way, and without any further difficulty he signed, sealed, and stamped her official papers, and gave Ivan an open circular letter to all mayors, governors, and prefects on the route to afford Marie Feodorovna Frau von Steinfeldt, with her daughter Olga Ivanovna and her son Ivan Ivanovitch, travelling to Moscow, all possible aid and facility on their journey, to see them properly provided with horses, to give them all protection, and to remove, as far as in them lay, all difficulties in their progress. This letter he promised Ivan to bring himself.

It has been stated that it had been arranged for Anniesie's assuming the dress of "Olga," for which purpose time had been consumed in altering the body, which did not quite fit. The dress was at last finished, and the aunt the morning after the receipt of the passports called at the prison with Ivan disguised as "Olga." A short time after, the coachman being sent away, Olga left to return by a hired sledge to their ordinary lodging, and time was then allowed for the change of guard to take place, an hour after which time the carriage-sledge was to call. The man was not surprised at taking back Ivan and not Olga, because he knew that they were constantly relieving each other, though never visiting together. Very often Ivan would go home in a hired sledge and send back Olga, so the man was used to it, and Anniesie as Olga had been shown how to unlock the door and get into the rooms. A letter had been left in Anniesie's room addressed to the governor, in which she told him that, unable to bear the departure of her aunt, she had taken advantage of his kind permission to visit the house where her aunt was staying, but that instead of returning to her room she had resolved to escape to her father at Kara and share his exile there.

The permission given by the governor for Anniesie to visit her aunt, and the constant coming and going of her friends, rendered the warders and prison officials less strict than usual, and, in fact, the letter was not found for two days after her departure.

The good aunt had now a curious task to perform before Anniesie could be seen as her daughter, which was *to dye her hair*. Ivan's eyebrows and hair were black. We have before stated that Anniesie had a profusion of golden locks that made her look most sunny, and thinking that the contrast would be greater if she dyed Anniesie's hair black than if she changed Ivan's coal-black hair to gold, she had provided herself at Brocard's, in Moscow, with a dozen boxes of hair-dye. As soon as Anniesie, therefore, finally left her prison the aunt commenced operations, and by the next morning the golden locks had all assumed the hue of the raven's wing. Standing in the blue velvet dress trimmed with white Astrakan fur, wearing the little white Astrakan fur cap to match, and allowing her hair to fall behind her, Anniesie presented so completely the same appearance that Ivan had presented on his introduction to the governor as Olga, that no person could have doubted the identity of the figure.

The day before the departure the governor, the mayor, and the prefect of the police called to take leave of their agreeable and *profitable* visitors, and they were much gratified by the munificent gifts made to the prisons, the town, and themselves. A handsome guard of cavalry had been ordered to attend them to Ekaterineburg, and, what is very curious, that very day the governor received a letter from the prefect of Moscow, thanking him for the great care he had taken of Frau von Steinfeldt and her family, and requesting him to continue his exertions and to facilitate her departure. This was written on official paper, and all through in his own hand.

The high and mighty officials were much impressed by the sight of the whole family. They were very graciously received by the three, and a charming interview was terminated by the presentation of the officer who was to conduct them back to Ekaterineburg with a party of picked gendarmes.

When the day came the party was accompanied to the gate by the governor and his lady, the mayor and his wife, the prefect of police, the governor of prisons, the keeper of the house of detention, and an illustrious body of officials in sledges and on horseback. The governor himself placed Frau von Steinfeldt in her sledge, and helped Anniesie to a seat beside her "mother." Ivan was helped in last, and squeezed himself comfortably into the space between them. All three were very anxious until the final good-bye was said, and then——

Away—away—away! over the snow, the merry bells jingling and jangling as they went. The governor and his party went slowly back to their respective homes, sad at heart to lose such golden guests.

As we have before intimated, the inferior officials of the prison were not alarmed at the disappearance of Anniesie. They went regularly with her meals, but knew that she had far better food where her aunt was staying. They thought, after the orders of the governor, that they ought not to disturb him about it. In fact it was generally supposed that the escape was winked at by the authorities, but when Anniesie's letter to the governor was brought to him on the afternoon of thes econd day after the departure of Frau von Steinfeldt he was (or pretended to be) very angry with them for their remissness, and drove off to consult with the prefect and the mayor as to what steps ought to be taken in respect of the runaway.

"You see, gentlemen," said the governor, "we are in a difficulty. I myself saw the Fraulein Olga into the sledge. She was as unlike the prisoner Anastasia von Hohenhorst as possible. You have both of you seen the ladies; now tell me, was there the slightest resemblance between them?"

"Not the slightest," said the prefect.

"Not the slightest," echoed the mayor.

"Not the least in the world," exclaimed the governor of prisons.

"It is impossible for them to have taken her. I had the sledges packed, lined, and prepared by my own people, who never left them until I came up and handed the ladies in. There was no room for a fourth party."

"And the fourth party," said the prefect, "has no passport, so she will be stopped at the first station and sent back."

"Could Fräulein Olga, the young Serene Highness, have changed clothes with Anastasia von Hohenhorst? That is a common trick," said the mayor.

"But changing faces is impossible," said the governor of prisons, "and any one who had ever seen the faces of Anastasia and Olga could never mistake them. One was blonde, the other brunette. The expressions were as different as possible."

"Besides," said the governor-general, "where could they have put Olga if the third in the sledge be Anastasia? No; I like sagacity. I like my people to be on the *qui vive*, but—beg your pardon, gentlemen—the theory of substitution is *downright silly*. It is not as if we did not *know* the two girls."

"Then where in the name of wonder is Anastasia? Either she has really gone towards Kara to see her father, for which purpose she will be well provided with money, or she has contrived some means of hiding herself until she can induce some pardoned person to sell her ticket of freedom. Money she will have, of that there is no doubt; and whether she gets away to her father or has some means of escape to Moscow, *we* cannot suffer. We have done our best. We have offered no opposition to the departure of the Steinfeldts; we have given them every possible facility for coming, going, and seeing their friend. *We* can not get into trouble."

"At all events," said the governor of prisons, "I should strongly advise the governor-general to send this letter by special messengers to the police prefect of Moscow, Ivan Petrovitch Kakaroff."

"An excellent idea!" cried the governor-general. "We must do so at once. But the messengers are not to interfere with the progress of the party."

"Certainly not; that would spoil all."

This was unanimously agreed on. A formal search was made for Anniesie, but the theory of escape was staggered by the discovery of several articles of clothing belonging to her in the snow five versts from Tiumen on the road to Kara. When we reflect what money will do everywhere, and especially in Russia, we need not feel surprise at this discovery by a poor man who had been employed by Frau von Steinfeldt in sundry ways, nor at the fact that after this discovery the man's condition seemed greatly improved. He bought a house and some furniture, and "lived happy ever after."

The letter to Kakaroff containing Anniesie's letter was never acknowledged, but the governor of Tiumen was shortly after promoted in rank, and died a rich man (for an official) at a good old age.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—A TRIP TO SIERRA LEONE—A "HIGH OLD TIME OF IT" ON SHORE.

"There is nothing certain in this world," said a wise man once, "except the unforeseen."

"There is nothing impossible or improbable at sea," said the greatest sailor-warrior that ever sailed the ocean.

And yet, when on that same evening Colin McLeod came on board his own ship, and, going to his friend Mildmay's cabin, informed him that there was found among the wounded an Arab of the name of Golava, who knew Mildmay, and had expressed a wish to see him, that officer sat right up in his cot, and opened his eyes much wider than he had done since the Theodora left old England.

"Golava here!" he exclaimed. "There was mutiny of some kind on board, I've been told. I hope Golava fought with and not against the slaves and Kroomen. But I need hardly ask; he was ever faithful to British interests."

"He fought on the side of the mutineers, sir," said Colin—"if indeed you can call men mutineers who fight as slaves for the freedom which I believe is the birthright of all."

"Well spoken, boy—well spoken! But this Golava, he was our interpreter in the old Spartan, and a capital fellow he was, and doubtless is. Has he come on board with you?"

"He is outside."

"Bring him in. But stay. Where is Captain Blunderbore?"

"On the main deck, sir. He is talking to Dr. M'Gee."

"Stand near them and wait till they have finished, then present my compliments, and say I should like to speak with Captain Blunderbore in my cabin."

In a few minutes Mildmay's screen was drawn back by Colin, and the captain ushered in.

He shook hands kindly with Mildmay, and took a seat.

"Ha! ha!" he said, laughing; "so you see I'm better, and about before you. Sorry, though, to see you still in bed."

"Oh, I expect to be allowed to go to duty in a day or two."

"Mind you, Mr. Mildmay, I won't hear of your coming to duty one day before you are thoroughly well. I need hardly say," he added, "that I have caused my clerk, Mr. D'Austin—a capital fellow, and come of good old stock—to make a report of your gallant attempt to save my poor man's life."

"Thank you," returned Mildmay, with a slightly heightened colour. "But," he continued, "a singular thing has occurred. On board that slaver Mr. McLeod has discovered an old shipmate of mine."

"You surprise me."

"It is true. Poor Golava! He is well known on the east coast, and has acted as interpreter for many years, and done much good to British interests out there."

"Where is he, Mr. Mildmay? Have him in. I would like to see him."

"One moment, sir, if you please. Mark me, *I* can vouch for his former life and faithfulness, *he* himself must explain how he came on board this slaver, or what he is doing on this coast at all."

"True, *true*."

"You see I don't doubt him, sir, but it is best to have everything fair and above board."

"That's so."

"Mr. McLeod," cried Mildmay, and Colin appeared, "bring Golava."

"He is here."

Colin drew the curtain right back, and Golava stood for a moment in the doorway as if hesitating to enter. His eyes were fixed on Captain Blunderbore, and at first he did not observe Captain Mildmay in his cot.

Let me try to describe him. A little, fat, pleasant-faced Arab, almost as brown as a brick; so fat was he in face that his eyes seemed to wear a perpetual smile, although in body he was not what you might term inconveniently stout, simply dapper. His dress was peculiar. I always had an idea that Golava's dress was one of his own choosing entirely, and that to some extent he affected the uniform of the British naval or marine officer. It was evident at all events that he had an eye for the beautiful, and for bright colours. Some parts of the Arab dress Golava had discarded, others retained. The big turban, for instance, would be found unhandy on board ship. Golava had left his on shore, and substituted a small black straw skull cap with a band of gold lace round it. The Arab's cloak he had also discarded, and wore a white cutaway jacket richly braided with crimson and gilt. This was worn loose and open, all the better to show off a very splendid affair in waistcoats. This vest was of a bright scarlet plush, and had gold braid all round the pockets and all up the edges. Had Golava worn a shirt it would have made a fine finish to his upper man, but as he did not, the naked brown chest appearing above the waistcoat, where shirt-front should have been, looked somewhat eccentric at the very least. Then Golava's lower garments were wide white pan-jamas that ended a little below the knee, all the rest of him was brown legs and feet, except the portion that the sandals covered. He had a belt round his waist, *beneath* the waistcoat. Oh, Golava would never have consented to hide an inch of that waistcoat of his. Attached to the belt was a dagger which had once done duty as a middy's dirk, but the scabbard of which was now studded with more gems and precious stones than most midshipmen are worth.

Golava's eyes soon fell on Mildmay.

He passed Captain Blunderbore with a polite and respectful salute, then at once threw himself on his knees before the cot.

"My good Golava," said Mildmay, extending his hand, "I am really pleased to see you."

"And I," said Golava, "in grief to meet you. What ails my friend?"

As he spoke he pressed Mildmay's hand to his brow, and as he lowered it it was damp with tears.

"Sit down now, old friend," said Mildmay. "Yonder is our captain. He will be glad to hear your story."

"Poor man!" said Captain Blunderbore. "I perceive you are wounded in the shoulder."

"Only a scratch from a dagger," said Golava, though the wound was really far more serious. "Only a scratch. Now I tell you all my story. It is not long. It is true. My old friend Mr. Mildmay know right well I never tell a lie."

"I have never heard a lie from that man's lips, Captain Blunderbore," said Mildmay, solemnly.

"Good, good; go on, Mr. Golava."

"After you leave the coast, Mr. Mildmay," Golava continued, "I serve the Queen in several ships. They did catch plenty slaver. I was twice wounded; I was shot through the arm in a brush on shore capturing a barracoon, and another time, in boarding an Arab northern fighting dhow, I was stabbed with a spear in the chest. My people—the Arabs—hate me."

"They have some little cause, Golava; but go on."

"Presently, gentlemen, I get tired of fighting. I cannot live in peace, though, at Zanzibar, so I beg my captain to give me and three of my wives passage to

Sierra Leone and land me there with the Krooman, to live in peace and quiet for the remainder of my days. I have plenty of money. So my good captain do so, and I happy for once. I have a big boat and a crew of Krooman. I take long voyages down the coast, I hunt, I fish, I do altogether the gentleman. And when I from home my wives look after my little farm, plant the turmeric, and make cocoanut-oil. Oh, I 'ssure you, gentlemen, I was quite happy.

"But one day, when three hundred miles from home, on a low, wooded coast, I see this vile Portugee scoundrel sail out from the woods in his barque. I don't like the look of him. I smell a rat, and clap on plenty sail, and away I go. Ah! but they make sail, and that barque is swifter than the wind. They soon come up with me; they fire, they shoot three men; they sink my lovely boat, and take me and my crew prisoners.

"That is all. Here I am. Alas! gentlemen, I must never perhaps see my poor wives again!"

* * * *

All next day the two ships, the man-o'-war and the slaver, lay near each other. The slaves, to the number of four hundred, were had up, and a mournfully pitiable lot they looked. It really seemed as though, having suffered so much and suffered so long, they cared but little now how soon their misery ended. It was sad to see some of these poor wretches in so worn and emaciated a condition, that their shoulder-blades were almost cutting the skin. The particular part of the coast they had come from even Barclay could not discover.

However, it was evident enough that so far these Portuguese fellows had worked the matter well, and that had they succeeded in runing their cargo to Cuba they would have made a good thing of it.

It was a bad day's work, however, their picking up Golava and his bold Kroomans.

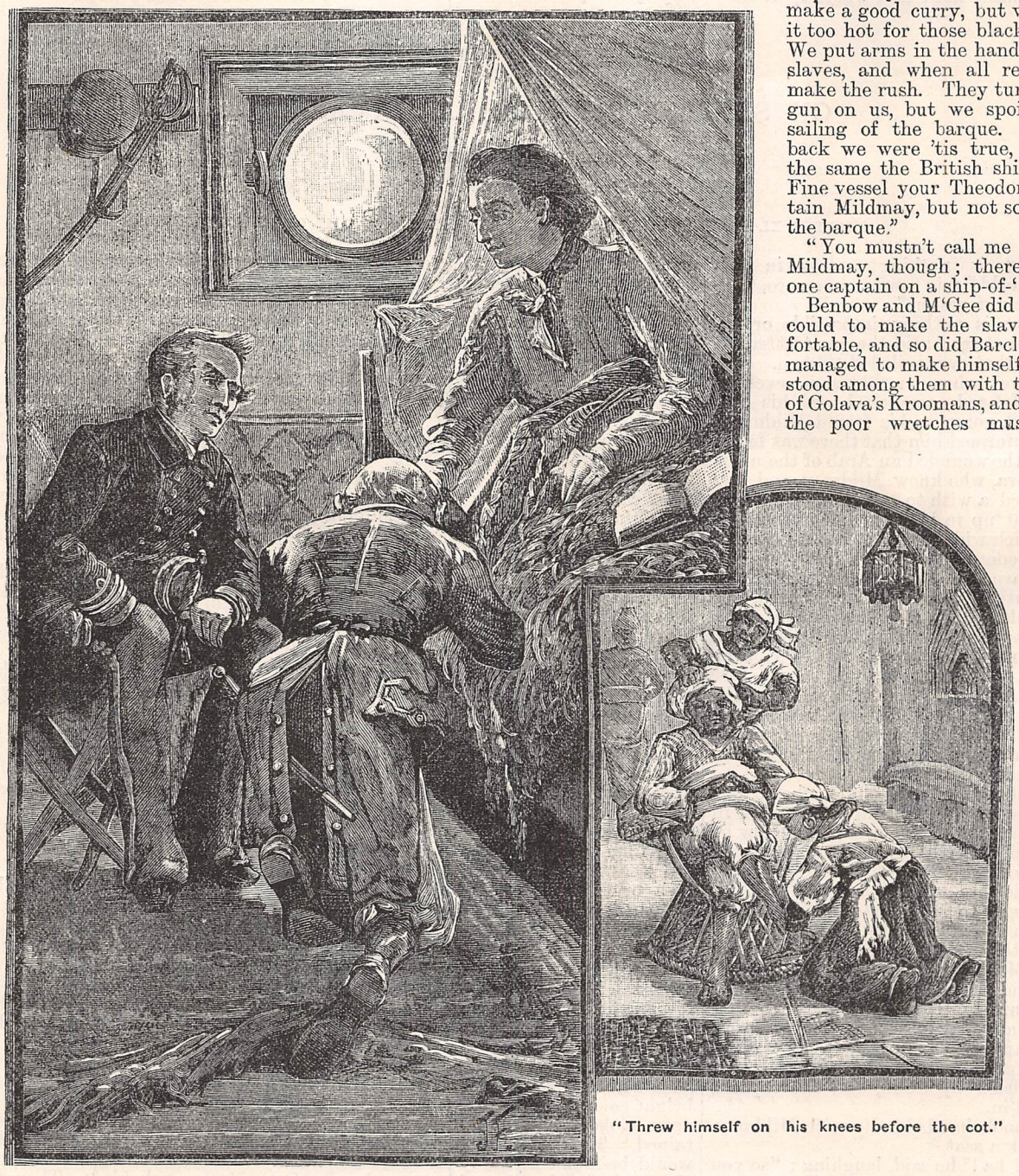
"They were not wise enough," said Golava, laughing, when explaining how the rising was effected. "They think they make my Krooman work and me do cooking, because I can make a good curry. Ha, ha! my Krooman and I did make a good curry, but we made it too hot for those blackguards. We put arms in the hands of the slaves, and when all ready we make the rush. They turned the gun on us, but we spoiled the sailing of the barque. Beaten back we were 'tis true, but all the same the British ship come. Fine vessel your Theodora, Captain Mildmay, but not so fast as the barque."

"You mustn't call me Captain Mildmay, though; there is but one captain on a ship-of-'war.'"

Benbow and M'Gee did all they could to make the slaves comfortable, and so did Barclay. He managed to make himself understood among them with the help of Golava's Kroomans, and I think the poor wretches must have taken the honest gunner for a kind of an angel, or some being from a better world.

The Theodora and the barque parted company in a day or two, the former going on her voyage to Ascension, where she had despatches to leave, the barque bearing up for Sierra Leone, with orders to follow the man-o'-war to the Cape as soon as the slaves were disposed of and the barque condemned.

Twenty picked men accompanied Benbow, who was put in command of the slaver, with Colin as his second officer.



"Threw himself on his knees before the cot."

Golava went along, and Duncan Robb was corporal of the few marines, and a very proud young man he was in consequence.

Sierra Leone was then about four hundred and fifty miles west and south of them.

The wind was fair, however, and they hoped to reach this town within three days. The weather was fine too, for the rainy season had just given place to what we may call the cool, if there be any cool within ten degrees of the equator.

Benbow felt in his glory now walking on his own quarter-deck, and Colin also enjoyed the change.

"It is glorious," said Colin, the first morning. "Is the weather always as bright and beautiful in these regions? Is the sea always as blue, and are those shoals of flying fish and dancing dolphins always—"

"Stop, stop, my boy, don't get romantic. No, lad, if you'd been here two months ago you would have found matters very different. The sky overcast with grey and black gloomy-looking clouds, the horizon close on board of us, the rain coming down steadily, constantly, and in buckets, the only variation being an occasional thunderstorm, with lightning more vivid than any I have ever seen except going round the Cape."

"Well," said Colin, "I'm glad I wasn't here then; but isn't this a fine little barque!"

"Something like a clipper, Colin. Now I can tell you between our two selves, if the Spaniards or Portuguese always went to the expense of having a water-witch like this, it isn't three of our six-knot cruisers that could capture one of them."

"But then our cruisers have the steam."

"And do about eight knots then. Granted; but these fellows know better than to come anywhere near a cruiser when the wind isn't blowing."

"I dare say," said Colin, laughing, "the slavers took us for a collier."

"Well, we're not so bad-looking as that, though I've seen some smart colliers too in my time. The Theodora is fast for a cruiser even; but, dear boy, our Admiralty Lords, with all due respect to them, must make cruisers twice as fast as she is if England means to remain what she has ever been—"mistress of the seas."

"Hullo! Golava; come up here and look about you."

Golava ascended to the poop and salaamed.

"*Yambo*," he said, bowing low.

"*Yambo sana*," said Benbow, returning the salute.

"Breakfast is all ready," said Golava.

"And you yourself have made the curry?"

"Yes, sir, and a good one you'll find it."

"Well, my worthy Golava, the cook in this case must even sit down and share it with us. But tell me, good Golava, doesn't your heart bound with delight at the prospect of so soon being once more in the arms—three pairs, Colin—of your beloved wives?"

"Not much," said Golava, laughing till his eyes quite disappeared.

"You undutiful dog, you," said Benbow; "but come along, we'll all descend to breakfast. Keep her full, Mr. Barclay."

"Ay, ay, sir."

* * * *

Benbow in his water witch crept up to Sierra Leone with a light evening breeze, and cast anchor in the river.

Next morning Colin was early astir; but long before he was awake he was partially sensible of a row of some kind going on alongside, of many strange voices jabbering, and of boats and canoes thumping and rasping against the barque's side.

"There is a fight of some sort going on," he said to himself as he dressed.

It was merely, however, the native boatmen squabbling among themselves, and at times even coming to blows. There was quite a crowd of canoes and boats hovering round the ship, and many a sturdy negro had climbed on board, and was busy selling fruit, yams, and sweet potatoes to the white sailors.

The barque was an object of very great attraction to the inhabitants of Freetown, both whites and natives, and became quite a show ship when it was rumoured about that she was a captured slaver.

The first thing Benbow did was to pay a visit of ceremony to the governor. He took one Krooman with him besides Golava, and Colin was left in charge of the vessel. There would be little or no difficulty in effecting the condemnation of the ship, Benbow found; only a few weeks would elapse before the Court could sit, for red tape rules the roast in everything connected with the service.

There would be little difficulty either, so Colin soon found out, in spending those few weeks with a great deal of pleasure. He had never been in so wild and beautiful a country before in his life. Golava himself became his guide, with a couple of negroes to carry guns and fishing-rods; so the woods and forests were explored and plenty of sport was obtained. Colin felt sorry one moment that he was not an artist, next moment he would have given all he possessed to be a poet, but as Colin was neither he had to be content with simply gazing and admiring.

Of course he was invited to Golava's house. It stood in the outskirts of Freetown, in a quiet, retired compound, amid most charming tropical foliage and rare and beautiful flowers.

It was towards the afternoon of a very hot day when Colin and Golava arrived. They were evidently expected, and were ushered into Golava's best room. Fruits and sherbet were placed before Colin, and there was a prevailing odour of delicious curry wafted through the air by the quickly-moving punkah that told Colin something more substantial and satisfying would soon follow the fruit.

But Golava, the lord and master of this domain, must seat himself in an easy arm-chair, made of straw, and for a time give himself all the airs of a king.

One of his wives hastened to remove his sandals, the other took off his turban, exposing his bare round nut of a head, which was as destitute of hair as a billiard-ball.

Then one wife shampooed and dried and powdered his skull, while at the same time another wife did the same kind office by his feet.

Sitting there, in his easy-chair, enjoying these attentions, with a radiant smile of satisfaction all over his round, fat face, he looked so funny and so ridiculous that Colin was obliged to laugh. He apologised to Golava for being so excessively rude as to laugh, but candidly confessed that for the life of him he couldn't help it. Golava was in no whit offended, but continued to smile in the same blissful, self-satisfied way until the ceremonies were all over.

But when the curried Guinea-fowl came in, and the dishes of snowy rice, and the wonderfully-cooked and strange-looking fishes, and the piles of splendid fruits, then Colin and his guide sat down to table, and it was his—Colin's—turn to smile in a blissful way, and feel all over at peace with himself and all mankind.

At long last the Waterwitch was condemned, the slaves were freed, and the prisoners thrown into prison to await a trial with which our story has nothing whatever to do.

But when the Waterwitch was wafted once more seawards on the wings of the land breeze, and evening fell and found them far at sea, then both Benbow and Colin confessed to each other that Sierra Leone was not "half a bad place," and that they had enjoyed what the Yankees call "a high old time of it," and hoped to return to that country on some not distant day.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(*Continued from page* 591.)

If any of my readers have a turn for chemistry they can prove this fact for themselves in a very simple manner. All that need be done is to take a wide-mouthed phial, plunge it beneath the surface of the water, allow the contained air to escape, and then hold it, while still submerged, in an inverted position over the bubble-covered leaves. As the bubbles ascend into the bottle a corresponding bulk of water will be displaced, until, if you have perseverance enough to continue the operation for a sufficient length of time, the entire bottle will be filled with gas. Cork while still beneath the water, remove the bottle, and apply any of the ordinary tests for oxygen, when the nature of the contents will be readily ascertained.

In selecting the seaweeds, which are not only to adorn your aquarium, but to render themselves useful as well, you must exercise some little discrimination. All the red

species, for instance, must be ruthlessly rejected in spite of their wonderful beauty, for, although they may seem to flourish just at first, they are sure to break up and decay in the course of a few days. The majority of the brown varieties also will be far too large for a confined space, and the aquarium-keeper therefore will be obliged to fall back on those pretty green weeds which are to be found so plentifully upon every rocky coast, and which will answer the required purposes in the most admirable manner. Do not overload the aquarium with these, however. You will not require very many, and they will begin to multiply so rapidly after you have had them for a week or two that you will probably be obliged to clear the glass sides of the vessel every now and then, in order to obtain even a glimpse of the inmates. For this purpose nothing is better than a small piece of sponge fastened to the end of a short stick.

The second method of aerating the contents of your aquarium is equally simple, but far more troublesome, and consists in splashing water from some little height into that contained in the vessels, in order that air may be carried down and absorbed. This you must do several times in succession by means of a teacup, or similar receptacle, and you will have to repeat the process at intervals during the day. Or, if you prefer it, you may procure a small *glass* syringe, and inject water by its aid as often as required. An ordinary metal squirt will poison the water.

A prettier plan, provided that you could only carry it out, would be to provide your tank with a small self-acting fountain, which would save you all further trouble in this direction. There are many difficulties in the way, however, before such an institution can be brought into working order.

Now there is another point to which I wish to call your attention, and one of a very important character indeed. Water, of course, is liable to evaporate, and that of your aquarium will prove no exception to the rule. So you must be prepared, in the course of a few days, to find that the contents of the vessels have sunk below their former boundaries, and at once to replace deficiencies by adding fresh water. The best plan that you can adopt is to make a "high-water mark" in each vessel, and never to allow the supply to fall below that point.

Perhaps a word as to the character of the water which you employ may not be out of place.

Many persons, upon finding the contents of their aquarium daily diminishing in volume, would unthinkingly proceed to add salt water, and, in the course of a week or two, would find themselves the unconscious cause of a terrible series of catastrophes. For, although the water itself evaporates, the salts, etc., which were dissolved in it do not, and would consequently accumulate to such a degree as speedily to cause the death of every captive. By far the best water which you can obtain for making the necessary additions is *rain*-water, or, if such cannot be procured, that from a clear stream will do almost as well. Ordinary drinking water is simply poison. Pour the water into the tank gently, and by slow degrees. There is no need to stir it, for it will very soon mingle with the rest without assistance of any kind.

Next as to food.

Some of your captives are almost sure to prey upon one another. That you cannot help until you have learnt something of the habits of the different creatures with which you may happen to meet. After a little experience you will be able to separate the cannibals from their victims, and so to keep in the same vessel only those which can live together in harmony.

(To be continued.)

TOM STANTON: A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

But morning light brings fresh courage, and as the doctor's skill soon cured the wounded hand, in a few days Tom was going about much as usual. It seemed to have been agreed that nothing more was to be said about the mysterious disappearance of Snap, and on his part Tom would have been glad to forget as soon as possible his share in the poor dog's fate. But a restless uneasy feeling drew his thoughts always to the old tree, and at length he took advantage of an opportunity to go down there alone. The place seemed as lonely as ever, but in Tom's present frame of mind it was hardly a surprise to see the ugly head of Mr. Bart appear from behind the hollow trunk as if looking out for him.

With a nod Tom would have passed on, but something in the man's face made him pause. Bart touched his cap with an air of habit rather than of respect, and drawing near, said,

"I have been trying to see you for some little time, sir, but you weren't about."

"No," said Tom, "I haven't been well."

His heart sank as he saw the man's cunning familiar grin, and he wondered what was coming.

"Well, here you are now, at any rate, and, to lose no time, I should be glad to know what's going to be done about that little matter between us."

Tom's face got hot, and he looked up angrily.

"If you are going to bother about that," he said, "I'll go and ask my uncle for the money at once, and you'll be forbidden to come about the place any more."

"Not so fast, not so fast, sir, if you please. There's more than that to be settled, and I doubt if you will speak up so bold when you've heard all I've got to say. Mr. Jack 's sorry about his dog, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course. How did you hear about it?"

"Hear about it? Why, bless your heart, you would wonder to know of all the things I hear—aye, and see too—things that surprises me, that they do!"

"Well, go on. What has this got to do with me?" said Tom, impatient to be gone.

"The squire perhaps will be offering a reward for the terrier?" asked Bart.

"No, not a chance of it. What would be the use when the dog is dead?"

"And you think he's dead, do you, sir?"

"I suppose so," said Tom, looking away uneasily.

"'Twould be a cruel death for a dog, any way," said the man, musingly.

"What do you mean?" said Tom, looking suddenly up and away again, while his heart beat quickly.

Bart had begun to fumble in his pockets, and, bringing out a handful of odds and ends, selected something carefully folded up, which, with some parade, he spread out for Tom's inspection.

"Why, that is one of my handkerchiefs!" said the boy, putting out his hand for it, while the holder, withdrawing it, began carefully to fold it up again.

"Yes, sir; yours sure enough, and plainly marked, but found by me—and in a curious place too!"

"Found! Where?"

Bart assumed a narrative style while apparently occupied with the handkerchief, and said, "I was couching in the long grass nigh about here not so many days back. 'Twere a warmish afternoon, and 'most asleep I was, when the sound of running feet aroused me. Shall I go on, sir?"

"No," said Tom, half choking. "So you were here, then?"

In desperation he stood looking at the ground. It was his bad luck, he thought, that seemed to force him into this man's power. Just when he was hoping that everything had blown over, and when he had meant to begin afresh and do so much better for the future, the past seemed to rise against him, and he was in a worse case than ever.

What could he do? What was to be done now?

"And the little dog, sir—" continued Bart.

"What do I care about the dog?" said Tom, savagely, turning away.

"I was just about to tell you, sir, that the dog is at my place, as well as ever he was in his life. Mr. Jack would give something to see him again, wouldn't he?"

"I dare say. But he must never know about this."

"That's as you may please, sir. I don't mind doing my part if you will do yours."

"What do you mean? Am I not doing as much as I can?"

"Well, sir, it has been mostly promises on your side, so far. A man can't live on them, you know, and my best ferret gone, and everything agen one."

"Speak out, can't you? What more do you want me to do?"

"Well, as I was saying, we must all live, and the beasts can't thrive on nothing. A bit of grain does them a powerful lot of good now and then; but what's a man to do with hardly a penny in his pocket for his own vittles, and things so cruel dear? In a big place like that up yonder there's a deal of waste,

and my lot could feed hearty on what's being thrown away every day, so to speak."

Tom looked puzzled.

"I don't understand you," he said.

Bart coughed, and began again.

"Well, no, sir; them as don't suffer can't be expected to know what it is to be spied after here, and ordered off there, and hardly dare to show one's nose even when there's vermin to be trapped. Mr. Richards now, he's sharp and short enough with me, though it's not more of his corn I've had than a man could carry in one hand."

Tom was silent, and after a furtive look at him, his companion continued,

"The granary locked, too! as if the rats don't take more in a night than my little lot could want in a month. I despise such mean ways myself. Why, one would think 'twas his own stuff as the man was saving! What good does it do him? Suppose, now, one could get round him without his knowing anything about it, wouldn't that be a lark? The key is left hanging somewhere about, I dare say. I'll be bound you know where it's kept well enough, sir—don't you?"

Tom nodded, but said nothing.

"Well, supposin', for the fun of the thing, you let me have a look at that key for a minute or two some day. 'Twould only be a joke to pay Mr. Richards out a bit, and no harm done either, and 'twould make things more equal atween you and me."

Tom was looking at the ground gloomily, but shook his head.

"Well, of course you know best, sir, what you can do. If you could have obliged me I would have been glad to oblige you by promising to say no more about the ferrets; but now perhaps I had better go straight to the squire. He'll see as I'm not wronged, and he won't expect a man to put himself to inconvenience for them as won't do nothing in return. Good day to you, sir. I'm sorry I can't shield you any more; but a man can't do everything for nothing in this world, you know."

"Come back, Bart," cried Tom, as the man moved away. "What good would it do you to see the key. Even if I did get hold of it I should have to take it back again at once, or it would be missed."

"You leave that to me, sir; I know my own business. If you was to get the key, say to-morrow in Mr. Richards's dinner-hour, and brought it and laid it in the long grass just under the elder-bush outside the stable-yard, why, in another quarter of an hour you could come and fetch it back, and no word said on either side, nor any chance of your being seen in my company. And as for the ferret, I don't mind saying as you should hear no more about it from me."

"That would be a good thing," said Tom, as if to himself.

"Yes," said the man, watching him keenly, "'twould be all one as if you had never been out with me at all."

"I should feel free again," said Tom. "Well, come to-morrow; you shall have the key if I can manage it."

And without further words the two separated.

By this time Tom's feelings were sufficiently blunted for him not to feel very acutely the dishonour of becoming a mere tool in the hands of a man like Bart. Public disgrace he dreaded and shrank from, but to the self-respect which withholds from secret faults he was a stranger. His pride was the vanity which would make a brave show, rather than that nobility of nature which fears no blame while conscious of right. To be released from present difficulty he would take this one step more on the downward path; afterwards, when he was free again, it would be easy enough, he thought, to turn round and walk in future on the upward way, with all his former sins hidden and forgotten. So after having obtained the key for Bart as arranged, he did his best to ignore his share in the business, and, true to his resolution, began to show an amiability and desire to please which drew forth his uncle's approbation, and caused him to write encouraging accounts to the father in India of his boy's rapid improvement under the influences of home life.

And brightly and happily Tom's life would have passed now, if it had not been for the occasional pin-prick of an unpleasant reminder when after some time the boys began to speak of Richards's suspicions that his corn was being tampered with.

"He says he is sure of it now," said little Bertie, with eager sympathy; "but as he hasn't any proof yet, he is going to set a trap for the thief, whoever it is."

"Perhaps he imagines it," said Tom, carelessly, and turned the conversation to something else.

But not many nights after, as they were all sitting quietly enough in the drawing-room, after dinner, a noise of voices and shouting outside made the boys start up just as James, the footman, entered the room hurriedly, exclaiming, "Oh, please sir, they say there is something on fire down by the stables!"

Mr. Stanton was on his feet in a moment, while Mrs. Stanton cried anxiously, "Oh, boys, won't you stay here with me?

"Let them come, Mary," said her husband, turning at the door. "I don't think they will get into mischief, and they may be of use;" and in another moment they were all running in the direction of the stables.

There was no moon, and the night would have been dark but for a curious glow of reflected light, which struck the boys as strange, until, turning a corner, they came upon a sight which they remembered all their lives.

Were these the buildings which they were accustomed to see in the quiet light of every day? And that volcano spouting fire and smoke—could that be the familiar granary? What a transformation was here! From every part men came running in, all willing to help, but crowding in each other's way, and sadly wanting guidance. Richards and his helpers were too much occupied in getting out the horses to think of giving any directions as to preventing the spread of the fire, and Mr. Stanton's appearance was hailed with relief by all. Promptly his quiet directions were obeyed, and soon a stream of water was being thrown on the blazing roof, while men were hastily endeavouring to cut off the fire from spreading to the neighbouring buildings. Sparks and burning fragments were flying in all directions; clouds of smoke wavered here and there as the wind caught them, and soon the boys were almost unrecognisable, as, with blackened faces and drenched clothes, they stood passing buckets or ran to carry a message.

In the excitement of the scene they had almost forgotten the danger and loss, when a poor fellow was carried by with a broken leg, caused by a fall from a roof, and Mr. Stanton's voice could be heard calling to some men to come down from a perilous position, as they were going to try to get at the fire from below.

Tom was standing near when the men, using a long post as a ram, succeeded in driving in the heavy door of the granary. A blinding rush of smoke escaped when the door fell in, followed by comparative clearness as the draught made the flames shoot higher.

"What's this?" said a man, peering in through the doorway and dragging out from somewhere near the entrance what appeared to be a lifeless human form.

"Ah! dead, poor soul!" said another. "How did he get in there, I wonder?"

"'Tis Bart the ratcatcher," said a boy. "See to the clothes of 'un! I'd know him anywheres by them alone."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Stanton, advancing.

"'Tis a man they've found in here, sir."

"Is he living?"

"Well, it seems doubtful somewhat."

"Carry him into the house; they'll do all they can for him there. And now to work, men."

Trembling with excitement and dread, Tom stood by watching while the heavy unconscious figure was borne away by the men. All his eagerness to help was over now, and idly he stood aside while the fire was being attacked in its stronghold.

Was Bart really dead? he wondered; and how had he been caught there, like a rat in a trap, while the fire was raging? Would he recover, and would he speak? Surely not, for his own sake. But he must give some reason for being there, and what might he not say to excuse himself?

Unable to bear the suspense, Tom made his way through the crowded yard and returned to the house. Going in by the back way, he stood a minute to listen. The place seemed quiet and deserted after the tumult outside, only somewhere in the distance he could hear women's voices.

Uncertainly he stood listening till one of the maids passed and saw him. She screamed first and then seemed angry with him, for "standing there like a ghost and frightening people."

He asked for Mrs. Stanton, and was told that she was busy seeing after the men. Then hurriedly he asked if the man last brought in were dead, and could only hear, "No, coming round," as his informant whisked out of sight.

"Coming round!" That meant that Bart would soon be himself again, and ready to say all he could to excuse himself at any risk of blame to others. A shiver of horror and dread chilled Tom's blood as he thought of the disgrace which might be in store for him. In vain he tried to harden himself; the unusual work and the excitement seemed to have taken all the strength out of him, and he felt a terror which he had never experienced before.

Oh, if he were only back with his own father in India! There he had never known what it was to be wretched like this. People were ready to make excuses for him there, and did not always expect him to do what was right. His cousins seemed to find it easy enough to keep out of scrapes; but they were used to this sort of life, and he was not. How they would despise him when they knew all, Jack particularly, whose dog he had tried to kill. He could not stay to see their altered faces; he must go away somewhere. Oh, if he could only get to India!

And why not? Supposing he ran away and got down to the sea, he might find a ship going to India, and get taken on board as cabin-boy, or something of that sort. They must not know, though, that he was a gentleman, or he might be sent back. Where could he get other clothes?

The sound of footsteps on the stairs made him start guiltily, and he went quietly out again, looking as if be feared that his thoughts might be read in his face. As he wandered down the path on the way to the stables some one came up from behind him. It was a woman with a shawl thrown over her head. She spoke to him in passing, and he saw that it was the gardener's wife from the lodge.

She couldn't rest any longer, she said, without seeing how her man was getting on. Her boy Sam was poorly too, but he had dropped off to sleep now, and she had run up for a little just to ease her mind a bit. Had Mr. Tom seen her husband?

Tom said "Yes," and told her where the gardener was helping, and the woman ran on.

In the meanwhile Tom had turned, and was walking quickly in the opposite direction. His trembling fit was over now, and with a flushed face and throbbing brow he was making up his mind to escape. Not much time did he give himself to think. Relief from present embarrassment, with a bright prospect of home in the distance, dazzled his eyes, and he felt that he could go through anything to accomplish his purpose.

His pace had quickened into a run, but as he neared the lodge he slackened his speed, and, stepping lightly, went towards a low window from which came a feeble glimmer of light. The window was open to the sultry air, and, looking in, Tom saw the boy Sam lying with a flushed face on a little bed asleep. Listening for a minute to the heavy, irregular breathing, Tom climbed quietly in through the window, and hurriedly collecting the boy's rough suit of clothes, carried them out into the darkness.

Now he knew exactly what he had to do. Opening one of the heavy gates, he slipped out, and closing it cautiously after him, began to run quickly along the dusty high road.

"Why, that is my handkerchief," said the boy.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THREE BRIGS.

As a companion to the rescue of the crew of the Aurora Borealis, let us go to the West of England and take our example before the lifeboat days. Let us stand on the Land's End, see the sun sink into the ocean, and watch the stars shine over the waters, while the lights gleaming and twinkling from the Longships, the Wolf, the Bishop, and the Seven Stones, seem to protest that men, though silent as the night, may be sleepless as the sea Like all others who have found their way to England's westernmost cape, let us feel the majesty of that wondrous mass of ragged granite which from every point and in every light, and under ever phase of storm or sunshine, is the Land's End as we thought the Land's End would be. "The wildest, most impressive place," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "I ever saw on the coast of Britain. A lighthouse rises on a detached rock some considerable space ahead; many detached rocks, of a haggard skeleton character, worn haggard by the wild sea, are scattered about between the lighthouse and end of the firm cliff; that cluster where the lighthouse is had seemed to me like the ruins of a cathedral for some time. Very wild and grim, impressive in itself and as the notablest of British capes. A boat or two, poor specks of piscatory human art, were seen rocking and paddling among the angry skeleton rocks in these ever-vexed waters; where they were to land, or how get up to 'First and Last,' one didn't well see. But here at last is the spectre of the mixed cathedral—a lighthouse among haggard sea-beat rocks, namely; and we are round the Land's End, getting round towards the western side of it. The sunshine now went *out*, angry breeze blew colder from dark cloudy skies—baddish night, probably?"

And when the "baddish night" grows worse, the ocean comes swinging in with a force and fury to which the rage of the seas on the Goodwins is but child's-play. A landsman can have no more awful experience than that of a stormy night on the western Cornish coast; and when all is calm and bright, there is no more wildly beautiful spot in Britain. Its gem is that lovely Whitesand Bay which runs north from Sennen Cove to Cape Cornwall—Sennen straggling at the foot of the hill, then the wide sweep of the silver sand fringed by the Atlantic rollers in every tint of lucid green from beryl to emerald, and then the lofty ridge of the cape to form the picture, the bowstring broken by the islets off the cove and the rocks off Vellandreath, while away this side of Cape Cornwall and a mile from its precipices there rises the plume of spray as the waves leap over the Brisons. On the bright August morning how quiet it all seems, but think of a foggy winter's night, when the south-west gales prevail, as when our luckless vessel met her doom!

The New Commercial was a brig of 250 tons, bound from Liverpool to the Spanish Main. Early on Saturday morning, the 11th of January, 1851, she struck upon the ledge that runs between the Great and Little Brison. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the south-south-west, and the sea was running very high. The vessel immediately went to pieces. The crew got on to the ledge; with them was the wife of the captain, Samuel Sanderson.

As soon as day broke the ten castaways were discovered from the shore, but no help could then be rendered them owing to the violence of the sea. About nine o'clock a tremendous wave broke over the rock and swept them all away. Seven were drowned; two, the master and his wife, were washed upon the peaked head of the Little Brison; and the third, a mulatto named Williams, managed to cling to a portion of the floating wreck. Williams remained for hours drifting about in the furious sea, and at last the Sennen fishermen at the other end of Whitesand Bay resolved to make an effort to save him. Five of them got their boat, the Grace, out through the breakers, and after a severe struggle put her alongside and rescued him.

The news of the wreck had spread, and Captain Davies, of the Coastguard, sent for the Revenue cutter Sylvia to take off the survivors. Just as the mulatto was being

rescued the cutter rounded the Land's End, and came up through the bay to the rocks. Mr. Forward, her commander, launched a boat, and with four men tried to get near the Little Brison, on which the captain and his wife were still clinging, with the waves foaming round them and threatening each instant to sweep them off. The attempt was fruitless; the rock could not then be approached, and the boat with great difficulty regained the cutter. Night was coming on, and all that could be done was to lay-to; so up went the cutter's colours to encourage the wretched couple on the Brison, and all that night, without food or shelter, in the wind and the rain and the raging sea, they were left there to suffer and to pray for help.

On Sunday morning the wind happily drew a little to the south-east and the sea slightly abated. On the Saturday there had been many spectators along the cliffs, and on the Sunday at daybreak hundreds came out to see the end. The man and woman were still on the rock; the cutter was still in the bay. Towards noon the sun broke through the clouds, and lighting up the coast added to the feverish interest of the scene.

The morning was spent in preparation. At one o'clock three of the fishing-boats and the Coastguard boat came up from Sennen, and Captain Davies in another boat from Pendeen arrived with some rockets he had brought with him from Penzance. The cutter's boat, under Mr. Forward, was also launched; so that six boats were ready to take part in the danger. For the sea was still running so high that no boat could venture within a hundred yards of the rock. That far, and no farther, could they get.

Thus the only way to effect the rescue was by means of the rocket apparatus, and that had never been tried on this coast before, nor had it anywhere been tried from a boat. And the boat was only an ordinary galley, twenty-six feet long by five wide. The printed instructions said that the person firing the rocket should be fifty feet in the rear to be free from danger, and these conditions could not be complied with in such a craft. One of the men who had never seen a rocket in use volunteered to fire it, but Captain Davies resolved to proceed systematically and take the risk himself. Driving his boat up as close as he could to the rock, he anchored her. He then erected the triangle or rocket-frame, and placed another boat astern to train his, and then he ordered his crew out into one of the Sennen boats while he remained alone to fire the nine-pound Dennett.

These manœuvres having been successfully accomplished, he discharged the rocket, and for an instant was wrapped in a sheet of flame from the back fire. He sustained no injury, but the line shot well over the rock, happened to fall on a sharp ridge, and was instantly cut in two.

When the boats fell back and left the captain alone the excitement of those on the cliffs rose to fever pitch, and when the line was seen to break and the end slip back into the sea the disappointment showed itself in a long moan of alarm. Soon, however, another rocket was procured, and again, with the boat behind training the galley, the captain fired it clean over the rock.

As the rope dropped beside her the woman raised her clasped hands to heaven in sign of gratitude, and the sun again shot out from behind the clouds and lit up the group of boats, and in the bright sunlight the man was seen to tie the line round his wife's waist and encourage her to take the fearful leap, whilst she lingered hesitating to jump into the white, frothing waters, which, now the tide had turned, were a dozen feet below her. At length his persuasions prevailed, and after a last embrace she made the plunge for life or death. As she left the rock the clouds rolled up again, and three immense waves broke in rapid succession, imperilling the safety of all on the scene. For a time the boats were entirely hidden from the view of the spectators, and a loud cry broke forth, "They are gone!" and the women turned away their heads towards the land and shrieked aloud.

Soon, however, the boats appeared on the crest of the waves, and then the cheering broke forth anew as slowly the line drew home. Alas! so fierce had been the sea that the woman had been under water all the three minutes she was being dragged to the boat, and when she reached it she was almost lifeless. All was done that could be done, but before the boat could reach the shore her spirit had fled. The captain did not remain on the rock long after his wife. He tied the line round him, and was safely hauled to the galley after having been on the Brison over thirty-six hours.

Considering that this service was performed in ordinary open boats, not lifeboats, it deservedly ranks as one of the most daring in the records of our coast. The Captain Davies, R.N., who superintended the rescue was a noted saver of life from shipwreck, held several medals, and was afterwards Inspector of Lifeboats to the National Institution.

Although it hardly comes within our province to dwell on disasters occurring to small vessels, yet there are two other wrecks of brigs associated with such curious circumstances that they may well find a place here. For a ship to turn and remain keel upwards is of itself a very rare occurrence, but for its crew to find their safety in straddling the keel or hanging on to the kelson is almost strange enough for an extravaganza. The facts, however, are fully authenticated, and even lately one of the wrecks, that of the Nerina, has been described at length in Dr. Macaulay's admirable "True Tales of Travel and Adventure," with a copy of the official certificate of the Lloyd's agent who took the depositions.

On August 8th, 1767, then, the brig Sally, while crossing the Atlantic, was blown on her beam ends during a storm, and after five minutes or so turned keel upwards. There were on board of her Anthony Tabry, the master, Mars, the mate, and nine men. The master, mate, and three of the seamen were washed away, but the six survivors swam to the topmast, which floated alongside, tied it to the stern, and clung to it for seven hours. The cabin-boy then swam to the hull, seized a rope, and clambered up on to the bottom of the ship. He then threw the rope to the men, so that they could follow him, and in the heavily rolling sea these six unfortunates sat themselves astride of the vessel's keel and waited for daylight.

When the sun rose they found that the mainmast, with all the rigging—the lanyards having been cut away—was floating alongside. They got down to it and removed the wreath (the square hoop which binds the head of the mast), and with it and a bolt a foot long they went to work to scrape through the brig's bottom, so as to get at some food. While they were engaged in this wearisome task they kept their mouths moist by chewing the accumulations on the wood, and eating the lead that happened to be on her bow.

Their sufferings were terrible. In four days one of the men died, raving for drink, and yet, great as was the temptation to feed on it, the corpse was thrown off into the sea. Without food of any description, the men worked steadily on with the wreath and the bolt, scraping their way through the brig's timbers. They had neither meat nor drink nor sleep, as they dared not lie down for fear of falling off.

On the sixth day came a change. They got through into the vessel's hold, and lighted immediately upon a barrel of bottled beer. This they drank very greedily, and then, finding more beer and a barrel of pork, proceeded to allowance themselves. Day and night they worked at the cargo, endeavouring most of all to get at the casks of water, which were a long way out of their reach.

"As to sleep, as soon as they got a hole through the vessel's bottom they pulled out a great number of staves and shingles, and made a platform in the same place, but so small it was that when they wanted to turn they were obliged to wait till the sea hoisted the vessel; and when she fell again with the sea they were almost frozen to death. Thus did these poor miserable fellows live for thirteen or fourteen days. After they got the pork they made a kind of net with a hoop, some shingles, and ropes, which they got from the mast. This they let into the sea, with some pork, and caught a few small fish, which, with two or three mice they caught on board the brig, afforded them several most delicious repasts, raw as they were. They lasted but a few days, as they could not catch any more, and then they were obliged to return to their pork, which had become quite putrid by the salt water getting into it."

At last, on the 1st of September, in 26 N., 70 W., the Norwich caught sight of the capsized hull with its curious freight, and bore down to the rescue. She was only just in time. That morning the last bottle of beer had been shared, and a despairing effort was made to reach the water and the stores. It had proved in vain, and the five were huddled together round the little platform considering what should next be done, when the boy, looking up, caught sight of the sails of the Norwich.

In this case the crew were outside the capsized hull; in that of the Nerina they were *inside!*

The Nerina, in November, 1840, was sixteen days out from Dunkirk, bound for Marseilles, with a cargo of oil and canvas, when she was hove-to in a heavy gale about thirty miles south of the Scilly Islands, and after buffeting about for four hours suddenly broached-to and capsized. She was commanded by Captain Everard, who had with him, as cabin-boy, his nephew Nicholas—a lad of fourteen—and a crew of five ordinary seamen. When the disaster occurred all were below except the helmsman, and he seems to have been at once swept overboard. The captain, mate, and boy were in the cabin, and the three men in the forecastle. When they found the brig turning turtle the men forward rushed downwards, or rather upwards, to the kelson. Two of them succeeded in keeping their heads above water, but the third got entangled among a coil of ropes and was drowned. The cargo had been shifted by the shock, and dropped on to the deck; and up along the ship's bottom there was left an empty space in which the imprisoned air kept back the water.

In the cabin the mate tore down the hatch in the deck, scrambled into the lazaretto, and rolled the casks away that were there stored. The captain caught the boy in his arms, helped him up, and then, as the water came rushing in, followed him through the hatchway. They were thus in the same position against the kelson as the men were, and in about an hour's time they were joined by the crew, who, hearing their voices, crept aft to them.

So shallow was the air space that they had to sit up to their waists in water. As they could not sit upright they had to take it in turns to stretch themselves along the casks with their bodies squeezed close to the vessel's timbers. And all the time the ship laboured and rolled and threatened to swing over and founder.

The night passed and the morning came, and they saw the light striking down into the sea and reflected upwards to them through the cabin skylight and the open lazaretto hatch.

"The day and night of Tuesday the 17th and the day of Wednesday the 18th passed without food, without relief, and almost without hope; but still each encouraged the

others when no one could really entertain hope for himself. They endeavoured to assuage the pangs of hunger by chewing the bark stripped off from the hoops of the casks. Want of fresh air threatening them with death by suffocation, the mate worked almost incessantly for two days and a night in trying with his knife to cut a hole through the hold. Happily the knife broke before he had succeeded in accomplishing his object, the result of which must have proved fatal, as the confined air alone preserved the vessel in a sufficiently buoyant state."

In the afternoon of the Wednesday the wreck was fallen in with by a couple of pilot-boats, who took it in tow for some time, ignorant, of course, that any living thing was within it. The ropes, however, broke, and night closed in and the weather looking ugly they sheered off and left it to its fate. Their interference was important, for they towed it into the set of the current on to the islands, and when they left it with its keel barely showing above water it was being slowly but surely carried towards St. Mary's.

During the Wednesday night the Nerina suddenly struck and reeled. Then she struck again, and seemed to be going to pieces. Then she struck a third time, and the after part dropped so much in the water that the men had to creep towards the bow, and in attempting to do so one of them dropped through the hatch into the cabin and was drowned.

Finding the vessel ashore and the water ebbing, the other man soon afterwards entered the cabin, and while searching for the axe usually kept there was nearly washed out by the sudden inrush of the sea. As the darkness passed away a rock was found to have been thrust into the broken skylight, and the prisoners saw to their intense relief that they were securely aground.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning. The captain got down into the cabin and found the quarter stove in. Through a crack he caught sight of a man on the beach. The man approached and thrust in his hand. The captain seized it. The man's terror may be imagined. He thought he had been clutched by some monster of the sea!

The alarm was given. The place was Porthelick. The people in the neighbourhood were soon collected and cut their way into the ship's side, and the four survivors were liberated from their floating sepulchre after an entombment of three days and nights in the mighty deep.

When in April of last year the State of Florida went down in the Atlantic, one of her survivors was picked up from underneath a capsized boat in which he had laid himself on the bottoms of the thwarts. A great deal of fuss was made about the affair at the time, and the fact of a man being under a boat for so many hours was said to be unexampled. Perhaps it was.

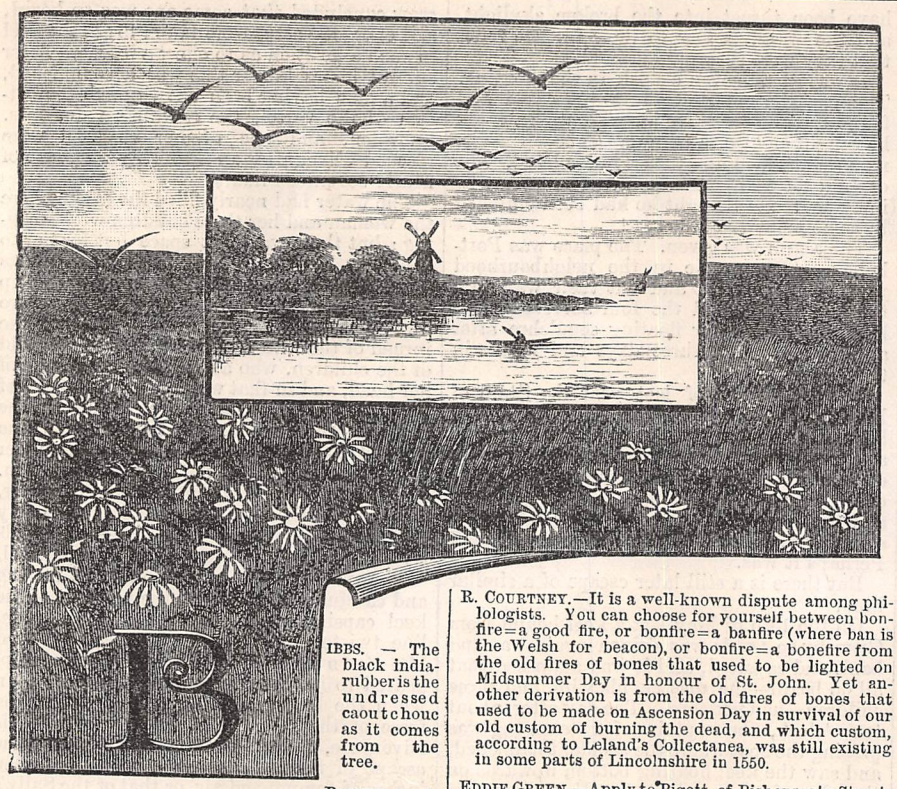
But there is a still later escape of a similar kind.

On the 13th of May last a keel bound from Grimsby to Leeds was driven against a sand bank and capsized, and it was supposed that all on board—the master, his wife, and three children—had perished. The day after, about ten o'clock, the captain of a steam-tug was passing the spot where the accident happened, and saw the keel floating bottom upwards on the edge of the sand bank. He got as near to it as he could, and presently heard sounds of knocking coming from the cabin end. The crew concluded that some one was on board, and energetic steps were taken to get the keel in such a position as to effect a rescue. After several hours' labour this was accomplished, and a hole having been cut through the bottom of the vessel, the captain's wife, Mrs. Snowden, and one of her children were rescued alive, after an agonising suspense of nearly seventeen hours.

The water had nearly filled the cabin where the woman and her three children were sleeping; but there was just space left for her to keep her head and those of her little ones above the water, which ultimately reached up to the mother's throat. When they were aroused by the sinking of the keel and the inrush of the water, she contrived to get hold of the children, who all held on by the hair of her head, and in that way for some time all of the little ones were kept alive, but during the day two of them died. Just as the man who rescued them got into the cabin, the water flowed in and reached to the woman's mouth. All the children were still clinging to her hair, and she and the live child were in a terribly exhausted condition. The mother's hands were raw with knocking at the side of the keel.

The survivors were taken on board the tug and carefully tended. At the moment of the keel capsizing, what is known as the horse-line twisted round the captain, and carried him down amongst the rigging, which appeared to have remained under water even when the keel was being rolled over by the force of the tide. But strange as was his adventure, it is as nothing compared to the escape of the Nerina's crew in their fifteen inches of compressed air, or that of the Sally's men during their three-and-twenty days astride the keel of the capsized brig.

By permission of] Pilgrim Fathers going to Church. *See page 591.* [*G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.*



IBBS. — The black india-rubber is the undressed caoutchouc as it comes from the tree.

ROMULUS.—1. For the information you must apply to the Heralds' College, and pay a fee. 2. For the employment you should apply to the chief fashionable stationers or coach-makers.

M. S. GORDON.—Send sixpence to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, for the Science Directory. It will give you a syllabus and list of books. There is no reason why you should not work up the subject for yourself, but you will never do any good without apparatus and a practical acquaintance with the experiments, which in most cases you can only gain by attending a good class.

D. S.—A change owing to the little language of childhood. Mary = Mally = Molly = Polly. So Sarah = Sally; Dora = Dolly; Harry = Hally = Hal. With regard to the change to the P, where Molly = Polly, so Maggie = Meggie = Peggy, and Martha = Matty = Patty. Rickard = Richy = Ricky = Ticky = Dick!!

THE OLD ASTRONOMER.—We must give the subject a rest for a time. Although the Stars of the Month were much liked we could not well continue without a change, though we should give the preference to the same hand. There are so many tastes to study that variety is essential.

CHARLES LOVE.—1. You can obtain the questions to all examinations conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners on application to the Queen's Printers. They are given in the Blue Books. A selection is always annexed to the various Guides to the Civil Service, of which so many exist. 2. The headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company is in Finsbury. Apply to the adjutant.

A POLISHER EAGER TO LEARN.—To stain deal walnut try boiling Cassel brown in a lye of soft soap and soda; or, what is easier, try a decoction of green walnut shells in a lye of soft soap and soda; or try a decoction of walnut-peel made by boiling the peel in soft water. Wait till the wood is half-dry after using it, and then brush it over with a solution of an ounce of bichromate of potash in five ounces of boiling water; or mix together burnt umber, rose pink, and vandyke brown. There is a sixpenny book, "The French Polisher's Manual," published by Spon and Co., that you might find very useful.

ADONIS MULTA ORANS.—The Fishing Tackle articles ran through the third volume.

W. H. B. (Cheltenham.)—We have not given the wreck of the Royal George, and it is hardly worth while doing so. She was being careened at Spithead with her lee ports left carelessly open, when an extra list let in the water and down she went with all hands, June 28th, 1782. The wreck was surveyed by the diving-bell in 1807; it was removed by Colonel Pasley in 1844. Admiral Kempenfeldt, who went down with the ship, was one of the inventors of our systems of signalling.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—You must get the paint off the wood before you can begin to stain. The best way to get it off would be by burning it with a gas jet from a piece of flexible tubing attached to the passage lights. The job will be an odoriferous one. Watch a man cleaning off a street-door or a shop-front before you attempt to tackle it.

R. COURTNEY.—It is a well-known dispute among philologists. You can choose for yourself between bonfire = a good fire, or bonfire = a banfire (where ban is the Welsh for beacon), or bonfire = a bonefire from the old fires of bones that used to be lighted on Midsummer Day in honour of St. John. Yet another derivation is from the old fires of bones that used to be made on Ascension Day in survival of our old custom of burning the dead, and which custom, according to Leland's Collectanea, was still existing in some parts of Lincolnshire in 1550.

EDDIE GREEN.—Apply to Pigott, of Bishopsgate Street; or Edgington, of London Bridge. An advertisement in one of the papers would procure you a second-hand tent with the least trouble. Try the "Exchange and Mart," 170, Strand.

ALFRED HORTON.—Sail-cloth for model yachts can be obtained for about sevenpence per yard from Messrs. Frisby, Dyke, and Co., of Lord Street, Liverpool. It was made to the order of the Liverpool Model Yacht Club by Messrs. Horrocks, Miller, and Co., and the smallest quantity that could specially be turned out was a couple of thousand yards. As a general rule, you would find Horrocks's "M." suitable for most boats. You should take in the "Model Yachtsman," price twopence-halfpenny a number post free from T. Grassam, 161, High Street, Hull; or Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

JEM.—The country wants no lame ducks for her servants. If you are not thoroughly sound in wind and limb, eyesight, hearing, and articulation, give up all thoughts of serving the country civilly or otherwise.

PETER HEAD.—The weight of the cargo varies, of course, with the specific gravity. Thus a ship full of lead would weigh more than one full of tea. The argument, however, does not affect the fact that a vessel carries more than her measurement, nor the other fact that she was specially built to do so. As an example, take the famous tea clippers. The Taeping was of 767 tons, and she carried 1,108,709lb. of tea; the Ariel was of 853 tons, and she carried 1,230,900lb.; the Serica was of 708 tons, and she carried 954,236lb.; the Fiery Cross was of 689 tons, and she carried 854,236lb.; the Taitsing was of 815 tons, and she carried 1,093,130lb. These are the cargoes of the great race year, 1866, when nine clippers started, and the Taeping was the winner, after racing the Ariel neck-and-neck up Channel. The other starters were the Ada, 686 tons; the Black Prince, 750 tons; the Chinaman, 688 tons; and the Flying Spur, 731 tons. It may interest you as an Aberdonian to know that, with the exception of the Fiery Cross, built at Liverpool, the clippers were all of Scotch birth—one, the Taitsing, hailing from Glasgow; four, the Ariel, Chinaman, Serica, and Taeping, hailing from Greenock; and three, the Ada, Black Prince, and Flying Spur, hailing from Aberdeen—and all the captains were Scotsmen.

MONTE CRISTO.—1. It particularly states in the article that the charge is proportionate to the area, and as the area must be proportionate to the size, the larger the jar is the greater must be the power. 2. The bottom is coated inside and out. 3. It would require an article to give a list of experiments.

F. W. SMALL.—Get the January part for 1884, and refer to the article on Æolian Harps.

TOWERS.—Get the May part for 1881. It has an article on Silkworms that answers all your queries.

C. SMART.—Off Swanage you get pollack, mackerel, and bass; and so you do round Peveril Ledge and Durlestone Head, although the mackerel there are few. In the brook you can get eels for bait. In the Solent you get bass at the mouths of all the rivers, flat fish and grey mullet up the harbours, and whiting pout near the Brambles. There is not much done in the fishing way in the Solent except in the autumn.

CRYSTAL.—1. Crispin and Crispianus were two brothers, who journeyed from Rome to Soissons in France, preaching the Gospel, and mending boots and shoes to support themselves while doing so. The Governor of Soissons eventually beheaded them, and they became the tutelary saints of the trade they had followed. 2. Pinchbeck is so called from the name of its inventor, a musical-clock maker at Birmingham. 3. Scot free is tax free, scot having been the name for a general tax, as lot was for an individual one. Hence "Scot and Lot."

A GERMAN READER.—The articles on Birds' Eggs were in the April, May, June, and July parts in 1880. They were by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and with one of the parts we gave away a coloured plate.

L. MCKINNON.—The lowermost kite need not be more than a couple of hundred yards in the air. A twelve-footer, with a nine-feet pilot, ought to be sufficient to drag the boat. For the tow-rope use cod-line.

G. LUNDBORG.—1. The metal is iridium, which is found associated with platinum in the Ural, and with gold in California. It is used for chemical balances, pen tips, and surgical needle tips. 2. Mere quotation of quaint sayings and old proverbs is a cheap sort of wit that is best left alone. Be original; the proverb you quote is in nine cases out of ten only applicable to the special circumstances of the case at the time it was first uttered. Such things are so easily capped. Take the instance of the little boy: "Use your fork, Johnnie. Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?" "Well, mamma, fingers were made before forks." "Yes, they were, but not yours, my son."

S. C. (Denver.)—As you are so pressing for us to be candid we will be so. We only looked at one page, and we can assure you that you are not a shining light at verse. Your twinkle is but feeble, and occasionally drops into darkness—in fact, the light fails owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the meter. Apart from the anachronism, blunderbuss is not admissible as a rhyme to Columbus.

W. M. P.—Clean the brass with a mixture of an ounce of oxalic acid, six ounces of finely-powdered rottenstone, an ounce of sweet oil, and sufficient water to form a paste. A very little of this mixture will go a long way. Rub the brass dry with a leather.

ANDREW HODGE.—The relic is probably a badge off a helmet.

VIEILLE FEMME.—1. The "Austrian Army Awfully Arrayed" was given in the August part for 1884. 2. The gin is the ordinary rat-trap sold by all ironmongers, and is therefore too well known to need special description.

O. C. B.—1. The shadow in the circle is owing to there being either a flaw in the lens or else something wrong in the way the lens is fastened, and which you could probably put right with your knife. 2. There are transfer pictures, but we have not heard of any working properly. 3. April. 4. For frame-making it is better to buy the moulding in lengths, and then all you want is a mitre-board, a tenon-saw, a hammer, and a glue-pot.

T. MCFIE.—Buy Gordon and Gotch's "Australian Handbook," or some similar work, before you go, and read it up. At the same time refer to a handbook or gazetteer of Scotland, and see how the towns and districts you know figure therein. You will thus discover how different things read to what they seem in your judgment to be, and you will obtain a scale by which to measure the Australian statements. Reason, in fact, from the known to the unknown. Distance often lends enchantment to the view; and "How it strikes a statist" is not always "How it strikes a resident." You will be surprised at the wonders of your native town.

E. FAIRLING.—1. The usual thing is to dilute muriatic acid with four times its bulk of water, and wash the deck with the solution, taking care to swill it well off with clean water. 2. The Alarm won the Queen's Cup four times, once as a cutter of 193 tons, and three times as a schooner of 248. Mr. Weld's other yacht, the Lulworth, cutter, won the cup in 1857. The "Alarm years" were 1844, 1854, 1858, 1861. 3. There are about two thousand five hundred yachts on the register, and their tonnage amounts to over one hundred and twenty thousand. 4. We cannot speak from experience. We have been informed, however, that the sensation of racing in a three-tonner is extraordinary. "It is like that of a merry-go-round, a giddy coach, a rocking-horse, and a diving-bell, all mixed up together, and life below in one is pretty nearly as tight a fit as Mr. Paul Boyton's life-saving dress."

A. E. HANDS.—Your chemist must be a funny fellow. Muriatic acid is hydrochloric acid, or rather the solution of hydrochloric acid gas in water. It usually contains about 32·6 per cent. of real HCl, and has a specific gravity of 1·16; the saturated solution of the gas has a specific gravity of 1·21, and contains about 42·4 per cent of HCl. The pure acid is colourless, but the crude acid of commerce is always yellow from the presence of iron and other impurities. See Meldola's Inorganic Chemistry, price eighteenpence, published by Murby, Ludgate Circus. Nitric acid is a different thing altogether, and a man who would mistake one for the other should not be trusted to sell drugs.

B. C. (Dublin.)—Covers for binding the paper in annual volumes can be obtained through any bookseller. Their sale price is two shillings.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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"Clean and haired . . . . I've slep' in it myself."

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE NEW SECRETARY TAKES THE REINS.

IT is high time to return to Reginald, whom we left in a somewhat dismal fashion, straining his eyes for a last sight of his mother and brother as they waved farewell to him on the Euston platform.

If the reader expects me to tell him that on finding himself alone our hero burst into tears, or broke out into repentant lamentations, or wished himself under the wheels of the carriage, I'm afraid he will be disappointed.

Reginald spent the first half-hour of his solitary journey in speculating how the oil in the lamp got round at the wick. He considered the matter most attentively, and kept his eyes fixed on the dim light until London was miles behind him, and the hedges and grey autumn fields on either hand proclaimed the country. Then his mind abandoned its problems, and for another half-hour he tried with all his might to prevent the beat of the engine taking up the rhythm of one of the old Wilderham cricket songs. That too he gave up eventually, and let his imagination wander at large over those happy school days, when all was merry, when every friend was a brick, and every exertion a sport, when the future beckoned him forward with coaxing hand. What grand times they were! Should he ever forget the last cricket match of the summer term, when he bowled three men in one over, and made the hardest catch on record in the Wilderham Close? He and Blandford—

Ah, Blandford! His mind swerved on the points here, and branched off into the recollection of that ill-starred dinner at the "Shades," and the unhealthy bloated face of the cad Pillans. How he would have liked to knock the idiot down, just as he had knocked Durfy down that night when young Gedge—

Ah, another point here and another swerve. Would Horace be sure and keep his eye on the young un, and was there any chance of getting him down to Liverpool?

Once more a swerve, and this time into a straight reach of meditation for miles and miles ahead. He thought of everything. He pictured his own little office and living-room. He drew a mental portrait of the housekeeper, and the cups and saucers he would use at his well-earned meals. He made up his mind the board-room would be furnished in green leather, and that the Bishop of S—— would be a jolly sort of fellow and fond of his joke. He even imagined what the directors would say among themselves respecting himself after he had been introduced and made his first impression. At any rate they should not say he lacked in interest for their affairs, and when he wrote home—

Ah! this was the last of all the points, and his thoughts after that ran on, on the same lines, till the train plunged into the smoke and gloom of the great city which was henceforth to extend to him its tender mercies.

If Reginald had reckoned on a deputation of directors of the Select Agency Corporation to meet their new secretary at the station he was destined to be disappointed. There were plenty of people there, but none concerning themselves with him as he dragged his carpet-bag from under the seat and set foot on the platform.

The bag was very heavy, and Shy Street, so he was told, was ten minutes' walk from the station. It did occur to him that most secretaries of companies would take a cab under such circumstances and charge it to "general expenses." But he did not care to spend either the Corporation's money or his own for so luxurious a purpose, and therefore gripped his bag manfully and wrestled with it out into the street.

The ten minutes grew to considerably more than twenty before they both found themselves in Shy Street. A long, old-fashioned, dismal street it was, with some shops in the middle and small offices at either end. No imposing-looking edifice, chaste in architecture and luxurious in proportions, stood with open doors to receive its future lord. Reginald and his bag stumbled up a side staircase to the first-floor over a chemist's shop, where a door with the name "Medlock" loomed before him, and told him he had come to his journey's end.

Waiting a moment to wipe the perspiration from his face, he turned the handle and found himself in a large, bare, carpetless room, with a table and a few chairs in the middle of it, a clock over the chimney-piece, a few directories piled up in one corner, and a bundle of circulars and wrappers in another; and a little back room screened off from the general observation with the word "private" on the door. Such was the impression formed in Reginald's mind by a single glance round his new quarters.

In the flutter of his first entrance, however, he entirely overlooked one important piece of furniture—namely, a small boy with long lank hair and pale blotched face, who was sitting on a low stool near the window greedily devouring the contents of a pink-covered periodical. This young gentleman, on becoming aware of the presence of a stranger, crumpled his paper hurriedly into his pocket and rose to his feet.

"What do yer want?" he demanded.

"Is Mr. Medlock here?" asked Reginald.

"No fear," replied the boy.

"Has he left any message?"

"Don't know who you are. What's yer name!"

"I'm Mr. Cruden, the new secretary."

"Oh, you're 'im, are yer? Yes, you've got to address them there envellups, and 'e'll be up in the morning."

This was depressing. Reginald's castles in the air were beginning to tumble about his ears in rapid succession. The bare room he could excuse on the ground that the Corporation was only just beginning its operations. Doubtless the carpet was on order, and was to be delivered soon. He could even afford not to afflict himself much about this vulgar, irreverent little boy, who was probably put in, as they put in a little watch-dog, to see to the place until he and his staff of assistants rendered his further presence unnecessary. But it did chill him to find that after his long journey, and his farewell to his own home, no one should think it worth while to be here to meet him and install him with common friendliness into his new quarters. However, Mr. Medlock was a man of business, and was possibly prevented by circumstances over which he had no control from being present to receive him.

"Where's the housekeeper?" demanded he, putting down his bag and relieving himself of his overcoat.

"'Ousekeeper! Oh, yus," said the boy, with a snigger; "no 'ousekeepers 'ere."

"Where are my rooms, then?" asked Reginald, beginning to think it a pity the "Corporation" had brought him down all that way before they were ready for him.

"Ain't this room big enough for yer?" said the boy; "ain't no more 'sep' your bedroom—no droring-rooms in this shop."

"Show me the bedroom," said Reginald.

The boy shuffled to the door and up another flight of stairs, at the head of which he opened the door of a very small room, about the size of one of the Wilderham studies, with just room to squeeze round a low iron bedstead without scraping the wall.

"There you are — clean and haired and no error. I've slep' in it myself."

Reginald motioned him from the room, and then sitting down on the bed, looked round him.

He could not understand it. Any common butcher's boy would be better put up. A little box of a bedroom like this, with no better testimonial to its cleanliness and airiness than could be derived from the fact that the dirty little watch-dog downstairs had occupied it! And in place of a parlour that bare gaunt room below in which to sit of an evening and take his meals and enjoy himself. Why ever had the "Corporation" not had the ordinary decency to have his permanent accommodation ready for him before he arrived?

He washed himself as well as he could without soap and towel, and returned to the first floor, where he found the boy back on his old stool, and once more absorbed in his paper.

The reader looked up as Reginald entered.

"Say, what's yer name," said he, "ever read 'Tim Tigerskin'?"

"No, I've not," replied Reginald, staring at his questioner, and wondering whether he was as erratic in his intellect as he was mealy in his countenance.

"'Tain't a bad un, but 'tain't 'arf as prime as 'The Pirate's Bride.' The bloke there pisons two on 'em with prussic acid, and wouldn't ever 'ave got nabbed if he 'adn't took some hisself by mistake, the flat!"

Reginald could hardly help smiling at this appetising résumé.

"I want something to eat," he said. "Is there any place near here I can get it?"

"Trum's, but 'is sosseges is off at three o'clock. Better try Cupper's—he's a good un for bloaters; *I* deals with 'im."

Reginald felt neither the spirit nor the inclination to make a personal examination into the merits of the rival caterers.

"You'd better go and get me something," he said to the boy; "coffee and fish or cold meat will do."

"No fear; I ain't a-goin' for nothing," replied the boy. "I'll do your errands for a tanner a week and your leavings, but not no less."

"You shall have it," said Reginald. Whereupon the boy undertook the commission and departed.

The meal was a dismal one. The herrings were badly oversmoked and the coffee was like mud, and the boy's conversation, which filled in a running accompaniment, was not conducive to digestion.

"I'd 'most a mind to try some prussic in that corfee," said that bloodthirsty young gentleman, "if I'd a known where the chemist downstairs keeps his'n. Then they'd 'a said you'd pisoned yourself 'cos you was blue coming to this 'ere

'ole. I'd 'a been put in the box at the inquige, and I'd 'a said yes, you was blue, and I thought there was a screw loose the minit I see yer, and I'd seen yer empty a paper of powder in your corfee while you thort nobody wasn't a-looking. And the jury 'd say it was tempory 'sanity and sooiside, and say they considers I was a honest young feller and vote me a bob out of the poor-box. There you are. What do you think of that?"

"I suppose that's what the man in 'The Pirate's Bride' ought to have done," said Reginald, with a faint smile.

"To be sure he ought. Why, it's enough to disgust any one with the flat when he goes and takes the prussic hisself. Of course he'd get found out."

"Well, it's just as well you've not put any in my coffee," said Reginald. "It's none too nice as it is. And I'd advise you, young fellow, to burn all those precious story-books of yours, if that's the sort of stuff they put into your head."

The boy stared at him in horrified amazement.

"Burn 'em! Oh, Walker!"

"What's your name?" demanded Reginald.

"Why, Love," replied the boy, in a tone as if to say you had only to look at him to know his name.

"Well then, young Love, clear these things away and come and make a start with these envelopes."

"No fear. I ain't got to do no en vellups. You're got to do 'em."

"I say you've got to do them too," said Reginald, sternly; "and if you don't choose to do what you're told I can't keep you here."

The boy looked up in astonishment.

"You ain't my governor," said he.

"I am, though," said Reginald, "and you'd better make up your mind to it. If you choose to do as you're told we shall get on all right, but I'll not keep you here if you don't."

His tone and manner effectually overawed the mutinous youngster. He could not have spoken like that unless he possessed sufficient authority to back it up, and as it did not suit the convenience of Mr. Love just then to receive the "sack" from any one, he capitulated with the honours of war, put his "Tim Tigerskin" into his pocket, and placed himself at his new "governor's" disposal.

The evening's work consisted in addressing some two hundred or three hundred envelopes to persons whose names Mr. Medlock had ticked in a directory, and enclosing prospectuses therein. It was not very entertaining work; still, as it was his first introduction to the operations of the Corporation it had its attractions for the new secretary. A very fair division of labour was mutually agreed upon by the two workers before starting. Reginald was to copy out the addresses, and Master Love, whose appetite was always good, was to fold and insert the circulars and "lick up" the envelopes.

This being decided, the work went on briskly and quietly. Reginald had leisure to notice one or two little points as he went on, which, though trivial in themselves, still interested him. He observed for one thing that the largest proportion of the names marked in the directory were either ladies or clergymen, and most of them residing in the south of England. Very few of them appeared to reside in any large town, but to prefer rural retreats "far from the madding crowd," where doubtless a letter, even on the business of the "Corporation," would be a welcome diversion to the monotony of existence. As to the clergy, doubtless their names had been suggested by the good Bishop of S——, who would be in a position to introduce a considerable connection to his fellow-directors. Reginald also noticed that only one name had been marked in each village, it doubtless being assumed that every one in these places being on intimate terms with his neighbour, it was unnecessary to waste stamps and paper in making the Corporation known to two people where one would answer the same purpose.

He was curious enough to read one of the circulars, and he was on the whole pleased with its contents. It was as follows:—

"Select Agency Corporation, Shy Street, Liverpool.—Reverend Sir" (for the ladies there were other circulars headed "Dear Madam"), "The approach of winter, with all the hardships that bitter season entails on those whom Providence has not blessed with sufficient means, induces us to call your attention to an unusual opportunity for providing yourself and those dear to you with a most desirable comfort at a merely nominal outlay. Having acquired an enormous bankrupt stock of *winter clothing* of most excellent material, and suitable for all measures, we wish, in testimony to our respect for the profession of which you are an honoured representative, to acquaint you *privately* with the fact before disposing of the stock in the open market. For £3 we can supply you with a complete clerical suit of the best make, including overcoat and gloves, etc., etc., the whole comprising an outfit which would be cheap at £10. In *your* case we should have no objection to meet you by taking £2 with your order and the balance *any time within six months*. Should you be disposed to show this to any of your friends, we may say we shall be pleased to appoint you our agent, and to allow you ten per cent. on all sales effected by you, which you are at liberty to deduct from the amount you remit to us with the orders. We subjoin full list of winter clothing for gentlemen, ladies, and children. Money orders to be made payable to Cruden Reginald, Esq., Secretary, 13, Shy Street, Liverpool."

"Hullo!" said Reginald, looking up excitedly, "don't fold up any more of those, boy. They've made a mistake in my name and called me Cruden Reginald instead of Reginald Cruden. It will have to be altered."

"Oh, ah. There's on'y a couple of billions on 'em printed; that won't take no time at all," said Master Love, beginning to think longingly of "Tim Tigerskin."

"It won't do to send them out like that," said Reginald.

"Oh yes it will. Bless you, what's the odds if you call me Tommy Love or Love Tommy? I knows who you mean. And the governor, 'e is awful partickler about these here being done to-night. And we sent off millions on 'em last week. My eye, wasn't it a treat lickin' up the envellups!"

"Do you mean to say a lot of the circulars have been sent already?"

"'Undreds of grillions on 'em," replied the boy.

Of course it was no use after that delaying these; so Reginald finished off his task, not a little vexed at the mistake, and determined to have it put right without delay.

It was this cause of irritation, most likely, which prevented his dwelling too critically on the substance of the circular so affectionately dedicated to the poor country clergy. Beyond vaguely wondering where the Corporation kept their "bankrupt" stock of clothing, and how by the unaided light of nature they were to decide whether their applicants were stout or lean, or tall or short, he dismissed the matter from his mind for the time being, and made as short work as possible of the remainder of the task.

Then he wrote a short line home, announcing his arrival in as cheerful words as he could muster, and walked out to post it. The pavements were thronged with a crowd of jostling men and women, returning home from the day's work; but among them all the boy felt more lonely than had he been the sole inhabitant of Liverpool. Nobody knew him, nobody looked at him, nobody cared two straws about him. So he dropped his letter dismally into the box and turned back to Shy Street, where at least there was one human being who knew his name and heeded his voice.

Master Love had made the most of his opportunities. He had lit a candle and stuck it into the mouth of an ink-bottle; and by its friendly light was already deep once more in the history of his hero.

"Say, What's yer name," said he, looking up as Reginald re-entered, "this here chap 'as scuttled a ship, and drowned twenty on 'em. 'E was a cute un and no error. He rigs hisself up as a carpenter, and takes a tile off the ship's bottom just as the storm was a coming on; and in corse she flounders and all 'ands."

"And what became of him?" asked Reginald.

"Oh, in corse he stows hisself away in the boat with a lifebelt, and gets washed ashore; and he kills a tiger for 'is breakfast, and——"

"It's a pity you waste your time over bosh like that," said Reginald, not interested to hear the conclusion of the heroic Tim's adventures; "if you're fond of reading why don't you get something better?"

"No fear—I like jam; don't you make no error, governor."

With which philosophical albeit enigmatical conclusion he buried his face once more in his hands, and immersed himself in the literary "jam" before him.

Reginald half envied him as he himself sat listless and unoccupied during that gloomy evening. He did his best to acquaint himself, by the aid of papers and circulars scattered about the room, with the work that lay before him. He made a careful tour of the premises with a view to possible alterations and improvements. He settled in his own mind where the directors' table should stand, and in which corner of the private room he should establish his own desk. He went to the length of designing a seal for the Corporation, and in scribbling, for his own amusement, the imaginary minutes of an imaginary meeting of the directors. How would this do?

"A meeting of directors of the Select Agency Corporation"—by the way, was it

"Limited"? He didn't very clearly understand what that meant. Still most companies had the word after their name, and he made a note to inquire of Mr. Medlock whether it applied to them—"was held on October 31st at the company's offices. Present, the Bishop of S—— in the chair, Messrs. Medlock, Blank, M.P., So-and-So, etc. The secretary, Mr. Cruden, having been introduced, took his seat and thanked the directors for their confidence. It was reported that the receipts for the last month had been (well, say) £1,000, including £50 deposited against shares by the new secretary, and the expenses £750. Mr. Medlock reported the acquisition of a large bankrupt stock of clothing which it was proposed to offer privately to a number of clergymen and others as per a list furnished by the right reverend the chairman. The following cheques were drawn:—Rent for offices for a month, £5; printing and postage, £25; secretary's salary for one month, £12 10s.; ditto, interest on the £50 deposit, 4s. 2d.; office-boy (one month), £2; Mr. Medlock for bankrupt stock of clothing, £150; etc., etc. The secretary suggested various improvements in the offices and fittings, and was requested to take any necessary steps. After sundry other routine business the Board adjourned."

This literary experiment concluded, Reginald, who after the fatigues and excitement of the day felt ready for sleep, decided to adjourn too.

"Do you stay here all night?" said he to Love.

"Me? You and me sleeps upstairs."

"I'm afraid there 's no room up there for two persons," said Reginald; "you had better go home to-night, Love, and be here at nine in the morning."

"Go on—as if I 'ad lodgin's in the town. If you don't want me I know one as do. Me and the chemist's boy ain't too big for the attick."

"Very well," said Reginald, "you had better go up to bed now, it 's late."

"Don't you think you're having a lark with me," said the boy; 'tain't eleven, and I ain't done this here Tigerskin yet. There's a lump of reading in it, I can tell you. When he'd killed them tigers he rigged hisself up in their skins, and——"

"Yes, yes," said Reginald. "I'm not going to let you stay up all night reading that rot. Cut up to bed now, do you hear?"

Strange to say, the boy obeyed. There was something about Reginald which reduced him to obedience, though much against his will. So he shambled off with his book under his arm, secretly congratulating himself that the bed in the attic was close to the window, so that he would be able to get a jolly long read in the morning.

After he had gone, Reginald followed his example and retired to his own very spare bed, where he forgot all his cares in a night of sound refreshing sleep.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Professor J. F. Hodgetts,

Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RETURN.

Great were the rejoicings in the household of the Frau von Steinfeldt when she appeared at her own home accompanied by Ivan and Anastasia. Her husband ordered a day's extra pay to be given to all the workpeople connected with his factory, and besides that a day's holiday. He could afford it, for his factory was perhaps the most renowned in the whole length and breadth of Russia, and he was known for the humane and kind treatment of those who were under his rule.

It was still winter, but the grim cold had passed away, though the snow lay thick upon the ground, affording an agreeable medium for the passage of the sledges. There were no flowers in sufficient quantity to strew them in the path of the returning wanderers, but a band of factory girls in warm schubas, and with handkerchiefs and shawls of all the colours of the rainbow round their heads, came to the sides of the sledge, each armed with a large bouquet sent on purpose from Kursk that morning. Many of the townspeople of Kursk came to be present at the return, and many were the flags and banners prepared to do honour to the good people who were doing so much to rescue the peasantry and reform their manners without interfering with their religious prejudices, a point on which the Russians are most jealously sensitive.

But Steinfeldt was not alone in his reception of his wife. He was accompanied by no less a person than Mr. Smirnoff, who had contributed very largely to the expenses of the journey. He was very curious to see Anniesie, but was a little disappointed; having expected a fair beauty, he was not prepared for a lady with blue eyes and black hair and eyebrows. The affection with which Ivan regarded her was a very holy thing in his eyes, and he felt personally grateful to her for the good she had done the boy.

There were children in the family too, and Ivan was a great wonder to them. How a boy like that could have braved so many dangers was a mystery, and the eldest son of the house, a boy of eleven, told his sisters that if *he* had undertaken the journey he should not have required the aid of the gendarmes against the wolves. Nevertheless, when the children were all alone together they made Ivan tell his story of shooting the wolves over and over again. On one of these occasions Ernst plucked up courage to dispute the way in which the first wolf had been slain.

"Did you shoot him in the eye, Ivan?"

"Yes, of course I did. Why do you ask?"

"I should have shot at his heart."

"How would you have got at it?"

"By feeling his side, as the man in India did with the tiger."

"Don't talk nonsense. How could I feel his side when his face was all I could get at? Look here, Ernst, if you know so much about it, the next time the wolves come out about Kursk you and I will go out together, and you shall give me a lesson in wolf-shooting."

Why this was received with a roar of laughter by the other children Ivan did not then know, but it came out afterwards that there had been an alarm of a wolf in their neighbourhood some days before Ivan's arrival, and Ernst had retreated to his bedroom, locked the door, crept into bed, covered himself with the bedclothes, and refused to get up until he was assured that the danger had passed away.

Steinfeldt was delighted with Ivan, whom he had always liked since he saw him swim the pond to get rid of the girlish attire that had annoyed him so, and now he found some malicious pleasure in twitting him on his return to female habiliments.

During the next day Steinfeldt went for a talk with Smirnoff, who, however, was nowhere to be found. Descending to the lower floors, he put on his schuba and high boots to look at the horses in his stable, and there he saw Ivan before him bound on the same mission. He slackened his pace, and turned into one of the outbuildings to ask some question of a groom who lived there, when all of a sudden he was startled by seeing Ivan in a little sledge which he had himself given him the day before, with a fiery black pony harnessed to it, tearing through the snow at a most reckless pace. The sledge was driven by one of Steinfeldt's steadiest drivers, who, however, was urging the little horse in a frantic manner. Steinfeldt could do nothing; he only stared in stupid astonishment as Ivan flashed past. In another moment horse, sledge, driver, and Ivan had vanished. A groom came out of the building, to which Steinfeldt now hastened, and from him he learnt that Smirnoff had suddenly taken it into his head to have Vaska harnessed to a sledge and drive out to Kursk.

"Not Vaska surely! How could you let him have an unbroken horse, as wild as a mad dog?"

"There's no denying him anything," answered the groom; "and then he understands horses."

"Not a wild Ukrain full-breed desert horse. Who is with him?"

"He would not take anybody with him, and he has been gone nearly an hour."

"What is that Ivan up to?"

"He has gone after him to aid him if possible."

"Are you all mad to allow such things?" roared Steinfeldt. "Saddle Mieschka. I will ride to Kursk and see what these wild pranks have ended in. Stay; get the dark-blue sledge ready, and let Stefan drive me."

"Ivan sprang up at the rein and headgear of the unmanageable horse."

It was some time before this order could be carried into effect, but when all was ready Steinfeldt mounted, and exclaimed to his driver, "Now then, drive as if the wolves were out!"

The man understood the order, and away they went over the snow at a splendid pace. Away—away—away! What is so exhilarating as a tearing drive over the snow in a Russian sledge? His temper was improving with the pace, and his good-humour was almost restored to its accustomed height, when a shout seemed to reach him from the distance, but not on the road! The sound came from a point far out of the beaten track.

"Hurry on," said Steinfeldt, "only be in time, something has gone wrong."

They left the beaten track, and soon they found the marks of horses and sledges in the snow. The shouting increased as they approached the spot, and they recognised other voices, among them that of Smirnoff. Steinfeldt urged his driver to use the utmost speed, when suddenly the man stopped short, exclaiming, "Why! this leads to the 'Devil's Drop,' the most dangerous precipice in all Russia!"

A few minutes more sufficed to bring them to the scene of action, and a terrible sight met their gaze. The sledge in which Smirnoff had started lay overturned and wrecked in the snow; the splashboard (behind which a driver half sits, half stands) was literally smashed to atoms; the traces had been cut, the *duga* or bow cut from the shafts, and the rest of the harness cut away from the wreck as well as possible. Smirnoff was standing with his schuba off, holding the horse on one side while the coachman who had driven Ivan held him on the other. The animal was trembling with fear—and where was Ivan? Lying a senseless mass upon the snow huddled up in his own schuba and covered with Smirnoff's. The coachman and Smirnoff were shouting, and when they saw Steinfeldt drive up they called out,

"Mind the boy! Mind Ivan! Drive gently!"

Steinfeldt sprang out in an agony. "Is he dead?" he cried.

"I think not," said Smirnoff. "Have you a wide sledge? That's all right. Now let this man and Stefan hold this brute here, or bring him back to your place. Take Ivan and me into your sledge, drive home, and on the way I will tell you how this happened."

Smirnoff now went to where the poor boy lay, removed his own schuba, then lifted the lad and placed him in the sledge.

In the meantime the grooms, drivers, dvorniks, stablemen, mujiks, and so forth, had got an inkling of danger somewhere, and Steinfeldt had not driven more than three or four versts (a verst is about four-fifths of a mile) when he saw coming towards him a number of his own people in sledges and sledge-carts. To these he gave directions to proceed to the "Devil's Drop" and assist in bringing the other men and the horse.

"But," cried one of the drivers, "where is Master Ivan's blood pony?"

"Dashed to pieces at the foot of the Drop!" was Steinfeldt's reply. "Help to bring Vashka and Stefan home as quickly as you can, and by that time the whole of this story will be known."

Away drove Steinfeldt, Smirnoff, and Ivan towards the house, and away scampered the rest towards the fatal spot.

The boy had been nearly crushed to death, and his senseless condition had been a merciful amelioration of his fate, inasmuch as he could not feel his wounds. But, on the other hand, it was dangerous in that climate, and the first thing to be done on getting home, was to remove his clothes, and restore animation by administering strong stimulants and placing him in a warm bath. Then he was got to bed, and the story was told.

"From all I can gather," said Steinfeldt, "the matter seems to be briefly this: Smirnoff took it into his head to drive Vashka. The men tried to talk him out of it, but without success. Without a driver he took this horse to drive over to Kursk! By the merest chance it would seem (if there be such a thing as chance in the world) Ivan strolled in amongst the horses just after Smirnoff's departure, and as soon as he heard what horse had been taken, without pausing a moment, he ordered his pony to be harnessed to a sledge, and got one of the men to drive him, and started in pursuit, taking the road to Kursk and tracing Smirnoff's course in the snow. All at once the traces led off from the track and bore to the right. With horror it flashed across the driver's mind that in a few minutes they must come to the Drop, a hideous precipice, at the bottom of which is a frozen lake. The side of the hill is perpendicular, and the top surface projects a foot perhaps over this perpendicular fall, because snow is held there by some shrubs and underwood, which of course give no support to great weights. Ivan seemed at once to grasp the full danger of the situation, and begged the driver to urge the animal to his wildest speed. The peasantry believe that when a horse comes within a certain number of feet of this precipice the evil spirit of the place urges the animal to throw itself headlong down. Ivan begged all the more to have the pony urged to a desperate pace.

"And sure enough they soon overtook Smirnoff, who was being hurried on to destruction by his maddened steed, which he could no more control than he could chain a torrent or stop a hurricane. He was holding in bravely and tugging at the reins with main force, while Ivan urged his pony on to continued fresh exertions, and only just in time the pony shot ahead of the somewhat retarded horse. Ivan flung himself out on the snow and sprang up at the rein and headgear of the unmanageable horse, the driver sprang out on the other side, and the maddened pony, bearing out the superstition of the place, flew over the precipice and was dashed to pieces. Meanwhile Ivan hung on to the horse, which, embarrassed by this new attack, reared up on its hind legs, shaking Ivan off. A dexterous pull from Smirnoff, aided by the driver of the pony sledge (who flung his schuba over the horse's head), resulted in bringing the animal round with his head from the precipice; but striking out furiously with his hind legs, he shattered the splashboard, wrecked the sledge, and, most unfortunately, as Ivan again rose, struck out at him, kicking him heavily in the thigh, breaking the right leg and left arm fearfully. Nor was this all. Smirnoff had been able to jump out while the shower of kicks was wrecking the sledge, but he still held the reins, while the man held the horse's head in the most desperate manner, when suddenly the beast slipped and fell, rolling over on poor little Ivan, already crushed and bleeding. When the horse was raised he was as gentle as a lamb and trembling in every limb—a child could have held him; but Ivan was senseless, and Smirnoff, fearing a chill, had taken off his own schuba to cover the boy, when I arrived with the big sledge and brought them on home."

The ladies watched Ivan through the night. The nurses were most afraid of inflammation from exposure to the cold after the wounds had been received. But the tender care of Smirnoff had prevented this when he wrapped the shattered form of the boy in his own schuba.

It was noon of the following day before the train arrived which brought Dr. Strammeller and Tenterton to the factory. The enormous size and strength of frame shown by the Prussian doctor were assuring, coupled as they were with an expression of calm confidence in himself and in his own skill. He was looking better and happier than when we saw him at Berozova, or when he came to Moscow with the Abrazoffs, whose defeat had not much affected him, inasmuch as his talents had raised him to a very high position in the medical profession at Moscow.

Tenterton had been at the Kremlin when the telegram reached him, but the count sent him off in one of his own carriages to catch the train, and sent another for the doctor, so that they were able just to be in time.

But the treatment of our hero was a slow and painful affair. The doctor from Kursk said that Strammeller was killing the boy by inches, and Steinfeldt said that *he* knew nothing about it or he would not talk such nonsense. This produced a coolness between them which was never got over. Strammeller was much interested in the wonderful affection existing between Anniesie and the boy, "which," he said, "spoke volumes for both of them." She was an excellent nurse, and never shirked her duty. Poor Ivan's leg had been cruelly shattered, and for its more perfect recovery a cradle of gypsum had to be made and applied. The arm too was broken in two places, and three of his ribs were injured. But thanks to the kind nursing of the two good women who owed him so much, the boy began to recover just as they had begun to despair of his ever looking bright again. Then came convalescence, with a wonderful couch on Strammeller's principle to aid in his recovery. And when the snow and ice had left the face of nature, gloom and sadness departed from the Steinfeldt mansion; and when the warm air of summer came, then the sunshine of hope grew stronger, and the family of the Steinfeldts became happier than ever. Ivan's ringing laugh was heard again, and it was difficult to say which was the pleasantest sound to hear, the song of the birds in that sweet summer time or the songs of the children led by Ivan as he walked with them upon the terrace. Tenterton by arrangement remained with the little invalid in whose history he had already manifested so great an interest. Let us give one of their conversations.

"I have often thought over what you told me about lying, Mr. Tenterton, and I made up my mind never to tell any more lies, not for fear of the consequences, but because I knew—I *felt*—that what you said was true about lying being so opposed to God's nature, that by committing the sin we turned ourself more and more from Him, and became more and more evil. Then came a great temptation: the dearest and best friend I had, Anniesie, you know—she was in her dreadful peril, and I *had to help* her. There was not time to stop, to hesitate, or think, I had to act."

"Don't you feel that you acted rightly?"

"Sometimes I feel as if it were all right, and then again I think what an awful lie the whole adventure was! Pretending to be the son of Marie Feodorovna—then to be her daughter! then the tricks and the little meannesses! Oh! sometimes I was very sick of it! and then again, how I enjoyed the fun of it! Do you think I was wrong in taking this journey under these circumstances, Mr. Tenterton?"

"It is difficult to justify falsehood, nor will I do it for a moment. In your case, however, you were led by others more experienced and better able to judge than you, so that, at all events, there is not the same blame attaching to you, Ivan."

"No, I don't think there is, because you see I obeyed Mr. Smirnoff as well as my own conscience; but what you said about *truth* made me uneasy. I have often wished that I could have managed without all the deception we had to practise. I always feel miserable when I think of it."

"But then your motive was good, Ivan."

"That's what the priest says, but it does not satisfy me. It cannot be right to do wrong that right may come of it; in that case we may explain away all the ten commandments if we are allowed to judge whether we may break them or not! No, you are either right or wrong, and if you are right I have been very wicked, and I cannot see how you could be wrong."

"Now look here, Ivan, I am right glad to hear you say that. Confess that part of your action which you feel was evil to Him who alone can forgive. Do not dissemble or excuse the evil, but frankly ask pardon; you will receive pardon for the past, and strength never to commit the like again, if you ask it humbly and trustingly."

(To be continued.)

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

III.—MAN OVERBOARD.

This is one of the most startling and distressing incidents likely to occur in Boy Life Afloat. Many a time a gloom has been cast over the recollection of an otherwise happy voyage by the accident of which we are writing.

Nobody, except one who has been personally through it, can imagine the agony of mind caused by seeing a shipmate—perhaps a dearly-loved friend—drifting away to leeward, close enough for the expression of mingled terror and supplication to be perceived on his countenance, and yet too far off to render the needed assistance.

This is one point in which the Royal Navy has a decided advantage over the mercantile marine. In the latter the lifebuoy generally used is the old-fashioned circular form of painted canvas filled with cork shavings, and the buoys are generally lashed to the bridge, or wherever they may be kept, thus causing a loss of precious time when their services are most needed; and finally these lifebuoys are perfectly useless on a dark night. The same complaint may be made of the boats in the merchant service. It is very seldom you come across one that can be emptied of rubbish, cast loose from the gripes, have the canvas cover unlaced, be swung outboard, lowered from the davits, and manned in less than ten or twelve minutes, which to an indifferent swimmer in a heavy sea, and lumbered with pea-jacket and sea-boots, means of a necessity—*death!*

Now let us look on the other side of the picture. The lifebuoy used in the Navy consists of two hollow iron balls, joined together by an iron tray, which contains a portfire timed to burn a quarter of an hour. This lifebuoy hangs over the stern, and can be dropped overboard by pulling a handle like a bell-pull.

At night a catch is made fast to the portfire, and the latter is lighted by a friction tube simultaneously with the fall of the lifebuoy, thus enabling the man overboard to find the buoy, and the lifeboat's crew to find the man, however dark the night may be. There is a marine stationed at the stern during the night, whose duty it is to let go the buoy in case of accidents.

We remember a laughable incident in connection with this that occurred some years ago in Sheerness Harbour.

We were on board H.M.S. D——n at the time, and one afternoon chanced to be in charge of the watch during the absence of the lieutenant. That morning an assistant-surgeon had joined, and he was very green, the D——n being the first vessel he had ever seen larger than a duck-punt.

We were pacing the quarter-deck when the medico came up and somewhat abruptly stated his desire of interviewing the captain. We replied that the captain was in his cabin.

The doctor, with the same unpleasant, overbearing manner, then inquired how he could get to the cabin or let the captain know that he wished to see him.

Just then our eyes fell on the pull of the lifebuoy, and, seized with an irresistible temptation in the shape of the spirit of mischief, we led him aft to the taffrail. Then, pointing to the handle, we suggested that he should try the visitors' bell.

In a moment the doctor gave it a vigorous pull, and the lifebuoy was quickly drifting out to sea. A boat had to be lowered to pick it up, and we incurred a justly-earned rebuke, though the doctor never heard the last of the visitors' bell to the cabin.

But the cruellest cases are when a man falls overboard, as is not unfrequently the case, in broad daylight during a heavy gale.

If he is a good swimmer he may be in sight perhaps for an hour or more, and yet it may be impossible to assist or save him. A boat cannot be lowered, and it would hazard the safety of the ship to heave-to, and so the unfortunate man has to be sacrificed and allowed to drown before the eyes of his shipmates. Some captains have very funny ideas as to the respective values of a seaman's life and a man-of-war's spars, as the following incident will show.

H.M.S. J—— was on the China station, and during one of her cruises a man happened to fall overboard. A senior midshipman, whom we will call Meter, was in charge of the watch in consequence of the lieutenant having gone below to dinner.

Directly the well-known cry was heard Bob Meter shouted out, "Let go the lifebuoy! Hard down with the helm!"

The man at the wheel obeyed his orders, the helm was put down, and the ship brought suddenly up into the wind, thus immediately stopping her way. But in consequence of the suddenness with which this was done a topmast studding-sail boom carried away and snapped short off like a carrot.

The lifeboat was lowered, and the captain came on deck almost at the same moment. He looked at the man just visible in the distance, and then at the broken studding-sail boom, and then he spoke.

"What do you mean, Mr. Meter? I've a great mind to stop it out of your pay! Do you see what you have done, sir? Never let it happen again, or you shall repent it."

The man was picked up, the boat hoisted, and sail made.

As ill-luck would have it, about three months later Bob Meter was again in charge of the watch when a seaman fell overboard from aloft. But on this occasion studding-sails were set on both sides alow and aloft, and the J—— was going through the water like a marine racehorse.

For a moment the middy hesitated. It was the studding-sail booms against the man's life, for if he stopped to shorten sail before heaving-to, the man must sink, as he had not succeeded in getting hold of the lifebuoy.

Bob decided in favour of the man's life, and sang out,

"Down with the helm! Jam it down!"

In a few moments "snap! snap!" and the thin, light spars were breaking all over the ship.

The captain came on deck infuriated, and Meter was placed under arrest; the seaman was picked up, but very exhausted, and it would have been impossible for him to have kept up another five minutes.

The following day Meter was brought before the captain, and the latter offered him his choice of paying for the booms or being tried by court of inquiry. The value of the booms would be about eighty pounds, and knowing that his friends could ill-afford such a call upon them, he chose the latter.

The court of inquiry was duly called, the evidence heard, and Mr. Meter reprimanded and also sentenced to lose six months' sea time.

Five minutes after the court had broken up the admiral of the station, who had been president of the court, shook the middy by the hand, and asked him if he would like to join his ship, as he would be pleased to have such a youngster serving under him.

But Bob respectfully declined, and rejoined the J——, which turned out lucky in the end, for the loss of the six months' time was only marked in pencil, and before they paid off the captain erased it, and gave him the time back.

For ourselves we must say that we agree with the hero of the above anecdote, and should certainly hold with what he said when on his defence before the court of inquiry.

"I am very sorry that it was necessary to disobey the captain, and destroy her Majesty's stores; but, gentlemen, if the booms had been worth eight hundred pounds instead of eighty, I should consider that a man's life was the more valuable of the two, and should I be placed in the same position again I should act in precisely the same manner."

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART IX.

An ingenious spinner, brought out in England by Mr. R. B. Marston, is shown in Fig. 6. It consists of (A) a swivel, (B) a fan-like spinner, which, being shaped somewhat like the screw of a steamer, turns the bait with great regularity and swiftness; C, a loose single hook; D, a lead core, terminating in a brass pin; E E E, triplet-hooks, which are hooked into the bait or fly loose according to the fancy of the user. This is how you bait it. Take your minnow and thrust the lead core (D) down its throat, so that the wire continuation runs down the backbone and the lead remains in the stomach. Now take C, the loose hook, and run it deeply in the back of the fish, so that it braces the latter up close to the spinner. You now have a bait with a sort of metal frill or ruff round its mouth. The swivel is then attached to the trace, and "there you are again!" as Mr. Merriman would say. The action of this little spinner is very pretty, and if three out of the nine hooks left free be inserted "judgmatically," it forms as complete a specimen of spinning tackle and as taking a one as you need desire to have in your tackle-box.

The last device for the purpose of utilising the natural minnow that I shall touch on has nothing to do with spinning proper, though the bait does in a modified way spin, and in

a very certain and effective way catch fish,

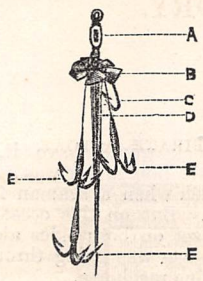


Fig. 6.

too, if used with judgment. Fig. 7 shows it.

Fig. 7.

It simply consists of a conico-cylindrical piece of lead wrapped on the shank of a hook. The method of baiting is extremely simple. The line at A is attached to a baiting-needle and passed from mouth to tail of a minnow, the hook, of course, coming out at the side of the mouth. This bait is used in the manner of a gorge-hook. You throw out, and, with an alternate movement of sink and draw, you wait till a fish takes it; then count ten, and strike. The result is disastrous—to the fish. This is rather a nasty way of fishing, however, and should not be resorted to unless it is freely allowed by the proprietor of the water or the exigencies of the stream do not admit of any other method.

(To be continued.)

Our Camp.

[*From the* "Boy's Own Summer Number."]

Ah! now is the time for a week on the river!
O'er meadows and roads you can see the heat quiver,
But here you can lie in a cool, shady nook,
Refreshing your mind with a not-too-deep book
Till warmed by a growing sensation of cramp
You push off your boat and pull to the Camp.

There comes up the Swan, with four good fellows in her,
All eager for work and more eager for dinner:
Jones has promised a salad; he pulls out his knife
And slices up lettuce and egg for his life;
Smith is cooking to-day, so we hope for a treat,
For Smith as a cook isn't easy to beat.

Now dinner is over, so put on the kettle,
(Hot water is best to take grease off the metal;)
A final cold plunge, next a row to the lock,
Then back before ten by the old village clock.
One glee round the fire and then out with the lamp,
A hearty good night; then all's still in Our Camp.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—AT SIMON'S TOWN—A DESPATCH FROM THE ADMIRALTY—A PIRATE AFLOAT.

"There was a knock at the door, and the Marine Officer entered."

That stern old Highland chieftain, McLeod, the father of Colin, was not a demonstrative man by any means, but when one morning he opened his daily paper—an exceedingly Conservative one—and read therein his son's name specially mentioned with that of other officers in a brief article under the somewhat sensational headings of

Chase and Capture of a Piratical Slaver.

Release of 500 Slaves.

Gallant Conduct of British Officers,

then, it must be confessed, it was with some degree of pardonable pride that he handed the paper across the table to Captain Peter.

Now, there is no journalism in all the wide world so fair and just as that of our own land. When we read extracts from French or Russian papers descriptive of their battles in other lands we are often obliged to pause and wonder, to place the morsel of buttered toast or the cup of tea we were raising to our lips back upon the table again untouched, as items like the following meet our view:

"Five hundred of the enemy killed!

"Our loss trifling—a sergeant and five men wounded."

The relation of such doughty deeds requires a deal of salt before it can be swallowed. Again, when some foreign nations lose a battle—I will not say the French or the Russians this time, because they, of course, never lost a battle—their journalists describe it as a brilliant engagement, in which the enemy lost heavily, and "our forces for strategic purposes took up a position fifteen miles farther to the rear."

People who can read between the lines know the real meaning of this. They can see "our forces" attacking the enemy in great force in the morning, fighting bravely and well, perhaps, but obliged at last to flee. Flee? Ay, boys, there is no other name for it; flee, and that fifteen miles is left strewn with their dead and dying. The position they take up at last "for strategic purposes" is taken up because they cannot flee any farther, the enemy being too tired to follow them, or darkness has come on and put an end to the carnage. And, oh! that dreadful huddling together of a beaten army on the night after a battle. The cold, the misery, the hunger, the confusion, the absence even of discipline, and the frequent alarms that render any attempt at sleep impossible. May no lad who reads these lines ever experience the like!

But British troops *have* been beaten in fair fight, and whenever they were our home journals have boldly stated the facts. We must all do our best in this world, and leave the rest with Him who rules the destinies of the world. Having done our duty, I do not see that we need be ashamed to hold up our heads if misfortune follows. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

But here in the account of the capture of the slaver, as described in the Highland chief's newspaper, there was just a trifle of exaggeration.

The fact is, D'Austin, the aristocratic clerk, drew up the report and then read it to his commander. The main facts of the case were stated, and though there might be a little too much varnish, still it would be a pity to cut down so much fine writing; therefore it was sent.

So Colin's father read it all over, not

once only, but twice, for he really loved his son, and he said, as he passed the paper to Captain Peter,

"It isn't so bad of the youngster, is it? Eh?"

That worthy must needs strike it with his hand a ringing smack that made old Raoul, the servant-man, jump, and set all the collies barking, then get off his seat and hobble five times betwixt the door and the fireplace, before he could speak.

"It's nothing more than I expected," he cried, at last. "I tell you what it is, McLeod, our boy will be a post-captain before he is two-and-twenty."

Colin's brother's eyes sparkled with joy. Colin's mother's eyes so swam in tears that Ronald had to read the news to her himself.

"May Heaven protect my brave boy!" she said.

"To be sure," cried Uncle Peter, slapping his wooden leg. "To be sure. Heaven will protect him. Come, come, woman, it is laughing you should be instead of blubbering; only," he added, "there is never any accounting for anything a woman does. But I tell you what, sister, I feel so brim full of joy and hilarity that if I had two legs instead of one I'd just dance. Raoul, off with you, and tell Dominie Clayton to come over here at once. Tell him there is news from Colin. Tell him—"

But Raoul was away, flying like an old ferret, without his hat as usual.

In less than half an hour Raoul was back again, and with him the dominie, poor old Clayton, wreathed and wrinkled in smiles.

And what a forenoon of it Uncle Peter and he did hold to be sure!

* * * *

Meanwhile the Theodora was quietly lying in Simon's Bay, and on that very forenoon Mildmay, quite recovered now, sat with his captain in the cabin engaged in conversation.

Between them was a despatch which had only that morning been received from the Admiralty.

"No, Mr. Mildmay," the captain was saying, "these are not slavers that are doing the mischief. They are pirates out and out."

"Well, yes," replied Mildmay; "and I know some little thing about them too. You know I was up in the Persian Gulf before serving against these liliputian pirates. They were junks and dhows, mostly the latter. Their crews were cut-throats of many different nationalities, the sweepings of the streets of Bombay and Calcutta, half-caste Portuguese from Goa, Arabs from the eastern shores of Africa, a few scoundrels of Chinamen, and may be, though not often, one or two Persians or Hindus. But," added Mildmay, "these last I have seldom found to be very fond of that kind of work any more than we are. They are fonder of trade."

"Ah, Mr. Mildmay, you know more about them than I do, evidently."

Mr. Mildmay could not help thinking that he knew a good many other things that his worthy captain was scarcely conversant with, only he did not say so.

"But," said Captain Blunderbore, "there are more than small fry here to be caught, for here is particularly described a pirate—a real pirate, of the name of Gaspar Moravo."

"Yes," said Mildmay, "I know him."

"You know him!"

"I do, and so does Golava. Indeed Golava knows a deal more about the fellow than I myself do. But Moravo was not always a pirate."

"Well," said Blunderbore, laughing, "I don't suppose he was born a pirate."

"My dear sir, I'm glad I amuse you; but really, although Gaspar Moravo was not born a pirate, it was next thing to it. I know quite a deal about the fellow's history. He was singularly enough transformed from an honest slave-dealer—if I may be allowed for once to use the word 'honest' in connection with so dastardly a calling—to a pirate."

"No, don't say 'honest' slave-dealer, Mildmay, say 'veritable.'"

"Veritable, then," said Mr. Mildmay.

"And you have met this Gaspar Moravo?"

"Years ago, sir," replied the lieutenant, "when out on the east coast, he commanded the Spartan, and many a good cargo of slaves he used to run from the more southerly shores of Africa to Zanzibar and farther north. Indeed, there is no saying where he did not sail in that rascally ship of his. Nor does any one know one tithe of the black and cowardly deeds this piratical scoundrel has been guilty of in his time. A slaver he was and is by trade, but the most merciless villain unhung. In a gale of wind off the Comoros once I was told he consigned no less than one hundred and fifty poor wretches to a watery grave, as an Atlantic liner sometimes does cattle, to lighten his ship. He did not draw the line at what—compared to his deeds—might be called legitimate slaving; he attacked, burned, and sank many an Indian craft, keeping only the black hands, ruthlessly murdering the white.

"I was the means, under God's providence," continued Mildmay, "of clearing the sea of this ocean scourge for a time. In boats I attacked him. It was out on the low sandy shores north of Bareda. He beached his vessel, but escaped inland with most of his cut-throat crew. Only once I saw him after. It was in the slave-market of Lamoo. He passed me quickly, but as he did so he hissed out the one word—

"'Revenge!'"

"Well," said Captain Blunderbore, "I trust that before very long he will have an opportunity of taking his revenge on you."

"If he can."

"Yes, if he can."

There was a knock at the door, and Captain West, the marine officer, entered to make a report.

"Another time," he said. "I didn't know you were busy."

"Come in," cried the captain. "We have had a despatch from England. Is your sword sharp, West?"

West smiled.

"My servant sees to that," he said. "But what is on the books, sir? A little fighting up the channel? Slavers? An outbreak at Port Natal? Another Kaffir war?"

"Ah! you wouldn't guess in a month," replied the captain.

"In that case I must beg for information."

"We're going to have a hunt for pirates."

"Whew!" whistled West, and so astonished was he that he dropped into a chair without invitation.

Captain West was a remarkable man in many respects. Probably nobody enjoyed life more thoroughly than he did, but in so quiet a way that he seemed a wonder to all who knew him. About five-and-thirty he might have been, round rather handsome face, with fair beard and moustache, and hair cut so short you really could not have told the colour of it.

West painted in oil and water colours, and his sketches of foreign lands had graced many a page of the London illustrated papers. West played too, and had a piano in his cabin which occupied fully one half of it. Indeed so big was this piano that the cot in which West slept had to be slung over it. When playing his whole life and soul was bound up in his performance. He was then the musician and nothing else. West was a good swordsman, and a good shot with the revolver, and about the coolest Englishman under fire one could imagine. He never talked a great deal—that was another of his peculiarities.

I must be allowed here to tell one short anecdote of him. It will serve to illustrate his character.

It was at the capture of a kind of slave depôt in a mangrove forest out on the east coast. There were there about six hundred slaves in all, and the Arabs to whom they belonged made a most determined resistance, both inside and outside the palisades, or bulwarks, as our blue-jackets called them.

It was hot work, but the Arabs had the worst of it.

Now West had behaved with no conspicuous gallantry, it is true, but with all the *sang froid* and military etiquette he would have displayed at a parade on the square of Chatham barracks. He was dressed too during the fight in the most correct fashion. And the following is something very like the little speech he made to his men just before they boarded the palisade. They were all of them red marines, by the way.*

"I say, you fellows," he said, "I know you'll do your duty. Marines always do. Ahem! I was going to make a speech, but there is such a confounded row!" Here he drew his sword and pointed to the enemy. Then, "Away, men," he shouted, "West is with you."

Shortly after this he had been seen in the enemy's midst fighting bravely enough, but he appeared to single out the very best Arab swordsmen, and when fighting he was evidently studying their tactics, and when a man fell at last under his superior skill he looked disappointed.

But now there sat Captain West, looking at his chief with very open eyes indeed.

"I had thought," he said, at last, "that pirates had gone out of fashion. What does this fellow we are going to smash look like, Captain Blunderbore?"

Then Captain Blunderbore told him all he knew.

After this, all that dear, funny, fat old Golava had told them was commented on, and so, what with the knowledge contained in the despatch from home, the information given by Mildmay, and that vouchsafed by the genial but garrulous Golava, the history of the pirate, Gaspar Moravo, or, as West persisted in calling him, the "nautical

* Red marines—men of the R.M.L.I. (Royal Marine Light Infantry), called red from the colour of their coats or jackets.

marauder," was finally pretty well elicited.

Now, as this identical individual, Gaspar Moravo, did really exist and do a deal of mischief round the shores of India, China, and the Persian Gulf, I shall in the next chapter give a short account of him.

Mildmay, West, and Captain Blunderbore sat talking in the cabin till two bells, then they were asked to stay to luncheon.

The ports of the Theodora were open, and from those of Captain Blunderbore's cabin such a view was visible as one may roam the wide world over, as the song says, and not see surpassed.

A bay that is more of a gulf, so long and extended is it, surrounded on both sides by rocks and mountains, but possessing a horizon of its own at the head.

At present it is sleeping in the sunlight. Clouds there are in the sky, just a few long white flakes here and there, but nothing to overshadow the blue, *blue*, cool-like, smooth, transparent water. All the mountains are a mass of charming tints and colours—greens, browns, and purples, and shades of crimson. The day is hot; it is midsummer in this part of the world, and will be Christmas in a week's time. There is hardly a breath of air to raise a ripple on the water, but above the table a white punkah is hung, and the very smallest second-class boy in the ship is squatting in a distant corner pulling the string.

Dr. M'Gee is on shore collecting specimens, and Quentin Steele is with him, for there really is nothing doing on board.

Only Mr. Gayly, the wasp-waisted smart little Gayly, deems it his duty to walk the snowy quarter-deck, if only to see that the signalman keeps a good look out.

The officers at lunch in the captain's cabin can hear Mr. Gayly's light tread just over their heads; it is a very regular one, and so light that it does not annoy them in the slightest.

But suddenly there is a break in its rhythm. Gayly has stopped. He is looking at something, that is evident.

Then they hear Gayly's voice.

"Signalman there!"

"Yessir."

"Are you asleep?"

"Asleep, sir, no."

"But I say you are, sir. You *are* asleep. Don't dare to contradict me, sir."

"Well, beggin' yer pardon, I—"

"Don't beg pardons, but keep your eyes skinned. Can't you see they are signaling from the Admiral's office?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I sees it now. Thank'ee, sir.

"Signalling to the flag-ship they bees, sir. Ship coming in, but nearly becalmed. A barque."

"Do you hear?" said Mildmay; "did you hear, sir?"

"Yes, I hear, and I do hope it is Benbow come at last."

(To be continued.)

TOM STANTON: A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

FEELING certain that he should meet no one that night, Tom ran on till he was tired. Then turning into a field at the side of the road, he hastily changed his clothes for those which he was carrying, and making a bundle of his own things, he hid them carefully in a ditch, and turning away felt secure from recognition.

And certainly the disguise was perfect. His face was still soiled with the smoke and heat of the fire, while the thick rough clothes completely concealed his slight erect figure. Standing still for a moment, he looked back and listened. Not a sound was to be heard save the occasional rustle of a leaf, but the glow of the fire could still be seen in the distance, though apparently much subdued.

Tom had not much money in his pocket, and he counted it now discontentedly as he continued his way along the road. One thing was evident, he would have to walk all the way, for the money he had would only provide him with food for a day or two. He knew he was going in the right direction for the sea, but he made up his mind to keep off the roads during the day, and to try to do as much travelling as he could after dark, for that pursuit was certain he was aware.

Excited and buoyed up by the feeling of freedom, he walked on unconscious of fatigue, till by the time the sun was well up he had put some miles between himself and his late home. Till now he had apparently had the road to himself, but seeing a cart in the distance, his resolution of the night before occurred to him, and, leaving the road, he entered a small wood which lay at one side of the way. Securely hidden, he sat to watch the cart rumble by, and while so sitting on the grass sleep overcame him and held him unconscious for several hours. Then the light of a stray sunbeam which had penetrated the trees and was playing on his face awoke him, and he sat up wondering where he was. But soon memory brought back the events of the night before, and he started to his feet with the dread of pursuit, which is the runaway's constant terror.

With many a turn of the head and pause to listen, he continued his way, sometimes contriving by crossing the fields and creeping through hedges to avoid a long bend of the road. He was so anxious to get on and to leave the neighbourhood through which he might be sought far behind that he hardly noticed the pains of hunger which began to assail him, until about the middle of the day when, as he passed a cottage standing alone, he saw a little boy at the door eating a slice of bread. The sight reminded him of the necessity of providing food for himself now that there was no one else to do it, and he stood still a minute trying to make up his mind to apply here.

The little fellow with the bread seeing a bigger boy than himself hungrily watching him, prudently went inside, and Tom, with none of his former pride left, lifting the latch of the gate, walked up the little path and knocked timidly enough at the door.

The little boy inside called "Mother!" and with a noise of thick shoes on a brick floor, a woman appeared. She looked very big, red-faced, and rough to Tom, but she spoke to him kindly, calling him "my lad," and asking what he wanted. Tom had some difficulty in stammering out that he was hungry, and wanted something to eat.

"You're not on the tramp, surely?" asked the woman, looking at him doubtfully.

"No," answered Tom, hanging his head as if to hide his burning face. "If you will give me something I can pay for it," and he held out a shilling.

The woman laughed.

"Put up thy money, lad," she said. "It isn't much you'll get from me; but, such as it is, you can have it and welcome. You're not from these parts I can hear by your talk. From Lunnon, perhaps?"

"Yes," said Tom, anxious to stop her questions.

"And where's thy father, then?"

"Close by here," said Tom, in desperation. "I am going to him."

"Ah! well, here's all I've got to give except a drink of well-water, if you'd like that?"

Tom accepted gratefully, and, with a large piece of bread in his hand, bade "good day" to the woman, and went on quickly. He did not know how hungry he was until he tasted the food, and then this bread, which had looked so uninviting, seemed to him the best he had ever eaten, and he only wished that there were more of it.

The rest of the day was spent in alternate walking and resting. Towards evening Tom's road led him through a small town, where he ventured into a shop and bought some meat and bread, for he felt his strength was beginning to fail, and supposed it was for want of proper food. He got out of the town and into the fields again before he began to eat, but was surprised to find that even the sight of the meat did not tempt him, and that all he cared for was some of the bread, with a draught of water from a little stream by which he was sitting. How long ago it seemed now since he was at home in his uncle's house! Surely it could not have been only the night before that the fire took place! Days seemed to have passed since then. He was getting on well on his way to the sea; but he must try to find out what towns lay before him, and which would be best for his purpose. It was dark enough now for him to trust himself on the road, and he walked a good distance before fatigue compelled him to seek out a dry spot under a hedge well hidden from the road, where he slept till the chill of daybreak awoke him, and made him glad to walk on to warm himself.

And in this way several days passed. Through sunshine, rain, and the darkness of night, Tom still plodded on, throwing himself down in some hiding-place to rest when his limbs refused to carry him any farther, and eating very little, for a strange distaste for food had come over him. His head, too, felt heavy and confused; he hardly knew sometimes where he was, and once or twice he found himself talking out loud to people whom he had fancied were with him. It was always his father and friends whom he had known in India that he thought he saw. All the time spent in his uncle's house seemed blotted out of his memory for the time. Only through all his bewilderment a pressing anxiety to escape made itself felt, and often he would start from a troubled sleep to run on his way, as if the pursuit he dreaded were close at hand.

It was early one morning when the first sight of the sea broke on his view. From the high ground which his road had been gradually ascending suddenly he saw a blue expanse stretching far away into the distance. With a cry of joy and relief he began to run towards it, though his swimming head and growing exhaustion soon made him moderate his pace. With eyes looking far away before him, he still kept the road, and soon the passers-by were too many for him to attract any attention.

Midday found him in the streets of Southampton, footsore and limping, with sunburnt face and hands, and soiled, torn clothes. Muttering to himself and pointing forwards, he still struggled on, but the number of streets seemed to bewilder him, and he stopped sometimes and looked about him wildly as if lost.

It was then that a policeman went up and spoke to him, asking him if he wanted to find any place. Tom looked as if he did not understand, but then said, "The sea," adding some confused words and explanations, out of which his hearer could make no sense.

Grave and puzzled, the policeman stood listening till suddenly Tom's face lighted up, and turning to a native Indian servant who was passing with a child in his arms, he addressed him in Hindustani.

Standing still and looking doubtfully at the appearance of the boy, the man stood listening, while Tom broke into a flood of explanations in the language which had once been so familiar to him.

Then his dark hearer salaamed, and spoke gently and respectfully to him in reply, and, turning to the policeman, asked him, in broken English, to come with the boy to his master, who was in a hotel close by.

Willingly Tom accompanied his dark guide, and, as if in a dream, found himself soon afterwards being spoken to by a tall, military-looking man, who asked him some questions which the boy tried to answer, for he felt as if here all his troubles had come to an end, and that soon he should be with his father.

He did not know how he got to bed, only he found himself there after a time; but his head was too heavy and he was too tired to care. Many people came to look at him, he thought, and he talked to them all, and wondered why they never answered and were always changing. He did not see any one he knew among them, but perhaps he was on board ship going to his father.

Then it was as if he sank into a sleep troubled with dreams, during which he seemed doomed to wander for ever in strange desolate places, where he could find no rest. His head was burning, and though he sought everywhere for water he could find none. Choking with thirst, he seemed to fall on the ground with a cry for help, and then before him, as in a picture, he saw the home he had so lately left. There stood the old house amongst its tall green trees, while the moat shone clear and cool in the sunlight. While gazing towards this vision with longing, regretful eyes, Tom sank into deeper unconsciousness, in which all dreams and fancies were lost.

When he awoke, after a long, long time, he was surprised to find that a weight seemed to lie on every limb. He could not raise himself, only his eyes wandered round the strange room, while he feebly wondered where he was.

What had happened? and how had he come here? And that old woman, who was looking at him so anxiously, who was she? He tried to speak to ask her a question, but the words would not come, and he could only look up at her with earnest, inquiring eyes. She spoke to him softly, gave him something to drink, arranged his pillows, and bade him try to rest; and in his weakness his heavy eyelids closed involuntarily, and a long dreamless sleep brought him the refreshing rest which he had longed for in all the wanderings of fever.

It was evening when he awoke again, and the red light shone on some clouds which he could see from the window. He lay for a time quietly watching them, too weak to care much about anything, but content to lie still, with no thought beyond the present.

Then the old woman came to look at him again, and he tried to smile at her. She blessed his heart, and told him he was a man again, and would soon be up and as well as ever. But she would not let him talk, and, after giving him some food, left him to fall asleep once more.

But in his sleep dreams came to him, and he thought that he was again among all the friends who cared for him. His father was there, but as Tom ran towards him with a cry of joy the face which had always looked at him in kindness was turned away, and no word of greeting fell from the cold closed lips.

Conscience-stricken, Tom turned away. Yes, they were all there—his uncle looking at him with grave, troubled eyes, Jack sitting with his arm round his dog, while Bertie stood near with his eyes on the ground.

The boys could not bear to look at him then. They felt, like his father, that he had disgraced himself, and now he was no longer to be one of them. He must go away; no one would hold out a hand to him any more. He was cast off, and in future must be a stranger to his own people.

Turning hopelessly away then, he saw a dark shadow beside him, and looking up met the evil smile of Bart. Holding out his hand, the man bent down to whisper, but with a cry of loathing and despair the boy dashed the hand away and hid his eyes. Then it seemed as if an arm were laid on his shoulder, and the voice of little Bertie spoke to him words of comfort. He hardly knew what was said, but the voice continued to speak, while a hand led him back to where his father was standing. In his deep humiliation Tom dared not look up, but a stream of love and repentance broke in tears from his eyes as he stammered, "Father, I have sinned."

Then he awoke, with the heavy tears still on his face, but a hope of forgiveness and comfort creeping into his softened heart. Awoke to find himself lying in the dim sick-room, with the light of the night-lamp shining on the figure of his old nurse sleeping in her chair. Awoke to find himself alone amongst strangers, but awake at last to his own wrong-doing, folly, and ingratitude. Surely he had been sleeping all the time until now, or whence had come this new light which showed him all his past in its true colours? The face which was turned to the dim lamp was very pale and thin, but the earnest eyes were full of a brave resolve to repair as much as possible the evil which had been done.

When the old nurse bent over her patient in the early morning she found him in the restful sleep of returning health, and smiled to herself as she thought how her care had brought him through his severe illness. She was busying herself about the room when she heard herself called by a faint voice, and going to the bed found the boy too eager to talk for her to be able to stop him.

He wanted to know where he was, how he had come there, and if any one had written to his friends.

To the last question she could only say "No," as here no one knew where he had come from or who his friends were. A gentleman from India had made arrangements for him to be taken care of. He had had to go away with his family, but Mr. Carter, the landlord, wrote to him every day to say how the boy was getting on.

"What has been the matter with me, then?" asked Tom, wonderingly.

"Dear heart! nothing but the measles. But you took them rather badly from wandering about while you had them on you, that's how it was, you see. And all of us a-wondering how it was you came to be here all alone. The colonel's native servant said as you had run away, he thought. Was that it, lovey?"

"Yes," said Tom, while a faint colour came into his pale cheeks; "but I should like some one to write now, to let my uncle know where I am."

So a letter was written not very long after, which brought Mr. Stanton at once to the boy's bedside. Tom had been watching and listening for him longingly, and held out two trembling hands as his uncle entered the room. In his weakness the tears ran down his face, as he tried to utter something of the sorrow and repentance he felt. Ah! there was support and comfort in the firm, kind hands which held his, and nothing but love and compassion in the eyes into which he looked.

Long and quietly the two spoke together, and Tom resolved, with God's help, to keep his mouth henceforth from falsehood, and his feet from the paths of deceit. He saw the cowardice which had led him to try to hide one fault by another, and understood now something of the hopelessness of trying to escape the consequences of wrong-doing. He was anxious to hear all that had happened since the night of the fire, and listened with tingling ears as his uncle told him how Bart, in the first terror of

escape from an awful death, had made a clean breast of his share in the late transactions.

He had confessed how, with Tom's help, he had got an impression of the granary key, from which he had had one made, and under cover of darkness had visited the granary whenever he wanted food for his beasts; how one night, when he was concealed inside, the coachman, whose suspicions were excited, had put a padlock on the door and locked him in; how, being unable to escape otherwise, he had set fire to the granary, hoping to slip out unseen in the confusion; how the fire had remained unobserved so long that the smoke had overpowered him, and he thought that he was to die; how, if the squire would let him off this once, he would promise never to come near the place any more—with much more in the same strain.

The holidays were over, Tom heard with surprise, and Jack and Bertie had gone back to school. Thence Tom was to follow them when he was perfectly well; but in the meantime he was to be taken, as soon as he could be moved, back to the old house, where, in the fresh pure air of the country, he would regain the strength which he had lost.

"Your fellow-invalid is getting all right again," said Mr. Stanton, with a smile.

"Who is that?" asked Tom, looking surprised.

"Why, Sam, the gardener's boy. You caught your measles from him, you know." (THE END.)

UNDER THE TREES IN JUNE.

By the Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A.

(*See the Coloured Plate.*)

JUNE has come at last, bright, breezy, and full of sunshine. The hedgerows are gay with bright, scented flowers; the bees are all busily at work from early dawn to sunset; butterflies are skimming hither and thither, or settled on a spray of hawthorn, or buried in a yellow cowslip, are opening and shutting their wings in the warm light and trying to look as busy as the bees. But we, clever people as we are, know better than this; and so, instead of idling in bed this fine morning, will be off for a stroll through the wood. If you like, it shall be a bit of the New Forest in Hampshire.

This is a grand place for butterflies, beetles, and insects of all kinds; hares, rabbits, and other wild creatures; and countless birds; besides a great variety of forest trees, among which, first and chief, comes the Oak. First and chief he ought to be, as the lion among the beasts or the eagle among the birds, and very proud are Englishmen of him; counting him a sort of royal tree for strength, majesty, and endurance. His name, "Robur," signifies strength, and long before the time of the Druids—who get their name from a Greek word signifying an "oak"—and their groves of oak, down to our own time, England has been famous for her noble oak-trees. One has been known to live—ay, and to be a fine hale tree—for five or six hundred, some say seven or eight hundred, years; standing as firmly and proudly in his old age as when a mere youngster of a hundred or so.

About a century ago, in this very forest, there stood a gigantic old oak, stretching its huge, knotted branches some forty feet each way. The great body of the tree was all "knees and crooks," as the shipbuilders used to call them; the main trunk was not more than twenty feet in length, but six in diameter at the top, as sound as a ripe nut and hard as iron. *One* of his mighty branches was as big as an ordinary tree, and no carriage in the county was found strong enough to bear its weight. When divided up it yielded two-and-thirty loads of hewn timber, besides fagots of firewood enough to defray all expenses of carriage. Close to the ground, where it was cut, it was twelve feet in diameter, and showed some three hundred rings, or rounds, of annual growth.

The famous "Royal Oak" at Boscobel, in Shropshire, got its name from the fact that after his perilous defeat at the Battle of Worcester Charles II. lay hidden among the branches for many days, while the soldiers vainly scoured the country all round in search of him. It was then a fair, spreading tree, the boughs thickly lined with ivy, but is now a poor, shattered, old, bare trunk, with a brick wall built all round it to keep off the fingers of curious visitors.

There are many grand old oak-trees in England, but there is no one grander or more famous than "the Cowthorpe Oak" near Weatherby, Yorkshire. This aged giant of the forest is said to be upwards of sixteen hundred years old, and, though now fast falling into decay, has still one living branch upwards of fifty feet long and ten feet in girth. Fifty men may easily stand up together within the hollow trunk, and it must have been a goodly tree in the days when the savage Britons stained their bodies with woad and Druids cut down the mistletoe with a golden knife.

After such a giant as this, if you wish to meet with a pigmy, take a run down to Whistman's Wood, in the middle of Dartmoor, and there you will find a grove of three or four hundred ragged and stunted oak-trees, about ten or twelve feet high, covered with moss and ivy, and twisted into all sorts of wild, fantastic shapes among the blocks of granite that crowd every hillside and valley.

But we must hurry on to the edge of the wood—through that long winding lane, with tall green Elms on either side of us. How jolly it is to get into the shade, after the blazing sunshine, which only peeps in now and then through the leafy hedge, and makes the shadows seem all the deeper. The elm is a tall, graceful tree, but quite a stripling when compared to the tough old oak, reaching his prime when about a hundred and fifty years old. He is of no service to the shipbuilder, but the coffin-maker finds him most useful; and as long as people *will* be buried in wooden coffins, planks of elm will fetch a good price. More than a dozen kinds of elm are to be found in England, all pretty much alike in general appearance, except the Wych elm, a shorter and more stunted tree, with smaller leaves and of inferior timber. The bark of the Wych elm, being tough and flexible, is used in Wales for mending thatch; and a sprig of it is sometimes stuck into the side of the churn by dairymaids, as a sort of charm, so they say, *to make the butter come.*

The elm, when it has plenty of light and space, grows to be a fine lofty tree, with tier after tier of graceful spreading branches, and is among the first to put on a robe of bright, fresh, green leaves, when April showers have got all things ready for sunny May. The Great Wood Tortoise-shell Butterfly is very fond of the elm; and on some hot mornings in August you may see as many as three or four of these swift flyers sunning themselves on the trunk of a hollow tree.

The lane brings us out just opposite to the great clump of Beech-trees, which you saw from the window of the railway-carriage half a mile away on the hillside, all in a shining mantle of dark green, with here and there a touch of purple or brown among the thick crowd of leaves. But the beech seldom gets to his full size and strength when one of a clump. The seed should be planted well out in the open, where there is plenty of air and sunshine, and then in about ten years it will grow to a sturdy tree of fair height, reaching its full stature at fourscore. In the autumn the leaves of the beech turn to a golden red, and if gathered when dry are said to make good mattresses; while the crop of beech-nuts are capital food for poultry as well as pigs, which are often turned out into the forest to run wild and grow fat. Squirrels are specially fond of the beech-tree, and in spring-time like nothing better than to tear off long strips of the outer bark so as to get at the tender inner bark, which is juicy as a nut.

The wood of the beech, though tolerably hard, is easily worked, and can be cut into very thin slices, which are used for many purposes, especially pottles and light baskets for fruit. The French peasantry, too, use this white hard wood for making their *sabots*, or wooden shoes; a fagot of beech makes the jolliest of Christmas fires, and the best of all charcoal. Among the dead leaves in a beech-wood are to be found two curious kinds of fungus—one, the "morel," an odd-looking sort, of a mushroom-shape; and the other, called "the truffle," a sort of underground fungus, that when dug up looks like a warty potato; both are said to be very good eating.

But it is time to get out of the shady grove of beeches, and have a look at the clump of Sycamores at the edge of the wood. The sycamore is one of the commonest of our large trees, and, though not a native of England, easily takes root in almost any moist ground, and reaches its full growth in fifty or sixty years. It is a leafy, graceful tree, and in spring-time its drooping clusters of greenish blossom attract many bees, who find in them a good supply of honey when few honey-bearing flowers are yet fully out. It is sometimes called a sort of Plane, and was counted rather a scarce tree in the fourteenth century, though it is now found in almost every hedgerow. The sap is very abundant, and when distilled yields a goodly quantity of sugar; especially one variety called the sugar-maple, found in great numbers in Canada and New Brunswick. In old-fashioned days the sycamore was in great demand for making wooden platters, being close-grained and not apt to warp; while in Eastern countries it was still more widely used for mummy-chests such as are found in the catacombs. Every schoolboy knows what capital whistles can be made out of a bit of sycamore; and not long ago I saw in a Hampshire village more than a dozen made out of one branch, with notes ranging from lower C to upper F, all as clear and smooth as the voice of a thrush.

But however fond the bees may be of the sycamore, their favourite haunt is a grove of Limes, and beekeepers will tell you that the honey gathered from the yellow blossom of the lime is the best and daintiest to be had. In the sultry days of July and August nothing can be pleasanter than its leafy shade; the fragrance of the flowers is delicious, and if you stand still for a moment or two you will find the air is full of the murmur of myriads of busy bees, all hard at work among the

boughs overhead. The timber is much used by carvers, who easily cut it with fine saws into all sorts of shapes, especially for sounding-boards of pianos, while many curious mats are made out of the tough inner bark. It is one of the sunniest and most graceful of our trees, and has been so long settled in England as almost to be counted a native. If left to grow in its own fashion it becomes a noble tree, but, being easily trimmed, gardeners are sometimes fond of cutting it into all sorts of barbarous shapes.

Somewhat like it in general outline, though of much darker foliage, is the Walnut, a large spreading tree with a rough trunk and strong crooked branches, which originally came to us from Persia, Greece, and Italy, and now grows abundantly all over Europe. English walnuts are not so large as some of the foreigners, but make up in sweetness what they lack in size. The walnut grows wild in Tartary, where a single tree is said in some years to produce a crop of forty or fifty thousand nuts. When full grown the wood is hard, compact, and of a dark colour, veined and shaded with light-brown; and before mahogany was discovered walnut was much used for making furniture and boxes of all kinds. Now its chief use is for gunstocks, as it does not easily warp, and can hardly be matched for lightness and strength. The juice of the leaves and the husk yields a rich brown stain—as you may easily find out by shelling a few dozen of ripe nuts, and so make your fingers as brown as a gipsy's.

And here at last, outside the forest, we come upon a little winding brook of sparkling water, and not far off a range of tall Lombardy Poplars, which are said to get their name from a Greek word (πταιπτάλλω, to quiver) on account of the tremulous motion of their leaves. There are many varieties of this tree, such as the white poplar, the grey, the black, as well as the trembling poplar, or Aspen, which is about the most graceful of them all, unless it be a great clump of old weather-beaten Lombards such as you may see even now on Wandsworth Common. They are very old and ragged, their trunks are hollow, many of the great branches having been torn away by the storms, so that they are not much like the sugar-loaf shape sometimes found in pictures.

The poplar grows very rapidly, the wood being soft and light, and of little use; and though the foliage is heavy the leaves are nearly always in motion. Look up, now, and you will see that they are all in a sort of quivering, trembling state, though you can hardly feel a breath of air moving.

Just below, farther down the stream, is a Weeping Willow, with her long streamers, like green ribands, drooping over the water, as if she were in mourning for the whole grove. She seems to have got her name of "weeping willow" from the days of the people of Israel, who, when captives in Babylon, sat down among the willows by the stream and wept "when they remembered Zion."

There are more than fifty kinds of willow in Great Britain, and nearly all of them rejoice to grow by the watercourses, streams, and brooks. Some are trees, some shrubs, from ten to sixty feet in height, but all pine for water. The wood is soft and durable, with a sort of spring in it that is good for cricket-bats; it makes good firewood, while the bark is useful to tanners. But above all, one kind of willow (the common Osier) is specially needed for the manufacture of baskets, and in many parts of England—as in Cambridgeshire and Oxfordshire, Hants and Berkshire—hundreds of acres of marshy land are carefully laid out for the growing of withies or osiers for this very purpose.

The Ash abounds all over England, and, next to the oak, is always counted as a thoroughly English tree, being noted for strength, beauty, and a long life. It puts on its robe of green rather late in the year, when most of the trees are in full leaf, and is often found growing in strange, out-of-the-way situations, such as church towers, crags, and old ruins, where the hand of man could not have planted it. This is owing to its having a winged seed, which is easily carried away by the wind to these odd place, and there takes root. The timber of the ash is valuable, being tough and elastic, and put to many uses—for ploughs, axletrees, and harrows, while it makes good oars, carts, ladders, walking-sticks, and bows. The roots of the ash always take, if they can, a horizontal direction, and thus, being near the surface, check the growth of grass and other vegetation. But the branches, some ten or twenty feet up, stretch in all directions, and make a noble tree.

Still more noble and more beautiful is the Chestnut, sometimes called "Spanish," but having a good claim to be counted as a thoroughly English tree, even as far back as Queen Elizabeth's time there having then been at Milton, in Kent, a chestnut wood of 278 acres, besides many other such woods in Hertfordshire. Possibly the Romans may have brought it over into Britain, and so it has had a good long time to settle and claim all the rights of an Englishman. If you want to see it in perfection you must travel as far as Italy, where you will find whole forests of it, which clothe the mountain side. The nuts, so well known, grow in a rough, prickly shell, which splits open and falls when thoroughly ripe, and are better eating when roasted than raw, though some hardy boys will eat them uncooked. In parts of France and Italy they are ground up and made into wholesome, sweet bread, or into porridge with milk.

Its relation, the "Horse-chestnut," is not so called because of horses being fond of it, but simply because if you pull out a leaf from the young shoot you will find on the bark the figure of a horse's shoe. The nuts are bitter and uneatable. The tree itself rises to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and in early spring is crowned with large clusters of white, pink, and yellow blossoms, not only beautiful to look at, but with store of honey for the bee. The leaves change colour and fall early in autumn; the timber is soft and poor, and of little use.

Lastly, we come to the group of Scotch Firs and Evergreens, for which we must wander away a mile or two from the forest, until we get to that lonely farmhouse on one of the high ridges of dry moorland pasture so often found in Hants. All the tribe of fir-trees are *Coniferæ*, or cone-bearers, and all expressly fitted, by firmness of root and hardiness of nature, to bear stormy winds and rough weather. They will grow among bare crags, and in the driest, sandiest soil stretch out their roots far and wide in a direction parallel with the soil, so as to catch the first chance of a drop of rain. They usually grow in a clump or cluster, just as you may now see on the brow of the hill, where three or four old, weather-beaten Scotch firs, or Pines, stretch their wiry branches to the sky. In some parts of Scotland you will find thick woods of pine clothing the sides of the valleys, and running far up the hills; but in England seldom more than a lonely cluster or clump. The shade under the firs is dense, and the air cool, as we saunter along over the mossy, hard ground—and how silent it seems! Listen for a moment, and you will hear a faint whispering sound of leaves, like the murmur of waves far away upon a pebbly beach. The air, too, is fragrant with the smell of the pine branches, and altogether you could pick out no nicer place for a quiet half-hour and a pleasant book. The pine is a most useful tree, the juice of the green wood forming turpentine and resin; while after it is cut down and hewn into billets, by a special process it is made to yield both pitch and tar in large quantities. Only this fir is a native of Britain.

Very different in appearance, growth, and value are the Spruce, or Norway Fir, the Silver Fir, and the Larch, all three more or less of the sugar-loaf shape, but all more or less evergreens, and sometimes in full leaf when other trees are more like skeletons.

The Spruce Fir, in shape like a tall pyramid, is very erect, and grows to the height of 100 feet, the boughs being arranged in regular whorls and drooping into graceful curves, bearing bunches of tapering cones six inches in length and hanging downwards from the ends of the branches. To see this tree in full perfection you must visit the Hartz Mountains or the Alps, the slopes of which are covered with it almost up to the line of perpetual snow. The timber serves for fences and for fuel abroad, and is of great use, but is of little value in England. The sap, when exposed to the air, slowly hardens into a dry resin called Burgundy pitch. Squirrels are very fond of the spruce fir, and mischievously bite off the young shoots and drop them to the ground. Out of these shoots the Norwegians make spruce beer.

Much like the spruce in general shape is the Silver Fir, but the leaves have a silvery white tint underneath, and the large brown cones, instead of hanging down, stand up erect in clusters, with a few green shoots at the end of the bough. On these yellowish green shoots, just like his own wings in colour, you may—if you have sharp eyes—often see the common sulphur butterfly settle, perhaps to sip the gummy juice, or merely to rest in a safe place from his enemies. Although it was not brought into England before the seventeenth century, it is now common enough, and the wood being tough and elastic is turned to many uses both by land and sea. The turpentine it yields is of the best kind for clear varnish.

The Larch, with its tiers of drooping branches, runs up to a sharper point; and the leaves being of a brighter green, and the small ruddy cones ranged along the twigs in rows, it may easily be distinguished from the other firs, especially in early spring, when most of our native trees are bare. Great forests of it are found among the Alps and Apennines, where it towers to the height of a hundred feet. It is still much used in shipbuilding, and, becoming harder by age in a ship, holds iron as firmly as oak, and never corrodes. A sort of manna is produced from the shoots of young larches much like that of the ash.

All round the cosy farmhouse, with its red roof of tiles, is a thick hedge of Holly and Laurel, which looks green and bright nearly all the year round, but especially when Father Christmas comes in his wintry robe of snow, and the red berries and sprays of Mistletoe are so much in request. Just as the hawthorn is sometimes called "*May*," so holly gets the name of "*Christmas*." It is found in most parts of Europe, but thrives nowhere so well as in Britain, its native country. The leaves, of tough and durable fibre, take a long while to decay, and will remain attached to the tree for years. In front of the farmhouse, in the middle of the smooth green lawn, are a couple of noble Cedars, said to be more than a hundred years old, fine sturdy trees, though they have grown up far away from their native soil on the slopes of Lebanon. The first cedar that produced cones in England grew in the old Chelsea Garden in 1766, since which time it has spread widely over the land. It is the grandest and stateliest of all our trees, and has been famous from the days of the Holy Temple and Solomon's Palace at Jerusalem down to the present time. The needle-shaped leaves are shorter than those of the Scotch fir, growing in bunches, as on the larch, and the broad, mighty branches are crowned with fine erect cones of a goodly green and brown. The resin from the stem and cones is soft and fragrant like balsam, and a walk through a grove of cedars is of all walks most delightful. No grander sight can be imagined than a group of these noble trees among the snow far up towards the peaks of Lebanon.

With this grand old tree we must finish our

woodland ramble, which ends, as it began, in the midst of sounds and sights of beauty, joy, and fragrance; all coming to us from the same good and mighty Hand that has crowned the earth with His goodness. Every boy that has a heart in him will join in the song of sunshine and shade, flowers and green trees, bee, bird, and butterfly, that fills the summer woods.

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(*Continued from page* 602.)

Some there are which will feed upon the tiny particles of vegetable matter which are always floating in the water; these will take care of themselves. For others, however, you will have to provide food, such as small worms, fragments of meat, and so on. Never put in more than is required, and never allow it to remain and putrefy if not devoured in the course of two or three hours. If you neglect this precaution the water will rapidly become turbid and offensive, and you will have to empty it all away—first, of course, transferring the inmates to another vessel—thoroughly clean and rinse the tank, and then procure a fresh supply of water.

At the bottom of every vessel place a few pieces of rock or brick, or even three or four ordinary pebbles, in such a way as to form a few nooks and crannies, into which your captives can creep whenever they feel inclined. These, like the vessels themselves, must be thoroughly clean, and your best plan will be to place them for ten minutes or so in a saucepan of boiling water, in order that every particle of impure matter may be destroyed. It is a terrible trial to the temper to have to undertake so long and tiresome a business as the cleaning out of an aquarium simply on account of one's own negligence; and it is therefore far wiser to take a little trouble as soon as it becomes necessary, and thus to save a much greater amount of work later on.

For the same reason it is advisable to keep a sharp look-out for the bodies of any creatures which may happen to die, and to remove them before the least sign of decomposition appears. If a fish looks out of health, too, take him out at once and place him in a separate vessel. The change may do him good, and will at any rate prevent him from dying in the midst of his companions, and very likely contaminating the water in which they are living.

Never keep your aquarium in the window—or, indeed, in any part of the room to which the sunbeams have free access. Excessive light, as I have before explained, is always a thing to be avoided, and undue heat is even more mischievous, as would very soon be evident from the manner in which your prisoners would die off. There is, moreover, another reason for choosing a dark corner, and that is that the sunlight encourages the growth of the minute plants known as *Confervæ* to such an extent that you will scarcely be able to keep your glasses free from them, in spite of repeated applications of the little instrument before described. The common Periwinkle, by the way, is a capital assistant in this task.

Now for a few words concerning the receptacles in which the inhabitants of the aquarium are to be conveyed from the sea to their future abode.

Some, such as the crabs, molluscs, the common beadlet, or smooth anemone, and so on, give no trouble whatever, all that is required being to pack them loosely in wet seaweed, and to carry them home in any manner most convenient. Others, however, cannot bear a prolonged exposure to the air, even under the most favourable circumstances, and must never be taken from the water for more than a few moments at a time.

My own vessel for the conveyance of gentry such as these is of the simplest possible character, consisting merely of a large glass pickle-jar, very carefully cleansed, and furnished with an ordinary string handle, tied round the neck, and passed across from side to side in such a manner as to form a tolerably long loop. This is really all that is required, and the most delicate specimens will travel in it without receiving the slightest injury. Fill it about three parts full; not more, or a chance slip may spill half the contents, and lose you some of your choicest prisoners.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Continued from page* 575.)

In the June "Leisure Hour" the editor remarks:—"A Fund has been opened in connection with 'The Boy's Own Paper' for a memorial to the late General Gordon, to be raised exclusively by boys, for the benefit of boys. The scheme, which harmonises with a widely-expressed wish, is admirable."

(*Contributions received up to June* 6.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward.. ..	33	2	5½
May 26.—Collected by Charles Granville Hutchison, Leytonstone	2	5	0
May 27.—J. Marks, 1s.; S. D. Scott (Mercers' School), 2s. 6d.; Collected by Walter E. Case, from the Employés of Messrs. Chas. Baker and Co., High Holborn, 12s.	0	15	6
May 28.—Harry Glover, 2s.; C. B. P., 1s.; H. G. J., 1s.; H. G. Guns, 1s.; Collected by Fred. C. Butcher, Brentford, £1; Collected by Miss Steward, Kensington:—Mrs. Ward, 2s.; Mrs. T. F. Vincent, 10s.; Mr. T. F. Vincent, 10s.; Rev. J. Abbot, 10s.; H. J. Allen, 2s.; Mrs. Allen, 2s.; Rev. L. Price, 5s.; Sir Alfred Govet, £1; Rev. J. R. F. Ewen, £1; Mrs. Norris, 3s. 6d.; Miss Edith Norris, 2s. 6d.; Miss Bertha Norris, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. E. Watson, 10s.; National School, 3s. 7d.; L. V. S., 1s.; Q. Gold Edwards, 2s. 6d.; Yorke Steward, 3s.; Louis Grey, 3s. 6d; K. P., 2s. 6d.; Miss Cockcraft, 2s. 6d.; C. Albert Hingston, 3s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; A. C., 6d.; C. S., 1s. 6d.; Y. S., 1s. 6d..	7	11	7
June 1.—Holy Trinity Infant School, Richmond, 10s.; A Lover of Gordon, 2s.; Charles Knight, 2s. 6d.; Collected by A. J. Moon, Croydon, 3s. 6d.; Collected by George D. Grant Suttie, North Berwick, £1..	1	18	0
June 2.—Collected by A. H. Thorp, Woodbridge, 3s. 6d.; Gordon A. Taylor, 1s.; Collected by H. Russell, Bloxham, 4s. 6d.; W. H. Masterman, 2s.; Collected by E. Foster, Clifton, 14s. 4d.; H. H. W., 1s.	1	6	4
June 3.—Christina, 1s. 6d; A. T., 1s. 6d.; "Lex," 1s.; Walter S. Stevenson, 2s. ..	0	6	0
June 4.—J. C. Marton, Gloucester, 3s. 6d.; J. P., Edinburgh, 3d.; Arthur O. Mandy, Calcutta, 10s.; City of London School, *per* E. B. Nicholson (captain), £10	10	13	9
June 5.—J. R. N., 5s.; Alfred L. King, Brighton, 1s.; P. V. King, 1s.; B. W. V. King, 1s.; Edith S. King, 1s.; Frances L. King, 1s.	0	10	0
June 6.—S. S. W., 2s. 6d.; Collected by R. W. Trayner, Schoolfield House, Rugby, £1 6s.; Herbert V. Casey, Tottenham, 15s. 6d.; Godfrey Salwerg, 1s.	2	5	0
Carried forward	£63	13	7½

Correspondence.

Fisherman.—1. As we strongly deprecate cruelty of every kind, we object to live bait being used; nor is it necessary. Every attentive reader of the B. O. P. must know that wherever minnows (as in our last number) or worms are referred to it is always understood, as already fully explained, that they are first killed by being dropped into water sufficiently hot to kill them instantaneously. 2. The editor of the B. O. P. is Mr. G. A. Hutchison, and it is his signature which appears on your Certificate of Merit.

Northern Light.—1. In cleaning japanned goods use a little ammonia in the water. 2. A fine black japan for tin is made of an ounce and a half of asphaltum, four pints of boiled linseed oil, and four ounces of burnt umber heated together till well mixed, and when cool thinned down with turpentine. For red japan use first a mixture of madder lake and oil of turpentine, then give a coat of lake and white copal varnish; and then finish with a mixture of lake, copal, and turpentine varnish. Vermilion or carmine will do if you like the colour better.

C. A. Proudfoot.—1. The phrase "Entered at Stationers' Hall" means that the article has been registered at the Hall to protect the copyright. The register of copyright is kept by the Stationers' Company. 2. You can become a direct subscriber if you like; but situated as you are in a distant colony, and near one of our depôts, you would find it much cheaper to get your paper there.

J. Watts.—1. The skeletons of the smaller animals are generally obtained by maceration. 2. Nicholson's "Manual of Zoology," published by Blackwood and Sons, is one of the best of the books.

J. W. Hamblett.—From any of the chief bookstalls, or from the Canadian Offices in Victoria Street, you can get a complete guide to Canada for one penny. It is specially compiled for intending settlers, and consists of 136 large pages beautifully printed, and illustrated by the Princess Louise.

Nomentanus.—Your first four questions might have been addressed to the Registrar of the University of London, and would have elicited full replies. Nearly all the colleges in the country prepare for the London degrees, and you would not be far wrong in applying to the nearest and most convenient to you. You would stand an excellent chance for a scholarship if the examination was a true test. We could not give tutors' names. What suits one does not suit another; but if we were to have to read six hours a day we should be up at daylight, bathe, read for three hours, have a good substantial breakfast, read for another three hours, and spend the rest of the day out of doors.

Young Naturalist.—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles were in the third volume. Refer to the index.

A Ruhmkurff Coil.—1. Boil together two ounces of yellow wax, an ounce of soap, and twenty-five ounces of water, and add two and a half ounces each of boiled linseed oil and oil of turpentine. This will give you a very good furniture cream, 2. The preparations are all patented. 3. No articles have been published since the legislation took place.

Bristol.—1. Paint flags for model yachts with artists' oil colours. Use sarsenet ribbon of the lightest colour in the flag, which you of course leave unpainted. 2. More about steamers in the coming by-and-by.

W. S. Macleod.—A capital French Dictionary at twelve shillings and sixpence is Gasc's, published by George Bell and Sons.

C. C. J.—The good of it? Did you ever hear the story of Euclid and the boy? The boy, after learning the first proposition, asked what was the use of it. "Here," said Euclid, "give the boy threepence, since he must make money out of everything he learns." If you are to conduct your education solely with a view to making money by it your plans are not unlikely to miscarry.

J. Scudder.—If you will refer to our article on Sebastian Cabot you will see who were the discoverers of America.

L. E. Filmore.—1. You can buy indiarubber solution from most macintosh or bicycle shops that you could use for repairing the tear in your coat. Buttons are generally sewn through and a patch of macintosh stuck on the back. 2. There are no scholarships on the training-ships. The terms for the Conway are forty guineas per annum, payable in advance. For further particulars as to outfit, etc., get your parents to write to the captain. You must be free from any physical defect, and it would be hopeless for a deaf boy to attempt to get a berth.

F. C.—There is a two-shilling ready-reckoner for land, by Abraham Arman, published by Crosby Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

Mac.—The coin is a Guernsey penny. Channel Island coins are very common.

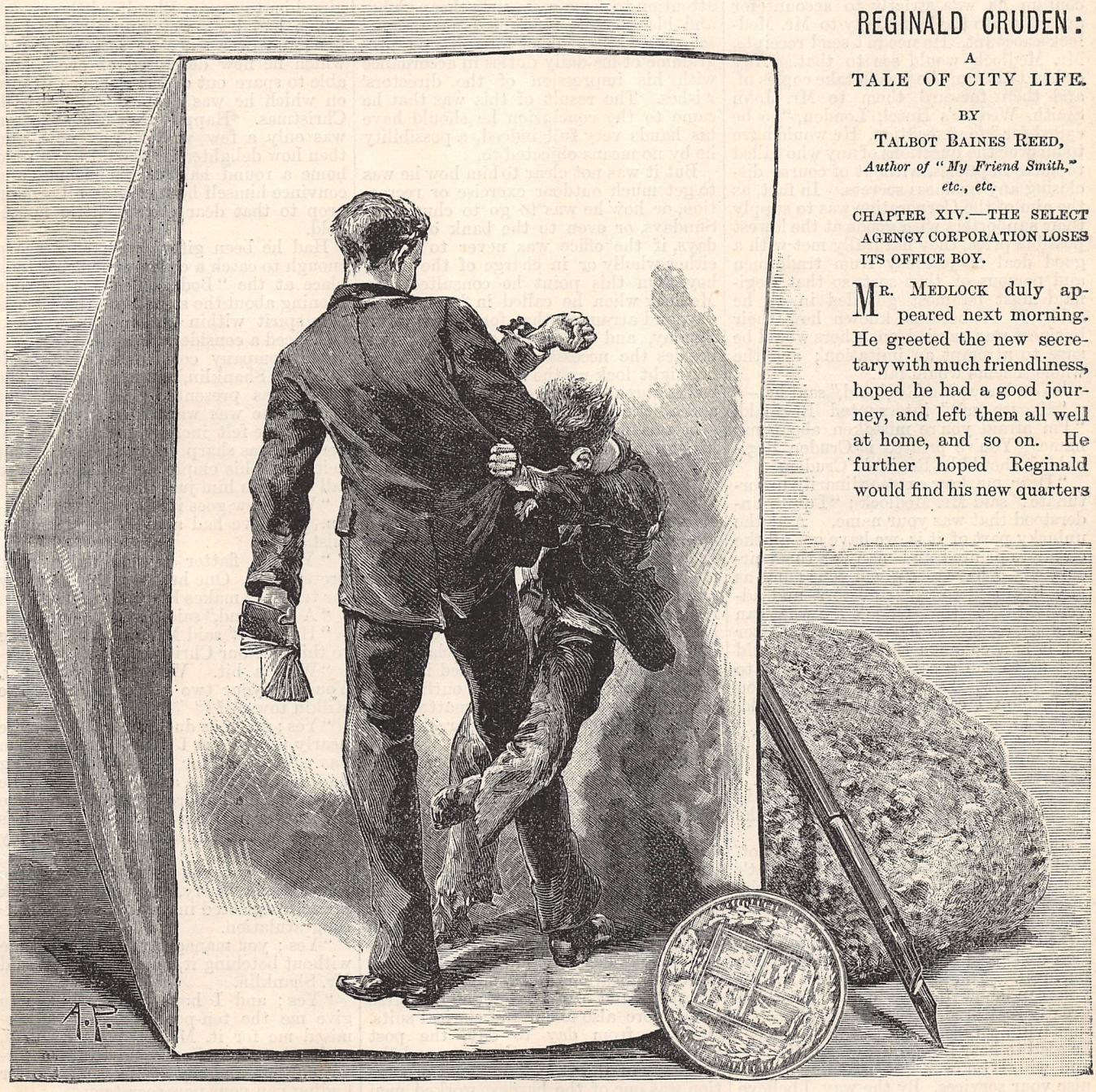
E. A. Smith.—It is not a misprint. The articles on Signals at Sea were in the November part for 1882. Had you purchased the part you would have seen that the October weekly numbers form the November monthly part.

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

[*See the* "BOY'S OWN" SUMMER NUMBER, *now ready at all booksellers, Price* 6*d.*]

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 338.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885. Price One Penny.



"Flung himself, tooth and nail, on Reginald."

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A

TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SELECT AGENCY CORPORATION LOSES ITS OFFICE BOY.

MR. MEDLOCK duly appeared next morning. He greeted the new secretary with much friendliness, hoped he had a good journey, and left them all well at home, and so on. He further hoped Reginald would find his new quarters

comfortable. Most unfortunately they had missed securing the lease of a very fine suite of offices in Lord Street, and had to put up with these for the present. Reginald must see everything was comfortable; and as of course he would be pretty closely tied to the place (for the directors would not like the offices left in charge of a mere office-boy), he must make it as much of a home as possible.

As to money, salaries were always paid quarterly, and on Christmas Day Reginald would receive his first instalment. Meanwhile, as there were sure to be a few expenses, Reginald would receive five pounds on account (a princely allowance, equal to about thirteen shillings a week for the eight weeks between now and Christmas!)

The directors, Mr. Medlock said, placed implicit confidence in the new secretary. He was authorised to open all letters that came. Any money they might contain he was strictly to account for and pay into the bank daily to Mr. Medlock's account. He needn't send receipts, Mr. Medlock would see to that. Any orders that came he was to take copies of, and then forward them to Mr. John Smith, Weaver's Hotel, London, "to be called for," for execution. He would have to answer the questions of any who called to make inquiries, without of course disclosing any business secrets. In fact, as the aim of the Corporation was to supply their supporters with goods at the lowest possible price, they naturally met with a good deal of jealousy from tradesmen and persons of that sort, so that Reginald must be most guarded in all he said. If it became known how their business was carried on, others would be sure to attempt an imitation; and the whole scheme would fail.

"You know, Mr. Reginald," said he—

"Excuse me," interrupted Reginald, "I'm afraid you're mistaken about my name. You've printed it Cruden Reginald, it should be Reginald Cruden."

"Dear me, how extraordinarily unfortunate!" said Mr. Medlock; "I quite understood that was your name. And the unlucky part of it is, we have got all the circulars printed and many of them circulated. I have also given your name as Mr. Reginald to the directors, and advertised it, so that I don't see what can be done, except to keep it as it is. After all, it is a common thing, and it would put us to the greatest inconvenience to alter it now. Dear me, when I saw you in London I called you Mr. Reginald, didn't I?"

"No, sir, you called me Mr. Cruden."

"I must have supposed it was your Christian name, then."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter much," said Reginald; "and I don't wish to put the directors to any trouble."

"To be sure—I knew you would not. Well, I was saying, Reginald (that's right, whatever way you take it!), the directors look upon you as a gentleman of character and education, and are satisfied to allow you to use your discretion and good sense in conducting their business. You have their names, which you can show to any one. They are greatly scattered, so that our Board meetings will be rare. Meanwhile they will be glad to hear how you are getting on, and will, I know, appreciate and recognise your services. By the way, I believe I mentioned (but really my memory is so bad) that we should ask you to qualify to the extent of £50 in the shares of the company?"

"Oh yes, I have the cheque here," said Reginald, taking it out of his pocket.

"That's right. And of course you will give yourself a receipt for it in the company's name. Curious, isn't it?"

With which pleasantry Mr. Medlock departed, promising to look in frequently, and meanwhile to send in a fresh directory marked and some new circulars for him to get on with.

Reginald, not quite sure whether it was all as good as he expected, set to work without delay to put into practice the various instructions he had received.

Mr. Medlock's invitation to him to see everything was comfortable could hardly be fully realised on 13s. a week. That must wait for Christmas, and meanwhile he must make the best of what he had.

He set Love to work folding and enclosing the new circulars (this time calling attention to some extremely cheap globes and blackboards for ladies' and infants' schools), while he drew himself up a programme of his daily duties in accordance with his impression of the directors' wishes. The result of this was that he came to the conclusion he should have his hands very full indeed, a possibility he by no means objected to.

But it was not clear to him how he was to get much outdoor exercise or recreation, or how he was to go to church on Sundays, or even to the bank on week-days, if the office was never to be left either wholly or in charge of the office-boy. On this point he consulted Mr. Medlock when he called in later in the day, and arranged that for two hours on Sunday, and an hour every evening, besides the necessary walk to the bank, he might lock up the office and take his walks abroad. Whereat he felt grateful and a little relieved.

It was not till about four days after his arrival that the first crop of circulars sown among the clergy yielded their first-fruits. On that day it was a harvest with a vengeance. At least 150 letters arrived. Most of them contained the two pounds and an order for the suit. In some cases most elaborate measurements accompanied the order. Some asked for High Church waistcoats, others for Low; some wished for wideawake hats, others for broad-brimmed clericals. Some sent extra money for a schoolboy's suit as well, and some contained instructions for a complete family outfit. All were very eager about the matter, and one or two begged that the parcel might be sent marked "private."

Reginald had a busy day from morning till nearly midnight, entering and paying in the cash and forwarding the orders to Mr. John Smith. He organised a beautiful tabular account, in which were entered the name and address of each correspondent, the date of their letters, the goods they ordered, and the amount they enclosed, and before the day was over the list had grown to a startling extent.

The next day brought a similar number of applications and remittances as to the globes and blackboards, and of course some more also about the clerical suits. And so, from day to day, the post showered letters in at the door, and the secretary of the Select Agency Corporation was one of the hardest worked men in Liverpool.

Master Love meanwhile had very little time for his "Penny Dreadfuls," and complained bitterly of his hardships. And indeed he looked so pale and unhealthy that Reginald began to fear the constant "licking" was undermining his constitution, and ordered him to use a sponge instead of his tongue. But on this point Love's loyalty made a stand. Nothing would induce him to use the artificial expedient. He deliberately made away with the sponge, and after a battle royal was allowed his own way, and continued to lick till his tongue literally clave to the roof of his mouth.

By the end of a fortnight the first rush of work was over, and Reginald and his henchman had time to draw breath. Mr. Medlock had gone to London, presumably to superintend the dispatch of the various articles ordered.

It was about this time that Reginald had written home to Horace complaining of the dulness of his life, and begging him to repay Blandford the 6s. 6d. which had been weighing like lead on his mind ever since he left town, and which he now despaired of ever being able to spare out of the slender pittance on which he was doomed to subsist till Christmas. Happily that festive season was only a few weeks away now, and then how delighted he should be to send home a round half of his income, and convince himself he was after all a main prop to that dear distant little household.

Had he been gifted with ears sharp enough to catch a conversation that took place at the "Bodega" in London one evening about the same time, the Christmas spirit within him might have experienced a considerable chill.

The company consisted of Mr. Medlock, Mr. Shanklin, and Mr. Durfy. The latter was present by sufferance, not because he was wanted or invited, but because he felt inclined for a good supper, and was sharp enough to know that neither of his employers could afford to fall out with him just then.

"Well, how goes it?" said Mr. Shanklin. "You've had a run lately, and no mistake."

"Yes, I flatter myself we've done pretty well. One hundred pounds a day for ten days makes how much, Durfy?"

"A thousand," said Durfy.

"Humph!" said Mr. Shanklin. "Time to think of our Christmas holidays."

"Wait a bit. We've not done yet. You say your two young mashers are still in tow, Alf?"

"Yes; green as duckweed. But they're nearly played out, I guess. One of them has a little bill for fifty pounds coming due in a fortnight, and t'other—well, he wagered me a hundred pounds on a horse that never ran for the Leger, and he's got one or two trifles besides down in my books."

"Yes, I got you that tip about the Leger," said Durfy, beginning to think himself neglected in this dialogue of self-congratulation.

"Yes; you managed to do it this time without botching it, for a wonder!" said Mr. Shanklin.

"Yes; and I hope you'll manage to give me the ten-pound note you promised me for it, Mr. S.," replied Durfy, with a snarl. "You seem to have forgotten that, and my commission too for finding you your new secretary."

"Yes. By the way," said Mr. Medlock,

"he deserves something for that; it's the best stroke of business we've done for a long time. It's worth three weeks to us to have him there to answer questions and choke off the inquisitive. He's got his busy time coming on, I fancy. Bless you, Durfy, the fellow was born for us! He swallows anything. I've allowed him thirteen shillings a week till Christmas, and he says, 'Thank you.' He's had his name turned inside out, and I do believe he thinks it an improvement! He sticks in the place all day with that young cockney gaol-bird you picked us up too, Durfy, and never growls."

"Does he help himself to any of the money?"

"Not a brass farthing! I do believe he buys his own postage-stamps when he writes home to his mamma!"

This last announcement was too comical to be received gravely.

"Ha, ha! he ought to be exhibited!" said Shanklin.

"He ought to be starved!" said Durfy, viciously. "He knocked me down once, and I wouldn't have told you of him if I didn't owe him a grudge—the puppy!"

"Oh, well; I dare say you'll be gratified some day or other," said Medlock.

"I tell you one thing," said Durfy, "you'd better put a stopper on his writing home too often; I believe he's put his precious brother up to watch me. Why, the other night, when I was waiting for the postman to get hold of that letter you wanted, I'm blessed if he didn't turn up and rout me out—he and a young chum of his brother's that used to be in the swim with me. I don't think they saw me, luckily, but it was a shave, and of course I missed the letter."

"Yes, you did; there was no mistake about that!" said Mr. Shanklin, viciously. "When did you ever not miss it?"

"How can I help it, when it's your own secretary is dogging me?"

"Bless you! think of him dogging any one, the innocent! Anyhow, we can cut off his letters home for a bit, so as to give you no excuse next time."

"And what's the next job to be, then?" asked Durfy.

"The most particular of all," replied the sporting man. "I want a letter with the Boldham postmark, or perhaps a telegram, that will be delivered to-morrow night by the last post. There's a fifty pounds turns on it, and I must have it before the morning papers are out. Never mind what it is; you must get it somehow, and you'll get a fiver for it. As soon as that's done, Medlock, and the young dandies' bills have come due, we can order a cab. Your secretary at Liverpool will hold out long enough for us to get to the moon before we're wanted."

"You're right there!" said Mr. Medlock, laughing. "I'll go down and look him up to-morrow and clear up, and then I fancy he'll manage the rest himself; and we can clear out. Ha, ha! capital sherry this brand. Have some more, Durfy."

Mr. Medlock kept his promise and cheered Reginald in his loneliness by a friendly visit.

"I've been away longer than I expected, and I must say the way you have managed matters in my absence does you the greatest credit, Reginald. I shall feel perfectly comfortable in future when I am absent."

A flush of pleasure rose to Reginald's cheeks, such as would have moved to pity any heart less cold-blooded than Mr. Medlock's.

"No one has called, I suppose?"

"No, sir. There's been a letter, though, from the Rev. T. Mulberry, of Woolford-in-the-Meadow, to ask why the suit he ordered has not yet been delivered."

Mr. Medlock smiled.

"These good men are so impatient," said he, "they imagine their order is the only one we have to think of. What would they think of the four hundred and odd suits we have on order, eh, Mr. Reginald?"

"I suppose I had better write and say the orders will be taken in rotation, and that his will be forwarded in a few days."

"Better say a few weeks. You've no notion of the difficulty we have in trying to meet every one's wishes. Say before Christmas—and the same with the globes and other things. The time and trouble taken in packing the things really cuts into the profits terribly."

"Could we do any of it down here?" said Reginald. "Love and I have often nothing to do."

It was well the speaker did not notice the fiendish grimace with which the young gentleman referred to accepted the statement.

"You're very good," said Mr. Medlock, "but I shouldn't think of it. We want you for head work. There are plenty to be hired in London to do the hand work. By the way, I will take up the register of orders and cash you have been keeping to check with the letters in town. You won't want it for a few days."

Reginald felt sorry to part with a work in which he felt such pride as this beautifully kept register. However, he had made it for the use of the Corporation, and it was not his to withhold.

After clearing up cautiously all round, with the result that Reginald had very little besides pen, ink, and paper left him, Mr. Medlock said good morning.

"I may have to run up to town for a few days," he said, "but I shall see you again very soon, I hope. Meanwhile make yourself comfortable. The directors are very favourably impressed with you already, and I hope at Christmas they may meet and tell you so in person. Boy, make a parcel of these books and papers and bring them for me to my hotel."

Love obeyed surlily. He was only waiting for Mr. Medlock's departure to dive into the mystery of "Trumpery Toadstool, or Murdered for a Lark," in which he had that morning invested. He made a clumsy parcel of the books and then shambled forth in a somewhat homicidal spirit in Mr. Medlock's wake down the street.

At the corner that gentleman halted till he came up.

"Well, young fellow, picked any pockets lately?"

The boy scowled at him inquisitively.

"All right," said Mr. Medlock. "I never said you had. I'm not going to take you to the police-station, I'm going to give you half-a-crown."

This put a new aspect on the situation. Love brightened up as he watched Mr. Medlock's hand dive into his pocket.

"What should you do with a half-crown if you had it?"

"Do? I know, and no error. I'd get the 'Noogate Calendar,' that's what I'd do."

"You can read, then?"

"Ray-ther, oh no, not me."

"Can you read writing?"

"In corse."

"Do you always go to the post with the letters?"

"In corse."

"Do you ever see any addressed to Mrs. Cruden or Mr. Cruden in London?"

"'Bout once a week. That there sekketery always gives 'em to me separate, and says I'm to be sure and post 'em."

"Well, I say they're not to be posted," said Mr. Medlock. "Here's half-a-crown; and listen: next time you get any to post put them on one side, and every one you can show me you shall have sixpence for. Mind what you're at, or he'll flay you alive if he catches you. Off you go, there's a good boy."

And Love pocketed his half-crown greedily, and with a knowing wink at his employer sped back to the office.

That afternoon Reginald wrote a short polite note to the Rev. T. Mulberry, explaining to him the reason for any apparent delay in the execution of his order, and promising that he should duly receive it before Christmas. This was the only letter for the post that day, and Love had no opportunity of earning a further sixpence.

He had an opportunity of spending his half-crown, however, and when he returned from the post he was radiant in face and stouter under the waistcoat by the thickness of the coveted volume of the Newgate Calendar series.

With the impetuosity characteristic of his age, he plunged into its contents the moment he found himself free of work, and by the time Reginald returned from his short evening stroll he was master of several of its stories. "Tim Tigerskin" and "The Pirate's Bride" were nothing to it. They all performed their incredible exploits on the other side of the world, but these heroes were beings of flesh and blood like himself, and for all he knew he might have seen them and talked to them, and have known some of the very spots in London which they frequented. He felt a personal interest in their achievements.

"Say, governor," said he as soon as Reginald entered, "do you know South wark Road?"

"In London? yes," said Reginald.

"This 'ere chap, Bright, was a light porter to a cove as kep' a grocer's shop there, and one night when he was asleep in the arm-cheer he puts a sack on 'is 'ead and chokes 'im. The old cove he struggles a bit, but—"

"Shut up!" said Reginald, angrily. "I've told you quite often enough. Give me that book."

At the words and the tones in which they were uttered Love suddenly turned into a small fiend. He struggled, he kicked, he cursed, he howled to keep his treasure. Reginald was inexorable, and of course it was only a matter of time until the book was in his hands. A glance at its contents satisfied him.

"Look here," said he, holding the book behind his back and parrying all the boy's frantic efforts to recover it, "don't make a fool of yourself, youngster."

"Give it to me! Give me my book, you——" And the boy broke into a volley of oaths and flung himself once more tooth-and-nail on Reginald. Already Reginald saw he had made a mistake. He had done about the most un-

wise thing he possibly could have done. But it was too late to undo it. The only thing, apparently, was to go through with it now. So he flung the book into the fire, and, catching the boy by the arm, told him if he did not stop swearing and struggling at once he would make him.

The boy did not stop, and Reginald did make him.

It was a poor sort of victory, and no one knew it better than Reginald. If the boy was awed into silence he was no nearer listening to reason—nay, further than ever. He slunk sulkily into a corner, glowering at his oppressor and deaf to every word he uttered. In vain Reginald expostulated, coaxed, reasoned, even apologised. The boy met it all with a sullen scowl. Reginald offered to pay him for the book, to buy him another, to read aloud to him, to give him an extra hour a day—it was all no use; the injury was too deep to wash out so easily; and finally he had to give it up and trust that time might do what argument and threats had failed to effect.

But in this he was disappointed. For next morning when nine o'clock arrived no Love was there, nor as the day wore on did he put in an appearance. When at last evening came and still no signs of him, Reginald began to discover that the sole result of his well-meant interference had been to drive his only companion from him, and doom himself henceforth to the miseries of solitary confinement.

For days he scarcely spoke a word. The silence of that office was unearthly. He opened the window, winter as it was, to let in the sound of cabs and footsteps for company. He missed even the familiar rustle of the "penny dreadfuls" as the boy turned their pages. He wished anybody, even his direst foe, might turn up to save him from dying of loneliness.

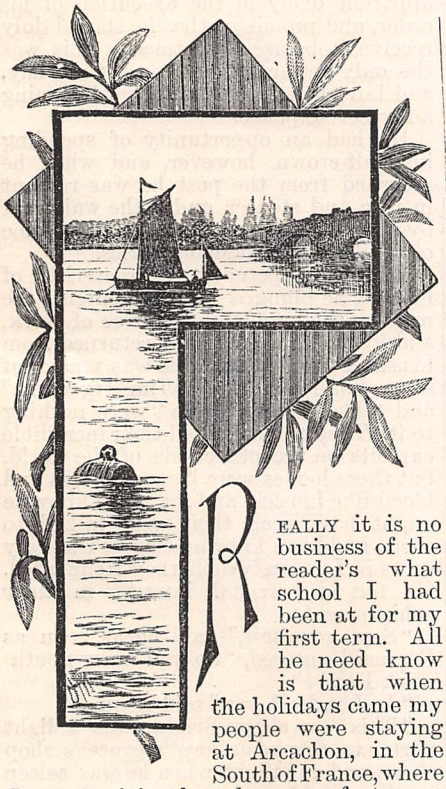
(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER I.—"UP!"



REALLY it is no business of the reader's what school I had been at for my first term. All he need know is that when the holidays came my people were staying at Arcachon, in the South of France, where I was to join them by way of steamer from London to Bordeaux. This was the first voyage I had ever made in my short life, and it may be imagined that as a small John Bull I felt pleasingly excited at the prospect, holding myself an inch higher among my cronies on the strength of it, as became one about to confront the manly dangers of the ocean wave. All we young Britons have so much of the salt in our blood, though a little experience may soon prove enough to wash out such aspirations.

"I am going in a ship," I kept telling the fellows for at least a month before the holidays came, and I took nothing but Marryat's and Cooper's novels out of the school library.

But my satisfaction was dismally damped when I found who would be going to Bordeaux by the same boat—who but Gooderidge, a big, hulking fourth-form boy, and the last of my schoolfellows I should have chosen for a travelling companion! Gooderidge was a notorious bully, one to whom we juniors took care to give the widest berth possible on land, so I thought I would almost as soon be shut up with a wild beast as spend three days in a situation where there could be no escape from such attentions as he might be pleased to show me. I had already had too good reason to know the sort of fellow he was. Even now when I have the nightmare I sometimes dream the horror of being a new boy in the hands of that merciless oppressor. But there was no help for it; my passage was taken, so was his, and we duly met on the quay like a wolf and a lamb going home for the holidays together.

An uncle of mine came to see me off at the docks, before whom Gooderidge did not condescend to bestow upon me the slightest sign of recognition. It was only when he got me alone on the tender that he beckoned me up and said patronisingly, in a tone that the holiday spirit made even gracious for him, "Well, youngster, so *you* are going to Bordeaux!"

"Yes, Gooderidge," I replied, smiling feebly as one does in the effort to propitiate great personages.

"What a joke!" quoth Gooderidge, loftily, as if it were presumption in the like of me to go anywhere. "You will be fearfully sick in the Bay of Biscay, you know. But one good job is that I shall have a fag to look after me, and I will look after you and see that you don't get too cheeky; so just mind what you are about, small boy! I'll tell the steward to give you a berth beside me, then I can keep an eye upon you. Fellows that belong to the same school should stick together always."

My heart sank within me at such an ominous utterance. By this time we were alongside the steamer, and, ordering me to bring along his portmanteau, and take care not to bump it, Gooderidge plunged into the crowd that was scrambling to be first up the gangway.

Most of the cabin passengers, as it happened, were schoolboys like ourselves, going home for the holidays. There were only two grown-up travellers, and, luckily for themselves, no ladies. The steward had need of all his patience and good-temper when we burst, a noisy mob, into the saloon, each clamorously demanding the best berth, and swarming curiously into every hole and corner of the limited accommodation. Four or five boys had to be crammed into most of the cabins, but by means of a tip Gooderidge got for himself the empty ladies' cabin, the upper berth of which he secured for me, and though I would rather have taken up my quarters in the coal-hole, I durst make no objection.

By the time we were all shaken down a little into our places, the boat had been cast loose from her moorings and slowly got into motion, threading her way down the crowded river. London Bridge and the Tower soon disappeared behind us, but ever-new scenes of the stirring panorama of the Thames opened out in turn before our eyes, the busy warehouses and wharves, the endless maze of tall chimneys, the huge docks, one forest of masts after another, the numerous craft going up and down stream, great ocean steamers, their decks all alive with passengers, weather-beaten ships of every rig from all parts of the world, deep-laden barges toiling sluggishly, light skiffs shooting from side to side, the noisy shipbuilding yards, the dingy waterside houses, the low mud banks; farther down the widening reaches and sweeping bend of the great river as we came in sight of Greenwich, backed by its wooded heights, and saw the green hills and flats of Kent lying bright in the sunshine of a fine afternoon. Such a succession of inspiriting sights might well cause us to congratulate ourselves that our journeying was not to be done in any stuffy railway train, and we looked forward to the three days or so for which it would last as all one halcyon trip no less agreeable than its auspicious commencement.

There were at least some score of us youngsters, of all sorts and sizes, from tail-coats down to puny knickerbockers like myself. There was a Bluecoat boy going out to astonish the Frenchmen with his long gown and yellow stockings. There was an Eton fellow in his neat round jacket and spotless turn-over collar, who appeared to give himself airs, holding grandly aloof from the common herd. There was a very knowing and dandified city youth, bound for an office in Bordeaux, where I trust he has by

this time begun to make his fortune. There were two tall King's College School boys with knapsacks and guide-books, for a walking excursion in the Pyrenees. There was another young London tourist equipped with very tight breeches and a very tall bicycle. There were two or three gorgeous young gentlemen from an army tutor's, who lighted big pipes the moment they came on board, and lost no time in seeking acquaintance with the captain. There were several French lads returning from English schools; they naturally drew together and formed a party by themselves. The rest of us were a miscellaneous collection from schools in different parts of the country, as we soon learned when we began to mingle and ask questions, just like so many boys coming to school and not leaving it. And you may be sure that we wandered restlessly all over the boat, pacing the decks with the most nautical swagger we could assume, bent on proving to ourselves and to each other that we were quite at home on board ship. The second-class passengers forward chiefly consisted of a troupe of foreign acrobats, very seedy-looking persons in private life, and altogether the captain declared that he never before had charge of such a Noah's Ark.

Before we got to Gravesend the tea-bell rang, and we flocked down into the saloon to find the table spread with the usual substantial dishes of a steamboat's bill of fare—ham, cold beef, pie, eggs and bacon, ship biscuits, and so forth. On these we fell heartily, and kept all the steward's staff busy in filling plateful after plateful for us of one viand after another, while the big-bearded captain from the head of the table watched us silently with a sly twinkle in his eye. He was a man of few words, the captain, but perhaps thought all the more for his taciturnity.

"What sort of weather are we going to have, captain?" asked one of the older lads in an offhand manner, as if giving to understand that he for his part did not much care how hard the stormy winds might blow.

"I'll tell you when it comes," quoth the skipper, drily, and I thought I saw him wink at the steward, who was going round asking if we would like to contract for our food at the rate of a pound a head till we got to Bordeaux. This seemed too good a bargain not to be accepted by all but two frugal youths who had come on board with their own store of sandwiches, biscuits, and oranges, for which they were somewhat looked down upon by the rest of us; but they turned out in the end to have the best of it.

The weather as yet was most promising. When we came on deck after tea we found our gallant craft slipping past the Nore into the open Channel, which looked like a placid lake shining in the glow of a clear sunset. We were all in high good humour as we steamed along in the pleasant twilight, watching the lighthouses flash out one by one, and the rows of lights marking towns on the coast, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, places well known to some of us from another point of view. The French acrobats began to stand on their heads and perform other antics on the fore-deck, to the amusement of the sailors and cabin passengers; some of the boys took to playing leapfrog round the poop; others contented themselves by lolling about with the airs of full-blown midshipmen. Darkness did not come on till we had got opposite the Downs, by which time we had grown more or less familiar with our companions, and not a few of the party were proving somewhat boisterous.

As for me, after an effort to propitiate my formidable schoolfellow by an offering of raisins and dates, I addressed myself to keeping out of his way as well as possible. But Gooderidge soon found me skulking, as he called it, and invited me to show a more social spirit on pain of his high displeasure, of which he forthwith gave me a specimen by twisting my arm till I cried out for pain.

"What are you doing to that little fellow?" came a voice from the poop deck above; and Gooderidge left torturing me to reply, in his insolent fashion,

"What business is that of yours?"

"You'll soon see," quoth the speaker, then it was the Blue coat boy's queer legs that appeared on the ladder. When he reached the waist of the vessel, where we stood under the lee of a pile of boxes, he squared up to my tormentor with, "Now then, drop it!"

"Who'll make me?" blustered Gooderidge.

"I'll show you soon enough!"

"I'd just like you to show me!"

"None of your bullying!"

"None of your cheek!"

While thus they were taunting each other and ruffling themselves up like two turkey cocks, a number of other boys appeared on the scene, and quickly the cry was raised, "A fight! a fight!" goading the quarrellers into encounter. A ring of excited spectators closed round them at once, so that I could not see what happened next, standing outside doubtful whether to be thankful or sorry for this interference in my favour, since whichever won Gooderidge would hardly fail to find some opportunity of wreaking his spite on me.

At it they went in the dim light, amid a hubbub of voices asking what the row was about. But it did not last long.

"None of that!" roared a voice from the bridge above, and we saw the captain shaking his brawny fist as if to intimate that he might descend and take part in the fray. "No fighting on board this boat! Stop it, or I'll show you how!"

Half laughing and half serious, the crowd dispersed, the combatants separating in obedience to this masterful word of command. I think Gooderidge for one had already had enough of it. I stole away, but presently I ran against him again in the cabin hatchway. He was in a towering bad humour—and no wonder, for the Bluecoat had given him a black eye. So he turned furiously on me.

"You little sneaking imp! Why don't you stand up for your own school? I have a good mind to break every bone in your miserable carcass. I would be ashamed to have a cad of a charity boy taking my side. Mind you, I haven't done with him or you either!"

But he said no more, for the Bluecoat now hove in sight, and the valiant Gooderidge, muttering something about "to-morrow," plunged below to bathe his eye. I was so troubled to find myself an unwilling bone of contention that I had not the grace to thank my champion, but held aloof from him too, and presently took shelter for a time with the stewardess, a motherly old person, who, seeing me the smallest and quietest of these boys, invited me into her cabin for a chat and a treat of cake, and promised to look after me if I should be sea-sick. But, sick or well, I foresaw that this voyage was going to be a terrible time for me, since I could not hope long to keep out of that young tyrant's way.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' PETS, AND HOW TO TAME AND TRAIN THEM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

II.—CATS, PARROTS, ETC.

Some weeks ago I laid before my readers a paper on training dogs and teaching them "tricks," as they are called. I feel convinced that many boys will have found out by this time that it was a very practical article. I mean in my present paper to be quite as practical. I had intended at first to bring under your notice quite a happy family of cats, birds, monkeys, mongooses, and all the creatures we know by the name of "pets." I will not do so. I could not do justice to them in the space, but I may return to the subject some other day.

At this very moment one of my Persian cats—a great favourite—is seated on my shoulder, and rubbing the back of her head to the back of mine, apparently with a view to find out whether my hair or hers is the longer. Not far off, on the top of his cage, is my "slender-bill cockatoo." Such an amusing, talkative old rascal you never probably saw in all your life. He is going on now like any village crone. He is crying for "a bit of sugar," for "a sop of bread," "a bone," and his "breakfast." He is beating against the cage with his bill; he wants me to play the violin or guitar that he may dance or sing.

"What are you doing, old boy?" he cries.

Now I *do* object to be addressed thus familiarly by a bird. I *had* meant to begin by describing the training of cockatoos. Now Polly can wait, and pussy comes to the front.

Every household possesses a cat, or should possess one. Let me say here parenthetically that pussy is as a rule a poor ill-used, much-neglected animal, and very little understood. Almost anything or everything is expected of her, and she gets very little in return. There is one thing I never can forgive the great naturalist Buffon for, and that is the way he wrote about cats—the disparaging, thoughtless, ill-considered way in which he describes them.

I could tell you the names of many of the bravest soldiers and sailors that ever drew sword on battle-field or on battle-deck, who would not think their firesides complete at home without pussy on the rug. But you will say, "There are cats *and* cats." With your boyish generosity you will be willing to admit that *some* cats are nice enough. But do you know that cats are very much what their masters or mistresses make them? No one who knows a cat from a barn-owl will attempt to deny that pussy is an exceedingly sagacious animal, wiser in some respects than even our friend the dog, for the cat has to look after her own interests, find her way from home, or to home, wander away for miles, and never get lost, and defend herself against a score of enemies of as many different sorts. The dog does not look after himself to the same extent, or anything like it. Its master does that for him.

Yes; but too many of those who are willing enough to admit the superior intelligence and sagacity of cats, starve and ill-treat them. They feed them, either not at all, or

at no stated times; they "can't be bothered"—they never consider that pussy is a feeling, sentient, and too often suffering being; that she cannot help being hungry at times, and longing for food. And being hungry, can you wonder if she should at times stretch out a paw and seize a morsel from her master's table? I tell you this, if you neglect to give pussy her breakfast, and then turn round on her when she helps herself, and call her a thief, you are—not wise.

But now for the training of a favourite cat. Perhaps you do not possess one. Well, pussy is of all pets the most easily kept, and costs but very little. Indeed, if you make a practice of giving her a morsel in her saucer at breakfast-time, dinner-time, and supper-time, you will never miss what she eats. She will keep regular hours then, and stay indoors at night, and that is a great thing. She will come to love you very much too, and that is a greater thing if you mean to teach her tricks.

Well, I will suppose you do not at present own a cat, but want to. The question is, what is the best kind to have?

For simply learning clever tricks I think there really is nothing to beat a pretty old-fashioned brown or dark-grey tabby. Get a female, they train more easily than the males. Let it be a longish-headed one, and have it home as soon as ever it is able to lap.

You will naturally wish to have your favourite clean in the house. This is easily taught, but pray never lose your temper. From the very beginning let pussy have no unkind remembrances of you. Get a large flower-pot saucer, and fill it with nice garden mould. The kitten will go to it almost naturally; if not, show it to her once or twice, that will be enough. By degrees you must entice her to play out of doors, and she will soon prefer this to a box of earth inside. There is one thing you must remember in teaching a cat to be cleanly; the box or flower-pot saucer ought to be emptied every morning and refilled with clean mould. Cats are exceedingly particular, and some of them would do almost anything rather than soil even a toe-nail.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By Prof. J. F. Hodgetts.

CHAPTER XXV.—SELF-CONQUEST THE BEST VICTORY.

A month after the conversation recorded in our last chapter Ivan was sitting in a very pleasant room in Smirnoff's house. Everything seemed to thrive with the merchant. His speculations turned out well, and as there is nothing so successful as success, his fame was great through the length and breadth of the empire. His house was continually improving in taste and elegance, for he said wealth was given to circulate, not to hoard, and as Strammeller had performed a cure upon Ivan which maddened all the Russian doctors and made them call him a quack, Smirnoff had taken his advice in arranging special rooms for the invalid, to whom he owed his life. There was a lift contrived, by which Ivan could be moved from a low pony phaeton drawn by two cream-coloured ponies, in the litter invented and constructed by the doctor, by means of which he could, without change of posture or moving a muscle, be carried right into his own rooms.

The handsome manner in which Smirnoff rewarded Strammeller ought to be recorded. One day when the doctor called, Smirnoff sent word that if his time allowed he should be most happy to receive him for a few moments.

"Walk in, doctor," said Smirnoff, rising. "I want to have a talk to you about business. Let us put the ordinary etiquette of affecting not to speak of money matters to professional gentlemen on one side. I am a man of business and don't understand delicacy in such matters, so you must excuse my being blunt. You have rendered me a service in the cure of Ivan which I cannot measure by money, and don't mean to attempt to pay for!" Strammeller bowed and looked rather foolish and very much disappointed. "But I am about to speculate for the good of my country. If you were quite free of all pecuniary cares you would have time and means to pursue your inventions and to do great good to Russia. The investment I have made, therefore, is to secure your services for the nation by securing to you an income which is quite independent of your professional labours. An investment has been made in your name, which has placed ten thousand roubles to your credit in the Merchants' Bank at Moscow, and half that sum will arise annually in consequence. Allow me to present you with this cheque-book on the bank in question, which will enable you to draw to that amount. At the same time the directors have requested me to present you with this official nomination as their medical inspector at a salary of three thousand roubles a year. The duty is light and the pay is not much, but then your practice goes on just as before."

"Really, Mr. Smirnoff! I cannot accept all this at your hands. It is monstrous!"

Smirnoff laughed good-naturedly, and said,

"Never mind the monstrosity of it, the business matter is settled. Not that I think I have *paid you* for your care of Ivan. I should never be able to do that, but I have been able to show my personal feeling towards you and to put you into a groove."

But all this time we have left Ivan waiting in his room. He was thinking, and did not hear the servant who came in to announce a visitor. At last he understood that a gentleman named Tenterton desired to see him.

"All right. Show Mr. Tenterton up."

"You are always welcome, Mr. Tenterton; I owe you so much for your sympathy and advice. I have done nothing else but think of all you said about the service ever since, and, what will seem very strange to you, now that you have convinced me of the perfect legitimacy and propriety of the military profession, I have resolved to give up all idea of being a soldier. When I half believed that there was something wrong in it I determined to be nothing else!"

"Tell me all about your conversion to the side of peace," said Tenterton.

"I am not converted to anything; I have only resolved never to enter the service because I feel how deeply grieved Mr. Smirnoff would be if I became a soldier, and I have resolved to do nothing to embitter a life which I am proud of having been the means of saving. Now you know all."

"You are quite right, Ivan, in your decision, and the sacrifice is perhaps the more complete as it has not been formally demanded of you. Mr. Smirnoff will be greatly delighted."

"If I can really give him pleasure, that will be a great triumph. Think how good he has been to me, and what pain and bitterness of spirit I have caused him! How are the Schaafstadts?"

"The count is to be promoted, I believe, to some new dignity—at least, so his daughter tells me."

"Indeed! That looks bad."

"How do you mean? Are you sorry?"

"Very sorry. It is always the way in Russia when some Court intrigue against a man becomes successful, he obtains some petty rise in nominal rank which deprives him of the more solid advantages attached to any post he may hold. I shall not be surprised at hearing that he loses the Kremlin."

"The Countess Olga said something about their being about to retire, but she did not seem sad."

"It would have been very bad taste in her had she seemed sad. But now I am *sure* something is wrong. I wonder what it is. How is General Kakaroff?"

"He is very well and very active. There is a talk of his being made governor of Finland."

"That is different news altogether. I trust it is all as it should be."

"His drosky was at the door with the Cossacks when I came in."

"Oh, then perhaps he will come and see me. I wanted to see him very much."

The friends continued chatting, Ivan asking Tenterton's advice on various subjects connected with the course of reading he was to pursue to prepare himself for the mercantile profession.

As Tenterton rose to go Smirnoff entered the room, accompanied by Kakaroff, who looked extremely pleased.

"How is my young friend the wolf-slayer? We shall soon hear of his attacking nobler game on a larger scale."

"How do you mean, general?" said Ivan.

"Why, it means," said Smirnoff, "that General Kakaroff has obtained an appointment for you in the military college, and as soon as you are well enough to go to the Znaminski, which is not far off, you will see the general commanding the college, and, after passing an examination—a mere matter of form—you will be admitted."

"How kind everybody is to me!" said Ivan. "It seems so ungrateful not to accept what is so kindly offered, but I am afraid I can never serve."

"What nonsense! Strammeller says that you are in a fair way to recovery, and once get your foot on the ladder of promotion I will answer for your rising to the top."

"It is not that, but my future must be commerce. I have been adopted as a

son by the head of a great house, and I am bound in honour to maintain the reputation of that house, if only in common gratitude; but, besides that, I have quite made up my mind to devote myself to the cause of commerce. It is a very noble one, and it is that which must give Russia her future glory. I am the adopted son of a great merchant, and I must uphold the cause of Russian commerce."

Kakaroff looked at Smirnoff, and seemed about to express some feeling of resentment, but Ivan saw the look, and said quickly,

"Pray do not misunderstand me. I have all along been teasing Mr. Smirnoff to let me serve in the army, but since my accident I have been greatly thrown on my own resources, and have been thinking, thinking, thinking, and it seems to me wrong to set myself up, a mere peasant boy, to despise the very means which have enabled him to be so generous to me. I beg your pardon, Mr. Smirnoff, for my silly conduct, and thank you for interesting the general in my behalf, and he is too good and too noble to be angry with a poor little boy."

This was said very archly, and made Kakaroff laugh.

"I must tell my wife about this," he said. "She will enjoy it mightily. However, I shall not go back to the Znaminski until I hear further from you. You must talk this over, you know. Send for Anniesie. She can have her old rooms at the prefecture whenever she likes, and my wife will always be happy to receive her. Settle nothing till you have seen her. Good-bye, Ivan, good-bye."

And he was off in his drosky again, leaving our friends alone.

And so the days passed on, Ivan soon becoming quite his old self. Dr. Strammeller had obtained an air-gun for Ivan, with which our hero was very fond of practising through the wide doors of his rooms, which afforded him a charming shooting-gallery. It would not have been permitted had he requested to shoot with ordinary fire-arms, that being prohibited by the police; but the practice thus obtained was very good, and was helpful in training his hand and eye in the management of the weapon. Then Tenterton had imported from London a whole case full of English bows and arrows, foils, masks, and gloves for fencing, basket-sticks, and cross-bows, all of which could be used easily in the grand Russian rooms which he inhabited. Besides which, he had all sorts of games, conjuring tricks, mechanical apparatus, and tools and books *ad libitum*. He had worked a little at English, but during his long illness he had begged Tenterton to teach him more seriously. And he could with Tenterton's help make out and enjoy the capital stories for boys of which English literature has such excellent store. His favourite book was "Robinson Crusoe" (given him by Anniesie), of which he preferred the second part, and especially that portion of it which treats of the journey overland through Russia. He enjoyed all wolf stories, and was one afternoon telling Dr. Strammeller what he thought of the various wolf tales he had read, expressing his opinion that the writers of most of these stories, although writing in the first person, had never seen a live wolf.

"Did I ever tell you my wolf story?" asked the doctor.

"No. Pray tell it now. Do! Pray do. Did you ever hunt a wolf?"

"No; I was not an active party in the affair. It is only a tale told me among the many I have heard."

"Never mind; out with it, doctor."

"Well, a German traveller for a mercantile house at Berlin had to travel in the winter from Smolensk to St. Petersburg before the Smolensk Railway was thought of. Half way he was attacked by a whole pack of wolves, but the sledge-driver made for a large hollow oak-tree that stood in the neighbourhood, and was, as it were, a sentinel tree to a forest at no great distance. Unfortunately, however, the wolves were on him before he could reach the tree. They attacked and killed his driver, with whom they were busied while the terrified horse flew over the snow, until, striking against a tall fir-tree, the sledge was overturned. The German climbed up the trunk, and saw the brutes in pursuit of the horse and wrecked sledge.

"The animal was soon overtaken and devoured. Our German rapidly descended, and made his way down the interior of the stem of the old oak hollow, and saw that there was a fissure in it near the foot, through which he could observe the approach of the pack over the snow from their horrid feast on the flesh of the horse. It was not pleasant to be surrounded by these creatures, but he was a keen observer and a humorist, and discovered that one of the wolves seemed to be the leader of the band. He was an old grey brute, with a longer tail than the rest. He was the nearest to the tree, and kept moving round it in the hope of finding some inlet, every now and again turning round, snarling and biting at those which pressed too near him.

"On one of these occasions the German found him backing up to the tree against the hole, snapping at the others. In a moment he put out his hand and caught the monster's tail. With the eagerness of despair he drew it into the hole, gripping it with both hands. The wolf howled in the most unearthly manner, and the nearest wolves, frightened at his tones, backed into the denser pack. But our friend held on to the old wolf's tail until the comic idea seized him that it was like the handle of a street organ. Being, as I said, a great humorist, he commenced organ-grinding by turning the wolf's tail round and round, singing out lustily, 'Let's have another tune.' The yells of the animal and the howls of the rest of the pack became unearthly in the extreme, but the German kept hold of the tail. At last, from too vigorous a turn, the turning having invariably taken place in the same way, *the tail came off in the traveller's hand.* Away started the tailless wolf and all the others after him. Being well assured of their departure, our German emerged from the top of the tree, and sat down on a branch to see what would happen next.

"A peasant's sledge soon drove up. The driver, much astonished at the position of the German, approached the tree. But they could not make themselves mutually understood. At last the German mentioned the name of the town he wanted to reach before going on to St. Petersburg, and the peasant understood him. He next showed some money; he understood him better still, and at last he drove off with the German to the town in question, stopping to pick up the articles which had been in the overturned sledge. The town was reached, the story told, and disbelieved by everybody until the tail was produced in proof of its accuracy. The business arrangements turned out much better than had been expected, and our German returned to Berlin well satisfied with the result of his trip.

"Some years after he was again induced to travel in Russia, and this time he resolved to have three horses and travel fast. The same journey from Smolensk to St. Petersburg, stopping again at the same town, had to be undertaken. He had forgotten all about the wolves, when just about the old spot the horses became restive, and the driver exclaimed, 'Wolves! wolves!'

"It was not pleasant, but our German friend ordered the man in the best Russian he could command to drive faster. The wolves appeared, and came unpleasantly near the back of the sledge. The unfortunate German gave himself up for lost, but looking intently at the advancing foe he distinguished *a very old grey wolf without a tail!* 'If that is my old acquaintance,' he thought, 'I shall perhaps get through!' So he waited until they came quite close, and then he roared out, 'Let us have another tune!'

"The old wolf stopped as if transfixed with horror, threw his head up, uttered a frantic yell, turned and fled, followed by all the pack!

"The German made a good thing of it this time, but returned to Berlin *viâ* Kovno. He was often asked to return to Russia on business for the same house, but *he objected to the climate!*"

"That is not a bad story, doctor. We may call it 'The Wolf's Tail, or the Tale of a Wolf.' Did they believe him at Berlin?"

"He had the *tail* to prove the *story*."

But what is Anniesie doing? She came by invitation of Madame Kakaroff to spend a good long holiday with her in Moscow. She had at first been quite of Ivan's opinion that the army must be his profession. In this view she was confirmed by Dr. Strammeller, who was very frequently at the Kakaroffs'. But she was induced to change her opinion by some rumours which were conveyed to her through Madame Kakaroff herself.

"My dear Anniesie, advise Ivan and Smirnoff to give up the military scheme and stick to business. Ivan's last resolution of sacrificing his personal feeling at the shrine of gratitude to Smirnoff is charming, and it will be most necessary. That house is a very good and a very safe one. But Smirnoff has become a speculator. He has been so universally successful that he imagines he has only to touch a speculation and it becomes good and sound directly, just as certain military men seem to bear charmed lives. But a change may come; nay, must come if he continues his reckless course. No one but Ivan could save him. And if Ivan be a soldier his opinion on business matters would have no weight. I have already spoken to General Kakaroff, and he quite agrees with me. Talk to the doctor and bring him round to our way of thinking. Now don't blush, he is so important a person with both Smirnoff and Ivan that he must be gained over."

(To be continued.)

"The German climbed up the trunk."—*Page* 631.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TRUE STORY OF A PIRATE—GOLAVA'S ADVENTURES—CHRISTMAS AT MIDSUMMER.

Captain Blunderbore was right; it was Benbow in his Waterwitch.

They were towed into the bay, for the wind had quite left them at midday, and very soon the long rakish clipper-barque was safely at anchor near the Theodora, and Benbow and Colin, both looking as fresh as brook-trouts but as brown as nuts in October, had gone on board their own ships and made their report and told the story of their voyage.

"You've done excellently well, both of you," said Blunderbore, laying one hand kindly on a shoulder of each.

They were standing on the quarter-deck, and looking towards the Waterwitch.

This was the name, by-the-by, that Benbow had given her

"Why," said Blunderbore, "what have you been doing to the barque? She doesn't look the same."

Benbow laughed and was pleased.

"Well," he said, "I didn't like to have our fellows idle altogether while they were at Sierra Leone, so I bought a few buckets of paint, and just touched her up a bit. Then I had the masts all scraped, and—there she is."

"And," said Mildmay, "she really is a pretty craft. Pity she is going to be burned. If she were mine, now, I'd knock that poop off her and give her a flush deck."

"That would be a decided improvement," said Benbow, holding his head to one side and viewing her with the critical eye of a sailor. "And, as you say, Mr. Mildmay, it is a pity she should be burned. But I'm not so sure she ought to be. What do you say, Captain Blunderbore?"

"Oh, I'd keep her if it was my will. But it is service, you know, to burn slavers."

"Yes, and I don't mind a dirty old dhow, or as many dirty old dhows as you please, being consigned to the flames, but a thing like that! Just look at her now."

"Ay," said West, the artist, looking up from a sketch of her he was making, "she is beautiful, rising and falling there on the gentle swell, and the blue clear water around her, and the bits of brown floating seaweed, and those splendidly-tinted medusa-like umbrellas made of glass, all afloat in the water."

"Hullo!" cried Benbow, "here comes the doctor and Steele. How d'ye do, old Sawbones? What have you in your bag? Anything to eat?"

"Birds and moths and weeds and rushes and rats," said McGee. "Man! you're both looking fine and hardy. West yonder is so fat, getting—"

"Stop a bit," said West, good-humour-

edly. "We're all going up the 'bique to fight a real live pir—nautical marauder. That'll take the fat off your poor West, the butt of all your chaff."

"Hullo! Gayly, how goes it?" cried Benbow.

Gayly gave him the tips of two fingers, and Benbow nearly wrenched them off.

There was quite a deal to talk of that evening at mess. The captain was dining with the admiral, so was Gayly, but this did not tend to depress anybody. The captain would not have been in the wardroom had he remained on board, and Gayly's chair was well filled by Quentin. Next him sat Colin, and even supernumerary Brown was there. He was appointed to the Theodora after all, and very glad he was to remain in her.

The messman had placed a chair for this fat-faced young gentleman next to West's, who was vice-president.

M'Gee was president to-night, but no sooner was every one seated than,

"No, no, no," cried M'Gee. "I object. Here, Mr. Brown, change places, please, with Mr. McLeod. I can't have two 'fatties' right in front of me."

The exchange was effected.

"If I were West I'd give it to you," said Benbow, laughing.

"West won't," the doctor replied. "West is a kind of out-patient of mine, so he has to be civil."

"A patient of yours, doctor! then the fates help him!"

Now while these jolly sailors are dining I will give the reader a short sketch of a somewhat remarkable man, to wit,

GASPAR MORAVO.

The Arabs who for so long a time have been engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa never did and perhaps never will bear anything but the deadliest hatred to the British, especially if they wear the blue jackets of the man-o'-war's man, or the uniform of marines.

This hatred is always smouldering, and every now and then, on every chance in fact, it bursts out into flame.

In my own time I have not only known bold resistance to the death made against our fellows when boarding a dhow or capturing a barracoon, but revenge taken by direct violence by plotting and scheming, and by the hands of hired assassins.

The Arabs dominate the coast north of Zanzibar, they dominate the Somali Indians and the other half-caste tribes, and, however much either of these latter may pretend to be our friends, the Arab is the master whom they obey; the Arab they have always with them, they respect and fear him, and so cases are constantly occurring of boats' crews being massacred, of poor blue-jackets killed in the streets by night—when sound asleep, perhaps, for Jack will sleep anywhere at times—and of officers disappearing and never being heard of more. Whatever became of the poor gunner of the P——n we lost in Mozambique, I wonder? Where did second-master P——r get to, that his pleasant round face never appeared at the mess-table again? Where did Lieutenant M—— wander to? He was never seen by his messmates again, alive or dead. Who did to the death two men of the A—— in a back slum of Zanzibar? Who enticed our boats' crews on shore at Bareda and massacred every man and officer? Who? Who but the Arabs.

But, stay, we must not judge even these too harshly, nor can I forget that I owe my life to an Arab, or that I have had many a good friend among them. No, we will not judge them rashly, we will rather look upon their evil deeds, or try to do so, from their own point of view—a view probably never taken by a British sailor before. But I have seen a good deal of the home and inner life of the Arab slave-dealer. I had the *entrée* while on the coast—no matter how obtained, 'twas honest—to a kind of society none of our fellows ever thought of cultivating. It had been remarked of me often that I nearly always went on shore alone, seldom bothering even to ask for a ship's boat, unless it were the dingy, but chartering an outrigger canoe. I was studying natural history.

Well, the Arabs are brought up from their infancy to look upon the British cruisers as their enemies, their sailors as their bitterest foes. We can hardly wonder at this; for in putting down the nefarious slave trade do we not render many a family homeless, make children fatherless, and mothers widows?

Yet the good work must go on. Missionaries on shore must preach peace and goodwill to men, our brave sailors at sea must put down the slave-trader with the strong hand of the law at all risks, at all costs, till from end to end the vast continent of Africa shall have seen civilisation and been made free.

Now there is one thing the Arab slaver loves above all things, and that is gold. He prefers it even to his thirst for English blood. There is nothing he will not do for it, nothing he will not barter; he will sell his honour for it—ay, and risk his life as well.

Were I to write you the whole life of Gaspar Moravo you would say it read like a romance. A romance, alas! with a bad ending to it, but it was nevertheless a romance that grew out of our (British) endeavours to put down the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Of his early days little need be said. He was born at sea; his father was a slave-trader, a daring, bold, unscrupulous man, and cruel in the extreme. His main object was to make money by the nefarious trade he had taken up—that of capturing slaves, running them down to the coast, and selling them in the slave-market of Zanzibar. Sometimes he ran cargoes of picked slaves—bought in the market—north to the Gulf of Persia, where on being taken inland they found a ready sale.

It was in Persia where Gaspar when only a boy first fell in with a patron whom in after life he served long and faithfully, and who supplied him with money to purchase and arm dhow after dhow, and thus carry on his patron's business and his own pleasure. Gaspar when young had seen his father struck dead at his feet by the bayonet of a British sailor. It was in the fight between Admiral McH—— (not an admiral then) and two northern fighting dhows, or pirates, so called.

In a manner of speaking—and this only proves how careful we ought to be to turn our talents to good account—in a manner of speaking, I say, Gaspar was a genius. Had he been born under luckier stars and received a fitting education he might have made a name in his own country of which his countrymen would have been proud. He had undoubted ability, and could have won laurels on the battle-deck of a man-o'war or as a general in the tented field.

But the turning-point in Gaspar's history came at last.

It was a wild and stormy day about the setting-in of the rainy season on the coast. The weather was dark and threatening, with heavy rain-clouds and driving mists hurrying ever and anon across the troubled water. It was a day on which you might have witnessed the curious phenomenon of two thunderstorms raging at one and the same time in different directions of the compass. Yet the wind was by no means steady, nor was the sea very high. Sometimes a white squall would sweep with hurricane force across the sea; then, passing, leave calm and clouds and muttering thunders.

It was hardly a day, Gaspar thought, that British cruisers would be much on the alert. He had been lying concealed in a wooded creek for weeks, waiting the chance to slip out and get away up north with his cargo of slaves. He was full to the hatches.

He had reckoned without his host for once, however.

He ran into the very jaws of the British lion. Had the wind kept up he might even yet have escaped. It did not. The breeze failed and Gaspar fought. A desperate struggle it was, and a short one. It took place close to the coast, near a little village called Bareda, which I doubt if you will find on the map. It lies twixt the Red Sea and Magedona. Gaspar's dhow was captured. Gaspar himself leapt into the sea, just as Captain Semmes of the Alabama did. There was no yacht to pick Gaspar up, though, but he swam on shore through the surf, and took to the rocks till the storm blew over; but from that hour he was dubbed pirate—had he not shed English blood?—and a price was set on his head. At all events, whoever met him were to be justified, if not rewarded, in slaying him.

Gaspar found a passage back to his Persian patron, who refitted him and sent him back to the cruising ground. This patron could afford to pay Gaspar well, and did.

Were space no object with us, the temptation to describe Gaspar's patron's home would be irresistible. It was a lovely spot in a lovely land, a castle of indolence. And he who dwelt there was a true prince of indolence. Young he was, dark-haired, dark-eyed, but fair in skin, a dreamer, a voluptuary, with no thought save that of pleasure, no aspirations, no ambitions.

Did Gaspar love his master? No! he despised him, and only served him faithfully for his own ends. It suited him to do so.

Gaspar Moravo had no scruple against taking life, and he was one of those who believe in the motto of the Clan Cameron—

"Whatever a man dares he can do."

Before he had been a piratical slave-hunter for many years he owned a whole fleet of dhows.

Do not imagine that those dhows ever ran any risk of capture by British cruisers if it could be avoided. No! for Gaspar's fleet carried papers from the then Sultan of Zanzibar, which gave them his Majesty's permission to trade in so-called "household slaves."

It was only on rare occasions that even

Gaspar dared to sail without these.* And, to make assurance doubly sure, the pirate was as often in disguise as not. But when Gaspar became owner and master of that fleet witch of the Indian Ocean called, among other names, the Castigo, he became still more daring, and ambition carried him away.

The aim and end of all this ambition was to effect the destruction of one of her Majesty's cruisers. For this he plotted and planned for years and years; and his adventures in doing so, both ashore and afloat, both in England and out on the coast, would fill a book.

Gaspar was not slow in perceiving that nearly all the cruisers on the coast were strong to fight but *useless in a chase*.

Dear reader, many a hundred pounds would be at this moment lying at my bankers to my credit, had the vessels in which I sailed and served been only fast enough to come up with the slavers they chased. Speed in a cruiser is half the battle. Wait till England goes to war, and fits out vessels that *can* sail and steam, and we will hear and read of exploits at sea that will completely eclipse all the stories of derring-do that have ever yet been done or described.

Gaspar waxed wealthy at last, and as he did so he became more daring.

For a time, too, fortune favoured him. The ship he had succeeded in getting, and which he named the Castigo—or Scourge—was undoubtedly a fleet one. She seemed, too, to be ubiquitous. She was heard of one day on the African coast, and next she appeared to have turned up in the Persian Gulf or in China.

Few of our cruisers ever saw her; many did not believe in her existence.

One of our vessels boarded her three times, found her papers all right (apparently), and nothing suspicious—not even a slave-iron—on board of her. She was at that time passing for a sugar ship.

But it was quite evident that information had been received by our lords at home which quite convinced them that the Castigo was not the myth which some Navy captains, who could not find her, or couldn't catch her when they did find her, would have her to be.

And so, very quietly indeed, the Theodora—a really fleet and good vessel—had been commissioned and dispatched.

It was a capital appointment for Blunderbore, who was a favourite in high places, not, I'm sorry to say, for his intrinsic worth, but for other reasons which need not be named. A capital appointment! The Theodora was going on special service, and success would bring with it special honours, promotions, and all kinds of pretty things for those engaged in it.

The worst of it was that no one on board, not even honest Captain Blunderbore himself, had an inkling of the kind of service he was detailed for

His orders had simply been to creep down the western coast of Africa, and break the back of slavery there if he saw a chance—in this, as we have already seen, he was singularly fortunate—then to carry despatches to Ascension, and afterwards to go to the Cape and wait for orders.

So this is how matters stood when we find the Theodora lying in Simon's Bay on this lovely evening.

But let me state now that I never rightly knew what became of Benbow's Waterwitch. I only know that the aristocratic clerk D'Austin wrote a letter on service about her, dictated by Captain Blunderbore, who really was instigated by Benbow in this matter. I rather think, however, she was finally burned. And the more was the pity; she was a beauty; only service is service.

After dinner a boat came off from the Aurora, with a few of the junior officers of that crack frigate.

Their captain, or rather commodore—O'Connell was his name—was also dining on shore with the admiral. So the evening was spent in a very happy and jolly fashion indeed. Old Golava—old is here a term of endearment—was had into the ward-room, and given sherbet to drink, and much fun was got out of him. Indeed, to hear Golava tell of his adventures was great amusement. There was, to begin with, a charm about his very style of relation that was delightful; then you could see as well as hear that he was telling nothing but the truth, describing simply the events of his everyday life.

At one moment Golava would have you sweeping along in boats, about to make an attack upon some armed dhow that lay round the corner of a wood in a creek, and so graphically would he describe this that you seemed to see everything as it occurred, away on the starboard of the boats the bright blue sea melting insensibly into the distant horizon, the woods on the port side rolling down to the very water in a cloudland of green, the lazy medusæ or turtle floating about in the transparent water, the perspiring blue-jackets half naked and bending to their strong straight oars, and the stolid faces of the hardy marines quietly loading with ball cartridge.

Next moment Golava would have you on the deck of that dhow, and you could actually see the tall long-haired Arabs falling before the rush of British cutlasses, or casting their spears and guns away and leaping headlong overboard.

In the middle of this graphic and terrible relation Golava would raise a laugh by saying in so earnest and businesslike a fashion: "But, gentlemen, you see, I'm no hand to fight much, I board with, but after the marines, and look about for a quiet corner to hide till the scrimmage is over."

Then Golava would suddenly transport you to the densest part of an African forest by night, and you could see a dark figure creeping stealthily from tree to tree, or crawling along snakelike through the cactus bushes, till it got within earshot of a grass hut, in which some gentlemen Arabs were discussing their plans of running a cargo of slaves from Brava to Zanzibar or *vice versâ*. That figure would be Golava's. And if you asked, "Weren't you a bit scared sometimes, Golava?" "Scared?" Golava would reply. "Bless you, yes, gentlemen. I always move about when doing work of this kind with my heart in my mouth."

Then Golava would suddenly change the scene, and you would find him just approaching his own house door at H—n in Zanzibar, where his wives dwelt.

* * * *

Christmas was spent at Simon's Town.

It seems strange to sit down to roast beef and plum-pudding with the thermometer standing at 90 degrees in the shade, and all the ports open, and a punkah waving through the hot air over your head.

But such was the case with our heroes on this particular Christmas.

Yet they were happy, and one thing had occurred only the day before that tended to make them additionally happy. The English mailboat arrived and brought letters from home.

(To be continued.)

* These papers could be had in those days for a small bribe to the Sultan's ministers.—G. S.

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE KILLARNEY.

THE Irish coast is of evil repute to the sailor. No more rugged, dangerous wall rises from the waters. As an example of a wreck on the pitiless buttresses that for ages and ages have kept back the Atlantic from sweeping away the green isle of the sea, let us take that of the Killarney. It is not a recent event, but the extraordinary circumstances of the rescue of the survivors are such as to render it famous even in these days, nearly half a century after its occurrence. And let us tell the story as plainly and concisely as we can, trusting to our sketches to fill in the scene; dwelling but little on the stolid indifference of the peasantry who thought so little of the life of others so long as they secured sufficient plunder; and giving all due honour to Mr. Hull and his gallant comrades, whose persistent ingenuity at last met its meed of success.

The Killarney, a small paddle steamer, with about fifty passengers and crew on board, left Cork for Bristol on January 19, 1838. The weather was rough, and after leaving the harbour she returned for shelter; but as the wind and sea had lulled a little a second attempt was made, and off she went—to her doom. She had on her deck about six hundred pigs, and during the night a quarter of them were swept overboard, and with them went many articles of the cargo. The storm increased so that the captain resolved to put back. His vessel threatened every instant to turn on to her beam ends, the sea broke over her continually, and the passengers were crawling about her shattered cabin on their hands and knees.

In vain the captain endeavoured to make Cork Harbour. He failed. He then tried to enter Roberts' Cove, but just as he got the steamer before the wind a tremendous sea came crashing over her stern, carrying away bulwarks, wheel, binnacle, and companion, and sending her clean on to the rocks. In the bay there was one rock conspicuous in the angry water, and on it twenty-five of the passengers and crew found refuge. The rest were drowned. Among those that reached the rock was a little boy of nine years old, who had been left by his father in apparent safety while he went to help a lady who was

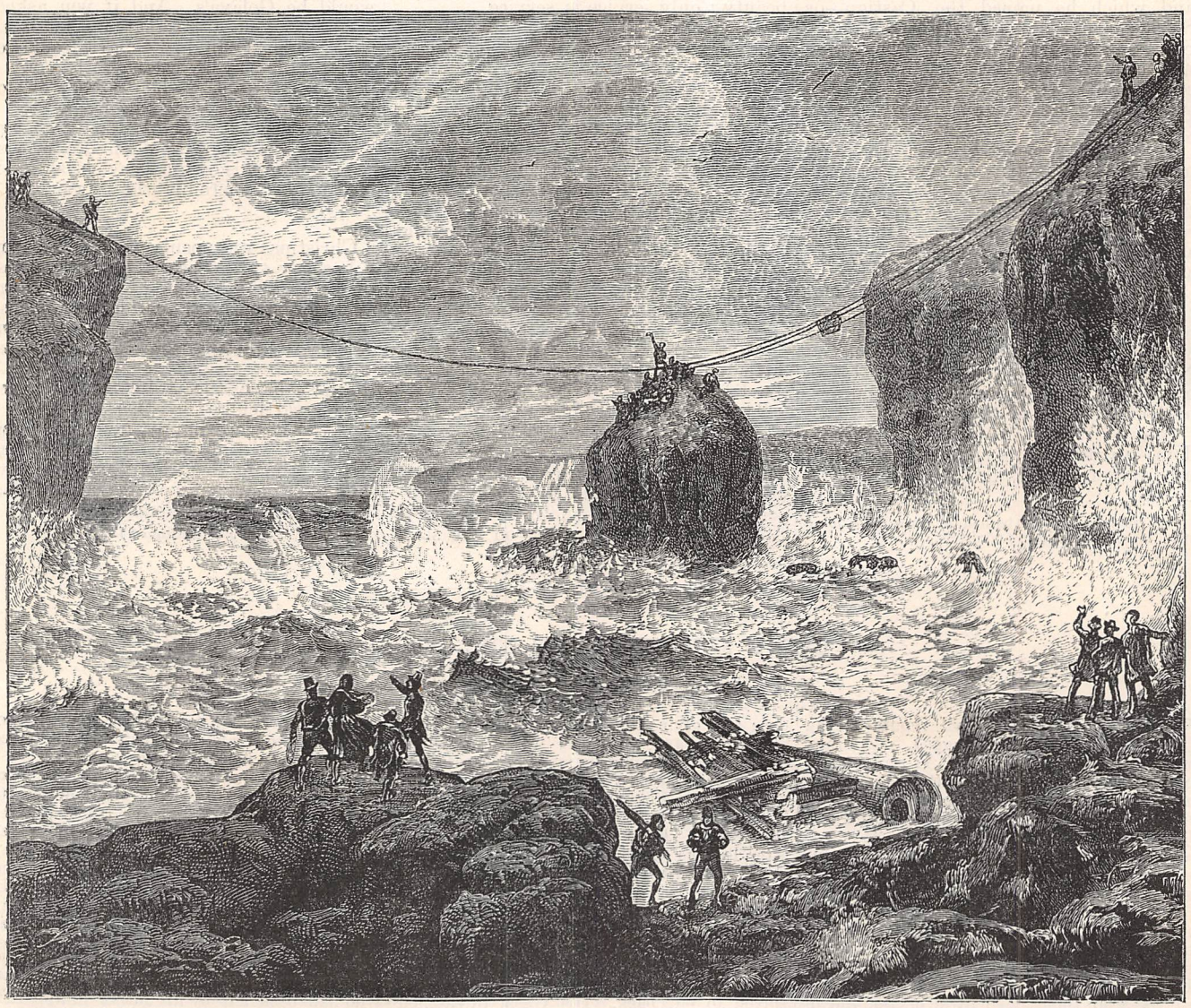
floating past. When his father turned round again he found his son had been swept off the ledge by the rising waves.

The vessel went to pieces on Saturday night; the survivors spent Saturday night, Sunday, and part of Monday on their almost inaccessible refuge, cold and starving, and with the waves continually breaking over them. Their sufferings were acute. "To such dreadful shifts," says Baron Spolasco, a surgeon who was amongst the passengers, and who was the father of the little lad that was washed away — "to such dreadful shifts were we driven, that during the night I was obliged to hold on with one hand, while with the other I grasped the hand of a fellow-sufferer, in order that each might receive some portion of vital heat; this we did alternately with right and left hand. But we were all so depressed in spirits, and suffering so grievously from the cold and the rain as the night advanced, that we did little else than turn our thoughts to the Most High and calmly await the approach of day and with it some hope of relief. My face, nose, and particularly the inside of my mouth, were dreadfully mangled, and my teeth loosened, being so repeatedly forced by the billows against the rock to which I was clinging. In short, I think no human endurance equalled ours, for towards morning, when my fingers became so benumbed from wet and cold that I lost the use of them, and I found that it was impossible to hold on longer, I twice felt resigned to commit myself to the deep, and was on the point of doing so, invoking Heaven to receive my spirit. The very lacerated state of my nose, mouth, and feet when I was borne from the rock was indicative of the sufferings I had endured. Poor McArthur seemed either quite regardless of or insensible to my repeated warnings of his danger. He at last put his hands into the pockets of his trousers in spite of my remonstrances to the contrary. The point of the rock on which he stood affording him a better foothold or standing than mine, and that portion of the rock immediately before him not being so perpendicular as that before me, allowed him to bend forward. This last advantage, coupled with that of his better footing, and his being overpowered with sleep, induced him to be so careless of his safety. But almost instantly a fearful and tremendous sea struck the rock just below the slight shelves or openings which supported our toes, and immediately rebounded over us many feet in height; then breaking and falling with great force on our heads, it had the effect of hurling off on the instant poor McArthur. Oh, gracious God! I never can be sufficiently grateful for Thy bountiful goodness and singular preservation in protecting me through so many imminent perils, so many hairbreadth escapes. For of all the passengers with whom I dined on Friday in the steamer Killarney I am the only survivor!"

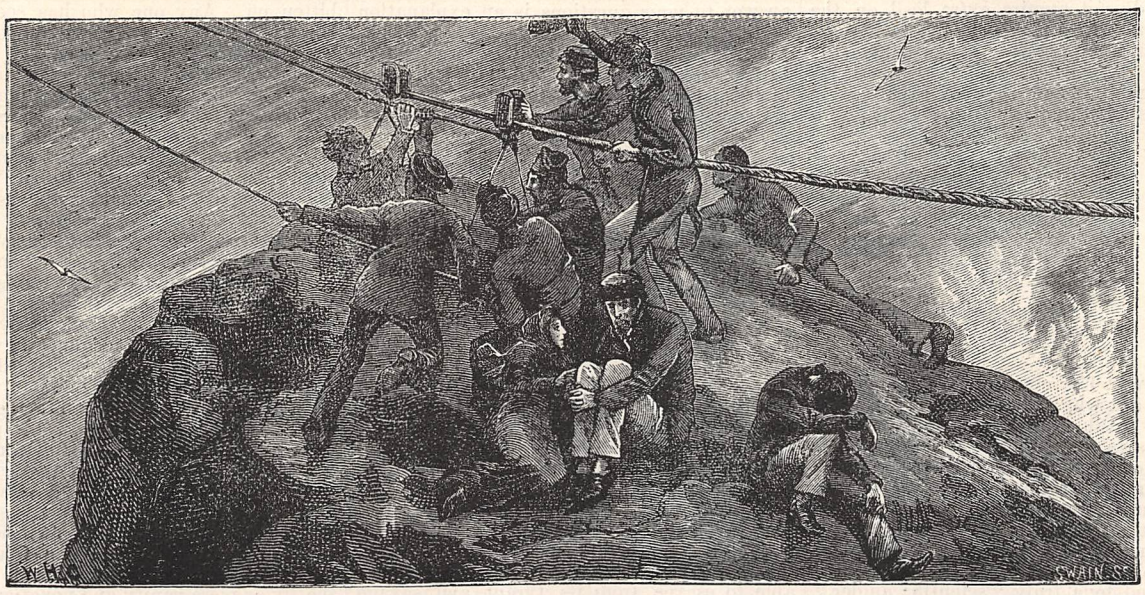
Many of the poor castaways were swept off during the night, and on the Sunday morning those that were left managed to scramble up the sides of the rock into comparative safety on the summit. Here they sat isolated in the centre of the bay, as shown in our sketch. Around them the waters foamed and tossed; and beyond them along the beach were hundreds of the peasantry busily engaged in carrying off the dead pigs and other plunder of the wreck, and stirring not a hand or foot to help the wretched crew. In vain they shouted, in vain they even held up their purses to show that they could pay for safety. The rustics would look up for a second and stolidly stare at the rock, and then return as busily as ever to the gathering of the dreadful harvest that they thanked the sea for giving them. Of the twenty-four thus heartlessly left to perish, thirteen died before the rescue came; and yet they were so near the shore that the people on the nearest cliff had to bend over its edge to look down upon them!

"During the whole of the morning of that day," says Spolasco, "indeed up to the afternoon, all we saw was a crowd of peasants on the beach, each carrying his or her burden from the spoils of the wreck of the steamer Killarney, and on the cliff above us numbers —altogether amounting to some hundreds. It was in vain we looked for some respectable person among them who would be likely to tender us the desired assistance."

At last the "respectable person" did appear, and as soon as he caught sight of the castaways he waved his hat to cheer them, and hurried off for help. He was soon back with several other gentlemen, bringing ropes and slings. They descended to the edge of the precipice to within about two hundred feet of the rock, and began to throw out



The First Journey of the Life-Car.



On the Rock.

stones to which lines were attached. The footing was so insecure that they failed to fling them far enough.

They then tried to sling the stones over, but although the distance was so trifling they still failed to get the line out to the rock. Then Mr. Galwey and Mr. Hull went to work with crowbars to form a ledge to stand securely on, and then they tried to fly a duck across with a line tied to its leg. Then a string was tied to a bullet and fired at the rock; but all was to no purpose. Then Mr. Knolles tried to get his dog to swim out through the waves, but the dog refused to go, and he himself was swept off his legs and nearly drowned.

Meanwhile the crowd had been gathering on the cliffs until the people could be counted in thousands. As night was closing in one of the survivors volunteered to carry a line from the rock to the beach. He boldly plunged into the surf—and was seen no more. And then came another effort from those on the land. A rope was fixed to one promontory and the end carried round to the other at the horn of the bay, and the two ends being drawn tight were brought so as to overhang the rock. From the centre hung a small tripping-line, which the survivors seized and hauled upon till they held the rope, and then the darkness closed in.

"When the rope was conveyed to us," says Spolasco, "we all cheered as if reanimated by a new existence, and although it reached us too late to be of any service on that night, such was our eagerness to be delivered from the rock that one man volunteered and immediately descended to the base of it, and by a triangular knot made himself fast to the hawser, which had been conveyed to us by means of the small lines already alluded to. The rope or hawser, although not a new one, I think was sufficiently strong to bear one at a time to shore, and, indeed, up the lofty cliff in safety; but a boy who had been in care of the pigs unfortunately, through over-anxiety to escape from the rock, descended, and most imprudently attached himself also at the same time to it, notwithstanding our earnest remonstrances to the contrary; and when they said all was ready—meaning that they were secured to the rope—at the same time directing us to shout to those on the mainland to pull them ashore. We did so, and they immediately drew them towards the cliff, upon which we heard a splash, but could see nothing, it being at this time dark."

The rope had broken!

An hour before daylight Mr. Hull was back with more rope to give his invention another trial. The weather was miserable, and the rain and snow came driving down in sheets. At dawn the coastguard officer arrived from Kinsale with a life-car and a Manby apparatus, which was at once brought into use—and to no effect. The two-pound shot discharged from the howitzer failed to carry the line. Then slings were tried again, and, these having failed, the ropes were again carried round and stretched from headland to headland, and the life-car was run on. Then the hawser was taken down the precipice to nearly three hundred feet below; and thence Mr. Hull and three of the coastguardsmen despatched a basket of refreshments out to the rock, and with it a letter telling the castaways how to act.

The first to enter the cot was Mary Leary. There was a good deal of nervousness as to who should go first; for the contrivance had to be hauled a distance of nearly a hundred feet over the sea before it landed on the ledge where Mr. Hull and his men were waiting, and from that ledge the survivors had to be carried on men's backs up to the top of the cliff, an almost perpendicular climb of three hundred feet, and the least false step on the journey would be fatal. The woman was safely got ashore, and then came the doctor, and then the ship's carpenter, who died immediately he touched the ground. Then came ten of the crew, and then, in his proper place, last of all, came the captain, who throughout had done all in his power to save his ship and those entrusted to his care.

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART X.

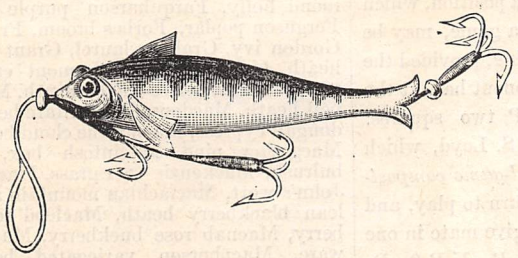


Fig. 8.

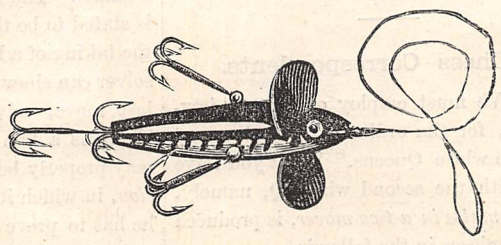


Fig. 9.

Of artificial baits those figured (Figs. 8, 9, 10) are, in my opinion, the best. Fig. 8 is an imitation of the real minnow with fans at the shoulder, like Figs. 9 and 10, to spin it. Fig. 9 is the "Devon Killer," and Fig. 10 is called the "Clipper," made by Mr. Gregory, of Vyse Street, Birmingham, if I mistake not. All are very useful when the natural minnow cannot be obtained, and being themselves

weighted do not require extra lead on the trace. With these tackles in his tackle-box the learner need not fear to encounter the fish of any water.

It is high time now that my readers were put in possession of the "How" to fish with

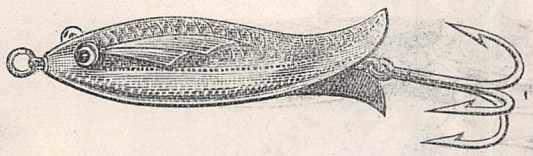


Fig. 10.

the minnow. The observant tyro will probably first ask why the trout take a minnow spinning. "Why do they not prefer the fish without a spin, even though it be dead?" I hear some one say. "Would it not be better to draw the bait through the water without what seems an unnatural movement?" To these questions I can reply with some degree of confidence, having given much time and thought to their elucidation. But first I am strengthened by a truly "scientific angler," who says, "The theory of bait spinning is founded upon the well-known propensities of the heavy fish for weakly fry, which accounts for the otherwise unaccountable fact of the well-spun bait being seized from the very midst of a shoal of living minnows." My answer to your questions is an explanation of this acute sentence from Foster's book. There is no doubt but that the "weakest go to the wall" in the struggle for existence amongst fish as amongst the higher animals. A wounded fish—nay, even a minnow impaled on the hook for perch-fishing, if dropped amongst a shoal of his fellows, will be set upon and harried to death, just in the same way as a flock of turkeys will peck and worry one of their real brethren till it dies, as I have more than once observed. So, also, a perch will prefer to take the impaled bait in preference to the lively and free minnow, not because the former is less lively, but because its evident distress in not being able to escape from its tyrant and savage pursuer indicates to the latter a helplessness which is attractive. The spinning bait as it spins through the water imitates as closely as it is possible to imitate a natural action by a mechanical one a wounded fish—in other words, a fish with a tail decayed or fins bitten off. Any one who has seen such a one will recognise on comparison of the two the similarity of which I speak.

So much for the theory of the matter, now for the practice. If you are fishing for whatsoever fish it is clearly your wisest plan to imitate the false prophet Mahomet, who, when the mountain would not come to him, like a sensible man went to the mountain. Therefore, if you find that the fish you are seeking in mid-stream will not take your lure, because they are not there, why simply alter your tactics and go to them at their homes. If fish are feeding in mid-stream you may easily see that they are doing so. Gently pitch your minnow or fly amongst them, and if they are feeding you will be rewarded. It is when, however, the fish are at home and not in the humour to feed on flies, when, perhaps, they are "grubbing," as it is termed, or, in other words, picking up unconsidered trifles from the bottom, that the minnow is spun with the greatest success. With a deftly flung line every crevice, nook, and corner can be explored, and especially is it when the bait with easy swiftness speeds across some shadowy lagoon that the old aldermanic trout who has hitherto disdained the fly as mere vanity and vexation of spirit, and has voted the caddis of the gravel meat of an indigestible character, rushes out and incontinently takes the bait to find the biter bit.

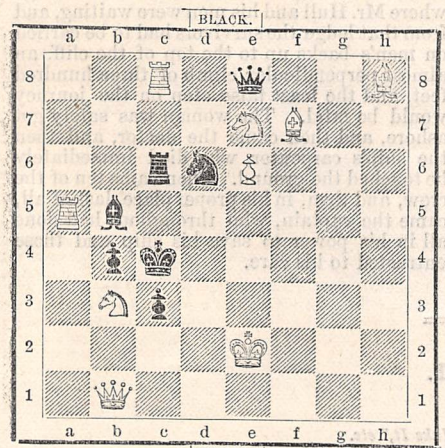
(*To be continued.*)

CHESS.

(*Continued from page 543.*)

Problem No. 106.

By T. Simmonds.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

G. R.—We must employ only the thirty-two pieces, for the ordinary game does not contain two white Queens. What you have attained with the second white Q, namely, *twenty-one mates in a two-mover*, is produced with fewer pieces in the following

Problem No. 107.

White: K—K B 5; Q—Q sq.; R—K R sq.; Bs—Q R sq. and K 6; Ps—Q Kt 7, Q 3 and 6, K 7, and K B 7.—Black: K—K R sq.; Q—Q Kt sq.; R—K R 7; B—Q Kt 7; Ps—Q R 6 and K Kt 6.—(10+6=16 pieces.) White mates in two moves.

H. H. (Highbury Hill.)—Try to rectify the position, for the second move may be B—Q 7.

N. N.—You require only nine white pieces in order to defend all the sixty-four squares, so that the black K cannot be placed on the board, thus:—K—K B 6; Q—Q B 6; Rs—Q R 8 and K R sq.; B—K B 3; Kts—Q Kt 3 and Q 3; Ps—Q B 2 and K B 2.

E. E.—Castling is one of the elementary moves in chess, and is therefore permitted in problems as well as in games.—Taking a Pawn in passing cannot be the first move in a problem, because the opponent has not previously moved (a problem is not the result of a game). The first move in a position, which is stated to be the ending of a game, may be the taking of a Pawn in passing, provided the solver can show that his opponent has, at the last move, advanced the P two squares. There is a fine position by S. Loyd, which may properly be called an *end-game composition*, in which it is White's turn to play, and he has to prove that he can give mate in one move:—White: K—Q B 5; R—K R 8; Ps—Q R 5, Q B 6, K 2, K Kt 2, 3, and 4, and K R 7.—Black: K—Q B 2; B—Q Kt sq.; Ps—Q Kt 4, K B 2 and 3, K Kt 2 and 3, and K R 6. (17 pieces.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

The New Headmaster of Harrow.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon, M.A., headmaster of Dulwich College and fellow of King's College, Cambridge, whose portrait we gave in No. 301, has been unanimously elected by the governors of Harrow School to fill the vacancy in the headmastership caused by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Butler (whose portrait has also appeared in No. 299) to the Deanery of Gloucester.

The new headmaster had a distinguished career at Eton and King's, Cambridge, of both of which colleges he was a scholar. At Eton he won the Newcastle Scholarship, and at Cambridge, where he went up in 1873, he was Bell's Scholar in 1874 and Craven Scholar in 1876, and obtained in 1873 the Carus Greek Testament Prize, and in 1875 and 1876 Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek ode. He took his degree in 1877 as Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. He was ordained in 1883. Less than three years ago he was chosen to be headmaster of Dulwich.

Floral Badges.

An excellent example of floral badges are those of the Highland clans. Each clan wore a native plant or flower for its badge. Thus Buchan wore a birch, Cameron an oak, Campbell a myrtle, Chisholm an alder, Colquhoun a hazel, Cumming common sallow, Drummond holly, Farquharson purple foxglove, Ferguson poplar, Forbes broom, Fraser yew, Gordon ivy, Graham laurel, Grant cranberry heath, Gunn rosewort, Lamont crab apple tree, Macalister five-leaved heath, Macdonald bell heath, Macdonnell mountain heath, Macdougall cypress, Macfarlane cloud berry bush, Macgregor pine, Macintosh box, Mackay bulrush, Mackenzie deer grass, Mackinon St. John's wort, Maclachlan mountain ash, Maclean blackberry heath, Macleod red wortleberry, Macnab rose buckberry, Macneil seaware, Macpherson variegated box, Macquarrie blackthorn, Macrae fir club moss, Munro eagle's feather's, Menzies ash, Murray juniper, Ogilvie hawthorn, Oliphant maple, Robertson fern, Rose brier rose, Ross bear-berries, Sinclair clover, Stewart thistle, Sutherland cat's-tail grass.—*Rev. J. King, M.A.*

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(*Continued from page* 623.)

As regards the necessary implements for capturing your specimens, but little requires to be said.

You will want, first of all, a small hand-net, with a longish handle, with which to fish in the small pools left by the sea among the rocks. The ring of this, which should not be more than six or seven inches in diameter, should be made of tolerably stout iron-bar, firmly welded into a short socket, into which the handle can be fastened by means of a couple of screws. The bag ought to be a foot or a little more in depth, and should be made of the best mosquito-net, which is less liable to tear than leno or muslin. By the judicious use of such a net you can catch a wonderful number of specimens without difficulty, by carefully dragging the small pools left among the weed-covered rocks by the retreating tide; gobies, gunnells, and other small fish are sometimes very abundant in such situations.

If you are very ambitious, you may also set up a broad flat net similar to those used for shrimp-catching, which is very useful when the tide is flowing. An almost equally good plan, however, is to offer a professional shrimper a few pence for the pick of the contents of his net, choosing the specimens for yourself whenever he stops to examine his captures. In this way you may often meet with really valuable acquisitions to your aquarium, which, but for your interference, would of course have been thrown back into the sea as worthless.

A mallet and a cold chisel are indispensable for some of the rock-frequenting animals, which cling so firmly to their hold that they must on no account be forcibly removed. Anemones, for instance, although they *can* be occasionally induced to vacate their positions, are delicate creatures to meddle with, and ought never to be violently detached from their resting-places. A fragment of rock is easily chipped off, and it is far better to take a little extra trouble than to run the risk of damaging a choice specimen.

The last, and most important, requisite in the search is Perseverance. Map out a small portion of shore, and examine it thoroughly. Work it both as the tide comes in and retreats. Pass over neither crevice nor pool, no matter how small, but systematically search every possible nook and corner before passing on to another locality. By so doing you will find a wonderful number of objects which you would otherwise inevitably have passed over, and which you will shortly find of far more interest than the majority of those whose size and habits render them more conspicuous objects. Lastly, remember that different winds bring different specimens, and that the yield after a stiff breeze from the north-east may very likely be of a totally different character from that following a gale from the south-west.

As regards the choice of creatures to be kept, it is difficult to give you any advice. You will very soon find out more for yourself than can possibly be told you in a short paper such as the present, and by the time you have discovered which animals are cannibals and which may be safely trusted to mingle with their companions you will have learnt a good deal about the habits of your captives. So, make a few experiments for yourself. You are sure to meet with one or two failures, but you cannot help that. Do not let them discourage you, and before very long you will find yourself the possessor of a considerable stock of knowledge concerning the smaller inhabitants of the salt water, and will, moreover, have the satisfaction of having found it all out for yourself.

JULY.

The Poultry Run.—There are in this month and in the next, especially if the weather be hot, great chances of illnesses of various kinds in your fowl-run. Now, as disease of all sorts is difficult to cure in birds, whether fowls, pigeons, or canaries, it is far better to do all we can to prevent them. If we have in our own mind a list of the various disease-producers, it is easy enough, by using ordinary tact and precaution, to keep them at bay. What, then, are the common causes of illnesses? They are—1. Irregularity and mismanagement in the feeding. 2. Unwholesome green food. 3. Impure water. 4. Uncleanliness of all kinds. 5. Want of exercise. 6. Overcrowding. 7. Want of pure air in the fowl-house. 8. Vermin. Now, a thoughtful boy will see that his fowls are not subjected to any of these disease-causes. He will think about them constantly, and whenever a fowl is sick or drooping he will not only use such simple means of remedy as may suggest themselves to him, such as putting the sick birds into a quiet warm corner, and feeding better, etc., but he will endeavour to find out the cause of the trouble.

Let us take a case. It is a half-grown chicken that is drooping, and cannot stand up; it would feed if it

could, and makes efforts to crawl after the grain thrown down, but it is at a disadvantage. It is, in fact, paralysed to a great extent. The question its owner would ask himself is, Has the chicken not been confined too much? or has the diet it has been feeding on not been too stimulating for the life of inaction it has been leading? Then he will not only see after this bird, which is suffering from leg-weakness, but he will alter the conditions of life of all its companions as well; he will let them have a bigger run, and more sunlight and pure air, and he will mix bone-dust with their food, and a tonic in the drinking-water. A rusty nail or two is a very good one.

Or it may be one or two fowls that are down with diarrhœa. This will effectually prevent egg-laying, and weaken the birds very much in every way. It is caused by exposure to wet and cold, to alternate wet and hot sunshine, by foul runs, and bad feeding. We have before spoken about the cure for diarrhœa. But the cure is not everything. You must remove the cause, else others may take the same complaint and you may lose many. So that disease of any kind in the run should make one carefully reconsider his whole plan of conducting the economy of the run. Feed more regularly, attend to the cleanliness of the run and everything in it. See to the fowl-house, the shelter-shed, the dust-bath, and water utensils; and see also that the fowls have exercise of some kind, if only scraping for grain in a heap of garden refuse placed in the run on purpose.

In July, and in hot months generally, fowls that are not over well seem to suffer a deal from vermin. Such birds are seldom much to look at; they are weary, tired-looking birds, with drooping tails, and are constantly picking their feathers. A large wine-glassful of strong carbolic acid should be mixed in a bucket of water, and with this, after cleaning it, and before the fowls are out of a morning, you must well syringe all about the run. Then renew the dust-bath; put plenty of dry mortar, dust, peat earth, ordinary garden earth, gravel, etc., in it. Make it a big one, and put plenty of sulphur in it. Sulphur may also be put about the nests and even among the feathers of the birds. But you will very likely have to limewash all the fowl-house more than once before you get rid of these disagreeable pests.

Besides attending to the general cleanliness and comfort of the poultry run, you must this month begin to fatten and weed out all the birds you don't want to keep. Prepare for shows, if you have any birds that give promise. Kill old fowls that are gone off laying. Continue to preserve eggs for winter use.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Read our last month's DOINGS again. Attend most carefully to the feeding of the loft, and to its dryness and cleanliness. Beware of overcrowding if you would keep clear of that loathsome disease commonly called canker. It is believed by most competent authorities to be infectious, and it probably spreads from one to the other through the medium of the drinking-water. Carefully quarantine any ailing bird, therefore, and then see to the rest. Also cleanse and thoroughly disinfect your loft. A day spent at this work will be profitable enough now, at all events, and probably prevent disease of many kinds. Pigeon shows will now be on. You of course will always go to one when opportunity offers. One learns such a deal by conversing with others, and seeing other really good birds.

THE AVIARY.—The season is wearing on, and the breeding season is well-nigh over. It is well now to prevent more hatching. If eggs are laid, break them or blow them, for moulting will soon be beginning. If the birds, then, are no longer sitting, the egg-and-breadcrumb food may be discontinued, but this must be done gradually, not all at once. Wean off your last nests. Sell your young birds. They sell best when in their first plumage. But mind to keep the very best for your next season's breeding, for charity begineth at home.

Now you can begin to put away your breeding-cages, and to turn the birds into their ordinary flights. But before you put the cages away do not forget a thorough cleansing. Then roll them neatly up in paper to keep out the dust.

Do not give ordinary singing-birds dainties. We are sometimes consulted about sudden loss of voice in birds. It is caused at times by cold, this we are willing to admit, but the fault is just as often in the feeding. Sweet biscuits, cheese-cakes, sponge-cakes, sugar, etc., should be withheld if the bird is at all greedy in eating such things.

Do not forget green food now, and see that the ordinary seeds you buy are rich-looking and quite free from dust.

THE RABBITRY.—Lay up stores of hay and soft dry weeds for the winter's bedding. See that your rabbits have plenty of exercise, and above all keep the hutches dry and sweet. Do not leave roots about to spoil. They will assuredly breed disease.

See that the hutches are not too hot and warm. A covering of thatch keeps off the summer's heat and also the winter's cold. Do not lift rabbits by the ears, nor allow your friends to do so. Fatten for the market. Give a mash of barley-meal and oatmeal, with a little tea-leaves in it, and boiled potatoes, once a day; give plenty of grains and good roots, and not much green food. Keep them quiet, but not in the dark.

THE KENNEL.—Beware of running your dog or dogs too much in the sunshine. If a dog is panting much and his tongue hangs out, and he makes frequent rushes for the water-pond, it is a sign that he is having far too much exercise. Do not give the dog his dinner now till about six o'clock, and take him out for a walk or a run after. Give plenty of well-mashed greens in the food, and now and then a little sulphur. It is no use putting a piece of brimstone in the water.

DOMESTIC PETS.—We shall feel much pleasure in giving advice under this heading upon any domestic animal that boys inquire about, from a horse to a hedgehog. But let us now, in this hot month of July, remind our readers that all animals need *water* to drink; and those that will bathe ought to have a shallow pan given them for the purpose. Nearly all birds are fond of bathing. Milk and water make a very good drink for such pets as will partake of it. So do oatmeal and water.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The chief work of the month is planting winter greens, planting out celery, sowing a bed of cabbage the plants of which will come in very handy, staking beans, and killing weeds everywhere. Gather up all garden rubbish and put away to rot. It must be well buried, if there be cabbage or kale stalks in it. Never let pieces of stick get among your manure.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Bud roses, remove flowers from plants when they begin to fade, the plant will thus keep on blooming longer. Take cuttings of geraniums. Water wherever needed. Keep down weeds, and keep all walks, grass, and borders neat and tidy.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Train creepers. Stir the earth constantly around flowering plants. If any are drooping, water coloured deep with permanganate of potash will be found an excellent reviver. See that you water well and thoroughly. Attend to the hanging basket. It is so apt to get dry. Do not let creepers that don't belong to it get around it, for the basket should be made to lower down at will, and a twining creeper would effectually prevent this.

Correspondence.

CYMBELINE.—Balthazar's song in "Much Ado about Nothing" was "Men were deceivers ever." Do not say "Shakspeare says" so and so. Quote the name of the character, and not that of the poet. Shakspeare's greatness consists in his making his characters speak their characteristic thoughts. What the author thought is nowhere shown; hence the puppets seem living men and women. The thoughts and phrases of an Iago are widely different from those of a Miranda; and it would be as absurd to credit the bard with all the villainy of the one as with all the innocent purity of the other. A cynic speaks cynically, a braggart speaks boastfully, and "Shakspeare says"—nothing.

M. M.—Most of the silkworm gut comes from Murcia, in the south of Spain, where mulberry-trees are plentiful. The worm is thrown into hot vinegar, and the intestine is stretched out and wound upon pins.

C. I. A.—If you apply to Mr. Goy, of Leadenhall Street, he will send you particulars of several bicycle schools where the terms for tuition are moderate.

PHYLL.—Boil the leaves in a solution of three ounces of washing-soda and an ounce and a half of quicklime in a quart of water until they are pulpy, and then clear off the fragments. This is the quickest way of skeletonising.

A DULWICH BOY.—Our circulation is so large for a magazine that we have to go to press weeks in advance, and hence any news we might be able to give would be anticipated so long by the newspapers as to be almost useless.

AN INQUIRER.—You can get a copy of the plate of Highland Clans by buying the part in which it appeared. The cost is sixpence.

ALLAN RENNIE.—1. You may think yourself lucky if you get five shillings per week at your age. 2. The stamps with "Magyar" on them are Hungarian.

SINCE FIRST VOLUME.—Write to headquarters; but particulars as to situations as bandsmen can generally be obtained from the military musical instrument sellers.

S. M. POTTS.—In "Birthday Flowers," published by Chatto and Windus at six shillings, there are three hundred and sixty-six coloured portraits of flowers, wild and cultivated. We know of no other coloured selection that has so many flowers at the price.

ROE BUCK.—Roughly speaking, a fast ocean steamer burns a ton of coals per hour for every knot she runs.

H. V. HOWS.—The stamp without letters or figures, but with the head of Mercury surrounded by a Greek key pattern, is an Austrian.

W. HEGGS.—See our article on Bishops and Bishoprics. It was the bishop who moved to the chief town from some distant village; and in some cases the seat of the see remains in its old place.

A. R. K.—1. Sketches for book illustrations are generally drawn in body colour. 2. Advertise in the technical papers of the profession you wish to join.

SHAMROCK.—Shilling books on water-colour drawing are published by most artists' colourmen. Apply to Winsor and Newton, of Rathbone Place; Reeves, of Cheapside; Rowney, of Oxford Street, etc., etc.

T. J. B.—The "battery" you send is an induction coil. For instructions how to make it consult the index.

F. E. NEWTON.—To clean an oil picture lay a wet towel on it, and keep it thoroughly wet for three or four days. Then sponge the picture with clean water, and soak it again. To dissolve hard old varnish use spirits of wine and turpentine, but the instant you begin to touch the colours rinse the picture thoroughly with clean water.

M. WHITE.—There was no Afghan campaign in 1845. General Pollock took Cabul in 1842.

BEAUSEANT.—Write to Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, for list of their "Thorough Guide" series. The books are by Ward and Baddeley, and are practical and cheap, costing from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence. Stanford, of Charing Cross, also publishes well-known guide-books; and there are many others, including of course the classic Murray.

T. W. WARREN.—Our article on the Tricycle Meet was in the September part for 1881. Your best plan would be to apply to Goy, Leadenhall Street. Your machine should be japanned, not painted, and the best japan for the purpose is obtainable from the bicycle shops.

A. E. MAIDMENT.—We have given so many articles on boatbuilding that you had better send for the indexes and get the particulars for yourself. There are six indexes, and they cost a penny each.

CYCLIST.—Try glycerine, or blacklead and glycerine. There are, however, so many good lubricants for cycles sold at the shops that you can scarcely hope to excel them either in quality or price.

NATURALIST.—1. You will get most fossils in the diagrammatic sheet, "Lowry's British Fossils," published by Stanford; but what you want is a good manual of geology, of which there are so many in the market. There is a long list, but no figures, in Penning's "Field Geology;" and of course there is the standard book, Morris's "British Fossils," than which no better guide is published. 2. It would be simply misleading you. An aquarium must have stone or glass sides. You might coat the sides with window-glass and fill in with Portland cement, but we do not like to guarantee that it would be successful.

W. MILLER.—For particulars as to Andrew Wilson's "Ever Victorious Army—a history of Gordon's Chinese Campaign," write to Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, who were its publishers.

READY.—The quotation, "Like angels' visits, few and far between," is from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." There is also something very like it in Blair's "Grave." For "Men were deceivers ever" see answer to CYMBELINE.

H. M. B.—1. On letters, etc., it is customary to give the full name and initials of degree. "The Rev. J. Smith, M.A.," is right enough; but "The Rev. J. Smith, etc., etc.," is just as polite, and ensures accuracy. 2. "Entered at Stationers' Hall" means that the title has been registered for copyright purposes.

CORNWALL and CLIFTON.—Had you read the paper you would have found the explanation for yourselves. The portraits were from photographs supplied by the team. The error as to the name of the head master of Clifton appeared only in some of the copies, and was noted in all the copies at the head of the Correspondence on the earliest possible occasion. The article on the Counties gave the reason of the selection.

A. C. HOBDAY.—No; but if you will mix your colours with varnish instead of water there will be no difficulty. Rub them down in the usual way.

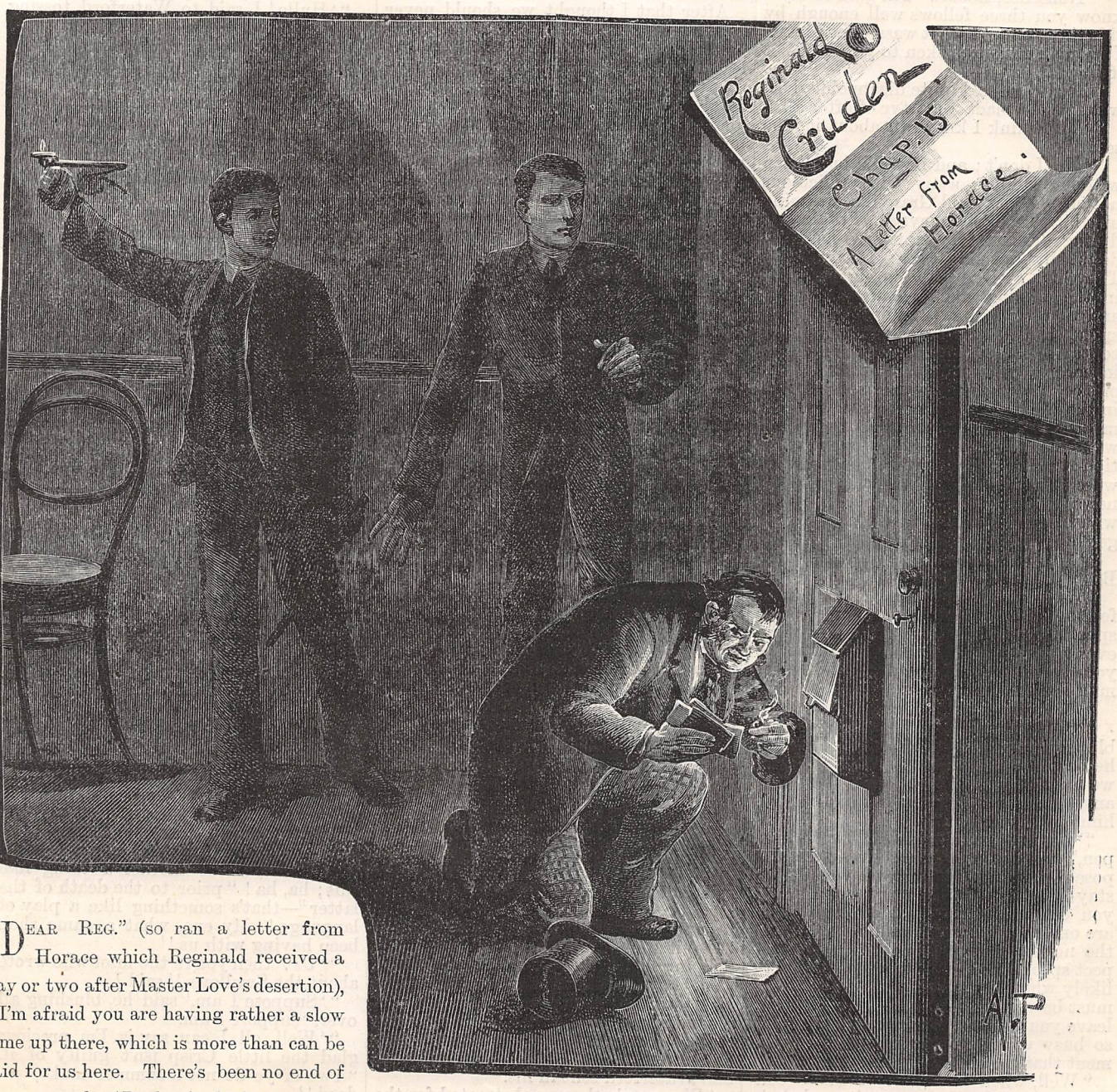
R. E. NIVEN.—The responsibility of advising on investments would be too great for us to undertake. You may choose for yourself; but remember the old Duke of Wellington's remark, that "high interest means bad security." All investments have a tendency to reduce themselves to a five per cent. basis. Trust investments are permitted by the Court of Chancery in Consols, Bank of England, Metropolitan Board of Works, and Indian Government Stocks; in Canadian Four per Cent. Guaranteed, in Turkish Four per Cent. Guaranteed, and in the Bank of Ireland Stock. Among other safe four to five per cent. investments are the Colonial Government Securities, and the Dutch, Belgian, French, and United States Government Stocks, all British Railway Debenture Stocks, Indian Railway Debenture Stocks, British Railway Preference Stocks, Indian Railway Guaranteed Ordinary Stocks, Docks, and, speaking generally, all British Railway Stocks of established lines. Above six per cent. no investment can be safely recommended.

C. WEEKS.—An oblique or skew arch is one that crosses at an angle not a right angle. The getting out of the stones for such an arch is a very complicated proceeding, and your best plan would be to obtain a book on "Skew Arches" from one of the engineering publishers. Batsford, of Holborn, generally has a stock of such technical books.

C. S.—1. The articles on Kite Carriages were in the third volume, pages 97, 68, and 93 (Nos. 93, 94, and 95). 2. The three-ply wood for fret-cutting is made by Mr. J. H. Skinner, of East Dereham, Norfolk. The centre layer runs the opposite way of the grain to the others. The prices per square foot are sixpence for an eighth of an inch thick, sevenpence for three-sixteenths of an inch, and eightpence for a quarter-inch. This is for walnut, mahogany, and brown oak; other woods cost fivepence, sixpence, and sevenpence.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 339.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885. Price One Penny.



"He lit another match."

"DEAR REG." (so ran a letter from Horace which Reginald received a day or two after Master Love's desertion), "I'm afraid you are having rather a slow time up there, which is more than can be said for us here. There's been no end of a row at the 'Rocket,' which you may

like to hear about, especially as two of the chief persons concerned were your friend Durfy and your affectionate brother.

"Granville, the sub-editor, came into the office where Booms and Waterford and I were working on Friday morning, and said, in his usual mild way,

"'I should like to know who generally clears the post-box in the morning?'

"'I do,' said Booms. You know the way he groans when he speaks.

"'The reason I want to know is, because I have an idea one or two letters lately have either been looked at or tampered with before the editor or I see them.'

"'I suppose I'm to be given in charge?' said Booms. 'I didn't do it; but when once a man's suspected, what's the use of saying anything?'

"Even Granville couldn't help grinning at this.

"'Nonsense, Booms. I'm glad to say I know you three fellows well enough by this time to feel sure it wasn't one of you. I shouldn't have spoken to you about it if I had.'

"Booms seemed quite disappointed he wasn't to be made a martyr of after all.

"'You think I know all about it?' he said.

"'No, I don't; and if you'll just listen without running away with ridiculous notions, Booms,' said Granville, warming up a bit, 'I'll explain myself. Two letters during the last fortnight have been undoubtedly opened before I saw them. They both arrived between eight o'clock in the evening and nine next morning, and they both came from sporting correspondents of ours in the country, and contained information of a private nature intended for our paper the next day. In one case it was about a horse race, and in the other about an important football match. The letters were not tampered with for the purpose of giving information to any other papers, because we were still the only paper who gave the news, so the probability is some one who wanted to bet on the event has tried to get hold of the news beforehand.'

"'I never made a bet in my life,' said Booms.

"We couldn't help laughing at this, for the stories he tells us of his terrific sporting exploits when he goes out of an evening in his high collar would make you think he was the loudest betting man in London.

"Granville laughed too.

"'Better not begin,' he said, and then blushed very red as it occurred to him he had made an unintentional pun. But we looked quite grave, and did not give any sign of having seen it, and that put him on his feet again.

"'It's not a comfortable thing to happen,' said he, 'and what I want to propose is that one or two of you should stay late for a night or two and see if you can find out how it occurs. There are one or two events coming off during the next few days about which we expect special communications, so that very likely whoever it is may try again. You must be very careful, and I shall have to leave you to use your discretion, for I'm so busy with the new Literary Supplement that I cannot stay myself.'

"Well, when he'd gone we had a consultation, and of course it ended in Waterford and me determining to sit up. Poor Booms's heart would break if he couldn't go 'on the mash' as usual; and though he tried to seem very much hurt that he was not to stay, we could see he was greatly relieved. Waterford and I were rather glad, as it happened, for we'd some work on hand it just suited us to get a quiet evening for.

"So I wrote a note to Miss Crisp. Don't get excited, old man; she's a very nice girl, but she's another's. [By the way, Jemima asks after you every time I meet her, which is once a week now; she's invited herself into our shorthand class.] And after helping to rig old Booms up to the ninety-nines, which wasn't easy work, for his 'dicky' kept twisting round to the side of his neck, and we had to pin it in three places before it would keep steady, I gave him the note and asked him would he ever be so kind as to take it round for me, as it was to ask Miss Crisp if she would go and keep my mother company during my absence.

After that I thought we should never get rid of him. He insisted on overhauling every article of his toilet. At least four more pins were added to fix the restless dicky in its place on his manly breast. We polished up his eyeglasses with wash-leather till the pewter nearly all rubbed off; we helped him roll his flannel shirt-sleeves up to the elbows, for fear—horrible idea!—they should chance to peep out from below his cuffs; we devoted an anxious two minutes to the poising of his hat at the right angle, and then passed him affectionately from one to the other to see he was all right. After which he went off, holding my letter carefully in his scented handkerchief and saying—dear gay deceiver!—that he envied us spending a cosy evening in that snug office by the fire!

"The work Waterford and I have on hand is—tell it not in Gath, old man, and don't scorn a fellow off the face of the earth—to try to write something that will get into the Literary Supplement. This supplement is a new idea of the editor's, and makes a sort of weekly magazine. He writes a lot of it himself, and we chip a lot of stuff for him out of other papers. The idea of having a shot at it occurred to us both independently, in a funny and rather humiliating way. It seems Waterford, without saying a word to me or anybody, had sat down and composed some lines on the 'Swallow'—appropriate topic for this season of the year. I at the same time, without saying a word to Waterford or anybody except mother, had sat down and, with awful groanings and wrestling of mind, evolved a lucubration in prose on 'Ancient and Modern Athletic Sports.' Of course I crammed a lot of it up out of encyclopædias and that sort of thing. It was the driest rot you ever read, and I knew it was doomed before I sent it in. But as it was written I thought I might try. So, as of course I couldn't send it in under my own name, I asked Miss Crisp if I might send it under hers. The obliging little lady laughed and said, 'Yes,' but she didn't tell me at the same time that Waterford had come to her with his 'Swallow' and asked the very same thing. A rare laugh she must have had at our expense! Well, I sent mine in and Waterford sent in his.

"We were both very abstracted for the next few days, but little guessed our perturbation arose from the same cause. Then came the fatal Wednesday—the 'd. w. t.' day as we call it—for Granville always saves up his rejected addresses for us to 'decline with thanks' for Wednesdays. There was a good batch of them this day, so Waterford and I took half each. I took a hurried skim through mine, but no 'Ancient and Modern Athletic Sports' were there. I concluded therefore Waterford had it. Granville writes in the corner of each 'd. w. t.,' or 'd. w. t. note,' which means 'declined with thanks' pure and simple, or 'declined with thanks' and a short polite note to be written at the same time stating that the sub-editor, while recognising some merit in the contribution, regretted it was not suitable for the supplement. I polished off my pure and simple first, and then began to tackle the notes. About the fourth I came to considerably astonished me. It was a couple of mild sonnets on the 'Swallow,' with the name M. E. Crisp attached!

"'Hullo,' I said to Waterford, tossing the paper over to him, 'here's Miss Crisp writing some verses. I should have thought she could write better stuff than that, shouldn't you?'

"Waterford, very red in the face, snatched up the paper and glanced at it.

"'Do you think they're so bad?' said he.

"'Frightful twaddle,' said I; 'fancy any one saying,

> "The drowsy year from winter's sleep ye wake,
> Yet two of ye do not a summer make."'

"'Well,' said he, grinning, 'you'd better tell her straight off it's bosh, and then she's not likely to make a fool of herself again. Hullo, though, I say,' he exclaimed, picking up a paper in front of him, every smudge and blot of which I knew only too well, 'why she's at it again. What's this? "Ancient and Mod—" Why it's in your writing; did you copy it out for her?'

"'I wrote that out, yes, said I, feeling it my turn to colour up and look sheepish.

"Waterford glanced rapidly through the first few lines and then said,

"'Well, all I can say is, it's a pity she didn't stick to poetry. I'm sure the line about waking the drowsy year is a jolly sight better than this awful rot:

"'"Though we are not told so in so many words, we may reasonably conclude that athletic sports were not unpractised by Cain and Abel prior to the death of the latter!"

"'As if they could have done it after!'

"'I never said they could,' I said, feeling very much taken down.

"'Oh—it was you composed it as well as wrote it, was it?' said he, laughing. 'Ho, ho! that's the best joke I ever heard. Poor little Crisp, what a shame to get her to father—or mother a thing like this; ha, ha! "prior to the death of the latter"—that's something like a play of language! My eye, what a game she's been having with us!'

"'*Us!* then you're the idiot who wrote about the Swallows!' said I.

"'Suppose I am,' said he, blushing all over, 'suppose I am.'

"'Well, all I can say is, I'm precious glad the little Crisp isn't guilty of it. "Two of ye do not a summer make," indeed!'

"'Well, they don't,' said he.

"'I know they don't,' said I, half dead

with laughing, 'but you needn't go and tell everybody.'

"'I'm sure it's just as interesting as "Cain and Abel—"'

"'There now, we don't want to hear any more about them,' said I, 'but I think we ought to send them both back to Miss Crisp, to give her her laugh against us too.'

"We did so; and I needn't tell you she lets us have it whenever we get within twenty yards of her.

"Here's a long digression, but it may amuse you; and you said you wanted something to read.

"Well, Waterford and I recovered in a few days from our first reverse, and decided to have another shot; and so we were rather glad of the quiet evening at the office to make our new attempts. We half thought of writing a piece between us, but decided we'd better go on our own hooks after all, as our styles were not yet broken in to one another. We agreed we had better this time both write on subjects we knew something about; Waterford accordingly selected 'A Day in a Sub-Sub-Editor's Life' as a topic he really could claim to be familiar with; while I pitched upon 'Early Rising,' a branch of science in which I flatter myself, old man, *you* are not competent to tell me whether I excel or not. Half the battle was done when we had fixed on our subjects; so as soon as every one was gone we poked up the fire and made ourselves snug, and settled down to work.

"We plodded on steadily till we heard the half-past nine letters dropped into the box. Then it occurred to us we had better turn down the lights and give our office as deserted a look as we could. It was rather slow work sitting in the dark for a couple of hours, not speaking a word or daring to move a toe. The fire got low, but we dared not make it up; and of course we both had awful desires to sneeze and cough—you always do at such times—and half killed ourselves in our efforts to smother them. We could hear the cabs and omnibuses in Fleet Street keeping up a regular roar; but no footsteps came near us, except once when a telegraph boy (as we guessed by his shrill whistling and his smart step) came and dropped a telegram into the box. I assure you the click the flap of the letter-box made that moment, although I knew what it was and why it was, made my heart beat like a steam-engine.

"It was beginning to get rather slow when twelve came and still nothing to disturb us. We might have been forging ahead with our writing all this time if we had only known.

"Presently Waterford whispered,

"'They won't try to-night now.'

"Just as he spoke we heard a creak on the stairs outside. We had heard lots of creaks already, but somehow this one startled us both. I instinctively picked up the ruler from the table, and Waterford took my arm and motioned me close to the wall beside him. Another creak came presently and then another. Evidently some one was coming down the stairs cautiously, and in the dark too, for we saw no glimmer of a light through the partly-opened door. We were behind it, so that if it opened we should be quite hidden unless the fellow groped round it.

"Down he came slowly, and there was no mistake now about its being a human being and not a ghost, for we heard him clearing his throat very quietly and snuffling as he reached the bottom step. I can tell you it was rather exciting, even for a fellow of my dull nerves.

"Waterford nudged me to creep a little nearer the gas, ready to turn it up at a moment's notice, while he kept at the door to prevent our man getting out after he was once in.

"Presently the door opened very quietly. He did not fling it wide open, luckily, or he was bound to spot us behind it; but he opened it just enough to squeeze in, and then, feeling his way round by the wall, made straight for the letter-box. Although it was dark he seemed to know his way pretty well, and in a few seconds we heard him stop and fumble with a key in the lock. In a second or two he had opened it, and then, crouching down, began cautiously to rub a match on the floor. The light was too dim to see anything but the crouching figure of a man bending over the box and examining the addresses of one or two of the letters in it. His match went out before he had found what he wanted.

"It was hard work to keep from giving him a little unexpected light, for my fingers itched to turn up the gas. However, it was evidently better to wait a little longer and see what he really was up to before we were down on him.

"He lit another match, and this time seemed to find what he wanted, for we saw him put one letter in his pocket and drop all the others back into the box, blowing out his match as he did so.

"Now was our time. I felt a nudge from Waterford and turned the gas full on, while he quietly closed the door and turned the key.

"I felt quite sorry for the poor scared beggar as he knelt there and turned his white face to the light, unable to move or speak or do anything. You'll have guessed who it was.

"'So, Mr. Durfy,' said Waterford, leaning up against the door and folding his arms, 'it's you, is it?'

"The culprit glared at him and then at me, and rose to his feet with a forced laugh.

"'It looks like it,' he said.

"'So it does,' said Waterford, taking the key out of the door and putting it in his pocket; 'very like it. And it looks very much as if he would have to make himself comfortable here till Mr. Granville comes!'

"'What do you mean?' exclaimed the fellow. 'I've as much right to be here as you have, for the matter of that, at this hour.'

"'Very well, then,' said Waterford, as cool as a cucumber, 'we'll all three stay here. Eh, Cruden?'

"'I'm game,' said I.

"He evidently didn't like the turn things were taking, and changed his tack.

"'Come, don't play the fool!' he said, coaxingly. 'The fact is, I expected a letter from a friend, and as it was very important I came to get it. It's all right.'

"'You may think so,' said Waterford; 'you may think it's all right to come here on tiptoe at midnight with a false key, and steal, but other people may differ from you, that's all! Besides, you're telling a lie; the letter you've got in your pocket doesn't belong to you!'

"It was rather a rash challenge, but we could see by the way his face fell it was a good shot.

"He uttered an oath, and advanced threateningly towards the door.

"'Sit down,' said Waterford, 'unless you want to be tied up. There are two of us here, and we're not going to stand any nonsense, I can tell you!'

"'You've no right—'

"'Sit down, and shut up!' repeated Waterford.

"'I tell you if you—'

"'Cruden, you'll find some cord in one of those drawers. If you don't shut up, and sit down, Durfy, we shall make you.'

"He caved in after that, and I was rather glad we hadn't to go to extremes.

"'Hadn't we better get the letter?' whispered I.

"'No; he'd better fork it out to Granville,' said Waterford.

"He was wrong for once, as you shall hear.

"Durfy slunk off and sat down on a chair in the far corner of the room, swearing to himself, but not venturing to raise his voice above a growl.

"It was now about half-past twelve, and we had the lively prospect of waiting at least eight hours before Granville turned up.

"'Don't you bother to stay,' said Waterford. 'I can look after him.'

"But I scouted the idea, and said nothing would induce me to go.

"'Very well, then,' said he; 'we may as well get on with our writing.'

"So we pulled our chairs up to the table, with a full view of Durfy in the corner, and tried to continue our lucubrations.

"But when you are sitting up at dead of night, with a prisoner in the corner of the room cursing and gnashing his teeth at you, it is not easy to grow eloquent either on the subject of 'A Day in a Sub-Sub-Editor's Life,' or 'Early Rising.' And so we found. We gave it up presently, and made up the fire and chatted together in a whisper.

"Once or twice Durfy broke the silence.

"'I'm hungry,' growled he, about two o'clock.

"'So are we,' said Waterford.

"'Well, go and get something. I'm not going to be starved, I tell you. I'll make you smart for it, both of you.'

"'You've been told to shut up,' said Waterford, rising to his feet with a glance towards the drawer where the cord was kept.

"Durfy was quiet after that for an hour or so. Then I suppose he must have overheard me saying something to Waterford about you, for he broke out with a vicious laugh,

"'Reginald! Yes, he'll thank you for this. I'll make it so hot for him—'

"'Look here,' said Waterford, 'this is the last time you're going to be cautioned, Durfy. If you open your mouth once more you'll be gagged; mind that. I mean what I say.'

"This was quite enough for Durfy. He made no further attempt to speak, but curled himself up on the floor and turned his face to the wall, and disposed himself to all appearances to sleep. Whether he succeeded or not I can't say. But towards morning he glowered round at us. Then he took out some tobacco and commenced chewing it, and finally turned his back on us again and continued dozing and chewing alternately

till the eight o'clock bell rang and aroused us.

"Half an hour later Granville arrived, and a glance at our group was quite sufficient to acquaint him with the state of affairs.

"'So this is the man,' said he, pointing to Durfy.

"'Yes, sir. We caught him in the act of taking a letter out of the box at midnight. In fact he's got it in his pocket this moment.'

"Durfy gave a fiendish grin, and said,

"'That's a lie. I've no letter in my pocket!'

"And he proceeded to turn his pockets one after the other inside out.

"'All I know is we both saw him take a letter out of the box and put it in his pocket,' said Waterford.

"'Yes,' snarled Durfy, 'and I told you it was a private letter of my own.'

"'Whatever the letter is, you took it out of the box, and you had better show it quietly,' said Granville; 'it will save you trouble.'

"'I tell you I have no letter,' replied Durfy again.

"'Very well, then, Cruden, perhaps you will kindly fetch a policeman.'

"I started to go, but Durfy broke out, this time in tones of sincere terror,

"'Don't do that, don't ruin me. I did take it, but—'

"'Give it to me, then.'

"'I can't. I've eaten it!'

"Wasn't this a thunderbolt! How were we to prove whose the letter was. Wild thoughts of a stomach-pump, or soap and warm water, did flash through my mind, but what was the use? The fellow had done us after all, and we had to admit it.

"No one stopped him as he went to the door, half scowling, half grinning.

"'Good morning, gentlemen!' said he. 'I hope you'll get a better night's rest to-morrow. I promise not to disturb you' (here followed a few oaths). 'But I'll pay you out, some of you—Crudens, Reginalds, sneaks, prigs—all of you!'

"With which neat peroration he took his leave, and the 'Rocket' has not seen him since.

"Here's a long screed! I must pull up now.

"Mother's not very well, she's fretting, I'm afraid, and her eyes trouble her. I can't say we shall be sorry when Christmas comes, for try all we can, we're in debt at one or two of the shops. I know you'll hate to hear it, but it's simply unavoidable on our present means. I wish I could come down and see you; but for one thing, I can't afford it, and for another, I can't leave mother. Mrs. Shuckleford is really very kind, though she's not a congenial spirit.

"Young Gedge and I see plenty of one another: he's joined our shorthand class, and is going in for a little steady work all round. He owes you a lot for befriending him at the time you did, and he's not forgotten it. I promised to send you his love next time I wrote. Harker will be in town next week, which will be jolly. I've never seen Bland since I called to pay the 6s. 6d. I fancy he's got into rather a fast lot, and is making a fool of himself, which is a pity.

"You tell us very little about your Corporation; I hope it is going on all right. I wish to goodness you were back in town. I never was in love with the concern, as you know, and at the risk of putting you in a rage, I can't help saying it's a pity we couldn't all have stayed together just now. Forgive this growl, old man.

"Your affectionate brother,

"HORACE.

"Wednesday, 'd. w. t.' day. To our surprise and trepidation, neither the 'Day in a Sub-Sub-Editor's Life' nor 'Early Rising' were among the papers given out to-day to be 'declined with thanks.' Granville may have put them into the fire as not even worth returning, or he may actually—*O mirabile dictu*—be going to put us into print!"

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THINGS have moved apace since our last chapter. The doctor had proposed to and been accepted by Anniesie, for whom a free pardon had been obtained from the Empress. We are not going to describe the wedding itself, but one of the presents which she received on the morning of her marriage may be of special interest. It consisted of one of the most beautiful ivory caskets imaginable. The sides were elaborately decorated with carvings representing the four seasons, in the winter scene showing a sledge attacked by wolves in the snow. On the lid were carved in bas-relief portraits of the Emperor and the Empress. On opening this pretty box she found a document, which on examination proved to be a full and free pardon for the misdemeanour for which she had been exiled, and also for the step which she had taken in quitting Siberia without receiving official permission.

Ivan had overcome his dislike to the organ in the English church, and having been introduced by Tenterton to Mr. Hamilton had frequently accompanied him in his visits to the good chaplain, who took a very lively interest in the battle which Ivan had been fighting against his own selfhood. Many words of affectionate encouragement did he say to the boy, who had commenced his career as a Christian soldier by giving up with all his heart and soul the love which he had acquired for the pomp and glitter of mortal arms.

Tenterton was a first-rate arithmetician, and proved invaluable to Ivan in showing him some peculiarities in book-keeping and in giving him many hints for the arrangement of his time.

It was a happy day for Ivan when his two beloved friends Anniesie and Strammeller were married, although he pretended to be very angry with her for telling him nothing about it before, which he called mean in her, from whom he (Ivan) concealed nothing. He told Strammeller that he considered *him* an instance of base ingratitude for never saying a word of thanks for saving from exile and bringing to him certainly the best wife in Europe.

We must now turn to more prosaic matters. When the great cause of Abrazoff against Abrazoff had been decided in Ivan's favour, Smirnoff was appointed curator or guardian of Ivan, and trustee of his money. He was desired to name a co-trustee to act with him in the task of looking after Ivan's interests. He had at first thought the distance to Kursk an obstacle to the nomination of Steinfeldt; but finding this gentleman very willing to undertake the duty, he had at last requested him to share the responsibilities of Ivan's future with him. Now certain large sums had been made over to Ivan by Smirnoff, and these were well and safely invested. All the money accruing from the Riazan estates had been placed in the Imperial Bank at Moscow. A share had been purchased in Ivan's name in the Merchants' Bank, of which Smirnoff was one of the managers, so that everything had been done to secure his safety in case of any accident happening to Smirnoff.

But—for there was a *but*—Steinfeldt discovered that this having been done, the remainder of Smirnoff's immense capital had been sunk in the celebrated South Russian Coal Mine Company, which was on the eve of bankruptcy! It was not known to the general public how much this horrible mine had swallowed. To the outside world it represented a fraction of Smirnoff's possessions. In reality it represented his all! The crisis was approaching when the whole of that magnificent mercantile fabric—that palace in fairyland—should vanish into "thin air, and leave not a wrack behind," unless some unforeseen event should put Smirnoff again in possession of certain large sums.

The reports on 'Change up to this time had all been favourable to Smirnoff; but now ominous whispers had begun to be heard, and of these Von Steinfeldt became aware. They were only rumours as yet; but Steinfeldt was a thorough man of business, and knew what power for good or ill lay within those rumours, so wherever he could he flatly denied any danger, having indeed the fullest confidence in Smirnoff to pull through.

Just at this moment a grand undertaking was started, in which the great house of Smirnoff was expected to take

part. It meant enormous addition to its power as a house if taken up; it meant ruin and confirmation of the evil rumours if participation were declined. What could poor Smirnoff do? All the available funds at his disposal had been sunk in the wretched mining scheme, which he now saw that he ought never to have touched. He could not ask his business friends to join him and furnish the missing capital, for that would be equal to a confession of his own bankrupt condition. Ivan's money he could not touch alone, and he never thought of consulting Steinfeldt, who learnt the facts from others.

Full of very desponding thoughts, Steinfeldt called upon Smirnoff early one morning, and, finding him not at home, asked to see Ivan, to whom he was at once admitted. He found the boy looking pale, worried, and tired.

"What is the matter with you, Ivan?"

"Don't feel well, uncle.* I am glad you have come; want to talk to you about Mr. Smirnoff. Do you know what is the matter with him? If so, please tell me, it would be a great relief. I can't work these problems out for thinking of him. He looks so utterly sad at home sometimes, though he never lets the world know. Is anything wrong?"

"I am afraid so, Ivan."

"How much is it?"

"About five hundred thousand roubles."

"Has my money been touched?"

"Not a penny."

"Well, that is always something. I suppose there would be about two hundred thousand roubles in the Imperial Bank in my name, besides the Riazan money?"

"There is more than that, Ivan."

"Then why does he not use it? He is my guardian, and has a right to dispose of it."

"My dear boy, he cannot, without my consent, until you are of age. And that is a long way off!"

"But you are here. Why don't you use my money? Why don't you go to him and give him all the help possible? You may do what you like with my money."

"I know you are 'Ivan Dobroff' [the good], but it would not do to withdraw that—at least, it would be difficult. I will, however, ask him to let me do it."

"Of course you must ask him; I don't want money—never shall. You must *make* him do it. I will sign anything.

"The rich and powerful Merchant was on the eve of utter ruin."

Besides, it is all his own money. In the meantime I have an idea. You know the Countess Schaafstadt? Well, her son told me the other day that she had come into an enormous fortune. I will go and see her."

The rich and powerful merchant was on the eve of utter ruin. He expected on the following day to be formally asked to join the undertaking to which we have referred by putting half a million of roubles into it. He had not fifty thousand at his command at the moment, and, true to his principles, would not touch Ivan's money. His agitation was extreme. He walked up and down in his private room in the office portion of his lordly dwelling, a prey to the bitterest anxiety. Hour after hour passed. Many people called to see him, but he was denied to all. At last, worn out with care and anxiety, he flung himself down in an armchair and covered his face with his hands. With such violence did he press them to his aching brow that he was unconscious of a gentle tap at his door. He heard no one come in, and started as if struck by a bullet at the touch of Ivan's hand.

"I have brought the Countess Schaaf-

* Very intimate friends of a family in Russia and Germany are often addressed by the children as uncle.

stadt Papaschinka! She is in the outer reception-room."

The next day the messenger from the Minister of Finance arrived, and to his great delight met two of the most important merchants of Moscow with Smirnoff, who told him that their friend was "in it" to the tune of half a million of roubles.

Our tale is nearly done, but there are some of our friends of whom we must say a word or two in conclusion.

Strammeller and Anniesie lived very happily at Moscow, where they often saw Ivan Dobroff, or rather Abrazoff. He became celebrated as a sound man of business, and known for his fondness for the society of cavalry officers. In a letter we received from him not long since, he remarks,

"I used to hate Germans and heretics! How they have revenged themselves on me! I owe my life to a German, and my knowledge of its value in the future to a heretic! Queer, isn't it?"

General Kakaroff became Governor of Finland, and is very happy in the performance of his important duties.

Count Schaafstadt is a cabinet minister. His wife's investment at the moment when it was made rendered them immensely wealthy, and his position in the State enables him to carry out his benevolent plans for his country's improvement, to which a great portion of his vast wealth is devoted.

Prince Tchernyaffskie retired from the service after having, at Ivan's request, procured a brilliant career for young Abrazoff.

Tenterton became tutor in the Imperial family, and will retire with a pension.

Palitzki died miserably in the mines, and Von Hohenhorst, after working some years, contrived to escape from prison, but was pursued by the guard and shot because he refused to stop when commanded.

Captain Malutin is a general in earnest now, and his family is the happiest in Russia. He is police-master in some government in Little Russia. His son Serge has entered the page corps

(THE END.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XIV.—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—A YEAR'S CRUISE IN INDIAN WATERS—STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Commodore O'Connell, of the Aurora —or the Roarer, as all the bluejackets called her—was a right good old fellow, and something of a character in his way.

Irish he was to the backbone, and did not deny his country; indeed, he was proud of it, and often assumed just the least taste in the world of the brogue—enough, and no more, to give a kind of piquancy or flavour to his remarks, like a dash of cayenne pepper upon a poached egg.

Blunderbore and he were old friends. They really were fond enough of each other; their wives and their families both lived in the same town in England, and *they* were also fond of each other; but there existed between O'Connell and Blunderbore, and between their wives and families also, a little service jealousy. That is all.

Blunderbore was of bluer blood than old O'Connell; but then Blunderbore was *not* a commodore.

Blunderbore's wife and daughters prided themselves on their *blue* blood; but O'Connell was a commodore, and O'Connell's wives and daughters cocked their caps accordingly. So even my boy readers will see how the land lay, and what particular spirit instigated a remark which O'Connell made one day shortly before the Theodora sailed away up the 'Bique on her special service. They had been dining together in the old Roarer.

"It's all very well, Blunderbore, sending a craft like the Theodora after this imaginary piratical slaver, but then you know it's an expense to the country."

"Bother the expense," he said; "that doesn't come out of your pocket, O'Connell, nor out of mine either."

"Ah! but the taxpayer should be thought of, sir. Now, here am I, lying most of my time half idle, in a good frigate. Why, I want to know, didn't they send me after this imaginary piratical dhow."

"For the simple reason, O'Connell—and I tell you straight—you could never expect to catch the Castigo—she does twelve knots easily—in this old tub of a Roarer, as our fellows call her."

"Tub of a Roarer! Do they? Hum! Well, Blunderbore, you are cool, to say the least of it, to tell me this on board my own ship. Tub of a Roarer! Eh?"

Blunderbore felt sorry he had gone so far, so he said, soothingly,

"You know very well, O'Connell, that you haven't got my sailing power. Have you now? And you haven't got my knotage under steam either. Come now."

O'Connell cracked a walnut most viciously before he replied.

"Captain Blunderbore, sir. At two miles distant I could blow your confounded Castigo, or whatever her name is, clean out of the water. Honolulu! sir," he continued, "I wish I could only meet this Gaspar Moravo fellow. I'd make a Gaspar of him. He wouldn't gasp again, I can tell you. Ha! ha! ha!"

O'Connell laughed at his own little joke, and as Blunderbore joined him heartily, the commodore was much mollified, and the two parted in the evening the very best of friends.

O'Connell fell asleep that night and dreamed that *he* had taken the piratical slaver and done his friend out of all the prize-money and out of all the honour and glory. He laughed, when shaving next morning, as he remembered his dream—laughed till he cut himself.

* * * *

If there did exist a little jealousy between the captains of the Aurora and the Theodora, there was nothing but genuine good fellowship between the ward-room officers of those ships. And when the Theo' sailed away at last on the wings of a ten-knot breeze, the Roarer manned her yards and gave the outgoing vessel many a ringing cheer, the while the band played good-bye airs on the quarterdeck.

The Theodora got into rough weather soon after leaving the Cape. The breeze that had carried them out of the bay veered and increased to a gale of almost hurricane force. But the good ship stood it well, and passed many a vessel lying-to almost under bare poles.

Benbow was delighted with his ship, so was every one on board, for the matter of that, only, being her navigating lieutenant, Benbow seemed to feel himself responsible for all the doings of the gallant craft when she was under sail and not steam.

The voyage to the Persian Gulf was not devoid of interest nor of adventure, but neither of these can I pause to describe at present. Suffice it to say that the Theodora called at Mozambique, that she lay at Johanna for a whole week and coaled, that she delivered despatches and letters at Zanzibar, where at least a fortnight was spent, and much enjoyed by all on board—and here Mildmay and Golava met many an old friend, but the information picked up about the piratical slaver was simply nil—and that after a week at the strange and beautiful island of Seychelles, they started once more, and in due time reached their cruising-ground.

But if any one on board the Theodora imagined for a moment that they had only to reach the Persian Gulf, sight this Castigo, and sink her, he was mistaken.

Perhaps Gaspar actually knew of their coming, anyhow he kept out of the way. Perhaps he said to himself, "Only very young sparrows are taken with chaff."

The Theodora searched the gulf, and she searched the Red Sea. She called at Aden for information, she went down the coast on a wild-goose chase, and, though there she captured some dhows, which added to prospective prize-money, she never saw the pirate.

She might have been the Flying Dutchman for anything any one seemed to know about her.

Some rumours of her whereabouts at last reached Captain Blunderbore's ears, and he returned to the gulf. But all in vain. No, not quite in vain, for a sailor's proper place is on board a man-o'-war. And I can tell you that the men of the Theodora were never idle. Gayly was a good taskmaster, and Mildmay a stickler for duty. So it was drill, drill, drill, all day long, from prayers in the morning till quarters in the evening.

About once a month there would be night quarters. No one knew, except Captain Blunderbore himself, when this was to take place. But suddenly the bugle would ring out the assembly, and hardly had the last notes died away over the water ere every man Jack was in his place, then an imaginary enemy was supposed to be visible under the stars, on beam or bow, and the great guns gave tongue, or suddenly perhaps the "cease

firing" would be heard and boarders would be prepared for. The whole business occupied about an hour.

Gayly's shrill commanding voice was always heard, everywhere apparently. He had good eyes too, for once during a sham action of this kind he noticed that Dr. McGee, after laying out his instruments, etc., laid himself out quite at ease and began to read. This did not suit Gayly's notions of strict service, so during a lull he sang down to the doctor,

"Surgeon, there is a man killed."

"Then he's beyond my power," said McGee, looking up without getting up.

"Surgeon," shouted Gayly, "a man is shot through the leg.'"

"Send him below here," cried the doctor, who was not over well pleased; "send him down, sir. I'm quite prepared to lop a limb from any living man on board, even from the second lieutenant himself."

Gayly said no more.

Well, the men had fire quarters very often, and lifeboat-crew quarters, to say nothing of gun-drill, rifle-drill, cutlass, pike, and bayonet exercise, and when not drilling they were at something else, washing, or make-and-mending clothes. Yes, there is always plenty to do on a line-of-battle ship.

Colin grew in strength, and though little more than sixteen, was as hard and manly-looking as could be wished.

He always wrote a letter to his mother once a week, describing his life on board and his cruises on shore. To be sure, he could not post his letter every week, but whenever a chance offered he had only to run down below to his sea-chest and pop the manuscripts into a ready-directed envelope, and away it went.

More than a year thus passed away. The Theodora, tired of poking around the gulf, started off on a cruise round India. They called at Bombay first, and there they received despatches from home directing their movements, which for a time were to be devoted entirely to "the protection of British commerce and British interests."

From Bombay the Theodora went to the Lacedive Islands, then on to the Maldives. These latter isles of the Indian Ocean were a favourite resort of the piratical slavers. Golava told Mildmay this, but he added that it was very unlikely the pirate was there at present. Never mind, Blunderbore had such faith in his Arab that a six weeks' boat cruise was ordered. This was simply a glorious outing for the officers and men of the Theodora, four armed boats in all. But they saw no pirates—alive, that is—for there was undoubted evidence that Gaspar had been here, and that he had not been idle. Probably he had hidden among these islands, and sallied out now and then to attack ships, for here were the remains of his camp, his huts of bamboo, and beached and burned to the water's edge no less than three vessels.

Where were the crews of these unfortunate ships? Who can tell? But unburied human bones lay bleaching on the sand; in the interior they found a skeleton hanging by the neck to a cocoa-de-mer tree, and two or three other skeletons half hidden by the grass, with green-and-crimson lizards basking on their bare ribs, and horrid brown-green scorpions running in and out of the skulls.

This boat cruise was one long delicious picnic, nor was it entirely devoid of result, for although they came across no pirates, they captured and burned several slavers.

They duly measured them to get at the tonnage before they set them on fire, and I may tell you *sub rosâ* they did not make them any smaller on paper than they had been afloat.

From the Maldives they went to Ceylon. Quentin, Benbow, and Colin went off elephant shooting here.

It is cruel sort of work. Poor Colin got nearly killed. A bull elephant or tusker attacked the party. Colin got into a tree, the monster tore it up by the roots and threw it into a pond, Colin and all. The branches held him down. Duncan Robb dashed in to the rescue, and brought his master to bank, but it was an hour before Colin opened his eyes.

From Ceylon Blunderbore sent a long despatch home to headquarters, describing in glowing language the result of the cruise round the Maldives. Indeed D'Austin so worded this document that it read as though the Theodora had chased the pirates from the islands, and were sweeping them from the seas. And good old fogies at home believed it, and thought they did right well by keeping the Theodora on special service to protect the commerce of the British nation.

Our gallant cruisers spent a month at Calcutta, then cruised south among the Andamans and Nicobar Islands.

At the Andamans West was one of the officers who landed to have a look round. He went off somewhere sketching, and by-and-by Benbow's little black servant Othello rushed to the beach where Benbow and Colin were preparing to go off.

"Golly, golly, run quick," cried the blameless Ethiopian, "dey have catchee Capting West for true, and dey are going to cookee he."

Benbow hastily got his fellows together, and went off to the rescue. Othello guided them to an Indian village far away in the bush.

They did not arrive one moment too soon. Poor West was found tied to a tree, and the savages were about to bleed him. He had a nice view from the spot where he was tied of the preparations being made to cook and eat him.

"It was very unpleasant," West said that evening at dessert, and just after Benbow had entertained the mess for half an hour with a graphic and flowery description of the whole affair.

"Well," said McGee, "if you'd followed out my instructions you wouldn't be so fat, you know. A fellow like you, West, must be no end of a temptation to a hungry cannibal!"

"Doctor," said West, emphatically, "I'll begin dumb-belling again to-morrow morning."

Penang was next visited, then Sumatra and Borneo. Then north they went to Hong Kong, and thence to Yeddo, in Japan.

Up here they heard quite a deal about pirates, but they saw none.

However, the captain and D'Austin wrote more despatches, and lay quietly at Yeddo for three months.

Then the return voyage was made to Bombay. But one night—and a lovely night it was, a bright full moon in the sky, and stars like Koh-i-noors—the Theodora went on shore on a reef. Lucky for her there was no wind, and that it was moonlight. Guns were put into the boats and coals thrown overboard, but all to no purpose. The Theodora would not budge. But at daylight a steamer luckily hove in sight, and after five or six hours' hard work and incessant noise the Theodora got clear, and went—convoyed by the steamer, for she was making a deal of leakage—to Bombay.

Another despatch had, of course, to be written home about this. Everything must be reported, but naturally it was not couched in such glowing terms as either of the former.

The accident necessitated a month in dry dock at Bombay.

They found the Aurora there, somewhat to their surprise, and a very pleasant time was spent by both ships.

Benbow declared that the accident had really done the Theodora good, and that improvements were being made on her in dock that would greatly improve her powers of speed. Dear old irrepressible Benbow, nothing in the world seemed capable of damping his ardour!

One evening a little party dined at the Biculla Club. It consisted of the four friends, staunch and true—Benbow, Mildmay, Colin, and Quentin. They were just commencing fruit, when D'Austin, dressed in mufti of most fashionable cut, sauntered into the room.

"Hullo, here's D'Austin! Come and sit down, D'Austin; just in time for dessert"

D'Austin laid aside his lavender-coloured gloves, his gold-headed cane, and silk hat, and sank languidly into a chair.

"Thanks! I won't eat, though; so howidly hot! Long walk, and that sort o' thing. Waitah, bwing me a she'bet—iced, ye know."

"Well, D'Austin, been to the office? What's the news?"

"Oh, howid news! As soon as repaiahs are completed we're off to the Cape again. Such a bore!"

"A Blunderbore, eh?" said Mildmay, laughing.

D'Austin looked at him a moment.

"I'll go on to the balcony," he drawled. "It is insufferably hot heah, gentlemen."

"You've offended my lord," said Benbow.

Now D'Austin was always with the captain, and got news before any one. It was not long, therefore, before he was joined on the balcony by his shipmates, who really wanted to hear the news.

It was a dark but starry night. Down beneath them were the wide lawns and shrubberies, and there ghostly lights were flitting about or dancing up and down—the gigantic fireflies. The hum of the native city, the beating of tom-toms, and an occasional wild, unearthly shriek fell on their ears.

Far away out yonder was the sea. It was not visible, but they knew it was there; they felt it was there; they were sailors.

"Heigho!" said Mildmay. "I shan't be sorry when we're afloat once more."

Then D'Austin told them the news at once. A despatch had come. They were ordered off down Mauritius way as soon as they were fit for sea.

That day soon came, and away went the Theodora once more.

Bombay and all its surroundings never looked more charming than it did on this lovely morning. Like the sky itself, the sea was blue and placid. The houses

and public buildings stood out white and clear against its azure background; in front was the forests of masts, shipping from every land and clime. Early boats were leaving the bundahs with shout and song and rippling laughter; and the romantic isle of Elephanta, with its shadows of purple and violet, seemed to float in the water like some giant raft.

Away went the Theodora, a broad white wake behind her, the smoke from her funnel trailing over the ocean for miles like some mighty snake. On board her every one was cheerful and happy. Long after the last notes of the Roarer's band had died away in the distance the gulls kept up their farewell song, and convulsively a moment in mid-air, then with wings all awry came whirling down and struck the water with a plash. And there it floated dead.

Not for long, though.

"Look! look!" cried Colin, and, lo! tearing through the water towards the bird, its dorsal fin and part of its blue-grey back above water, could be seen an immense shark. It had disappeared next moment, and with it the body of the Bramla kite. The doctor turned and walked aft.

Benbow paused a moment; he took Colin by the arm.

"Do you see that strange cloud out yonder?" he said.

was kept farther eastward, for sea room was needed; besides, this was their way southwards to seek for the derelict.

So the wind was nearly ahead, but the good ship plunged gallantly into it, and Benbow afterwards averred that she was making at least five knots an hour when the gale was at its worst, but being cross-questioned, he admitted that the wind had gone round a few points.

The wind had got up too soon for the waves to be high, but they were very rough. They seethed and they boiled under the bows, and the water often leapt on board in solid seas that came rushing aft, carrying everything loose along with them, and so lighting up the deck with

"Poor West was found tied to a tree."

sailed tacking and tacking round the vessel. Their graceful motions in the air and their brightness, swiftness, and beauty were in keeping with the scene. But among them floated many a bird of evil omen—the hated Bramla kite, silent, slow, and dark, as if their plumes had been painted by the goddess of night.

Dr. McGee was on deck that same day shortly before sunset. This officer prided himself on his shooting. He now had a rifle and was for'ard at the bows.

"Benbow," he said, for that officer was near him, "do you see that black and ugly bird cleaving the air high up yonder?"

"Yes," said Benbow; "but don't shoot. It isn't lucky. Only," he added, "you may shoot if you like; you won't kill."

Bang went the surgeon's rifle.

The great bird wheeled over, struggled

"Rising up out of the sea like a great black rock?"

"Yes," said Benbow; "that means storm. We will need all the Theodora's good qualities before daylight comes again."

Colin felt a slight shiver run through his blood. He could not tell why.

"Some one is walking over my grave," he said.

Shortly after the sun set.

His parting glance was an angry glare across the water, which was dyed a sulphurous red. And clouds banked up, the waters grew grey and dark, stars struggled out in the east, but were soon hidden by the quickly rising cumulus.

Then it was night.

The storm came on and roared apace through the empty sailless rigging. The course of the Theodora was altered, she

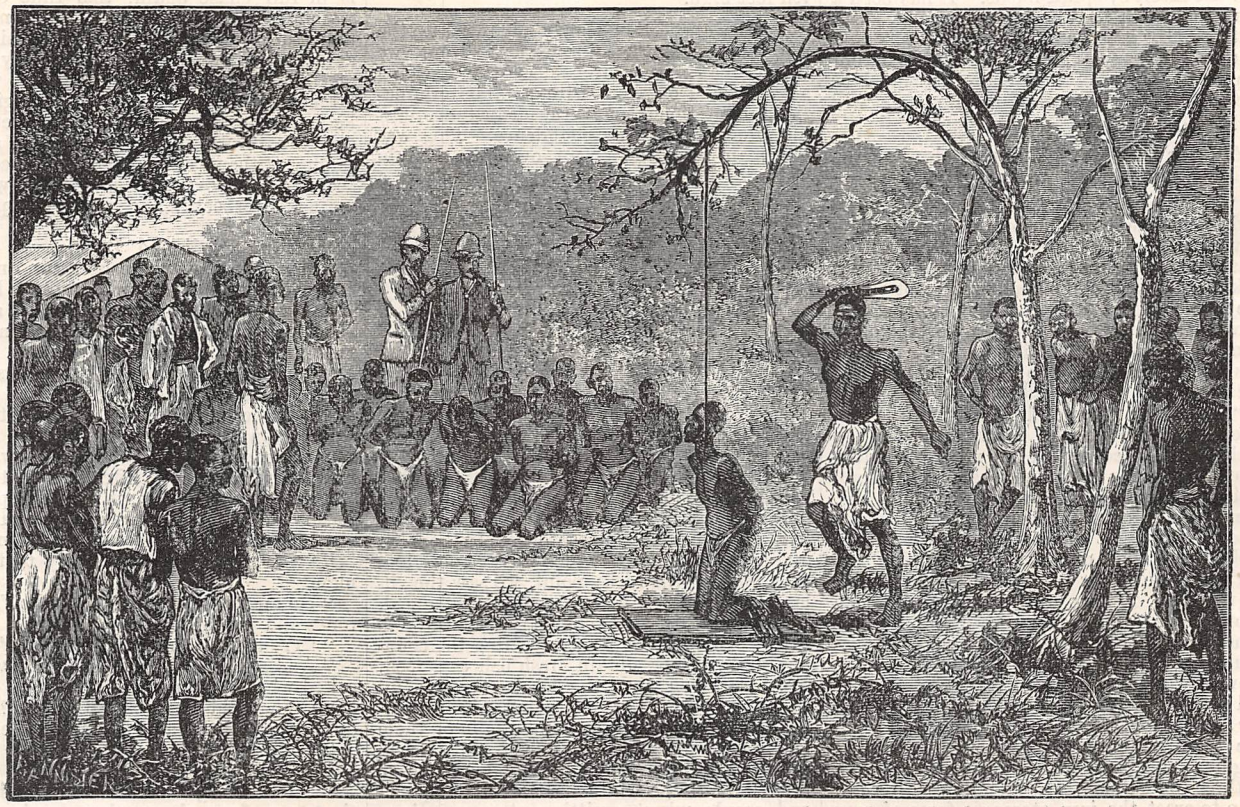
their own phosphorescent foam that the bulwarks rising black at each side of them could be seen, and the rigging and masts, and even the men, though they merely looked like black shapes.

But the engines went labouring on with steady determined roar, and the great screw went round, sometimes so deeply immersed it sounded "drowned"—seafarers will know what I mean—and at other times, when the vessel was well down by the head, it rattled in the empty air.

But a great packet of letters had brought sunshine to the ship as they were leaving the harbour—sunshine fore and sunshine aft.

Who cared for storm or gale? Who cared for raging seas or rushing wind, when there was news from home?

(To be continued.)



A Terrible Custom.

STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

I.

In our first volume we gave two articles on Mr. Stanley's adventurous voyage "Through the Dark Continent," in which he circumnavigated the Victoria Lake, and proved the Lualaba to be the Congo by descending the great African river to the Atlantic. We now purpose saying a few words regarding his new book, in which he tells the story of the founding of the Free State. A wonderful story it is of a wonderful land; but not so much a narrative of travel as a history of persistent work and hard-won victory.

As the representative of the International African Association, Stanley has moulded into shape an immense country. It contains over a million square miles, and has a population of quite forty-three millions, being in size and number of people as nearly as possible half as large as the Russian Empire in Europe. And a huge river is its great waterway—the Congo—one of the largest on the globe, over three thousand miles in length, and having with its tributaries five thousand two hundred and fifty miles of navigation! And all this vast territory is now open to the free trade of all nations, thanks to Mr. Stanley, the King of the Belgians, and the recent Conference at Berlin.

The book in which this story of success is told will occupy an important place in the history of Africa. With its maps, its documents, and its treaties, it is a complete guide to state organisation among half-civilised communities. Even for those who take no interest in the familiar continent—the old friend with a new face, which, instead of a barren desert and pestiferous swamp, now stands revealed as a land of abounding wealth and fertility—the book is worth reading for the vivid light it casts on the early settlement of America. Here we have the same things going on under our eyes that seem so strange when we read about them happening two hundred years ago. We have the same inevitable conquest of civilisation, and the same indifference to recognise it on the part of our practical men. We have the same rough life, the same difficulties with the natives, and the same scenery—the mighty river and the background of forest primeval teeming with birds and beasts of the chase. And the pioneers are the same—some prosper, some soon die, and some return to abuse the country in which through their own incapacity they have failed.

From the day when Diego Cão discovered the river in 1484 and Behaim named it the Poderoso, until Stanley in 1876 emerged from its mouth, the true size of the Congo was unsuspected. It was known to be a large stream bringing down a great body of water, but the size seemed nothing extraordinary. In 1816 Captain Tuckey was sent by the British Government to explore and report upon it, and he succeeded in getting inland for only 172 miles. The expedition was disastrous, the captain and seventeen of his companions dying within three months of their entering the mouth.

Fifty years afterwards Livingstone set out on his last journey to explore the watershed between Nyassa and Tanganika, and found the large river flowing westward which he believed to be the head of the Nile. It came from the country of the Mambwe, and he traced it as the Chambezi until it flowed into Lake Bangweolo, and he traced it as it flowed out as the Luapula up to Lake Mweru. Again it changed its name as it left the lake, this time from Luapula to Lualaba; and Livingstone followed it to Nyangwe, fifteen hundred miles from its source. Stanley took up the running at Nyangwe, and, sailing down the stream, proved that the Chambezi, the Luapula, the Lualaba, and the Congo were all the same river, and that that river was the high road into Equatorial Africa. Under the auspices of the King of the Belgians the International African Association was then formed—by easy stages—and the explorer returned to the scene of his triumphs to found the needful stations for its work.

Some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking may be formed from the following summary:—

"It will be remembered that it was on the 21st of February, 1880, that we set out on our first reconnaissance, directly after the completion of the building of Vivi Station, to explore the route to this very landing-place, which on the 21st of February, 1881, 366 days later, found us all prepared to commence another section of our work, of a somewhat different character to that which was now happily terminated.

"Computing by statute miles the various marchings, and as frequent counter-marchings, accomplished during the year, we find they amount to the grand total of 2,352 English miles, according to tape-line measurement of foot by foot, making an average of six and a half miles performed throughout each day in the year, to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two English miles. Take away the necessary days of rest enjoyed during the year, the period of ninety-one days employed in making a passable road for our waggons, which, unless tolerably level, would have been impassable for our top-heavy waggon-loads, and the average rate of travel will prove that we must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavour.

"That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sered grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of

thirteen invalided whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of labourers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labours, by means of the steamers, will be greatly lightened."

And the building of Vivi may also be given in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"A day or two after, my tent was taken up and set for the first time on the future site of Vivi, which, clean cleared of rocks and scrub, was now revealed in all its length and breadth, naked and brick-red of colour, except where the face of it was disfigured by massive boulders rolled down from some part of the overhanging height, and which were too ponderous to be touched by the untutored hands of natives.

"Now, with paper and pencil, and the outline of the top of Vivi drawn according to scale, did I proceed with due regard to safety from fire, and to defensive qualities as a provision against result of rupture when absent, to map out the site of each house and store. Then I bethought me of a garden—the place looked so devoid of grace and completeness without it—and, for the sake of giving a finish to the plan, a long oval was drawn which should represent an enclosure wherein, some time hence, verdure might give relief to eyes aching from sun-glare, and wearying of the view of white-painted structures and a brick-red plaza. When this was done, the carpenter and his assistants were appointed to begin the construction of the wooden huts; an engineer, disgusted with driving an engine on a three-ton launch, was detailed with a few men to erect the iron stores; a force of men was set to excavate an oval basin 150 feet by 40 feet 18 inches deep in the hard, sterile face of the platform. With the earth from this excavation we levelled the ground and made the foundations for the houses uniform. Gangs of men with crowbars and sledge-hammers were engaged in prising the larger boulders over the precipitous steep to the depths below, and pulverising others for road beds, which should be presently covered with a few inches of clay soil.

"It is for this work of pulverisation of rock that the Vivi chiefs, wonderingly looking on while I taught my men how to wield a sledge-hammer effectively, bestowed on me the title of Bula Matari—Breaker of Rocks—with which, from the sea to Stanley Falls, all natives of the Congo are now so familiar. It is merely a distinctive title, having no privileges to boast of, but the friend, or 'son,' or 'brother' of Bula Matari will not be unkindly treated by the Bakongo, Bateké, or By-yanzi, and that is something, surely.

"As fast as a portion of the garden basin was excavated the natives of Vivi, male and female, were engaged to carry the rich black alluvial soil from the Nkusu valley, on the eastern side of the hill, at so much per hundred boxes of earth. In this operation there were many attempts made to defraud me of my due weight of earth, but a Zanzibari policeman at the head of the road examining each box soon prevented that trick. Five thousand boxfuls of earth for twenty days represent roughly 2,000 tons, with which I formed 2,000 square feet of a garden, wherein, after dressing, and levelling, and forming narrow alleys, I planted my nine mango, a few orange, avocada pears, and lime plants I had brought from Zanzibar. Beds of carrots, onions, lettuce, parsnips, turnips, cabbage, beets, tomatoes were made; some papaw seeds were planted, and a palisade was constructed around it. Thus I formed my garden, which, under careful watering, soon showed green, and in a few months repaid me, not only by its pleasant verdure, but contributed much variety of vegetables to the table, limited as it was. In January, 1883, I gathered eleven large mangoes, the first year's production of fruit, and the stones of them were planted at Léopoldville, to be in 1885 ten feet high."

As the expedition slowly advanced up the river, founding the stations as it went, we read of many adventurous deeds and exciting scenes, some of them with a fatal termination. Poor Soudi, of Ituru, for instance, lost his life through over-confidence. This was the man who was swept over the Kalulu Falls in 1877, and was captured and for a short time enslaved by the natives. Rashly thinking that his Snider was a match for anything, he started on a buffalo stalk. When within what he supposed to be a safe distance for a shot he fired, and wounded the buffalo. Encouraged by its fall, Soudi rushed up to sever the jugular, since without this ceremony the meat would have been unfit for a Moslem to eat; but the buffalo, not being dead, on seeing its enemy, charged, and tossed him into the air, and made a plaything of him, until he was so mangled that he died.

But other stirring scenes end more happily.

"About ten o'clock, as we were issuing out of a long bay-like bight in the shore, we saw half a dozen small canoes well out in the lake, and one probably two miles farther out, and after passing the rocky point, we saw the village to which these canoes evidently belonged. I thought this an excellent opportunity to obtain some information respecting the country, and perhaps obtain fresh fish and food. We bore down upon the fishermen, who, all engrossed in hauling their seines aboard, permitted us to approach within a mile of them before they were aware of our presence. And such a presence as we must have been to them! A large white boat with outspread and ample wing, emitting strange noises, which was unlike the sounds sent out by any animal they had ever heard! They lift their hands up in dismay. One, with more presence of mind than the others, claps his hands to his paddle, and instinctively skims away. 'An admirable idea,' the others seem to cry, and all strike their paddles deep in the black water, and urge their tiny dug-outs until they appear to fly over the lake. But the other—the canoe all alone in the watery waste—in which the fisherman, profoundly abstracted in his task, sits heedlessly hauling his seines aboard? When, hark! What is that? What strange sighing sound, and harsh grating, and plashing noise is that? He turns toward our direction, and beholds a strange structure, all white, with lofty wing, and a pair of revolving clappers striking the lake water into long trailing waves behind. He falls sideways into his little canoe completely paralysed, as if striving to realise that the vision is not all a dream. No doubt the thought flashes into his mind, 'But a moment since I swept my eyes around, and saw naught strange to inspire fear or anxiety in me. But this! Whence could this have issued? It must be a wild dream, surely.'

"But again the gentle wind bears to his ears the strong pulsating sounds, and the deep but sharp sighing; he hears the desperate whirl of the paddle-wheels; he sees the trail of rolling wavelets astern. Leaping to his feet with frantic energy, he takes one short glance around, and realises that he, insensate fool, while indulging in Waltonian reveries in midday, has been abandoned by his friends! However, there is hope while there is life; he bends his back, and draws, with long-reaching grasp, the water sideways, this way, and that, and the tiny pirogue, sharp as a spear-point, leaps over the water, obeying his will dexterously.

"'Down with the sail, boys,' and the wing is folded, and a tall shaft stands revealed, with a black column behind vomiting flame and smoke from its muzzle.

"Nearer and nearer the steamer draws on the fugitive pirogue, but, by a whirl of the paddle, the dark man shoots triumphantly at right angles away, while the En Avant, confused by this sudden movement, careers madly along. In a short time, however, she is in full chase again, this time carefully watching every movement. The man has kept throwing wild glances over his shoulders; he observes the monster rapidly gaining on him, and each time it seems to loom larger and larger to his excited imagination; he hears the tremendous whirl of the wheels, and the throbbing of the engines, and the puffing of the steam. Another glance, and it seems to be overwhelming him, when he springs overboard, and we sweep past the empty canoe.

"'Now, Uledi and Dualla, we will go round to the spot where he sank, and as he comes up jump overboard and catch him.'

"We steered the steamer round, and proceeded slowly towards the empty canoe. The man was swimming in its vicinity. As we came up he dived, and our two sailors flashed into the depths after him. It was a pretty sight to see the graceful bodies darting like sharks towards their prey. They brought him up, each holding an arm, and swam with him to the boat. We lifted him up tenderly, and seated him on the sail, waiting patiently for his pulses to beat less wildly, and the excited heart to cease its rapid throbbing.

"'Now, Ankoli, speak softly to the poor man.'

"No answer was given to Ankoli's cooing tones and wooing accents.

"'Try again—softer still, Ankoli.'

"And again Ankoli, in soothing whispers, asked what his name was.

"'What did you pick me out for? There are many better than I in our village.'

"'One what?' I ask. 'How better? What does he mean?'

"'He means,' answered Ankoli, 'that there are finer slaves than he in the village.'

"'Ah! There have been slave-catchers here, then. Where do they come from?'"

Many are the strange customs described, some of them horrible enough. Here is a specimen from Equator Station. One of the neighbouring chiefs died, and the relatives set about collecting slaves to bear him company to the other world. Thinking from their discipline that the garrison of the station must be slaves, the Bakuti applied to Lieutenant Vangele for him to sell them a few of the men. The proposal was of course rejected with horror, but the Bakuti, not to be cheated of their ceremony, succeeded in getting fourteen wretched victims from the interior. Being informed by the villagers that the execution was about to take place, Vangele and some of his men, who were powerless to stop it, went as witnesses. "They found quite a number of men gathered round. The doomed men were kneeling with their arms bound behind them in the neighbourhood of a tall young tree, near the top of which the end of a rope had been lashed. A number of men laid hold of the cord, and hauled upon it until the upper part of the tree was bent like a bow. One of the captives was selected, and the dangling end of the rope was fastened round his neck; the tree sprang several inches higher, drawing the man's form up, straining the neck, and almost lifting the body from the ground. The executioner then advanced with his short broad-bladed falchion, and measured his distance by stretching his weapon from the position he intended to strike across the nape of the neck. He repeated this operation twice. At the third time he struck, severing the head clean from the body. It was whipped up in the air by the spring of the released tree and sent rebounding several yards away."

With the coming of the white man such scenes of bloodshed will no longer disgrace the river banks. The Congo throughout its course is now dotted with mission stations, and by precept and example the natives are being led out of the dense darkness in which they have for ages been contented to live.

And the civilising work has been shorn of half its difficulty by the 6th Article of the General Act of the Berlin Conference, than which in no existing treaty is there a nobler clause:—

"All the Powers exercising sovereign rights, or having influence in the said territories, undertake to watch over the preservation of the native races, and the amelioration of the moral and material conditions of their existence, and to co-operate in the suppression of slavery, and above all, of the slave trade; they will protect and encourage, without distinction of nationality or creed, all institutions and enterprises, religious, scientific, or charitable, established and organised for these objects or tending to educate the natives and lead them to understand and appreciate the advantages of civilisation. Christian missionaries, men of science, explorers and their escorts and collections, are to be equally the object of special protection. Liberty of conscience and religious toleration are expressly guaranteed to the natives as well as to the inhabitants and foreigners. The free and public exercise of every creed, the right to erect religious buildings, and to organise missions belonging to every creed, shall be subject to no restriction or impediment whatsoever."

(To be concluded.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER II.—STILL UP!

I was not long indeed allowed to remain undisturbed in my haven of refuge. Presently I heard Gooderidge shouting out my name, and though I took care not to answer, when the stewardess went out for a moment she brought back bad news, little knowing how bad it was.

"Your friend wants you."

My friend indeed! I did not want him, but there he was, already at the door of the cabin, too late for me to draw back out of sight.

"Oh, you are here, are you?"

"Yes, Gooderidge," I replied, with a perfunctory attempt at cordiality.

"Come out of it, then! Nice job for a fellow to have to look after the like of you! I have been hunting for you everywhere. I thought you would be falling down among the engines and getting chopped up into sausage meat! What a stupid muff you are! Don't you know that's the way to be sick, stewing down below like a baby? What are you afraid of? Come up on deck and have a jolly blow. Do you hear?"

I crept forth as willingly as a snail leaving its shell; then no sooner were we out of the good woman's sight than Gooderidge caught me by the scruff of the neck, and, shoving and shaking, roughly bundled me up the hatchway. Perhaps he thought it rather friendly of him thus to drive me into playing the true British tar, but for my part I was ready enough to face any amount of winds and waves that would keep him at a distance. For the moment, however, he offered me no further harm, as other mischief was now afoot for him to meddle in.

Meanwhile the fun on deck had begun to grow fast and furious. The captain, as he afterwards told me, had youngsters of his own at home, and was not the man to be too hard on juvenile high spirits. But soon he found the pranks of this mob of urchins getting to an unbearable pitch. He used some threats which were not altogether earnest, but which the boys took all in joke, and became more and more uproarious. When they went so far as to imitate his voice, giving orders, and puzzling the men on duty, the worthy skipper naturally lost his temper. He peremptorily ordered the whole troop below, and as they did not at once obey, was for turning the hose upon them to clear the decks. This threat proved effectual, and down they crowded into the stuffy little saloon.

Then it was the steward's turn to be driven wild. He and his minions presently took to flight, after locking up their pantry and turning down the lamps. The two grown-up passengers, seeing what they must expect from such a bear-garden, had barricaded themselves in the smoking-room on deck. We youngsters had all the saloon and cabins abandoned to us to riot in as we pleased. At first we contented ourselves with singing songs, such as "We won't go home till morning" and "The Mariners of England," roaring out the choruses at the pitch of our voices, and drumming a vigorous accompaniment on the tables.

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

"I'll be hanged if some of 'em aren't!" I heard the steward's boy muttering gloomily to himself at the door as these patriotic strains came to an end.

The French fellows, naturally not taking so much interest in our favourite melodies, began for their part to dance, and capered about as well as the narrow space would allow them, to the infinite scorn of the Eton young gentleman, who still stood aloof from the common herd of us with his collar unruffled, looking as if nothing could have tempted him to make a fool of himself. But even he joined in when a pillow fight was started. The boys rushed out of their cabins, bolstering away at each other pellmell in the dim light of the saloon. There was a crash of broken glass, and the steward came down to see what pandemonium had broken loose, to be pelted out again by a volley of his own dumpy pillows.

The poor man might well rage, but that was no good; then he took a suppliant tone, begging us to go quietly to rest, warning us that dreadful things would happen if the captain came to know of our doings, hinting at the danger of a collision—what would become of us in that case if they were forced to put out all the lights and leave us in the dark? The ringleaders of the disturbance had grown too much excited to listen, though now some of the more steady ones began to slink off, seeing how things were like to go too far.

"Come, young gentlemen, do turn in! Captain says there's a storm brewing, and some of you will be singing to another tune to-morrow morning if you don't take it quietly."

"Toss him in a blanket!" was the cry, and the steward once more took to flight, as fast as his fat would let him. It would indeed have taken a good many hands to toss him in a blanket—fifteen stone of him at the very least!

But the fancy had taken hold of Gooderidge and certain kindred spirits, and nothing would serve them but tossing somebody in a blanket, to the dismay of myself and other small fry, who readily foresaw the part we should have to play in this amusement. I was one who tried to make away at the first word of it, but Gooderidge had his eye on me and cut off my retreat. Forgetful of his doctrine about fellows of the same school standing by each other, my playful tyrant generously offered me as the first victim, and the proposal was hailed with a shout which sent my heart into my boots. It was not the first time I had been tossed in a blanket, and naturally I did not like it.

Nobody spoke a word for me now; my Bluecoat protector had retired for the night, suspected of being prematurely sea-sick, to the great scorn of the rest. A blanket was quickly dragged off one of the bunks. Half a dozen rough hands caught hold of me and bundled me into it, struggling and kicking in vain, while the other small boys stood by, not so much pleased to be spectators as trembling to think that their turn might come next. Finding resistance useless, I shut my eyes and prepared to go through the disagreeable ordeal as bravely as might be; dignity was out of the question.

"Now, then, all together!" cried Gooderidge, in high glee over this congenial sport. "One, two, three, and off!"

Luckily for me it was not much of a blanket, nor was there room enough to perform the operation properly. All the good or bad will of my tormentors only succeeded in jerking me up a little way, and sending me sprawling sideways in a heap on to one of the saloon sofas. Then as soon as I had got over the confusion and alarm of the fall I became aware of a terrible voice commanding order. The captain had burst in just at the nick of time for me, and was vehemently addressing himself to the biggest of the roysterers.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why, my youngest baby that isn't six months old would know how to behave himself better on board ship."

There was an attempt at a titter, but it broke down before the irate looks of the skipper, who was clearly not to be trifled with.

"To your cabins, every man Jack of you! Steward, put out the lights in five

minutes, and if one of these youngsters shows his nose out before morning just report him to me, and I'll teach him to obey orders."

"I don't want to go to bed yet," protested one of the biggest and noisiest of the band.

"You don't!" exclaimed the captain, making for him like a whirlwind. "You'll go this moment, my fine fellow, or I'll have you clapped in irons for the rest of the voyage. Take your choice, then."

Fairly overawed, the would-be defier of authority turned tail and slunk off, and the rest were not sorry to imitate his example. The exuberant spirits of most of the band had been pretty well worked out now, nor were the boldest of them without some notion of the power of a captain on board his own ship.

"Send a couple of hands aft here," was the last thing we heard him say, whereupon there was a general rush to the cabins, and at last we all saw fit to turn in. The steward presently came round and turned out our lamps, leaving us to finish our undressing by the faint moonlight which came through the portholes.

With some misgivings I repaired to my place beside Gooderidge, not sure what he might please to do to me now that we were alone. But, to my great relief, I found him before long too sleepy to be very troublesome. Having crunched a large captain's biscuit with which he had provided himself by way of supper, he made me pull off his boots and tuck him into the most comfortable berth, after trying them all; and he told me,

"Now, youngster, be sure to be stirring early and get me some hot water from the steward. I am going to shave, if it's not too rough."

"Very well, Gooderidge," said I, meekly.

"And don't you go and be sick down here, or I'll give you something to be sick for. Do you know what's the best cure for sea-sickness?"

"Lying down, isn't it?"

"Not a bit of it. A rope's end! So you look out and let us have no shamming, unless you want me to doctor you."

I climbed up to my shelf above him, fearing that I was going to have a bad time of it. Once more Gooderidge made a remark by way of good night.

"No snoring, remember, you little brute!"

Before long his own loud breathing, which I should not have liked to call snoring to his face, showed that he was fast asleep. I lay awake for some time longer, disturbed by all the unfamiliar sounds of the vessel, the trampling from time to time on deck, the hoarse cries of command, the striking of the bell, the creaking of the timbers, above all the ceaseless grinding and thumping of the screw that thrilled through the cabin at every stroke. I did not feel at all sick as yet, but I was terribly afraid I should before long; and then to be at the mercy of a fellow like Gooderidge! But in the end these noises acted as a lullaby, and I slept pretty soundly through my first night at sea.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORERS.

ERNEST GILES.

It is a curious fact, to which much attention has not yet been devoted, that all round the world, both in the northern and southern hemispheres, a tract of desert shuts off the torrid from the temperate zones. The patches of desert do not quite follow the latitude lines, but they divide the climates. On the northern line we have the Sahara, the Arabian Desert, and the desert of Central Asia, to which so much attention is now directed, and which on the older maps used to figure as Shamo or Gobi. On the southern line we have the Kalahari Desert and the desert of Central Australia. America affords no exception to the rule, for we have there both the northern and southern tract of desert land.

There was a time when the Sahara was thought to be the only desert worth mentioning, and from desert having been found along the Mediterranean and also to the north of the Orange, it was rashly assumed that all the interior of Africa was a sandy waste. And this impression has not yet been entirely removed, for there are hundreds of people who still believe that the magnificently fertile country now governed by the International Association of the Congo is almost as sterile as the Great Desert of the north. As regards Australia, too, a similar error prevailed, and it is only of recent years that the desert boundaries have been defined, and that the interior has been found to be by no means so uninhabitable as the early settlers were led to imagine.

Australia, however, has a good deal of desert land, particularly in the west, and the sufferings and adventures of the explorers who have gradually shown us its limits form some of the most interesting episodes in the annals of this generation. In the exploration of Western Australia the first place is undoubtedly due to Mr. Ernest Giles, whose portrait we give herewith, who between the years 1872 and 1876 led five great and important expeditions, to say nothing of several minor surveys in the western half of the Australian continent.

He was born at Bristol in 1835, and was educated at the Bluecoat School. On reaching Australia he began the roving life which in those days was so common, and for months together hunted and dwelt with the aborigines, gaining an experience of bushcraft that was afterwards to prove invaluable. His first exploration was entered on at the suggestion of Baron Mueller, and in 1872 he started for the west from Chambers Pillar.

In our quick-moving colonies a map grows out of date in a dozen years, so that the starting-point near Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station has not yet got into many of our school atlases. It is, however, almost in the centre of South Australia.

The expedition was out six months, and the one that followed it very much over the same district was away for a year. During these two expeditions, for they are best considered together, the party was over and over again attacked by the natives, and frequently reduced to the verge of starvation. The Glen of Palms, Mount Olga, Lake Amadeus, the Musgrave, the Alfred, and the Marie Ranges were discovered, and the arid country round them traversed for miles and miles and found unfit for settlement. Many of the discoveries read like a fairy tale. We have a long, bare, sterile tract, and then on the horizon there rises a gentle eminence, which on being approached proves to be a smiling oasis, with picturesque hills and pleasant dales, and rocky gorges with running streams and waterfalls, bounded by green pasture lands and flowing by banks gemmed with exquisite flowers, and then in a few miles the desert again. Twice did the explorer nearly lose his life from starvation. On the second expedition with one of his men, by name Gibson, he made a daring scout of some two hundred miles from his main camp, and in consequence of the heat, the death of the horses, and the shortness of water, was landed in extreme difficulties. Only one horse survived, and this Giles sent back with Gibson to fetch the water-kegs they had left at a depôt thirty miles away, while he plodded thither on foot. Gibson was lost, and was never heard of again, and Giles found his way back unrelieved. His last march took him seven days; for five of them he was without food.

On his third expedition he was away six months, and penetrated into the desert region for two hundred and twenty miles. His horses all died, and the party was almost maddened with fatigue, privation, heat, and thirst. On the fourth expedition, in 1875, he penetrated from Port Augusta, at the head of Spencer's Gulf, to Perth, in Western Australia, a journey of nearly two thousand five hundred miles. Instead of horses he took camels, and nothing but their wonderful endurance enabled him to get through. He found no country available for settlement. Very much to the contrary! In his journal he writes, "The silence and the solitude of this mighty waste were appalling to the mind, and I almost regretted that I had sworn to conquer it. The only sound the ear could catch, as hour after hour we slowly glided on, was the passage of our noiseless-treading and

spongy-footed ships as they forced their way through the live and dead timber of the hideous scrubs that environed us."

On the sixth night one hundred and forty miles from Ooldabinna no water had been seen fit to drink. Next day a plot of burnt spinifex was reached, and recent tracks of two natives seemed to promise that water was not very far off, and in the afternoon it was met with, but in small quantity, at what is now known as Boundary Dam.

The camels escaped during that night, and it took till noon next day to recover them. About forty miles farther west a similar salt lake system was found to that previously passed, and at one hundred and ninety-five miles from Ooldabinna on the shore of another salt lake they turned back. There was no water of any kind to be got; the only horizon that could be seen was about fifteen miles distant, and was simply an undulation in the dreary scrub, and was covered with the usual timber in which this region is enveloped—that is to say, a mixture of *Eucalyptus dumosa*, casuarinas, a few Grevillea, pakea bushes, and leguminous trees and shrubs, such as mulga and a kind of silver-wattle bush, from the latter order of which trees and plants the camels find their sustenance. Two stunted specimens of the native orange-tree (*Capparis*) were seen where two casks were left ninety miles from the depôt. On 22nd August Giles was back at Ooldabinna; and it began to rain just as he reached it.

On August 24 Giles started again for Boundary Dam, and thence struck straight away for Perth. "We had no conception how far we might have to go, nor how many days it would be before we might next come to water; but we left our friendly little dam in high hopes and excellent spirits, as we also hoped, as well as water, to discover some more agreeable geographical features than had yet fallen to our lot. I had set my own and all the party's lives upon the cast, and would run the hazard of the die, and I may say that each person at starting into the unknown displayed the greatest desire and eagerness for the attempt."

They found no water for three hundred and twenty-five miles, and then owing to a dispute with the man who was steering Giles bore a point or so to the southward, and happened to strike on Queen Victoria's spring in the centre of a small oasis. The sterile waste around is now called Queen Victoria Desert, and the oasis boasts quite a crop of herbs and plants sprung from the seeds that the expedition sowed as they rested there. The next resting-place was at Ularring, in latitude 29° 35′, longitude 120° 31′, where they were attacked in great force by the natives. The blacks were, however, ignorant of firearms, and were fortunately discovered before they got into the camp. The escape was a close one, as there was only just time to seize the guns as the long line of aborigines came rushing from the scrub.

On the 26th of October Mount Churchman was sighted, and when the first shepherd from the west was met with, their reception was that accorded to the mysterious shapes in the ghost stories. The man thought they had come from another world. Finding that they had really crossed the desert from South Australia, he welcomed them "in the name of the entire colony," and a triumphal procession began which only ended at Perth. The fifth great expedition was three hundred miles longer, two thousand eight hundred miles in all, back from Perth to South Australia by a more northerly route. Here again the track lay through the desert, and at one time the march was pressed on for ten days without finding water. At Perth Giles had had a most cordial reception; at Adelaide he received a public welcome, for the work he had done was immense considering the difficulties.

"It is not," as he says, "the explorer that makes the country," and the route which yields fewest discoveries is that which has most hardships and requires most pluck and management to surmount them. And it was not only in Australia that his merits were recognised. In 1880 the Royal Geographical Society conferred on him its Founder's Medal; and the statement of the fact in the Earl of Northbrook's presidential address for that year will form a fitting conclusion to this article.

The President said:—"The Council of the Royal Geographical Society are anxious, in distributing the gold medals, to take into their consideration the geographical discoveries in different parts of the world, and they are especially anxious to give every due weight to the claims of explorers in the British colonies. I have great pleasure in announcing that the Founder's Medal will be awarded to Mr. Ernest Giles for having led five great expeditions through the interior of Western Australia in the years 1872-76, during which 6,000 miles of route were surveyed, and 20,000 square miles of new country discovered. Mr. Ernest Giles has performed eminent service to geography in having led expeditions which have traversed the whole western interior of Australia—from Adelaide to Swan River, and from Champion Bay to the central line of electric telegraph. He has also carried out numerous minor, but not less important, explorations. The value of his services has been testified to by our successive presidents in their annual addresses from 1873 to 1879. The interesting paper in which he described his journey from South to Western Australia in 1875 is published in the journal of the Society for 1876."

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART XI.

The primary thing to do in trout-spinning is to drop the bait in the water so silently that the feeding trout may not be startled, but look upon the bait as a matter of course. To be able to do this at the end of a twelve-yards cast requires some little practice, and it is best, therefore, for the beginner to follow the advice given in reference to fly-casting—namely, practise constantly on the grass ere he trusts himself to the trout stream. As with fly-fishing, it is necessary to always throw up and out, and not down, unless under exceptional circumstances. Always fish the nearest water, and then extend your operations in a radius from you. In low, clear water the sport derivable from spinning is in my opinion equal to that of the fly, but in water which is coloured the fish are taken at a complete disadvantage, and though the creel on your back becomes rapidly heavy, I am inclined to discount this fact by saying that the method is not nearly so sportsmanlike as it was when the stream revealed because of its lucidity all the particulars of your bait and tackle. It is always an axiom that the more you handicap yourself the more acute is the genuine reason for self-laudation when the fish is caught. Who, for instance, would care to use a natural fly when the artificial of one's own manufacture is capable of killing? and who would trimmer or set a night-line even for the voracious pike when there was the opportunity for capturing him on a rod and line by your own personal devices?

In selecting your minnows for bait let it always be borne in mind that the medium and smaller-sized ones are always better than the very large ones. Of course it is well to keep them as naturally as you can, and for that purpose a minnow-can is indispensable. A very useful form of this appurtenance is that shown in Fig. 11, invented originally by Mr.

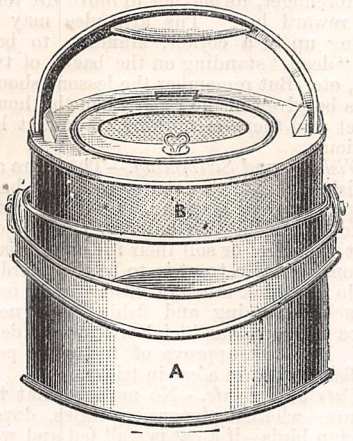


Fig. 11.

Alfred, of Moorgate Street, I think. A is an outside receiver, B a perforated zinc internal receptacle in which the minnows are placed, of course water being added. The advantage of the arrangement is plain. B can be taken out and stood in the stream whilst you are fishing, and so your minnows are kept fresh and lively for any length of time.

It has already been explained that the actual employment of live bait is objected to on the ground of cruelty; and the reader has already been told how to kill both worms and minnows. Now there are various expedients for keeping them fresh when dead. Some anglers sprinkle them over with dry salt, and others preserve them in glycerine or boracic acid; others believe in spirits-of-wine; but I have discarded all these in favour of "King's Preservative." I have not the remotest idea what it is composed of, but as its maker, Mr. King, 1, New Road, Commercial Road, is a very clever practical chemist as well as an angler, you may depend it is by no means dangerous to handle. It will keep baits unspoiled in look for months, and as it is portable and easily mixed it is quite a boon to the travelling fisherman. The price is quite nominal.

The pace at which you should draw in your line after delivering it varies, of course, with the rapidity of the stream and the sort of weeds and bottom as well, and this last but not least, on the colour of the water. With very small minnows and light tackle you may sometimes cast overhand as if you were throwing a fly, with great advantage, but as a rule it is best to cast from left to right, and *vice versâ*. In spinning I always take the rod in my right hand, and work the line with the left, and this seems on the whole the most convenient method of doing it, unless, of course, you are entirely ambidextrous or

left-handed. Of course, if you are wading it is worth while to so arrange what you are carrying that it may in no case get in the way. To this end a basket which will contain the fish and whatever tackle, etc., you require, and yet remain on your back in an easy, accessible position, is a most desirable addition, and I think there is no better design than that figured in the illustration, Fig. 12. A is the bag to contain tackle,

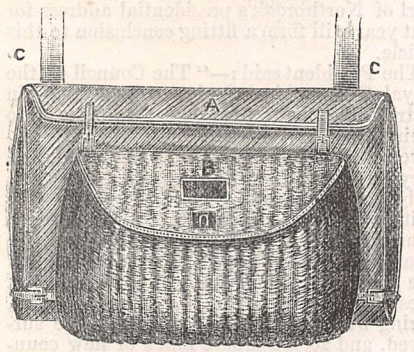


Fig. 12.

refreshments, etc.; B is the basket; C C are the straps, which I would counsel should be made rather broader, and of stout webbing—not of leather, as shown. To either of these straps the landing-net should be attached by means of a hook and ring. A common brass tenter-hook will do, but it should be deep enough in the bend to render it unlikely to slip off; a large curtain-ring will serve to receive the landing-net, somewhat as shown in the accompanying engraving. When a fish is hooked all one has

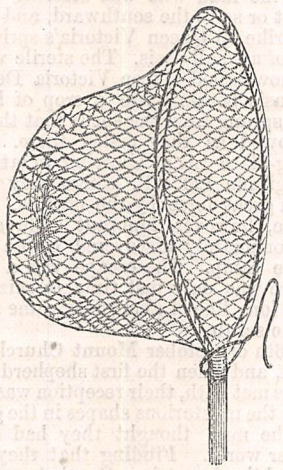


Fig. 13.

to do is to reach round and withdraw the landing-net from its support. A good large net is always more serviceable than a small one, however neat the latter may look.

There is no substantial difference between fishing with the natural and the artificial minnow. When the fish takes you, you must strike smartly in each case, and it is well, if the trout seem to be on the feed, to keep a few fresh baits free, so that you may not be delayed by the long process of extracting three or four hooks from its mouth. A very convenient way of keeping each flight and bait separate and handy is to arrange them in a tin-japanned box—all tackle-makers keep them—coiling the attached gut in the little partition (see Fig. 14). There is no pos-

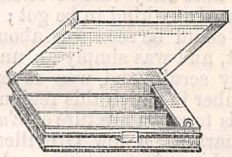


Fig. 14.

sibility of their getting out of gear, and the delay is very trifling; whereas if you keep them in any other shaped box some annoying hitch is sure to occur just when you do not want it to do so.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' PETS, AND HOW TO TAME AND TRAIN THEM.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

II.—CATS, PARROTS, ETC. (*continued.*)

Teaching Cats to be Honest.—This can only be done by feeding them well, and being altogether kind to them. Cats *do* know the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum*, whatever any one may say to the contrary. What you have to do, then, is to make it worth their while to respect that difference. Let the cat be with you when at meals—I do not object to one on the table; keep a tiny morsel of whalebone, and if a paw is outstretched towards a dish, chastise her firmly, warningly, but not angrily. Do not send her away, she will only go and sulk and think hard thoughts of you. Let her remain, but remain still till she be fed. Feed her liberally. N.B.—A starved cat is never a good ratter or mouser.

Never chastise a cat immoderately, else the fright will make her forget what the punishment is for, and she will end by looking on you as a brute.

Begin her real training when about three or four months old.

She ought to learn what is useful as well as what is amusing. I will describe a few of the tricks that cats may be easily taught.

1. *Leaping Heights.*—Cats are naturally fond of fun, especially when young. Get her a hare's or rabbit's foot on the end of a string as a toy, and also an indiarubber ball. Tie the string to the end of a rod or piece of stick, and encourage her to jump for it. Give her this exercise every day; it strengthens the ham muscles, which in time get so developed that she can spring extraordinary distances.

2. *Hoop Tricks.*—These are endless. You may get her easily enough at first to jump back and fore through your arms held like a hoop, first in front of you and very low, then higher and higher, then at either side of your body, then over your shoulder, and finally held over your head. Next you substitute the hoop, held in the same fashion, low at first, then higher, and from side to side.

N.B.—It is well to reward the cat after her lesson has been successfully gone through. For this purpose there is nothing better than a morsel of boiled lights or liver, or a bit of fish. In towns you can generally get horseflesh, and of this pussy is very fond indeed.

You may afterwards have a succession of hoops hung in some outhouse, as a sort of cat's gymnasium, and really the fun to be got from such an arrangement is very great indeed.

3. *Retrieving.*—This is best taught with a rabbit's foot, and on the room floor. There is no difficulty in teaching this amusing accomplishment, but it needs patience and time to perfect her in it.

4. *Teaching Attitudes.*—You must put or place the cat in the attitude you wish her to retain at word of command, and, with uplifted forefinger, forbid her to move till told. Then reward her. The attitudes may be standing up in a corner, standing to beg, lying "dead," standing on the backs of two chairs, etc. But remember the lessons should always be given in the room when the house is quiet and there is nothing to attract her attention.

5. *Fishing and Swimming.*—These are accomplishments which country cats only have an opportunity of learning. Cats are naturally fond of fish. To be sure, they object to wet their feet or soil their fur on ordinary occasions, but if a trout is to be the guerdon they do not think much of either fur or feet. To teach swimming and fishing, you need to have minnows—artificial will do, or dead ones. I do not approve of torturing poor little fishes to train a cat in tricks.

6. *Cats and Birds.*—No matter what the birds are—whether pigeons, canaries, doves, or foreign birds—if a cat is well fed and well cared for, and is brought up to respect these as her master's property, she would no more think of touching them in his absence than she would of eating live coals out of the grate.

7. *Teaching a Cat to Keep the House at Night.*—For her own and your own sake, pussy should never be a midnight prowler. She will often wish to stay out later than is advisable, but if you make a practice of giving her supper—a good one—last thing of a night she will always come in for it.

8. *Teaching a Cat to Follow like a Dog.*—This is easily done, but in order to insure her safety from dogs, before you venture to entice her into the road or street you must teach her to jump upon your shoulder whenever told to do so. If then in her walks abroad with you some gentleman of the canine persuasion attempts to "go at" her she will immediately come home to your shoulder for safety. Many other tricks will suggest themselves to you; it will indeed be your own fault, and a proof of your want of perseverance, if, possessing a nice young tabby, you do not in a very few months render her a very accomplished cat indeed.

Parrots.—Now then, Polly, it is your turn. I have had this kind of bird before—the West Australian cockatoo, all white nearly, with hardly any crest, a bold, audacious bird, but affectionate enough at most times.

He is exceedingly fond of music, a very good talker, a capital mimic, a bit of a wag, laughs and dances, and sings songs (words and music). He can also ring a bell, play a little hand-organ, beat time to a tune on guitar or violin, and do a great many other amusing tricks.

How was he taught all this? Through kindness chiefly. He is barely five years of age. I do not know what he may be if he lives for a few years longer; probably a member of Parliament or a cheap jack. Polly is fit enough for either. He can make a speech already, and calls fowls, mimics the chasing, catching, and killing of them, and then puts them up for sale at half-a-crown each, just a shilling lower than market price, but then Polly does a *roaring* trade. Now, all birds of the parrot kind take to talking and mimicking sounds of various kinds quite naturally. They do not need their tongues cut with a crooked sixpenny piece, as some silly folks believe. When strangers hear

my favourite cockatoo talking and carrying on in his inimitable fashion they naturally give me, his master, the credit of being a very clever man. But I certainly do not deserve so flattering an encomium on Polly's account, for I do but use ordinary judgment in my treatment of the bird; in every other way he has taught himself. Let me analyse this teaching; it will give you hints.

Well then, first and foremost I got to understand the poor fellow. I felt sure that he meant no real harm by his determined attempts to deprive me of my nasal organ, or hook out one of my eyes, and I felt sure also that the sooner I could teach Sir Poll to believe that I meant no harm, and was really and truly not a bad fellow at heart, the sooner we would be able to get on well together. So I never lost my temper, even when he cut my finger. I fed him regularly and well, and gave him clean water every day, and drops of tea and milk from a spoon, also hemp, which his soul loveth, and as an occasional treat the pick of a fowl-bone. The result is that while to every one else in the world Poll is a perfect eagle, *I* can put my hand into his cage and shake hands with him, smooth him over the wings or under the wings, and even lift him up. In his cage even yet he is at rare times an eagle even to me; out of his cage sitting on my finger, my shoulder, or on the table in front of me while I write, he is an angel on a small scale. "Give me a kiss," he says, whenever he gets out, and I am not afraid to put my lips to his great beak, though if so minded he could cut me as if with a large pair of scissors. The slender-billed cockatoo he is called, but so strong is this beak of his, that, without any exaggeration, he could trim the gooseberry bushes with it.

But about the ringing of the bell. Well, that is easily taught. Poll will pull any string he sees handy, and he has, moreover, a little portable bell that he shakes about much to his delight and rattles along the bars of his cage. Sometimes he pulls the tongue out of it, another proof of the power of his beak.

When he gets on to the table he is never satisfied until he pitches everything into the middle of the floor—pencils, pens, letters, letter-weights, and the ink-bottle too, if I do not watch; then he settles down to make love to his master.

I must say no more about him now, but please remember that parrots or cockatoos can only be taught well by those who love and thoroughly understand them. There is no occasion to talk from behind a screen or door, only say what you wish your bird to say slowly and distinctly, and always attach the real meaning thereto. Call breakfast—breakfast, and supper—supper; don't say "Good morning" at night, and never give the bird any food without having a little conversation about it.

As for the tricks of cockatoos, there is no end to them, and they always suggest themselves. For example, Sir Poll had a habit of seizing the large brass bell-like handle on the top of the cage, and walking round with it like a horse in a mill. "If you can do that, Polly," I said, "you can turn a little hand-organ." And so he will.

Now I feel perfectly convinced that I possess the secret of teaching all tameable animals tricks suitable to their shape and capabilities. It is possible that I may be more *en rapport* with animals than some others are. Well, I love them; and because I do love them I thoroughly understand them, and I very soon get them to love me. That is the first part of my secret. The next thing I do is to get the creature I am training to understand the various intonations of my voice, and to associate it with words.

Next I watch the natural movements of the bird or beast. In these I find my raw material for working up into a pretty and effective trick. I will give you an example or two. My last pet cockatoo was fond of lifting and throwing about things that rattled. I got him a toy tin railway-truck, and filled it with nails, and told him to empty it. This was done very satisfactorily; and Polly, or Cockie, as I called him, soon learned to reload his little truck. But he did it so methodically that he positively seemed to count them. They were those short, thick nails used for nailing up wall-fruit, etc.

But of his very methodicalness I also took advantage. I taught him to say "forty-two" after taking the nails all out, and I always put forty-two nails in the truck. When, therefore, Cockie was showing off in company, after he had counted out his nails I would ask any one in the room to prove whether the bird was right or not. Meanwhile I palmed a nail. Only forty-one were counted therefore, but while this was being done Cockie would be stepping about the table repeating the words "forty-two, forty-two" in the most decided of manners. I then managed to slip the "palmed" nail back, and asked some one else to decide. This would be done, and result in a triumph for Cockie. Then Cockie would laugh, and every one else would laugh; and the more every one else laughed, the louder laughed Cockie, till the house was like a bedlam.

This bird used to dance round and round to the sound of the fiddle till his head grew light; then he danced back in the opposite way to bring it right again. While dancing he used to emit a "whoop!" like a wild Irishman, that never failed to bring down the house.

One other example. A tame white rat I had was fond of appropriating pretty things and carrying them into her cage. I made a trick of this. I used to arrange on the table a large semicircle of apples, potatoes, pill-boxes, silver spoons, thimbles, and silver coins; then, "Now, Mary," I would cry, opening her cage-door, "see how quickly you can clear the table."

It was wonderful. In less than a minute everything was inside.

Of course all animals expect a tit-bit after they do a successful trick. But virtue may be made its own reward, as in the case of birds drawing for themselves water and seed.

If I am spared, and that cockatoo is spared, I will make it one of the most accomplished tricksters in Europe. So you may expect to hear a little more about him at some future day.

Now I have told you wherein my pet-taming secret lies. You can think upon it and enlarge upon the idea in any way that suits you.

NAMES OF SHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

By Odo W. Ford.

I.

"What's in a name?" is so very well-worn a quotation to readers of all tastes and ages that I fear I may hardly be excused for inflicting it upon the readers of the Boy's Own. Perhaps the subject may be the best apology, as it certainly will, on reflection, furnish a decided answer to the time-honoured query. A great deal is in a name for a ship of the Royal Navy; so think alike its admirers and its critics, so doubtless think the millions who follow with keen interest its movements and achievements all over the world; the same feeling pervades the breasts of Jim Spanker and Jack Spunyarn, A.B.'s, who are as proud of the history of our Warspites and Temeraires as any of us, and would much prefer a cruise in the Achilles or Nelson to one in a Captain or a Eurydice—that is, supposing these latter names of sad memory had again been inserted in the Navy List.

That there is something in a name is, too, the opinion of my Lords of the Admiralty and their official advisers, who give careful consideration to the christening of every fresh monster and ugly duckling a long time—often years—before the bottle of wine is broken on her sides as she slides into her native element. The names are generally proposed or suggested by the Controller of the Navy, and settled finally by the First Naval Lord, or by the First Lord himself. A list is kept of all old names unappropriated, and as soon as an old ship is sold or broken up her name is added to this list. Sometimes one of the old names is selected, sometimes an entirely new one.

Every ship in the Royal Navy gets her name before she really exists. As soon as the Constructor's drawings and "legend" are approved, and the building commences, the question of the name is decided. Thus H.M.S. Inflexible figured in the Navy List and was talked of while as yet there was none of her, and the Devastation's big sister was dubbed the Fury, and then again the Dreadnought, long before she took the water at Milford Haven. When, as is the case from time to time, a ship, already built, is purchased for the Navy, a new name is usually assigned to her. The Mareotis and British Empire (purchased about the time the Russians were pounding away at the Plevna earthworks defended by Osman Pasha) became H.M.S. Tyne and Humber, the big Brazilian ironclad Independencia became H.M.S. Neptune, and the three Turkish ironclads purchased during the same war in 1877–78 (whose original names I will not venture on) became respectively the Superb, Orion, and Belleisle. There was an Orion, by the way, which fought at Trafalgar, under Captain Codrington.

Very appropriate was the change of name of the whaler Bloodhound, purchased to take part in the Arctic Expedition in 1875, and renamed the Discovery, though now filling the inglorious but useful *rôle* of a store ship for home service—work for which she is as well fitted as for buffeting the ice-floes in Melville Bay. This, again, is an old name revived, for many will recollect that Captain Cook made his third voyage in the Resolution accompanied by the Discovery.

Looking through the list of our gallant ships, we may observe many names famous in history in fighting, adventure, and discovery renewed in the armour-clads and swift cruisers of the present. We still have an Agamemnon, a splendid ship of 8,500 tons, clad with 18-inch steel-faced armour, and carrying four 80-ton guns, a new ship, which has just left for China, and will be the most powerful ship ever seen there, a very different craft from her namesake of Nelson's days (which was commanded by that hero himself, when a captain, at the siege of Bastia, and at Calvi, in Corsica, in 1792, where he lost an eye), or to the Agamemnon which assisted in the siege of Sebastopol. Once more we have a Warspite, an Imperieuse, a Rodney, and a saucy Arethusa. And have we not again a brave old Temeraire?—although the second adjective does not apply, for she is the first of the new type of "barbette" ships. The title of "Fighting Temeraire" she has, however, earned, having taken part in the bombardment of Alexandria. We still have a Lion in the British Navy—a training-ship for boys at Devonport—as we had a *Lyon* in the days of Charles II., which assisted in the third Dutch war at the action in Southwold Bay on May 28th, 1673, and suffered severely at the hands of that stubborn old sea-dog De Ruyter.

Who does not remember the Pelican, the tough little craft in which the brave old Elizabethan hero Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe? The generation of schoolboys has not yet arrived in whose hearts (once having read the tale) the memory is not green of that little vessel and her sturdy skipper, and the Admiralty perpetuate her memory in the sloop Pelican, which for the last five years has carried the

white ensign in the Pacific, visiting doubtless some of the very spots where Drake cruised in her namesake, and "went for" the Spaniards wherever he found them. Much is there in names like this, and we cannot preserve too many of them as memory's links with that glorious period when our gallant seamen furnished the material for a stirring chapter in England's naval history. Our Pelican reminds us too of that curious scene on board Drake's Pelican, when, having returned to Deptford after her long cruise, Queen Elizabeth came down the river and knighted him on board his ship; and then it was, as an old writer tells us, that so great was the crowd which thronged to see this famous crew that a bridge of planks which had been laid between the ship and the shore fell, carrying with it one hundred men, "who notwithstanding had none of them any hurt, so as that ship may seem to have been built under a lucky planet."*

Names with the prefix "Royal" the Navy has always shown. When the Dutch took such advantage of our neglected armaments in the reign of the Merry Monarch, and, sailing up the Medway, destroyed Sheerness, they burnt among other ships a Royal Oak, as well as the Loyal London and Great James, and carried off the Royal Charles, a first-rate ship of 100 guns. They even threatened London itself we find, for the inhabitants, fearing a similar fate to that of the great city's namesake, sunk a dozen ships in the Thames off Woolwich and some more at Blackwall to stay the Dutchmen's advance. This exploit of the famous Admiral De Ruyter was the greatest insult ever offered to the British Navy, but one of which the Dutch were, of course, as proud as the English were ashamed. I well recollect seeing but a few years ago among a collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures in a sale-room in London a rare and curious old engraving, having in the centre portraits of De Ruyter and De Witt, surrounded by pictures of their sea-battles, among which the above event has a prominent place. A black and disgraceful record in our naval annals.†

There was, it seems, a Royal James which blew up in the fight at Southwold Bay (there is a picture of this fight in the First Lord of the Admiralty's house at Whitehall), and a Royal Charles which about the same period carried the flag of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and took part in the defeat of the Dutch after the exploit in the Medway. And all my readers know the Royal George of a century later and her sad fate—

> She sprang no sudden leak;
> She struck upon no rock—

but turned over and sank while being careened at Spithead, with Admiral Kempenfeldt and 900 men on board. Pieces of her keel are still to be seen in some of the royal dockyards. We have still a Royal George, be it observed, though she is not in active service, being merely a "receiving-hulk" at Portsmouth. We have also a Royal Alfred, a Royal Oak, and a Royal Sovereign, all armour-plated ships, though such is the rapid march of events in naval construction that they are all practically obsolete, and will probably "stick to their *port* and never go to sea," until finally they are reduced to vulgar fractions by the ship-breakers.

Apropos of the Royal Sovereign of our day, I find the following in the same old work in a chapter on Chatham:—

"The Expedition that has been Sometimes used here in fitting out Men of War, is scarce credible; for the Workmen told us, That the Royal Sovereign, a First Rate of 100 Guns, was riding at her Moorings, intirely unrigg'd, and nothing but her Three Masts Standing, as is usual when a Ship is laid up; and that she was completely rigg'd, all her Masts up, her Yards put to, her Sails bent, Anchors and Cables on board, and the Ship sailed down to *Black-Stakes* in Three Days, Sir Cloudesley Shovell being then her Captain."

(To be continued.)

* Drake changed the name of his ship as he sailed through the Straits of Magellan. The Pelican then became the Golden Hind. See Article on "Drake," page 139.

† A curious old work (*temp.* George II.) says:—"At that time all was left unguarded, and there were but Four Guns that could be used at *Upnor*, and scarce so many at *Gillingham*, the Carriages being rotten and broken; and, in a Word, everything concurring to invite the Enemy."

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Contributions received up to June 17.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	63	13	7½
June 8.—Collected by Harry V. Ancell (Colchester), 19s. 2d.; William Croft, 6d.; R. Hill (Swindon), 1s.; R. K. (Rossall), 2s. 6d.; W. Gana, 2s.	1	5	2
June 9.—Marian R. Van Wart (Liverpool), 10s.; Collected by Bertie Rowse (Southsea), 12s. 6d.: G. H. Harker (Harrogate), 10s.	1	12	6
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June 17.—T. A. (Sunningdale School) ..	0	1	0
Carried forward	£82	4	1½

Correspondence.

H. SMITH.—Thank you for your essay on astronomy, which we have read with interest.

520.—Read our articles on Model Yacht Building before you begin. You will find that beam and depth have no fixed proportions. To get stability you must have either one or the other, and you can take your choice between a broad boat or a deep one with a heavy lead keel.

FIDDLER.—Consult a Post Office Directory. There are several shops in Soho where you can have your violin repaired.

W. E. POTTER.—Wood for fretwork can be obtained in your neighbourhood from Melhuish, in Fetter Lane; or Churchill, in Sun Street, Finsbury.

TUBAL CAIN.—Perhaps an advertisement in two or three of the local papers in the Pottery districts might help you.

HIGH ADMIRAL FEATHERBED.—The article on "Hammocks and all about them" was in page 581 in the second volume—the monthly part for July, 1880.

LEONARD.—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the fifth volume.

WORMBROOK.—The "Wreck of the Medusa," with the coloured plate, was in the November part for 1883.

MATER.—Send your son to a drawing class in connection with the Science and Art Department. The charges are merely nominal, and the instruction the most suitable and practical that can be given.

A MANX BABY.—Buy a shilling book on etiquette, and work out the problems for yourself.

A PERPLEXED READER.—Unless you have a gift for teaching, give up all thoughts of becoming a schoolmaster. To say nothing of your life being a misery to yourself, think of the sufferings of your pupils!

ANIMATED PERIWINKLE.—The winkle had lost its inside, and refused to perform, so that we are unable to report.

A BOY.—There is a guide to step-dancing published by French, of the Strand; but a sailor's hornpipe will never be learnt from a shilling book. You must be taught personally.

D. BARNES.—Astronomical telescopes always reverse the objects. To fit yours for land use you must add a reversing eye-piece.

S. A. W.—To clean a saddle wash it with yellow soap, but do not wet it too much. When it is dry polish it with rather a hard brush and a little beeswax. The best plan is to rub the brush with the wax, and then brush the saddle until you get the polish. If you put on too much wax the leather will be sticky.

R. A. D.—The close time on the Dart for trout is from October 2nd to February 28th. The licence duty is two shillings per day or ten shillings per season. On the Severn the close time is from September 1st to June 15th; and the licence duties are one shilling for rod and line, seven shillings for net, fifteen shillings for cruive, and five shillings for night lines. Nearly all the Scotch rivers are closed for salmon from November to the end of February.

FOREMAST.—The yacht that won most money in 1884 was the 68-ton cutter Marjorie, her amount being £922. The next on the list was the yawl Lorna, £905; the next the 40-ton Tara, £867. The Genesta came fourth, £775; Ilex fifth, £590. The best 10-tonner was Ulerin, £340.

W. N. O.—The best running high-jump, amateur, is P. Davin's 6ft. 2¾in. The professional performance is E. W. Johnson's 6ft. 0½in.

A. C. LEEDS.—The best plan is to apply direct to the owners of the ship. You will be referred by them to the proper person. You would be far better as a boy before the mast.

A BRITISH BOY.—Your height is above the present standard for the Line, so that you would have no difficulty in that respect. You must choose for yourself. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any slur on a man's character owing to his having become a soldier. Such an opinion may once have been generally held, but it is so no longer. You will never please everybody.

FIORD.—You would get a good choice of guide-books, knapsacks, etc., of Adams, of Fleet Street (at the publishing office of Bradshaw's Guide); or you might try Goy, of Leadenhall Street.

AN SX CALF.—When the I. H. S. has stops between the letters it stands for the initials of Jesus Hominum Salvator; but when the stops are omitted the letters are the iota, eta, and sigma of the Greek Iesous.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—For the same reason that a ball thrown into the air returns to the earth, a ball dropped into a shaft that ran to the Antipodes through the centre of the earth would stop in the middle.

FELIX.—To secure the copyright you must send a copy of the book when published to Stationers' Hall and register it, and then forward the five copies to the libraries. Your printer or publisher is the proper person to attend to the business.

B. J. P.—To make a good cake take a pound of currants, a pound of mixed candied peel, half a quartern of flour, four eggs, a breakfast-cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a small packet of baking-powder. Beat the eggs well with the milk, and stand the mixture on the hob to get warm; chop the peel very small, and mix the things well together with the milk; bake the cake in a moderate oven for five or six hours. It is best baked in a ring—that is, a mould without a bottom, and the mould should be well greased to prevent sticking.

ATLANTA.—All the volumes are still in print, and all are still sold at the original price.

DRU.—When it is said that the water of the world has greatly evaporated it means that the evaporation has taken place into space which is now held to consist to a considerable extent of watery vapour. Space is not necessarily nothingness.

TIME AND TIDE.—The "Establishment of the Port" is its time of high water at full or change days; thus the "establishment" of London Bridge is 1h. 58m. There is no difficulty in arriving at the time of high water if you will only remember that when the moon is new or full it is always high water at London Bridge about two o'clock. Every other port has its "establishment" in the same way, and the tide is always up at establishment time at new and full moon.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your best plan would be to advertise the fact of your possessing the envelope, say in the "Exchange and Mart," and ask for offers.

ST. FILIAN'S.—Say "carpets beaten," and avoid all chance of dispute.

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REGINALD CRUDEN:
A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISITORS AT NO. 13, SHY STREET.

THE concluding sentences of Horace's long letter, particularly those which referred to his mother's poor health and the straitened circumstances of the little household, were sufficiently unwelcome to eclipse in Reginald's mind the other exciting news the letter had contained. They brought on a fit of the blues which lasted more than one day.

"Love, indeed! I'd like to scratch you."

For now that he had neither companion nor occupation (for the business of the Select Agency Corporation had fallen off completely) there was nothing to prevent his indulgence in low spirits.

He began to chafe at his imprisonment, and still more at his helplessness even were he at liberty to do anything. Christmas was still a fortnight off, and till then what could he do on thirteen shillings a week? He might cut down his commissariat certainly, to, say, a shilling a day, and send home the rest. But then, what about coals and postage-stamps and other incidental expenses, which had to be met in Mr. Medlock's absence out of his own pocket? The weather was very cold—he could hardly do without coals, and he was bound in the interests of the Corporation to keep stamps enough in the place to cover the necessary correspondence.

When all was said, two shillings seemed to be the utmost he could save out of his weekly pittance, and this he sent home by the very next post, with a long, would-be cheerful, but really dismal letter, stoutly denying that he was either miserable or disappointed with his new work, and anticipating with pleasure the possibility of being able to run up at Christmas and bring with him the welcome funds which would clear the family of debt and give it a good start for the New Year.

When he had finished his letter home he wrote to Mr. Medlock, very respectfully suggesting that as he had been working pretty hard and for the last few days single-handed, Mr. Medlock might not object to advance him at any rate part of the salary due in a fortnight, as he was rather in need of money. And, he ventured to ask, as Christmas Day fell on a Thursday, and no business was likely to be done between that day and the following Monday, might he take the two or three days' holiday, undertaking, of course, to be back at his post on the Monday morning. He enclosed a few post-office orders which had come to hand since he last wrote, and hoped he should soon have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Medlock—"or anybody," he added to himself as he closed the letter and looked wearily round the gaunt, empty room.

Now, if Reginald had been a believer in fairies he would hardly have started as much as he did when, almost as the words escaped his lips, the door opened and a female marched into the room.

A little prim female it was, with stiff curls down on her forehead and a very sharp nose and very thin lips, and fidgety fingers that seemed not to know whether to cling to one another for support or fly at the countenance of somebody else.

This formidable visitor spared Reginald the trouble of inquiring to what fortunate circumstance he was indebted for the honour of so unlooked-for a visit.

"Now, sir!" said she, panting a little after her ascent of the stairs, but very emphatic, all the same.

The observation was not one which left much scope for argument, and Reginald did not exactly know what to reply. At last, however, he summoned up resolution enough to say, politely,

"Now, madam, can I be of any service?"

Inoffensive as the observation was, it had the effect of greatly irritating the lady.

"None of your sauce, young gentleman," said she, putting down her bag and umbrella, and folding her arms defiantly. "I've not come here to take any of your impertinence."

Reginald's impertinence! He had never been rude to a lady in all his life except once, and the penance he had paid for that sin had been bitter enough, as the reader can testify.

"You needn't pretend not to know what I've come here for," continued the lady, taking a hasty glance round the room, as if mentally calculating from what door or window her victim would be most likely to attempt to escape.

"Perhaps she's Love's mother!" gasped Reginald, to himself. "Oh, but what a Venus!"

This classical reflection he prudently kept to himself, and waited for his visitor to explain her errand further.

"You know who I am," she said, walking up to him.

"No, indeed," said Reginald, hardly liking to retreat, but not quite comfortable to be standing still. "Unless—unless your name is Love."

"Love!" screamed the outraged "Venus." "I'll Love you, young gentleman, before I've done with you. Love, indeed, you impudent saucebox, you!"

"I beg your pardon," began Reginald.

"Love, indeed! I'd like to scratch you, so I would," cried the lady, with a gesture so ominously like suiting the action to the word, that Reginald fairly deserted his post and retreated two full paces.

This was getting critical. Either the lady was mad, or she had mistaken Reginald for some one else. In either case he felt utterly powerless to deal with the difficulty. So like a prudent man he decided to hold his tongue and let the lady explain herself.

"Love, indeed!" said she, for the third time. "You saucy jackanapes, you. No, sir, my name's Wrigley!"

She evidently supposed this announcement would fall like a thunderbolt on the head of her victim, and it disconcerted her not a little when he merely raised his eyebrows and inclined his head politely.

"Now do you know what I'm come about?" said she.

"No," replied he.

"Yes you do. You needn't think to deceive me, sir. It won't do, I can tell you."

"I *really* don't know," said poor Reginald. "Who are you?"

"I'm the lady who ordered the globe and blackboard, and sent two pounds along with the order to you, Mr. Cruden Reginald. There! *Now* perhaps you know what I've come for!"

If she had expected Reginald to fly out of the window, or seek refuge up the chimney, at this announcement, the composure with which he received the overpowering disclosure must have considerably astonished her.

"Eh?" she said. "Eh? Do you know me now?"

"I have no doubt you are right," said he. "We had more than a hundred orders for the globes and boards, and expect they will be delivered this week or next."

"Oh! then you have been imposing on more than me?" said the lady, who till this moment had imagined she had been the only correspondent of the Corporation on the subject.

"We've been imposing on no one," said Reginald, warmly. "You have no right to say that, Mrs. Wrigley."

His honest indignation startled the good lady.

"Then why don't you send the things?" she demanded, in a milder tone.

"There are a great many orders to attend to, and they have to be taken in order as we receive them. Probably yours came a good deal later than others."

"No, it didn't. I wrote by return of post, and put an extra stamp on too. You must have got mine one of the very first."

"In that case you will be one of the first to receive your globe and board."

"I know that, young man," said she. "I'm going to take them with me now!"

"I'm afraid you can't do that," said Reginald. "They are being sent off from London."

The lady, who had somewhat moderated her wrath in the presence of the secretary's unruffled politeness, fired up as fiercely as ever at this.

"There! I *knew* it was a swindle! From London indeed! Might as well say New York at once! *I'm* not going to believe your lies, you young robber! Don't expect it!"

It was a considerable tax on Reginald's temper to be addressed in language like this, even by a lady, and he could not help retorting, rather hotly, "I'm glad you are only a woman, Mrs. Wrigley, for I wouldn't stand being called a thief by a man, I assure you!"

"Oh, don't let that make any difference!" said she, fairly in a rage, and advancing up to him. "Knock me down, and welcome! You may just as well murder a woman as rob her!"

"I can only tell you again your order is being executed in London."

"And I can only tell you I don't believe a word you say, and I'll just have my two pounds back, and have done with you! Come, you can't say you never got *that!*"

"If you sent it, I certainly did," said Reginald.

"Then perhaps you'll hand it up this moment?"

"I would gladly do so if I had it, but—"

"I suppose it's gone to London too?" said she, with supernatural calmness.

"It has been paid in with all the money to the bank," said Reginald. "But if you wish it I will write to the managing director and ask him to return it by next post."

"Will you?" said she, in tones that might have frozen any one less heated than Reginald. "And you suppose I've come all the way from Dorsetshire to get that for an answer, do you? You're mistaken, sir! I don't leave this place till I get my money or my things! So now!"

"Then," said Reginald, feeling the case desperate, and pushing a chair in her direction, "perhaps you'd better sit down."

She glared round at him indignantly. But perhaps it was the sight of his haggard, troubled face, or the faint suspicion that he, after all, might be more honest than his employers, or the reflection that she could get her rights better out of the place than in it. Whatever the reason was, she changed her mind.

"You shall hear of me again, sir!" said she; "mind that! Love, indeed!" where-

upon she bounced out of the office and slammed the door behind her.

Reginald sat with his eyes on the door for a full two minutes before he could sufficiently collect his wits to know where he was or what had happened.

Then a sense of indignation overpowered all his other feelings — not against Mrs. Wrigley, but against Mr. Medlock, for leaving him in a position where he could be, even in the remotest degree, open to so unpleasant a charge as that he had just listened to.

Why could he not be trusted with sufficient money and control over the operations of the Corporation to enable him to meet so unfounded a charge? What would the Bishop of S—— or the other directors think if they heard that a lady had come all the way from Dorsetshire to tell them they were a set of swindlers and thieves? If he had had the sending off of the orders to see to, he was confident he could have got every one of them off by this time, even if he had made up every parcel with his own hands.

What, in short, was the use of being called a secretary if he was armed with no greater authority than a common junior clerk?

He opened the letter he had just written to Mr. Medlock, and sat down to write another, more aggrieved in its tone and more urgent in its request that Mr. Medlock would come down to Liverpool at once to arrange matters on a more satisfactory footing. It was difficult to write a letter which altogether pleased him; but at last he managed to do it, and for fear his warmth should evaporate he went out to post it, locking the office up behind him.

He took a walk before returning—the first he had taken for a week. It was a beautiful crisp December day, when, even through the murky atmosphere of Liverpool, the sun looked down joyously, and the blue sky, flecked with little fleecy clouds, seemed to challenge the smoke and steam of a thousand chimneys to touch its purity. Reginald's steps turned away from the city, through a quiet suburb towards the country. He would have to walk too far, he knew, to reach real open fields and green lanes, but there was at least a suggestion of the country here which to his weary mind was refreshing.

His walk took him past a large public school, in the playground of which an exciting football match was in active progress. Like an old war horse, Reginald gazed through the palings and snorted as the cry of battle rose in the air.

"Hack it through, sir!" "Well run!" "Collar him there!"

As he heard those old familiar cries it seemed to him as if the old life had come back to him with a sudden rush. He was no longer a poor baited secretary, but a joyous schoolboy, head of his form, lord and master of half a dozen fags, and a caution and example to the whole junior school. He had chums by the score; his study was always crowded with fellows wanting him to do this or help them in that. How jolly to be popular! How jolly, when the ball came out of the scrimmage, to hear every one shout, "Let Cruden have it!" How jolly, as he snatched it up and rushed, cleaving his way to the enemy's goal, to hear that roar behind him, "Run indeed, sir!" "Back him up!" "Well played!" Yes, he heard them still, like music; and as he watched the shifting fortunes of this game he felt the blood course through his veins with a strange, familiar ardour.

Ah, here came the ball out of the scrimmage straight towards him! Oh, the thrill of such a moment! Who does not know it? A second more and he would have it—

Alas! poor Reginald awoke as suddenly as he had dreamed. A hideous paling stood between him and the ball. He was not in the game at all. Nothing but a lonely, friendless drudge, whom nobody wanted, nobody cared about.

With a glistening in his eyes which he would have scornfully protested was not a tear, he turned away and walked moodily back to Shy Street, caring little if it were to be the last walk he should ever take.

He was not, however, to be allowed much time for indulging his gloomy reflections on reaching his journey's end. A person was waiting outside the office, pacing up and down the pavement to keep himself warm. The stranger took a good look at Reginald as he entered and let himself in, and then followed up the stairs and presented himself.

"Is Mr. Reginald at home?" inquired he, blandly.

Reginald noticed that he was a middle-aged person, dressed in a sort of very shabby clerical costume, awkward in his manner, but not unintelligent in face.

"That is my name," replied he.

"Thank you. I am glad to see you, Mr. Reginald. You were kind enough to send me a communication not long ago about—well, about a suit of clothes."

His evident hesitation to mention anything that would call attention to his own well-worn garb made Reginald feel quite sorry for him.

"Oh, yes," said he, taking good care not to look at his visitor's toilet, "we sent a good many of the circulars to clergymen."

"Very considerate," said the visitor. "I was away from home and have only just received it."

And he took the circular out of his pocket, and seating himself on a chair began to peruse it.

Presently he looked up and said,

"Are there any left?"

"Any of the suits? Oh, yes, I expect so. We had a large number."

"Could I—can you show me one?"

"Unfortunately I haven't got them here; they are all in London."

"How unfortunate! I did so want to get one."

Then he perused the paper again.

"How soon could I have one?" he said.

"Oh, very soon now; before Christmas certainly," replied Reginald.

"You are sure?"

"Oh, yes. They will all be delivered before then."

"And have you had many orders?" said the clergyman.

"A great many," said Reginald.

"Hundreds, I dare say. There are many to whom it would be a boon at this season to get so cheap an outfit."

"Two hundred, I should say," said Reginald. "Would you like to leave an order with me?"

"Two hundred! Dear me! And did they all send the two pounds, as stated here, along with their order?"

"Oh, yes. Some sent more," said Reginald, quite thankful to have some one to talk to who did not regard him either as a fool or a knave.

"It must have been a very extensive bankrupt stock you acquired," said the clergyman, musingly. "And were all the applicants clergymen like myself?"

"Nearly all."

"Dear me, how sad to think how many there are to whom such an opportunity is a godsend. We are sadly underpaid, many of us, Mr. Reginald, and are apt to envy you gentlemen of business your comfortable means. Now you, I dare say, get as much as three or four of us poor curates get together."

"I hope not," said Reginald, with a smile.

"Well, if I even had your £200 a year I should be thankful," said the poor curate.

"But I haven't that by £50," said Reginald. "Shall I put you down for a complete suit, as mentioned in the circular?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I cannot well do without it," said the other.

"And what name and address?" said Reginald.

"Well, perhaps the simplest way would be, as I am going back by London, for you to give me an order for the things to present at your depôt there. It will save carriage, you know."

"Very well," said Reginald, "I will write one for you. You notice," added he, "that we ask for £2 with the order."

"Ah, yes," said the visitor, with a sigh, "that appears to be a stern necessity. Here it is, Mr. Reginald."

"Thank you," said Reginald. "I will write you a receipt; and here is a note to Mr. John Smith, at Weaver's Hotel, London, who has charge of the clothing. I have no doubt he will be able to suit you with just what you want."

"John Smith! I fancy I have heard his name somewhere. Is he one of your principals—a dark tall man?"

"I have never seen him," said Reginald, "but all our orders go to him for execution."

"Oh, well, thank you very much. I am sure I am much obliged to you. You seem to be single-handed here. It must be hard work for you."

"Pretty hard sometimes."

"I suppose clothing is what you chiefly supply?"

"We have also been sending out a lot of globes and blackboards to schools."

"Dear me, I should be glad to get a pair of globes for our parish school—very glad. Have you them here?"

"No, they are in London too."

"And how do you sell them? I fear they are very expensive."

"They cost £3 the set, but we only ask £2 with the order."

"That really seems moderate. I shall be strongly tempted to ask our vicar to let me get a pair when in London. Will Mr. Smith be able to show them to me."

"Yes, he is superintending the sending off of them too."

"How crowded Weaver's Hotel must be, with so many bulky articles," said the curate.

"Oh, you know, I don't suppose Mr. Smith keeps them there; but he lives there while he's in town, that's all. Our directors generally put up at Weaver's Hotel."

"I should greatly like to see a list of

the directors, if I may," said the clergyman. "There's nothing gives one so much confidence as to see honoured names on the directorate of a company like yours."

"I can give you a list if you like," said Reginald. "I dare say you know by name the Bishop of S—, our chairman?"

"To be sure, and—dear me, what a very good list of names. Thank you, if I may take one of these, I should like to show it to my friends. Well, then, I will call on Mr. Smith in London, and meanwhile I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Reginald, for your courtesy. Very glad to have made your acquaintance. Good afternoon."

And he shook hands cordially with the secretary, and departed, leaving Reginald considerably soothed in spirit as he reflected that he had really done a stroke of work for the Corporation that day on his own account.

It was well for his peace of mind that he did not know that the clergyman, on turning the corner of Shy Street, rubbed his hands merrily together, and said to himself, in tones of self-satisfaction,

"Well, if that wasn't the neatest bit of work I've done since I came on the beat. The innocent! He'd sit up, I guess, if he knew the nice pleasant-spoken parson he's been blabbing to was Sniff of the detective office. My eye—it's all so easy, there's not much credit about the business after all. But it's £ s. d. to Sniff, and that's better!"

(To be continued.)

STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

PART II.

THERE is such a wealth of incident in the thousand pages that we confess a sore temptation to overrun our space. We have said enough, however, to awaken the interest of our readers in the great book of the year, and, as a specimen of the entertainment it offers, content ourselves with telling, in Mr. Stanley's own words, how he overcame the last opposition to the foundation of his chief settlement of Léopoldville on Stanley Pool.

"Ngoma's village, near which we were camped, was situated on a narrow but level-faced spur, extending from the eastern flank of Iyumbi Mount. It was one of several such spurs, separated from one another by wooded, scrubby gorges—the sources of several small crystal streams. On the next spur to that which we occupied stood Makoko's residential village, and it was from this direction we expected Ngalyema's approach. To approach our camp after declaration of hostilities was therefore impossible, if we chose to take him at his word, without risk of utter extermination. Ngalyema, though a barbarian, was too astute a person to commence operations in this manner. More probably, on the strength of previous brotherhood and mutual exchange of civilities, he would enter the camp with a bland face and an affectation of fraternal love, with ostentatious and noisy greeting, and trust to surprise in the midst of social drinking of palm-wine, etc., etc.

"I sent my tent-boy to tell the people to muster on the farthest side of the hill, to be out of view of any spies who might be on the watch at Makoko's hill. In a few minutes I proceeded there myself, and found the men all assembled. The instructions I gave them there were brief, and such as they could easily remember.

"Go each of you to his own hut; put your cartridge belts on. See that your cartridges are in your pouches. Place your guns under your sleeping mats or grass beds. All of you then, excepting Susi's men (twenty), scatter yourselves about in the bush on this side of the hill. Some lie down in the En Avant in the waggon; some of you behind my tent; a dozen in the store tent; some of you pretend to be sick in your huts. No matter how many people are in the camp, or what you may hear, do not stir from your places until you hear the gong; but when you hear the gong struck, then all run and seize your guns, and rush up all of you yelling like madmen; flourish your guns about wildly, and so on, like the Ruga-Ruga of Unyamwezi. Do you understand?'

"'Inshallah!' they cried.

"Susi's detachment were instructed to seat themselves about in the open, and assume a listless and indifferent attitude. A quarter of an hour later a long line of men were seen descending Makoko's hill to the bottom of the valley intervening between it and our own. I counted one hundred and ninety-seven persons, inclusive of all ranks, who were in Ngalyema's expedition. Drum, trumpet, and native music announced that the chief had assumed state and ceremony for this occasion. Before any of them had shown themselves on our hill I was seated in a chair in the front of my tent reading a book. I cast furtive glances about, and saw my own camp almost abandoned, except by a few Zanzibaris, some of whom were altogether overacting their parts by pretending to be half asleep.

"Keeping my eyes hidden by the vizor of my cap, I noted the quick glance thrown around the apparently abandoned camp by the advancing natives. When about a third of their number had entered the camp I rose, at the same time the near sound of the not inharmonious music informed me that Ngalyema was not far off.

"I advanced towards them, and when Ngalyema finally came, gave him an effusive welcome. I turned sharply round to Susi, and pretended to scold him well for not preparing mats, sails, etc., to spread on the ground for my dear brothers and friends of Kintamo.

"Ngalyema was moody-browed, stiff, most unbrotherly in his responses to my welcome, while I looked like one almost ready to leap into his arms with an irrepressible affection. Makabi was cold and repelling; Mubi grim and defiant; Ganchu seemed like a young leopard eager for bloody sport; young Enjèli acted surely like one who had suddenly come of age, so well he aped the man.

"'Come, my brethren, friends, sit down. Tell Ngalyema, Susi, through Enjèli there, who knows Kikongo so well, how glad I am at seeing them all. Though it is very sudden, I take this visit and to have come so far to see Bula Matari as most kindly intended.'

"Susi, who was so very clever, and could well enter into the elaborate joke I was perpetrating, did not, I am certain, interpret the welcome so well as I acted it.

"The chiefs, who kept their eyes wandering over the boat, boilers, and machinery tents, and kept up in undertones a perpetual interchange of ideas, scarcely deigned to regard me, until, after being seated, Ngalyema abruptly spoke to Enjèli, his son, in Kiteke, who translated it into Kikongo to Susi and myself.

"'I have come from Kintamo to see my brother. Let him tell me what he has come here for.'

"I replied, showing the brass-banded staff. 'This is what brought me. I have done exactly what you asked me.'

"At this moment another body of natives, also carrying guns, came by another path up the gorge, and seated themselves apart from Ngalyema's large force. These were Makoko's men. The appearance of this force caused Ngalyema to launch forth into a history of his acquaintance with me, beginning from 1877, which was intended for their special benefit, as they had been accusing him of an intention to overstep his proper status as a foreigner who was only permitted residence on their soil to trade in ivory. He ended it in a peremptory manner thus:

"'Now, my brother has been misinformed, and has misunderstood me. We Bateké are strangers living on this side of the river for trade only. The Bazambo and the Bakongo are our customers. We have no objection to trade with white men if they come for trade, but we do not think you have come to trade; therefore you cannot come to Kintamo. My brother must go back the way he came, unless he likes to stay here with Makoko. I have said it.'

"Through my interpreter I replied,

"'I am not a little boy, Ngalyema, and I will not use many words. You have brought me thus far yourself. Makoko is going to give me land near Kintamo, and on that land I will build my town. I know something about the country now. The land is not yours to give away, therefore be easy. I have but one tongue, and if Makoko will take me to Kintamo, I will go with him and build a fine place there, where, if you like, you may come and see me; if not, why then keep away. I have spoken.'

"'Bula Matari speaks well,' he responded, mockingly. 'We know white men are clever, but Kintamo is still far, and in the way is Ngalyema and Makabi and Mubi, and plenty more chiefs, and the people you see here are few, and yet these people know how to shoot. How will Bula Matari reach Kintamo with those few men that he has got?'

"Adopting the tone of my friend, I said, 'Yes, white men are clever, I believe, and Ngalyema will say so before long. Ngalyema has many men and guns as I see, but Ngalyema and all his men cannot take that waggon to Kintamo; yet you see I have crossed many mountains and valleys so far as here, and in the same manner it will reach Kintamo. But, my friend, do not let us quarrel. Wait and see. I could be in Kintamo to-day if I wanted to; but I will take my time about it; meantime, be easy in your mind.'

"Now followed a consultation among the Bateké in an undertone, though once or twice some vehemence of manner attracted attention, and while they communed together I cast my eyes about the assembly. They were mostly fine-looking men, but made hideous by daubs and splash-like spots and lines and bars of white and yellow and black over their faces and bodies. They were all armed with muskets, except those who carried the ammunition, the gourds being full of powder and slugs of iron and copper.

"Suddenly Ngalyema asked, after the knot of chiefs had ceased their whispers, 'What nice thing has my brother brought me from the white man's land since I saw him?'

"Evidently Ngalyema supposed that I had been to the coast since my departure from

Mfwa; but I simply said, 'Come to my tent and see for yourself.'

"Ngalyema and his son Enjèli, with Ganchu and others, rose to their feet and followed me to the tent. Here the party inspected a quantity of red baize, bright handkerchiefs, a pile of figured blankets, and lovingly passed their hands over japanned tin boxes and iron trunks; and, after his curiosity was thoroughly satisfied, and Ngalyema had chosen a quantity of goods valued at £138 for his own perquisites, he expressed himself as follows:

"'I will take these goods, but on the condition only that you stay where you are. You must make up your mind that you cannot come to Kintamo. The chiefs will not have it. If you do not promise, this must end in war, and I can no longer be your friend. Now, what do you say?'

"'It is useless, Ngalyema, to talk more about this,' I replied. 'Make up your mind that I go to or near Kintamo. All the Wambundu are willing. You admit that you have no right to the country; that you and the Bateké are strangers; that the Wambundu own the land. How can you stop the Wambundu from doing what they like with their own country?'

"'But the village of Kintamo is mine,' he said; 'I and my people built it.'

"'That is all well. I do not want your village; I only want to get near the river and build a village of my own, whither many white men will come to trade. White men will do you no harm; you do not care to whom you will sell your ivory.'

"'Enough, enough!' he cried. 'I say for the last time you shall not come to Kintamo; we do not want any white men among us. Let us go, Enjèli.' And as he said the last words he pushed aside the tent door and strode outside, with the emotions of suppressed passion visible on his face. While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he caught sight of the large Chinese gong suspended to a cross-bar supported by two forked poles.

"'What is this?' he asked, pointing to the gong.

"'It is fetish,' I answered, sententiously.

"His young son Enjèli, who was much more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of bell, upon which Ngalyema cried out,

"'Bula Matari, strike this; let me hear it.'

"'Oh, Ngalyema, I dare not; it is the war fetish!'

"'No, no,' said he, impatiently. 'Beat it, Bula Matari, that I may hear the sound.'

"'I dare not, Ngalyema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad.'

"'No, no, no! I tell you to strike. Strike it, Bula Matari;' and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience.

"'Well, then'—taking the beater in my hand—'remember, I told you it was a bad fetish—a fetish for war;' and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted hand, I asked again, 'Shall I strike now?'

"'Strike—strike it, I tell you!'

"With all my force I struck the gong; the loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the hushed concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously the continued sound seemed to them like thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of the En Avant right over their heads, and war-whooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbour. The listless, sleepy-eyed stragglers burst out into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely; the seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyema was standing paralysed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him,

"'Be not afraid, Ngalyema. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you.'

"The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out tauntingly and menacingly,

"'Ha, ha, Ngalyema! You come to fight Bula Matari, Ngalyema! Where are your warriors, Ngalyema?'

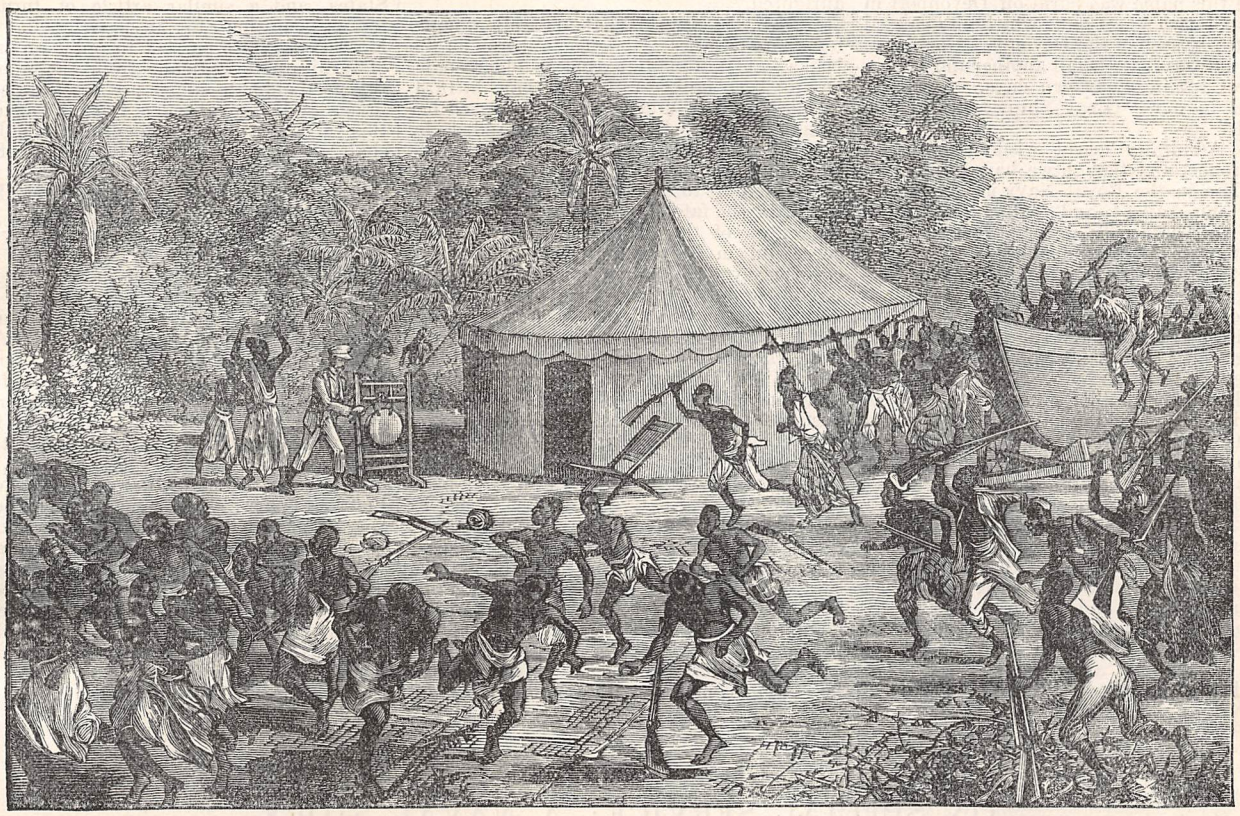
"There could not be a better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these amateur black actors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to reality. Had I not been in the secret I also should have been duped; while the valour with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me round the waist, danced from side to side to avoid furious strokes from the wild-eyed men, while young Enjèli clung behind his father and followed his movements, reminded me of the long-forgotten play of 'hen-and-chickens.'

"'Save me, Bula Matari; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything,' cried Ngalyema.

"'Hold hard, Ngalyema!' I cried, 'keep fast hold of me; I will defend you, never fear. Come one, come all. Ah, ha!' etc.

"But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"'Enough, boys; fall into line,' and 'Silence' was cried out by Susi and his brother captains, and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at 'Shoulder arms' with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalyema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this



"A stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth."

other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands, and said with an assuring smile,

"'Well, Ngalyema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?'

"'Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay me, such braves! Only Enjèli and Ganchu left with me! But tell me, Bula Matari, where did all these people come from?'

"'Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will strike the gong again, and the next scene may perhaps be more wonderful still.'

"'What!' he shrieked, while he laid his hand upon my arm. 'No, no; don't touch it. Ay, verily, that must be a bad fetish,' he said, gravely, shaking his head at the round innocent face of the gong.

"'Look yet again at these people, Ngalyema,' said I, pointing to the long line of smiling soldier-labourers.

"'Attention! right face! all of you march forward quietly; no noise; put your guns away, and each go about his business. Forward, march!' The line vanished, and it was only when Ngalyema began to recover himself, while Enjèli and Ganchu halloed loudly to the fugitives for their return. Half an hour later they were all back again in the camp, retailing to one another, amid boisterous merriment, their individual experiences, while Ngalyema's loud laugh was heard above all others."

NAMES OF SHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

By Odo W. Ford.

(*Continued from page* 656.)

I DARE say we shall not again see a Captain among our war-ships. This has been an ill-omened name in the navy. A fine seventy-four of this name was burnt off Devonport in 1713, and two brass guns which she carried may still be seen in the Devonport Dockyard. An equally sad fate befell another and better-known Captain in our own days, as recently related in our "Great Shipwrecks of the World."

The Admiralty learnt wisdom from that catastrophe, and though we have at the present time in the Royal Navy nearly twenty turret ships afloat and building, such an event will assuredly never, at least from similar causes, happen again.

In 1875 we lost a fine iron-clad, the Vanguard, during a cruise of the Reserve Squadron in the Irish Sea. She collided, as our American cousins say, with the Iron Duke during a fog; the latter's ram struck her, and she went down in an hour. Happily, no lives were lost. Of another Vanguard I find the following in an old book, "The Reign of King Charles I.," printed in 1655:—

"In November (1625), Charles Prince Elector came over into England, to tender dues of honour and respect to his uncle our King, and partly to solicite towards his restauration. His passage was very turbulent, being after his enbarque, twice driven back by tempest, and when at last he came upon the English Coast, and was to be received by Sir John Pennington into the *Vant-guard*, which welcomed him with a voice of great shot, it fortuned an unhappy boy gave fire without order to a peece of Ordinance, whose ball entred the Ship where his Highnesse was abord, and killed two men not far distant from him, at which he was much affrighted."

H.M.S. Resolute! What an excellent name for a ship of war! No longer "borne on the books" at Whitehall, except in old records, having been broken up at Chatham in 1878, in spite of the efforts of some who loved her memory. The Resolute, commanded by Captain McClure, was one of several ships sent out from time to time, as we all know, to endeavour to relieve, and afterwards to ascertain the fate of, Sir John Franklin and the crews of the Erebus and Terror. Unsuccessful in her search, her captain and crew may yet claim the proud distinction of having proved the existence of the North-West Passage, which poor Sir John Franklin lost his life in seeking. The Resolute, however, though afterwards abandoned (in latitude 74° N.) by her crew, who were rescued and brought home by another ship, was destined to see old England's shore again. Tossed to and fro among ice floes and bergs for many months without a soul on board, she was long afterwards found in 67° N. by a Yankee whaler, the George Henry, owned by Mr. Grinnell of New York, and brought safely into port, and after being refitted by Mr. Grinnell was returned by the United States Government to the Admiralty at Spithead, the Queen and Prince Consort going on board, and she was then sent to rest in peace at Chatham.

On its being decided in 1878 to break her up in company with several other old ships, their lordships ordered a writing-table to be made from her timbers and presented to the President of the United States, and a similar article of furniture for presentation to Mrs. Grinnell. Her Majesty was also pleased to order an article of furniture to be made from the wood of this good old ship, and I suppose this is now in one of the royal palaces as a memento of this very remarkable incident. No doubt we shall ere long again see the name of the Resolute in the navy list, for this must surely be a name the Admiralty will not "willingly let die." I may add that I have a piece of oak from this old craft in my own possession.

One more little incident as to change of name. Every one who has read (and who has not?) of the achievements of our splendid ironclad fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, remembers Commander (now Captain) Lord Charles Beresford and the "plucky little Condor." This vessel and her sister, the Flamingo, were built at Devonport in 1877, and when commenced were ordered to be called H.M.S. Coot and Teal, being of a type of gun-vessel which is known in the navy as the "bird class." For some reason these not very elegant titles were altered to those I have mentioned, and I think you will agree with me that the change was an improvement. I fancy the admiral's praise before Fort Marabout would not have sounded so well in "Well done, Coot," or "Well done, Teal," as in the now historical "Well done, Condor!"

(*To be continued.*)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—BENBOW IN HIS GLORY—A BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

THE wind held, but by next day it had gone veering round, till at sunset it was almost right aft.

Benbow came on duty at eight bells with Colin as his midshipman. Benbow was in his glory.

"Heave the log," he said to Colin.

When the line was stowed again, Colin came back to Benbow and reported twelve knots.

"Twelve knots," cried the sailing-master, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ha! ha! ha! I knew the old Theodora could do it. Now, Colin McLeod, it is my plain unbiased opinion that since the bottom of this ship was overhauled and cleaned at Bombay she is double the individual that she was before. I verily believe she could do fifteen."

Colin laughed.

"Ah! you may laugh. But just cast your eyes above. What do you see?"

"A bright starlight night," said Colin, "with a clipping of a moon low down in the west."

"Bother all that. I mean what canvas?"

"Oh! not much. Close-reefed fore and maintop-sails, reefed foretop-gallant-sail, bit of jib. Not much else."

"Well now, out go some of those reefs."

"All right," said Colin.

"Hands make sail!"

"Eeep—eep—eep—ee—ee—ee—" went the boatswain's pipe.

"Away aloft!"

Benbow ran forward to where Colin was doing his duty.

"Carry on," he said, "for a bit, I'm going below, else we'll have the old man upstairs. He's a bit nervous."

Benbow skipped down to the captain's cabin, knocked, and peeped in.

"Just run down to tell you, sir, that I don't think the wind is quite so strong as it was, so I'm going to stick a reef out."

"All right, Mr. Benbow, thank you," replied Blunderbore, who was sitting on one chair with his legs on another. "But, I say, you know, I'd just as soon you'd left her alone, you know. There is no very great hurry to make a passage, and— Why, he's gone!"

So he was.

Captain Blunderbore turned uneasily in his chair.

"Bother that Benbow," he said to himself; "I never saw such a fellow for carrying on. I really thought we were snug for the night. Ah! well, after all I

suppose he does know what he is about, and the sooner we get south the better."

So Benbow had his own way. He heaved the log again, and it actually marked fourteen knots an hour by the glass.

Then this irrepressible officer's eyes were turned aloft. He was wondering if she wouldn't carry even more sail.

But at that very moment a fiercer gust of wind than usual came, the Theodora gave a side-long plunge, righted again, and lifted. Then

"R—r—r—r—r—r—r."

Dear reader, imagine every one of these r's to be a nine-pounder gun, and all these nine-pounders to be fired in rapid succession, and you will have some faint notion of the noise that now took place up aloft.

One half of Benbow's sails were rent into ribbons.

The captain jumped up, and Mildmay and Gayly, and West and McGee, down in the ward-room, looked at each other with consternation.

There was plenty of row now on deck; but it gradually lulled, and by-and-by the Theodora was easy once more; but she did no more fast sailing that night.

"Anyhow, Gayly," said Benbow, next morning at breakfast, "I made her go, old man, and that is more than ever you did."

For Gayly had been chaffing Benbow.

The wind held for days, and the Theodora went rushing along on her course like a bird.

Winds of one kind or another were favourable, and in due time the equatorial calms were reached, and steam was got up.

A sea of glass, without a ripple, but a sea of molten glass, if you will pardon the simile. Great rolling smooth waves, a fiercely hot sun glaring down on them, and reflected from the glittering surface.

Everything on board now that could move kept rolling and tumbling about; there was no stability, no fixity of purpose about anything. There was no leeward, because there was no wind, and things that tumbled down to one side of the deck came tumbling back again next moment. And as to walking the decks, why no one could, without staggering and reeling and clutching at things, as if under the influence of wine.

An awning was spread fore and aft, but it could give little comfort, for the sun's beams reflected from the waves were nearly as hot as those directly from above.

The ship was right away in the very centre of the Indian Ocean too, so there was no land or sea breeze. So hot was it on deck that the pitch boiled, and the quarter-deck could not be kept clean and white, but looked all over patched with tarry feet-marks. Even Captain Blunderbore's stock of linen shirts went low, because he had to change three times a day. Fans were in great requisition, and handkerchiefs looked as dark and dirty with frequent use as bicycle rags. Men were constantly fainting all day in the stoke-hole, and being hoisted up to breathe a purer air; the doctor did nothing but manufacture aerated drinks, and — would you believe it? — while D'Austin seemed worn to a pale, aristocratic ghost, that "stupidnumerary" Brown got fatter and fatter, and Benbow assured his messmates he could see a difference in him every morning.

Nobody was sorry when the line was well crossed, the fires out, and the sails once more bellying out before the trades.

The Theodora went as far south as the Mauritius, then westward round the coast of Madagascar, and on towards the Zambesi river, but without meeting any vessel that at all tallied with the description received of the piratical slaver.

Nor was a cruise northwards to the Comoro Islands crowned with success.

"I believe," said McGee, one evening in the mess, "that Gaspar is a thousand miles from us at this very moment."

"Indeed, I shouldn't wonder," said Mildmay. "But, doctor, as it is Saturday night, what say you to get out that old fiddle of yours and give the men a dance?"

"Hurrah!" cried everybody.

"I'm not in much form," pleaded McGee, who really was an excellent performer.

"Well, then," said Benbow, "play yourself into form."

No sooner had McGee seated himself on a gun and commenced to tune up outside on the fighting deck than the floor was speedily filled. Every officer not on duty was there, and every man also.

Gayly's watch was on deck. It was a lovely starry night, with a gentle breeze blowing off the land, which was about ten miles distant. But a good look-out had to be kept "low and aloft," for there were many small islands about, and shoals as well, so men were constantly at work in the chains.

Gayly could hear all that was going on below, but he did not long to go down. Dancing to a single fiddle was far beneath Gayly's dignity.

McGee began with soft dreamy waltzes, which minded the dancers of home, but he soon went off into a rattling gallop, and then the "fun grew fast and furious."

"Keep it up," was the cry, and "Go it, old Sawbones!" from Benbow, at which sally the men laughed uproariously.

And McGee did keep it up till his elbow ached and his fingers refused further duty.

Then after a pause a hornpipe was proposed.

Benbow himself would begin this fun, and no clog-dancer from Lancashire, or triple-shuffler from the land of coals, could beat Benbow. But he did not dance by himself long. Man after man joined the rattling jig, and cut such capers, that before long the fiddle itself could hardly be heard for the laughter and encouraging shouts of the onlookers.

But, hark! a shout on deck of quite a different sort.

A light away out seawards, broad on the weather beam. Another moment and the bugle was sounding to quarters, and every man Jack was standing armed by his gun.

In a few moments more the moon would rise. A broad belt of light in the east already heralded her approach.

Broader and brighter and lighter it got, then a red rim peered over the sea, and up and up came the moon, wondrous in size, glorious in its crimson splendour. But, lo! ere ever her lower limb had reached the horizon there glided into her, as it were, from the yellow haze beyond, a ship with every stitch of canvas set, and hung there for a moment or two like a picture in a frame. A long, low, full-rigged vessel with no great height of masts, but tremendous spread of cloth.

She passed, and still another vessel revealed itself against the moon's disc—a barque of much the same build.

If any doubt that both these vessels were pirates existed in the minds of the Theodora's officers it was soon dispelled, for they had suddenly altered their course and were soon bearing down towards the ship-of-war, with the evident intention of fighting.

The fires in the Theodora were banked, so as quickly as possible the ship was put under steam and sails taken in.

"If those ships are anything like well armed we've got our work cut out," said Mildmay to Captain Blunderbore.

Almost at the same moment a shot tore through the Theodora's rigging and carried away a stay. The battle had begun.

"Well hit!" cried Benbow. "Precious well hit! Why, those chaps will take some beating."

The Theodora's guns were run out and fired just as the Castigo came tearing past.

A shower of iron from the guns of the latter was the speedy response, and so close was she at the time that the Theodora heeled over to its force till a broad band of her copper bottom showed over the water and gleamed in the moonlight. Had it been possible for the Castigo to have fired another broadside at that thin red line, the Theodora must speedily have sunk.

The Castigo forged ahead, and on came her consort, receiving and giving a like salute.

The marines here did excellent work, for, strange to say, all the barque's fighting men appeared to be crowded or huddled together on deck.

The Castigo could and did manœuvre well. She was about and back on the other tack almost before the Theodora's people had time to breathe. She was evidently well commanded and answered beautifully to her helm.

And so this moonlight battle went on. But it was soon evident that the Theodora was fighting at a disadvantage. A consultation was hastily held on the bridge, at which Mildmay was again present. This was during a kind of lull in the fight; something had occurred on board the Castigo, and she had sheered farther off.

"I would do that, sir, then, if I were you," said Mildmay, preparing to descend to the deck. "And yonder she comes again. Ram her and sink her, I say. If you fail, get alongside the consort and board her, good old-fashion; you will thus, at all events, get clear of the Castigo's guns, for she will hardly dare to fire into her sister ship."

"Silence fore and aft," cried Captain Blunderbore. "Steady as you go."

"Go ahead at full speed."

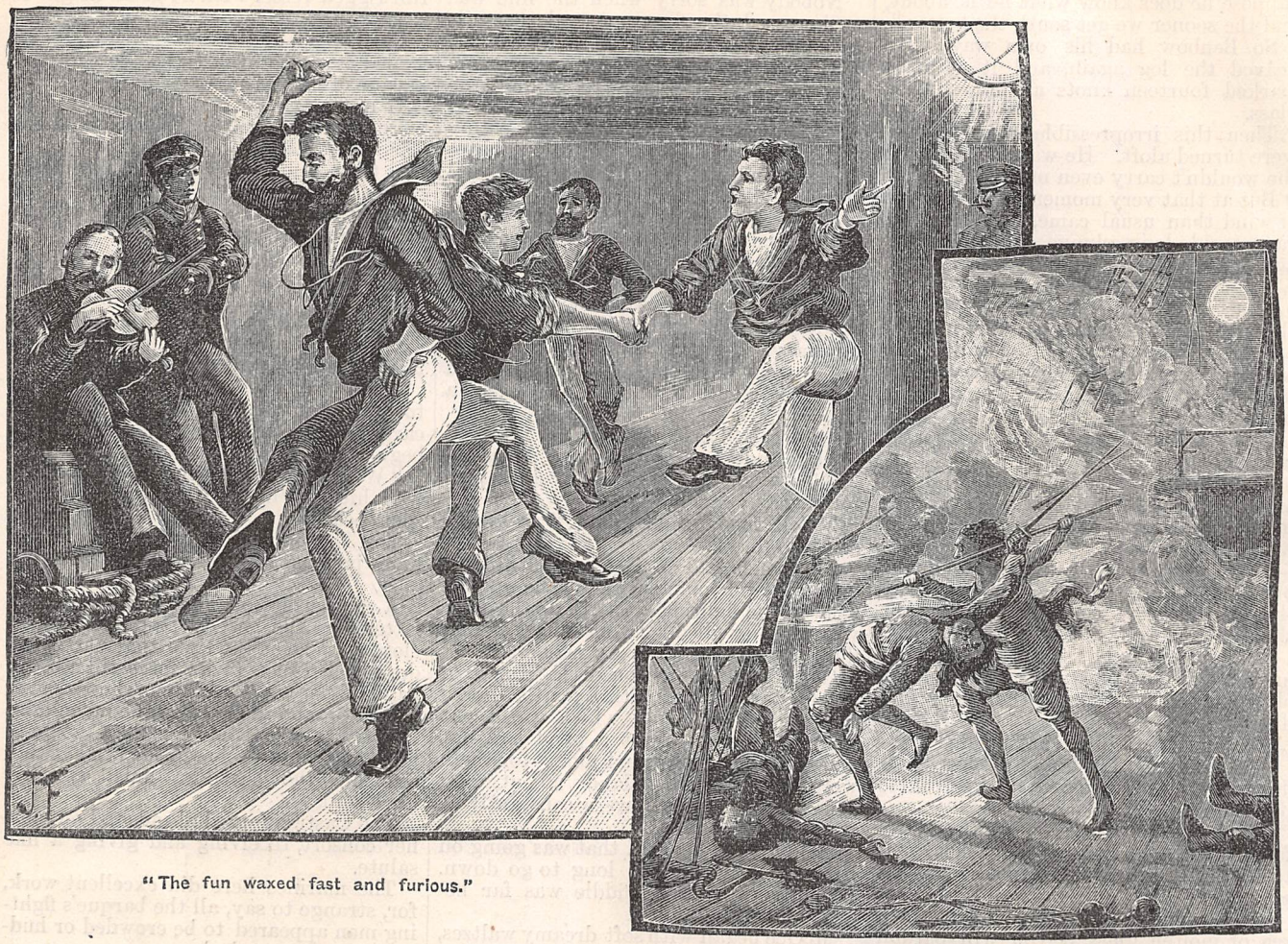
"Hard aport now. Round she comes.

"There she rips!" cried Benbow.

"Hard round—hard—hard."

Ah! Captain Blunderbore, your intentions were the best. Pity they should be baffled.

Gaspar himself commands the Castigo, and just as your iron bows are almost into her side, round goes her wheel, and you glide harmlessly past. But dreadful death is dealt from her quarter as you pass. See how your boats and bulwarks fly in staves and splinters beneath that



"The fun waxed fast and furious."

iron shower. Many men lie dead and bleeding, and even Benbow is wounded in the head.

"Only a scratch," he says, as he binds a handkerchief round his brow to staunch the blinding blood.

"Ready, boarders! Stand by with pistol, cutlass, and pike!"

Then a true British cheer goes up from the blood-wet decks of the Theodora. Hard at his ghastly work down in the smoke-filled cockpit the doctor heard the shout; his Scotch blood

"leaps in a' his veins,"

and he wildly responds, and even the wounded men wave feeble arms, and help to swell his ringing slogan.

Benbow, on the bridge, points with his sword to the on-riding vessel, and he looks all the hero as he does so.

"Yonder she comes!" he shouts—"Gaspar's consort! We'll have no more on-and-off fighting now, sir, shall we? Steady at the wheel! Easy starboard! Steady as you go! Well done! Hard a starboard! Bravo!"

"Boarders on deck!" cried the captain.

And while guns roar and splinters fly the vessels rasp side to side, and are speedily made fast.

"Away, boarders!"

High o'er the din of battle shrieks the bo'sain's pipe.

"Away, boarders! Now, men, now!"

Benbow leaps on board the barque from the bridge; Quentin and Colin board at the bow. They are close together—almost hand-to-hand.

Colin casts one glance at his more than brother. He can see he is saying something, but he can hear nothing.

The Arabs are taken aback. Spears are shivered by British cutlasses. Revolvers are ring-ring-ringing all along the deck. There are shouts and blows and dull, heavy thuds; there are shrieks and groans, the latter hardly heard. There is smoke and blood. Many of the Theodora's men slip and fall, but pull their enemies to the deck with them, so that here and there there are terrible death-tussles, and more than one of the bluejackets get up from beside a slain Arab only to stagger and gasp and fall dead by his side or across him.

Oh, reader! a battle at sea like what I am all too feebly trying to describe is an ugly sight, and one that hardly bears graphic detail.

Now victory belongs to the Theodora. The Arabs who are not *hors de combat* have leapt overboard or are driven below.

The Castigo knows her game is up. She has left her consort to her fate, and is now far away scudding along before the wind with stu'nsails "low and aloft."

Benbow is sitting, tired, and sick, and faint, on a hatchway. The doctor appears and leads him away.

Colin is standing with his back against the bulwarks, his dirk still in his right hand. The moonbeams are shining full on his face, for his cap is gone. He is very pale, even his lips are white.

"I hope you're not hurt," says bold Quentin, coming up and looking anxiously at him.

"Not at all," returns Colin, with a faint made-sort-of-a smile.

"Not at all; but *so* tired."

Then down he drops—he has fainted. Poor boy, it was his first fight!

Duncan Robb had battled by his side all the time, though Colin did not know it, and more than once his cutlass had saved his master from an ugly thrust from Arab spear.

Big innocent Duncan, he too was among the wounded. He marched down to the cockpit, and took a seat in a far-away corner. Presently McGee went to him.

"Is it my turn?" he asked.

"Yes, my man; what is the matter?"

"Not *very* much, sir, but it is mighty painful; and I'm a kind of sick."

"Here, swallow that," said McGee, handing him a stimulant. "You're wounded in the hand, aren't you?"

"Little finger off," replied Duncan; "but I knocked off the Arab's head. Worse for him."

"Why, my poor fellow, one-half your little finger is clean gone."

"Not a bit of it," said the sturdy Scot, handing the surgeon something rolled up in a rag. "There it is, sir; you can stick it on again, I have no doubt. Ha! ha!" he laughed; "it took me half an hour raking about to find it."

Dr. McGee laughed too. He really could not help it.

And honest Duncan's face fell, and tears actually rose to his eyes, when told that the little finger could not be stuck on again.

(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER III.—DOWN!

When I awoke next morning I found myself being veritably "rocked on the cradle of the deep." The steamer rolled and shook in a way that threatened to send me flying out of my berth. It was quite a gymnastic feat to climb down and get a firm footing on the floor. Then I had the work of hunting up my things, which through the night had got pitched into every corner of the little cabin. So it was not without some difficulty that I managed to wash and dress, moving about as quietly as possible for fear of disturbing the great Gooderidge. But I did disturb him, it appeared, for from his berth came a growl of ferocious inquiry as to what I was making all that noise about.

"I am just done," said I, alarmed to think that my tyrant was like to get out of bed on the wrong side. "Shall I ask for some hot water for you?"

"Leave me alone, can't you?" grunted he. "I am not going to get up yet."

I willingly left him to himself in that stuffy hole—the ports were all closed now, and the water came swishing against the trickling glass to show that we were fairly out at sea. Staggering and holding on to rails and tables, I reached the deck. It was a dull, damp morning, the smooth sea and the sunshine had gone together. To the right I could just make out some grey cliffs, perhaps of the Isle of Wight, with which old England was disappearing from view. On the other side I saw nothing but water and a few small vessels pitching up and down in a rough swell. I could hardly stand on the wet poop, where every now and then a wave broke over to drench any one who might not be quick enough in getting out of the way. On the bridge above I saw the captain and the steersman, wrapped in oilskins. The weather had changed, and the prospect appeared somewhat dismal for us landsmen.

Presently some half-dozen of my companions came tumbling up the hatchway, looking rather depressed, not to say pale and silent. There was not much of the midshipmite strut about them this morning; it was all they could do to hold themselves steady, desperately clutching at whatever support came to hand. Their whole energy was used up in smiling feebly to pretend that they rather liked it. Not one of them would be the first to confess that he felt bad, but almost all unmistakably looked a wish that if Britannia did rule the waves she could contrive to rule them a little straighter.

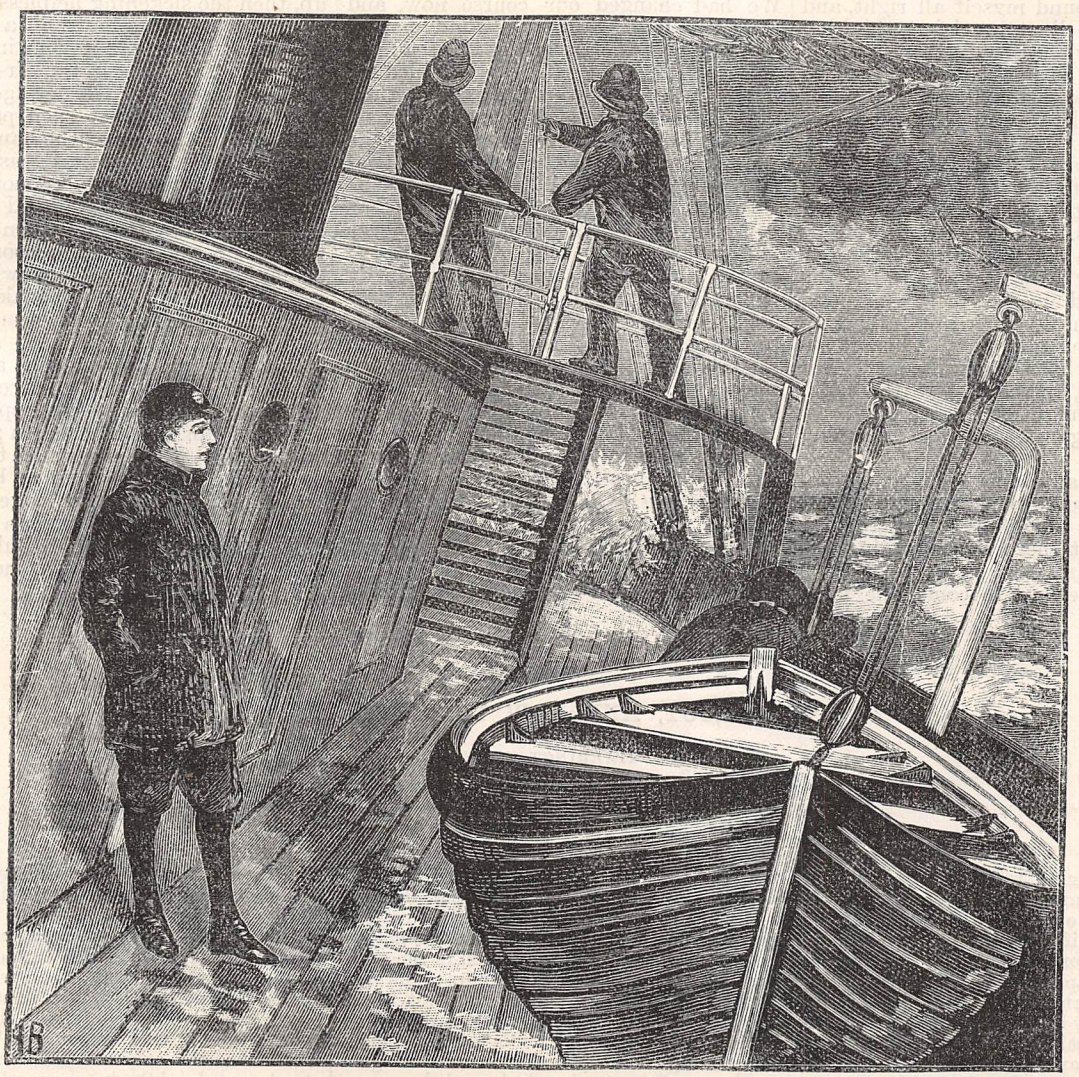
At last the Bluecoat boy fairly made a rush for the side; then as soon as he was capable of speech he thought necessary to make explanations.

"I knew that pie last night would disagree with me," he said. "I never could eat piecrust."

"The air of these cabins is so abominably close!" declared the Eton fellow, almost as white as his collar; and he, too, leant over the side.

"I have been feeling seedy for the last day or two," quoth a third, imitating their example.

One of the army-tutor's pupils had lit



"The swell appeared to be increasing."

a big pipe by way of bravado as soon as he came on deck, but he soon let it drop overboard in the sudden spasm that came upon him, and then vowed that smoking before breakfast was enough to make any fellow sick. Thus, with some pretence or other, all the party revealed their weakness, and I began to consider my stomach, expecting every moment to be taken bad like the rest. But I could detect no symptoms, except those of a good appetite.

And in due time there were signs of breakfast. The steward's boy came cautiously tacking along from the galley, carrying a succession of smoking dishes, which excited no interest among my unhappy companions. When the bell rang I went down and took my place with some dozen others, all very quiet, determined to eat, whatever might befall. There was plenty to eat, toast and curry, and greasy chops and fat bacon, and such-like. But the first mouthful choked some of the guests, who fled precipitately. Others held on a little longer, playing with their knives and forks, till the moment came when they found it well to disappear.

"What! Already!" cried the captain, with a grim laugh. "Wait till you come to the Bay of Biscay, my lad!"

By-and-by I was left nearly alone with him, and I fancied he kept watching me out of the corner of his eye, expecting me to break down every moment. But as yet I found myself all right, and I made an excellent breakfast, thinking it well to eat while I could, though it was no easy work eating when you had to hold your plate fast, and every lurch of the boat was like to spill your coffee into your lap.

After breakfast I went on deck again to find a row of most disconsolate youths sitting along the side in various stages of sea-sickness. These were the merry rioters of the night before, but how changed now, how chapfallen! The swell appeared to be increasing, and before long a heavy squall of rain came on to drive them all below. Then it occurred to me that Gooderidge had never shown himself, and I went to the cabin to see how he might be getting on.

He was lying on his back and moaning dismally.

"Can I do anything for you, Gooderidge?" I ventured to ask, though doubtful whether he would take it ill to have me notice that there was anything the matter with him.

"Tell the steward to come," he murmured faintly; and seeing how the case stood I was as well pleased to get out of his way.

I wandered on deck again, fearing that my turn must soon come, and that the sights and sounds of suffering which now prevailed around could not but prove infectious. The kindly stewardess stopped to ask me how I felt. I met the captain, who winked at me, and advised me to lie down below. I found my way to the smoking cabin on deck, where the two gentlemen passengers were lying wrapped in rugs, looking far from happy.

"Go away, youngster, and shut the door!" cried one of them, crossly. "This isn't the place for you to be sick in."

Everybody seemed to take it for granted that I was going to be sick. I sat down in a warm sheltered nook in the lee of the funnel, and there waited anxiously for the first symptoms, rather uneasy indeed to find them so long in coming. But after all my sensations proved rather pleasurable than otherwise. I found it quite exciting to watch the "white horses" chasing one another over the dull expanse of water, and the big waves tumbling down upon our vessel that rose to breast them just when they seemed about to drown her bows. It was nothing but fun for me to look along the sloping deck, as it went up and down, gallantly plunging over the crested billows with a motion like that of riding across country on a giant horse. We had changed our course now, and were pitching against the wind instead of rolling in the trough of the sea; but neither rolling nor pitching troubled me in the least, nor even the jarring thud that shook through the boat every now and then when the screw missed its stroke and spun out of the water, a sore trial for sick passengers.

In fact, not to keep the reader in suspense, as I was kept for a time, I never felt ill at all for a single minute. I turned out to have one of those lucky stomachs that are not liable to sea-sickness, thereby "scoring" over my unfortunate companions and walking among them as safe as an enchanted knight, had they been all tenfold as fell caitiffs and fierce ogres as Gooderidge.

A child could have bullied the biggest of them now. Before the forenoon was out they were all prostrate and helpless in the active or the passive stage of the malady. Some, pale and wretched, sat huddled up in the corners of the saloon, making an effort still not to give in; some had crawled into their berths without taking off their clothes; some lay on the floor of the cabins like logs; some were not so far gone as yet, but not one was himself except little me. The stewards must have indulged in a sly inward chuckle as they ran about ministering not over gently to this downcast crew that had been so bumptious and obstreperous the night before. Groans, gasps, and other plainer symptoms of suffering, resounded from every side. "Basins" was the word now. Last night their spirits had been up like frothy ginger-beer; to-day they were all in the downs, flat and nauseous as ditchwater.

And none of them was worse than Gooderidge, who had never got up at all, trying in vain to conquer or conceal his state. Several times in the course of the day I looked in upon him. It was little thanks I got, but so much seemed to be my duty. He was too far gone even to abuse me.

"Oh!" he cried, as piteously as a small boy whining under his own ill-usage. "Oh, dear! I would give anything to be on shore. It's just like being tossed in a blanket every time that this beastly ship goes up and down. Oh—h—h!"

I could very well realise the sensation to which he alluded. Having so lately had my recollections freshened on this head, I knew what it was to be tossed in a blanket by him and the like of him. The dizzy confusion as you are jerked up, then the sickening helplessness when you turn to come down in a heap and feel for a moment as if your inside were left behind sticking in the air—it would be only justice for Gooderidge to know now for himself what such pains were, suffering in his turn at the hands of that gigantic bully the sea. I was glad that he was not able to bully me now, and yet in spite of all his brutality I could not help being sorry for him when I saw his evident misery. And I was sorry for my champion the Bluecoat boy, who seemed to suffer as much and to make less fuss about it. I had the satisfaction of taking him an orange, which he sucked at feebly, and thanked me with a look; he was too bad for words. There are occasions when the mouse can repay a good turn done for him by the lion; and here was I with a whole menagerie to minister to, of sick lions, tamed tigers, bears surly but silent, monkeys no longer mischievous, hyenas laughing now on the wrong side of their mouths, John Bulls without a bit of bellow left in them, and so forth!

(To be continued.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART XII.

Some time back I referred to "fly-fishing spinning," and, before passing on to the consideration of other ways of trout angling, I think it as well if I go rather more into detail in connection with this very attractive style of trout capture. As the name implies, the method partakes of the nature of fly-fishing, but only in so far as the method of delivering the bait is concerned. Very fine tackle is used, and small minnows, and the bait is thrown by a rod rather stiffer, but not much so, than the ordinary single-handed fly-rod. Sometimes an artificial bait is used, and when this is the case the care in casting necessary with the fragile real bait is not required. The rod is simply taken in the right hand firmly, a length of line drawn off the winch with the left, and as the bait is delivered forwards this length is allowed to go with it. Of course the rod is upright-ringed. In drawing in the bait the left hand is again used to gather up the slack, and the movement repeated as before. Many good fish are often caught by this style of fishing, especially at weirs.

Though, as might have been gathered from the tenour of this article, I am not so fond of minnow-fishing for trout, I can recall many a good day's sport with this bait, which would have resulted otherwise if the fly had alone been used. One day on the Thames—in which forsooth only one fish was caught—stands out brightly in my recollection as I

write. "One fish!" you will say; "why make a fuss about one fish?" "Ay, but such a 'fusshe' of 10 lb. 2 oz!" Shall I tell you about it?

Well, I was living at the time—I am afraid to say how many years ago—near that delightful stretch of water between the "Bells of Ouseley," Old Windsor, and Windsor Castle, and fished it continually. By-the-by, what glorious associations does not this beautiful length of the grand old river call up! As you float down from Boveney, on your right, the Datchet meads recall the "ducking" Sir John Falstaff endured at the hands of the merry laundresses. One hears him anew describe, in his rich, droll way, his heat and discomfort when packed in the basket of dirty clothes. "Think of that!" he says; "a man of my kidney—think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter!—a man of continual perspiration and thaw! It was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge like a horseshoe—think of that—hissing hot—think of that, Master Brook!" One sees the fat knight spitting and spluttering, struggling out on to the greensward, and hears his muttered imprecations; and as you pass onward the green slopes of Cooper's Hill appear in sight, whereby the river flows onward, clear and sweetly—"Gentle yet not dull; strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." Ere, however, you reach the "Bells of Ouseley" the Old Windsor Lock interposes. See, the water is high; let us "shoot" the tumbling bogy of the weir. So, steady! It is done, and we are swiftly borne downwards round the Fleet, and onwards to the so-called Colnbrook Churchyard. Drop the weight overboard; here is the scene of the capture of the trout I began to tell you about. "Colnbrook Churchyard?" I hear you questioningly repeat. Yes; so called because it is said that at the time when that rascally highwayman Duval was perpetrating his crimes his practice was to bury his victims in the deeps of this part of the river—and verily deep they are, and full of fish as an egg of meat, to use an expressive though not very classical comparison.

But to return to our 10 lb. trout. Morning and evening had this risen at the bleak haunting the neighbourhood, and once or twice had he even rolled over my fly, to my infinite disappointment not touching it. At last I determined to spin for him, and, as I had no good minnows in stock, I attached an artificial one like Fig. 2. The sun had just burst from a cloud about eight o'clock one August morning, when I saw him rise again. In went the spinning bait, almost in the ring of the rise. There was another break of the water, a quick tug, a strike from me, which made the line sing "Tang!" like a bowstring, and in twenty minutes this glorious piece of water-going architecture lay dying in the punt. I have not preached what I cannot practise, you see!

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES AMONG THE MASAI.

"THERE, towards the base of Kilimanjaro, are those great herds of buffalo slowly and leisurely moving up from the lower grazing-grounds to the shelter of the forest for their daily snooze and rumination in its gloomy depths. Farther out on the plains enormous numbers of the harmless but fierce-looking wildebeest continue their grazing, some erratic members of the herd gambolling and galloping about with waving tail and strange uncouth movements. Mixed with these are to be seen companies of that liveliest of all large game, the zebra, conspicuous in their beautiful striped skin, here marching with stately step with heads down bent, there enjoying themselves by kicking their heels in mid-hair or running open-mouthed in mimic fight, anon standing as if transfixed, with heads erect and projecting ears, watching the caravan pass. But these are not all.

"Look! Down in that grassy bottom there are several specimens of the great unwieldy rhinoceros, with horns stuck on their noses in a most offensive and pugnacious manner. Over that ridge a troop of ostriches are scudding away out of reach of danger, defying pursuit, and too wary for the stalker. See how numerous are the herds of hartebeest, and notice the graceful pallah springing into mid-air with great bounds, as if in pure enjoyment of existence. There also among the tall reeds near the marsh you perceive the dignified waterbuck, in twos and threes, leisurely cropping the dewy grass. The wart-hog, disturbed at its morning feast, clears off in a bee-line with tail erect and with a steady military trot truly comical.

"These do not exhaust the list, for there are many other species of game. Turn in whatever direction you please, they are to be seen in astonishing numbers, and so rarely hunted, that unconcernedly they stand and stare at us within gun-shot. Look now farther ahead. Near a dark line of trees, which conspicuously mark out the course of the Ngarè N'Erobi in the treeless expanse around, you observe in the clear morning air columns of curling smoke, and from the vicinity strange long dark lines are seen to emerge like the dark columns of an advancing army. The smoke marks the kraals of the Masai, and the advancing lines are their cattle moving towards the pasture-ground. If you will now imagine a long line of men moving in single file across this prairie region, carrying boxes, bales, packages of iron wire, etc., headed by myself, and brought up in the rear by Martin, while a cold piercing wind blows with the freezing effect suggestive of an early spring in Scotland, you will be able to form a picture of the scene which presented itself on that memorable morning in April."

With these words does Mr. Joseph Thomson preface his account of his entry into the land of the Masai in 1883, when on his daring expedition to the great mountains of Central Africa. The objects of that expedition were "to discover a practicable direct route for European travellers through the Masai country from any one of the East African ports to Victoria Nyanza, and to examine Mount Kenia; to gather data for constructing as complete a map as possible in a preliminary survey; and to make all practicable observations regarding the meteorology, geology, natural history, and ethnology of the regions traversed." It does not come within our province to dwell on the scientific results; we are here concerned more particularly with the adventures, hunting and otherwise, which Mr. Thomson met with, and which he has so graphically related in his extremely interesting book.

In an article in the last November part we glanced at the important discoveries of the missionaries at Mombasa, the port on whose reef Vasco de Gama was nearly wrecked by his treacherous pilot in 1497, and which was described as long ago as 1530 as being to the east of the "Mount Olympus of Ethiopia." The Mount Olympus, otherwise Kilimanjaro, dropped out of knowledge until Dr. Krapf established the East African Mission station. This was in 1842, and in 1847 the doctor's colleague, Mr. Rebmann, started on the first of a series of remarkable journeys to the west of Mombasa.

With only eight men he crossed the desert barrier, and revealed to geographers the isolated mountains and picturesque ranges of Teita. The next year, with no other weapon than an umbrella, and accompanied by no more than nine men, Rebmann pushed through Teita and reached Chaga, as the cultivated country is called round the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. For the first time the eternal snows of the mountains of East Africa were seen, though for years few believed in their existence. In the latter part of the same year the indefatigable missionary led another expedition, this time fifteen strong, which crossed the greater part of the southern aspect of Kilimanjaro, and reached Machame, then the largest and most important of the Chaga States. Two years afterwards, "having heard of a country called U-nyamwesi, and of some enormous lake in the same region," he again started for the interior. The expedition, thirty in number, marched on the 6th of April, 1849; its route was by way of Kilimanjaro, but the Machame chief plundered it of all it possessed, and Rebmann had to retreat. In the same year Dr. Krapf, with eleven men, taking a more northerly route, succeeded in crossing Teita, touching at the mountains Maungu and Ndara, and the northern end of the Bura Range, and on leaving Kivoi's village of Kitui, caught sight for the first time of the snow-clad summit of Kenia. Thus were these two great mountains discovered by the missionaries. Kenia remained unattempted, but in 1862 Baron Van der Decken and Thornton visited Kilimanjaro, and in a second expedition Van der Decken ascended it to a height of fourteen thousand feet. He failed, however, to enter the Masai country, and had to retreat to the coast. The next to reach the mountain and ascend it, this time to the snow-line, was another missionary, Mr New, who on his return discovered the wonderful crater-lake of Chala at the base of the mountain. Mr. New made another attempt a few years later, but, like Rebmann, he was plundered of everything, and he died on the road to the coast. After him came the naturalist, Hildebrandt, who failed to get beyond Kitui; and then came Mr. Thomson, who succeeded in making his way to the Victoria Nyanza and safely home again. How he did this his book, recently published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., fully relates.

And a wonderful journey it was, and through a wonderful country. On one occasion the explorer went out shooting for six hours, and as the spoil of his own gun made the marvellous bag of "four rhinoceroses, one giraffe, four zebras, and four antelopes!" Some of the experiences were not, however, so pleasant. In the following instance the hunters and the hunted seem to have changed places.

"The lion still continued to roar at intervals, and it was evidently moving in a circle round us. This kept us awake for a time, and though our fire was of the smallest, and would soon burn out, we felt comparatively safe, though we dared not go to sleep. At last, however, the roaring ceased; our fire began to glimmer fitfully; we were dead tired, and consequently too sleepy and careless to try and find more firewood, a proceeding that we all shrank from in that dark wilderness. Some, however, had to be got, and we agreed all to sally out together. Brahim and Songoro groped about among the bushes, and I stood over them with gun held ready, peering into the intense darkness, while Toby, a small terrier half-breed, a present from Mr. Taylor, clung to my heels apparently in mortal terror. On securing a few sticks we returned, in great trepidation, feeling somewhat electrically charged. It was now arranged that one should watch while the others tried to obtain a snooze. Songoro took the first watch, and in our worn-out state we were soon sound asleep. But

people do not sleep in these situations as they do in a comfortable bed at home; and well for us it was that we had one ear open. A curious terrified whine suddenly made us all jump to our feet, and with a common impulse stir up the fire till a shower of sparks sprang into the air. Our guns, never from our hands even in sleeping, were held ready, as, turning our backs to the fire, we peered

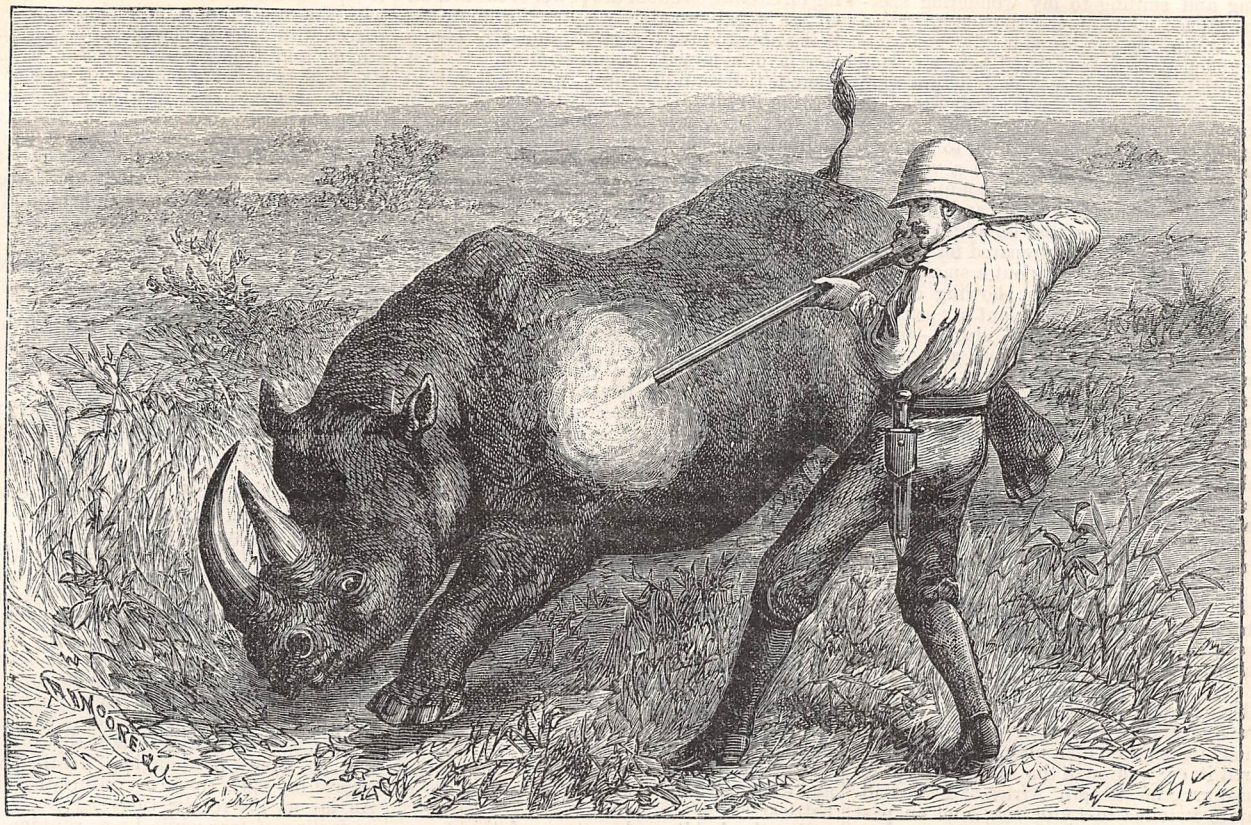
A Masai on the War-path.

with suppressed breath, body held down and face forward into the darkness. Not a creature was to be seen, but a faint rustling from the grass beyond told us that we had had a dangerous visitor—without a doubt, the lion. Looking round, we found that the whine had proceeded from Toby, who was shaking in every limb, and still emitting a terror-laden noise. He had certainly saved some of us from a horrid death, as Songoro had succumbed to his weariness and fallen asleep, leaving the fire to die almost out. Brahim now took his turn, and we were soon asleep, heedless of everything; but happily we remained undisturbed till a twilight-like light, passing into a deep crimson glow, told us morn had come."

A lively night indeed! But the days were often as fraught with danger. "We were soon within fifty yards of the ungainly brute," says Mr. Thomson in telling how he shot his first rhinoceros, "which as it slowly moved onward with head low down was quite unaware of the enemy in front, or the danger it was running into. By this time, however, I myself began to have somewhat unpleasant sensations, and to wonder whether my game or myself was in the greater danger. I concluded that the odds were decidedly against me, and wanted accordingly to fire at once, so long as there was a chance of escape. My man Brahim, however, did not know my inward feelings, and as he had greater faith in my shooting powers than myself, he made me hold on a bit till it came nearer. Beginning to feel dreadfully shaky, though ashamed to be outdone in coolness by my servant, I waited with dread expectancy. My heart throbbed with wild pulsations, my fingers twitched, great drops of perspiration trickled down my face, and then with a general want of backbone I counted each footstep. If a glaring eye can fix any animal, surely that dreadful creature might have been petrified by mine. Then ten yards were passed, and I began to read mischief in the monster's eye. For once I wholly lost faith in myself. The suspense was intolerable, and the rhino, seeming to enjoy the fun, lengthened the period out as much as possible. At last I could stand it no longer. Steadying my arm on my knee I fired my infant. The dull thud which followed told me that I had not fired in vain. As I gathered my wits together I saw that the lumbering creature was spinning round, evidently dazed. Immediately, however, it recovered itself, and went off at a grand steady pace. On seeing my adversary's tail waving in the breeze, I became as brave as I had formerly been shaky, and, with nerves braced up by seeing the rhino running away, I gave it two other bullets from my express rifle. Yelling out to Brahim to follow, I went off pellmell in pursuit, with eyes steadily fixed on the game. The consequence was that I soon battered my nose and nearly broke my leg by falling into a hole. Recovering myself with an exclamation of disgust, I tore along again to get sadly bruised a second and then a third time. The rhino soon showed signs of exhaustion, and at last I contrived to head it, and having in my excitement lost all caution, I went right for it, and gave it another ball. This, however, was too much for the monster, and it charged straight forward, I being right in front of it. This was more than I had bargained for, and I felt that the tables were turned with a vengeance. As that thought went through my brain like lightning I gave a jump backwards. The next moment I was sprawling in a horizontal position, and seeing unusual stars in the heavens though it was broad daylight. It was a bush and not the rhino that had thus floored me, and I was now at that brute's mercy. I thought it was time to take farewell of life, and forgive all my enemies. The next moment there was a shaking of the ground, and a crashing of bushes. A dark body went lumbering past, and I rose from my prostrate position unhurt but breathless, delighted to see once more a tufted tail waving in the air, and to find that it disdained to hoist a fallen foe. It passed, however, only to die, and presently I was striking a heroic attitude with foot on the rhino, trying to adopt the expression proper to a man who is accustomed to that sort of thing."

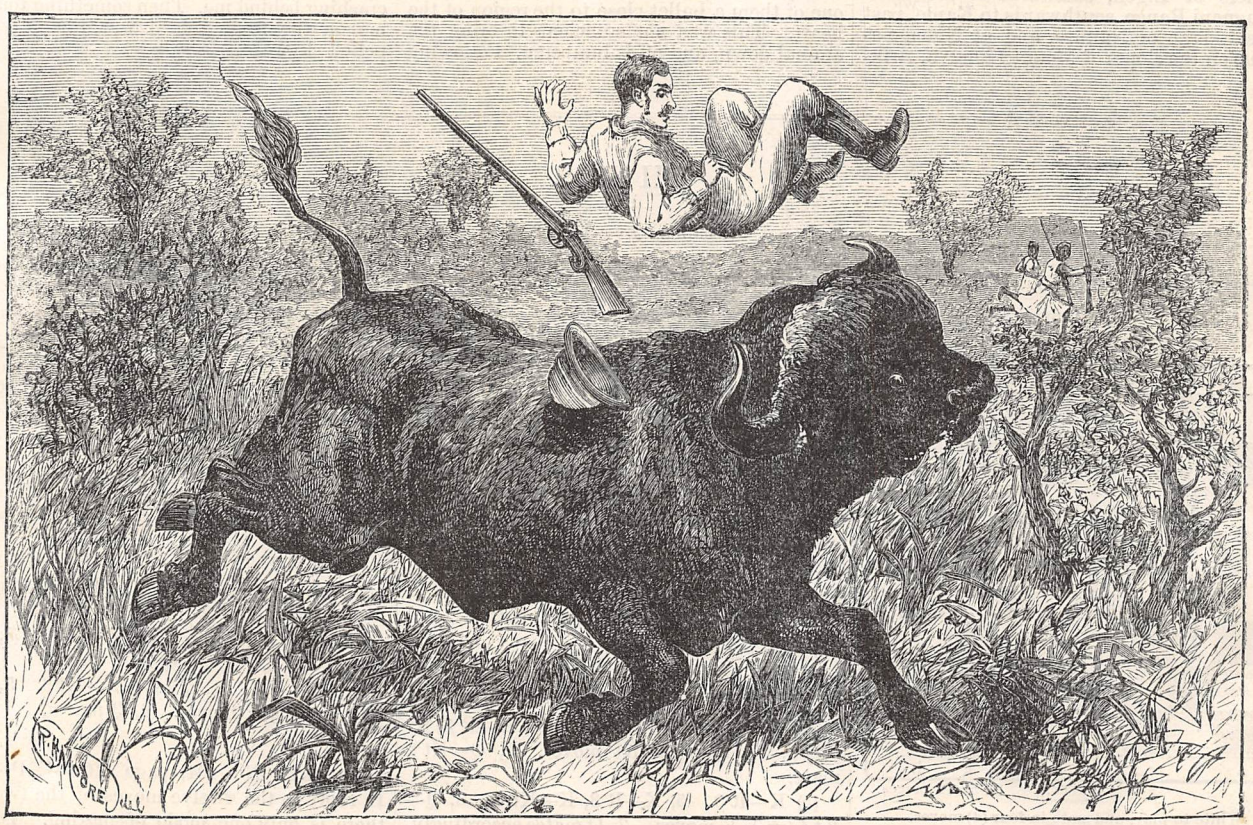
It was not all the rhinos that gave this trouble, however. Later on we found one killed in double-quick time. "As usual I was considerably ahead with my advance guard, stepping out at a great pace, through tall grass, which reached my knees, when we were greeted by a shout of 'Kifaru! kifaru!' (rhinoceros). Turning round, our equanimity was considerably upset by the sight of a fine big fellow tearing down upon us within forty yards. My gallant men scattered like startled deer, and even Brahim, who carried my gun, was showing me his rear when I yelled at him to give the weapon to me. Ere I received the gun the rhinoceros was within ten yards. I instantly fired right in its face. This was not sufficient to bring it down, but it had the effect of making it swerve, and as it went puffing past me within three yards I gave it the second bullet in the neck. Down it dropped with the most astounding velocity, squealing with a ludicrous resemblance to a pig. My Andorobbo guide was so amazed at my performance that for a moment he stood like one paralysed and then made as if to run away in absolute fright." No wonder that the reputation of the medicine-man stood high!

For it was as "the White Lybon of the Lajomba" visiting the country to find out for the traders by occult means where ivory was to be got that the explorer coaxed his way through the dreaded Masai. "Could any one but a great medicine-man have a skin like mine or hair like mine? 'Now, you there!' I said, 'come to me and I will take off your



"I gave it the second bullet in the neck."

nose and put it on again. Come, you need not be afraid. Ah! very well. Just look here for a moment, and I will show you a thing or two. You see my teeth? Observe how firm they are' (here I tapped them with my knuckles). 'You see there is no fraud there. Just wait, then, till I turn my head. Now, look, they are gone!' Here every one shrunk back in intense amazement, and the whole party were on the point of flight. Re-assuring them, I once more turned my head, put matters to rights in a twinkling, and,



"I was promptly propelled skyward."

bowing and smiling to my wondering spectators, I once more rapped the teeth. Here let me inform the gentle reader (in the strictest confidence, of course) that I have a couple of artificial teeth, which at this juncture were perfect treasures. These I manipulated to the astonishment of the Masai, and as they thought I could do the same thing to my nose or eyes they hailed me at once as a veritable 'lybon n'ebor' (white medicine-man)."

The cattle-plague was raging, and the lybon was welcomed in order that he might stay it. "A medicine had to be prepared for the disease, which I did by laying out a small medicine-box with the lid open, showing all the array of phials, etc. Taking out my sextant, and putting on a pair of kid gloves—which accidentally I happened to have, and which impressed the natives enormously—I intently examined the contents. Discovering the proper *dawa*, I prepared a mixture, and then getting ready some fruit-salt, I sang an incantation—generally something about 'three-bluebottles'—over it. My voice not being astonishingly mellifluous, it did duty capitally for a wizard's. My preparations complete, and Brahim being ready with a gun, I dropped the salt into the mixture. Simultaneously the gun was fired, and lo! up fizzed and sparkled the carbonic acid, causing the natives to shrink with intense dismay. Little bits of paper were next dipped in the water, and after I had spat upon them the ceremony was over, and the pieces were handed round as an infallible cure, warranted not to fail."

Slowly, and with much diplomacy, but without the slaying of a man, the expedition cleared its way through the Masai—the great warrior race of Eastern Africa. Past Kilimanjaro it toiled to Lytokitok, and on past the Ngiri Swamp to Lake Nawasha, past the hot spring at Kekupe and Lake Elmeteita to Thomson's Falls, thence eastwards to Keina and westwards again to the mysterious lake of Baringo, on to Seremba, on the shores of the Victoria, thence northwards to the cave-dwellers of Elgon, eastwards to the Chibcharagnani Range, southwards to Kapte, past the salt lake of Nakuro, and at Ngongo-a-Bagas, on the slopes of Mount Lamuya, striking off eastwards out of the power of the Masai. Of a Masai warrior we are fortunate in being able to give a portrait, and Mr. Thomson favours us with his description. "First there is tied round his neck, whence it falls in flowing lengths, the näiberé, a piece of cotton six feet long, two feet broad, and a longitudinal stripe of coloured cloth sewed down the middle of it. Over his shoulders is placed a huge cape of kite's feathers—a regular heap of them. The kidskin garment which hangs at his shoulder is now folded up and tied tightly round his waist like a belt, so as to leave his arms free. His hair is tied into two pigtails, one before and one behind. On his head is placed a remarkable object formed of ostrich feathers stuck in a band of leather, the whole forming an elliptically-shaped headgear. This is placed diagonally in a line beginning under the lower lip and running in front of the ear to the crown. His legs are ornamented with flowing hair of the colobus, resembling wings. His bodily adornment is finished off by the customary plastering of oil. His simé, or sword, is now attached—it does not hang—to his right side, and through the belt is pushed the skull-smasher or knobkerry, which may be thrown at an approaching enemy, or may give the quietus to a disabled one. His huge shield in his left hand and his great spear in his right complete his extraordinary equipment. For the rest you must imagine an Apollolike form and the face of a fiend, and you have before you the beau-ideal of a Masai warrior. He takes enormous pride in his weapons, and would part with everything he has rather than his spear. He glories in his scars, as the true laurel and decorative marks of one who delights in battles."

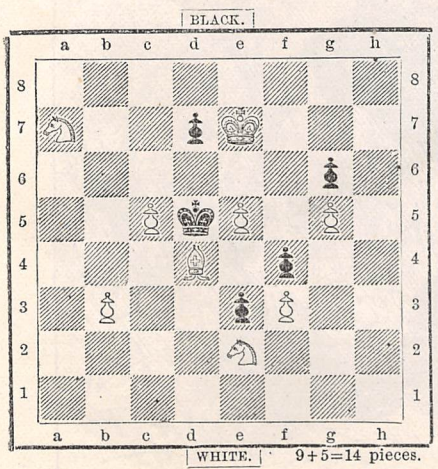
For the habits and customs of this truculent gentleman we must refer our readers to the book, one more quotation from which must now suffice us. "At last we were rewarded by the sight of a couple of buffaloes feeding some distance ahead. Gliding up warily till I got within fifty yards, I gave one of them a bullet close to the region of the heart. This was not sufficient to bring the animal down, and off it lumbered. Following it up we were soon once at close quarters, with the result that a bullet from my express passed through its shoulder. With the obstinacy and tenacity of life characteristic of its kind, however, it did not quietly succumb. I next tried it with a fair header. This obviously took effect, for after it had struggled forward some distance it lay down, clearly, as I thought, to die. My belief was quite correct, only I should not have disturbed its last moments. Concluding, very foolishly, that the buffalo was *hors de combat*, and that the game was mine, I, with the jaunty air of a conqueror, tucked my rifle under my arm and proceeded to secure my prize. Brahim, with more sense, warned me that it was not finished yet; and, indeed, if I had not been a fool—which the most sensible people will be sometimes—I might have concluded that with so much of the evil one in its nature the brute had still sufficient life to play me a mischief, for it still held its head erect and defiant though we were unseen. Heedless of Brahim's admonition, I obstinately went forward, intending to give it its quietus at close quarters. I had got within six yards, and yet I remained unnoticed, the head of the buffalo being turned slightly from me and I not making much noise. I was not destined to go much farther. A step or two more and there was a rustling among some dead leaves. Simultaneously the buffalo's head turned in my direction. A ferocious, blood curdling grunt instantly assured me of the brute's resolution to be revenged. The next moment it was on its feet. Unprepared to fire, and completely taken by surprise, I had no time for thought. Instinctively I turned my back upon my infuriated enemy. As far as my recollections serve me, I had no feeling of fear while I was running away. I am almost confident that I was not putting my best foot foremost, and that I felt as if the whole affair was rather a well-played game. It was a game, however, that did not last long. I was aware of Brahim tearing away in front of me. There was a loud crashing behind me. Then something touched me on the thigh, and I was promptly propelled skyward."

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 638.)

Problem No. 108.

BY S. GOLD.



9+5=14 pieces.

White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 100, page 510.—1, Kt—K 6, Kt×Kt. 2, Kt—K 4, Kt—B 6. 3, P—Kt 7, any move. 4, Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 101, page 510.—1, K—B 6, K—R 2. 2, P—B 8 becoming a R, K—R 3. 3, R—Q R 8 mate.

PROBLEM No. 102.—1, Q—B 8, K×B (or *a*, *b*). 2, Q—Kt 7, K—R 4. 3, K—B 3, K—R 5. 4, Q—R 6 mate.—(*a*) K—Kt 5. 2, Q—B 6, K—R 4. 3, Q—Kt 5 mate.—(*b*) K—Kt 3. 2, B—Kt 3, K—Kt 4 (or *c*, *d*). 3, Q—B 7, K moves. 4, Q mates at Kt 6 or B at B 4 accordingly.—(*c*) K—R 4. 3, Q—B 6, K—Kt 5. 4, Q—Q Kt 6 mate.—(*d*) K—R 2. 3, Q—B 7 (ch.), K moves. 4, B mates.

PROBLEM No. 103.—1, K—Q 5, K—Kt 8 (or *a*). 2, K—B 4, K—R 8 (or *b*, *c*, *d*). 3, Q—Q 2, K—Kt 7. 4, K—Kt 4, K—Kt 8 (or *e*). 5, K—Kt 3, P—B 8 Kt (ch.). 6, K—R 3, Kt—Q 6. 7, Q—B 3, Kt moves. 8, Q—Kt 2 mate.

(*c*) K—R 8. 5, K—R 3, K—Kt 8. 6, Q—Kt 4 (ch.), K moves. 7, Q mates accordingly.

(*b*) K—Kt 7. 3, Q—Q 2, K—R 8. 4, K—Kt 3, K—Kt 8. 5, Q×P (ch.), K—R 8. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(*c*) P—B 8 Q (ch.). 3, K—Kt 3, Q—R 6 (ch.). 4, K×Q, K—B 8. 5, K—Kt 3, K—Kt 8. 6, Q mates.

(*d*) P—B 8 Kt. 3, Q—Q 2, K—R 8 (or *f*, *g*, *h*). 4, K—B 3 (or *i*), Kt—R 7 (ch.) (or *j*, *k*). 5, K—Kt 3, Kt moves. 6, Q mates.

(*j*) Kt—K 7. 5, Q×Kt, any. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(*k*) Kt—Q 6. 5, K or Q×Kt, any. 6, K—B 3 or 2, any. 7, Q mates.

(*i*) Q×Kt (ch.), K—R 7. 5, Q—Q 2 (ch.), K—R 6. 6, Q—K 2, K—R 5. 7, Q—Q R 2 mate.

(*f*) Kt—R 7. 4, K—Kt 3, Kt—B 8 (ch.). 5, K—R 3, Kt—Q 6. 6, Q—B 3, Kt moves. 7 Q—Kt 2 mate.

(*g*) Kt—Q 6. 4, K×Kt, K—Kt 8. 5, K—B 3, K—R 8. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(*h*) Kt—K 7. 4, Q×Kt, K—Kt 8. 5, K—Kt 3 or B 3, K moves. 6, Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 104, page 510.—1, P—Q 4. In reply to the twelve moves of the two Kts there is only one mode of mating. To five attacks there is each time only one defence, namely, B—Q 4, B—B 5; B—Kt 3, Kt—B 5; B—K 6, B—R 3; P—Q 3, Kt—B 3; and Q×Q, Kt—Kt 5.

GO-BAN.

GAME No. 5, page 495.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. g 4—f 3	g 3—g 2 (*a*)
2. f 3—e 2	d 2—e 1
3. e 3—d 2	a 5—a 4 (*b*)
4. b 4—b 3	(any move).
5. b 3—b 2=five.	

(*a*) He must prevent the man going from f 3 over g 2 to g 1.—If he were to play g 3—g 4, White would answer e 4—f 5, and win in two more moves by making a "five" in the diagonal a 7 g 1.

(*b*) Any other move would not prevent White from making "five" in the second row, for Black must not move the man c 3, as White would obtain "five" (or even six) in the c file.

To Chess Correspondents.

J. T. C. (Edinburgh.)—Please send your problem on a diagram, for in your description there is a white Kt at White's K R 4, and a black Kt at Black's K R 5, and there never can be two pieces on one square.

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY THEODORE WOOD,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

PART II.

DIFFICULT as it is to lay down any strict rules to be observed when stocking the salt-water aquarium, there are yet one or two hints which may well be given to the novice, and which may save him from many a disappointment until a little practical experience has been acquired. Everybody falls into certain mistakes at first, unless carefully warned of them beforehand, and these very mistakes form the most frequent cause of the waning zeal which is only too evident in the generality of aquarium-keepers after the first novelty of their pursuit has worn away.

One of these errors is that most fatal one of overcrowding. Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who take to themselves an aquarium seem blindly to put their trust in the very false principle that "what is enough for one is enough for two," and carry it into effect so enthusiastically that each vessel is peopled with about five times as many captives as it ought to contain. The natural result follows. Very shortly after their admission into the aquatic Black Hole the captives begin to sicken and die off, the water rapidly becomes tainted and impure, death follows death with ever-increasing frequency, and at the end of a week or so the whole thing is thrown up in disgust.

As an almost invariable rule, far too much prominence is given to the fish. Eight or ten of these are placed in a tank which can support but two or three at the most, while no provision whatever is made for the increased air-supply which alone can keep them in health. And it is astonishing how much air a fish requires. Place a minnow or a stickleback in a small vessel, and in a very short time you will find him gaspiag for breath at the surface of the water. Transfer him to a somewhat larger vessel and the result will be the same, excepting, of course, that it will ensue less quickly. The fish, indeed, is in exactly the same position as a man shut up in an air-tight chamber, suffocation following in both instances unless the supply of air be renewed.

It is tantalising, I admit, to be compelled to discard so large a proportion of one's captures, just as the gardener often finds it when compelled to thin out his seedling plants, but the process in either case is a very necessary one, and cannot be neglected without the certainty of direst consequences. For an ordinary bell-glass, say one of twelve inches in diameter, two moderately small fish are amply sufficient, and it is very bad policy to crowd in six or eight, and thus to ruin the health of all. If you *cannot* bring yourself to part with any of your captives, provide additional vessels for their reception, but never allow yourself, however great the temptation, to place in each one single inmate more than it is fitted to maintain.

A VERY interesting fish to select for the aquarium is the One-spotted Goby, a small shrimp-like creature which is tolerably common in the shallow pools left among the rocks by the retreating tide. When once this active little creature is caught he can be identified without the smallest difficulty, for upon his dorsal fin is the single dark spot which has earned for him his popular title.

There are two great advantages which should always recommend this little fish to the aquarium-keeper, the first being that he possesses a very hardy constitution, and thrives well in the narrow confines of his prison, and the second that he is very easily fed. All that he requires by way of diet consists of the minute creatures with which seaweed is always more or less infested, so that by placing a handful or so of fresh weed in the tank you will supply him with a plentiful meal.

And then, too, he is such a bright and active little being, dashing to and fro with astonishing speed, and very quickly becoming accustomed to his new life. By degrees, even, he will become quite tame, and will all but take food from the fingers as they are dabbled in the water. And his habits are so interesting to watch. Like all the gobies, he possesses a very remarkable structure of the ventral fins, which are joined together at their edges, and form a kind of sucker of considerable clinging power. To those not in the secret no little wonderment will be caused by the singular manner in which the fish checks its course, even during its most rapid movements, for the sucker-like fins are instantaneous in their action, and anchor their owner firmly to any stone or other object over which it may happen to pass. Taking him all in all, indeed, there is no fish which can be better recommended for the salt-water aquarium than the One-spotted Goby.

Then there is the curious little Pipe-fish, which is equally interesting, and equally easy to obtain. All that you need do is to pass the net to and fro among the seaweed left in the rock-pools at low water, and you will probably capture more specimens than you can possibly accommodate. They will give you but little trouble, and may be fed in just the same manner as the goby, a little fresh seaweed being supplied every two or three days.

(To be continued.)

ENTOMOLOGY AT THE SEASIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Beetles, and Where to Find Them," "An Evening at the Sallows," etc.

ONE of the great events in an entomologist's career is undoubtedly his first experience of collecting at the seaside. Almost every insect that he meets with is something that he has never taken before, and, provided only that the weather be suitable, he must be a careless worker indeed if he does not return home with his boxes full of good things. Speaking without exaggeration, insects are so plentiful in many parts of the coast as almost to bewilder one by their numbers, and to render it next to impossible to select the specimens required for the collection before they succeed in making their escape.

And just see what rarities there are among these seaside insects! The Queen of Spain Fritillary (*Argynius Lathonia*), for instance, is a butterfly of decidedly maritime tendencies, for half a dozen specimens at least are taken near the coast to one found inland. Only three years ago no less than eight examples of this insect were taken in a single morning by a collector staying at Dover, and seventeen others were recorded from the same neighbourhood in the course of the season. Amongst other numerous seaside localities for the Queen of Spain are Yarmouth, Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Walmer, Deal, Folkestone, Brighton, and Ventnor, at most of which the insect has been met with more than once.

Then there is the Bath White (*Pieris daplidice*), which has been captured almost exclusively on or near the coast of Kent and Sussex, and which is well worth looking out for by entomologists at the seaside. Being a slow flier, it is easily caught, provided that it is not passed by as one of the commoner species. By far the best plan is to net every white about which there is the least shadow of doubt, and to release those which are not wanted as soon as they have passed muster. Once more, almost all the British examples of the greatly-coveted Long-tailed Blue (*Lampides bœtica*) have been taken within a very short distance of the sea, while, to descend to lesser fry, the Clouded and Pale Clouded Yellows (*Colias Edusa* and *Hyale*) are often exceedingly abundant in clover and lucerne fields, the variety *Helice* of the former insect turning up by no means infrequently. There are few things more calculated to excite a collector than the sight of these two beautiful butterflies flitting in multitudes from flower

to flower, and if he can bring himself to leave the spot before his boxes are completely filled his entomological enthusiasm must be of a very mild and limited character.

Nor are the moths unrepresented, numbers of species being found on the coast alone, among them many of the greatest rarities with which it is possible to meet. Those two beautiful creatures, the Spurge and Bedstraw Hawks (*Deilephila euphorbiæ* and *galii*), for instance, are never found far from the shore. The Ichneumon Clearwing (*Sesia ichneumoniformis*) frequents the cliffs between Ramsgate and Margate in June and July, and should be looked for among the Stinking Hellebore. The Crimson-speckled (*Deiopeia pulchella*), one of the most exquisite of all our moths, is generally taken near the sea, in stubble-fields or among flowers. The Belted Beauty (*Nyssia zonaria*) is almost wholly confined to three or four localities upon the Cheshire coast, and so also with numbers of others, which appear to find the sea breezes a necessity of existence, and seldom or never to venture upon a tour of discovery into inland districts. Many of these, no doubt, are but accidental visitors, stray wanderers from the Continent, but no one is likely to refuse them admission to his cabinet upon that account.

As regards the methods of seaside collecting, there are one or two facts which it is as well to bear in mind. Sugaring, for instance, cannot as a rule be carried on in the ordinary manner. Many parts of the coast are almost destitute of trees, and the treacle must consequently be applied wherever a spot can be found for it—on palings, posts, walls, and even upon large stones. If the grass is long and rank, it is not a bad plan to tie it together in large bunches, looking something like sheaves of corn, and to apply the sugar to the sides of these. Or, if everything else fails, small squares of rag may be soaked in the mixture, and hung up in suitable situations.

The stubble fields and pieces of waste ground adjoining the foreshore are nearly always productive, and moths may be knocked out in numbers from the low herbage with very little trouble. Flowers should always be examined, both during the daytime and after dark; ragwort especially is very attractive when in full bloom.

If you happen to visit a part of the coast in which sand-hills form a prominent feature of the shore, devote as much time as you can to working them thoroughly. There are many moths which are scarcely ever found anywhere else, and you may at any time come across an insect new to Britain or even to science itself. Several new noctuæ have turned up at odd times near Brighton, and there is no reason at all why other localities should not be equally prolific.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

A. L.—Almost any second-hand bookseller could get you a copy of More's "Eutopia." Try Mr. B. Quaritch, of Piccadilly.

D. J. Lust.—For dealers in foreign stamps consult our wrapper, or any advertisement sheet. We never recommend any particular firm, or guarantee any statement in any advertisement. You must buy or sell at your own risk.

Enquiring Reader.—It is customary to stamp both paper and envelope. The paper gives the address, the envelope shows whence the letter comes, and the device on it takes the place of the old seal.

H. Thurlow.—The marks on the lamps are guides to the nearest hydrant. The arrow shows the direction, the first number gives the distance in feet, and the second the distance from that point at right angles out into the road. Thus 69+11 means sixty-nine feet along the kerb and eleven feet out from that spot at right angles to the pavement.

H. H.—The address of the Willesden Paper Company is Willesden Junction, N.W., or 34, Cannon Street, E.C.

A. W. B.—You can get patterns of fretwork from Faulkner, Cheapside; Melhuish, of Fetter Lane; Churchill, of Sun Street, Finsbury; and almost every tool shop.

O. S. S.—Lay the pages of your stamp album between sheets of clean damp blotting-paper until the gum or paste gives way. Do not be in a hurry, but keep the paper damp.

A Smudge.—Clean the grease off the glass by washing it with ammonia—and then paint in varnish. See Index.

A Willoughby Captain.—1. You can get Milton's poems for eighteenpence in the Chandos Classics, published by Messrs. Warne and Co 2. Messrs. Macmillan are Lord Tennyson's publishers. He is Mr. no longer.

Colwyn Bay.—In our second volume we gave three large diagrams showing all a clipper's sails, all her spars, and all her standing rigging.

Number One.—Order the "Bijou Gazetteer," by W. H. Rosser, of your bookseller. It costs eighteenpence, and gives thirty thousand references to countries, towns, mountains, rivers, lakes, etc., etc.

Cricket.—The "Laws of Cricket" are not likely to deal with such an absurdity. If you like to hold your bat with both hands behind it, pray do—and get out. You will be a most popular cricketer—with your opponents.

Vox Populi.—The parts are not out of print, the numbers are; hence you can only procure the missing numbers in part form.

A. Y. Z.—"Punch, brothers, punch," and "Leedle Yawkob Strauss," are in Cassell's "Selections of American Humour," published in their two-shilling Red Library.

Student.—1. An edition of Lavater's "Physiognomy" is published by Ward, Lock, and Co. 2. Angora is the ancient Ancyra, now a town in Anatolia, 39° 56′ N, 32° 41′ E. Perhaps your map calls it Enguri.

One of the Fiddlers Three.—1. Keep your unused strings in an airtight tin canister, and leave them untouched. If you grease them you will not be able to play them. Grease stops friction, and friction means sound. 2. No special preparation is required before using a string, but keep it free from kinks, and do not untwist it as you take it out of coil. 3. Unscrew the nut of your bow, and shake the hairs apart. Any of the violin dealers in Soho will repair your bow for you for a trifle. 4. Steeping the fingers in vinegar is said to harden, but the best plan is to practise until they get "corny."

F. J. D. Skinner (Plymouth).—If you will inform us what you mean by the "Dark Arches of London," we will endeavour to discover their "origin, use, extent, entrances, etc.," but at present we are unable to do so. Do you mean the Adelphi arches, now shut in by the Thames Embankment?

J. H.—You can obtain books on athletic sports from any of the cricket outfitters. Try any of the Lilly-whites; Wisden, of Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square; or Goy, of Leadenhall Street.

Caedmon.—We never answer legal questions, but we may say at once that your intended proceedings are opposed to all notions of justice and common honesty. Never shuffle out of a promise; and never make a promise unless you can keep it.

Piscator, X. Y. Z.—May is a close month for all the coarse fishes under the statute, so that you must leave the roach alone.

Gimlet.—One very good way of arranging your tools is to make a set of three or four shelves, and perforate them with different-sized holes just large enough to hold the various tools when upright. You can thus see all your tools at a glance, and every one of them has its place. You can put a front to your shelves and form a cupboard, or you can design a chest on the principle with the front and top both opening, and which latter is the best plan of the three.

J. J.—Try Montagu's "British Birds," published by Van Voorst, or any edition of Yarrell. There is no cheap book giving all the information you require. A complete list of the British Birds was given with our coloured plate in the June part for 1882.

Yatchman (we suppose you mean Yachtsman).—There is no need to worry yourself with calculations as to the amount of lead you will have to put on a model's keel. All you have to do is to hollow out your boat until she is as thin as you intend her to be, and then place her in the bath and fill her up with water until she floats to her load-line. The weight of the water she holds is the weight of the lead she should have on her keel; and you have only to measure it off and remember that "a pint of fresh water weighs a pound and a quarter." Of course you should allow for the deck and spars, and also for the fact that lead in water weighs less than it does in air, and it is better to have too much lead than too little, as you can easily cut it down. Do not, however, cut it until you have had a trial cruise.

G. S.—The discovery, like a good many others, was made "in ages prehistoric, in the days when we were young." Colin has the accent on the "Col."

J. S. C.—All such complaints are curable. Go to a doctor. No matter what your complaint may be, rest assured that you are not the only sufferer.

Mauricius.—1. Leave the ball alone. 2. It is not customary in England to fill footballs with gas, whatever it may be in Belgium. There is just a chance that the lifting power would be so very much improved that a kick-off would send the ball aloft, and leave it there like a balloon.

Philatelist.—The packets of stamps would be sent at the latter rate, and they would weigh under the half-ounce. The dealers would take a few new Canadian stamps, but not many; and we would advise you not to think any more about the matter.

C. Chase (Cape Colony).—The instances are curious, and we quote them, but the description is not exact enough to enable us to give an explanation. What are the species of shells? Are they recent or fossil? Was the "stone vessel" an ironstone nodule?—"In the Zitzisramma Forest (which is about ten miles from the seashore) stood a large yellow-wood tree. It became necessary that this tree should be cut down. This was done, and on cutting the stem up into blocks, a small cavity was found in the centre of one of these blocks, and in this cavity was found a number of sea-shells. The wood and bark all round this cavity were quite sound; in fact, the whole stem is perfectly solid. How would you account for the shells being found there? The following curious discovery was made at the same place. In digging into the ground we came upon a stone vessel about the size and shape of a cocoa-nut, iron-colour, and in it was found little balls about the size of a plum, *all of different colours;* and on being crushed into a powder make excellent paint. Many more are to be found at the same spot."

Master Gobang.—"Good ginger-beer that will go off a jolly good bang"! Is, then, the bang the best of the beer? Get five lemons, and five pounds of loaf-sugar, three ounces of powdered ginger, and three gallons of water, a slice of toasted bread from the cook, and a quarter of a teacupful of yeast from the baker. Boil the ginger and the sugar in the water for an hour, and let the solution cool. Then add the juice and peel of the lemons, and put in the yeast spread on the toasted bread. Cover the pan with a thick cloth, and leave it alone for three days. Then strain the liquor through a cloth and bottle it; at the end of a week you will find it all up and ready for drinking, bang and all complete. If you think the powdered ginger is not so strong as it might be, use four or even five ounces instead of three.

Regimental Goat.—A George III. threepenny-piece is worth threepence, plus as much more as you can persuade a person to give for it. Current coin is worth no more than its face value.

Horse.—The articles on Double Chess were in the July and August parts for 1882. Circular Chess was in the September part for 1883.

Clan Chattan.—You can obtain full particulars as to entering a volunteer corps by applying to its headquarters.

L. E. B.—1. Green for inconstancy, yellow for jealousy, blue for constancy, white for purity, purple for royalty, brown for grief, and black for death. That is "the symbolism of colour" according to the ancients; the symbolism according to the moderns is "for caution green, for danger red, and white for clear and drive ahead." 2. To macadamise a road is to cover it with stones broken to about the same size, and to arrange them so as to form an arch instead of a hollow, like the roads of old. The method was invented by Sir John MacAdam eighty years ago—hence the name.

Gwalia.—Messrs. Heywood, of Manchester, publish a guide to the London University Matriculation. It is by Mr. W. Dodds, and costs eighteenpence.

Postman.—Apply to the Secretary, General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. Your best plan is to enter at once as a telegraph messenger.

Claudio.—1. The Latin dictionary is worth only a few pence. Elizabethan school-books are of little value. 2. So far from thinking it "foolish" for a boy to prefer Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott to the current literature of the day, we should think it showed his good sense.

Columba.—For bay-salt apply to an oilman, or a hay and straw dealer. It is often sold on barrows in the streets.

Carver and Gilder.—The time we are in the press prevents replies in such matters being of use.

G. P. H.—There is a Handbook to the Learned Societies to which you could refer, but to none of them do you obtain admittance by examination. It is simply a question of good report and personal knowledge. B.C.L. = Bachelor of Civil Law; D.C.L. = Doctor of Civil Law; F.R.S.E. = Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; F.R.C.S.E. = Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; F.C.L. is new to us. You have to pass in all subjects for the B.Sc.

Aunt Nell.—You can encourage rooks to build in your trees by securing the young birds in the nests, and then fixing the nests in the trees you wish them to resort to next year.

T. Aitken.—The subjects of examination for the Institute of Chartered Accountants are advertised in "The Accountant," price sixpence; and "The Accountants' Students' Journal," price ninepence, both published by Gee and Co., Telegraph Chambers, E.C., who also publish a "Chartered Accountants' Examination Guide," by G. P. Norton, price eight shillings and sixpence.

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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A

TALE OF CITY LIFE.

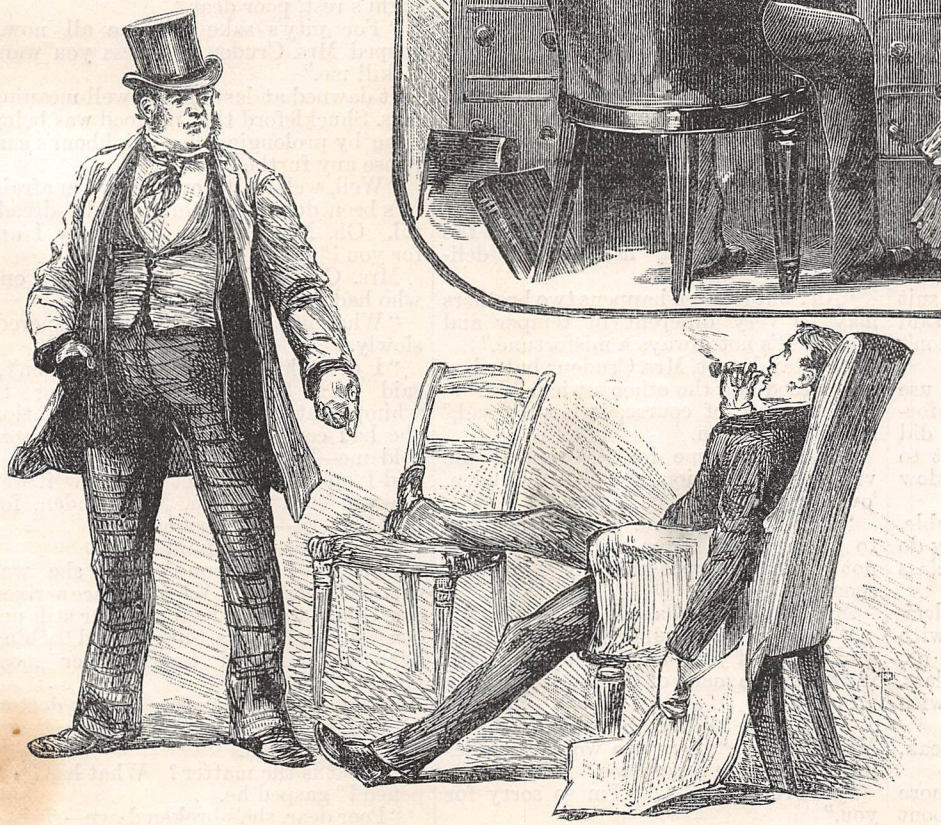
BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAMUEL SHUCKLEFORD FINDS HIMSELF BUSY.



"All serene—I'll be done with it in about an hour."

"JEMIMA, my dear," said Mrs. Shuckleford one day, as the little family in No. 4, Dull Street, sat round their evening meal, "I don't like the looks of Mrs. Cruden. It's my opinion she don't get enough to eat."

"Really, ma, how you talk," replied the daughter. "The butcher's boy left there this very afternoon. I saw him."

"I'm afraid, my dear, he didn't leave anything more filling than a bill. In fact, I 'eard myself that the butcher told Mrs. Marks he thought No. 6 'ad gone far enough for 'im."

"Oh, ma! you don't mean to say they're in debt?" said Jemima, who, by the way, had been somewhat more pensive and addicted to sitting by herself since Reginald had gone north.

"Well, if it was only the butcher I heard it from I wouldn't take much account of it, but Parker the baker 'as 'is doubts of them; so I 'eard the Grinson's maid tell Ford when I was in 'is shop this very day. And I'm sure you've only to look at 'Orace's coat and 'at to see they must be in debt: the poor boy looks a reg'lar scarecrow. It all comes, my dear, of Reginald's going off and leaving them. Oh, 'ow I pity them that 'as a wild son."

"Don't talk nonsense, ma," said Miss Jemima, firing up. "He's no more wild than Sam here."

"You seem to know more about Reginald than most people, my dear," said her mother, significantly.

To the surprise of the mother and brother Jemima replied to this insinuation by bursting into tears and walking out of the room.

"Did you ever see the like of that? She always takes on if any one mentions that boy's name; and she old enough to be his aunt, too!"

"The sooner she cures herself of that craze the better," said Sam, pouring himself out some more tea. "She don't know quite so much about him as I do!"

"Why, what do you know about 'im, then?" inquired Mrs. Shuckleford, in tones of curiosity.

"Never you mind; we don't talk business out of the office. All I can tell you is, he's a bad lot."

"Poor Mrs. Cruden! no wonder she takes on. What an infliction a wicked son is to a mother, Sam!"

"That'll do," said the dutiful Sam. "What do you know about it? I tell you what, ma, you're thick enough with No. 6. You'd better draw off a bit."

"Oh, Sam, why so?"

"Because I give you the tip, that's all. The old lady may not be in it, but I don't fancy the connection."

"But, Sam, she's starving herself and 'Orace is in rags."

"Send her in a rump-steak and a suit of my old togs by the housemaid," said Sam; "or else do as you like, and don't blame me if you're sorry for it."

Mrs. Shuckleford knew it was no use trying to extract any more lucid information from her legal offspring, and did not try, but she made another effort to soften his heart with regard to the Widow Cruden and her son.

"After all they're gentlefolk in trouble, as we might be," said she, "and they do behave very nice at the short'and class to Jemima."

"Gentlefolk or not," said Sam, decisively, spreading a slice of toast with jam, "I tell you you'd better draw off, ma—and Jim must chuck up the class. I'm not going to have her mixing with them."

"But the child's 'eart would break, Sam, if—"

"Let it break. She cares no more about shorthand than she does about county courts. It's all part of her craze to tack herself on that lot. She's setting her cap at *him* while she's making up to his ma; any flat might see that; but she's got to jack up the whole boiling now—there. We needn't say any more about it."

And, having finished his tea, Mr. Samuel Shuckleford went down to his "club" to take part in a debate on "Cruelty to Animals."

Now the worthy captain's widow, Mrs. Shuckleford, had lived long enough in this world to find that human nature is a more powerful law even than parental obedience; she therefore took to heart just so much of her son's discourse as fitted with the one, and overlooked just so much as exacted the latter. In other words, she was ready to believe that Reginald Cruden was a "bad lot," but she was not able to bring herself on that account to desert her neighbour at the time of her trouble.

Accordingly that same evening, while Samuel was pleading eloquently on behalf of our dumb fellow-creatures, and Jemima, having recovered from her tears, was sitting abstractedly over a shorthand exercise in her own bedroom, Mrs. Shuckleford took upon herself to pay a friendly call at No. 6.

It happened to be one of Horace's late evenings, so that Mrs. Cruden was alone. She was lying wearily on the uncomfortable sofa, with her eyes shaded from the light, dividing her time between knitting and musing, the latter occupation receiving a very decided preference.

"Pray don't get up," said Mrs. Shuckleford, the moment she entered. "I only looked in to see 'ow you was. You're looking bad, Mrs. Cruden."

"Thank you, I am quite well," said Mrs. Cruden, "only a little tired."

"And down in your spirits, too; and well you may be, poor dear," said the visitor, soothingly.

"No, Mrs. Shuckleford," said Mrs. Cruden, brightly. "Indeed, I ought not to be in bad spirits to-day. We've had quite a little family triumph to-day. Horace has had an article published in the 'Rocket,' and we are so proud."

"Ah, yes; he's the steady one," said Mrs. Shuckleford. "There's no rolling stone about 'Orace."

"No," said the mother, warmly.

"If they was only both alike," said the visitor, approaching her subject delicately.

"Ah! but it often happens two brothers may be very different in temper and mind. It's not always a misfortune."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Cruden; but when one 's good and the other 's wicked—"

"Oh, then, of course, it is very sad," said Mrs. Cruden.

"Sad 's no name for it," replied the visitor, with emotion. "Oh, Mrs. Cruden, 'ow sorry I am for you."

"You are very kind. It is a sad trial to be separated from my boy, but I've not given up hopes of seeing him back soon."

Mrs. Shuckleford shook her head.

"'Ow you must suffer on 'is account," said she. "If your 'eart don't break with it, it must be made of tougher stuff than mine."

"But after all, Mrs. Shuckleford," said Mrs. Cruden, "there are worse troubles in this life than separation."

"You're right. Oh, I'm so sorry for you."

"Why for me? I have only the lighter sorrow."

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden, do you call a wicked son a light sorrow?"

"Certainly not, but my sons, thank God, are good, brave boys, both of them."

"And who told you 'e was a good, brave boy? Reggie, I mean."

"Who told me?" said Mrs. Cruden, with surprise. "Who told me he was anything else?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden! Oh, Mrs. Cruden!" said Mrs. Shuckleford, beginning to cry.

Mrs. Cruden at last began to grow uneasy and alarmed. She sat up on the sofa, and said, in an agitated voice,

"What *do* you mean, Mrs. Shuckleford? Has anything happened? Is there any bad news about Reginald?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden, I made sure you knew all about it."

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Cruden, now thoroughly terrified and trembling all over. "Has anything happened to him? Is he—dead?" and she seized her visitor's hand as she asked the question.

"No, Mrs. Cruden, not dead. Maybe it would be better for 'im if he was."

"Better if he was dead? Oh, please, have pity and tell me what you mean," cried the poor mother, dropping back on to the sofa with a face as white as a sheet.

"Come, don't take on," said Mrs. Shuckleford, greatly disconcerted to see the effect of her delicate breaking of the news. "Perhaps it's not as bad as it seems."

"Oh, what is it; what is it? I can't bear this suspense. Why don't you tell me?" and she trembled so violently and looked so deadly pale that Mrs. Shuckleford began to get alarmed.

"There, there," said she, soothingly; "I'll tell you another time. You're not equal to it now. I'll come in to-morrow, or the next day, when you've had a good night's rest, poor dear."

"For pity's sake tell me all now," gasped Mrs. Cruden; "unless you want to kill me."

It dawned at last on the well-meaning Mrs. Shuckleford that no good was being done by prolonging her neighbour's suspense any further.

"Well, well! It's only that I'm afraid he's been doing something—well—dreadful. Oh, Mrs. Cruden, how sorry I am for you!"

Mrs. Cruden lay motionless, like one who had received a stab.

"What has he done?" she whispered, slowly.

"I don't know, dear—really I don't," said Mrs. Shuckleford, beginning to whimper at the sight of the desolation she had caused. "It was Sam, my son, told me—he wouldn't say what it was—and I 'ope you won't let 'im know it was me you 'eard it from, Mrs. Cruden, for he'd be very— Mercy on us!"

Mrs. Cruden had fainted.

Help was summoned, and she was carried to her bed. When Horace arrived shortly afterwards he found her still unconscious, with Mrs. Shuckleford bathing her forehead and tending her most gently.

"You had better run for a doctor, 'Orace," whispered she, as the scared boy entered the room.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" gasped he.

"Poor dear, she's broken down—she's— But go quick for the doctor, 'Orace."

Horace went as fast as his fleet feet

would carry him. The doctor pronounced Mrs. Cruden to be in a state of high fever produced by nervous prostration and poor living. He advised Horace, if possible, to get a nurse to tend her while the fever lasted, especially as she would probably awake from her swoon delirious, and would for several days remain in a very critical condition.

In less than five minutes Horace was at Miss Crisp's, imploring her assistance. The warm-hearted little lady undertook the duty without a moment's hesitation, and from that night and for a fortnight to come hardly quitted her friend's bedside.

Mrs. Shuckleford, deeming it prudent not to refer again to the unpleasant subject which had been the immediate cause of Mrs. Cruden's seizure, waited till she was assured that at present she could be of no further use, and then withdrew, full of sympathy and commiseration, which she manifested in all sorts of womanly ways during her neighbour's illness. Not a day passed but she called in, morning and afternoon, to inquire after the patient, generally the bearer of some home-made delicacy, and sometimes to take her post by the sick-bed while Miss Crisp snatched an hour or so of well-earned repose.

As for Horace, he could hardly be persuaded to leave the sick-chamber. But the stern necessity of work, greater than ever now at this time of special emergency, compelled him to take the rest necessary for his own health and daily duties. With an effort he dragged himself to the office every morning, and like an arrow he returned from it every evening, and often paid a flying visit at midday. His good-natured companions voluntarily relieved him of all late work, and, indeed, every-one who had in the least degree come into contact with the gentle patient seemed to vie in showing sympathy and offering help.

Young Gedge was amongst the most eager of the inquirers at the house. He squandered shillings in flowers and grapes, and sometimes even ran the risk of disgrace at the "Rocket" by lingering outside the house during a doctor's visit, in order to hear the latest bulletin before he went back to work.

In his mind, as well as in Horace's, a faint hope had lurked that somehow Reginald might contrive to run up to London for a day or two at least, to cheer the house of watching. Mrs. Cruden, in her delirium, often moaned her absent son's name and called for him, and they believed if only he were to come her restless troubled mind might cease its wanderings and find rest.

But Reginald neither came nor wrote.

Since Horace, on the first day of her illness, had written, telling him all, no one had heard a word from him.

At last, when after a week Horace wrote again, saying,

"Come to us, if you love us," and still no letter or message came back, a new cloud of anxiety fell over the house.

Reginald must be ill, or away from Liverpool, or something must have happened to him, or assuredly, they said, he would have been at his mother's side at the first breath of danger.

Mrs. Shuckleford only, as day passed day and the prodigal never returned, shook her head and said to herself, it was a blessing no one knew the reason, not even the poor delirious sufferer herself. Poor people! they had trouble enough on them not to need any more just now! so she kept her own counsel, even from Jemima.

This was the more easy to do because she knew nothing either of Reginald or his doings beyond what her son had hinted, and as Samuel was at present in the country on business, she had no opportunity of prosecuting her inquiries on the subject.

Sam, in fact, whether he liked it or not, happened just now to hold the fortunes of the family of Cruden pretty much in his own hands.

A few days before the conversation with his mother already reported, he had been sitting in his room at the office, his partner and the head clerk both being absent on County Court business.

Samuel felt all the dignity of a commander-in-chief, and was therefore not at all displeased when the office-boy had come and knocked at his door and said that a lady of the name of Wrigley had called and wished to see him.

"Show the lady in," said Sam, grandly, "and put a chair."

Mrs. Wrigley was accordingly ushered in, the dust of travel still on her, for she had come direct from Liverpool by the night train, determined to put her wrongs in the hands of the law. Mr. Crawley, Samuel's principal, had been legal adviser to the late Mr. Wrigley; it was only natural, therefore, that the widow, not liking to entrust her secret to the petty-fogging practitioner of her own village, should make use of a two hours' break in her journey to seek his aid.

"Your master's not in, young man?" said she, as she took the proffered seat. "That's a pity."

"I'm sure he'll be very sorry," said Sam; "but if it's anything I can do—"

"If you can save poor defenceless women from being plundered, and punish those that plunder them—then you can."

Here was a slice of luck for Samuel! The first bit of practice on his own account that had ever fallen in his way. If he did not make a good thing out of it his initials were not S. S.!

He drew his chair confidentially beside that of the injured Mrs. Wrigley, and drank in the story of her woes with an interest that quite won her heart. At first he failed to recognise either the name of the delinquent Corporation or its secretary, but when presently his client produced one of the identical circulars sent out, with the name Cruden Reginald at the foot, his professional instincts told him he had discovered a "real job, and no mistake."

He made Mrs. Wrigley go back and begin her story over again (a task she was extremely ready to perform), and took copious notes during the recital. He impounded the document, envelope and all, cross-examined and browbeat his own witness—in fact, did all a rising young lawyer ought to do, and concluded in judicial tones, "Very good, Mrs. Wrigley; I think we can do something for you. I think we know something of the parties. Leave it to us, madam; we will put you right."

"I hope you will," said the lady. "You see, as I've been all the way up to Liverpool and back, I think I ought to be put right."

"Most certainly you ought, and you shall be."

"And to think of his brazen-faced impudence in calling me 'Love,' young man. There's a profligate for you!"

Samuel was knowing enough to see that it would greatly please the outraged lady if he took a special note of this disclosure, which he accordingly did, and then rising, once more assured his client of his determination to put her right, and bade her a very good morning.

"Well, if that ain't a go," said he to himself, as he returned to his desk. "I never did have much faith in the chap, but I didn't fancy he was that sort. Cruden Reginald, eh? Nice boy you are. Never mind! I'm dead on you this time. Nuisance it is that ma's gone and mixed herself up with that lot. Can't be helped, though; business is business; and such a bit of practice too. Cruden Reginald! But you don't get round Sam Shuckleford when he's once round your way, my beauty."

To the legal mind of Sam this transposition of Reginald's name was in itself as good as a verdict and sentence against him. Any one else but himself might have been taken in by it, but you needed to get up very early in the morning to take in a cute one like S. S.!

He said nothing about the affair to his principal when he returned, preferring to "nurse" it as a little bit of business of his own, which he would manage by himself for once in a way.

And that very evening fortune threw into his way a most unexpected and invaluable auxiliary.

He was down at his "club," smoking his usual evening pipe over the "Rocket," when a man he had once or twice seen before in the place came up and said,

"After you with that paper."

"All serene," said Sam; "I'll be done with it in about an hour."

"You don't take long," said the other.

"Considering I'm on the committee," said Sam, with ruffled dignity, "I've a right to keep it just as long as I please. Are you a member here?"

"No, but I'm introduced."

"What's your name?"

"Durfy."

"Oh, you're the man who was in the 'Rocket.' I heard of you from a friend of mine. By the way," and here his manner became quite civil, as a brilliant idea occurred to him; "look here, it was only my chaff about keeping the paper; you can have it. I'll look at it afterwards."

"All right, thanks," said Durfy, who felt no excuse for not being civil too.

"By the way," said Sam, as he was going off with the paper, "there was a fellow at your office, what was his name, now—Crowder, Crundell? Some name of that sort, I forget."

"Cruden you mean, perhaps," said Durfy, with a scowl.

"Ah, yes—Cruden. Is he still with you? What sort of chap is he?"

Durfy described him in terms far more forcible than affectionate, and added, "No, he's not there now; oh, no. I kicked him out long ago. But I've not done with him yet, my boy."

Sam felt jubilant. Was ever luck like his? Here was a man who evidently knew Reginald's real character, and could, doubtless, if properly handled, put him on the scent, and, as he metaphorically put it to himself, "give him a clean leg up over the job."

So he called for refreshments for two,

and then entered on a friendly discourse with Durfy on things in general, and offered to make him a member of the club; then bringing the conversation round to Reginald, he hinted gently that *he* too had his eye on that young gentleman, and was at the present moment engaged in "bowling him out."

Whereupon Durfy, after a slight hesitation, and stipulating that his name should not be mentioned in the matter, gave Sam what information he considered would be useful to him, suppressing, of course, all mention of the real promoters of the Select Agency Corporation, and giving the secretary credit for all the ingenuity and cunning displayed in its operations.

The two new friends spent a most agreeable evening, Sam flattering himself he was squeezing Durfy beautifully into the service of his "big job," and Durfy flattering himself that this bumptious young pettifogger was the very person to get hold of to help him pay off all his old scores with Reginald Cruden.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—A BATTLE AND A CHASE—THE CORAL REEF—A HURRICANE SQUALL—A FIGHT ON A CORAL ISLAND.

The fight on board the barque had been unexceptionally severe, and long before morning broke and the moon dipped towards the west it was evident the captured vessel could not be kept afloat.

The wounded and prisoners were therefore speedily removed, and, steaming off a little way, the Theodora lay by to see the last of her. She floated longer than any one could have imagined. She died hard. At eight bells in the morning watch she was still afloat, moving slowly through the water, with tattered sails, splintered yards and ropes, and rigging all awry.

"I think," said Mr. Mildmay, "it might be just as well to put that craft out of pain."

"I was thinking so myself," replied Captain Blunderbore.

But as he spoke a puff of wind, almost a squall, came across the sea. For a time the barque could hardly be seen. When quite visible once more it was evident she was *in extremis*. She was taking weary lurches or rolls from side to side; finally the stern slowly sank, and she tipped up forward; then the fo'c's'le blew up with a dull, heavy report, and next minute she was dragged beneath, the bubbling waters closed over her, and the barque was no more.

It was a busy day that for the Theodora, and especially for Dr. McGee. The whole of both sides of the main deck was turned into a hospital. Cots were hung under canvas, and there the wounded were placed, the Arabs being treated with just as much kindness and attention as the British.

Nearly a month passed away. The Theodora had been to Zanzibar with her prisoners, and was once more back on her cruising ground between Comoro and Madagascar.

A good look-out was kept nightly for the piratical slaver. It was evident from reports that had reached Captain Blunderbore's ears at Johanna, that she was still in these seas.

Men were constantly kept in the chains too, for the shoals in the sea and the coral reefs all round here are dangerous in the extreme, and but imperfectly laid down in the charts.

Late one evening a light was reported, and although it might be only that of another cruiser or an honest trader, the bugle at once sounded to quarters. It was clear and starry, as on the eve of the battle described in last chapter.

The light, however, disappeared as suddenly as it had shone out, and nothing more was seen for fully an hour, when to the surprise of every one a ship under full sail was noticed coming down towards them like an avalanche.

"That's the Castigo," cried Benbow. "No ship on this coast can move like that but—"

The sentence was never concluded. The approaching vessel yawed for a moment, a line of fire and smoke ran along her black hull, then came thunder and a rain of shot that tore through the rigging and bulwarks of the Theodora and wounded more than one man.

The response was immediate from the war-ship, and it must have been a telling one. When the smoke cleared away the Castigo—for it was she—was seen still staggering and reeling and apparently almost unfit to proceed. There was time for the Theodora to almost rake her. But in the darkness probably little damage was done by the second broadside, and before another could be fired the Castigo was beyond range.

The brief battle now resolved itself into a chase. Away went the Castigo in a line with the shore, and the Theodora followed at full speed, firing every now and then with her bow gun.

"By all that is lucky," cried Benbow, wild with excitement, "we are gaining on the Castigo. See, sir, she is setting sail, and that last shot went slick into her stern."

A little sail was now clapped on the Theodora, which both steadied her and increased her speed.

But on went the Castigo, and it was soon evident that Barclay's shots were falling short.

The first lieutenant took several turns up and down the bridge, casting anxious eyes skywards. Strange to say, the clouds that were banking up and up, and blotting out the stars, were not coming from the same direction as the wind, but from nearly the opposite point of the compass.

On board the Castigo the pirate captain stood anxiously on his bridge. Hope in his breast was bounding very high now. He saw his enemy coming on after him, on and on to certain destruction, for both vessels were already on the edge of a reef, which the Castigo, with her light draught of water, might get over in safety, the Theodora never. This was the revenge which Gaspar Moravo had been planning and plotting for a month. There was hardly a mile of shoal water in the Indian Ocean or channel of Mozambique unknown to this old piratical slaver.

It was nearly or quite high water, too—the pirate had chosen his time well—so that if the Theodora struck there would be no higher tide to float her off.

Still the sky was becoming overcast, and what meant those ominous drift-clouds so high up in the zenith?

No matter, no matter; it was now or never. Gaspar felt as he clutched the bridge-rail and glanced back in the direction of his hated foe that he would be content to die if he could be sure of accomplishing the destruction of that ship.

"Eugenio," he said to his lieutenant, "in half an hour, if the wind holds, yon vessel will be hard and fast on these rocks, and when daylight comes we will but have to stand by and see them perish!"

"Your excellency is right," replied Eugenio; "but still, capitano, I do not like the looks of the night. How dark and black it gets! I believe a squall is coming!"

"Stand by! Ready about!"

The wind went suddenly down; there was an ominous flapping of the sails.

A few drops of rain came pattering down on deck as if the goddess Nox were shedding tears for the death and ruin so soon to follow.

Blacker and darker grew the night. The ship rolled unsteadily, and seemed to quiver as if she were a living thing in fright, not knowing where to run, not knowing from which direction the danger was coming.

Gaspar himself rushed aft and stationed himself by the men at the wheel.

He turned the wheel himself a point or two. "Keep her there!" he cried; "one point off that means destruction to all on board!"

The sails continued to flap intermittently.

Then from over the sea came a low moaning sound like the roar of surf on a far-off shore.

The night grew blacker still; nothing could be seen a yard ahead, and the light even from the binnacle and from the dead-eyes shot far up into the sky.

But, see! yonder, on the near horizon, is a long white line; it comes nearer and nearer.

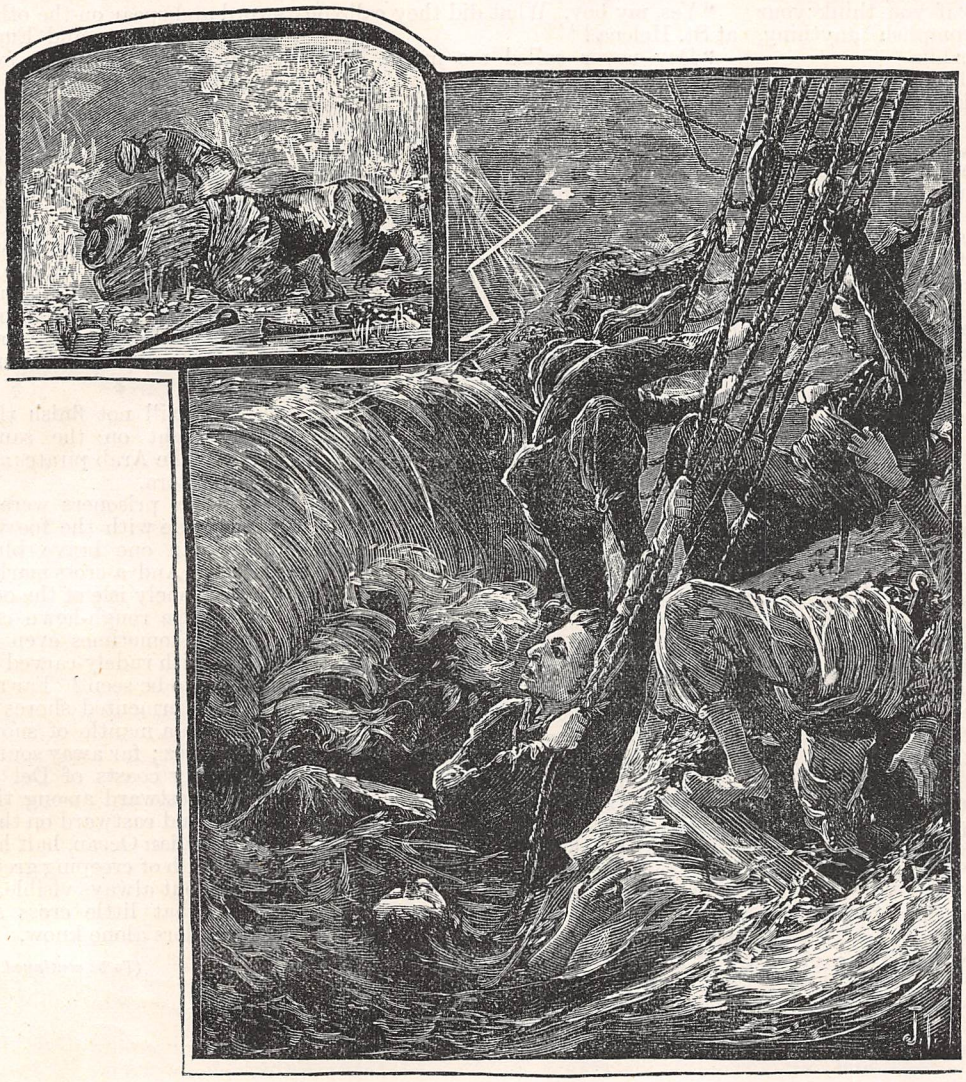
Then a flash of lightning darts quickly through the gloom, but the thunder that follows is never heard in the terrible roaring of the hurricane-squall that now sweeps downwards with a fury that cannot be described.

The Castigo is thrown on her beam ends, yet she rights again slowly and steadily; but, blinded by the surf and

spray, the men at the wheel have for a moment lost command of her. For some time she goes tearing on before the awful squall, and next moment strikes with terrible violence on the very rocks to which she was trying to lead her enemy, the Theodora.

"To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds."

In less than a minute, with a series of crashes, down go masts and funnel, and



A Terrible Moment.

the waves break on and over the doomed Castigo.

As suddenly as it came, so did it pass; both wind and sea went down, clouds drifted overhead still, but among them ever and anon stars could be seen.

"Eugenio!" cried Gaspar; "our vessel is lost! Have we boats enough left to take us away? The island of Pratto is but a short distance off. Can we manage?"

"We have boats enough," answered Eugenio, "to take away all the men we have left. Those terrible seas clean-swept our decks."

"Then get them out. Death is welcome, if death *will* come, but we shall not be the prisoners of the cruiser. Man the boats.

"And now, Eugenio, if you are ready we will leave; but first let us fire the ship, for not one timber of her shall fall into the hands of our enemies."

"Ay, and we will stand by to see her blaze too."

In half an hour more the pirate ship was in flames from stem to stern, then away shorewards went her boats.

They were hardly a mile away when the old Waterwitch blew up, scattering her burning beams and timbers across the water; then all was silence and darkness once again.

Presently up rose the moon, silvering the few remaining clouds, and casting a broad belt of shining light across the water.

"A narrow shave for us," said Blunderbore, of the Theodora.

"A narrow shave indeed!" replied Benbow.

"Can any have escaped, think you?" said Captain Blunderbore to Mildmay.

"I think it is highly probable there may be," was the reply; "and if so they have taken refuge on yonder little island."

In a few minutes more five boats filled with armed men were rapidly leaving the ship's sides and pulling straight for the island.

It was hardly a mile in circumference, but covered almost entirely with low trees and scrubby bushes, and quite an entanglement of wild creepers. The beach was of coral sand, and shone like silver in the clear moonlight.

The boats pulled round and round it, but never a sign of life was visible.

Gayly, however, who was in command of this little expedition, determined to wait till daylight and thoroughly search the place.

So the boats were drawn up, sentries placed, and a bivouac formed on the sands. And thus the night was spent.

Proof of the presence of the pirates on the island was found next morning early. They had attempted to conceal their boats, but in vain. These were soon pulled out and taken possession of; then search was commenced for the owners. It was found almost impossible, however, to penetrate into the interior of the island, which, according to Benbow's description, contained nothing but scrubby jungle and scrubbier snakes.

The Theodora, lying at anchor about a mile off, was communicated with, and orders were received to fire the bush. This it was believed would bring the pirates down to the only piece of clear ground there was near the beach. The wood was accordingly fired, and in less than an hour from end to end the island was a mass of flames and smoke.

But two whole hours went by, then three, and four, yet the pirates made never a sign. "Is it possible," Colin re-

marked to Benbow, "the wretches have perished in the flames?"

"Heaven forbid," said Benbow; "it is too dreadful to think of."

Several blue-jackets and marines attempted to find their way into the interior, but were obliged to come back without having made any discovery.

"I have it," cried Benbow, "my little black rascal Othello; he's a Salamander, nothing can hurt him. We'll send him in."

"Good," said Gayly, laughing somewhat sarcastically; "if you think your Salamander can accomplish anything, you'd better signal for him."

A blue-jacket who had acted as signalman soon let them know on board the Theodora what was wanted. So soon after Othello came on shore in the dingy.

"Golly, massa," he cried, rejoiced at being able to do a service. "I no hurt. De fire never lighted yet hot enough to burn Othello. But, sah! I not go into dat bush with my best cloves."

"No, certainly, Othello, it would really be a pity to spoil so splendid a suit."

Othello grinned from one of his big ears to the other, speedily commencing undressing, and when he had reduced himself to very scanty raiment indeed he received his orders and off he went to reconnoitre.

A very bold little chap was Othello, and quite a "curio" in the way of niggers. Ever since his arrival on board the Theodora—Benbow had brought him from Sierra Leone—he had been a favourite with every one.

The tailor had earned for himself undying fame as a tradesman by making Othello a suit of clothes that a duke's servant might have worn, had any duke's servant been small enough.

As for Othello, there certainly wasn't much of him. He was so small he could have gone to bed in the coal-scuttle, and so black that if you had opened the lid you wouldn't have seen him.

But he had created quite a sensation the first day he had entered the gun-room in those new clothes of his. It was just lunch-time.

"Ho! ho!" said Benbow, "the tailor has made your clothes then?"

"Yes, sah! and they fits like a glove, sah. Dat am de ver' remark de tailor make hissef, sah."

"Stand up on that chair till we see you. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Benbow, "what a caricature upon humanity! Why, my little Koh-i-noor, you're a regular black Jeames in miniature. Plush waistcoat, white tie, dress coat, knee breeches and all!"

"Come down, Othello, come down, sir."

"I'se a-goin' to be call Othello, now, sah?" asked the blameless Ethiopian; "all dat long name, sah?"

"Yes, my boy. What did they call you at St. Helena?"

"Dey never called me nuffin. Dey allers kicked me, sah!"

Off went Othello then, and Benbow grew very anxious indeed as a very long time seemed to elapse, and still there were no signs of his reappearance, for Benbow really had considerable regard for his black mite of a servant.

But Othello returned at last. He came out with a rush and a run; the only garment he wore was a white one before he entered; it was black enough now; and his hands and feet and face were torn, burned, and bleeding. His story was simple and satisfactory enough.

"In de middle ob de bush," he said, "der am one big, big clearing. All roun' he am, dis clearing. No fire der, 'cause no bush der to burn. And der all de bad white men sit down. Dey had plenty sword, plenty spear, and dey no make much bobbery, only one small palaver, only one little sing-song. All de same as dis, Massa Benbow."

Down on his knees on the coral sand went little Othello, with his face thrown forward and buried in his hands—the attitude of prayer used by the Arabs.

"Enough, my lad," said Benbow, kindly. "Get away on board again, I don't want anything to come over you."

"What does it mean?" said Quentin.

"It means," was Benbow's reply, "that those fellows are preparing for death, and will die with their swords in their hands."

"You're right, I believe, for once, Benbow," said Lieutenant Gayly.

"For once, yes, thank you."

And Benbow lifted his hat in mock courtesy to his superior officer.

It was getting on towards four bells in the afternoon watch, the men had dined on the beach, and both marines and blue-jackets were lying down beside their piled arms, laughing, joking, and talking as easily as they would have done on Southsea Common, when a wild shout was heard, and from the still smouldering jungle the foe leapt on them.

So quick was the onset that they had hardly time to form and fire a volley.

Then the fight went on hand to hand, a terrible *mêlée* with bayonets and clubbed muskets on the one side, with sword and spear on the other.

Gaspar Moravo and Eugenio, his lieutenant, were the first to fall. It seemed as though they actually courted death.

* * * *

Reader, as I wrote that last sentence my morning paper was laid on my study table, and pausing for a moment to open it (January 22nd, 1885), I read the account of the fierce engagement between General Stewart's troops and the wild hordes of the False Prophet at the wells of Abu Klea. I can see it all in imagination, that fearful struggle against overwhelming odds; for well I know the fanatic fury of the Arab tribesmen.

* * * *

Nay, I will not finish the description of the fight on the sands of Pretto between the Arab pirates and our men of the Theodora.

But—no prisoners were taken. And side by side with the foe were stretched more than one brave blue-jacket and marine. And a cross marks their graves on that lonely isle of the ocean.

The little rough-hewn cross, generally of wood, sometimes even of stone, and always with rudely-carved initials, where is it not to be seen? Far away north on the surf-tormented shores of Greenland, draped in a mantle of snow and fringed with icicles; far away south on the stern and rocky coasts of Del Fuego, or the Cape; westward among the isles of the Pacific, and eastward on the coral islands of the Indian Ocean, half hidden at times in a wealth of creeping greenery and wild flowers, but always visible.

How that little cross speaks to the heart sailors alone know.

(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By Ascott R. Hope,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—GETTING UP AGAIN.

DING-DONG went the dinner-bell along the deserted deck. Then the captain and I sat down alone, with a great joint apiece for each of us, and steaming dishes of vegetables and two or three puddings, all spread in vain, so far as the rest of the passengers were concerned. They seemed likely to make a bad bargain of their contract for victuals. It was dining under difficulties. The fiddles had been rigged out to keep our dishes and glasses in their places, but every now and then there would be quite a little storm among the gravy, and we had plenty of work in conveying the soup safely to our mouths, so that conversation flagged between us for a time; indeed, we hardly knew what to say to each other. The skipper still eyed me suspiciously, as if doubtful whether I were not only pretending to be at ease. By-and-by, however, taking note of my unmistakably hearty appetite, he grinned approval, and remarked that I ought to have been a sailor, by which I felt duly flattered, beginning to think not a little of myself as one superior to the common lot of landsmen. With the cheese he became still more confidential.

"Quiet enough now!" he chuckled, jerking his thumb towards the cabin-doors on either side of us, from which issued at intervals a subdued groan or other still more unmistakable sound of trouble. "They were carrying on finely last night, but I thought half a gale of wind would bring them up with a round turn. Lying under close-reefed canvas to-day; tails between their legs, eh?"

I grinned, having indeed some cause to agree with the skipper in his satisfaction.

"Never had such a set of passengers in my life! Why, even the Sunday excursionists aren't so bad—Jim and 'Arry, and the rest of 'em. Well, I'm glad I never went to school, if there's no more sense to be got there. My youngsters shall go to sea as soon as they can pull a

rope—that's where boys learn how to behave themselves!"

"Were you never at school, captain?" I ventured to ask.

"Not much, my lad; boys didn't waste their time in my day. I served aboard a Newcastle collier when I was twelve years old; and look at me now!"

There was no answering such an argument, even if I had been prepared to discuss theories of education. My own private opinion at that age was much the same as his, and it astonished me for once to find a grown-up person agreeing with me. But here our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Gooderidge standing half dressed by his cabin-door, clutching desperately at the handle to keep himself on his legs, as he gasped out, in lamentable accents,

"Captain! captain! is this wind not going to stop, please?"

"I hope not. Won't you come and have a bit of dinner?"

"*Oh!*" was Gooderidge's only reply.

"It's worse than wind I am afraid of."

"Worse!" echoed Gooderidge, dolefully, and sympathetic murmurs arose from other sufferers, who had overheard what was said.

"Fog! That's what we have to look out for if the wind drops. How would you like to lie off Ushant for a couple of days, rocking in the swell of the Atlantic, eh?"

The captain winked at me, cruel in his hour of triumph. Gooderidge opened his mouth once more, but at this moment there came a terrible heave and rattle of crockery, and he disappeared precipitately, like a perturbed spirit vanishing into the tomb at cockcrow.

After dinner there was not much to tempt me to remain below in that close, ill-smelling atmosphere of the cabin. Most of the fellows appeared to ask nothing but to be left alone; as for Gooderidge, he was quite speechless; so I went on deck and spent the rest of the day there, watching the foaming sea and the few vessels which could be seen trying to beat up against the wind or running gallantly before it. Towards evening the captain, coming down from the bridge in dripping oilskins, took me under his wing and became quite communicative. He showed me Alderney looming through the clouds, and the Casket rocks and other landmarks. We had tea together cosily in his cabin, and he talked to me a great deal about "Number twenty-nine," by which I found he meant a certain house at Stepney where his wife and children lived. That was how the rough skipper had a soft spot in his heart for youngsters like me. Then he advised me to shake myself down for the night in a snug little place beside the cabin hatchway, generally reserved for ladies. There I turned in with my clothes on, and slept like a top through all the heaving and pitching.

I was awakened by the sailors washing the decks, a very unnecessary proceeding, as appeared to me. Land appeared close at hand. We had passed Ushant, and were making our way by a group of low rocky islands, hardly noticeable except for the lighthouses that marked them, which the captain told me were called the "Saints," but ought to have a worse name for the trouble they gave to mariners. Here we rounded the corner of France, and came fairly into the Bay of Biscay, that, in spite of its evil repute, proved not so bad for us as the English Channel. The wind had gone to the north-west, blowing strong and sharp, but favourable to us now that we must run south. Some sail was set, which helped to steady the boat, and on we went with wind and steam, catching sight here and there of the rocky shores of Brittany on our left, then, later in the day, of Belleisle, and other islands off the French coast.

The great waves, chasing us now from behind, did not shake the vessel about so much as on the day before; still there was quite enough motion to keep the invalids from getting their sea-legs. A few of them ventured to crawl on deck for a little, shivering in the cold wind. Others might be seen faintly nibbling at a biscuit, but most of them continued prostrate. Gooderidge lay on his back all day, having reached that stage of sea-sickness in which he seemed neither to know nor care what happened to him, and for my part I was well satisfied that he did not recover too quickly. I had nothing to fear from any of them that day. No more mischief, no more chaff, no more singing; but if these woeful wights had found voice for song, their quavering chorus would have surely been—

"As we lay,
In the bay,
In the Bay of Biscay—*Oh-hh!*"

If it is so much misery to be sick in the first-class cabins of a passenger steamer, what, I have often asked myself, must have been the sufferings of our Peter Simples and Midshipman Easys in their gloomy cock-pit berths?

Thus the day passed away. After dark a light was seen from a boat close ahead, and we slackened speed.

"I hope this is one of the frog-eaters, to let me turn in and get a quiet night," quoth the captain.

We burned a blue light at the bows, there was a hail from the boat, the steamer stopped, and a man scrambled on board—my first Frenchman! He was the pilot for the bar of the Gironde, but he looked such a ferocious character, with his big cloak, his fur cap, and his scraggy beard, that I thought him much more like a pirate.

Now our voyage might be considered as almost at an end, and I went snugly to bed, full of pleasant expectations of seeing foreign parts. Gooderidge was, or pretended to be, asleep, and to-morrow I should be done with him—happy thought!

Next morning we found ourselves in the calm waters of the Gironde, with the low shores of La Belle France on either hand, not very enchanting, certainly, in this part; a somewhat monotonous scenery of flat fields and naked vineyards. But the wind had gone down, and the sun had come out to light up the spring green, and any land would have appeared beautiful to most of my pining fellow-passengers.

Up they came to enjoy the sunshine, very much subdued, no longer making any show of familiarity with the ocean. They had had enough of that for a time. The Eton boy was civil, the Bluecoat was silent, the army tutor's pupils had no heart to display their big pipes; the tourists addressed themselves to serious study of their guide-books; the French boys kept longing eyes fixed on the familiar shore. The acrobats crept up to sur themselves, looking more dishevelled and unshaven than ever, but had not an antic left in them to celebrate their approach to firm land.

And Gooderidge! All his bullying and bumptiousness had been washed out of him for the nonce. After his recent experiences he seemed quite meek, even evinced a certain surly thankfulness to me for the various attentions I had paid him in his hour of need. When he talked of making me fag for him, he had little thought how dependent he should be on my voluntary services; and indeed I can wish no worse fate to a tyrant than being badly sea-sick before the eyes of his victim.

This day, for the first time, we all sat down to dinner, and did ample justice to our last meal in good substantial British style. Foreign kickshaws must henceforth be our fare till again we should face the briny ordeal that lay between us and the roast beef of Old England. The boys were all on their best behaviour now. There was very little conversation among them, for they all attended strictly to the business of eating, having indeed to make up a long leeway, as the captain facetiously remarked, glancing round at the active knives and forks of his reunited party.

"Had enough playing pitch and toss, eh?" he asked them, more than once, with a chuckle and a wink to me. The skipper evidently "fancied himself" for his wit, and was not magnanimous enough to refrain from crowing a little over those fallen rebels.

It was slow work ascending the pea-soup-like flood of the Gironde. We had to wait for the tide, and to take two fresh pilots on board at different points, but at last, towards evening, we were safely moored at the quay of Bordeaux; and among the little mob of curious idlers, red-legged soldiers, blue-bloused workmen, turnip-headed children, and so forth, who had gathered to watch our disembarkation, I caught sight of my father looking out for me. I waved my hand, and he waved back, hurrying towards the gangway; and now, what need I care for all the Gooderidges in the world!

Then came a great confusion: porters gesticulating and shouting to secure a job; custom-house officers boarding the boat; luggage being dragged up from below and opened on deck for their inspection. In the middle of it Gooderidge accosted me with a slap on the back, in a tone that was meant to be friendly,

"Good-bye, you young Smout! Hope you will enjoy yourself in the holidays. See you again next term?"

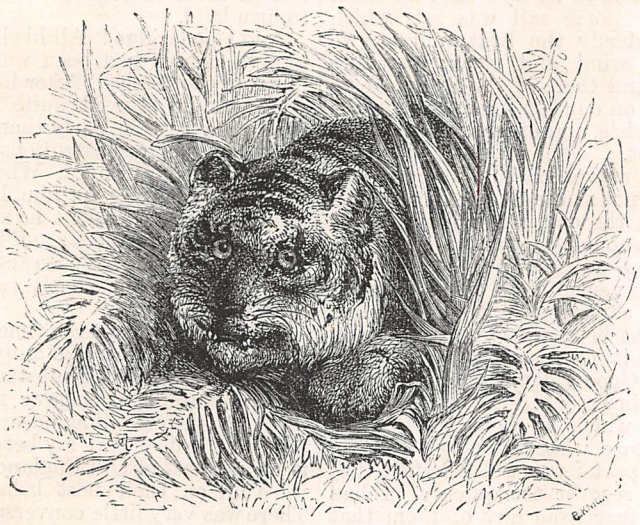
"Yes," replied I, not very enthusiastically.

I never saw him again. After the holidays, for some reason or other, he did not come back to school, and nobody that I know of was sorry; at least, I for one was certainly not so. But at this time I thought nothing more about him, for there was my father pushing his way across the deck, who could now protect me as surely as, during the voyage, old Father Neptune had paralysed the hand of a bully. *Oh, si sick omnes!*

(THE END.)

TIGER TALES;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A HOLIDAY.



"MISSED, I believe!" shouted Norman, as he began to reload. "Keep a good look-out at the end of the jungle, Mac."

Mac did so, for the animal was only in sight for a few tremendous leaps, and he did not think it worth while to fire. But nothing broke from the end.

At the first roar some of the beaters had scrambled into low trees, but most of them huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep; and in this form they were now led by old Rugonauth out of the jungle on the side opposite to the sportsmen, with the object of beating from the remote end and driving the tiger from the thick patch in which he had disappeared.

Advancing in a compact body, and not scattered as heretofore in parties or singly, they approached the place, throwing stones and an occasional rocket or flower-pot as skirmishers in front.

This was evidently not to the tiger's taste, for he slipped down a few feet of bank into the river, and partly in water, partly on the shingly shore, galloped back down the river side in a direction almost straight towards Mackenzie. Having a good command from his position on the bank, Mac let him come on; and, when within some thirty or forty yards, let drive. The bullet told, evidently behind, for the beast, pulling up in his headlong career, performed a regular waltz, partly rose on his hind legs, springing round several times as if to get at the wound, roaring with full tiger power during this gymnastic performance. But Mac's left barrel warned him of the propinquity of danger; so he abruptly reascended the bank and turned into the jungle, receiving right and left from Norman before he became concealed in the friendly cover.

The beaters were again withdrawn to the outside of the jungle, opposite to the place in which he was now supposed to be lying. A lucky and well-directed flower-pot stirred him up, however, and again he sneaked to the end; but this time quietly glided down the bank into the deep water, and commenced swimming directly across.

Once on the other side, the same as that on which the hunters were stationed, the dense jungle in their rear, which extended for miles, afforded a secure retreat. That attained, there would be small chance of recovering him, wounded though he was. The effort was a bold one, but it was not fated to be successful.

The distance was over a hundred yards, but Mac's deadly heavy rifle was quickly brought up, and, after a momentary steadying, growled forth its anathema. Swimming as the beast was, with only the head, line of back, and the tail visible, it was a good shot to strike it. But the aim was true. Rearing half out of the water, he pawed at the air, receiving from Norman also a well-planted bullet. Turning round, he gave up his intention of forcing the passage of the river, and again retreated to the dense cover of the bushes at the end of the jungle.

"Well done, Mac, old fellow; well shot!" Norman had shouted as the first bullet told; "just stopped him in time."

"Same to you," was the reply, as Norman followed suit; "that's another for his nob."

"He got it severely there," said Norman, as he joined his friend when the tiger disappeared. "I don't like allowing the men to go in again."

"I don't think there will be any danger, if they'll only stick together and shout from the end of the patch, and be liberal with the crackers and flower-pots. But let us hear what Rugonauth says. I see Hawkes has gone round to the other side too."

It was soon ascertained that the tiger was lying about a dozen yards from a small tree, in which one of the markers was standing, whitey-brown with funk; for although he had crept as high as the branches would bear him, he was not more than twelve feet from the ground.

"We can't get the marker to speak, Sahib," shouted Rugonauth, "but he is pointing towards the tiger; and on this side we can

The First Tiger—A Swimming Shot.

see the bushes moving where he is tearing them in pain." And in effect the two friends also saw from their place the tops of some of the larger jow bushes swaying to and fro.

After a brief colloquy it was determined that all three of the hunters should join on the other side; and, should the beast not prove amenable to all their persuasive efforts to rouse him, advance directly on the place of his retreat. But before performing this dangerous manœuvre, they decided to exhaust all possible means of inducing him to show.

It occurred to Norman that if the marker could be induced to get the brute to charge up to his tree, they might roll him over as he crossed an intervening open space. At any rate the man was safe, covered as he was by the three sportsmen then standing not more than twenty yards from him.

The man was appealed to in affecting terms by Rugonauth; but, shivering with fright, he steadily declined to hold any verbal communication whatsoever.

"He is ready to drop out of the tree with funk, Sahib," said the old shikaree; "there is no getting anything out of him, but I'll try and get him to break off a bit of branch and throw it towards the tiger, while you be prepared in case he gets up."

Sending the beaters to a distance, and standing shoulder to shoulder, the hunters advanced to the nearest spot attainable, at the same time covering the opening I have spoken of, and Rugonauth commenced exhorting the marker in the most moving and feeling manner. "Why, look here!" he said; "do you think you can be in any danger with these three tiger-slaying lords to defend you? What animal dare show itself before them without being made to eat their invincible bullets? Arree! wah! You are like a miserable crow in a tree. Find courage, you poor wretch, and then you will receive much honour and *baksheesh* for being the means of causing that infidel tiger to die."

Several of his fellow-villagers also chimed in from a distance, entreating him to do as desired.

Whether it was owing to the moving eloquence of Rugonauth, the exhortations of his brethren, or the magic name of "*baksheesh*," the wretched man did at last, hesitatingly, snap off a large twig and throw it at the tiger.

The brute immediately started up and made towards the tree; but ere he had covered half the intervening space three rifle bullets crashed into his body, and he rolled over into a dip in the ground, where the bushes concealed him.

"Is he dead?" was shouted to the marker; and that individual, plucking up spirit as he saw the dreaded beast lying prostrate before him, managed to find a husky voice, and answered that "he thought it was, though still gasping."

"I'll go and see, and make sure," Mackenzie said, "while you be ready here to cover me in case of need." Accordingly he went to the tree, climbed into it, fired a shot to make certain, and then proclaimed the tiger to be dead.

Not a bad opening for the holiday trip of the three officers from Jehangeerpore, whose adventures have been so graphically related by Captain Newall! His "Eastern Hunters" is one of the pleasantest of books dealing with jungle life in India, and from it we purpose quoting freely, more especially with regard to the shooting of tiger and other big game. But before entering on another incident we may as well appropriately finish the first day's work.

The tiger proved to be a splendid tigress, and loud was the chattering among the beaters as they gathered round and boasted of what each had done towards the result, the hero of the tree being prominent in telling with great volubility and much repetition the story of his danger and escape. After a short rest under a tree the ponies were sent for, and Mackenzie, Norman, and Hawkes cantered off to camp; but it was nearly sunset before they were joined by the beaters, who, in relays, staggered under the weight of the tigress, which had been tied by the legs to a long branch. Having deposited their burden with much grunting and rubbing of shoulders, they were, under the captain's orders, marshalled into line and then desired to sit down in a ring. This being accomplished, the captain, with a bag of money in his hand, thus addressed them:

"You have all done well. The other sahibs and myself are pleased. You shall always be fairly paid by myself or one of the other gentlemen, and have your day's pay without deduction. Keep that in mind. To-day I shall give you an extra half-day's pay; and so I will always do when we kill."

After a buzz of approval as the speech was translated by the shikaree out of the Hindustani in which it was spoken into the dialect of the district, and various ejaculations in which "Cherisher of the poor" was generally distinguishable, the money was paid and the ring broke up.

As the sun went down the three friends strolled down to the pool, and found they had not deceived themselves as to the delight afforded by a plunge after the hard day's work. A swim and roll about in the water invigorated them immensely, and they shortly sat down to dinner in a state of mind and body it is rarely given to the dyspeptic shunner of air and exercise or the contemner of energetic inuring sport to enjoy.

Before and during dinner the noise of many voices indicated where the process of skinning the dead tigress was being effected by the choomars (tanners), who had been summoned from a large village about three miles off. A spot had been selected for this purpose a little to the leeward of the camp, and to this, after dinner, the hunters betook themselves personally to superintend the stretching and pegging down of the skin.

The Camp.

When the hide is taken off, and the pieces of flesh and fat still adhering are carefully scraped away, it is pegged to the ground by means of a number of little wooden pegs, two or three inches long, driven through the skin at intervals, just within its outer edge, all round. This is done with the hairy side of the skin downwards, so that, after being well washed and scraped, the interior may dry from the exposure, and thus the hide retain, without shrinking, the dimensions it has been stretched to. It therefore follows that a skin is somewhat longer in measurement than the animal who at one time actually wore it.

Cheroot in mouth, and lolling in their chairs in loose undress, the hunters sat and superintended, smoking and chatting over the incidents of the day, in the pleasant light of a young tropical moon. The hum of many insects was around, seeming to pervade the air. Bats fluttered to and fro, and fireflies glittered in the shady nooks about the pool.

A hungry impatient family or two of jackals set up their clamorous demands for supper, having already scented death on the still air. And more than once the ghost-like form of one more daring than the rest would approach, only, however, to glide away, followed by a stone or stick from one of the village watchmen or other detector of the intruder. An owl, flitting about, hooted its low wailing notes, like some ubiquitous demon; and all listened as, once or twice, the distant roar, or rather grunt, of a tiger came borne on the gentle night air. The hot sirocco wind, which had blown strongly during the day, had given place to one, not cool certainly, but now in comparison fresh, gentle, and balmy, though even yet puffs came laden with the furnace heat of the parched and desiccated soil. Occasionally a thump would be heard, causing a general rush and scramble among some of the followers, as a ripe mango fell to earth.

(To be continued.)

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By Theodore Wood,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(Continued from page 671.)

If you can get a Dragonet, do so by all means, if only for the sake of its singular appearance. It is by no means an uncommon fish, but seldom visits the shore, and prefers to remain near the bottom of the sea beyond low-water mark. When young, however, it is rather more venturesome, and is occasionally found in the nets of professional shrimpers, who invariably discard it in company with other "rubbish" of a similar character. If you are on good terms with one of these gentry, you ought to have no difficulty in supplying yourself with as many examples as you want.

There are few of our British fishes more striking in aspect than the dragonet, or "sculpin" as it is often called, whose dorsal fin is exceedingly narrow, and is prolonged to such a degree that it reaches as far as the base of the tail. This curious fin is boldly arched, and is in itself quite sufficient to point out the identity of its owner. Nor is the fish lacking in beauty, for its scales glitter at every movement as though set with gems, for which the golden ground-colour of the body affords a kind of setting. Only the adult male, however, is thus gorgeously clad, his gentle spouse and the young of both sexes being very dingy creatures in comparison.

If you are lucky enough to obtain a dragonet, you may feed him upon small molluscs and marine worms. He will not require very many, and you must be very careful to remove those which he does not devour before the water becomes tainted by their dead bodies.

Flat-fish are interesting creatures, and may often be caught by the aid of the hands alone. If you wade into the water at a spot where the sand is mingled with a little mud, you will often feel the fish wriggling away from beneath your bare feet. Wait until your foot is firmly placed upon one of these, stoop quickly down, grasp it firmly with your hands, and transfer it to your bottle before it can contrive to make its escape.

It is best to put a little sand in the vessel containing these fish, as they are very fond of lying motionless at the bottom of the water, and will be sadly disconcerted if they have nothing but metal or glass upon which to rest. It is also advisable to isolate them as far as possible, for they are gifted with tolerably large appetites, and will almost certainly prey upon their fellow-captives if you give them the opportunity.

Another animal that is well worth keeping, even at the expense of a little trouble, is the well-known Cuttle-fish, or Squid, which is plentiful enough upon most parts of our coast. This is also one of those beings for which solitary confinement is advisable, for it is decidedly a creature of prey, and is not averse even to a meal upon its own species.

You may sometimes find the eggs of the cuttle-fish, looking not unlike a bunch of purple grapes, and can frequently hatch out the young animals by keeping them in water for a short time. It is well worth while doing so, if you have the chance, for then you can watch the entire life-history, and make yourself acquainted with the habits of the animals during every stage of their growth.

Notice especially the manner in which they swim. You will very likely find it somewhat difficult to do so at first, for they seem to propel themselves through the water without any visible means, and to move to and fro merely by the exercise of their will alone. If you can manage to startle one, however, as he is resting at the bottom of the vessel, you will notice that the sand in front of him is disturbed as he darts away, just as if the contents of a small syringe had been discharged along it. And this, in fact, is exactly what has taken place. By examining the body of the animal you will discover that it is furnished with a small tube called the "siphon," which is connected with the breathing organs, and through which water is continually passing. By forcibly ejecting the contents of this tube the animal is of course driven backwards, for the water which is expelled acts on that around it, and jerks the creature for some little distance, just as the gases rushing from the interior of a sky-rocket drive the case into the air by their action upon the surrounding atmosphere. This is the entire secret, and by the exercise of a little care and patience you may easily see it in operation for yourself.

There is another habit for which most of the cuttles are famous, and that of a rather peculiar character. If one of these animals be alarmed in any way, the water around it suddenly becomes as dense as ink, without any apparent reason. The fact is that the little creature is furnished with a reservoir containing a supply of a thick black fluid, which can be ejected at will, and darkens the water with which it mixes so thoroughly that the cuttle-fish is concealed for a moment or two from the sight of its foe, and so has time to make its escape. It is from this singular fluid that the colour known as "sepia" is manufactured.

Still another point of interest we may find in the arms, or "tentacles," of the cuttle-fish. These, it will be found, are studded with a number of small but powerful sucker-like organs, each composed of a kind of fleshy cup, and provided with a piston, so to speak, which can be worked to and fro at will. It will thus be seen that, when the disc of one of these suckers is placed against the body of the victim, and the piston withdrawn, a vacuum is formed, and the prisoner held securely until it is carried to the mouth and devoured.

Sea-anemones, which of course must be represented in every aquarium, capture their prey in a somewhat similar manner. Their long wavy tentacles are not furnished with suckers, it is true, but nevertheless possess weapons even more deadly, in the shape of multitudes of envenomed darts, which can be shot forth when their owner has need of their services. Each of these darts, when not in use, lies coiled away like a piece of watchspring in a tiny cell, so small, indeed, that a tolerably powerful microscope is needed in order to distinguish it. But woe betide the shrimp or even the small fish that comes into contact with one of the tentacles! As if by magic, it is arrested in its course, its struggles grow fainter and fainter, and before very long it disappears into the stomach of the anemone, the poisoned darts having done their work and slain their victim almost before it was fairly seized. So powerful are these thread-like weapons, indeed, that they can make their influence felt even by the human finger, and will raise painful blisters upon the hand which touches them if the skin be at all sensitive.

In transferring anemones from the rocks upon which they are resting, force must never be employed, for they are delicate creatures, and may be fatally injured if not treated with the utmost care. By far the best plan is to chip off the fragment to which they are attached by means of a chisel, and to place them in the aquarium without attempting to remove them from their hold. They will not require food very often, and will eat scraps of raw meat if living victims cannot be obtained.

Crabs, as a general rule, are unsatisfactory creatures to keep in confinement, for their appetites are so insatiable that they will devour all their fellow-captives in the course of a day or two, and, moreover, they require far more space than can generally be allotted to them. There are one or two of the molluscs, also, which *must* be excluded, such as the common Dog Winkle, which has a bad habit of attacking his shell-bearing relatives, perforating their shells by means of his "tooth-ribbon," and extracting their bodies piecemeal through the aperture. Another of the whelk tribe—namely, the Sting Winkle—which may be known by its peculiarly corrugated shell, is equally destructive, and must be sentenced to solitary confinement if it is kept at all.

Two or three examples of the common Periwinkle should find place in each vessel, however, for they will prove invaluable in keeping the sides free of the vegetable growth which is so apt to overspread them. These may generally be procured in multitudes by searching the rocks at low water. Other molluscs you will probably find in company with them, and may admit by far the greater proportion to your aquarium without any fears as to possible consequences. As a general rule, however, it is as well to select the smaller specimens only, and to pass the larger by.

Shrimps you will want, of course, for they are most interesting creatures to watch, and may be obtained without the smallest difficulty. Notice, if you can, the peculiar manner in which they swim, jerking the broad fan-like tail sharply towards the head by a sudden contraction of the body, and so driving themselves *backwards* through the water. Lobsters, by the way, swim in precisely the same manner, and dart along with wonderful speed and precision. Get one or two Prawns, also, if possible, for the sake of their beauty, if for no other reason, and feed them upon the dead bodies of small shrimps, sand-hoppers, etc., or upon tiny morsels of raw meat.

By carefully searching the rock-pools near low-water mark you will most likely come upon a number of Sea-urchins, each with its array of bristly spines. Take two or three of these by all means, for, although they are

somewhat sluggish in their movements, they are nevertheless most interesting creatures, and are worth a little trouble, if only to see the singular manner in which they travel along. By way of food you can supply them with very small molluscs, etc., and they will also eat fragments of vegetable matter.

Star-fish, if kept at all, must be doomed to solitary confinement, for, inoffensive though they may appear, they are terribly voracious creatures, and are sure before long to devour most of the other occupants of the tank. Even oysters are not safe from them, in spite of their almost impregnable habitations, as many a fisherman can testify to his cost. The star-fish cannot get the oyster into his stomach, it is true, but there is another plan which is almost equally simple, and that is to put his stomach round the oyster. This, accordingly, he does, first turning it out of his mouth in order to render his task more easy of accomplishment. Probably by means of some irritant liquid, the oyster is then induced slightly to open his shells, the stomach is inserted between them, and the body of the mollusc wrapped in its folds. Digestion takes place at leisure, and, finally, the star-fish, having first turned himself inside out, reverses the process and turns himself outside in, whereupon he is in perfect readiness for another meal of a similar character. This statement reads rather like a story from the adventures of Baron Munchausen, but it is none the less a fact, and one which the owner of an aquarium may verify for himself without any very great difficulty.

The Sea-mouse, which is far more like a bristle-clad slug than anything else, is also a dangerous creature to introduce into society, and must always be placed in a vessel by itself. In spite of its mud-dwelling proclivities, it is a wonderfully beautiful creature, its spines, when thoroughly cleansed from the dirt which invariably clings to them, glistening with all the colours of the rainbow, which change and intermingle as the light plays over the bristles in a manner which must be seen to be appreciated.

Lastly, we come to the Jelly-fish, and these, although many of them are of singular beauty, are beings which can scarcely be recommended as inmates of the aquarium. It is not that they are unduly voracious, or that they give any particular trouble, but merely that they refuse to live in confinement, and are perfectly sure to die before they have been prisoners for many days. These, therefore, you had better let alone, or, if you specially desire to keep them, you must be always on the watch to remove their dead bodies when the inevitable result ensues.

In conclusion, let me once more urge you not to be discouraged by a few failures. You cannot expect to become an adept without first gaining a little experience, either in aquarium-keeping or in any other pursuit, and until this experience has been acquired a few mistakes must be regarded as inevitable. Each error, however, will teach you a lesson, and before very long you will find that your difficulties clear away as if by magic, and that your tanks are stocked with healthy and interesting captives, in watching whose habits you may find an unfailing source of interest and amusement.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

IV.—DHOW-CATCHING.

To England belongs the honour of having given the death-blow to that nefarious traffic the slave trade. For although it is not entirely dead, slaves are no longer imported by civilised nations, and the small trade that is still carried on by water is almost entirely confined to the East Coast of Africa and the Persian Gulf.

No longer is the "saucy schooner" or the "rakish-looking brig" employed in carrying away the unfortunate negro condemned to a life of labour and servitude; they are dreams of the past, and the business is now carried on in native vessels, which are termed dhows.

An average dhow is about the size of a large fishing smack, the planks of which it is composed being sewn together with cocoanut fibre instead of being fastened with nails. They carry large triangular sails, and make very good weather at sea in spite of their awkward appearance.

But their interior economy is the most wonderful, for although the space is so limited, they manage to carry a wonderful number of slaves, as many as two hundred and fifty having been captured in one dhow.

The way in which they succeed in economising their space is as follows. They make the slaves sit down all round on the lower flooring of the vessel, with their backs to the side and facing inwards. Then about two inches above their heads is fixed a plank which runs all round the dhow, and on which are seated another layer of prisoners; and finally in the largest dhows there is sometimes a third plank containing a third lot of these human sardines. A plank runs down the centre, on which a man walks up and down armed with a bamboo in order to maintain discipline, and from this plank the poor wretches receive their allowance of rice and water, upon which they are fed during the voyage.

Of course the passage is generally short, but as the slaves are never allowed to move, the reader may imagine—for it is impossible to describe—the state of dirt and filth they are usually in when captured by our cruisers or their boats.

In order to instigate the commanders and crews of our men-of-war to greater efforts, and also reward them for the extra work and danger that the service entails, prize money is paid for every slaver captured.

We believe that it can be claimed either by "tonnage" or "head money"—*i.e.*, if the vessel is a large one, but only scantily filled with slaves, the capturer may claim to receive the five pounds a ton; if, on the contrary, it is a small dhow crammed with slaves, they may claim the three pounds per head for the slaves captured.

This is divided according to classes, from the admiral of the station down to a ship's boy, the former receiving a thirtieth part of the whole sum, and the latter getting one share of the remainder.

The greater number of dhows are caught by ships' boats, the boats being armed and provisioned for a fortnight's or three weeks' cruise, and a rendezvous having been appointed, they are dropped close to the coast and allowed to hunt for themselves.

This permits of examining bays, creeks, the mouths of rivers, etc., which would be impossible for a large ship to do, besides which the knowledge of a man-of-war being in the neighbourhood would keep the slavers quiet, while they would probably not be aware of the vicinity of a boat.

Lately steam launches have been much used for the suppression of the slave trade, but when we were in the service they were only curiosities, and were not in general use even at home, much less abroad.

Nevertheless we managed to get along pretty well without them, as the following short account of a cruise in which we participated nearly twenty years ago will testify.

For some days previously the lieutenant who was going in charge of the boat had been superintending the preparations necessary for our safety and comfort.

When a boat is detached from the ship in the manner we have mentioned, she is supplied with a stove, an arm-chest, containing cartridges, rifles, and revolvers, and a small gun which is mounted in the bows.

In addition to this she carries biscuit, meat, water, etc., sufficient to last for the time she is going to be away.

The ship was hove-to after breakfast one morning, just in sight of the coast, and the launch was hoisted out. The arms and provisions were placed in her, and then her crew took their places. "Shove off" was the order, then we hoisted the lugs and stood in for the shore.

The lieutenant had been on the station before, and knew all about boat-cruising, and as he was a cheerful agreeable fellow the time passed away pleasantly enough relating anecdotes of bygone dhow-catching.

It was a lazy time, however, for there was but little to do beyond sleeping, eating, and looking out for the dhow, which it seemed to us never would appear. We had been hugging the coast for about a week, running a little way up every creek and river, and hunting bays and behind points, so that it was impossible for anything larger than a walnut-shell to have escaped us.

We had been at anchor all night, and breakfast was just over as we rounded a high projecting headland, and at length beheld the sight for which we had been straining our eyes so long.

A large dhow lay at anchor within a hundred yards of the shore, and from her depth of water it was easy to see that she was well laden with *something*. In five minutes every one was armed and eager for the fray.

As we neared the dhow we looked in vain for anybody on board, she appeared to be entirely deserted.

The lieutenant ordered a Krooman who could speak a little of the language to hail her, and he did so three times but without any response.

"This is very funny," remarked the lieutenant; "there must be somebody on board. I hardly like it."

Hardly were the words out of his lips when suddenly about a dozen heads appeared in different quarters, and the next moment we received the contents of their firearms.

Fortunately they were old-fashioned weapons and did not carry particularly accurately, for we were so close that every shot might have told. As it was we had only one man wounded. Another minute and we were alongside.

"Follow me, lads!" cried the lieutenant. "We'll pay the cowardly scoundrels out in their own coin."

But they did not give us much opportunity for that. They struck about half a dozen blows, and then, as though with one consent, turned tail and sprang overboard, swimming to the shore.

As soon as we recovered our breath we inspected the prize and found that she contained one hundred and twenty slaves.

They had evidently not been long on board, most likely only just received, and were all well and healthy.

Weighing anchor we made sail and steered for Zanzibar—our rendezvous—where we arrived ten days later with our cargo all in good health.

The ship was there waiting for us, and the dhow was speedily condemned, the slaves removed on to our upper deck, and we sailed for Seychelles Island. On our arrival there we landed our passengers, each of whom received a portion of ground with a hut, food, and seeds for planting; and last, but not least, they were instructed in the truths of Christianity.

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

XIII.—WORM FISHING FOR TROUT.

The last style of fishing for trout is termed "swimming the worm," and though if it be practised in coloured or flood water it ranks in the opinions of true sportsmen with the poacher's arts, yet if practised in the low clear streams of summer it requires almost as much finesse as the fly, and indeed in manipulation requires a somewhat similar method. The worm fisherman always should cast the worm as he would the fly, and not let it float down stream from him.

The rod to be preferred for worm fishing is one some ten feet or so long and made with rather a stiffer top than that of the fly-rod. The spinning rod will serve admirably if you provide yourself with a rather more pliant top joint, for in casting you are to be very careful not to break or injure the worm in any way. The winch and line may be the same as that used for the fly-rod, but it need not be added that the bottom tackle is altogether different.

Fig. 15 roughly indicates the tackle known as Stewart's, and consists, as will be seen, of three hooks tied one below the other on fine gut. The worm is looped on this, and so as it comes down the stream forms an almost irresistible lure. The only drawback to the tackle consists in the facts that it easily entangles in weeds and other obstructions, and that when the fish are feeding rapidly so much time is wasted in taking the hooks out of the mouths of those you catch. Taking

Fig. 15.

this into consideration, it has latterly been my practice to use only the single-hook tackle represented in Fig. 16 with a bristle tied at the end of the shank so that when the worm is threaded it cannot slip down. If the former three-hook tackle is most attractive, I am certain that the time saved renders the one-hook arrangement quite as deadly, besides also not allowing the worm to break so readily when the cast is being made. Fig. 16 shows it.

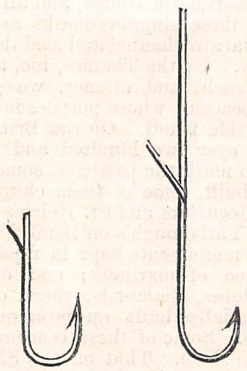


Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

There is a device recently adopted in the making of hooks which obviates this bristle. The hook itself is slit in the shank (Fig. 17), and, of course, it is impossible for the bait to slip. If this slip of wire does not weaken the original shank from which it was cut in the making, it promises to be a very useful little adjunct. Not having tried it, I am quite unable to say how this is.

The worm itself next claims our attention, and here I must indulge in a few remarks on the natural history of this useful bait. Of course, every one knows the big garden lob-worm. Well, there are two sorts of this particular worm—namely, the worm with a yellow band near its head, and the dew-worm, as it is termed, without this marking. The latter I look upon as only the miniature form of the other, and, perhaps from its superior beauty—it is a pearly pink with a bright line of scarlet down the middle from head to tail—it is also called the "maiden" lob. Well, that is the one you must use, and not the banded worm. Then there is the brandling. This is a lively yellow-banded worm with a yellow tip to its tail, and is usually found in rotten heaps of tan or manure. It is pretty enough, but, faugh! there is an indescribably nasty odour about it when handled. Nevertheless, it is a very attractive bait. Then there is the cockspur or gilt-tail, which is perhaps the prettiest in colour of all, found in rotten manure also. This is often found to be the best of all the worms for trout. Another class of worm is found under old cow droppings. I do not mean the cow-dung bob, though that is often very useful, but a reddish-brown earthworm with a darkish head. Finally there is the larva of the beetle, *tenebrio moliter*, which is found in old flour mills. This is best kept in bran or flour, and will keep a very long time.

The earthworms, however, require a much different treatment to render them fit for the hook. Some clean moss should be procured and damped and squeezed close between the hands, and the worms strewn over it so that they crawl in, which they will speedily do. This scouring process renders them more transparent and tougher, so that when you are fishing they do not come off so readily or break. If you previously put them in bran for an hour or two they may be prepared more readily. When they are to be taken out fishing be careful to let there be plenty of damp moss, or in the sunshine you will speedily find they become almost baked. There is to be procured at the tackle-maker's a specially made tin to hold your worms (Fig. 18), which is remarkably handy. Of course, it is not indispensable, but being inexpensive it doubtless would be found to outset its cost by its convenience. A strap passes through the bands A A, and is drawn tight to the side.

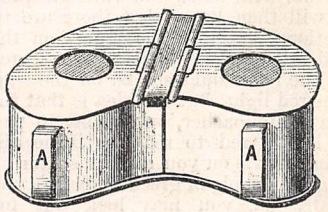


Fig. 18.

(To be continued.)

OUR BUOYS.

THE buoy at Spithead is said by the poet to be engaged to the bell off Ryde Pier; and the bell on the Inchcape Rock, placed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, and the buoy at the Nore, "The rolling Nore, the stormy Nore, where the waves go tumbling o'er and o'er," have also been immortalised in song. But no one, as far as we are aware, has yet told us how all the other buoys and bells started in life, and what is the object of their ceaseless work. The buoy's occupation is no child's play, and as there are about a thousand of them continually making themselves conspicuous, heaving and ducking and bobbing round Britain, it is only reasonable that many of their namesakes, excepting "u," are anxious to have some account of their origin and profession.

Buoys are of many varieties—plain, belted, striped, and chequered; nun buoys, can buoys, cylinder buoys, drum buoys, spar buoys, mast buoys, cask buoys, convex buoys, conical buoys, spiral buoys, spherical buoys; in fact, they are almost of all colours, patterns, and sizes, varying from four feet long to twenty feet, and bearing almost every figure in applied geometry. And all of them are of very serious import to the mariner. In the old days a buoy was any old barrel, tub, or spar that was handy, but now he has to be specially built for the purpose, and built as carefully as a passenger steamer. For the buoy has a rough time of it, and as he is one of the few correct guides to coastal navigation, it is most important that he should stick to his post as long as possible. He is built in watertight compartments, so that if one side is stove in he can still float; and he is weighted, like the newest ironclads, with water ballast, so that he can ride properly and keep his head out of water. To prevent him straying from his beat he is anchored to a flat sinker, or cup-shaped anchor, and the iron chain that holds him is just three times as long as the vertical depth of the water in which he floats, so that his constant jerking and tumbling may not snap its links and set him free. For a very roving customer is a British buoy when he has broken loose; and when our buoys manage to escape from their monotonous sentry-go, started by a collision probably, they swim off on a long cruise, some to make a tour up Norway, others to look in at Denmark, others to visit Belgium, France, and the Continent in general, a few to get into the Baltic, and here and there one to steer boldly north, get gripped in an ice-floe and ride to and from the Pole. Our buoys are all twin brethren, and every one afloat has his counterpart ashore waiting to take his place; built like him of riveted three-eighths iron, shaped and painted like him, and identical in every particular, so as to be able at any moment to do duty for the runaway.

Wherever there is a harbour, or a shoal, or channel, there is the buoy to mark it, and from the shape and colour of the buoy the direction of the fairway can be made out. Unfortunately we have not yet got all our harbours marked on the same system, but much has been done towards proper organisation in the matter; and not so very long ago a representative congress met under the presidency of the Master of Trinity House, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and drew up the following uniform system of buoyage for the education and regulation of the buoys of the future.

Having cleared the ground by defining the starboard side to be that on the right hand of the mariner as he sails with the stream of the flood tide or enters a harbour or estuary, this code proceeds to define a conical buoy as a "buoy showing the pointed top of a cone above water," a can buoy as a "buoy showing a flat top above water," a spherical buoy as one "showing a domed top above water," a pillar buoy as one "with a tall central structure on a broad base," and a spar buoy as one only showing a mast. And then it lays down that all conical buoys shall be to starboard, and all can buoys to port; that spherical buoys shall mark the ends of middle grounds; and pillar buoys, bell buoys, gas buoys, automatic sounding buoys, *et hoc genus omne*, shall be placed to mark special positions. Further, it enjoins that starboard buoys shall always be painted in one colour only, while port buoys "shall be painted of another characteristic colour, either single or parti-colour;" that spherical buoys at the ends of middle grounds shall always be distinguished by horizontal stripes of white colour; that surmounting beacons shall always be painted of one dark colour; that staff and globe shall only be used on starboard-hand buoys, staff and cage on port-hand, diamonds at the outer ends of middle grounds, and triangles at the inner ends, and that buoys for moorings may be of any shape or colour, but that those used for submarine cables should be green, and lettered "Telegraph." Wreck buoys are also dealt with. They are always to be painted green, just as a vessel marking a wreck is painted green; and if the vessel is employed she is to have three balls aloft on a yard, one of the balls to be towards the wreck and two away from it, so as to give a sort of vane to show where the obstruction lies; and this yard, like the corresponding lights at night, is to be twenty feet above sea level.

In the good time coming all our harbours and channels will be buoyed on this method, but at present the various local authorities round the coast have not seen their way to adopt the new system, and their own peculiar arrangements, known only to their own pilots, are in many cases still retained. One very common system of buoyage is that wherein colour plays a conspicuous part. If in entering a harbour you find that the buoys are not of the can and conical shape, so as to agree with the recommendations already alluded to, but that one of them is red and another black, and another red and black, and so on, you may safely conclude that the following is the system. The red buoys are all on the starboard side of the channel, and the black buoys are all to port. When you come up with a red and black in horizontal stripes you may be sure you are in the centre of a narrow channel, and that the nearer you pass the buoy the safer you will be. Should

the red and black be in vertical stripes, a different state of affairs altogether prevails, and it is most important that you should remember this once for all: horizontal always means something different from vertical—in other words, a level differs entirely from an upright, for an upright means shallowness, while a level means depth. A red and black vertically striped buoy, then, marks the end of a reef or spit with a channel on both sides of it, and you can give him a wide berth to right or left. Sometimes, instead of stripes, you will meet with chequers, and come across a buoy all painted over with red and black squares like a chess-board. Avoid him! He is a delusion and a snare, bobbing about on the top of a dangerous solitary rock or obstruction, and set there to warn you to heed him not but pass by on the other side.

All chess-board buoys are objectionable, so never seek a close acquaintance with them. Sometimes you will light upon a pair of them, one with red and white chequers, the other with black and white chequers, and you will then know that there are two obstructions, and that the red is on the starboard side of the channel. It is a great pity that the red should not be on the same side as the red light, but the idea is that the buoy is an "approacher," and that to pass him you keep "red to red" as if he also was coming down on you at full steam. When you get a couple of green buoys, as you occasionally do, you may look out for your figures, for the buoys show a wreck, and the even number is on the starboard side and the odd number is to port.

Always look out for the name on the buoy, and check it with your chart so as to be sure of your bearings. And at night keep your ears open for the bells. We have not yet reached the point which requires that all buoys round our coasts should be lighted with the electric light, and luminous paint fails at long distances, so that we have to trust to compressed gas such as is used in Pintsch buoys, one of which keeps alight for six months, after being started at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. But as soon as the pressure is equal only to that of the air, out goes the light and the night warning ceases. Hence if the Pintsches were generally used there is a risk of their subsiding into darkness, and the only safe course after all is to give ear to sound as well as doing your best with your eyes.

Sound buoys are of two kinds, bells and whistles. A bell buoy shakes about like a dumpy figure in unstable equilibrium with a cage on its base instead of a man. In the centre of the cage is fixed a bell, and round it on the outside ring are hinged the four clappers, so that at every heave of the wave the one on the highest side will fall on the bell and give the sound. In a curiously irregular manner this harsh clangour breaks on the ear at night. It seems to take every pains to prevent its being the "rhythmical sound" we always hear it called. Nothing more unrhythmical can be well conceived than the bang! ching! clang! clang! cluck! boong! ching! of a bell buoy on a lively night.

But bad as is the irregular clang of the bell, it is as nothing compared to the ghastly squeak of the Yankee whistle, which we are confidently told is to be the sound signal of the future. This "screamer of the seas" is a buoy a dozen feet in diameter, with a thirty-three-inch tube run down its centre. This tube is thirty-two feet long, and extends to some twenty feet or so beneath the water level, so as to reach to the depths where the waters are still and the waves cease from troubling. In the top of the tube is a whistle, and just beneath it is an arrangement of valves. As the waves rise and fall the buoy moves with them. As they go up the valves of the tube open and in rushes the air; as they descend the valves close, the air in the tube is compressed, and the whistle gives a wailing squeal like the cry of an expiring porker. Anything more melancholy than the cry of the Courtenay it is difficult to conceive; the mermaids' dying scream must have been music itself to it. Once you have heard it you will begin to hope, as we do, that in these days of the advance of science the sea whistle, by some arrangement similar to that of our own never-to-be-forgotten "mechanical penny whistle," may be some day induced to substitute for its squeal some lively popular tune.

These noisy buoys are danger-signals like the beacons on land. Mysterious things are beacons at high water, but at low water their purpose becomes clearer. Take Lymington Harbour, for instance. What a strange array of trees, sticks, and baskets the waters seem dotted with when the tide is in; but when the ebb has run its course, and all the mud is visible, these singular marks are seen to show the narrow channel and lead the steamer into safety. Up the Thames, too, at the end of each reach, and oftener, we get some singular beacons, whose purpose is best seen when the tide is out. On the British coasts there are over two hundred and fifty such beacons to mark the passages, some of them specially built, some of them church towers like the Reculvers and St. Helen's; obelisks like Lord Yarborough's on Bembridge Down, and other monuments kept in repair for the convenience of mariners; and others triangles, globes, diamonds, rings, ovals, and crates specially built on prominences and headlands. Some of these beacons are fixed away from shore. That on the Shingles off Margate is a thirty-inch tube which was lowered on to the sand, and then the men went inside it and dug out the sand until it gradually settled down. When it had sunk far enough another length was screwed on, and so the work was continued until a steady foundation was reached. In conclusion we may note the wonderful beacons at Ayr on the Clyde, at Grangemouth on the Forth, and at Stornoway on Lewis, from which the light streams out at night. A highly ingenious arrangement is that of this light. It looks as though it came from a lamp in the beacon. Nothing of the sort! In the beacon is a mirror, and round the mirror are a set of prisms; a beam of light is kept playing on the mirror from the lighthouse on shore, and this, split up by the prisms, gives the beacon light a "borrowed light that lights the fisher home."

(THE END.)

ENTOMOLOGY AT THE SEASIDE.

By the Author of

"Beetles, and Where to Find Them," "An Evening at the Sallows," etc.

(*Continued from page 672.*)

The beetle-collector at the seaside is perhaps even more fortunate than the lepidopterist, for he will experience almost the delight of working in a new and unknown country, so different are the maritime coleoptera from those found inland. Whether he searches the shore itself, or the cliff, or the fields, or even the roads, he is sure to come across something worth having at almost every step, and his captures upon his first expedition or two will probably be so numerous that setting them will be found an utter impossibility. In order to meet with success, however, it is necessary to set to work in the right way, or many profitable localities will be passed by, and others more or less neglected. Let us therefore briefly describe the several methods of seaside collecting, as far as beetles are concerned, in order that opportunities may not be lost by the young collector owing to his lack of special knowledge.

Beginning with the shore itself, Seaweed is very productive, especially that which lies above high-water mark, and is sufficiently fresh not to have become half buried in the sand. Shake this, a handful at a time, into the sweep-net, or over a large sheet of paper, or even a stretch of level sand, and you will probably be surprised at the result. If the weed you have hit upon is a productive one, beetles, flies, earwigs, etc., will come tumbling out in such abundance that you will find it scarcely possible to examine them all, and one pair of hands will seem quite unequal to the task of bottling those which you require. The most attractive weed to beetles is generally that which is lying at the very base of the cliffs, but this is by no means an invariable rule. Even that to be found in layers, mixed with shingle, etc., *below* high-water mark is well worth working, for many beetles are found nowhere else.

Turn every stone you meet with, and examine its under surface as well as the sand beneath. Sometimes you may find a loose heap of large pebbles at the top of the cliffs, and will probably be surprised to find how little they yield in the way of captures. Do not be disheartened, however, but scatter them loosely about in the grass, taking care that they do not lie more than two or three inches from one another. Next day come again, before the sun is high, turn them once more, and look, not on the ground upon which they have been resting, but upon their lower surfaces, and you will be astonished at the number of visitors. Some stones will have twelve or thirteen insects clinging to them, by far the greater number being beetles, which have there sought refuge from the unwelcome daylight, and some of which very few collectors would care to pass by. Only last year, at Bognor, I was fortunate enough to take in this way three specimens of one of our very rarest beetles, which scarcely any one had ever met with in England before.

If you can find a dead bird, or other small creature, you will almost certainly discover some of the shore-loving carrion beetles hard at work beneath him. Take him up by his tail, hold him over the sweep-net, and give him a sharp tap or two with a stick. This will have the effect of bringing out those which were feasting inside him, and which you would otherwise have been unable to capture. If he was lying upon the sand, turn up the ground just beneath him. Many beetles retreat into their burrows at the first sound of an advancing footstep, and these, if you do not dig them out, you will never get at all.

Sand-hills are always very productive. If the weather is suitable, the grasses and other plants growing upon them often swarm with beetles, among them some of the best of our British species. Sweeping in such places, however, is seldom of much use, for the herbage is so thick and stiff that most of the in-

sects resting upon it are jerked off long before the net comes near them. A far better plan is to violently shake the leaves, etc., covering a small patch of ground, and then to carefully examine the soil beneath, when the fallen beetles may be picked up without trouble. If you can pull up some of the weeds bodily, and shake the roots over paper, do so by all means. Numbers of beetles take refuge in such situations during the day, and others reside there altogether. There is a certain weevil, for instance, which you will only find at the roots of the Yellow-horned Poppy, another at those of the Kidney Vetch, or Lady's Fingers, a third at those of the Stork's-bill, and so on. If you care for bugs, you will find many specimens in like situations.

When the sun is hot, and there is little or no wind, large numbers of beetles may be found climbing the cliffs, or sunning themselves upon large stones and lumps of chalk. Any little hollow or depression in the sand should also be carefully examined, for insects of various kinds are pretty sure to tumble into it by dozens, and to find great difficulty in scaling its loose and yielding sides. When beetles are plentiful, indeed, it is quite worth while digging out a shallow trench or two for the express purpose of capturing these wandering specimens.

Leaving the shore itself, a great deal is to be done upon the cliffs, or in the neighbourhood of the sea, both with the sweep-net and otherwise. Flowers in bloom should be carefully examined first, and swept afterwards. There is a rather scarce blue weevil, for instance—yclept *Baris abrotani*—which has a trick of burrowing into the blossoms of the wild mignonette, and if he is not dislodged before the net is used you will hardly be able to take him without destroying the flowers. Umbelliferous plants, such as hemlock, etc., are always very productive, and the interior of the net, after a few minutes' work, presents a scene of an especially lively character. Take care how you examine your captures. Many of the leaping *Chrysomelidæ*, near relations of the destructive Turnip-flea, are sure to be present, and if you are not very cautious will be out and away before you can even recognise their species. The best plan of capturing these active little gentry is to give the contents of the net a slight shake before examining them. This will have the effect of bewildering the beetles for a moment or two, and if you are quick you will be able to bottle them before they recover their senses.

Many good beetles are to be taken in the sandy hollows which are often found near the sea. Some of the cocktails belonging to the genus *Bledius*, for example, are frequently common in such situations, and may be found burrowing into the sand, or crawling leisurely upon the ground. There are also certain small, narrow, and highly-polished ground-beetles (*Dyschirii*) which feed upon these burrowers, and follow them into their tunnels just as a ferret follows a rat. These, of course, you must look out for in the same places and at the same time.

(To be continued.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

AS regards the POULTRY RUN, all we said in last month's DOINGS with respect to the care and cleanliness of the run to prevent disease is applicable for this month of August. We generally have two kinds of weather in August, however, for during the first or middle part of the month the heat is often extreme; and towards the end rain, storms, and generally unsettled weather often set in. The middle of the month, therefore, will not be too soon to see after autumn repairs. And if limewashing be deemed necessary that also should be set about.

Continue to weed out the birds it will not pay to keep; fatten and kill, or send off to market. Your fowl-run, if you have been sitting many birds from the beginning of the season, will now contain some of all sorts and sizes. The young are very apt to be snubbed and starved by the bigger and older; be careful, therefore, to see that all get enough to eat.

The older birds will be moulting. If your run is well seen to they will need little attention, except a good allowance of generous diet. But if you see any one moping take it in hand at once. Put the ailing bird in a place by itself where it will be very warm and comfortable. Feed it at first as it was fed in the run; if it still continues to ail give warm, soft food, and a dust of cayenne in it. Feed often, too, and put an iron nail or two in the water. A little butcher's meat, such as boiled lights, helps to hasten the moult. Some give two or three grains of quinine in a bolus. This is hardly needed unless the weather is cold, which it will not be for some time. A dose of castor-oil—it is to be had in capsules, and is very easily administered—helps to hasten the moult. It may be given to valuable birds about once a week. Do not forget green food. If the birds have no grass run it is essential to their health that they be supplied with this necessity of healthful life.

If you have birds that you intend to show, do not forget our previous instructions. Keep them by themselves, for any fighting or scrambling is very likely to spoil the plumage. They should be kept well sheltered, etc., and they will do far better if the soil on which they run is clean and dry gravel. There is little else to be done this month. Ducks may be hatched whenever you have the chance.

Turkeys, we believe, are seldom kept by any of our young readers; but, nevertheless, those who are ambitious might do far worse than attempt the breeding of them. They will not do well, however, unless they have a good large range, and the housing must be dry and warm.

Spratts' food is handy to feed young ones on, but they should have in addition a mixture of egg and chopped chives. More about turkeys another day.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Read over the DOINGS of July and June. It will be time shortly to separate the birds and allow no more matchmaking, else you will succeed well only in one thing, viz., in weakening your stock. Continue to feed well, and beware of getting your loft overcrowded. It is highly dangerous. Weed out, therefore, and go in for pigeon-pies if you do not succeed in selling the birds so weeded out.

Look out for cases of illness. If you find any birds going light take them in hand at once, else you will not have the slightest chance of saving them. Put the bird away in a place by itself, namely, in your hospital pen; scatter the floor of it plentifully with old mortar and gravel. Put a dish of salt-cat in a corner. This should always find a place in the hospital pen. If there be running at the bowels your sheet-anchor will be laudanum, about three drops thrice a day in a little water. Do not forget that laudanum is poison. Feed on oatmeal and milk, cramming the bird; but take care not to overdo it. Give also about ten to fifteen drops of cod-liver-oil twice a day.

We shall treat of cold and canker next month.

THE AVIARY.—Put away breeding-cages now; you may have already done so as advised in last month's DOINGS. The principal work for the month will consist in the usual attention to the comfort of the birds, regularity in feeding, and supplying the fountains with clean water, etc., tidying up and putting away all breeding paraphernalia, thoroughly cleaning out the breeding-room, and attending to cases of moult. If the cages have stood upon shelves, these latter must be carefully scoured. It will be well if, before turning your birds into their flight-cages, you thoroughly clean these. Vermin in birds is much more easily prevented than banished after they once get a footing, and no bird can be healthy where they exist. We trust that many of our boys have been moderately successful this year in their breeding attempts. They may have bred some that are quite fit to keep all winter with a view of breeding from next season. Well, let them not forget that success depends much upon the constitution of the birds, and they are very often neglected from this time forward till springtime. Be extra careful with them during moult. They then need to have more warmth; the cages should be covered over all night and partially during the day, the water always fresh, and the food more nutritious than usual, not forgetting the cayenne, if you mean to go in for K. N. breeding for colour. Give also an allowance of green food.

THE RABBITRY.—Get rid of all extra stock. Overcrowding the rabbitry is a fruitful cause of disease. Continue to feed well. Let your eye tell you whether you are doing right by your bunnies or not. A healthful rabbit is merry, clean, sleek, and moderately fat.

Mange in rabbits is by no means an uncommon disease where they have been neglected. It is recognised by a general scurfiness of the skin, and scabbiness, with falling off of the hair. The hair should be cut off entirely over inflamed parts, and an ointment composed of oil and brimstone rubbed well in. Some use glycerine and sulphur. At all events, whichever is used, the rabbit must be kept away from the others, and well fed. Meanwhile, alter your management of the others. Clean and wash the hutches out thoroughly one by one, and let the last water contain carbolic acid in the proportion of a wineglassful to a gallon. Dry them well before you put in the dry bedding. Then you may restore the inmates. Mange is infectious in that it is caused by a parasite. Sore hocks will form a subject to be noticed in our next month's DOINGS.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Hedgehogs may be captured now if one is wanted as a pet. They get very tame, but we would not advise their being kept in constant confinement. Let them have the run of the yard. We have known them often get quite as tame as cats. They sleep a good deal during the day, but are lively enough in the evening, and often keep awake all night. They are fond of bread-and-milk, but beetles, garden-worms, etc., are their food in the wild state, and should be partially so when tame. They are very amusing.

THE KENNEL.—Just a word about washing dogs. Do not do so too often; if you brush your favourite every day, once in a fortnight will be often enough to wash, and once a month in cold weather. Remember the water must be lukewarm, and the soap the mildest and best procurable. We use Field's Samphire soap. It keeps the gloss on the hair. Always wash the soap out of the coat, and rinse down with cold water, then dry thoroughly, give the dog at once a little food, and take him out for a run to make the blood circulate and prevent his catching cold.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Keep celery earthed up. Plant cabbages. Plant out endive as soon as fit. Sow lettuces. Store onions. Sow spinach and turnips. Keep down weeds. Water if needed. Make mushroom beds.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Tie up all flowers that trail and look untidy. Cut off withered blooms. Gather flower-seeds; dry and store in a bag, which may be labelled and hung up. Sow silene, forget-me-nots, Canterbury bells, etc. Continue to bud roses.

THE WINDOW GARDEN. — Read DOINGS for last month. Transplant blooming flowers from the garden, and do everything to keep up a show. Take away all dead leaves from the plants and from the boxes as they fall.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

III. — Fretwork and Carving Competition.

IN announcing this competition subject we wrote, it may be remembered (see p. 15), as follows:—

"So great was the interest shown in our previous Fretwork Competition, that we have determined to give further Prizes in connection with the subject. We now therefore offer *Three Prizes*, of *Two Guineas*, *One Guinea and a Half*, and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best blotting-case or blotting-pad cover. The size, wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own choice, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators. The cover may be entirely fretwork, or carving—whether sunk or in relief—may be combined with it."

We have now much pleasure in publishing our Award:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (*ages up to* 14).

In this Division three competitors run each other so closely with some admirable specimens of work that we have been led to increase the first prize by half-a-guinea, and divide it amongst them. We have also given a smaller additional prize.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

BENJAMIN LEAFE (aged 13), 18, Post House Wynd, Darlington.

HERBERT G. NORRIS (aged 13), 32, High Street, Notting Hill Gate.

WILLIAM HALLIDAY (aged 13), 4, Northampton Terrace, Harrow, N.W.

Prize—5s.

GEORGE SPEYER (aged 12), 48, Sterndale Road, West Kensington Park, W.

Certificates.

WM. C. SIMPSON, Clyde View, Partick, Glasgow.

GEORGE ELLIOTT, Newland, Sherborne, Dorset.

WALTER A. DENSHAM, Wareham, Dorset.

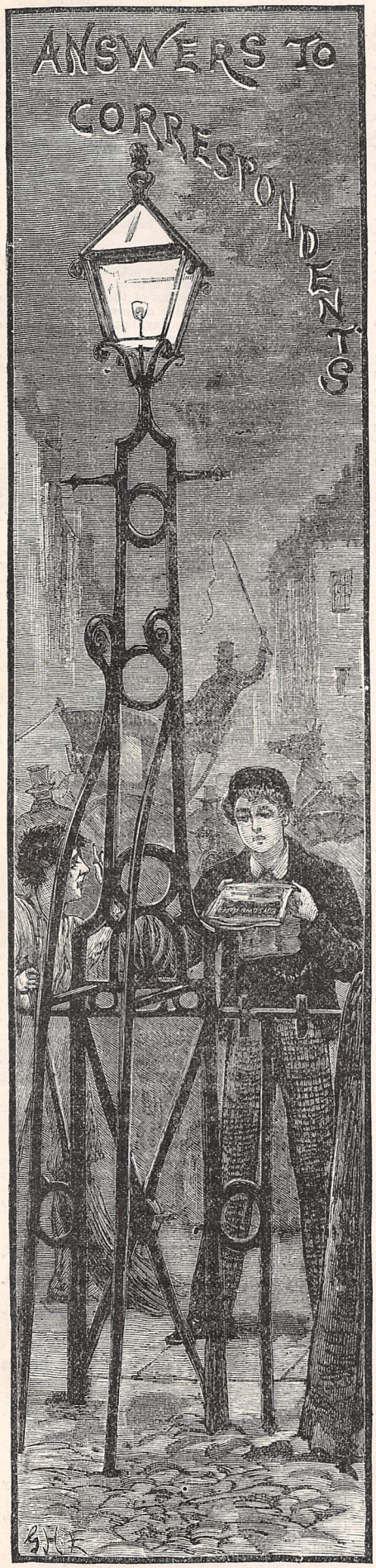
A. E. HALLIDAY, 4, Northampton Terrace, Harrow.

CHAS. E. SPEAIGHT, 13, Granville Road, Finsbury Park.

HERBERT H. SMITH, care of Mrs. Wayling, Lord Street, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

FRANK LENEY, Buckland House, Dover.

GEORGE HORNE, The College, Inverness, N.B.



PATIENT LEARNER.—1. You will do no good unless you have a certificate from the Science and Art Department, and to get that you must attend the classes. There is no opening for outsiders. 2. The plates are given with the parts.

A COLLECTOR.—1. It is currently reported that a cuckoo lays its own eggs, but we cannot personally vouch for the fact. We are content to take the statement on trust. 2. Why not try the experiment? It is not usual to hard-boil a bird's egg before you blow it, but we live and learn, and you might solve what to others may seem an impossibility. If you *do* succeed in blowing a hard-boiled egg we shall be glad to hear full particulars as to how you managed it!

LILY.—You can estimate the cost of a boat at about a sovereign per foot over all. You could get a good angling outfit for a sovereign from almost any London maker.

NEWCOMER.—The diagram of a cutter's sails and rigging was in the second volume, not the fifth.

IGNORANCE.—"Ulto" is an abbreviation for "ultimo," and means the last month. "Curt" is an abbreviation for "current," and means the present month. "Inst." is an abbreviation for "instant," and also means the present month.

J. WILLIAMS.—The pressure in the binding has caused the plates to stick. You can get them apart by ironing the backs of the pages with a warm iron.

A. RUMSEY (Oporto).—1. The bicycle is faster than the tricycle, and better times have been made on it. 2. The Coventry Machinists' Company, 15, Holborn Viaduct.

H. A. F.—The makers of the Kangaroo safety bicycle are Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper, of 14, Holborn Viaduct.

BRITON.—For a list of athletic clubs apply to Gray, of Leadenhall Street.

M. ADLER.—There is no such word as "roundation." The word in Isaiah xlviii. 13 is "foundation," and you must have got hold of a copy with a battered f, as misprints in the Bible are not now probable.

T. F. S.—The best time to start for India or Ceylon is in December. Try "The Coffee Planter in Ceylon," by Sabonnadiere, published by Stanford; or "Tropical Agriculture," by P. L. Simmonds, published by Spon.

TENNISUN.—For the singlehanded game the court is twenty-seven feet in width and seventy-eight feet in length. The height of the net is three feet in the centre and three feet six inches at the posts, which stand three feet outside the court on each side. The service lines are twenty-one feet from the net. For the three and four-handed games the court is thirty-six feet wide, and the service side lines are four feet six inches from the side lines of the court. See our series of illustrated articles on Lawn Tennis in the fourth volume.

F. C. G.—1. Try Professor Coleman's "Cattle of Great Britain," and "Sheep and Pigs of Great Britain," costing eighteen shillings each, and published at 346, Strand. 2. To clean a sponge give it a good rinsing in Condy's Fluid.

M. Y. L.—If you can use a camera so deftly why draw the plans? All you have to do is to put a foot rule along the deck of the boat and photograph it. Photograph the boat all round, and in every photograph let the rule be introduced, so as to afford a scale. Remember that the rule must be at the same distance from the lens as the boat.

C. R.—To clean copper use soft soap and rottenstone, made into a stiff paste with water, and dissolved in a water bath. Rub on the mixture with a woollen rag, and finish off with rottenstone and dry whiting.

DOVEKEEPER.—Your feeding will do. Give rice and small grey peas also. The wounds are probably well by this time, if not use a little vaseline.

G. W. V.—Don't attempt to make dog-biscuit. You can buy them cheaper. If a small dog, a suet dumpling, or dumpling made of fatty scraps and flour, is a great treat, and very nourishing.

J. BEVERLEY.—Like almost all those who send us birds' eggs to identify, you selected a box of the most fragile description, and packed it, moreover, without the least consideration for the energetic proceedings of the post-office officials. The natural result followed, and your eggs reached us in a condition of almost impalpable powder.

EGG COLLECTOR.—It is very difficult, and often impossible, to name birds' eggs from drawings. Of the six sketches you send us, the first is that of the egg of the robin. No. 2 belongs to the greenfinch; No. 3 to the thrush; No. 4 to the whitethroat; No. 5 probably to the yellowhammer; and No. 6 possibly to the sparrow. The colouring of the last two is rather peculiar.

NELLIE.—We cannot suggest any improvement on your treatment of doves, except in the feeding. You must give small peas and barley rice, and grains of that size. Give hemp but seldom, and plenty of clean water.

H. B. K.—The places of the outriggers in a boat depend upon the seats, and the places of the seats depend upon the weight of the crew. The crew should be in the centre, with the seats so placed as to keep the boat on an even keel, and the distance between the seats should be such as to allow full working space for the oars inboard. Do not scatter your men; do not cramp your men.

HALSTEAD.—1. To preserve flowers in shape and colour do as follows: Get a vessel with a movable cover. Fit to the top a bit of metallic gauze and replace the cover. Pass through a sieve into an iron pot sand enough to fill this vessel, and heat it with half per cent. of stearine, carefully stirring. Put the flowers on this gauze, and, removing the bottom of the vessel, pour in the sand to cover them. Place on the top of the oven for forty-eight hours. Then remove the cover and let the sand run away from the flowers through the gauze. It is altogether a pretty experiment. 2. Use plenty of absorbent paper and a good weight on top. But the paper must be frequently changed.

D. L. C.—Certainly. No doctor would pass a boy into the Royal Navy whose teeth were not perfect.

S. P. L.—1. About sixpence to a shilling. 2. Vegetable food.

C. A. O.—Best disinfectant for fowls is fresh air and cleanliness. But you may use Sanitas, or carbolic acid, in places where the food does not lie.

AVIS.—A little sulphur in neck of bird, camphor in the cage, and perfect cleanliness.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Eat but very little bread. No pudding, potatoes, or starchy food, and no sugar. Take plenty of exercise. Save your pocket-money and buy a bicycle or tricycle.

E. C., M. C. L.—The poem is "In the Signal Box," by Mr. George R. Sims. We gave it in the Christmas Number for 1884.

DIDO.—1. The chief water-colour makers are Winsor and Newton, of Rathbone Place; Reeves and Sons, of Cheapside; and Rowney, of Oxford Street; and your best plan would be to refer to our articles on Water-Colour Painting, and get a tin box with the colours therein named. Colours in pans, cakes, and tubes are sold separately, and you can get the prices from the catalogues of the colourmen. 2. Engraving on steel has almost died out, and engraving on wood is being seriously menaced by the various processes.

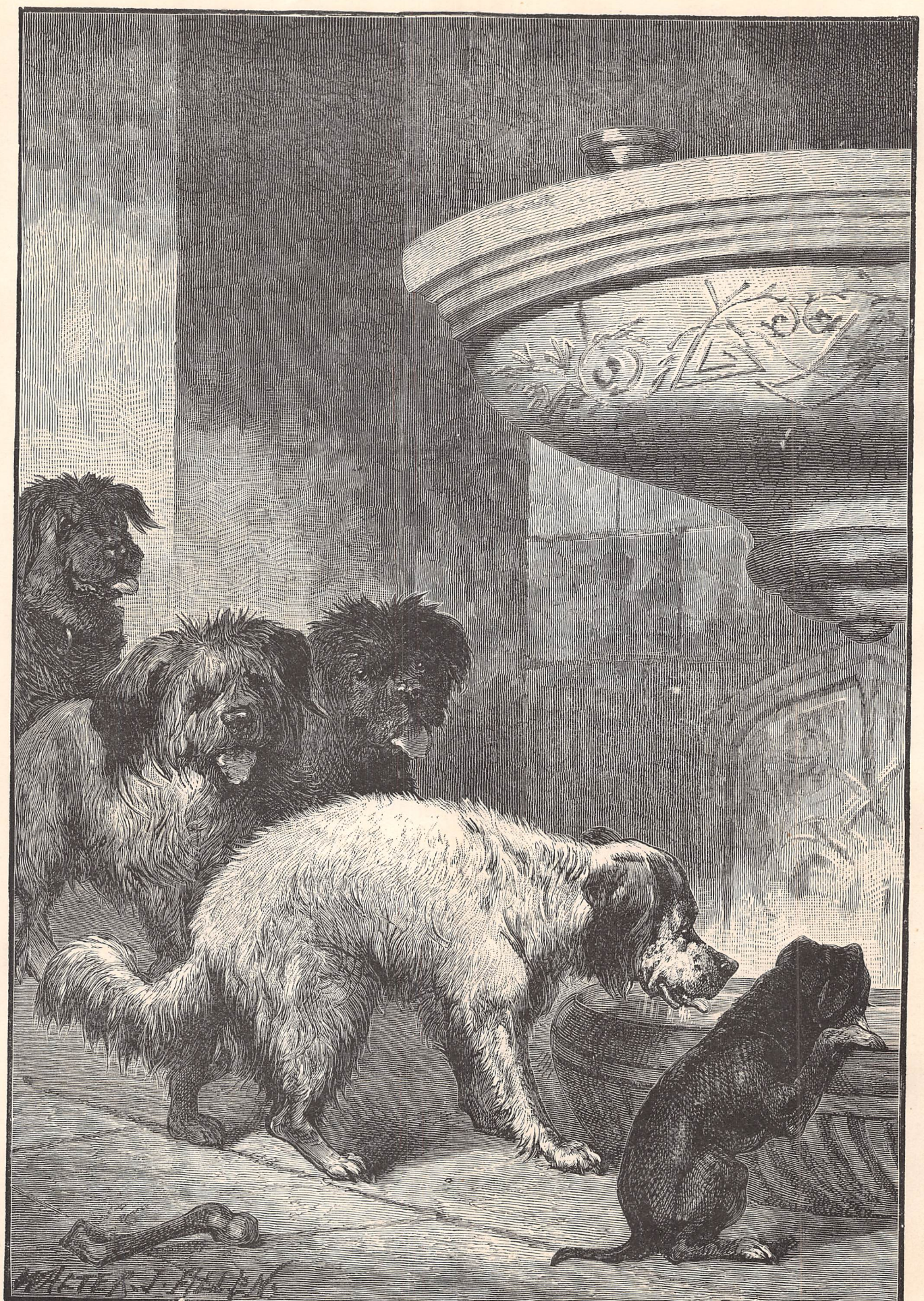
R. M. H.—You can only get the first volume complete in volume form. Some of the parts are now out of print.

OSWESTRIAN.—In the September part for 1883 we gave an article on making pantagraphs. Refer to it.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Contributions received up to June* 29.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward.. ..	82	4	1½
June 18.—Collected by R. C. Curtis (Dawlish)	0	7	6
June 19.—Erotostratus (Canada)	0	4	0
June 20.—Collected by C. Butcher (Ilfracombe)	1	12	6
June 22.—Collected by M. Pizzey, 3s. 6d.; City of London School (supplementary), 5s. 6d.; Rusticus, 2s. 6d.; R. A. C. Daunt (Bournemouth), 3s.; Hugh Stanley Gordon (Penrith), 2s.; Edith Constance Gordon (Penrith), 2s. 6d.; Collected by Ben. J. E. Wright, £1 16s. 6d.	2	15	6
June 23.—Collected by Herbert Mann, £2; E. K. P., F. C. P., and G. S. P. (Bitterne), 4s.; A Soldier's Six Children, 4s. 6d.; Collected by Francis H. Jordan, 12s. ..	3	0	6
June 24.—Constance E. Treasure (Shrewsbury), 1s.; H. (a thankoffering), 10s. 6d.; Collected by John Edwards, 16s.	1	7	6
June 25.—Collected by H. Cox (Taunton), 6s.; Collected by George R. J. Bryant, 6d.; Collected by George A. H. Ashby, £1 11s 9d.; Collected by Lovat Gordon Stables (Twyford), 11s.	2	9	3
June 26.—W. B. S. (Wallington), 2s.; Euling (Kingstown), 4d.; E. W. T., 1s.; Mrs. Wm. Sale (Derby), £5 5s.	5	8	4
June 27.—R. F. H. Grosvenor (Hull), 1s.; Collected from the Boys of the Cathedral School, St. David's, by the Rev. W. Matthews, 5s. 9d.	0	6	9
June 29.—W. S. O. (Plymouth), 1s. 6d.; From Eastbourne College, through the Rev. Thompson Todmore, offertory and especial donation, £3 3s. 5d.; Collected by F. G. Dorey (Devonport), 17s. 6d.; Collected by W. C. Anderson, jun. (Brechin), 2s.; Collected from the boys of All Saints' School, Bloxham, by J. G. McLannahan, £2 0s. 9d.; Colin McLeod, 1s.	6	6	2
Carried forward	£106	2	1½



"FIRST COME FIRST SERVED."

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper," by Walter J. Allen.)

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 342.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

"My eye, gov'nor, we'll let 'em 'ave it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—POVERTY AND LOVE BOTH COME IN AT THE DOOR.

We left Reginald in a somewhat comfortable frame of mind after his interview with the pleasant clergyman and the stroke of business he had transacted on behalf of the Corporation. It had been refreshing to him to converse in terms of peace with any fellow-mortal; and the ready satisfaction of this visitor with the method of business adopted by the Com-

pany went far to dispel the uneasy impressions which Mrs. Wrigley's visit had left earlier in the day.

After all, he felt that he was yet on probation. When Christmas came, and he was able to discuss matters personally with the directors, he had no doubt his position would be improved. He flattered himself they might think he was useful enough to be worth while keeping; and in that case of course he would have a right to ask to be put on rather more comfortable a footing than he possessed at present, and to be entrusted with a certain amount of control over the business of the Corporation. He would also be able mildly to suggest that it would be more convenient to him to receive his salary monthly than quarterly, so as to enable him not only to live respectably himself, as became their secretary, but also to give regular help to his mother at home. As it was, with a beggarly 13s. a week to live on, he was little better than a common—

Office-boy, he would have said to himself, but at that particular moment the door opened, and the very individual whom his thoughts connected with the words appeared before him.

It was the very last apparition Reginald could have looked for. He had given up all idea of seeing the young desperado any more.

Though he could not exactly say "Poverty had come in at the door and Love had flown out of the window"—for the young gentleman had departed by the door—he yet had made up his mind that Cupid had taken to himself wings and flown away, with no intention of ever returning to the scene of his late struggle.

But a glance at the starved, emaciated figure before him explained very simply the mystery of this strange apparition. The boy's hands and lips were blue with cold, and his cheek-bones seemed almost to protrude through his pallid, grimy cheeks. He looked, in fact, what he was, the picture of misery, and he had no need of any other eloquence to open the heart of his late "governor."

"Say, what's yer name," he said, in a hollow imitation of his old voice, "beg yer pardon, gov'nor—won't do it no more if yer overlook it this time."

"Come in out of the cold and warm yourself by the fire," said Reginald, poking it up to a blaze.

The boy obeyed, half timidly. He seemed to be not quite sure whether Reginald was luring him in to his own destruction. But at any rate the sight of the fire roused him to heroism, and, reckless of all consequences, he walked in.

"Don't do nothink to me this time, gov'nor," whimpered he, as he got within arm's length; "let us off, do you hear? this time."

"Poor boy," said Reginald, kindly, putting a stool for him close beside the fire; "I'm not going to do anything but warm you. Sit down, and don't be afraid."

The boy dropped almost exhausted on the stool, and gazed in a sort of rapture into the fire. Then, looking up at Reginald, he said,

"Beg your pardon, gov'nor,—ain't got a crust of bread you don't want, are yer?"

The hint was quite enough to send Reginald flying to his little "larder."

The boy devoured the bread set before him with a fierceness that looked as if he had scarcely touched food since he had gone away. He made clear decks of all Reginald had in the place; and then, slipping off the stool, curled himself up on the floor before the fire like a dog, and dropped off into a heavy sleep.

Reginald took the opportunity to make a hurried excursion to the nearest provision shop to lay in what store his little means would allow. He might have spared himself the trouble of locking the door behind him, though, for on his return the boy had never stirred.

The little sleeper lay there all night, until, in fact, the coals could hold out no longer, and the fire went out. Then Reginald woke him and carried him off to his own bed, where he dropped off into another long sleep which lasted till midday. After partaking of the meal his benefactor had ready for him on waking, he seemed more like himself, and disposed to make himself useful.

"Ain't got no envellups to lick, then?" said he, looking round the deserted room.

"No, there's nothing to do here just now," said Reginald.

The boy looked a little disappointed, but said, presently,

"Want any errands fetched, gov'nor?"

"No, not now. I've got all I want in for the present."

"Like yer winders cleaned?"

"Not much use with this frost on them," said Reginald.

Thwarted thus on every hand, the boy asked no more questions, but took upon himself to go round the office and dust it as well as he could with the ragged tail of his coat. It was evidently his way of saying "Thank you," and he seemed more easy in his mind when it was done.

He stopped once in the middle of his task as he caught Reginald's eyes fixed half curiously, half pityingly upon him.

"Say—gov'nor, I ain't going to read no more books; do ye hear?"

There was something quite pathetic in the tones in which this declaration of renunciation was made. It was evidently a supreme effort of repentance, and Reginald felt almost uncomfortable as he heard it.

"That there Noogate Calendar made a rare flare-up, didn't it, gov'nor?" continued Love, looking wistfully towards the grate, if perchance any stray leaves should have escaped the conflagration.

"Not such a flare-up as you did," said Reginald, laughing. "Never mind, we'll try and get something nicer to read."

"No fear! Never no more. I ain't agoin' to read nothink again, I tell yer," said the boy, quite warmly.

And for fear of wavering in his resolution he went round the room once more, rubbing up the cheap furniture till it shone, and ending with polishing up the very hearth that had served as the sacrificial altar to his beloved Newgate Calendar only a few days before.

There was little or no work to be done during the day. A few letters had come by the morning's post, angrily complaining of the delay in delivering the promised goods. To these Reginald had replied in the usual form, leaving to Love the privilege of "licking them up." He also wrote to Mr. Medlock, enclosing the two pounds the pleasant clergyman had left the day before, and once more urging that gentleman to come down to Liverpool.

He went out, happily unconscious of the fact that a detective dogged every step he took, to post these letters himself, and at the same time to lay in a day's provisions for two. It was with something like a qualm that he saw his last half-sovereign broken over this purchase. With nine shillings left in his pocket, and twelve days yet to Christmas, it was as clear as daylight that things were rapidly approaching a crisis. It was almost a relief to feel it.

On his way back to the office he passed a secondhand bookstall. He had lingered in front of it many times before now, turning over the leaves of this and that odd volume, and picking up the scraps of amusement and information which are always to be found in such an occupation. To-day, however, he overhauled the contents of the trays with rather more curiosity than usual; not because he expected to find a pearl of great price among the dust and dog's ears of the "threepenny" tray. Reginald was the last person in the world to consider himself a child of fortune in that respect.

No! he had Master Love on his mind, and the memory of that blazing Newgate Calendar on his conscience, and, even at the cost of a further reduction of his vanishing income, he determined not to return provided with food for Love's body only, but also for Love's mind.

Accordingly he selected two very shabby and tattered volumes from the "threepenny" tray—one a fragment of "Robinson Crusoe," the other Part I. of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and, with these in his pocket and the eatables in his hands, he returned to his charge as proud as a general who has just relieved a starving garrison.

After the frugal supper the books were triumphantly produced, but Master Love, still mindful of his recent tribulations, regarded them shyly at first, as another possible bait to his own undoing; but presently curiosity, and the sight of a wonderful picture of Giant Despair, overcame his scruples, and he held out his hand eagerly.

It was amusing to watch the critical look on his face as he took a preliminary glance through the pages of the two books. Reginald was half sorry he had not produced them one at a time; but it being too late now to recall either, he awaited with no little excitement the decision of the young connoisseur upon them. Apparently Love found considerable traces of what he would call "jam" in both. The picture of Crusoe coming upon the footprint in the sand, and that of the great battle between Christian and Apollyon, seemed to gather into themselves the final claims of the two rivals, and for a few moments victory trembled in the balance. At last he shut up "Robinson Crusoe" and stuffed it in his pocket.

"Say, what's yer name," said he, looking up and laying his finger on the battle scene; "which of them two does for t'other?"

"The one in the armour," said Reginald.

"Thought so—t'other one's a flat to fight with that there long flagpole. Soon as 'e's chucked it away 'e's a dead'un. Say, what did they do with 'is dead body? No use a 'idin' of it. If I was 'im I'd a cut 'is throat, and left the razor in 'is 'and, and they'd a brought it in soosan-

side. Bless you, coroner's juries is reg'lar flats at findin' out them sort o' things."

"Suppose you read what it says," said Reginald, hardly able to restrain a laugh; "if you like you can read it aloud; I'd like to hear it again myself."

The boy agreed, and that evening the two queerly assorted friends sat side by side in the dim candlelight, going over the wonderful story of the Pilgrim. Reginald judiciously steered the course through the most thrilling parts of the narrative, carefully avoiding whatever might have seemed to the boy dull or digressive.

Love stopped in his reading frequently to discuss the merits of the story and deliver himself of his opinion as to what he would have done under similar circumstances. He would have made short work with the lions chained by the roadside; he would have taken a bull's-eye lantern through the dark valley; and as for the river at the end, he couldn't understand anybody coming to grief there. Why, at Victoria Park last Whit Monday he had swum three-quarters of a mile himself!

In vain Reginald pointed out that Christian had had his armour on. The young critic would not allow this as an excuse, and brought up cases of gentlemen of his acquaintance who had swum incredible distances in their clothes and boots.

But the story that delighted him most was that of the man who hacked his way into the palace. This was an adventure after his own heart. He read it over and over again, and was unsparing in his admiration of the hero, whom he compared for prowess with "Will Warspite the Pirate," and "Dick Turpin," and even his late favourite "Tim Tiger-skin." His interest in him was indeed so great that he allowed Reginald in a few simple words to say what it meant, and to explain how we could all, if we went the right way about it, do as great things as he did.

"Why you, youngster, when you made up your mind you wouldn't read any more of those bad books, you knocked over one of your enemies."

"Did I, though? how far in did I get?"

"You got over the doorstep, anyhow; but you've got plenty more to knock over before you get right into the place. So have I."

"My eye, gov'nor," cried the boy, his grimy face lighting up with an excited flush, "we'll let 'em 'ave it!"

They read and discussed and argued far into the night; and when at last Reginald gave the order to go to bed, there were no two friends more devoted than the Secretary of the Select Agency Corporation and his office boy.

Love's sleep that night was like the sleep of a pugilistic terrier, who in his dreams encounters and overcomes even deep-mouthed mastiffs and colossal St. Bernards. He sniffed and snorted defiance as he lay, and his brow was damp with the sweat of battle, and his lips curled with the smile of victory. As soon as he awoke his hand sought the pocket where the wonderful book lay; and even as he tidied up the office and prepared the gov'nor's breakfast, he was engaged in mortal inward combats.

"Say, gov'nor," cried he, with jubilant face, as Reginald entered, "I've done for another of 'em. Topped him clean over."

"Another of whom?" said Reginald.

"Them pals a-waitin' in the 'all," said he; "you know, in that there pallis."

"Oh! in the Beautiful Palace we were reading about," said Reginald. "Who have you done for this time?"

"That there Medlock," said the boy.

"Medlock! What *are* you talking about?" said Reginald, in blank amazement.

"Oh, I are give him a wonner," said the boy, beaming. "He says to me, 'Collar all the letters your gov'nor writes 'ome,' he says, 'and I'll give you a tanner for every one you shows me.'"

"Love, you're talking rubbish!" said Reginald, indignantly.

"Are I? don't you make no mistake," said the boy, confidently; "I knows what he says; and that there letter you wrote home last night and leaves on the table, 'That's a tanner to me,' says I to myself when I sees it this morning. 'A lie,' says I, recollecting of that chap in the story-book. So I lets it be; and my eye, 'ain't that a topper for somebody—oh no!"

Reginald stared at the boy, half stupefied. The room whirled round him; and with a sudden rush the hopes of his life seemed to go from under him. It was not for some time that he could find words to say, hoarsely,

"Love, is this the truth, or a lie you are telling me?"

"Lie—don't you make no error, gov'nor—I ain't on that lay, I can tell you. I'm goin' right into that there pallis, and there's two on 'em topped a'ready."

"You mean to say Mr. Medlock told you to steal my letters and give them to him?"

"Yes, and a tanner apiece on 'em, too. But don't you be afraid, he don't get none out of me, not if I swings for it."

"You can go out for a run, Love," said Reginald. "Come back in an hour. I want to be alone."

"You aren't a-giving me the sack?" asked the boy, with falling countenance.

"No, no."

"And you ain't a-goin' to commit soosanside while I'm gone, are yer?" he inquired, with a suspicious glance at Reginald's blanched face.

"No. Be quick and go."

"'Cos if you do, they do say as a charcoal fire—"

"Will you go?" said Reginald, almost angrily, and the boy vanished.

I need not describe to the reader all that passed through the poor fellow's mind as he paced up and down the bare office that morning. The floodgates had suddenly been opened upon him, and he felt himself overwhelmed in a deluge of doubt and shame and horror.

It was long before he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to see anything clearly. Why Mr. Medlock should take the trouble to prevent his home letters reaching their destination was incomprehensible, and indeed it weighed little with him beside the fact that the man who had given him his situation, and on whom he was actually depending for his living, was the same who could bribe his office-boy to steal his letters. If he were capable of such a meanness, was he to be trusted in anything else? How was Reginald to know whether the money he had regularly remitted to him was properly accounted for, or whether the orders were being conscientiously executed?

Then it occurred to him the whole business of the Corporation had been done in his—Reginald's—name, that all the circulars had been signed by him, and that all the money had come addressed to him. Then there was that awkward mistake about his name, which, accidental or intentional, was Mr. Medlock's doing. And beyond all that was the fact that Mr. Medlock had taken away the only record Reginald possessed of the names of those who had replied to the circulars and sent money.

He found himself confronted with a mountain of responsibility, of which he had never before dreamed, and for the clearing of which he was entirely dependent on the good faith of a man who had not a week ago played him one of the meanest tricks imaginable.

What was he to make of it—what else could he make of it, except that he was a miserable dupe, with ruin staring him in the face?

His one grain of comfort was in the names of some of the directors. Unless that list were fictitious, they would not be likely to allow a concern with which they were identified to collapse in discredit. Was it genuine or not?

His doubts on this question were very speedily resolved by a letter which arrived that very afternoon.

It was dated London, and ran as follows:—

"Cruden Reginald, Esq. Sir,—The attention of the Bishop of S—— having been called to the unauthorised, and, as it would appear, fraudulent use of his name in connection with a company styled the Select Agency Corporation, of which you are secretary, I am instructed, before his lordship enters on legal proceedings, to request you to furnish me with your authority for using his lordship's name in the manner stated. Awaiting your reply by return, I am, Sir, yours, etc., A. Turner, Sec."

This was a finishing stroke to the disillusion. In all his troubles and perplexities the good Bishop of S—— had been a rock to lean on for the poor secretary. But now even that prop was snatched away, and he was left alone in the ruins of his own hopes.

He could see it all at last. As he went back over the whole history of his connection with the Corporation he was able to recognise how at every step he had been duped and fooled; how his very honesty had been turned to account; how his intelligence had been the one thing disliked and discouraged.

And what was to become of him now?

Anything but desert the sinking ship—that question never cost Reginald two thoughts. He would right himself if he could. He would protest his innocence of all fraud or connivance at fraud. He would even do what he could to bring the real offenders to justice; but as long as the Corporation had a creditor left he would be there to face him and suffer the consequence of his own folly and stupidity.

Young Love got little sympathy that day in his reading. Indeed he could not but notice that something unusual had happened to the "gov'nor," and that being so, not even the adventures of Christian or the unexplored marvels of Robinson Crusoe could satisfy him. He polished up the furniture half a dozen times, and watched Reginald's eye like a dog, ready to catch the first sign of a want or a question.

Presently he could stand it no longer, and said,

"Say, gov'nor, what's up, 'taint nothing along of me, are it?"

"No, my boy," said Reginald.

"Is it along of that there Medlock?"

Reginald nodded.

It was well for Mr. Medlock he was not in the room at that moment.

"I'll top 'im, see if I don't," muttered the boy; "I owes 'im one for carting me down 'ere, and I owes 'im four or five now; and you'll see if I don't go for 'im, gov'nor."

"You'd better go back to your home," said Reginald, with a kindly tremour in his voice; "I'm afraid you'd get into trouble by staying with me."

It was fine to see the flash of scorn in the boy's face as he said,

"Oh yus, me go 'ome and leave yer! Walker—I stays 'ere."

"Very well, then," said Reginald, with a sigh. "We may as well go on with the book. Suppose you read me about Giant Despair."

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—WARDROOM TALK AND GUNROOM CHAFF—ST. HELENA—A PICNIC ON SHORE—THE MADCAP GALLOP.

About two months after the events recorded in last chapter, and the expenditure of the usual amount of red tape at the Cape of Good Hope, and the writing home of many despatches and private letters as well, the Theodora was ordered round to St. Helena, there to lie and await further instructions.

Everybody was elated at the prospect of a change of scene, and there was plenty of laughing and talking, both fore and aft, at the fo'c's'le-head, in galley, in stokehole even, hot though it was, in gunroom and wardroom, and even in the captain's cabin, for Captain Blunderbore loved society.

The Aurora—the old Roarer—had been sent off before them. The Theo's officers would be delighted to meet them again, and as their vessel neared the island there was a deal of talk in the mess about the commodore's ship and her fellows.

"Of course," said McGee, "we'll give a party of some kind?"

"A dance!" suggested West.

"Why, West," exclaimed Benbow, elevating his brows in surprise, either feigned or real, "has the pea-soup gone to your head?"

"It does seem funny," replied West, smiling, "but the fact is, Benbow, Dr. McGee has advised me to go in for plenty of exercise, dumb-bells, dancing, and all kinds of capers, else I'll get so stout, he says, that I won't be able to get in at my cabin-door."

"Or down the ladder," said Mildmay, laughing, "like Commander Romeike. You knew Romeike, Benbow?"

"That I did. One of the best fellows out. Such a rare one to tell a good story; kept you laughing for hours, all through dinner and dessert, in fact, but never laughed himself."

"Well," continued Mildmay, "Romeike applied for the Cleaver, an iron storeship that was fitting out at Pembroke for Bombay. The appointment was made, and Romeike was a happy man. He always said he liked a separate command. He didn't join till the vessel had up steam and was preparing to go out of harbour. His servant had seen to his traps, and everything was all ready, but didn't the ladder creak as he was getting on board!"

"Let me see," put in Mr. Benbow. "How much did he weigh? Fifty-six stone, wasn't it?"

"Now then, Benbow," said McGee, "you're drawing the long bow; don't."

"Well," continued Mildmay, "Romeike actually weighed twenty hundredweight."

"That is a ton," said West, quietly; "what a Jumbo he must have been!"

"No, no, no," cried Mildmay, "I mean twenty stone; it is this countryman of yours, McGee, who is confusing me, this gunroom servant; he is sticking a dish of potatoes in front of my nose. I tell you, Duncan Robb, that in this country people don't hold potatoes in their fingers, nor do they eat them with soup. But, gentlemen, Romeike saw to getting the ship well clear before he thought of going below, indeed he stayed on deck for hours. Then he asked the doctor to come below to his cabin and see his arrangements."

"'Go down first, doctor,' said Romeike, with a suspicious glance at the companion ladder.

"Down the doctor slipped, like an eel; he was an active wee man. The doctor slipped down, but the commander stuck fast by the hips, and they do say they had to rig a block and tackle to hoist him up again. Anyhow, he never again ventured to try his luck in that hole. Forward it was no better, and he would have had to remain on deck all the voyage if the carpenter and armourer had not succeeded in rigging a special ladder for him at the main hatchway."

Now James Town, St. Helena, where they soon after arrived, is a pretty little town; from the beach it goes straggling away up through a glen in a thoroughly romantic kind of style; rocks and forts frown over it, to say nothing of the grand old hills, and along the seaside is many a charming villa with porticos and verandahs, and creeping plants and flowers of every hue. And from rose-covered balconies on moonlit nights comes the dulcet sound of guitar or lute accompanying sweet girlish voices singing. Often of an evening, when tender-eyed stars were shining, and fire-flies flitting from bush to bush, have I lazily floated in my skiff, listening dreamily to the music that trembled on the waves 'twixt me and the shore.

There was hardly a villa there I had not woven the web of a story round, hardly one I had not encircled with the glamour of romance.

Yes, a nice wee place is James Town, only—well, it *is* a little dull. But *two* man-o'-war ships lying before it at the same time! What a joyful sight! I can assure you, reader, that the day after the Theodora's arrival, soon after sunrise, many a blind was drawn a tiny bit to one side and many a bright eye gazed seaward.

The gallant bluejackets, and the officers in white and blue and gold that came on shore so frequently during the day, were objects of great attraction. Many of the latter brought introductions, so that the Aurora's and Theo's people in a day or two, socially speaking, had the freedom of the town presented to them. They could drop into this place or that, lunch and take tea, and lounge and talk as long as they pleased. The officers of the garrison were a set of good-natured, easy-going fellows, else they might have been piqued and jealous at being ousted, as they now were, in favour of the sailors.

It was a lovely morning, and early. How bright and sparkling the sea was! How blue the sky! Quentin and Colin were walking the deck.

"Breakfast is ready and waiting," said sturdy Duncan, coming up and saluting the young officers.

At that moment, on the quarterdeck of the Aurora, or the "Roarer," as the bluejackets insisted on calling the corvette, the band struck up the National Anthem, and, as if with one impulse, both Quentin and Colin lifted their hats. The effect of the music of the grand old lines coming floating over the water on this bright, calm day was spirit-stirring in the extreme. And handsome, too, looked the corvette herself, lying so peacefully on the water, with her long black hull gently rising and falling, the white line of hammocks over the bulwarks, and the rigging square and taut.

"It's going to be a day on shore, isn't it?" said Colin, as the two went below to breakfast.

"I believe so," replied Quentin Steele.

"How jolly!" cried Colin, jubilantly.

Both of these young officers had already done ladder-hill again and again, and their legs ached in consequence, as if they were threatened with rheumatics. It is no joke, I can assure the reader, running or even walking up this giant staircase. It goes right up the face of a precipitous cliff that rises over the pretty little town of St. James—a wall of adamant. A fort stands at the top of the cliff, and to get at it in any other way would entail a walk of about two miles round, so all but the aged and infirm go up the ladder. There are about four hundred steps, and as each step is fully a foot higher than the one below it, it is not any wonder one needs to pause for breath when half-way up, but here there is a seat.

Benbow was in fine form in his own mess that morning. It may be noted, however, that as a rule Benbow was

always in fine form, whether in his own or in any other mess. Benbow suffered from no constitutional shyness, he was invariably on good terms with himself, and this made him feel on good terms with every one else.

As to the wound in his head, Benbow confessed it did him more good than harm. "It let out a little of the bad blood," he said, "and I feel all the lighter for it."

"Now then, Duncan," cried Benbow, as he entered the gunroom and began squeezing himself up to his place, for the midshipmen's mess was certainly not as big as Guildhall, and Benbow, being the last to enter, everybody else was seated. "Bring the breakfast, Duncan. Boys, make room for your father! Here, you boy Brown, what are you grinning at? I won't permit a stupid 'numerary to grin at me, I can tell you! I'm thirty years of age, mind you, and I'm not going to be thirty years of age for nothing!"

"I wasn't grinning, sir," began the poor middy; "I was—"

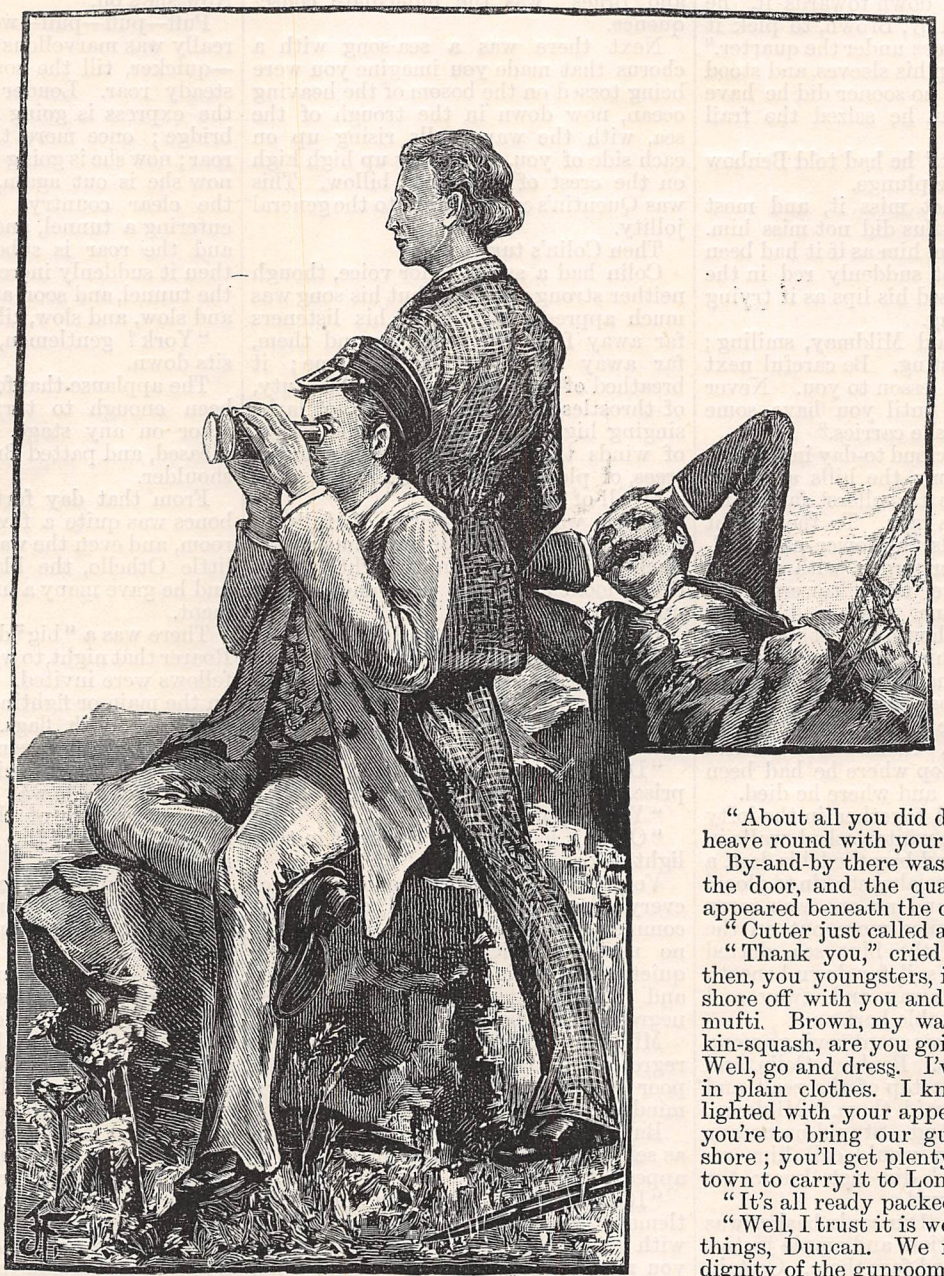
"Don't prevaricate, sir!" interrupted Benbow. "Ask a blessing!"

"Now, Duncan, off lids! What! curry and rice, and a 'spatch' cock and soft tack and butter! Duncan, you're worth twenty of that Portuguese chap that so narrowly escaped being shot! Duncan, you're an invaluable fellow! Colin McLeod, your countryman is a treasure! You look rather white yet, though, Duncan. Do you miss your little finger very much?"

"Not so very much. It has healed nicely. I've only got to hold it up as much as I can, sir."

"That's right, Duncan, keep it up; and if you hold up your head also you'll never die. I declare there is that stupid 'numerary grinning again! Just look at him! Why, he's all mouth! He looks at you with his mouth, and shuts his eyes when he laughs for fear of catching cold in them! Brown, have you any brothers? No? Good thing, Brown; one o' your sort's enough in a family. Some more curry, Brown? That's a man! Eat and get stout. By-the-by, Brown, nobody seems to have seen you on deck at all during the row with that pirate. Did you draw your dirk at all, Brown?"

"Oh yes, sir, I drew it."



"From the top of the peak the view well repaid them."

"About all you did do, I dare say. But heave round with your breakfast."

By-and-by there was a smart knock at the door, and the quartermaster's head appeared beneath the curtain.

"Cutter just called away, gentlemen."

"Thank you," cried Benbow. "Now then, you youngsters, if you're going on shore off with you and tumble into your mufti. Brown, my warlike little pumpkin-squash, are you going with us? Yes? Well, go and dress. I've never seen you in plain clothes. I know I shall be delighted with your appearance. Duncan, you're to bring our gunroom basket on shore; you'll get plenty of niggers in the town to carry it to Longwood."

"It's all ready packed, sir."

"Well, I trust it is well filled with good things, Duncan. We must keep up the dignity of the gunroom mess, you know."

"By-the-by, Brown," continued Benbow, when the boat had shoved off, "that plaid suit becomes you admirably. Fits like a glove. Jacket-tails stick out a trifle, and legs of trousers are a trifle too short. But that's nothing. Ever served in the tropics before, Brown?"

"No, sir; coast of Ireland chiefly."

"The Green Isle, eh? Well, that accounts for a considerable amount of your charming vividity. Now, Brown, you're fond of natural history. There, don't deny it; I can see it in your eyes—or at least in your mouth. Starboard a little, cox'ain. Look, Brown, do you see that lovely little airy, fairy, sky-blue object floating along on the water, rising and falling on the waves like a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, eh?"

"Yes," cried Brown; "whatever is it?"

"That, my dear young friend, is a nautilus, called by the ordinary blue-jacket a Portuguese man-of-war."

"Is it alive?"

"That it is, bless your innocence."

"Then I should like to catch a specimen."

Benbow gave the coxswain a wink.

"Keep the boat down towards it," he told him. "Stand by, Brown, to pick it up as soon as it comes under the quarter."

Brown tucked up his sleeves, and stood by as advised, and no sooner did he have a fair chance than he seized the frail thing.

"I shan't miss it," he had told Benbow before he made the plunge.

Well, he did not miss it, and most assuredly the nautilus did not miss him. Brown flung it from him as if it had been a hornet. He got suddenly red in the face, and compressed his lips as if trying to keep from crying.

"Poor boy!" said Mildmay, smiling; "those things *do* sting. Be careful next time. Let it be a lesson to you. Never tackle an enemy until you have some notion what guns she carries."

There was not a cloud to-day in the sky, but once up among the hills a gentle breeze fanned the travellers' faces and tempered the sun's rays. To their right lay hills above hills, the lower parts cultivated, the upper green with waving trees, while above them towered the lofty peak of Diana. Bare and craggy and nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, this mountain has been a landmark for the sailor for centuries, and mayhap will be for ages yet to come.

The tomb of the Great Napoleon was faithfully visited, then the beautiful villa on the cliff-top where he had been a prisoner so long, and where he died.

As they all stood together in the lofty room with its bare whitewashed walls in which Napoleon had breathed his last, a feeling of depression almost akin to gloom stole over them, and no one was sorry when they were once more out on the breezy cliff, with the blue sea, dotted with many a white sail, far down beneath them, stretching away and away and away to the illimitable horizon.

A glorious day was spent roving among the hills and rocks. Benbow, Colin, and Quentin got to the top of the peak, and the view well repaid them. Mildmay, with D'Austin and Stupid-numerary Brown, as Benbow would call him, remained below and did not know the treat they had missed.

On their return Duncan's basket was called into requisition, and ample justice was done to the good fare there. Certain it is that, lying around them beneath that green tree's shade, everybody seemed very contented and very happy. The sun sank lower and lower towards the horizon; nobody appeared to mind it, or even notice it. Captain West showed his sketches, Colin and Quentin brought out the ferns they had collected, and last, but not least, Middy Brown exhibited his shells.

"Conchologist, are you, Brown?" cried Benbow. "Bother me if I don't think there is something in the boy after all. Mildmay, tell us a story."

Mildmay did as requested. Then Benbow spun a yarn a yard long at least, a yarn that made every one laugh. For Benbow's yarns had this peculiarity, nobody but himself could have told them half so well; there was something funny in the little man's face, something right merry in the twinkle of his little bright eyes that caused you to wait and listen even when the story was flagging, sure in your own mind that the fun was to follow, and you never were disappointed.

When Benbow had finished he called on the doctor for a song, and "Ye Banks and Braes" was the immediate consequence.

Next there was a sea-song with a chorus that made you imagine you were being tossed on the bosom of the heaving ocean, now down in the trough of the sea, with the wave-walls rising up on each side of you, now away up high high on the crest of a mighty billow. This was Quentin's contribution to the general jollity.

Then Colin's turn came.

Colin had a sweet tenor voice, though neither strong nor deep, but his song was much appreciated. It led his listeners far away from the scene around them, far away to their island home; it breathed of innocence and rural beauty, of throstles fluting in the limes, of larks singing high o'er fields of tender green, of winds that sighed through summer trees, of ploughboys, of milkmaids' song—all all of home.

There was an interval of fully a minute, during which no one spoke. Each was wrapped in thought. Then Colin looked around him and smiled upon Brown.

Brown coloured up, and looked most interestingly shy.

"Come, come," cried Benbow, pretending to look severe, "there is no use of trying to get out of it, Mr. Brown. Duty is duty."

"Duty?" said Brown, in some surprise.

"Yes, certainly."

"Oh! I hadn't looked upon it in that light before, so here goes."

Very much to the astonishment of everybody, a comical kind of a smile commenced to play around Brown's by no means classical features, while he quietly dived his hand into his pocket and fetched out a pair of bones—real negro-minstrel bones.

Mildmay was looking at him somewhat regretfully. He was wondering if the poor boy, as he called him in his own mind, meant making a fool of himself.

But stupid-numerary Brown was quite as self-possessed now as he had formerly appeared confused.

"It's the correct thing, you know, gentlemen," he said, "to take your music with you when invited to a party where you may have to sing a favourite song. Them's my moosic."

"Oh! you can look at them, gentlemen," he added, handing them round. "Look at 'em, feel of 'em, convince yourselves there is no deception."

"Bravo! Brown," laughed Benbow, encouragingly.

"And did you really bring these to sea with you?" asked Mildmay, smiling.

"Yes, sir," replied Brown, pretending to look solemn. "Nobody in our family could play on 'em except me. Takes an artist to play the bones, though any fool can fiddle, sir. Marvellous what can be done on the bones, sir! At home, sir, I used to call the cows, and frighten away the stray cats, and scare the rats, and, better still, sir, whenever our baby began to squall my mother would say, 'Tommy, my boy, come and beat them bone things,' and the dear infant would smile and go off to sleep in an ecstasy. Bless you, yes, sir, there is moosic in the bones. Now, gentlemen, just listen and you'll hear the night express starting north from Euston Square to take the letters to Colin McLeod's father. Any more going! Right for'ard? Whew—w—w. Now she's off."

Puff—puff—puff—went the bones, it really was marvellous; quicker—quicker—quicker, till the sound settled into a steady roar. Louder and harsher now, the express is going over a long iron bridge; once more the steady rattling roar; now she is going through a cutting; now she is out again, and away across the clear country. Whew—w—she is entering a tunnel, and now she is in it, and the roar is subdued and dreamy; then it suddenly increases, she is clear of the tunnel, and soon after begins to slow, and slow, and slow, till she pulls up at—

"York? gentlemen," says Brown, and sits down.

The applause that followed would have been enough to turn the head of an actor on any stage. Mildmay felt so pleased, and patted Brown kindly on the shoulder.

From that day forth Brown with his bones was quite a favourite in the gun-room, and even the wardroom mess; and little Othello, the blameless Ethiopian, and he gave many a humorous entertainment.

There was a "big" dinner on board the Roarer that night, to which the Theodora's fellows were invited. The table was laid on the main or fighting deck under canvas lined with flags. It was quite a family affair between the two friendly ships, no strangers being on board, so all the talk at table was about the service. This after part of the main deck was screened off from the fore, and the band played outside.

After dinner the officers strolled up and down the deck in twos and threes, conversing and listening to the sweet music.

Now, I have often been amused on board ship at scenes like what I am about to describe suddenly taking place. It seems to happen by magic, but the music has a good deal to do with it. On this occasion the band suddenly struck up the "Madcap" Galop, and in a moment more, Quentin, with Colin as partner, was whirling round to it; then stupid-numerary Brown and a Roarer middy as plump and shapeless as himself started; even D'Austin for the time being forgot his *bon ton*, and found a partner; big McGee and West sailed together, and there were four more couples of the Roarer's officers at least to join this Madcap Galop.

But this wasn't all, for away for'ard, behind the dividing screen, every man Jack, from the cook to the Krooboys, went at it with a will, and for the time being you might have imagined all hands had been bitten with the mythical tarantula, so fast and furious was the dancing.

Then the music suddenly ceased, and decorum was once more resumed, but poor West was fain to drop almost helpless into a chair. He was far too fat for tripping it in this way.

Colin was very happy that evening, but sorrow was even then winging its way towards him.

(To be continued.)

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

V.—SHARK-CATCHING.

Seamen invariably look upon a shark as an enemy, and indeed they have good reason to do so, for it is but small mercy that the unfortunate mariner who has been unlucky enough to fall overboard meets with from the hungry-looking, snub-nosed tiger of the sea. A sudden rush through the water, a moment's pause while the voracious monster turns over on to his side in order to use his jaws, which are placed underneath, a vicious snap, and the unhappy man disappears beneath the surface, while the sea all around is crimsoned with his life's blood.

It is not often that Jack Tar obtains an opportunity of "squaring yards," as he terms it, with Mr. Shark, and we cannot wonder that the chance is always seized with avidity and made the most of.

In a sailing ship during a long voyage there are but few circumstances likely to arise to break the monotony of the daily routine, and among them one of the most popular has always been shark-catching.

Of course this, with many other things, has gone out of fashion with the advent of swift steam-ships. They have no time to fish for sharks; it might delay their arrival in port a few minutes, and that could not be allowed.

Some years ago vessels usually carried a shark-hook with them—a large iron hook with a small barb, and attached to a fathom of chain in order that the brute might not bite it off.

Many wonderful tales have been written and told about sharks, the majority of which may be taken *cum grano salis*. For instance, there is the yarn of the young captain who was carrying home an elderly uncle who had gained a fortune and lost a liver in the East Indies. The story runs that he had made a will leaving everything to his nephew, but owing to a difference of opinion, which led to an argument, during which the old gentleman lost his temper, he determined to destroy the will and make another leaving his money to a hospital.

But on reaching his cabin he felt too ill to tear the will up, so he flung it through the port, whence it fluttered into the sea and was immediately swallowed by a shark that had been following the vessel for some days.

The captain was looking over the side and beheld the roll of paper emerge from his uncle's cabin, and immediately came to the conclusion that it was the will.

So he issued orders for the vessel to be hove to, and sending for the shark-hook, had it baited with a tempting-looking piece of pork and flung over the stern. The pilot-fish swam up and inspected it (as he invariably does anything that is likely to provide a meal for the brute that he attends upon), and then returning made his report to the shark.

The latter came up lazily and swam round it two or three times suspiciously, and finally turning over, swallowed the pork, hook and all. He was soon hauled up on to the deck, killed, and cut open, and the will, but little the worse for its immersion, extracted from his maw.

The uncle was taken seriously ill that evening, and died a week later without having been able to make another will, so that his nephew inherited his property, and no doubt, as the fairy tales say, lived happy ever after.

Sharks are not pleasant eating, but they afford a change after a constant diet of salt meat, and are sometimes made use of in that way. We remember eating a portion of the tail of a small shark once that was far from unpalatable, flaked like cod, and eating *somewhat* like coarse fishy pork. In many parts they harpoon them, and cut them up for the sake of the liver, which yields a large supply of oil.

A shark is very tenacious of life, and it is wonderful to see how long the brute will continue to struggle after he has been caught.

But now let us endeavour to describe the act of catching one as we have seen it done. Let us suppose, then, that we are in a sailing vessel becalmed on or close to the line. The sun is shining brightly and makes everything on deck, even through the awning, as hot as a furnace; the men are lounging about, and every one is devoutly wishing for a breeze. Suddenly somebody wakes up to the fact that a big shark is cruising about under the stern. Somebody else suggests catching him, and with what little energy the intense heat has left them the others take up the idea.

The captain is applied to for permission, which he at once grants, and comes on deck to see the fun. The hook is obtained and baited, and then fastened to the spare end of a brace or other small rope, and pitched carelessly overboard.

The pilot-fish inspects it and reports as usual, and finally his royal highness, after coquetting with it, makes a sudden rush and is caught.

The next thing is to get him on board, but for that there are always willing hands and to spare, and in a few minutes the shark is lying on his side on the deck. His mouth is partially open ready to snap at anything or anybody, and his eye has the most evil and malignant expression of any animal living.

It is necessary to take care of his tail, for he can and does flap it about with a force that would easily break a man's leg.

The carpenter now approaches with his adze, and with a couple of blows separates the vertebræ, and the shark is powerless to harm any one. The butcher has his turn now, and in a few minutes the shark is dead and is being cut open. And now every one crowds around, for many seamen have a belief that any and every thing that they have lost during the previous fortnight is sure to be found in the shark's maw.

And certainly in the case we are describing there was a strange conglomeration of articles exposed to view. A saucepan lid is the first thing brought to light; then a portion of a scrubbing-brush, an old shoe partially digested, an iron spoon, and many other similar things too numerous to mention, some of which, moreover, did not belong to our ship.

Finally, Mr. Shark is cut up, the officers have the choice of the tid-bits, that is, the tail end, and the remainder is divided among those men who desire to retaliate upon their natural enemy.

One more incident that we can vouch for, although we were not present at the time, and we shall have finished with the shark for the present. The West Indies are notorious for being the paradise of sharks; the warm seas around the islands appear to be their native water, and it was in this hotbed of sea-tigers that the following little tragedy occurred.

Charles G—— was a merchant's clerk in Liverpool, and by honesty and industry he had worked himself up into a position of trust and confidence.

One evening he was introduced at the house of a mutual friend to his employer's only daughter, an amiable and accomplished girl of about his own age. After this they met frequently and a mutual affection arose, and ultimately Charles asked his employer for his daughter's hand in marriage.

The merchant at first would not hear of it, but at length, perceiving that his daughter's heart was set upon him, he consented, conditionally that George should go out to Jamaica and take charge of his branch establishment there for five years.

George consented, and after a very painful parting with the object of his affections he started out and arrived safely in Kingston.

A year went by and the young people corresponded frequently, but the merchant discovered that his daughter was losing her health. A celebrated doctor was applied to, who gave it as his opinion that she was pining and fretting, and that unless something was speedily done for her, consumption would ensue.

The father was still obdurate, and she grew worse. At length, unable to stand it any longer, he determined to take her out to Jamaica himself, hoping that the voyage and the sight of George might effect an improvement.

George received the news that they were coming by a previous vessel, and when the ship they were in anchored in Port Royal his boat was one of the first to row towards them.

The passengers were disembarking as he arrived alongside, and the young lady, who was too weak to manage otherwise, was being lowered in a chair. Suddenly the tackle broke and she was precipitated into the water. Regardless of the warning cries of the natives, for Port Royal harbour *swarms* with sharks, George plunged overboard after her.

He succeeded in grasping her round the waist, and was returning to the ship's side, when all at once a cry of horror arose from the assembled spectators. They could perceive the great dorsal fin of a big shark making towards the burdened swimmer.

George redoubled his exertions, but all in vain. "Oh, my daughter!" groaned the unhappy parent, who was watching from the gangway; "oh, merciful Father, spare my daughter!"

The next moment George threw up his unoccupied hand, and uttered a scream of agony as he and his burden disappeared from view.

The water for some distance round was discoloured with gore, but nothing more was seen of the unhappy couple, who were thus destined to be united only in death.

TIGER TALES;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A HOLIDAY.

PART II.

A Dangerous Moment.

Up in the morning early, and away under the guidance of the old shikaree went the three officers on a somewhat doubtful quest; for Rugonauth, though he had seen no tiger, had come upon traces, and had thrown out his beaters on speculation.

"Now, Sahib," he said, as he reached a point which commanded a gorge and a nullah which ran into it, "this is one place and the other is there," and he pointed to another similar position a couple of hundred yards farther on. "If there is a tiger above this, he will very likely either come up one of these two nullahs, or sneak down the ravine itself. If neither of you should see him do that, then Mackenzie Sahib, who is nearly half a mile lower down, may have a chance. But my hope is the two nullahs."

Saying this, he left Norman where he was, and took Hawkes on to establish him in his assigned position. That effected, he moved on to take personal command of the beaters and see that his directions were acted on.

The wary and self-reliant old shikaree, fatalist though he was, appeared himself so sanguine, that he impressed the two sportsmen with strong hopes that, in spite of the adverse chances attending so extensive and speculative a beat, it might after all prove a successful one.

Before half an hour was past, distant shouts reverberated among the crags and rocks, and were bandied from side to side, announcing the commencement of the beat. Soon a blank shot or two was fired at intervals, and was caught up sharply by the echoes and repeated, with a progressive diminution of rattle and hardness, till lost in a soft, undefined murmur. The beating of the tom-tom occasionally swelled into a deeper cadence, as some opening allowed its freer egress, or a favourable puff of wind wafted it down to the listeners.

Hawkes, who was farthest up, could now see the men on the opposite side moving along, and by their position guess at that of the beaters below.

His attention was shortly after attracted to a troop of monkeys in the bottom of the ravine, somewhat higher than his station. Their movements evinced some unusual excitement, as they skipped from tree to tree, gesticulating, chattering, and screeching, as if in great anger. He had heard that these creatures do, for some reason of their own, hold tigers in great aversion, which they never fail to display when they happen to discover the object of their wrath, by some such exhibition as he was now witnessing. In his boyish days he had seen the movements of magpies give a clue to the line of the fox; and he presumed that he was, perhaps, now observing a similar natural instinct on a larger scale. There was evidently some special cause for the commotion which prevailed, so unusual in the heat of the day. As he was pondering this, and wondering if a tiger was really a-foot, his gun-bearer whispered the word "Bagh" (tiger).

"Where? Where is he?" he ejaculated quickly, making ready at the same time. "I don't see him."

"No, Sahib," replied the attendant. "I only spoke for you to be prepared. I have not seen him, but the monkeys must have done so."

The chattering soon diminished. Hawkes, however, kept a vigilant look-out near the spot where the monkeys were still moving about the trees, but in an undecided sort of way. He was beginning to think there must have existed some other cause for their excitement, when he felt a twitch at his coat.

He turned sharply, and his gun-bearer pointed down into the nullah, which entered the ravine nearly at right-angles, and which formed a portion of his watch and ward. He followed the direction of the man's finger, and peered into the thick undergrowth at the foot of the trees which grew plentifully at the spot, without, for a few seconds, discerning anything. Quickly, however, he caught sight of an object moving in the shade; and, as it passed across a more open space, saw it was a tiger sneaking along with the head and body low; its whole back, from the snout to the setting on of the tail, appeared to form one straight line, the latter appendage being carried in a drooping state.

His rifle was quickly brought to bear, and he let drive both barrels in rapid succession, rolling the tiger over; but it immediately recovered itself, sprang up roaring with rage and pain, and, catching a sight of his adversary on the rock-faced bank above, came bounding towards him over the boulders and stones at the foot of the low cliff on which Hawkes stood. The hunter seized his second gun, and poured in its contents as the tiger came on, but without the effect of stopping his headlong charge. The beast reached the base of the rocky height, and, making a desperate spring, managed to gain a hold with his fore-paws on its top, but its flat and slippery face presented nothing on which to fix his hind feet, or give it purchase to assist in dragging itself bodily to the top. As Hawkes turned to seize his third gun from the attendant, he perceived that individual some distance in the rear, racing with full power on towards the nearest tree. It was too late for him to follow suit; retreat was now out of the question; so he clubbed his gun and brought it down with force on the head of the tiger as it rested snarling between its paws within a few feet of the striker. The beast winced, but did not let go its hold; indeed appeared to redouble its efforts to effect a lodgment. The stock flew into splinters as it came in contact with the hard skull of the tiger; but Hawkes continued to belabour him with the barrels. He laid on with a will, but the result was yet doubtful. Despite the desperate blows, the beast maintained his position; and, had he not been weakened by his wounds, would probably have made good his object.

All this time it had been growling, with rage depicted in every line of its countenance. Suddenly it emitted a short low roar, a quiver seemed to run through it, its jaws relaxed, its

eyes lost their fire, its hold of the rock gave way, and it fell back crashing among the boulders of rock and bushes into the nullah below, a distant rifle crack accompanying its downfall.

"Hurrah!" Hawkes shouted, in mad excitement, brandishing his gun-barrels. "Hurrah! He's cooned. Yoicks! Tally ho!"

"Run for it. Get into a tree!" shouted Norman, from the other side of the nullah, in eager, anxious tones. "He may get up, and be at you again by some path."

"No, no, it's all right. He's cooned. Tul-lul-lul-laietee!" and Hawkes continued to make excited demonstrations as he stood on the rock and looked over.

"Get back, man, get back. Are you mad?" Norman again shouted, with much anxiety. "Perhaps he's only stunned. I can't answer for hitting him again. Run off, confound you; run away, will you!"

"It's all serene, old fellow," was the reply. "I see him lying quite still, and dead as a door-nail. There he is under the tree."

"Ah! I twig him," ejaculated Norman, and again the rifle spoke. But this time there was no responsive roar. "Dead, I believe," he said. "Quick there, gun-bearer, the other gun," and he seized his second gun from the man, who now came running up.

It now occurred to Hawkes that he too might as well provide himself with another weapon. So, while Norman was reloading his rifle, with his gun lying cocked before him all ready for use, in case the tiger showed any signs of life, he looked about for his attendant.

"If you have quite recovered from your mad fit of dancing and howling," said Norman, "I recommend you, Hawkes, to get hold of another gun, and we can then go down to the beast."

This Hawkes was soon able to do; for the gun-bearer, seeing that the danger was past, descended from his perch in a neighbouring tree, and approached his master with considerable misgivings as to the nature of his reception.

Hawkes took his gun, and both the sportsmen descended, each from his side, to the prostrate tiger, which they found lying quite dead.

This narrow escape led to the evening chat being chiefly concerned with hunting adventures of a startling nature that had come under the notice of one or other of the party.

"I remember," said Norman, "a story told me some time ago, relating to an acquaintance of my own. He is a queer fellow, full of fun, and always ready for a joke; and has a ludicrous way of making faces and emitting curious howls. The nature of the man renders what I am going to tell you appear more absurd than the real narrative itself justifies; but as I can't convey a proper idea of that, I will just tell you what was told to me. I must state first, though, that the poor fellow got a bad fall with his horse some years ago, by which his leg was broken, and he has been obliged ever since to wear some iron apparatus to assist it, for the broken leg is considerably shorter than the other. But though this necessarily obliges him to hobble, he can scuttle over the ground at a wonderful pace. In other respects he is a tall, good-looking man.

"He was out once lion-shooting in Kattiawar. In some parts of the district, where it is tolerably open, the sportsmen used to follow the game on horseback, ride up within range, and then dismount to get a shot, unless their beasts were steady enough to stand fire from their backs. After the shot they quickly remounted and galloped off. In fact something in the manner that the African way of conducting the sport is described.

"On one occasion my friend had turned up a couple of full-grown lions, and was following them on the plain. He managed to get within range, and, as his horse would not stand quiet enough for him to fire from its back, jumped off and threw the bridle over his arm; by some chance, however, omitting to slip his hand through it. Well, he got a fair shot, and hit one of the lions hard; but the noise startled the horse, and, as there was nothing to check it, away it galloped, leaving my friend standing. He fired his second barrel, and then had the horror of seeing the wounded lion come charging down towards him, all head, tail, and legs, and roaring tremendously. His rifle was empty and useless, and of course there was no time to load. His first impulse was naturally to bolt as hard as he could; and, accordingly, away he stumped for the nearest tree. But long before he could reach it the roars came closer and closer behind him; and he felt that he had not the slightest chance of reaching the tree before being overtaken by the angry brute. Still he sped on with the instinct of self-preservation; but the lion was fast closing with him. What could he do? There was no time to be lost. In a few more bounds his head might be crushed in by the blow of a paw, or his mangled limbs be quivering in the animal's relentless jaws. It suddenly occurred to him to try and startle the beast by some unusual combination of form and sounds. His resolve was immediately taken, and acted on without delay. Stopping short suddenly in his race, with his back still towards the charging lion, now drawing very close, he ducked his head and body till he looked at it reversedly from between his legs, and in that position made some of his most hideous faces, and gave utterance to some of his most appalling yells, and at the same time gesticulated wildly with his arms.

"This was a metamorphosis for which the savage beast was quite unprepared. Just before there had been a runaway man, legging it as hard as he could go in front; but now there was a fearful shapeless creature, stationary and unyielding, and howling in the most awful way, quite beyond all lion experience. The brute was staggered, and hesitated in his headlong career, then pulled up and looked, advanced a step and looked more closely, heard a frantic yell of extra power, the last despairing effort of the hunter, turned, and with lowered tail trotted off to join his companion, now disappearing in the distance. After a short space my friend arose, almost purple in the face from the violence of his exertions, and the unpleasantly low position of his head, but much gratified, and chuckling greatly at the success of his ingenious ruse."

"Oh, come, Norman!" said Hawkes, laughing; "that is a good one."

"I tell you what," observed Mackenzie, "if you have got many more like that, you might edit a new edition of Munchausen with much interesting and additional matter never heretofore made public, as the advertisements would say. Where on earth did you pick that story up?"

And, in reply, Norman gave his authority and told a still more extraordinary story of a bear being put to flight with a bottle of soda-

A Fair, Clear Shot.

water. The bear, he said, came bearing down along the jungle path, and was not more than four or five yards off.

"The man was perfectly aghast; he had no time to bolt, or even to seize his gun, which was resting against another tree; so, in the desperation of the moment he raised his bottle to hit the bear over the head or nose, for he remembered their peculiar sensitiveness in that prominent feature. At that very moment the cork flew out with a sharp bang, hit bruin, as luck would have it, right on the nose itself, and the contents of the bottle, being well up, flew fizzing and spluttering over his face and eyes. This was a reception he had not calculated on. Instead of seizing my friend, he hastily turned aside in terror, and made the best of his way into the jungle, while my friend hastened his exit with the bottle, which, truly and correctly aimed, and yet half full of soda-water, hit him on the stern, and scattering its cold contents over him, caused him to redouble his speed. Now, you see, that story rests on my *bare* assertion, so I don't often tell it."

One morning, shortly afterwards, the hunters were aroused by news that a tiger had been seen close by. Off they started to take up their positions. Mackenzie and Hawkes scrambled on to a high rock, which enabled them to see a little over the jungle, and then waited.

Norman, who had much farther to go, was longer in reaching the place selected by his guide; and when he had arrived there, debated whether he should also sit on a rock—of which there were several rising above the surrounding low jungle—or climb into a small tree which grew near. The man recommended the latter course; for from the tree, he stated, could be covered several open places not discernible from the rocks. Norman accordingly took his station in the tree.

He had not been there very long before he saw a jackal trot underneath. From this the native argued that the tiger would be very likely to follow, if he had any intention of leaving the jungle.

This he communicated in a whisper to Norman; and himself had probably a real belief that the jackal was in truth no other than an advanced attendant or satellite of the nobler beast. If he really entertained such a belief—as many do—his views of the subject were probably irrefutably confirmed by the appearance shortly afterwards of the tiger itself.

He was sneaking quietly along with his head low, the upper line of his whole body, from nose to setting on of tail, forming one long undulating line. It was evident he was in no great hurry, but stalking slowly through the thicket, either not finding the present cover to his taste, or deeming it desirable to avoid the near neighbourhood of the men who were busily employed in the other direction with their sticks and axes.

He passed behind one of the rocks I have referred to, and was for a few seconds lost to sight; but he quickly reappeared, and gave a fair clear shot as he crossed an opening in the bushes. Norman carefully covered him, fired, and the beast dropped dead without a groan.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA KINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

SIR JAMES LANCASTER.

THE pioneer of our Indian Empire was James Lancaster. He was the first Englishman to take his ship round the Cape of Good Hope to India, and he it was who commanded the first fleet dispatched by the East India Company.

He was born at Basingstoke, in Hampshire, and after considerable experience of the sea had settled at Lisbon as a merchant, where he earned much and learnt more. In 1591 he set out from England on his oriental voyage, and went back along the track that Drake and Cavendish had taken on their way home. His ship was the Edward Bonaventure, and he started with two consorts. The "skurvie," however, broke out, and one of the vessels was sent back loaded with sick, while the other was lost with all hands off Cape Corrientes.

Lancaster's voyage was a perilous one. The weather was so tempestuous that the men could not keep dry for three hours together. After leaving South Africa, where he found amongst other curiosities "great store of overgrowen monkies," he on the 18th of September ran into a storm. Its fury was appalling. There came a clap of thunder, he says, which "slew foure of our men outright, their necks being wrung in sonder without speaking any word, and of 94 men there was not one untouched, whereof some were stricken blind, others were bruised in their legs and arms, and others in their brests, others were drawen out at length as though they had been racked. But (God be thanked) they all recouered sauing onely the foure which were slaine outright. Also with the same thunder our maine maste was torne very grievously from the head to the decke, and some of the spikes, that were ten inches into the timber, were melted with the extreme heate thereof."

He made his way northwards, however, sailed to the south of Ceylon, and stayed at Pulo Penang "till the winter was overpast." "Our refreshing in the place was very smal, onely of oisters growing on rocks, great wilks, and some few fish which we tooke with our hookes." At Penang he stayed till December 8, 1592, and then he set sail for the Cape. Out of his crew of ninety-nine there were only thirty-three survivors.

In the following April he left St. Helena on a trip to the West Indies. At Mona, between Porto Rico and St. Domingo, he watered his ship, and then laid his course for Newfoundland. A gale caught him. The sails, though furled, were blown from the yards and only one was left. Then came a calm, and then another storm, and Lancaster, whose crews had been reduced to eat the hides he carried, took the ship back to Mona.

He and Barker and May went ashore for water, and the Edward Bonaventure parted her cable and drifted off with five men and a boy on board. The island was almost a desert one, and the castaways were living on sea purslane and slowly starving, when two French ships came into the bay. Lancaster and Barker went on board one; May joined the other. Lancaster's party got safely home on the 24th May, 1594. But May's ship was wrecked off the north-west of Bermuda.

A raft was made and May escaped with twenty Frenchmen. "Before our ship did split we saued our carpenters' tooles, or els I thinke we had been there to this day; and hauing recouered the aforesaid tooles we went roundly about the cutting downe of trees, and in the end built a small barke of some 18 tun for the most part with tronnels and a very few nailes. As for tackling, we made a voyage aboord the ship before she split, and cut doune the shrowds, and so we tackled our barke and rigged her. In stead of pitch we made lime, and mixed it with the oile of tortoises; and as soone as the carpenters had calked, I and another, with ech of us a small sticke in our hands, did plaister the morter into the seames: and being in April when it was warm and fair weather we could no sooner lay it on, but it was dry, and as hard as stone."

They left the island on this craft loaded with thirteen live turtles as food and two large chests of rain water; and after undergoing much hardship were eventually picked up off the coast of Newfoundland by an English barque and landed from her at Falmouth, three months after Lancaster had got home.

Such was Lancaster's first voyage. It could scarcely be called a success, and yet it showed the sterling stuff of which the Hampshire hero was made. One month after May's landing at Falmouth, Lancaster and Barker were off again on what was neither more nor less than a piratical expedition to Pernambuco. Joined by some English and other vessels as he went along—the English under Venner, the French under the captain that had brought him home from Mona, whom by one of those curious coincidences of the sea he happened to fall in with off the coast of South America—he reached the town and prepared for the attack in the early morning. The tide, however, took him down the coast during the night, and it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that he landed.

Lancaster led the way with his sword in his hand. The batteries did their utmost, but the shot fell short into the sand, and the fort was taken. A rich booty fell to the captors. The defenders retired, but not to any considerable distance, and did their utmost to dislodge their foes. They tried fireships.

"About 11 of the clocke at night came driuing doune other great raftes burning with the hugest fires that I haue seen. These were exceeding dangerous, for when our men approached them thinking to clap their grapnels upon them as they had done upon the carauels the night before they were preuented; for there stooke out of the rafts many poles which kept them from the body of the rafts, that they could not come to throw their grapnels into them, and yet they had this inconuenience worse than al the rest which most troubled us. There stooke out among the poles certain hollow trunks filled with such prouision of fireworkes that they ceased not still (as the fire came doune to those trunkes to set them on fire) to spout out such sparkles that our boats hauing powder in them for our men's vse, durst not for feare of frying themselves with their owne powder come neerer those sparkles of the raftes, but seeing them to driue neerer and neerer our ships, they wet certaine clothes and laid upon their flaskes and bandelers and so ventured upon them, and with their grapnels tooke holde of them, and so towed them on ground, where they stooke fast and were not burnt out the next next day in the morning."

At last it was resolved to retire, and as a fort was seen to be building so as to attack the ships as they left, a party was sent against it. The party drove out the Portuguese and pursued them, but meeting with more resistance than they expected, had to retire. Barker was killed, and the loss was serious. However, Lancaster thought it best to leave the defeat unavenged, and, hoisting his anchors, made sail home, a wealthy and famous man.

Six years afterwards, on the advice of Dr. Thorne, Sir Thomas Smith established the East India Company. "The merchants of London in the yeare of our Lord 1600 ioyned together and made a stocke of seuentie-two thousand pounds, to bee imployed in ships and merchantdizes, for the discovery of a trade in the East India, to bring into this realme spices and other commodities." Of the seventy-two thousand pounds forty-five thousand was spent on the ships, and the balance on cargo in charge of a score of mer-

chants who were to open the trade and establish factories.

The Lord Treasurer suggested that the command should be given to Sir Edward Michelborne, a very undesirable specimen of the ancient mariner. The merchants, however, "did not want to go beyond themselves," and offered the command to Lancaster. With him as second went Middleton, and the chief pilot was that famous old seaman John Davis.

The flagship was the Dragon, of six hundred tons and two hundred men. Her portrait is still in existence. "She had ports pierced in her hull with the muzzles of the guns peeping out of them. On the fore and mainmast there were courses, topsails, and topgallant sails, a spritsail under the bowsprit, but no jib or foretopmast staysail; these were not introduced until the time of Queen Anne. The Dragon had two mizenmasts with a lateen sail on each. Flags and pennants fly not only from each masthead, but from the yardarms and the bowsprit end." So, in his "Sea Fathers," says Mr. Clements Markham, who gave the picture as the frontispiece to Sir John Middleton's Voyages published some years ago by the Hakluyt Society.

Queen Elizabeth gave letters of recommendation to the sovereigns of India that might be met with. Amongst others, to the Sultan of Acheen and Sumatra, whose name is familiar in "another place." It was Aladdin!

Middleton was in the Hector, a three-hundred-ton ship. The other vessels were the Ascension, of two hundred and sixty tons, under William Brand; the Susan, of two hundred and forty tons, under John Heywood; and "the victualler," the Guest, of one hundred and thirty tons. The Guest took the stores the others could not carry, and three months after the departure of the fleet was unloaded, dismantled, and set adrift.

Lancaster left Woolwich on February 13, 1601, put into Torbay, and departed thence on the 16th of April. On the 7th of May he left the Grand Canary, and on the 30th of June was on the line. On the 9th of September he put into Saldanha Bay, now known as Table Bay, the modern Saldanha Bay being quite a different place. Here he went ashore "to seek some refreshing for our sicke and weake," and he procured it. He "spake to them in the cattels language, which was never changed at the confusion of Babell, which was moath for oxen and kine and baa for sheepe, which language the people understood very well without any interpreter!" When such simple means sufficed there was little occasion to worry about Kaffir dialects.

The fleet pursued their way in prosperous monotony. At the Nicobar Islands they found upon the sands by the seaside "a small twigge growing up to a young tree, and offering to plucke up the same it shrunke doune into the ground, and sinketh unless you hold very hard. And being plucked up, a great worme is the roote of it, and looke how the tree groweth in greatnesse the worm diminisheth. Now as soon as the worme is wholly turned into the tree it rooteth in the ground and so groweth to be great. This transformation was one of the strangest wonders that I saw in all my trauailles. For this tree being plucked up, the leaves stripped off, and the pill by that time it was dry, turned into a hard stone much like to white corrall, so that this worme was twice transformed into different natures;" which is an interesting example of how a description can be true and at the same time quite misleading. The "small twigge" being no other than the polyp *Virgularia mirabilis*, the leaves being seaweed or fungus parasites, and the roots being the animal's intestines.

At last they reached Sumatra, and Lancaster desired to deliver her Majesty's letter to Aladdin. The sultan sent a messenger for it, but Lancaster insisted on handing it to the king himself. And so a grand embassage was sent to take him.

Six great elephants thirteen or fourteen feet high came to accompany the general to the court, where he was received in sumptuous style and duly dined. Aladdin was graciousness itself, and returned Elizabeth a reply in Arabic. Lancaster proved himself an able diplomatist, outwitted "the Portugals," secured the privileges he wanted, and, after a run to Bantam for pepper, came home.

Before he reached the Cape he was caught in a storm which swept away the Dragon's "rother." He tried to steer his ship with a spar, but the sea was too rough. Then he made another rudder, which was also washed away. Meanwhile the Hector stood by him, although in his expectation that the Dragon would founder he sent her captain his last report. Finally the tempest abated, and the Dragon reached St. Helena, and with another rudder steered for home.

The fleet dropped anchor in the Downs on the 14th of September. The cargoes were rich ones. The trade had been opened; the factories had been established. The first voyage of the East Indiamen had been a great success, and Lancaster had immortalised himself.

He was knighted, became a permanent director of the East India Company, lived in affluence at his house in St. Mary Axe, died unmarried in 1618, and left his money to found a school in his native town of Basingstoke.

He was one of Smith's supporters, who under the name of "Merchant Discoverers of the North-West Passage" did so much for Arctic exploration. And it was after him that Baffin named the strait which was afterwards to prove the highway to the north, "Sir James Lancaster—his Sound."

ENTOMOLOGY AT THE SEASIDE.

By the Author of

"Beetles, and Where to Find Them," "An Evening at the Sallows," etc.

(*Continued from page* 687.)

In some parts of the coast there are large salt-water basins, so to speak, quite close to the sea, the contents of which partly evaporate during hot and dry weather, and leave a broad border of mud round the margins. This mud is a grand hunting-ground for beetles, and you are almost sure to take several species that you have never before met with. It is a curious fact that almost all the mud-loving beetles are exceedingly swift in their movements, and rush about with the most wonderful activity, just as though some terrible beast of prey were in pursuit of them and they were doing their best to escape. Until some little experience has been gained it is most difficult to catch these little fellows, who elude the outstretched hand with the greatest ease, and dive into a hole or a crack before a second attempt can be made to secure them. The best plan is to make a smart dab at them with the tip of one finger as they are racing along, so as to force them partially into the mud. For two or three seconds they will be unable to recover their footing, and can be picked out without difficulty. Strangely enough, the mud very seldom seems to adhere to them, and they emerge as fresh and bright as though they had but just left the pupal shell.

Sometimes the land bordering the sea is little better than a marsh, partially drained by a series of dykes running through it at intervals, and rich in plants that one never sees elsewhere. If you can find such a spot, make the most of your opportunities, and work it as thoroughly and as often as you can. The ditches will yield plenty of water-beetles, provided that you select those which are not directly connected with the sea. A very good sign to go by is the long ribbon-like green weed which is so plentiful in very brackish water. If you see this in a ditch you may save yourself the trouble of working it, for scarcely a single insect will repay you for your labours. The fresh-water ditches, however, are tolerably sure to yield you captives in plenty, and you ought to be quite set up in water-beetles before your visit comes to an end.

Nor is the fishing-net only of use, for the sweep-net may often be employed with great results in the very same ditches.

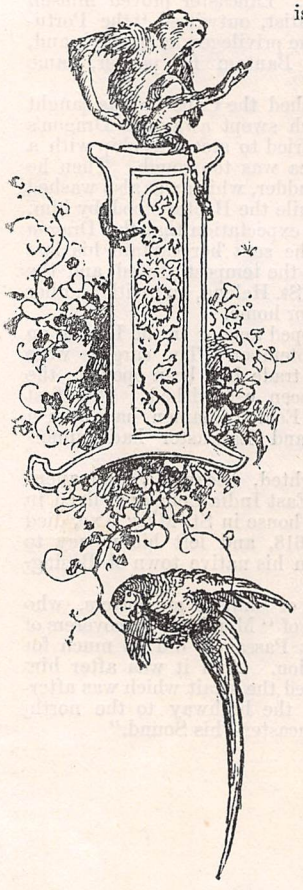
Reeds and other plants growing in the water itself are the chosen resorts of the *Donaciæ*, whose glittering, metallic bodies may be seen from some little distance. Many rare weevils, etc., bear them company, and a few minutes of steady sweeping ought to result in a haul which will go far towards filling your bottles. Look out for your footing, however: the side of a ditch is not the easiest place in the world from which to wield a sweep-net, and a ducking is by no means an unlikely result of one's exertions. I speak from practical experience, having more than once returned home in an unpleasantly moist condition after a day of marsh-collecting.

At certain seasons of the year you will probably find bundles of newly-cut reeds lying beside the larger dykes. These are sometimes almost alive with insects, and especially with beetles, and will produce a rich harvest if you can shake them over a patch of bare and dry ground. A sheet is better still, but is rather too cumbrous an article to carry about with one when on a long expedition. Some very nice beetles indeed may be obtained in this way, and, as far as numbers are concerned, there are few methods of collecting which come up to it. The only necessity is that the reeds must be tolerably fresh. If they have been lying long enough to become dirty and half rotten, it is scarcely worth while to examine them at all.

Such are some of the principal modes of collecting to be adopted in the neighbourhood of the sea, and, as I have already remarked, there are few parts of the coast in which they will not prove extremely profitable. Much, of course, depends on the weather, a certain amount of sun and the absence of easterly or northerly winds being as indispensable as elsewhere. A good deal also depends on the character of the shore, but a steady and persevering worker will almost always manage to turn up good things in tolerable plenty, whether he confine his attentions to the butterflies and moths, or whether he devote his energies to the less generally understood but far more interesting beetles. Whichever group he prefer, there are two points which he will do well to bear in mind. The first of these is, that it is better to work a small piece of ground, and work it thoroughly well, than to hurry through mile after mile of country in the hope of finding a more productive spot. The second is, that where one specimen of a rare insect is found, others are almost sure to be about, and by steadily and carefully work-

ing in the manner in which the first was taken the species may very likely be captured in abundance. It is also a good plan to return to the place, after leaving it for awhile, for many insects which are passed over at the first visit may be taken at the second, when they have had time to shift their whereabouts, and so, perhaps, to occupy more prominent positions.

FRANK BUCKLAND.



It is to be hoped that the name of the late Frank Buckland is familiar to most of our readers. His bright and eminently characteristic article in one of our earlier numbers on "My Monkeys and how I trained them" will hardly, we should think, have been forgotten by any who enjoyed its fun, and many there are, we feel sure, even among boy readers, who must have had a feeling of quite personal loss when it was announced in the daily press that the genial and clever naturalist was no more.

All who came in contact with him, or even who read his published works, especially his "Curiosities of Natural History," must have felt desirous to know more of him, and we confess that it was with genuine interest that we hailed the biography ("Life of Frank Buckland," Smith, Elder, & Co.) by his brother-in-law, Mr. George C. Bompas, issued a few weeks ago. To our mind it is far and away one of the most entertaining books of the year, and we hasten, therefore, to transfer the salient points of the eventful history to our columns.

Buckland was born a naturalist, though his godfather was a sculptor. In a moment of enthusiasm, while he was weighing the child in the kitchen scales against the family leg of mutton, Sir Francis Chantry proposed to present him with a library. But beyond a characteristic piece of advice, never to be without a knife, a sixpence, and a bit of string in his pocket, it does not appear that Canon Buckland's boy ever profited much from bearing the name of the thrifty artist. A tree was, however, planted in honour of the occurrence—as he had reason to remember, for in after life he "knew the taste of the twigs" full well.

The boy grew up amidst characteristic surroundings. At home, the hall was lumbered with stuffed beasts, the sideboard groaned with layers of fossils, and the candle-sconces were ichthyosaurus vertebræ. Cages of green frogs stood in the dining-room, guinea-pigs ran over the table, and occasionally the pony, having trotted down the steps from the garden, would push the door open, and career round the room with three laughing children on his back. Graver Dons were scandalised at the canon driving in his family carriage, known as the "bird's nest," to the range Bagley Wood for moles, and nests, and fish for minnows; and nervous visitors would sometimes rush shrieking out of the house at the sight of a snake gliding familiarly down the professorial stairs. In the stable-yard were foxes, rabbits, and ferrets, hawks and owls and magpies, and jackdaws, besides dogs, cats, and tortoises, and toads immured in various pots to test the truth of their supposed life in rock-cells.

Sent to school at Winchester at the age of twelve, Frank Buckland's individuality immediately asserted itself, even as one of the smallest of the boys. He took his share of the "tunding" and other traditional forms of bullying with a pluck and good-nature which went far towards disarming school tyranny. "Fat Buckland," after attaining the dignity of "rod-maker" and "basin-cleaner," was permitted to settle down to his chosen avocations. He made plum-puddings in his neck-cloth (and ate them); kept ferrets in his cupboard, and sometimes added a snake, a mouse, a guinea-pig, or a hedgehog to his domestic establishment. His rat suppers were the despair of the masters and the delight of the chambers, and his maceration pots at Amen Corner, with heads of hares, rabbits, and cats being reduced to skulls, something to be avoided. At Oxford it was the same. His rooms had "an odour of physical science about them." They swarmed with living creatures, and his breakfast-table was alive with adders, dormice, tortoises, and other disagreeable things. His pockets were filled with slowworms, and, as likely as not, a harmless snake would be produced from the same quarter. Tiglath Pileser, his bear in cap and gown, grew to be such a scandal that when the question came to be whether he or his master should go "down," Tiglath was sent to Islip, with an eagle and a monkey which had also been rusticated, after scaring several tutors half out of their wits, and committing misdemeanours which no Don could overlook. But the marmots still hibernated in the cellar, and at Buckland's college parties a chameleon, which used to stand upon an inverted glass with its tail round the stem, convulsed the undergraduates, especially when it concluded its performance by tumbling head foremost into the preserved ginger. But more of Oxford presently.

He came in his enthusiasm even to scrutinise his schoolfellows with a professional eye. One R——, a boy with a dolicephalous head, used to relate with a slight shiver that he had overheard Buckland muttering to himself, "What wouldn't I give for that fellow's skull?" Often he would head a little party on a natural history ramble through the fields. "It was a rare treat," writes one of his schoolfellows, "to walk with him in the beautiful water-meadows of the Itchen, into which, on summer evenings, the bounds of school imprisonment were extended. He knew every bird in the hedges, every snake, shrew, or water-rat in the banks, every eel or crayfish in the pleasant streams."

Going to Oxford, and finding himself back as an undergraduate in his old haunts of Christ Church, he seems to have used and abused his special privileges as son of the distinguished Canon Buckland. His rooms were swarming with snakes, adders, marmots, squirrels, and such "small 'deer;" but, besides these, he kept his tame eagle in the Quad, with his monkey Jacko and his bear Tiglath Pileser. On one occasion the marmots, having made their escape, had to be cleared out of the Chapter House before a meeting of the Chapter; and more than once it occurred to the eagle to attend Divine service in the chapel. A breakfast Buckland happened to give chanced to become the celebration of a great event. For the marmots, who had been hibernating in the cellar, had "thawed" that very morning. "There was great excitement. The creatures ran about the table as entitled to the honours of the day, though there were other beasts and reptiles in the room too, which in later life would have made breakfasting difficult."

Having decided for the profession of a doctor, he left Oxford for Giessen to study chemistry under Liebig. Here he worked indefatigably, as was his wont. When he was first coming home from Giessen he was importing a choice assortment of tree-frogs, collected with extreme difficulty and labour. They were enclosed in a wide-necked bottle, which was stowed away in the pocket of the diligence. With the first bright beams of daybreak, the intelligent animals struck simultaneously into the shrill chorus of their morning song. All the slumbering Germans awoke in fury; and Buckland, who found that shaking the bottle silenced the songsters, was compelled to keep awake himself that he might be ready to charm them into silence. The second time, though he recollected the former misadventure, he thought himself safe. He had merely brought a bottleful of fine red slugs, and assuredly he had nothing to fear from their melody. Awaking with an easy mind, he glanced at the bald-headed gentleman opposite, when, to his horror, he saw a couple of his slugs crawling leisurely across the shining cranium. It was clear that the cork of the bottle had come out, and for once Buckland's *aplomb* failed him. He got out of the *eilwagen* at the next relay, preferring not to assist at the elucidation of the phenomenon.

He had come back to study surgery at St. George's Hospital, and as his father was at that time Dean of Westminster and in residence at the Deanery he had the advantage of being introduced to the most distinguished society. He talks of German University education to Prince Albert; he discusses chloroform—then newly discovered—with the Duke of Wellington; he entertains Sir Edwin Landseer when the great painter comes to pay his respects to the monkey and the eagle. Full of the new anæsthetic, on the occasion of a great luncheon party he treats the eagle, the snakes, and the gold-fishes to doses of chloroform. There is a droll account of one of these successful experiments, which must have been more amusing to the spectators than to the victims, we fear.

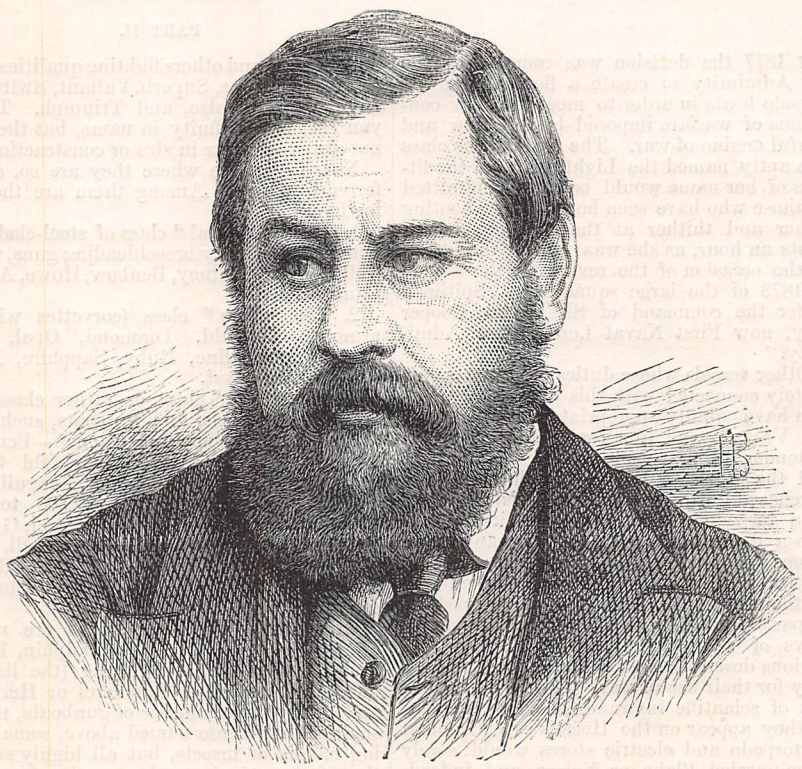
"The eagle was sent to sleep, and could be lifted up by his feet like a dead bird, or when half asleep was walked round the room by two persons holding him by his wings. One day the eagle was slowly recovering from his stupor and walking unsteadily upon the floor when Jacko was brought in to take his turn. He came in with a suspicious and melancholy expression, expecting that something was going to take place; but when he saw the condition of his old enemy the eagle he jumped out of his master's arms with a scream of delight, and seizing the eagle by the tail paid off old scores by dragging him about the room in a most ludicrous and undignified manner. . . Jacko chattered pitifully, however, when his turn came, and then he succumbed."

In the summer of 1854 he was gazetted assistant-surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards, and so far as his time was taken up by his professional duties one cannot help feeling that his powers were wasted. But his passion for natural history in all its branches had got

the better of his medical enthusiasm, and even within the barrack-yard he turned special opportunities to account. He was once casting and modelling from a dead mare which lay partially dissected behind the stables. "Where is the surgeon-major?" demanded the colonel of the sentry on duty. "Inside the charger, your honour," was the ready answer. His unwitting, eccentric, and promiscuous hospitality sometimes disturbed the decorum of the service. One Sunday, at church parade, for instance, the men all burst out laughing, to the rage of the colonel, who angrily appealed to the adjutant. The adjutant, turning round, roared with laughter, as did the sergeant-major. A glance at Buckland's quarters solved the mystery, for there he was, just off duty, strolling out of the door, attended by Brice, the French giant, and a dwarf then exhibiting in London, who had come to breakfast with him.

Foreign celebrities were always welcome to him, whether savage New Zealanders or tame Zulus, hairy ladies or two-headed Nightingales. "Cheap Jacks," "wild beast shows," "talking fish," "elephant horses," "learned pigs," "edible dogs," "living skeletons," and "fat women," were all steadily patronised by Buckland. It was "great fun" to get some New Zealanders to lunch with him, and still greater fun to hear the grateful Polynesians offering to tattoo their host in return for his hospitality. In Albany Street his dinner-parties made him the idol of all the boys for a mile round. Chinamen and Zulus, Eskimos and Aztecs, Siamese Twins and the Two-headed Nightingale, Julia Pastrana the Hairy Woman, and Tomati Haperomani Wharinaki, the Maori Chief, formed a rather mixed company, and sometimes slightly scandalised the respectability of Regent's Park. The fare was equally unconventional. At the Deanery there was, no doubt, often a queer menu. Puppies were occasionally served, while potted ostrich, rats, and snails were among the delicacies offered to Dr. Buckland's visitors. "Party at the Deanery," one guest notes, "tripe for dinner. Don't like crocodile for breakfast." But at Albany Street, when the secretary of the Acclimatisation Society began to experiment, his friends groaned for weeks afterwards. Here are some of his diary entries:—"B. called: cooked a viper for luncheon. To Weybridge; out fishing; cooked perch and frog on the shore. Had some elephant-trunk soup." (The trunk itself was boiled for days, if not weeks, without being sensibly affected by the process.) A plentiful supply of roast giraffe appeared when the giraffe-house at the garden was burned, and other deceased animals were occasionally experimented on. Chops from a panther two days underground were, however, pronounced "Not good."

But although we are necessarily attracted by what is most amusing in the biography, we should give a very false idea of Buckland were we to dwell only on these eccentricities. They were simply the signs and tokens of the indefatigable energy with which he educated himself for important scientific objects. Happily gifted both as a writer and lecturer, knowing well how to blend instruction with amusement, no man did more to awaken public interest in the matters he took under his especial charge. In the spring of 1861 he first betook himself to fish-culture—"in a few days there were lots of men in my rooms looking at the fish-hatching;" and he was immediately placed on the Council of the British Fisheries Preservation Society. Thenceforth—and thanks in great measure to his successive connection with the "Field" and with "Land and Water," for which he acted as natural-history editor—he kept himself, his experiments, and his researches constantly before the public. Light-hearted and playful in manner as he always was, he nevertheless took his mission in life very seriously. He writes in his private note-book in 1865: "I really cannot help thinking that the Almighty God has given me great powers both of thought and of expressing those thoughts. Thanks to Him; but I must cultivate my mind by diligent study, careful reflection in private, and intense and quick observation of facts out of doors, combined with quick appreciation of the ideas of others: in fact, strive to become a master-mind, and thus influence others of weaker minds, whose shortcomings I must forgive."

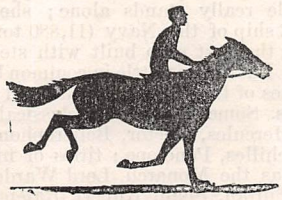


Frank Buckland.

When he had been appointed Inspector of Fisheries, in the beginning of the following year, his dearest ambition was realised. On reading the note announcing the news, he says, "I felt a most peculiar feeling, not joy, not grief, but a pleasurable stunning sensation, if there can be such a thing. The first thing I did was to utter a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who really appointed me, and who has thus placed me in a position to look after and care for His wonderful works. May He give me strength to do my duty in my new calling."

We cannot bring ourselves to take leave of him without a glance at him among his pets, in the house he occupied for so many years, near the Albany Street Barracks. Identifying himself absolutely with the idiosyncrasies of these "poor relations" and *protégés* of his, the notes on them are alternately ludicrous and pathetic. We have read much about his monkeys in his "Curiosities of Natural History," and he came to have a real affection for the Hag. "When she was lying in front of the fire, warming herself, her pretty brown eyes were always fixed on mine, and, when writing, many an idea I have obtained from looking into the dear Hag's brilliant eyes." There was a touching scene when Tiny was bereaved of her cage-companion, though it must be owned that the departed one was quickly forgotten. Both monkeys had become greatly attached to Jemmy, the suricate, a frisky little South African beast, of a breed something between a big rat and an ichneumon. When Jemmy was on his death-bed Buckland had been treating him medically, as he lay between the fireplace and the monkey's cage. The Hag and Tiny, watching the proceedings curiously, evidently misunderstood the situation altogether, and were very slow to forgive their master for torturing and murdering their poor little playfellow. Then there is a laughable story of the laughing jackass. Buckland, while he kept the bird in close confinement, could never tempt it to anything more pronounced than an hysterical giggle. One fine morning the jackass gave him the slip, and when it took flight triumphantly out of his window for the first time it treated him to a ringing laugh. He recovered the bird, by the way, and subsequently it resigned itself and grew more hilarious.

He spent his strength only too unsparingly, or at least he tried his vigorous constitution to excess, and thenceforward his life was to become one of incessant bodily movement and unresting intellectual activity. Once, when he observed that a little seal he was adding to his social intimates was shivering, he immediately stripped himself of his fur waistcoat to wrap it in; and so it was with him all his lifetime. Thus the end came all too soon, and the generous soul who "loved both man and bird and beast," and was in his turn loved by the world at large, passed away like the Christian gentleman he never ceased to be. "God," said the devout naturalist, as he lay dying, "is so very good to the little fishes that I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone." The museum he left to his country, the Chair of fish culture which he founded, and the many important inquiries in which he took part, cannot fail to keep his "memory green." Boys will revere his memory.



NAMES OF SHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

By Odo W. Ford.

PART II.

In 1877 the decision was come to by the Admiralty to create a flotilla of swift torpedo boats in order to meet the new conditions of warfare imposed by this new and fearful engine of war. The first of this class was aptly named the Lightning, and the fitness of her name would be at once admitted by those who have seen her rapidly shooting hither and thither at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, as she was seen by thousands on the occasion of the review by the Queen in 1878 of the large squadron at Spithead under the command of Sir Astley Cooper Key, now First Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

Other vessels whose duties are more immediately connected with this diabolical invention have equally appropriate names—to wit, the Vesuvius, an iron torpedo vessel acting as tender to the torpedo-school ship Vernon, and the Hecla, a large steamship specially purchased during the Eastern crisis to serve as a torpedo depôt in the Mediterranean. Never did a ship leave these or any other shores laden with such a terrible cargo as the last-named, consisting of a large number of the famous Whitehead or fish torpedoes, "spar" torpedoes to be dropped from the bows of steamboats, and the many and various descriptions of gear and stores necessary for their use in war. The perusal of the list of scientific instruments and apparatus as they appear on the Hecla's establishment of torpedo and electric stores would sorely have puzzled Blake or Nelson, and, indeed, many a later naval hero as well. That mysterious monster, the torpedo ram "Polyphemus," which was suggested by the late Admiral Sir George Sartorius, is also well named.

Looking generally at the names of many existing ships in the Navy, together with some of those building, it is to be noticed that of late years something approaching a system has to a large extent been followed in giving a class of names to a distinct class of ships, a plan which will help any observer of naval matters to form some idea of any ship of a certain class by her name alone. Thus we have, all added to the Navy within the last ten or twelve years, a "Gem" class, a "Bird" class, a "C" class (every name having the initial letter C), two "River" classes, an "F" class, and (now building) a splendid "Admiral" class of steel-armour-plated barbette ships of the newest type. This plan of naming, it will at once be seen, aids the memory in recollecting by a ship's name what manner of craft she may be. When we know that the "gems" are corvettes the knowledge serves for the Opal, Pearl, Diamond, etc. Reading in the newspapers of the movements of the Wild Swan or Gannet, we shall not expect to read of her turrets or armour-plating if we are aware that all the "birds" are small vessels, either sloops or gunboats. Among the older vessels of similar type, weight, or rig there is no corresponding similarity of meaning in the name. The Devastation and Thunderer, sister turret-ships of 9,330 tons, have certainly some affinity in name, and they remind us of the Dreadnought and Inflexible, larger ships of a similar type. The Inflexible really stands alone; she is the heaviest ship of the Navy (11,880 tons), and she was the first ship built with steel-faced armour. But there is little in common between the names of the older ironclads and frigates of a class. Some of them have classical names, as the Hercules, Hector, Bellerophon, Minotaur, Achilles, Penelope; titles or historical names, as the Monarch, Lord Warden, Iron Duke, Sultan, Shah, Rupert, Raleigh, Boadicea, Black Prince (but only one battle—Agincourt); and others fighting qualities, etc., as the Audacious, Superb, Valiant, Swiftsure, Invincible, Repulse, and Triumph. These, you see, have affinity in name, but they are not always similar in size or construction.

Now let us see where they are so, as referred to above. Among them are the following:

1. The "Admiral" class of steel-clad barbette ships to carry breechloading guns, viz.—Collingwood, Rodney, Benbow, Howe, Anson, Camperdown.

2. The "Gem" class (corvettes without armour)—Emerald, Diamond, Opal, Turquoise, Tourmaline, Ruby, Sapphire, Pearl, Garnet, Amethyst.

3. The "Bird" class, or rather classes, of sloops, gun-vessels, and gunboats, such as—

Sloops (of about 1,000 tons).—Penguin, Pelican, Osprey, Kingfisher, Wild Swan, Cormorant, Albatross, Gannet, Seagull, etc.

Gun-vessels (about 700 or 800 tons).—Flamingo, Condor, Lapwing, Kestrel, Griffon, Falcon, Linnet, Plover, Swift, Seagull, etc.

Gunboats (450 tons).—Mallard, Raven, Stork, Redwing, Moorhen, Cygnet, Starling, etc.

Other ships of these classes are named after fishes, as the Bonetta, Dolphin, Flying Fish, Albacore, and Whiting (the list has not yet extended to Mackerel or Herring); and a very large number of gunboats, mostly smaller than those named above, some bearing names of insects, but all highly suggestive of the *stinging* and *worrying* for which they are intended in actual warfare—*e.g.*, the Gadfly, Wasp, Hornet, Bouncer, Insolent, Tickler, Griper, Grappler, Mosquito, Scourge, Teaser, Pike, Snap, Pincher, Bulldog, etc.

The "River" class of gunboats, twelve in number, are distinct from the above. They are flat-bottomed, so that they may ascend rivers, and each carries a "Woolwich Infant." Names—Medina, Medway, Dee, Don, Spey, Sabrina, Esk, Slaney, Tay, Tees, Trent, Tweed.

Another "River" class has also been commenced, of swift steel-armour-clad cruisers designed to carry a large stock of coal and keep the sea. They are each of 3,550 tons, and carry twelve guns. The Mersey, Severn, Thames, and Forth are of this class, and we shall ere long have additions to the list.

The two classes mentioned above, which have each a common initial in the names, are the Comus, Carysfort, Curaçoa, Conquest, Champion, Cleopatra, Constance, Canada, Cordelia, Calliope, Calypso, which are corvettes of about 2,500 tons (the two last-named being somewhat heavier), carrying ten, fourteen, or sixteen guns, and the Firm, Foam, Forester, Forward, Firebrand, Firefly, and Foxhound, which are similar gunboats to the "Mallard" class.

Finally comes quite a new class of fighting ship which has recently been much talked of. These are the *torpedo cruisers*, or *Scouts*, and a better general name I doubt if they could have, as their mission will be to look out for torpedo boats and act for the larger and heavier war-ships of the squadron like scouts or skirmishers for an army. The "Scout" herself, the forerunner of this class, and the "Fearless," are somewhat smaller than their six sisters which are now on the point of being commenced, having a displacement of about 1,400 tons. These two will carry four guns. The others, known as the New Scouts, or "Archer Class," will be of about 1,600 tons, and carry six guns, and will be called the Archer, Brisk, Cossack, Mohawk, Porpoise, and Tartar.

It must not be supposed, however, that all new ships of similar size and rig receive similar names. Sometimes no attempt is made in this direction. For instance, the Arab and Lily and the Cygnet and Contest are sister ships (gunboats), also the Heroine and Hyacinth (composite sloops), the Warspite and Imperieuse (steel-armoured cruisers), the Colossus and Edinburgh (steel turret ships), and the Nelson and Northampton (ironclads), which last were built together on the Clyde by Messrs. Napier, of Govan: and all these and many more I might quote are very wide apart in meaning, the associations which the two last names especially suggest being in striking contrast.

But although we *do* love the time-honoured names which recall and keep alive the battles and the heroes of the past, names are not everything after all. We must still rely on well-built and well-found ships, on scientific seamanship, on the gallant hearts of our sailors, on the intrepidity, the courage, the heart-whole devotion to *duty*, which have played so prominent a part in "Britannia's story."

(THE END.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. Harrington Keene,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

XIII.—WORM FISHING FOR TROUT (*continued*).

So much for *Lumbricus terrestris*. We now approach the subject of how to use the worm. As I have before intimated, worm fishing in discoloured water is not sportsmanlike, but either of the following methods is admissible. First, where there are many bushes, the worm-fisher, doing his best to keep entirely out of sight and to fish up-stream, pitches his worm into all the likely spots he can see, such as behind stones, near old stumps of trees, etc., and if he is deft and workmanlike he will probably meet with more sport by this method than the ordinary fly-fisher could hope to find. It is not necessary to cast more than once in a place, as if the lure is to be taken at all it will be taken at once. A couple of split shots may often be advantageously placed on the gut about a foot above the hook if the stream is unduly rapid.

The next and most artistic style of all obtains, as I have before hinted, when the water is clear. The gut is of the finest description, and the hooks or hook of comparatively small size. The worms or worm should be of the most comely and tough character, and they are *cast* by the fisherman in a precisely similar way to the fly, and thereafter worked with a sink-and-draw motion. Of course fish up-stream. Fish of the heaviest description are usually taken by this method when they will not look at surface food. Especially is the worm-tackle indicated when the trout is said to be "grubbing." If ever you hear an old fly-fisher complain of this, on with your worm-tackle—if it be allowed, of

course—and your success is in nine times out of ten assured. Fig. 19 shows the method of baiting the worm on Stewart's tackle.

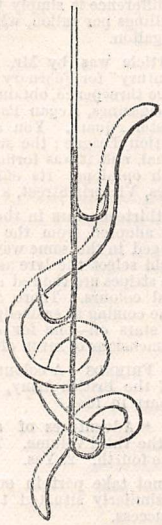


Fig. 19.

The attentive tyro will perhaps wonder why no float is used to indicate a bite, or be at a loss to know how that bite, in the absence of the float, can be distinguished when it comes. Let him, however, be under no apprehension in this connection. The fish, when it does take the bait, does so determinedly, and though it is quite likely that Piscator junior may miss a few fish from not striking at the right moment at the outset of his career, it is equally certain that no such ill luck will befall after he has caught a few. Generally speaking, the grip of the trout reveals itself unmistakably by two or three tug, tugs. Sometimes the arresting of the course of the line shows its presence. After drawing a breath the angler strikes, but not too sharply, and, having hooked the fish, let him take care to keep his line taut on it, so that no slack line be allowed the wily fish to play with. Coolly and deliberately he should be played until the landing-net is placed under its "panting bulk" and the fish lifted to the regions of air to be unhooked and creeled. Fig. 20 shows an artificial

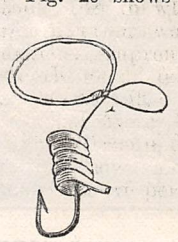


Fig. 20.

worm, which is sold by Messrs. Foster, of Ashbourne, for those who do not like to use the natural worm. In no case, however, is the imitation so good as the actual bait, for the trout instantly detects the counterfeit and blows it out, though, of course, in some cases a bag *may* be made. It is of india-rubber, and looks likely enough to kill, but in using it one must be very quick.

Thus at some length I have discoursed of trout-fishing, and I now conclude with the hope that my young readers may have profited by my instructions. I know of no sport which is at once so free from abuses and of so healthful a character, and even as the good Sir Henry Wotten says concerning it so say I. It was, he confesses, "an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent, for angling was after tedious study a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." "Indeed," adds dear old Izaak Walton, "indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending on it."

(THE END.)

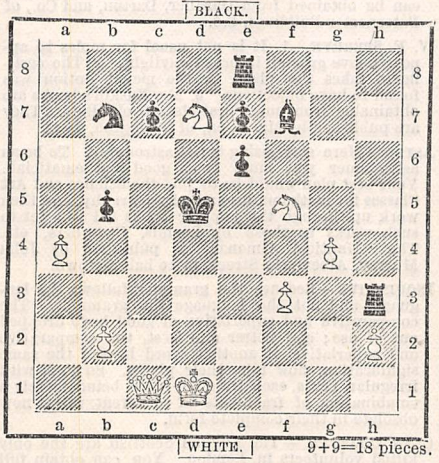
CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 671.)

Problem No. 109.

By S. GOLD.

BLACK.



WHITE. 9+9=18 pieces.

White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

ROWLAND'S PROBLEMS.

To the eight new books mentioned on page 351 must now be added a ninth, called "Chess Fruits," which contains problems, poems, and amusing tales. Most of the pieces are by Mr. T. B. Rowland, and a few by Mrs. Frideswide B. Rowland (*née* Miss Beechey), of Dublin. Some of the problems might have been more perfectly constructed, but others, especially the self-mates, are very pleasing. One of the best compositions by T. B. R. is the following:—

PROBLEM NO. 110.

White: K—K R sq.; Q—Q Kt 6; B—Q R 5; Kt—K Kt 5; Ps—Q Kt 4 and K Kt 2.—Black: K—K 4; Ps—Q B 5, K 6, K Kt 3 and 5. (6+5=11 pieces.) White to play, and mate in three moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

D. M. (Koenigsberg.)—We intend to publish one of your two games.

G. C.—Only the Kt can be used in order to attack ten pieces in one move. The move with the Kt must be a triple or a quadruple discovery. Place four white pieces thus:—the Kt at K 4, the Rs at K 2 and K R 4, and the Q at K Kt 2; then ten black pieces on K sq., Q B sq., Q Kt 2, K 2, K B 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 4, K B 4, Q B 5, and Q 5; and move the Kt from K 4 to Q 6.—Remove the black piece from B 4 to Q Kt 8, add a white B at White's K R 7, and then the same move with the Kt shows a quadruple discovery.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

In 1858 a man named Gray was buried in Old Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh. Nothing was known of him except that he was poor and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town. One of the most conspicuous mourners at the funeral was the poor man's little dog, a rough Scotch terrier; and next morning Bobby—so he was called—was found lying on the new-made mound. Old James Brown, the custodian, could not permit this, for an order at the gate clearly stated that dogs were not admitted. So Bobby was driven out; but the next morning he was there again, and for the second time was sent away. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the old man saw the faithful animal, not minding any punishment, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him and gave him some food. This reward of Bobby's devotion gained him the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time, for fourteen years, he never left his master's grave for any distance. At almost any hour during the day he might be seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night might be, nothing could induce him to leave the hallowed place where his dead master lay. Bobby had many friends—one sent him a weekly treat of steaks, and others, when the dog tax was levied, were anxious to pay it for him; but Lord Provost Chambers exempted him, and gave him a handsome brass-nailed collar, bearing this inscription: "Greyfriars Bobby: presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867." As time went on, and the damp and cold of the open air began to tell upon him, kind old James prevailed on him sometimes to spend the nights in his cottage at the churchyard gate; and in the family of Mr. Traill, who keeps a neighbouring restaurant, at 6, Greyfriars Place, Bobby found other life-long friends who were worthy of his love. At the sound of the midday Castle gun he went to this house for his daily dinner for eleven years; and here at length, on a Sunday evening, January 4th, 1872, he crept upstairs to die. He was buried by Mr. Traill in a flower-pot in the old churchyard, near the stained-glass window of the church. The old man's grave was soon levelled by time, and no stone has ever marked it; but it will never be forgotten nor confused with other graves. A handsome granite drinking-fountain, surmounted by a lifelike figure of the faithful little dog by the sculptor Brodie, has been erected near the church by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, inscribed—"A Tribute to the affectionate Fidelity of Greyfriars Bobby."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

III.—Fretwork and Carving Competition.

MIDDLE DIVISION (*ages* 14 *to* 18).

In this case, too, some excellent work has been sent in, but on the whole those at the head of the list hardly excel the leaders in the Junior Division. We have, therefore, increased the total amount of the prize, but divide it as follows:—

Prizes—10*s.* 6*d. each.*

THOMAS S. GOODCHILD (aged 16), Bradenham, near High Wycombe.

ALFRED D. ZAIR (aged 17), Arden Grange, Solihull, near Birmingham.

Prizes—7*s.* 6*d. each.*

HERBERT C. BOLTON (aged 14), 33, Regent Street, Lancaster.

ARTHUR GLENDENING (aged 15), Bourne, Lincolnshire.

HENRY SCAMMELL (aged 14), 16, Babmaes Mews, Wells Street, Jermyn Street, S.W.

PERCIVAL NORMAN (aged 15), 26, Vivary, Taunton, Somerset.

Certificates.

JAMES WATKINS, 27, Union Street, Stourbridge.

GEORGE FRED LEICESTER, Moerend House, Hambrook, near Bristol.

FRANK L. ROWE, 42, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HENRY C. ARRAH, 2, Speldhurst Road, King Edward Road, South Hackney.

R. J. GRASSBY, Maumbury Road, Dorchester.

ALLEN HUSSELL, 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.

CHARLES H. ILES, The Close, Lichfield.

CHARLES H. L. PUNFIELD, 17, Roslyn Terrace, Redland, Bristol.

ALBERT E HINDE, The Studio, Huntingdon.

SAMUEL WOODMAN, draper, etc., Tingewick, near Birmingham.

H. E. MATHEWS, 18, Milner Square, N.

GEORGE THOMSON, Oakwood, Uddingston, Glasgow.

CHAS. B. FLOCKTON, Woodleigh, Worksop, Notts.

C. W. S. THOMSON, 8, College Road, Clifton, Bristol.

A. EDWARDS, Allerton House, 19, Allerton Road, Tranmere, Cheshire.

ROBERT W. LUNT, 145, Strand Road, Bootle, near Liverpool.

A. H. HARDCASTLE, Clifton Green, York.

GEORGE F. MANSELL, 1, Brooklyn Villa, Mersea Road, Colchester.

JOHN COLLINS, 17, St. George's Residences, Railton Road, Herne Hill.

TOM ROWE, 2, Cavendish Terrace, Wellesley Road, Torquay.

ARTHUR IBBITT, 204, Hanover Street, Sheffield.

HENRY MATTHEWS, JUN., 48, Parkholme Road, Dalston, E.

JAMES CATERER, Model Farm Cottage, Shirburn, Tetsworth, Oxon.

EDGAR ATKINSON, 136, Egerton Street, Oldham.

CHARLES P. NOBLE, 73, High Street, Fraserburgh.

JOHN M. WELLINGTON, 153, Newington Butts, S.E.

FRANK HADLEY, Cambridge Road, Moseley, near Birmingham.

Correspondence.

N INQUIRER. — As you live in London your best plan would be to buy from the nearest oilman a bottle of Stephens's mahogany stain and half a pint of French polish. This will save you much trouble and expense, as it is not easy to make small quantities satisfactorily. A good common stain for mahogany is made by boiling two parts of madder with one of ground logwood for an hour in a little water, and applying the liquor when hot. Another stain is made by boiling logwood, filtering the solution, and adding a little chloride of barium.

J. G. TURNER (South Australia).—All the volumes are kept in print. We quote your invitation about the rabbit shooting, but it would seem to be a case of early amortisation: "If your correspondents aren't proud and want real bushwork, I guess they can just come down our way and help exterminate the rabbit pest. The rabbits swarm in millions (fact!). Some men get as much as twelve shillings a day, and I am personally acquainted with the man that has earned a pound, but this is exceptional. The Government cannot get enough men to do the business."

C. and I.—All applications for appointments under the African International Association of the Congo should be addressed to the President, Colonel Strauch, 7, Rue Brederode, Brussels.

J. E. HATHERELL.—1. Gymnasium originally meant a school for the higher branches of knowledge; the athletic signification is the later one. 2. Dress the canvas with boiled linseed-oil.

A. JONES and Others.—We gave a long series of articles on signalling in our sixth volume, and you must refer to them.

STUART.—For Cooper's Hill College you have to pass an entrance examination in English Composition, History, and Literature; in Mathematics pure and mixed; in Latin translation, in Greek translation, in French translation and dictation; in Inorganic Chemistry, Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism, Geology, Physical Geography, and Mechanical and Freehand Drawing. The compulsory subjects are English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Plane Trigonometry, and the elements of Statics and Dynamics. The fees are £150 per year. The admission is by competitive examination, open to all British-born subjects between seventeen and nineteen on the 1st of July, of sound constitution, free from any serious physical defects that would render them unfit for service in India. Forms of application and all particulars are obtainable from Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, S.W.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We do not know the poem, but the "Little Hero" is by Bishop Walsham How, and can be obtained from Gardner, Darton, and Co., of Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

W. E. SPERRYN.—1. It is not usual for moles to appear above ground in broad daylight. 2. The certificate takes the place, as the medal notion was found to have objections. 3. Mr. Ruskin's books are obtainable from most first-class booksellers. They are published by Mr. Allen, of Orpington, Kent.

ASTRO.—Mere star-gazing is not astronomy. To be an astronomer you must be a good mathematician. Your best plan would be to join the Science and Art Classes for mathematics and physiography, and then work up through the popular books till you get to such works as those by Loomis, Chambers, etc. The "Nautical Almanac" is published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, price half-a-crown.

INQUISITIVE.—Because the grammar follows the language, and not the language the grammar. The comparative and superlative of good have dropped out of use; and better and best, the comparative and superlative of another word having the same signification, now take their places. So it is with irregular verbs, each irregular verb being merely a combination of fragments of different verbs now obsolete in their complete form.

CLAN CHATTAN. — The London Scottish are the only kilted volunteers in London. You can obtain full particulars by applying to their headquarters in John Street, Adelphi.

W. P. E.—White lead is carbonate of lead. Its manufacture is a long and unhealthy process, which, as you could not undertake it, we need not here describe.

B. F. and J. S. (South Wales.)—1. You must paint two slides and use two lanterns. Show one of the slides first, and then throw the other picture on to the screen from the other lantern. 2. What do you mean by "America"? North? South? As well ask for a book on Europe.

MANX.—1. The tails gradually decreased, the shortest having been found the fittest for the peculiar conditions. 2. All *bonâ fide* readers can compete.

E. CLARKE.—The articles on how to make gas balloons were in the third volume.

JOLLY TAR. — Commissions are not bought in the Navy, nor are they now bought in the Army. A candidate for a naval cadetship has to be nominated by a naval officer, and he must pass an examination, and is ineligible after he is thirteen.

J. CROOKES.—The Science Directory and the Art Directory can be had on application to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The postage need not now be prepaid, but you must apply by letter, as post-cards are objectionable.

INQUIRER.—1. We should take no notice of your letter, as we do not send answers by post, so that your stamp would be wasted. 2. An edition o a book is the stock printed. When that is exhausted, if there is any chance of a further sale, another stock is ordered from the printer, and so on. But the "edition" may consist of a hundred copies, or ten thousand, or any number thought advisable. 3. You will find a "Week on the Thames" in the third volume.

D. D. R.—In the part for February, 1882, in the fourth volume, we described how to make a perpetual calendar. Refer to that article, make the calendar, and find out the dates for yourself.

I. O. W. H. A.—You can recognise the arms of the Duke of Edinburgh by the Cadency mark and the bearings of Saxe Coburg Gotha.

A. H. W.—The divisional marks on the regulator of a watch are merely guides to the eye, and have no definite meaning as to rate. They differ according to the maker's fancy, but are always equally spaced.

T. W. KERR.—You should invest in one or two of the Cricket Annuals for the year, and select a name that does not appear therein. The fullest list is in James Lillywhite's book—the red one. We do not answer questions by post.

A SPORTSBOY.—It is interesting to know that you found a caterpillar of *Botys urticalis* under a copper beech at Slough, and that it changed to the moth in due course. It may, however, have come to this country in the hammock you speak of. It requires more than one individual to prove that the species has become acclimatised.

C. C. L.—It has been calculated that the attractive or lifting power of the earth is about sixty pounds per cubic yard, which totals out in tons to 4,231 with sixteen noughts after it.

T. VARDE.—The difference is simply that the tax on spirits is ten shillings per gallon, while that on beer is twopence per gallon.

G. L. E.—The article was by Mr. Forster in the "Nineteenth Century" for February, 1885. It is now republished, price threepence, obtainable of the publishers of the magazines, Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1, Paternoster Square. You should join the Imperial Federation League; the subscription to it is merely nominal, and it was formed especially to disseminate such opinions. Its offices are 43, St. Margaret's Offices, Victoria Street, S.W.

S. FOSTER.—The thirteen stars in the American flag were originally adopted from the constellation of Lyra, and arranged in the same way. But why the Americans should select the lyre as a symbol we do not know. The stripes are the red and white of the English national colours. There are thirteen red stripes, a red one coming at each edge; and the blue field with the stars on—one for each State—is a square of the dimensions of seven of the stripes.

J. FLETCHER AND FRIENDS —A coloured plate, giving the uniforms of the British Army, was given away with the June part in 1880.

A. H. L.—1. The "Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch" was in the third volume. The "Two Cabin Boys" was in the fourth. 2. Yes.

IVANHOE.—Why not take part in our competitions? Other invalids similarly situated to yourself have done so with success.

T. H. C.—Messrs. Cassell publish a "Pigeon Book," and there is a weekly publication called "Poultry," which devotes some attention to the matter. But you will never get either book or paper to treat only of one breed.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON FUND.

WE are happy to be able to report that the Collecting Cards are now being daily applied for, and a goodly number have already been furnished.

Ours is essentially a *Boy's Memorial to one whose memory English-speaking boys the world over may well delight to unite to honour. Our Fund is intended to be essenti ally representative of British boyhood — a memorial raised by boys for boys, in fond memory of a noble boy -lover.* We hope, therefore, that boys of all ages and conditions of life will take it up heartily and make it their very own. It will be specially graceful on the part of our leading public and private schoolboys thus to stretch out a friendly, helping hand towards lads less happily circumstanced than themselves.

Collecting Cards are furnished to all who, in applying for them, enclose a properly addressed and stamped envelope, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from some responsible person. *All cards thus sent out are duly numbered, and registered with the names and addresses of the applicants, and thus the chances of any cards getting into the wrong hands are guarded against.*

Donations should be sent at once, and all amounts received will be acknowledged in the columns of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. Cheques should be crossed, and P.O.O. made payable to H. WILLIAMS. Office: 56, Paternoster Row, London.

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 343.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885. Price One Penny.

Reginald Cruden
A TALE OF CITY LIFE

"The next moment Blandford was clinging to the railings."

BY
TALBOT BAINES REED,
Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE "SHADES" LOSE SEVERAL GOOD CUSTOMERS.

IT would be unfair to Samuel Shuckleford to say that he had no

compunction whatever in deciding upon a course of action which he knew would involve the ruin of Reginald Cruden.

He did not like it at all. It was a nuisance; it was a complication likely to hamper him. He wished his mother and sister would be less gushing in the friendships they made. What right had they to interfere with his business prospects by tacking themselves on to the family of a man who was afterwards to turn out a swindler?

Yes, it was a nuisance; but for all that it must not be allowed to interfere with the course that lay before the rising lawyer. Business is business after all, and if Cruden is a swindler, whose fault is it if Cruden's mother breaks her heart? Not S. S.'s, at any rate. But S. S.'s fault it would be if he made a mess of this "big job"! That was a reproach no one should lay at his door.

Samuel may not have been quite the Solomon he was wont to estimate himself. Still, to do him justice once more, he displayed no little ability in tracing out the different frauds of the Select Agency Corporation and establishing Reginald's guilt conclusively in his own mind.

It all fitted in like a curious puzzle. His sudden, mysterious departure from London—his change of name—the selection of Liverpool as headquarters—the distribution of the circulars among unsuspecting schoolmistresses in the south of England—the demand for money to be enclosed with the order—and the fiction of the dispatch of the goods from London. What else could it point to but a deliberate, deeply-laid scheme of fraud? The further Samuel went the clearer it all appeared, and the less compunction he felt for running to earth such a scoundrel.

But he was going to do nothing in a hurry. S. S. was not the man to dish himself by showing his cards till he was sure he had them all in his hand. Possibly Cruden was not alone in the swindle. He might have accomplices. Even his mother and brother—who can answer for the duplicity of human nature?—might know more of his operations than they professed to know. He might have confederates among his old companions at the "Rocket," or even among his old school acquaintances. Yes; there was plenty to go into before Samuel put down his foot, and who knew better how to go into it than S. S.?

So he kept his own counsel, and, except for cautioning his mother and sister to "draw off" from the undesirable connection, and intimidating the maid-of-all-work at No. 6, Dull Street, by most horrible threats of the penalties of the law, to detain and give to him every letter bearing the Liverpool postmark which should from that time forward come to the house, no matter to whom addressed—for in his zeal it was easy to forget that by such a proceeding he was sailing uncommonly close to the wind himself—showed no sign of taking any immediate step either in this or any other matter.

Had he been aware that one Sniff, of the Liverpool detective police, had some days ago arrived, by a series of independent and far more artistic investigations, at as much knowledge as he himself possessed of the doings of the Corporation, Samuel would probably have been content to make the most of the cards he held before the chance of using them at all had slipped by.

It is doubtful, however, whether, in any case, he would have succeeded in forestalling the wary Mr. Sniff. That gentleman had discovered in a few hours what it had taken Samuel days of patient grubbing to unearth. And his discoveries would have decidedly astonished the self-complacent little practitioner. He would have been astonished, for instance, to hear that the Liverpool post-office had received instructions from the Home Office to hand over every letter addressed to Cruden Reginald, 13, Shy Street, to the police. He would also have been astonished if he had known that a detective in plain clothes dined every evening at the "Shades," near to the table occupied by Mr. Durfy and his friends; that the hall-porter of Weaver's Hotel was a representative of the police in disguise, and that representatives of the police had called on business at the "Rocket" office; had brushed up against Blandford at street-corners, and had even taken the trouble to follow him—Samuel Shuckleford—here and there in his evenings' perambulations.

Yes, small job as it was in Mr. Sniff's estimation, he knew the way to go about it, and had a very good notion what was the right scent to go on and what the wrong.

The one thing that did put him out at first was Reginald's absolutely truthful replies to all the pleasant clergyman's questions. This really did bother Mr. Sniff. For when a swindler is face to face with his victim the very last thing you expect of him is straightforward honesty. So when Reginald had talked about Weaver's Hotel and Mr. John Smith, and had mentioned the number of orders that had arrived, and the amount of money that had accompanied them, and had even confided the amount of his own salary, Mr. Sniff had closed one of his mental eyes and said to himself, "Yes; we know all about that."

But when it turned out that, so far from such statements being fabrications to delude him, they were simply true—when the letter Reginald had written to Mr. Medlock that very evening lay in his hands and corroborated all he had said—when he himself followed the poor fellow an hour or two later on his errand of mercy, and stood beside him as he spent that precious sixpence over "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," Mr. Sniff did feel for a moment disconcerted.

But, unusual as it was, he made the bold venture of jumping to the conviction of Reginald's innocence; and that theory once started, everything went beautifully.

On the evening following Mrs. Cruden's sudden illness, Mr. Durfy strolled down in rather a disconsolate frame of mind towards the "Shades."

Since his expulsion from the "Rocket" office things had not been going pleasantly with him. For a day or two he had deemed it expedient to keep in retirement, and when at last he did venture forth in the vague hope of picking up some employment worthy of his talents, he took care to keep clear of the haunts of his former confederates, whom, after his last failure, he rather dreaded meeting.

It had been during this period that he had made the acquaintance of Shuckleford, and the prospect of revenge which that intimacy opened to him was a welcome diversion to the monotony of his existence.

But prospects of revenge do not fill empty stomachs, and Durfy at the end of a week began to discover that there might be an end even to the private resources of the late overseer of an evening newspaper and the part proprietor of an Agency Corporation. He was in fact getting hard up, and therefore putting his pride in his empty pocket, he strolled down moodily to the "Shades," determined at any rate to have a supper at somebody else's expense.

He had not reckoned without his host, for, after about half an hour's impatient kicking of his heels outside, Mr. Medlock and Mr. Shanklin appeared on the scene, arm in arm.

They appeared by no means elated at seeing him, but that mattered very little to the hungry Durfy, who followed them into the supper-room and took his seat at the table beside them. If he had been possessed of any sensitiveness it might have been wounded by the utter indifference, after the first signs of displeasure, they paid to his presence. They continued their conversation as though no third party had been near, and except that Mr. Medlock nodded when the waiter said "For three?" seemed to see as little of him as Hamlet's mother did of the Ghost.

However, for the time being that nod of Mr. Medlock's was all Durfy particularly coveted. He was hungry. Time enough to stand on his dignity when the knife and fork had done their work.

"Yes," said Mr. Shanklin, "time's up to-day. I've told him where to find us. If he doesn't, you must go your trip by yourself, I can safely stay and screw my man up."

"Think he will turn up?"

"Can't say. He seems to be flush enough of money still."

"Well, he can't say you've not helped him to get rid of it."

"I've done my best," said Mr. Shanklin, laughing. "I shall be glad of a holiday. It's as hard work sponging one fool as it is fleecing a couple of hundred sheep, eh?"

"Well, the wool came off very easily, I must say. I reckon there'll be a clean £500 to divide on the Liverpool business alone."

"Nice occupation that'll be on the Boulogne steamer to-morrow," said Mr. Shanklin. "Dear me, I hope it won't be rough, I'm such a bad sailor!"

"Then, of course," said Mr. Medlock, "there'll be your little takings to add to that. Your working expenses can't have been much."

Mr. Shanklin laughed again.

"No. I've done without circulars and a salaried secretary. By the way, do you fancy any one smells anything wrong up in the north yet?"

"Bless you, no. The fellow's pretty nearly starving, and yet he sent me up a stray £2 he received the other day. It's as good as a play to read the letters he sends me up about getting the orders executed in strict rotation, as entered in a beautiful register he kept, and which I borrowed, my boy. Ha! ha! He wants me to run down to Liverpool, he says, as he's not quite satisfied with his position there. Ho! ho! And he'd like a little money on account, as he's had to buy

stamps and coals and all that sort of thing out of his own thirteen shillings a week. It's enough to make one die of laughing, isn't it?"

"It is funny," said Mr. Shanklin. "But you're quite right to be on the safe side and start to-morrow. You did everything in his name, I suppose—took the office, ordered the printing, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh yes, I took care of that. My name or yours was never mentioned, except mine on the dummy list of directors. That won't hurt."

"Well, the Corporation's had a short life and a merry one; and your precious secretary's likely to have a merry Christmas after it all—unless you'd like to go down and spend it with him, Durfy," added Mr. Shanklin, taking notice for the first time of the presence of their visitor.

Durfy replied by a scowl.

"I shall be far enough away by then," said he.

"Why, where are you going?"

"I'm going with you, to be sure," said he, doggedly.

Messrs. Medlock and Shanklin greeted this announcement with a laugh of genuine amusement.

"I'm glad you told us," said Mr. Shanklin. "We should have forgotten to take a ticket for you."

"You may grin," said Durfy. "I'm going for all that."

"You're a bigger fool even than you look," said Mr. Medlock, "to think so. You can consider yourself lucky to get a supper out of us this last night."

"You forget I can make it precious awkward for you if I like," growled Durfy.

"Awkward! *You've* a right to be a judge of what's awkward after the neat way you've managed things," sneered Shanklin. "It takes you all your time to make things awkward for yourself, let alone troubling about us."

Durfy always hated when Mr. Shanklin alluded to his blunders, and he scowled all the more viciously now because he felt that, after all, he could do little against his two patrons which would not recoil with twofold violence on his own head. No, he had better confine his reprisals to the Crudens by Mr. Shuckleford's assistance, and meanwhile make what he could out of these ungrateful sharpers.

"If you don't want me with you," said he, "you'll have to make it worth my while to stay away, that's all. You'd think it a fine joke if you found yourself in the police-station instead of the railway-station to-morrow morning, wouldn't you?"

And Mr. Durfy's face actually relaxed into a smile at this flash of pleasantry.

"You'd find it past a joke if you found yourself neck-and-crop in the gutter in two minutes," said Mr. Shanklin, in a rage, "as you will do if you don't take care."

"I'll take care for fifty pounds," said Durfy. "It's precious little share I've had out of the business, and if you want me mum that's what will do it. There, I could tell you a thing or two already; you don't know—"

"Tush! Durfy, you're a born ass. Come round to my hotel to-morrow at eight, and I'll see what I can do for you," said Mr. Medlock.

Durfy knew how to value such promises, and did not look by any means jubilant at the prospect held out. However, at this moment Blandford and Pillans entered the supper-room, and his hosts had something better to think about than him.

He was hustled from his place to make room for the new guests, and surlily retired to a neighbouring table, where, if he could not hear all that was said, he could at least see all that went on.

"Hullo!" said Shanklin, gaily, "here's a nice time to turn up, dear boys. Medlock and I have nearly done supper."

"Couldn't help. We've been to the theatre, haven't we, Pillans?" said Blandford, who appeared already to be rather the worse for drink.

"I have. *You've* been in the bar most of the time," said Pillans.

"Ha! ha! I was told Bland was studying for the Bar. I do like application," said Mr. Medlock.

Blandford seemed to regard this as a compliment, and, sitting down at the table, told the waiter to bring a bottle of champagne and some more glasses.

"Well," he said, with a simper, "what I say I'll do, I'll do. I said I'd turn up here and pay you that bill, Shanklin, and I have turned up, haven't I?"

"Upon my honour, I'd almost forgotten that bill," said Mr. Shanklin, who had thought of little else for the last week. "It's not inconvenient, I hope?"

Blandford laughed stupidly.

"Sorry if a trifle like that was inconvenient," said he, with all the languor of a millionaire. "Forget what it was about. Some take in, I'll swear. Never mind, a debt's a debt, and here goes. How much is it?"

"Fifty," said Mr. Shanklin.

Blandford produced a pocket-book with a flourish, and took from it a handful of notes that made Durfy's eyes as he sat at his distant table gleam. The half-tipsy spendthrift was almost too muddled to count them correctly, but finally he succeeded in extracting five ten-pound notes from the bundle, which he tossed to Shanklin.

"Thanks, very much," said that gentleman, putting them in his pocket. "I find I've left your bill at home, but I'll send it round to you in the morning."

"Oh, all serene!" said Blandford, putting his pocket-book back into his pocket. "Have another bottle of cham.—do—just to celebrate—settling—old scores. Hullo, where are you, Pillans?"

Pillans had gone off to play billiards with Mr. Medlock, so Blandford and Mr. Shanklin attacked the bottle themselves. When it was done the former rose unsteadily, and, bidding his friend good night, said he would go home, as he'd got a headache. Which was about as true an observation as man ever uttered.

"Good night—old—feller," said he; "see you—to-morrow."

And he staggered out of the place, assisted to the door by Mr. Shanklin, who, after an affectionate farewell, sauntered to the billiard-room, where Mr. Medlock had already won a five-pound note from the ingenuous Mr. Pillans.

"Your friend's in good spirits to-night," said Mr. Shanklin. "Capital fellow is Bland."

"So he is," said Pillans.

"Capital fellow, with plenty of capital, eh?" said Mr. Medlock; "your shoot, Pillans, and I don't mind going a sov. with you on the cannon."

Of course Pillans lost his sovereign, as he did several others before the game was over. Then, feeling he had had enough enjoyment for one evening, he said good-bye and followed his friend home.

But some one else had already followed his friend home.

Durfy, in whose bosom the glimpse of that well-lined pocket-book had roused unusual interest, found himself ready to go home a very few moments after Blandford had quitted the "Shades." It may have been only coincidence, or it may have been idle curiosity to see if the tipsy lad could find his way home without an accident, or it may have been a laudable determination that no one should take advantage of his helpless condition to deprive him of that comfortable pocket-book. Whatever it was, Durfy followed the reeling figure along the pavement as it threaded its way westward from the "Shades."

Blandford may have had reason enough left to tell him that it would be better for his headache to walk in the night air than to take a cab, and Mr. Durfy highly approved of the decision. He was able without difficulty or obtrusiveness to follow his man at a few yards' distance, and even give proof of his solicitude by an occasional steadying hand on his arm.

Presently the wanderer turned out of the crowded thoroughfare up a by-street, where he had the pavement more to himself. Indeed, except for a few stragglers hurrying home from theatres or concerts, he encountered no one; and as he penetrated farther beyond the region of public-houses and tobacco-shops into the serener realms of offices and chambers, and beyond that into the solitude of a West End square, not a footstep save his own and that of his escort broke the midnight silence.

Durfy's heart beat fast, for he had a heart to beat on occasions like this. A hundred chances on which he had never calculated suddenly presented themselves. What if some one might be peering out into the night from one of the black windows of those silent houses? Suppose some motionless policeman under the shadow of a wall were near enough to see and hear! Suppose the cool night air had already done its work and sobered the wayfarer enough to render him obstinate or even dangerous! He seemed to walk more steadily. If anything was to be done every moment was of consequence. And the risk?

The vision of that pocket-book and the crisp white notes flashed across Durfy's memory by way of answer.

Yes, to Durfy, the outcast, the dupe, the baffled adventurer, the risk was worth running.

He quickened his step and opened the blade of the penknife in his pocket as he did so. Not that he meant to use it, but in case—

Faugh! the fellow was staggering as helplessly as ever! He never even heeded the pursuing steps, but reeled on, muttering to himself, now close to the palings, now on the kerb, his hat back on his head and the cigar between his lips not even alight.

Durfy crept silently behind, and with a sudden dash locked one arm tightly round his victim's neck, while with the other he made a swift dive at the pocket where lay the coveted treasure.

It was all so quickly done that before

Blandford could exclaim or even gasp the pocket-book was in the thief's hands. Then as the arm round his neck was relaxed, he faced round, terribly sobered, and made a wild spring at his assailant.

"Thief!" he shouted, making the quiet square ring and ring again with the echo of that word.

His hand was upon Durfy's collar, so fiercely that nothing but a hand-to-hand struggle could release its grip; unless—

Durfy's hand dropped to his pocket. There was a flash and a scream, and next moment Blandford was clinging, groaning, to the railings of the square, while Durfy's footsteps died away in the gloomy mazes of a network of back streets.

When Pillans got home to his lodgings that night he found his comrade in bed with a severe wound in the shoulder, unable to give any account of himself but that he had been first garotted, then robbed, and finally stabbed, on his way home from the "Shades."

Mr. Durfy did not present himself at Mr. Medlock's hotel at the appointed hour next morning.

Nor, although it was a fine calm day, and their luggage was all packed up and labelled, did Mr. Medlock and his friend Mr. Shanklin succeed in making their promised trip across the Channel. A deputation of police awaited them on the Victoria platform and completely disconcerted their arrangements by taking them in a cab to the nearest police-station on a charge of fraud and conspiracy.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LENT TO A GUNBOAT—ROUGHING IT IN THE SERVICE—COLIN'S TRIALS BEGIN.

Early next morning Captain Blunderbore sent for Colin.

He was seated at breakfast with a bundle of letters before him—despatches had come in a few hours before in the gunboat Whitterit.

"Come away, Mr. McLeod, and sit down; I have something here that interests you."

The captain talked in a very kind tone of voice, and poor Colin's heart throbbed violently to hear it. Why should he speak to him thus? He seldom did so. What could it mean? He had not yet had his own letters from home. Was his mother dead? or his father, brother, or uncle?

"No bad news?" he asked. "No bad news, I trust, sir?"

"My dear lad, no! In fact, it ought to be very good news for you; only we'll all be sorry to lose you."

"It is grief of some kind, then," thought Colin.

"Bad news?" continued the captain. "No; to a youngster like you it ought to be the best of news, though you'll have to rough it in the little Whitterit."

Colin's face fell; he was going away from the good old Theodora; from Mildmay, whom he loved so well; from his "brother" Quentin, and the best of messmates.

He could not help a sigh escaping him.

The captain looked at him kindly. "Keep up your heart, my lad," he said. "You're *not appointed* to the Whitterit, you're only going to be *lent* for a year. Poor young Ruskin died on the passage out."

A few minutes after Colin was hurrying below to his mess to tell the fellows the news.

"Ha, ha!" cried Benbow, slapping Colin on the shoulder in his usual hearty mirthful manner. "Going to be lent! going to become a stupid-'numerary. Ha, ha!" But Benbow added, more seriously, "Well, well, Colin; we'll all miss you. Good luck to you, and soon may you return."

The Whitterit was to sail in a week. She was going straight away across the Atlantic, southward and westward ho! to call with letters and despatches at Buenos Ayres, and then to run round to the coast of Peru, on somewhat serious business—namely, to make private inquiries concerning an alleged insult to our flag by the Peruvians.

It was a duty that required some tact as well as diplomacy, and in appointing Lieut.-Commander Channing to the Whitterit the Lords of the Admiralty thought they had the right man in the right place. Perhaps they had; he was a smart officer, as we shall see.

She was to sail in a week. How quickly that week fled away!

And that last night in the little gunroom mess—why, Colin could not have believed he could have felt so "foolishly sad," as he called it. But he could not keep his heart up. He laughed at Benbow's yarns and jokes mechanically; he listened to Brown with his bones, and little nigger Othello; but he did not laugh, as he used to, till the tears came in his eyes. If tears had come to-night they would have been tears of quite another sort.

But the evening passed away somehow, as evenings will, whether we be sad or gay.

"Lights out, gentlemen, please."

It was nine o'clock. It was the quartermaster's voice.

"Shall we ask for another hour?" said Quentin.

"No," replied Colin; "let us go on deck."

So on deck the two went together, and what a deal they had to talk about and say to each other, to be sure! But with all this we have nothing to do.

It was seven bells before they parted, Quentin to get ready for his watch on deck, Colin to turn in.

It was hours before he slept, though; and when he did sleep it was only to dream strange, confused, wearisome dreams, with little meaning in them perhaps, but very harassing nevertheless. He was back home again in the dear old favourite parlour in his father's castle; it was a lovely summer's evening; in at the open window floated the vesper song of the robin, the pink-pink, and thrush, mingling with the low whirring sound of partridges in the corn. His mother was quietly knitting; his father, in his easy-chair, reading the paper; his uncle, Captain Peter, walking up and down the floor as if it were a quarter-deck. Suddenly his mother raised her face, and Colin saw she was weeping. Then all was dark, and the scene changed. He was toiling up inaccessible mountains and across interminable moorlands, with some definite object, he knew not what, with some burden weighing him down that he could not shake off. And now he was in the midst of a deep, dark forest, lost—for there was never a path and never a mark to guide him through it, and the trees seemed endless in multitude. But he found himself at long last by the brook—*the* old brook side. Oh, it was his own dear old forest after all, and here—yes, here—was the Latin grammar! He must master his gerunds—his gerunds in *dum* and his gerunds in *do*. Yet he had never, never felt them so difficult before. Why should a voice from the forest sing out, "All's well!" in that mournful voice? He was partly awake now; it was the sentry's call.

He slept again, and once more the scene was changed; he was on the wide, wide ocean now, alone it seemed, and in a boat—alone, yet not alone; forms appeared around him, with him; there was no wind either, but the boat heaved up and down, up and down, in a strange mysterious kind of a way, which he could not understand; and hark! was that not the sound of waves breaking on a sandy beach not far off?

"Hullo! old man," cried Quentin, "why it's five bells."

Colin sat up in his hammock and laughed.

"So it was you swinging my hammock after all, was it? But you made me dream; and the marines are scrubbing decks overhead, that was the sound of breaking waves I heard. Well, it is funny. I'll be up in a minute."

"All right," said Quentin; "I'm not going to turn in, I've had an hour all standing. Come soon, and we'll have a talk before breakfast."

"So much for dreams," thought Colin; "if I were superstitious now—"

He really was slightly so, though he would not own to it. Nearly all Highland boys are, and the inhabitants of most wild mountain lands.

Colin could not shake off the feelings his dreams gave rise to.

He was going away to-day, to his new quarters, that in itself was enough to make the poor boy sad—for boy he was, though it really seemed many, many years since he left his home.

He remained on his knees a much longer time this morning, beside his sea-chest, than usual, and he found comfort. Oh! the comfort one has in knowing that wherever he may be, in the

lonely wilderness, or far away on the ocean, in storm or danger, or amid pestilence, the great Father is ever near him to appeal to—to comfort him.

Colin found comfort in mind, but there was an oppressed feeling of body, born of his restless night and weary dreams, that he was unable to shake himself clear of.

Colin changes his quarters.

He went on deck and had a sailor's douche. Captain West was there also, early though it was. It was part of the *régime* he was undergoing under Dr. McGee's instructions, by way of holding in check his growing obesity.

A sailor's douche? What is it? you ask. Oh, it is great fun; you go up when the men are washing down the decks, and have the hose played all over you. The donkey engine sends the water too with such force that it is quite a difficult matter to speak. Just listen to three lines of the conversation between West and Colin on this particular morning. Two hoses were being used, and at this moment one was turned on West, the other on Colin.

"Hullo, Colin, my—augh—my—bo—hoy—so you're—augh—augh—go—ing away to-day, are you?"

And Colin replies,

"Aaugh—augh—yes—sir—and right sorry I—augh—augh—am for—augh—it."

"Isn't this a—augh—augh—a glorious—augh—bath, my bo—hoy?"

"Yes—sir—it is, augh—augh—splendid." And more to the same purpose.

Colin's sea-chest was lowered over the port side of the Theodora that same forenoon, and he himself soon went down after it, and seated himself on top of it, for the boat was a whaler, and she was laden fore and aft. But it did look funny, seeing him going off thus, and gazing back, somewhat sadly it must be confessed. The Whitterit was anchored nearly a quarter of a mile from the Theodora. Colin got leave from his commander to spend the evening with his old messmates, and he dined in the wardroom.

Benbow, as usual, was full of chaff, Mildmay happy-looking and affable. This good officer never permitted himself the latitude of chaff, a good deal too much of which goes on in the service; but he dearly liked to listen to, and join in, pleasant conversation.

Young Brown and Quentin dined with the rest in the wardroom.

Benbow never did spare poor Brown.

"But bless you, sir," he said to Mildmay this evening, "I've hopes of the boy yet. A boy that can perform as he does

on the bones is bound to make an admiral. That's Benbow's opinion. Pity he is so fat. Beg your pardon, West."

West laughed.

"You make matters worse," he said, "by apologising."

"Colin, dear lad," he continued, "I don't know how the old Theodora will get on without you. But, I say, old man, you did look funny perched on top of that sea-chest of yours. Put me in mind of What-his-name's picture, you know, of the dog in the flood floating away on top of his kennel. You looked just as pitiful."

There was a general laugh at this, and Colin looked half vexed; for which Mildmay was sorry, and remonstrated with the navigating lieutenant.

"Don't be too hard, Benbow," he said, "it's the last night."

"That's just the thing," replied Benbow, "just the reason I want to cheer the boy up. It's the last night, and we may not see him again, *for you ken, sir, Scotchmen never gang back.*"

"No," said McGee, "you English chaps couldn't get on without us."

Colin smiled. He had his answer also.

"No," he said, quietly, "you're right, Scotchmen never gang back, they never gang back—in a promise, they never gang back in their word, they never gang back if they meet a foe. They didn't gang back at Bannockburn, Benbow, did they? I almost forget, but if my memory serves me it was the other party that suddenly remembered they had an engagement down south."

Everybody was pleased at this sally, for though he was well liked on board, Benbow was so constantly chaffing other people that nobody was sorry when he had his own toes trodden on.

Lieutenant Mildmay went on shore with Colin after dinner to stretch his legs, as he called it. They went early, about eight o'clock. But the moon was well up all the hills and braes, and the little town itself seemed to slumber beneath the gauze-like veil it had drawn over them. Only the fort stood out bold and clear, and the far-off peak of Diana, while all the sea was a-shimmer in the golden light. It was, as Byron says, "a goodly night."

"Now for a good walk," said the lieutenant. "I feel young again, my lad, when I get my legs on the solid land. One has no more exercise on board a ship than a bird has in a cage. What say you to get right away up the hill, and half-way to Longwood?"

"Just what I should like," replied Colin.

Away they went side by side, youth and manhood, the sailor youth and his sea-daddy. And really Lieutenant Mildmay had been all a sea-dad to Colin. He had been to him everything that his Uncle Peter could have wished him to be, and, if the truth must be told, there was more in Mildmay's wish for a walk to-night than the simple stretching of his legs. For he wanted to have a parting word with Colin.

They sat down together on the edge of a rock, the town far beneath them, and away beyond the moon-gilded sea, and the ships with their port lights only half visible, so bright was the moonlight.

When they rose to go,

"Well," said Mildmay, "you'll do as I've told you, I know. And I have a strange presentiment you will find my daughter. The Theodora may be round Lima way. We are on special service, ready to go anywhere, but we may never go that length."

"I'll do what you've told me, sir, and I've you to thank for all I know of service. I just feel now as if I were going out into the world again—alone. I'm sure I shall not be happy. But I'll try to be so."

"No, you mustn't try. Remember the words of President Nott, 'Don't *try* to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her she will fly from you. But go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.'"

"I'll do my duty, sir."

"I know you will, boy. And now let us go below."

* * * *

The happiness and comfort of the officers and crew of a ship in the service depend in a very large degree upon its commander.

We know by this time what sort of a person Captain Blunderbore was. By no means a very dashing character, sometimes apt to be cross or snappish, but withal simple-minded and good at heart. Commander Channing* was an officer of quite another sort. Happily there are few like him in the Royal Navy. But there are some at least, and—who knows?—they may do good indirectly, for those who have to serve under them soon come to know that life in the navy is not all *couleur de rose*, and so they learn to do their duty even under difficulties.

Being transposed to a small gunboat like the Whitterit was a sad trial for Colin. Bad boy that he was; I fear he went on board her with no very amiable feelings.

Well, it was a great change for him. His career in the service had been but a short one, it is true, but it was also a happy one, and the ships he had served in were both large and comfortable.

The Whitterit was a sturdy little gunboat, but she was wondrous small. Her armament was but three guns; a man with long legs could have stepped easily from the thwart of a boat on to her deck.

Nevertheless she was very fleet. She was built for speed, and had been employed previous to her present commission as a despatch-boat on different stations.

Her gunroom was her wardroom; abaft this was the commander's cabin.

Colin's new messmates would be but three, the surgeon, a junior lieutenant, and an assistant paymaster.

Much to our hero's horror, he found that the whole vessel was overrun with gigantic cockroaches. The Whitterit had been home, it is true, but not long enough to get rid of these awful pests. With the exception of the clerk, the others, including the commander, had been "shipmates" with these unsavoury creatures before. So Colin was laughed at when he expressed his loathing of such questionable companionship the first night. It was during one of their periodical rushes, when they crowd out suddenly almost as thick as locusts, covering the bulkheads almost black. On these occasions they are literally in thousands—I might say tens of thousands. One or two of these monsters flew against Colin's face and neck, and he shuddered at the contact.

Before he was three days at sea he discovered there were worse things than cockroaches on board this merry wee Whitterit—scorpions to wit. Old sailors think nothing of these, or even of centipedes, but Colin was not yet hardened to them.

So great was his dread of these creepy-creepies that for nights and nights he hardly slept a wink, and when he did he awoke with a start and a half-frightened scream. He was ashamed of himself, but he could not help it.

About a week after Colin joined the Whitterit the weather became very boisterous indeed; she had been under sail nearly all this time. Nor was any attempt made to ease her when it came on to blow. Considering the strength of wind and the awful force of the seas that tumbled on board with the weight of avalanches, the Whitterit was really doing very well indeed. But she almost lived under water. Neither officers nor men were ever dry on deck, while down below everything was as comfortless as it well could be. The little wardroom was nearly always dark, and the green seas washing across the skylight windows had a most depressing effect upon the nerves.

Colin had to keep watch at night without either oilskin or sou'-wester—the latter is most useful—so he was always drenched to the skin. One night he turned into his hammock quite cold as well as wet—indeed, his teeth were chattering.

Next morning he was in a fever, head aching, eyes and skin burning, but cold withal. He would have got up, but the surgeon advised him to go on the sick-list.

"I'll try," said the doctor, "to make it all right with the commander."

Colin looked at the surgeon's serious face in mute surprise.

The doctor answered the look. "You're astonished," he said, with a kind of forced laugh, "that I should talk thus."

"Our Dr. McGee," replied Colin, "was master of his duties, master of himself, and master of his patients."

"Perhaps," replied the surgeon, colouring slightly; "but our commander is master here, and monarch of all he surveys. I'm sorry—it isn't my fault, and I don't think perhaps he means to be harsh, but he is, and I shan't be sorry when I quit the little ship."

"I'll do my duty," said Colin, with sparkling eyes, "and then I fear no one."

The doctor laughed. "Your duty at present," he said, "is to lie there."

Then he went on deck. Two hours afterwards he came back. He was almost pitched headlong into the steerage where the hammock hung, and a great green sea followed him.

"The captain," said the doctor, "insists upon seeing you. Is it possible, think—"

Before he had finished his sentence Colin had swung himself on to the deck and stood there swaying about and holding on by the hammock-lashings.

When the ship steadied a little more he managed to reach his sea-chest and dressed, and in a few minutes more was in the commander's cabin. By no means an unpleasant face had the commander, but there always hovered around his

* Commander Channing is sketched from life. His prototype has left the service, but old messmates of mine who read this story will remember him.

mouth when talking to his inferior officers, a sarcastic, unbelieving kind of a smile.

"So, Mr. McLeod," he said, with a laugh, "the weather is rather bad for you? Gone on the sick-list, eh?"

"Sir," replied Colin, "Dr. Johnson put me on the list because I feel ill."

"Feel ill, eh? Well, let me tell you this, youngster: you don't look ill, and I'll have no malingering on this ship while I am her commander."

One half of this cruel little speech was lost on Colin. His head swam with sudden faintness, the cabin and commander appeared to sail round him, and he would have fallen had not the surgeon, who was close behind, caught him in his arms.

When he recovered consciousness he was in his hammock.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

VI.—DANIEL BOONE.

THE story of Daniel Boone is so remarkable that it is difficult to realise we are not dealing with a romance. The adventures and feats of woodcraft are so extraordinary, and the character of the simple son of the wilderness throughout his long life is so pious and true, that we are tempted to treat the pioneer of Kentucky as a mere creature of the imagination "founded on facts." Boone, however, was no hero of fiction. He was not only the patriarch of backwoodsmen, but he holds a far higher place in the history of his country as her "pioneer"—the first to move out of the thirteen States of the seaboard to that unexplored country in the west which now forms the bulk and the strength of the Republic.

He was born in Buck's County, Pennsylvania, on February 11, 1735. His father was Squire Boone, the son of George Boone, who in 1717 emigrated from Exeter. When Daniel was about ten years old his father moved down to Holman's Ford on the Yadkin River in North Carolina. The education he received may be described as purely a Biblical one. There were not many books in those days in an American backwoodsman's hut, or in a bush school, but the Boones belonged to the Society of Friends, and with them the one book was always present. If Daniel Boone had little book learning, he had "the forest primeval" to teach what to him was of equal value, and of that teaching he fully availed himself.

Before he was ten years old he was thoroughly versed in all the ways of woodcraft. On the banks of the Yadkin he fell in love with Rebecca Bryan, and in 1755 he married her and built a house of his own. This was his second hut, the first he built when he was quite a lad as a retreat during his hunting excursions into the forest.

The house was built of logs in the ordinary way, and for some years Boone lived in it the ordinary settler's life. The life was a busy and a pleasant one. The family had to do everything for itself. A block of wood with a hole burnt out of it gave a mortar, and another block furnished the pestle with which the flour was pounded from the corn when the querns used by the Redskins were not available. The sheep were sheared for their wool, and the plants macerated for their flax, and in a rough sort of loom the housewife wove her own cloth with a linen warp and a woollen woof. Troughs were sunk and filled with bark and lye, and the men tanned the deerskins into leather. The men built the hut, and found the materials for food and clothing, the women did the spinning and weaving and milking and cooking and all the indoor duties.

With the Indians always lurking round, the log hut was practically a fortress, and it was built and managed as such. Every person in it had his or her place in case of an attack, and even the lads of twelve years old had each his loophole and his rifle. As the forests teemed with game but few domestic animals were kept, and the daily dinner was provided by the gun. Skill in the use of firearms was thus acquired very early in life, and constant practice made perfect. Holiday gatherings partook of the "Wappenshaw" character, in which rifle-shooting played an important part.

One of these trials of skill was that known as driving the nail—at forty paces. A nail was driven into the target for a little over half its length with a hammer, and for the rest of its length with rifle bullets. To move the nail it had to be shot fairly on the head, and this was done on an average once out of every three attempts. Another test of marksmanship was shooting oranges as they were thrown across an open doorway; another was the squirrel barking practised to prevent the skin being injured, which we will let an eye-witness describe as he saw it performed by Boone himself. "We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a tree about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the bead, or sight of the barrel, was brought to a line with the spot he intended to strike. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine." Snuffing the candle was another performance frequently indulged in, the point of the game being that the candle had to be snuffed without being extinguished. It is not to be wondered at that some of the feats of marksmanship accomplished by these backwoodsmen at short distances are almost incredible when we consider that they were kept in practice by such amusements as these, and that they had daily to go out and shoot their dinner with as much coolness and deliberation as the housekeeper now orders it from the butcher. Boone, however, was not to spend his life on the banks of the Yadkin. He was to open up the "Far West," which in his days meant Kentucky.

The first to visit Kentucky, then known under its Indian form of Kain-tuck-ee, was Jamie McBride, who cut his name on a tree, and, like the Scotchman of Joe Miller's orchard, went "bock agen." The next to make his way across the Alleghanies was John Finley, who in 1767 saw from the mountain range at Cumberland Gap the rolling plains with their herds of deer and buffalo. Finley returned to North Carolina and told the story of his adventures.

An exploring party was formed to cross the mountains and select a site for a new settlement. The party consisted of six picked men, Boone, Finley, Stewart, Holden, Moncey, and Cool. They started in May, 1769. "Daniel Boone's First View of Kentucky," that famous old engraving found on so many American cottage walls, represents the pioneer in full costume contemplating the landscape from the Cumberland Ridge.

On the 22nd of December the party divided, Boone and Stewart going off by themselves. As they were passing through a cane brake the Indians surprised and captured them. Boone was the most placid of men. Seeing escape impossible, although the Redskins were only armed with bows and arrows, he immediately set to work to make himself agreeable to his captors, and with his rifle supplied them with food.

For seven days the Indians marched their prisoners to the west. Each night was spent around the camp fire, and, deceived by the apparent contentment of Boone and the readiness to please displayed by Stewart, the watch on the captives became each night less vigilant. On the seventh night Boone caught all the Redskins asleep, and quietly woke Stewart. Making their way stealthily out of the camp, they got clear off into the woods, and safely reached their old camp, which they found deserted, for Finley and his party were never heard of again. Here they were soon joined by Boone's brother and another adventurer that had come in search of them.

The four men camped together, and the explorations and hunting expeditions were resumed. Not for long, however, as Stewart was soon afterwards shot in an ambuscade, tomahawked, and scalped, Boone escaping the same fate by his swiftness of foot. The news that the Indians were up around them proved too much for the third hunter, and he went back, leaving the Boone brothers alone in the woods.

He never reached the Yadkin. A skeleton and some pieces of clothing were found years afterwards near a swamp, which is supposed to have dried up and left them on the firmer ground. These were in the line of his route, and are considered to have been his, but no details of his fate were ever discovered. On the 1st of May Squire Boone went back for some horses, and then accompanied his brother to the Cumberland River.

They then went back to the Yadkin to bring away their wives and families, and in September, 1773, led them across the mountains. The party consisted of forty in all, and the baggage was carried on four horses. Slowly in single file the march went on until Cumberland Gap was reached. The Indians, unknown to them, had been gathering round and following them for days. As the emigrants were passing through the defile there came a whoop and a shower of arrows, and the six young men who were leading were killed. One of them was Daniel's eldest son, a fine young lad of seventeen.

The attack was so sudden and fatal that, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Boone and his brother, the party resolved to retreat to the valley of the Clinch. There in the extreme south-west of Virginia was the new colony founded on the banks of the river which, uniting with the Holston from the other side of Powell's Ridge, forms the Tennessee. With the mountain range on either hand and the rich meadows around them, the emigrants would seem to have chosen a most appropriate site. The Boones had, however, set their hearts on moving into Kentucky, and their stay at the Clinch was only regarded by them in the light of a visit.

In 1774 a party of some forty surveyors, under Captain Harrod, were sent by Governor Dunmore to the Falls of the Ohio. A formidable conspiracy was organised amongst the Indians to destroy them and all the other whites who at any time might arrive in the Redskins' hunting-grounds. This conspiracy included the Indians among whom the surveyors were working, and who were sup-

posed to be friendly towards them. To warn his men of their danger the governor sent off Boone, and he started on his nearly five hundred miles' tramp through the enemy's country. He reached the party in safety, and guided them home.

One day they were attacked by the Indians, and one of the men fled to the Ohio and jumped into a canoe. The current bore him along, and the shower of arrows failed to hurt him. He tried in vain to stem the stream, and then resigned himself to the inevitable. He drifted down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. There he took ship to Philadelphia, after a canoe voyage of over two thousand miles, one of the most adventurous on record.

In 1775 Boone brought his wife and family from the Clinch into Kentucky, and built the ten log huts which formed the nucleus of Boonesborough. "The Proprietors of the Colony of Transylvania in America," as the colonising company was called that appropriated the country as its own, made Boonesborough its capital, with their three other settlements at Harrodsburg, St. Asaph, and Boiling Spring. The Transylvanian Republic was to be independent, owing fealty to no other power, and expecting help from none, and although it only boasted a population of one hundred and fifty, yet it had its legislature and its church. The session of its legislature, which was opened and closed by a prayer from the Rev. John Lythe, was not very lengthy. All the business was transacted in three days, and acts were passed prohibiting Sabbath-breaking and profane swearing, improving the breed of horses, and preserving the game. The Transylvanians had but a short existence; the Virginians laid claim to their territory, and their title was declared null. Henderson, the president of the colony, received a grant of land, about twelve miles square, on the Ohio, and the forts the company had built passed under the control of the British Crown. Attention had, however, been directed to the wealth of Kentucky, and the stream of emigration began to flow. But the Indians began to swarm round the forts. The settlers were to pass through a baptism of fire.

(To be continued.)

TIGER TALES;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A HOLIDAY.

PART III.

"THERE'S a tiger lying in that clump!" yelled a black object in great excitement, as he came springing towards his comrades. "I saw him with my own eyes, and he's all ready, and is wagging his tail."

As the man reached his neighbours, who huddled together on the first intimation, he pointed to a small isolated patch of jow, consisting of not more than half a dozen bushes, and which stood apart from the cover just beaten. It was only by accident the man had approached it, no one having thought it worth while to examine a place so unlikely to be preferred to the more concealed and shady recesses of the main jungle.

Rugonauth quickly reappeared, and marshalling the men, took them back in a body, so as to get on the farther side of the little clump, and endeavour to drive its occupant towards the hunters.

The retrograde movement was effected without the tiger moving, though he was doubtless furious at being disturbed, and quite prepared to visit his wrath on any intruders.

Having gained a sufficient distance to the rear, the beaters, in one solid body, now again advanced, and made free use of stones and fireworks.

With a tremendous roar the tiger sprang up, leapt from the bushes which had concealed him, and dashed straight towards the advancing column. Luckily the men remained compact and firm, waving their sticks and swords in front, and of course redoubling their shouts. When within some eight or ten yards, the brute, intimidated by the determined appearance of the wedge of human beings, shirked the attack, and turned aside into the jungle. Had it, however, been but a small party, or had any stray outsiders been separated from the main body, it would probably have gone hard with them. Not for a moment did the animal now loiter in the cover, but, turning back, broke from it in nearly the same place as the others had done on the previous day.

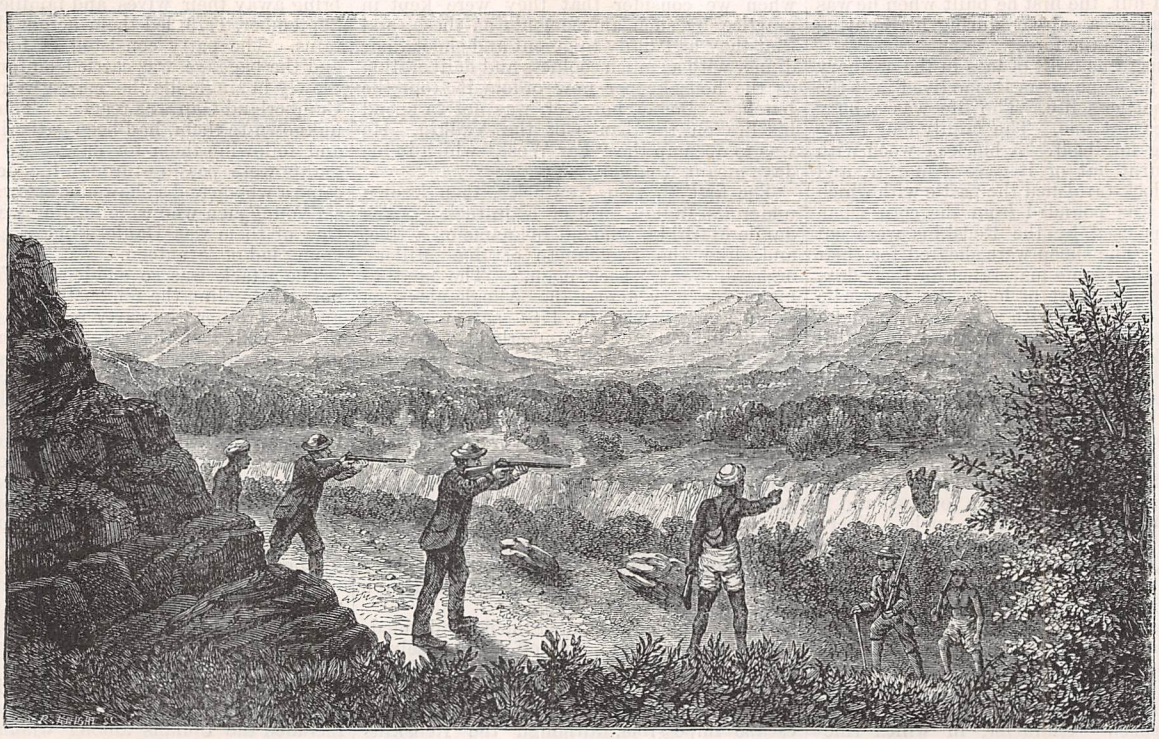
Catching sight of the two hunters standing on the bank, he changed his direction—which was along the bed of the river—and charged right at them, tail on end, and roaring with full tiger power.

Perfectly steady, the wary hunters waited till he had passed one or two intervening bushes, and then, when he was distant from them about fifteen or twenty paces, touched their triggers, and a couple of bullets crashed into his body. He sprang into the air, stood for a moment on his hind legs, and then commenced dancing round and round. A second time a brace of bullets sped their way, and he rolled over. Quickly seizing their second guns, another volley was fired, and the tiger's further charging was stopped for ever.

"That's a settler," said Mackenzie, as the two instinctively reloaded before going up to the dead foe.

"Yes, rather a neat job altogether," was Norman's reply, as he drove home a bullet, and then shouted to Rugonauth that the game was bagged.

"Sharp, short, and decidedly decisive," observed Hawkes, as he joined them over the body of the striped beauty, now so still, but within so brief a space exulting in the un-



A Spread Eagle Shot.

equalled combination of power and agility belonging to its kind. "You 'slacked his limbs in death' pretty sharply. All I could see after he appeared out of the bushes was a yellow streak, then a slight dance, a roll over, and muteness succeeded his roaring. He was straight between myself and you, so that I couldn't have fired even if I had had time."

A Charging Shot.

And later on we have another shot on a charging tiger under a different shikaree—Roopur by name.

Taking a couple of flower-pots, without making an observation to any one or demanding any assistance, the hunter descended the hill by a circuitous path, which led him to the foot of the cliff on which he had been lately standing. Stationing himself behind a boulder, he lighted one of his fireworks and threw it into a recess which gaped black and dim a few yards from him. It fizzed and spluttered, then died out. He approached somewhat nearer, and, lighting the other, threw it beyond a ledge which his closer position enabled him to discern. It had barely touched the ground when a roar came from the recess, and a tiger sprang out, passed within a few yards of him, and, after bounding over the boulders of rock in front, went galloping down the steep hillside.

When Roopur saw the success of his operation, and that the tiger was well clear of him, he jumped on to a rock in the sight of all the beaters, except those immediately above. Pointing with one hand triumphantly to the descending tiger, and with the other gesticulating wildly towards Rugonauth, he shouted, in tones of exultation, "I knew well! I knew well! There he goes! Who said that he wasn't here, and that Roopur was a deceiver? Ha! ha!" And he laughed a laugh disdainful yet triumphant.

His pæan was echoed from some threescore dusky throats as the tiger broke in view of those assembled above. It did not require old Rugonauth's yell of warning to announce to the hunters the fact of the animal being on foot.

Hawkes, from his position opposite, at once caught sight of it, and had only time to fire one ineffectual shot before the beast became lost to view. It made no attempt to ascend in his direction, but turned down the gorge and made direct for the positions of the two lower sportsmen. From out of some bushes it emerged, like a flash, in front of Norman, and bounded into the nullah at full speed. Catching a glimpse, between the stems of two trees, of the meteor-like mass of stripes and yellow shooting by, he fired, but without checking the beast, and in another moment it had passed.

He had just time to shout, "Look out, Mac!" when that individual, seated on a stump not more than six feet above the ground, viewed the tiger dash out of the nullah and take a path which led right up to and past his position. The trigger of his trusty heavy rifle was touched, and a bullet crashed into the advancing body, which, turning a complete somersault, rolled over like a stricken hare. The left barrel was discharged at the doubled-up lump of quivering flesh; but it was unnecessary, for the first had proved fatal.

Norman, who had turned in his tree, now managed to bring his gun to bear, and inquired if he should fire.

"No, no," was the reply. "It's all right. He is as dead as a door-nail."

Hit within a distance of seven or eight yards, the first bullet had struck the tiger in the head, passed through, and, after traversing half the length of the body, lodged just within the skin of the belly.

The whole affair was seen by the beaters from their commanding position on the cliffs and upper ground, and the fall was welcomed with a chorus of approving and congratulatory howls.

Roopur was still standing prominently forward on his rock; and he now again turned his gaze upwards towards Rugonauth, as, pointing with his lean, scraggy arm down to the gap below, he asked him, with a derisive shout, if he was satisfied. He seemed to be so.

Not very long after this there occurred a curious adventure with bears.

A bear was viewed into some jungle considerably beyond the devotee's hut, past which the path took the hunters. The gosein was there, and with his scholar, or disciple, whom he was instructing in the rudiments of his devotional exercises, came forward to salute the gentlemen as they passed. But they did not linger there, for they had yet a long way to go.

To each sportsman was assigned a separate spot overlooking a large tract of jungle; but either the beat was not so well arranged as usual, or they were less fortunate, for the bear broke away through the beaters at a place unguarded by any of them, and, unfortunately, not without some damage to one man, who with a few fellows endeavoured to turn him back. Resenting their interference in his plans, he charged at them, knocked one over and passed over his body, luckily without staying to inflict any further injury than that he had already caused.

When the shout arose that a man was attacked, all three of the hunters ran from their positions towards the spot to which they were directed. They found the man lying on the ground and moaning; but though the bear had left the impress of his claws on the fellow's chest, making several deep holes in the flesh, they soon saw that he was not dangerously wounded, and indeed he was more frightened than seriously hurt. Giving orders that he should be conveyed to the gosein's hut and there have the wounds well bathed with cold water, they continued in pursuit of the bear under the guidance of one or two men who exchanged a running fire of questions and answers with the look-outs, now springing along from point to point and marking the bear's course. Dubious though the directions and signals thus given might appear to the uninitiated, they were quite understood by the men who accompanied the hunters.

Stopping now and then for guidance as to their further course, the party went along at a fast walk or jog trot. They had been told to make a short cut across to a large ravine, which they reached; and, after a few half-intelligible shouts, were assured by their guides that the bear was said to be in the ravine and moving parallel with them. Accordingly they kept along one side of it, hoping for some opportunity of getting a shot. The place was filled with trees, and above

their tops on the other side could be discerned the upper part of the cliff which formed its boundary.

The hunters could now distinctly hear the beast as, having slackened his pace, he made his way apparently along the base of the cliff. The crackling of the dried leaves and sticks plainly indicated his whereabouts, but as yet no view of his body was afforded them. Any attempt to approach him by descending into the ravine would have been useless, and only caused his more rapid flight, leaving them far in the rear before the manœuvre could be executed. All they could do was to keep on their present course and await some chance of a view.

Mackenzie had been unable to keep up with his lighter companions, and was now lagging considerably in the rear; when the leaders pulled up to listen, as the sound of the animal's progress had ceased.

Suddenly Norman cried, "There he is!" and Hawkes in the same instant caught a sight of the bear appearing above the tops of the trees. It was visible in its whole length and breadth, stretched to its utmost extent, as it strove to drag itself on to the top of the broken cliff, and presented a most tempting shot. It had surmounted all but the last ledge, and was in the very act of scrambling up that—in which case it would probably have escaped in the neighbouring jungle—when the two rifles, fired so exactly together as to give but one sound, simultaneously sent forth their death messengers.

Up went the animal's fore-paws, and with a loud roar he toppled over and disappeared behind the foliage of the trees. Headlong he fell into the underwood at the foot of the cliff; nor did his progress stop there, for the crashing of bushes and his incessant growling announced that his involuntary career was unchecked, and continued down the slope into the lowest depths of the ravine. There he managed to recover himself, and slunk back on the line by which he had advanced. He was shortly viewed by some look-outs, and marked into a thick bit of jungle of small extent, where he lay up.

The hunters were quickly again in pursuit; and, as a man declared he could take them up to the very spot in which the wounded beast was lying, they prepared to assail it in the recesses of its stronghold. Leaving Hawkes to guard an outlet in one direction, the other two crept in, and, with much difficulty forcing their way through the tangled undergrowth, soon came upon him, looking nearly expended. He was evidently awaiting their close approach, and directly he saw them, jumped up and charged at them. But a couple of bullets at close quarters effectually stopped his onslaught.

"Don't fire any more," said Mackenzie. "He's meat;" and meat he proved to be.

But it was with tigers that we began this article, and with a tiger we will conclude. The narrow escape of the wretched native is one of the best things in this remarkable book of big game pursuits. It is even better than the chase of the maneater and the right and left shot, for which we have no space.

The preparations had been duly made. Hawkes, who was stationed in a tree just within the confines of the cover, soon caught a sight of the tiger with his head turned towards the beaters, and evidently listening, quite unconscious of the proximity of any other danger. He levelled and fired, and the beast acknowledged the compliment by turning and darting down the jungle towards Mackenzie in a series of tremendous bounds, at the same time giving audible signs of his dissatisfaction at the treatment he had met with.

The beaters continued on; and when they had reached the level of Hawkes's tree, he descended and joined Norman by a circuitous path. He had hardly done so, and from the bottom of Norman's tree was exchanging with his friend above a few brief inquiries, when a man was seen to advance into the jungle and move across an opening, as if to communicate with a marker in an adjacent tree.

"What is that fellow doing there, I wonder?" remarked Norman, angrily. "The man is mad. Do you see him, Hawkes?"

The words were hardly spoken, when the tiger sprang out of a thick clump of bushes, and charged straight at the man, who, apparently petrified, made no effort to escape. Indeed there was no time to do so.

The man was unfortunately directly between the enraged beast and the two spectators, so that they were unable to fire, and there seemed no hope for the wretched creature.

"He'll be on him in a moment," ejaculated Norman, with horror. "I must risk it,—I'll fire."

But even as he thus rapidly spoke, and, suiting the action to the word, brought his rifle to bear, the tiger rolled over in a heap, and a rifle crack sounded sharp and ringing.

"Bravo! That dear old fellow, Mac, spoke there. Do you see him, Hawkes, from where you are?"

"I can see Mac," was the reply. "He has changed his place. But I can't make out the tiger; he must be down, for the man has bolted."

"Here, hold aside this bough," Norman said to his gun-bearer. "Let me see! Ah! There he is struggling. I have him now. Steady!"

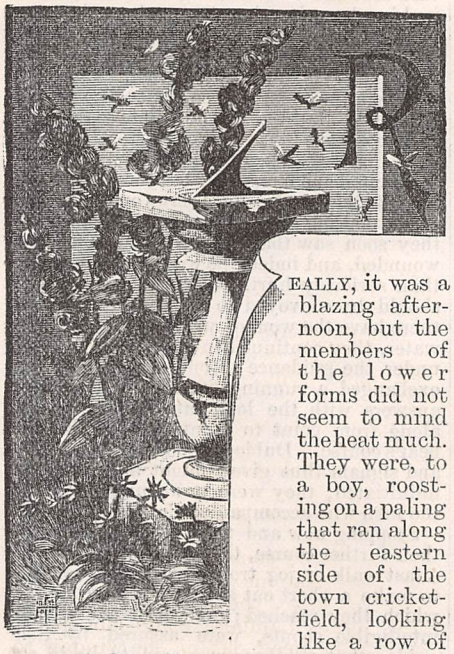
It was a long, a very long shot; but the bullet sped on its way, and the wounded animal ceased to struggle. The beater, released from the numbing effects of his terror by the overthrow of the tiger, had already, with monkey-like agility, climbed into a tree. The crisis was over, and the man saved; and it mattered little whether Mackenzie's or Norman's bullet had given the death wound.

(THE END.)

TIT FOR TAT: A BREAKING-UP STORY.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc.



REALLY, it was a blazing afternoon, but the members of the lower forms did not seem to mind the heat much. They were, to a boy, roosting on a paling that ran along the eastern side of the town cricket-field, looking like a row of magnified swallows on a magnified telegraph wire.

It was a splendid spot to watch the game from; they could see over the heads of the thin line of spectators who were bold enough to face the sun. Besides, on this side of the field they were out of reach of monitors and masters, who hung about the pavilion or lay in the shade by the hedge.

The match was an event of some importance, the school against the town. It was closely contested too; the town were in for their second innings and had twenty-five runs to make and two wickets to fall.

"They'll do it yet," cried Godfrey, as he rose to his feet in his excitement and nearly went over backward.

"Who *is* that man, Lambert?" asked Whittingham; "I seem to know his face, but he's never played for the town before."

"I know," chirped Fox, a little chap; "he's the fellow that sells the tickets at the station."

"So he is," exclaimed Godfrey. "Are our men going to be licked by such chaps as he?"

Apparently they were, for Lambert at this moment hit a four, the ball travelling to within ten yards of where the boys were sitting.

"Go it, Parker!" they all shouted as that hot and flushed long-leg came tearing after it. He fielded it neatly and sent it back with a long, low shot; the boys heard the "ouf!" which accompanied it. The town had given long-leg his quantum of leather-hunting.

The score slowly rose, and the temper of the youngsters rose with it. Not content with encouraging their own side with shouts of applause, they commenced chaffing their opponents, in the hope presumably of making them excited and so bringing about a catastrophe.

Lambert was naturally singled out for most of the wit; he was the most dangerous opponent, and his partner, the doctor to the school, was too important a personage to be treated to chaff. Who could tell what awful revenge he might inflict on them? Suppose he were to order draughts all round!

So the unfortunate Lambert became the butt of all the lower-form wit. Godfrey was the leader, and seemed to have an unfailing supply of appropriate jokes.

"*First-class*, Lambert!" he shouted, as a two was hit.

The boys shouted with delight.

"Go it!" cried Fox; "turn the steam on."

Then Godfrey made a joke "expressly," and Smith made an allusion to "puffing," which Godfrey capped by hoping for a "collision" as the batsmen crossed.

By this time Lambert could not help being aware that he was being chaffed.

This was his first match, and he was excited at finding himself the top scorer of his side. He hoped to carry out his bat, but to do that it was necessary he should keep as cool as possible. The shouts and cries of the impertinent boys were irritating to him to the last degree; he would have been more than human if he could have borne them with equanimity. It was a high honour to him to play in the same eleven with several of the chief gentlemen of the town, and to have his comparatively humble station made fun of in this public way was more than he could bear.

He turned round savagely to the horde of tormentors and shook his fist at them.

"Look out! he's making danger signals," cried Godfrey, a remark greeted with roars. However, Parker, who was within earshot, shouted out to the joker that if he did not shut up he would lick him, which rather damped his flow of spirits, for Parker had a heavy hand.

But it was too late for Lambert to recover his coolness. The laughter and jeers had upset him. He swiped wildly, and came to grief at the hands of long-on.

He was mad with rage, and instead of making for the pavilion, ran across the field towards the row of boys. But the umpire was too quick for him, and caught him.

"That's the way to the pavilion," said Mr. Underwood, pointing to the cheering mass, who were unconscious of what had happened, and only knew that Lambert had played well for his side.

"I'm going to lick those young rascals!" cried Lambert. "They made me lose the game. I know who's the ringleader."

He shook his fist at Godfrey, who was leading the ironical cheering. But Mr. Underwood took him firmly by the arm, and walked him towards the pavilion.

"You've played a good game," he said, soothingly; "don't lose your temper and make an ass of yourself."

Lambert restrained his anger and made for the pavilion without further protest. He was received with enthusiasm, but his delight was spoilt by the knowledge that if it had not been for "those boys" he would have carried out his bat.

He meant to have his revenge, though he had not any clear idea as to the method by which it might be obtained.

Another man, the last, took his place in a couple of minutes—not, however, before Parker had made a descent on the row of small boys and scattered them, like Hector when he attacked a body of ordinary Greek warriors. Godfrey went over the palings backwards in his hurry to escape, and so came in for more damage than Parker would have inflicted on him.

It is no good for me to put a moral at the end of this story, so I will sermonise here for a few lines. In order, however, that no boy may be induced to skip the paragraph I shall insert an important fact in the centre.

Could anything be in worse taste than the conduct of Godfrey and his friends? One of the best features of cricket is the bringing together of different classes on an equal footing. What should we think of a man who began laughing and jeering at a porter because he was not well born, or well educated, or well off? Yet some boys seem to think it a fine joke to hurt the feelings of others by laughing at them for what they cannot help. Here was Godfrey, a lazy young cub, who shirked his lessons and generally was a nuisance to the world, presuming to consider himself the superior of Lambert, who had raised himself from poverty to a respectable position where he earned enough to keep himself and lay by a trifle besides.

It was a pity that Lambert could not treat Godfrey's chaff with the indifference which it deserved. But unfortunately he was very sensitive on the subject of his social inferiority; it was his weakest point, and he suffered accordingly. So, instead of forgetting his injury, he nursed it, and determined one day to catch one of the young rascals and make him pay for the rest.

The match ended soon after in favour of the town by one wicket. It was aggravating, but the small boys seemed to resent that it was through Lambert's agency. "That was what happened when the town allowed cads like Lambert to play in the town eleven!"

However, in a couple of days the recollection of the defeat was rendered faint by the approach of the day for breaking-up. Exciting examinations were succeeded by the more exciting adjudication of prizes; old debts were paid up (as far as possible), and old scores paid off. Then came the inevitable "show-day," when essays were read and the boys made exhibitions of themselves. After that a couple of days of dulness intervened before the actual departure.

"Had your travelling money sent you yet?" inquired Smith of Godfrey, the day before the general exodus.

"Yes; but pater has only sent me thirteen bob; he might just as well have made it a sov."

"Why, your fare isn't more than five shillings, is it?"

"No," replied Godfrey; "not if I go third class and half ticket. I think I shall try it on once more."

"I can't, worse luck," said Smith; "I've grown three inches this half, and look pretty well sixteen. My guardian's only sent me the exact fare, and I owe Pender five bob, and haven't a copper. I'm in a hole. I s'pose you couldn't lend me some money till next half?"

"No, I couldn't," replied Godfrey; "but if you want five bob, I don't mind giving it you for your bat."

"Why, it cost eight-and-six, and it's just about new!"

"Well, I can't afford to give you more; I must have a shilling or two over for a tuck-out I've promised some fellows this afternoon."

Smith was forced to accept the offer, and the five shillings changed hands. He made one of Godfrey's party, however, and disposed of a shilling's-worth of pastry at the tuck-shop, so that on the whole he did not do so badly.

There were only three besides Smith who joined in the festivities, but at the close Godfrey found himself with exactly six-and-twopence left. However, it would be enough to carry him home, so he did not regret his generosity.

The next day some of the boys were up early; these had to travel long distances. Godfrey was to go by the ten-fifteen, in company with several of his choicest friends. He anticipated an uproarious time.

There was some delay in getting to the station, and the boys when they reached the platform found they had not many minutes to spare. Godfrey was the first at the pigeon-hole to take his ticket.

"A single 'third' to Manchester; half ticket, please," he said, putting down his five shillings and twopence.

"Half ticket?" asked the clerk, with a slight emphasis.

"Yes," replied Godfrey, looking up. To his dismay he saw Lambert's face peering through the aperture, with an unpleasant smile on it.

"Aren't you over age?" was his demand.

"I've always gone half price," said Godfrey, rather uneasily.

"Yes, but you can't be under twelve all your life," retorted Lambert. "Ten-and-fourpence, please."

"But I haven't got it!" expostulated Godfrey.

"Then you can't go," replied Lambert, coolly. "Pass on, please; you're stopping every one else."

This was true enough: the other boys were crowding behind him, and his final protestations were made out of earshot of Lambert. Godfrey had a moment's despair.

Then a thought struck him. He hastily scribbled a figure 12 on a scrap of paper and put it in his hat. Then he shoved his way unceremoniously to the window again.

"I say, you Lambert, I'm under twelve," he cried. "Give me my ticket."

"Ten-and-fourpence," demanded the inexorable clerk.

"Give me my ticket, you cad, you!" shouted the desperate boy.

"Go and see the stationmaster if you like," returned Lambert.

The rush of passengers bore the unhappy youngster on again, in a worse plight than ever.

He was almost crying with rage and vexation. He had never had any trouble before in getting his ticket, and had not anticipated any now. How he regretted his ill-advised chaff of his enemy on the cricket-field!

He rushed about to try and find a master, anybody, who would lend him the requisite money, but there was no one to be seen. Then the bell sounded the approach of the train, and he knew that he had but three minutes before it would have gone again.

He tried to get on the platform without a ticket, but the collector stopped him, and turned a deaf ear to his protestations. What could he do?

Ha! he had it. He rushed to the ticket-window again. Fox was the only boy left at it. He caught him by the arm.

"Get two half-tickets, Fox," he whispered. "They won't give me one."

"I can't," replied Fox, "I'm only going to Derby."

"Never mind, ask for one for Manchester, too."

Fox obeyed, but Lambert was too sharp for him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To Derby."

"Then here's your half-ticket. Everybody must take his own ticket."

Godfrey heard the words and his heart failed him. Lambert could not resist pushing his head out of the window to enjoy his discomfiture.

"I'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head in future, my young cock-a-lorum," he said.

Hope was dead in Godfrey's breast, but revenge was not. He dashed at his tormentor and seized his hair.

"Let me go!" shouted Lambert, who was in a most constrained and painful position. He could not get his arms out to free himself. Godfrey held on in a passion. The train was in, but what of that? He could not go by it, and so he held on grimly.

"Hullo! what's the matter here?" cried a loud voice. It was the stationmaster, who had suddenly appeared on the scene.

Godfrey loosed his hold.

"What is it, young man?" demanded the stationmaster.

"He won't give me my ticket."

"He says he's under twelve," said Lambert, "and wants to defraud the company."

"How old are you?" asked the stationmaster.

"Fourteen," was the truthful reply.

"Then you must take a whole ticket; look sharp."

"I haven't enough money."

"Then you must go by the next train."

"But they're to meet me with a trap," pleaded Godfrey.

"Are you from the school?"

"Yes."

"All right, give him his ticket, Lambert. I'll settle it with the doctor. Now look alive, you are keeping the train waiting."

The sense of relief was too great to allow of any thought but that of deliverance. Godfrey seized his ticket and flew to the train, jumping into a compartment that only contained two women and a baby.

He had been fairly punished, and his journey was a decidedly uncomfortable one.

LIFE AMONG THE SHANS;

OR, THE PREDECESSORS OF THE CHINESE.

A FEW years ago when an orator sought for an example of a changeless race he invariably pitched upon the Chinese. It was then supposed that the Celestials were "indigenous," and that they had occupied their present home since the beginning of Babel, slowly developing from savagery to civilisation. But now even the Chinese have gone the way of the Ancient Britons and all the other indigens, and we know that instead of being the first comers on the land they were almost the last.

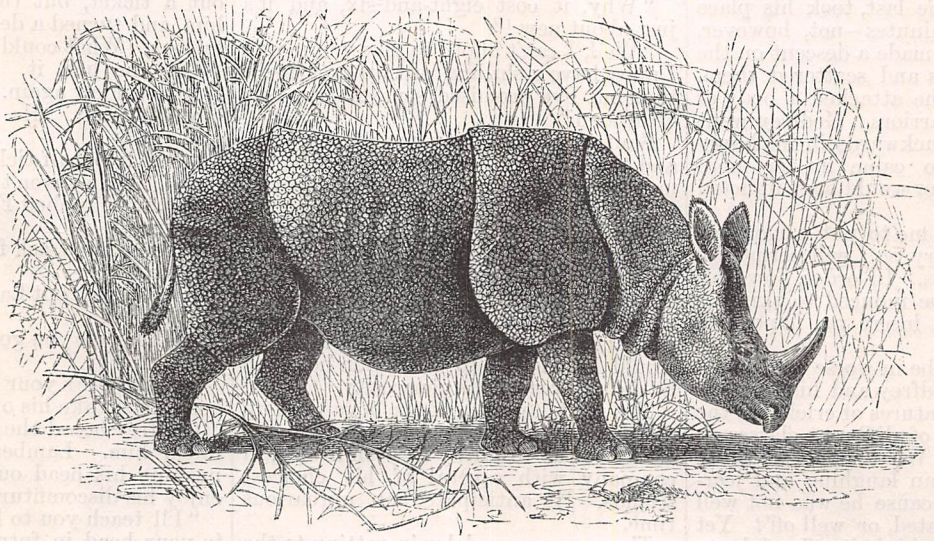
China, as we hinted in our article on the "River of Golden Sand," derived its language and the elements of its knowledge and institutions from the Bak families, who moved towards the Pacific from Western Asia twenty-three centuries before the Christian era. Instead of a sudden and complete conquest, they replaced the people they found in possession very slowly and partially, and even in these days we find the representatives of the older races still surviving.

One of these races is the Shans, now independent on the Burmese border, whose eighty thousand square miles of the richest land in Asia were recently explored by the expedition under Colonel Street, concerning which Mr. Colquhoun, the colonel's personal assistant, has written so interesting a book. "Among the Shans" is as good in its way as "Across Chryse," and not only is valuable for the information it contains concerning the peculiar people that give it its title, but is of high importance as directing attention to the aim and scope of the French proceedings in Annam and Tonkin, which are destined to provide at China's expense a counterweight to our Indian Empire.

Starting from Maulmain (or, as it used to be spelt, Moulmein) up the Salween—which is one of the great rivers of the world, extending through upwards of sixteen degrees of latitude and fourteen of longitude, rising in the table-land of Thibet and receiving a branch within a hundred and fifty miles of the headwaters of the Indus, Ganges, and Brahmaputra — Mr. Colquhoun entered the Yunzaleen and proceeded up it for ninety-five miles to Palpoon, where the expedition was welcomed by Mr. J. C. Davis, the officer in charge of the Salween hill tracts, who is quite a famous man in those parts.

"Some years ago when certain portions of the country were infested by dacoits, he employed his time for weeks in hunting them out of the precipitous country lying to the east of Thatone. So popular had he become amongst the quiet-loving people of the district that he had no trouble in inducing them to join and aid him in freeing the country from these marauders. His many daring feats are household words throughout the country; and he at length became such a terror to the numerous bad characters that many plots were laid by them for his assassination. Timely warning received from friendly villagers enabled him to elude these attempts, and generally to punish the plotters severely, until the chief of the Toung-thoos—a hill tribe of his district whom he had been compelled to have removed from his post—concocted a well-laid plot for taking Mr. Davis's life, which nearly succeeded. One evening when sitting after dinner in his bungalow, with the police officer and a friend who was paying him a visit, his quick ear recognised the sound of stealthy steps stealing along underneath the house, which is raised on posts some eight feet from the ground. Cautiously peeping over the verandah, he saw a gang of armed men surrounding the house. Quickly re-entering his sitting-room, he told the police officer and his friend to guard the front entrance, and, looking for his arms, he found that they had all been removed. Stepping to his bedroom door in order to secure the arms which he always kept at the head of his bed, he found it shut. Retreating a few steps to gain impetus, he rushed forward, and, forcing the door open, scattered the dacoits who were in the room pellmell. Seeing a dha, or Burmese sword, which had not been removed, he at once secured it, but in so doing received a wound on his face which would have destroyed his sight but for the rim of his spectacles. Quickly drawing his dha, he cut down two men, while the rest escaped, but were shortly after captured and transported for life."

The next halting-place of importance was Hmine Long-Gyee, where some fifty police reside in order to maintain order in the district. "Their main occupations appeared to be betel-chewing, smoking, and sleeping. A less disciplined squad I have seldom seen. A gong is used in place of a bugle for their martial exercise. The chief official is appointed from Bangkok. He wore an official costume, a strange olio, composed of a new German pickelhaube, a second-hand military jacket, a Siamese sarong, and French-polished shoes. His gentility was further evidenced by the length of his finger-nails, which showed the impossibility of his having performed manual labour for at least a year. In the bazaar we noticed, as is usual



A Dangerous Foe.

in the East, arsenic, vitriol, and other poisonous drugs, lying in close proximity to more innocent medicines. One specific we found, though not in common use by the natives, was highly prized. It was locally known as bangilla. No specimen of it could be procured in the bazaar, and our worthy medico was much puzzled as to what this famous panacea could be. After much search an empty bottle was found, when it turned out to be the far-famed American 'Painkiller.'"

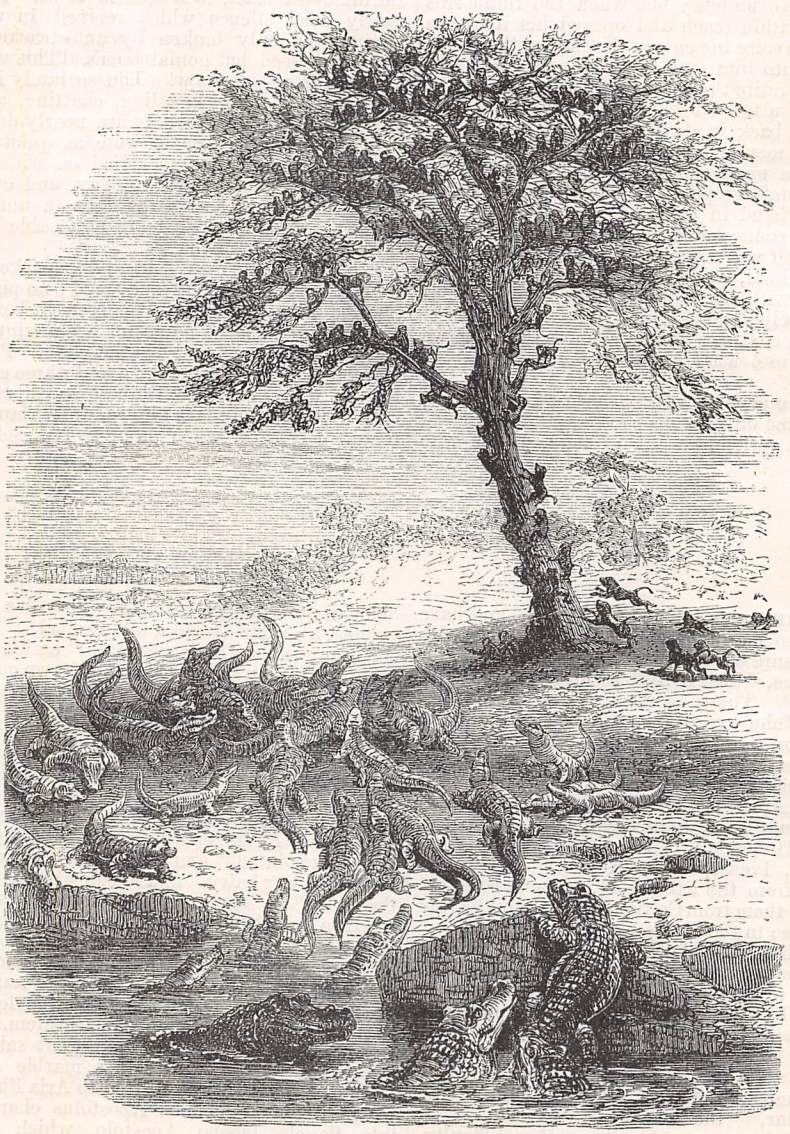
But it is when we get farther on that we come across the curious people. Take the Lawas, for instance. "The independent Lawas, who are said to number about eighty thousand, are chiefly cultivators of cotton, and are found in the high mountainous country to the northward and westward of Muang Lem; they wear their hair short and uncombed, and their sole garment is a small waist-cloth. They hold little communication with their neighbours, and never willingly permit a stranger to penetrate into their mountains. The Chinese caravans are often robbed by this tribe. The Lawa villages consist of from four hundred to five hundred houses, and are ruled by independent chiefs, who are frequently at war with each other. The heads of the conquered are very much prized, and serve to decorate the warriors' houses. Heads are in requisition for the purpose of propitiating the nats of the woods and hills and insuring good crops. The men obtain the heads by inveigling unsuspicious travellers into an ambuscade; when secured the heads are passed from house to house, with much ceremony and rejoicing. From this habit they are termed the 'goung-pyat,' or 'head-cutting-off Lawas.'" A truly pleasant people!

Here is another kidnapping story, in which the victims were kept as slaves. "The people of Mokmai, a Shan State lately tributary to Upper Burmah, make no secret of their fear and weakness, and tell many tales of the Red Karens' skill in kidnapping; amongst others of three Karens who came on a party of six of their people, and, seeing they were weaker than their intended prey, waited till night, when, making a large bundle of bamboos interwoven with thorns, they threw them over the Shans as they slept, and, standing on them, with their spears pricked them out one by one, tied their hands, and marched them off."

Slavery is still flourishing in all these countries. In Siam there are seven classes of slaves—those bought with money, those born slaves, those left as slaves by legacy, those made slaves by gift, those who become slaves from gratitude, those who voluntarily enslave themselves in times of famine, and those taken prisoners in war. The value of a man is from £10 to £20, of a woman from £7 to £12, and children from twelve to sixteen years of age are worth from £5 to £7 10s. Those who are born slaves can claim freedom on reaching manhood by paying £6. Husbands may sell their wives, parents their children, and masters their servants, and, in fact, slavery is an institution of fundamental importance in south-eastern Asia, and the sparsity of many of the hill tribes is due to their having in the olden time been systematically hunted like wild cattle to supply the market.

In the hills and forests there is a great quantity of big game, and some of the hunting incidents are fairly exciting. "In North Siam the natives generally say that the chattering of monkeys indicates the likelihood of a tiger being in the vicinity; their fright is not unnatural, as tigers are as fond of them as the carpenter was of the oysters. The plan followed by these tigers is curious. When they see monkeys sporting on the branches they crawl through the grass to the tree, give it a sudden blow with the shoulder, as children do to get apples or nuts, and the poor creatures, which the blow shakes down, are devoured forthwith."

Crocodiles are also good at monkey-catching. "It is amusing to see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them.



A Race for Life.

Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or most imprudent jumps from branch to branch till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by the paw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take part in it, but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards, while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the paw is entrapped and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

Rhinoceros hunting in the native fashion is thus described by Mouhot, to whom we are through Mr. Colquhoun indebted for the above. "Our party consisted of eight, including myself. I and my servants were armed with guns, and at the end of mine was a sharp bayonet. The Laos Shans had bamboos with iron blades, something between a bayonet and a poignard. The chief's weapon was the horn of a swordfish, long, sharp, strong, and supple, and not likely to break. Thus armed we set off into the thickest part of the forest, with all the windings of which our leader was well acquainted, and he could tell with tolerable certainty where we should find our expected prey. After penetrating nearly two miles into the forest we suddenly heard the crackling of branches and rustling of the dry leaves. The chief went on in advance, signing to us to keep a little way behind, but to have our arms in readiness. Soon our leader uttered a shrill cry as a token that the animal was near; he then began striking two bamboo canes against each other, and the men set up wild yells to provoke the animal to quit his retreat. A few minutes only elapsed before he rushed towards us, furious at being disturbed. Without any sign of fear, but, on the contrary, showing great exultation, as

though sure of his prey, the intrepid hunter advanced lance in hand and then stood still waiting for the creature's assault. I must say I trembled for him, and loaded my gun with two bullets; but when the rhinoceros came within reach and opened his immense jaws to seize his enemy the hunter thrust his lance into him to a depth of some feet, and calmly retired to where we were posted. The animal uttered fearful cries, and rolled over on his back in dreadful convulsions, while all the men shouted with delight. In a few minutes more we drew nearer to him; he was vomiting pools of blood. I shook the chief's hand in testimony of my satisfaction at his courage and skill. He told me that to myself was reserved the honour of finishing the animal, which I did by piercing his throat with my bayonet, and he almost immediately yielded up his last sigh."

As a contrast to this sanguinary scene we may quote what Mr. Colquhoun says about Zimmé.

"The people struck us as fair for Easterns, and some of the women even had rosy cheeks. It was quite pleasant to see a people who could blush, or, rather, whose blushes could be discerned. Their countenances, on which good-natured frankness was stamped, were of an even more Tartar cast than those of the Burmese—at least, so it seemed to us. The nearly dead silence which reigned in the bazaar was only broken by an occasional half-suppressed but genial laugh. This was a great surprise to us who had so lately left Burmah, where the haggling, chatting, and vociferation in the markets are nearly deafening. Here the people were as quiet as Quakers; business was carried on without people being importuned to buy, and even the necessary chaffering was done in undertones, which only made more noticeable the strange quietude of the scene.

"The principal meat sold in the market is pork, which is plentiful and good; no pig is allowed to be killed until it is brought before a *dine*, the Burmese name for a superintendent, who is appointed by the chief. Pork being a monopoly, a tax of about three shillings is levied from the Chinese butchers on each animal before it is allowed to be slaughtered. Pig's fat, when properly reduced, is the cosmetic generally in use at Zimmé, and, being unscented, gives anything but an agreeable aroma to the hair of the people. Very little gingelley, castor, or cocoa-nut oil is found in the town. Owing to the frequent cattle thefts which used to occur, special inquiries are made before cattle are allowed to be killed; this accounts for the scarcity of beef in the market. Fish, although plentiful in all the streams, particularly to the north, is rather scarce in the town, most likely because the principal part of the people being Buddhist are therefore adverse to taking life. All fishermen are looked upon here, as at Burmah, as outcasts. Vegetables, such as Karen-potatoes, onions, and chillies, were abundant, as well as cocoa-nuts, plantains, mangoes, and other fruit in considerable variety. A great number of frogs are seen tied up on strings in the food bazaar, and are esteemed a great delicacy by the Shans. Most cases of snake bite which occur here and in Burmah happen during the torchlight hunts after the frogs. The snakes naturally object to men poaching upon their preserves, frogs forming the chief article of their food."

OUR CHRISTIAN NAMES.

NAMES come from so many roots, and have so many branches, that we are really never sure of their meaning. Take John, for instance, which is said to mean "the Lord's grace." There seems to be no doubt but what John comes from Chaanach, and with it from the same original we get all the various stages of clipping and contortion that give us Hannah, Anna, Annie, Anne, Annette, Annabella, Joanna, Joannes, Joannot, Johann, Jhone, John, Jack, Hans, Hannibal, and—Honeyball! But although Ivan, Ian, Evans, Ivens, and even Jones, are said to come from the same root, it is possible to derive them from Celtic words without having recourse to the Hebrew or the Greek.

Spelling gives but little clue, as in the case of a pagan name being somewhat similar in sound to one known to the church, the priest at the baptism would naturally pronounce and spell it in the same way as he did the name for which he mistook it. Kathleen may be the diminutive of Kate, and come from Katherine, or it may be the far older Cathlinn, "the pole star," "the beam of the wave."

And then we meet with another difficulty, and that is simply, What is the name? Is it the name as given and spelt at the time, or the name as we now translate it? Are names translatable? Modern custom would seem to say no, and so we are getting back to the Alianores instead of the Eleanors, the Eadgyths instead of the Ediths, and the Eadgars instead of the Edgars. But if that fashion is to hold, we never had a monarch called John. The king who signed Magna Charta never knew the name. It may be all the same thing, but why should we interfere and translate in one case and not in the other? Lackland's name was Jehan; so he was called, and so he signed himself. And as we never had a king called John, so we only had one queen called Mary—and she was the wife of the third William. The Tudor queen was Marie; the Stuart queen too was Marie. It may be said that this is mere quibbling, but it is these slight differences in spelling that cause the difficulties in derivation.

Take this Mary, for instance. Some tell us it comes from Marah, meaning "bitterness," and others tell us it is the same as Miriam, and means "the Star of the Sea." Ellen and Helen seem much alike, but the first may come from the Gaelic, while the other may come from the Greek. It may be Ellen by way of Elaine, or Helen by way of Helena and Helios, "the sun." Names take strange twists sometimes. Mary suggests Elizabeth, and Elizabeth comes from Aaron's wife, Eli Scheba, "God hath sworn," which has developed also into Isabel and—Jezebel.

Aaron means "high mountain," and is the same as Haroun; Moses means "drawn out of the water." Mosaic pavements, by the way, have nothing to do with Moses; they get their name from the Museum, the temple of the Muses, which they originally decorated. Eleazar, "God will help," has another form in Lazarus, through whom we get the lazar-house for lepers. Adam means "red earth," Eve "life," Abel "breath," Cain "obtained," Seth "appointed," and Enos "mortal man." Esau means "hairy," and Jacob "caught by the heel," a name of the same class as the Agrippa, which means "born feet foremost."

Jacob has had many startling changes. It is the same, of course, as Yakoub—and as James. Nearly all the Jameses are named after the son of Zebedee—not after his lesser namesake the first Bishop of Jerusalem. It was his body that we are told went sailing across the Mediterranean in a marble ship without oar or sail, and drifted to Aria Flava, where Sanctus Jacobus Apostolus changed into Sancto Jacobo Apostolo, which was clipped in time into Sancto Jaco de Compostella, and further clipped into Santiago de Compostella of the pilgrimages.

The pilgrimages gave us the scallop-shell *Pecten jacobæus;* and the saint's former name, Giacopo Apostolo, not only gave us Giacomo, Iachimo, and Iago, but Iacapostolo, Jacquot, otherwise Jacko, and Jacques, otherwise one of the Jacks—the other Jack coming through the John line from Chaanach. "You are a Jacobin and I am a Jacobite," said Walter Scott to Tom Moore, "so we coincide in politics to a T!"

Many of these strange changes are due to individual peculiarities. The New Zealanders, for instance, are unable to pronounce an L, and consequently in Maori Lot becomes Rota, and William becomes Wiremo; and the Kaffirs cannot pronounce the R, hence Harry in South Africa becomes Hali, and Mary becomes Mali. In this way many of the names have been formed by our children—Mary becoming Mally and Molly, Dorothy becoming Dolly. Dorothy is the same as Theodore, and means "the gift of God;" and Theodore mispronounced becomes none other than the Welsh Tewdwr—otherwise Tudor! Another Welsh contortion comes from David, "the man after God's own heart," which in other forms appears as Daood, Dako, Daveed, Daffydd, and finally Taffy.

Theodore is the Greek representation of Matthew, which is the same as Matthias, the "gift of Jehovah;" Mark means "shining;" Luke is the "light," and is akin to Lucy, Lucinda, Lucius, and Lucifer, so that the lisping mother was not so far out when, in reply to the question as to her child's name, she answered "Luthy, thir!" and the horrified clergyman, mistaking the sound, remarked, "Lucifer! I shall have no such name. I christen this child John!" And as such the girl went through life, though she had only to alter the John into Jhone to get the old spelling of Joan, and so have a name of the right gender.

Many of the old names were distinctive of peculiarities. We have Ovid, with his Naso, on account of his nose; Tully, with his Cicero, on account of the chick-pea on his face; and there are Balbus, the "stammerer;" Scævola, the "left-handed;" Seneca, the "white-haired;" Plato, "the broad-shouldered;" Plautus, "the splay-footed;" Galba, "the stumpy;" and the Great Dictator "Fabius," from "growing beans," whence perhaps the origin of the modern colloquial of "giving them beans." Cecil means "a blind man;" Blaise means "a lisper;" and Algernon means "wore his whiskers"—three very fashionable names, with sound much superior to sense.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

My Father's Will.

A good old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with his Bible in his hand, when a friend met him, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Price, what are you reading there?" "Ah! good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along." "Well, and what has He left you?" said his friend. "Why, He has bequeathed to me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." The reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captian H., late R.N.

VI.—SWIMMING ON THE LINE.

Most boys are fond of bathing, but the luxury of a bath on or near the equator is almost impossible to describe.

In the first place there is the excessive heat of the atmosphere, and sometimes it is so warm that on rising after having sat down upon the deck for a few minutes you leave a damp patch on the plank where you have sat! Then again, in the neighbourhood of the line, the water is salter than in any other part of the ocean; and as it is salter so it is heavier and denser, and being heavier, it supports the body more easily than fresh water or water less salt.

Most of you have no doubt heard of the old practical joke which we have seen played ourselves—*i.e.*, letting a greenhorn have a look at the line. One of the morning watch on the day of the vessel's approach to the equator obtains a long hair and fastens it inside the object lens of the telescope, stretching it from side to side. Then, when the "green hands" come on deck, and have a look round the horizon to see if a strange sail is in sight, there comes a cry, "Oh! oh! There is the line! I can see the equator."

With regard to bathing on the line, a great deal depends upon the nature and disposition of the captain. One will allow all hands who can swim to bathe; another will only permit the officers; while there are a few who are so cautious with respect to sharks that they will only allow bathing with a sail. This is generally a spare studdingsail, which is fastened by the two inner corners to the ship's side, and by the two outer clews or corners to the fore and main yardarm respectively, the belly of the sail being in about five or six feet of water. But this, although frequently written about, is very seldom seen.

There are captains, again, who will never grant permission to bathe for fear of an accident. The captain who is the hero of the following anecdote had some reason for his refusal, and, although we thought it very hard at the time, there is no doubt that he was justified in acting as he did.

It was about twenty years ago, when we were going out to China on board an auxiliary screw. Unfortunately the gunroom steward, who should have provided the extras for the midshipmen's berth, had taken it into his head to leave us at Plymouth, carrying with him the money that ought to have purchased us our sea-stores. Consequently we were upon very short allowance, and some of us youngsters had very frequently to go without.

Now, it so happened that Captain B—— adopted a habit as soon as we got into hot weather of towing a net bag overboard, containing sometimes his allowance of salt beef and pork, and at others a bottle or two of wine. The *raison d'être* of which was, that, although it seems strange, yet soaking salt junk in sea-water will make it less salt, while sinking wine or beer two or three fathoms beneath the surface makes it as cool as though it had been iced. All went well for a week or two, and then one morning the line to which the captain's beef was attached was found divided and the beef gone.

"It must have been one of those confounded sharks," observed the captain. "The grab-alls! they'll eat anything."

Strange to say, the meat disappeared the next day and the day following that! Then the sharks left it alone for one night, and then they had it every night for a week.

Then one evening, after quarters, Captain B—— observed, "I don't wish to make any insinuations, gentlemen, but I have my suspicions that the sharks that have taken my beef have been taking it from in board, and consequently I am going to put a special sentry over the tow-line. A marine was put on guard accordingly, and the sharks no longer ran away with the meat.

A few weeks passed away, and we were becalmed within twenty miles of the line. It was as hot as a furnace, and there was not air enough to lift a bit of down. The water looked so cool and tempti ng as we gazed down into its pellucid depths that the temptation to have a plunge became almost irresistible.

At length we decided that Thornton, one of the sub-lieutenants, and a great favourite on account of his obliging manners, should apply to the skipper on the part of the berth for permission to bathe.

Presently Captain B—— came on deck almost gasping with the great heat down below. Thornton approached him, and we formed a semicircle a li ttle way behind.

"If you please, sir," commenced the sub-lieutenant, "I have taken the liberty, on the part of the midshipmen's berth, to ask for permission to have a bathe overboard."

The captain looked at us and seemed to hesitate as he took stock of our anxious and perspiring countenances. Finally he replied,

"Well, really, Mr. Thornton, I should be very pleased to give ye all permission, but under the circumstances I daren't! I really daren't!"

"What circumstances, sir?" asked Thornton, seriously.

Then from the twinkle in the skipper's eyes we knew he was going to have a joke at somebody's expense.

"What, don't you know, Mr. Thornton?" he exclaimed, with pretended surprise; "why, we have been so—infested I may say—with sharks, that for the last few weeks I have been obliged to place a special sentry over my meat and wine when I have allowed it to tow overboard. And fancy the awful responsibility of allowing all you young gentlemen to run such a risk!"

"Really, sir—" began Thornton.

"It's of no use saying a word, Mr. Thornton," interrupted Captain B——, somewhat sharply; "I have refused you, and *I am sure I have given you a most excellent reason.*"

Of course we knew what the real reason was, and as we dragged ourselves away not loud but deep were the blessings lavished upon the heads of the hungry mids whose peculations had deprived their messmates of their swim.

And now, as a finale, for a slight description of a bathe near the line, for, in spite of our title, we have never had the honour of bathing *exactly* on the line, although we have within ten miles.

The vessel was a corvette, becalmed about ten miles from the equator. The sea was without a ripple, although long even rolls ever and anon passed over the face of the deeply-blue water. The blue was of that marvellous tint that you cannot even imagine, much less witness, in or around England.

The captain had given us permission and we had undressed in the starboard chains, the majority of us jumping in or taking headers, but a few descending by the side ladder. For a few minutes we plunged about, enjoying the peculiar feeling of—to coin a word—insinkability, when suddenly some one called out "Let's have a game of leapfrog!"

It was agreed to *nem. con.*, and by degrees we placed ourselves in a long line. Then the one at the farther end commenced, and swimming up to the fellow in front of him, pressed him down with his hands until he could get his feet upon his shoulders, and then pushing him down as far as was possible in that buoyant water. So he passed over every one, finally taking up his position at the other end.

At last, by the time we had all been over everybody else, the first lieutenant came to the ship's side and, informing us that we had been long enough in the water, ordered us on board.

In five minutes, with great reluctance, we were all on board once more, and one thing that we have noticed since several times we observed then for the first occasion, viz., the sticky feeling left by the water about the equator, which has more the effect of syrup than ordinary sea-water.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

MR. STUDD'S ADVICE TO CRICKETERS.

Mr. E. Armitage writes to us from Chelsea under date of June 17:—"Will you kindly insert the enclosed, a copy of a letter from Mr. J. E. K. Studd, in your next issue of the Boy's Own Paper? Mr. Studd has consented to its insertion in any paper likely to reach those to whom its contents may be useful. As your paper reaches a large number of boys, we should be glad for them to have an opportunity of reading Mr. Studd's letter."

"*Polytechnic, June 15th,* 1885.

"You ask me what I have found the most refreshing drink during the cricket season, and how thirst caused by a long innings in the sun, or a long day's fielding, can best be subdued, and whether stimulants are necessary. Personally I have never touched stimulants when playing cricket. At Eton, before I was an abstainer, I used always to avoid taking either beer or wine at luncheon during a cricket match, and my last year in the Eton Eleven I never touched stimulants at all. I think one can do more work, and feel it less, if one does not drink any stimulants (by which I mean beer, wine, or spirits, etc.).

"With regard to quenching thirst, I have always found it best to drink as LITTLE as possible of anything; by this means one's thirst does not get so overpowering as it otherwise would. This applies to all sorts of days, and all the year round. It needs a little self-denial, but one is amply repaid by finding oneself almost entirely free from that insatiable thirst which is so trying and so common.

"The best drink I have ever found for a strong thirst is hot tea; but as this cannot often be had, ginger-beer and a lemon used to be the usual beverage. This is generally termed 'lemon squash,' only a bottle of ginger-beer is substituted for a bottle of soda-water. I know of no nicer drink. The ginger-beer sold in stone bottles is far the best. Many other drinks are used, such as gingerade and soda-water half-and-half, but none of them are nearly so good as the lemon and ginger-beer.

"Summary.—1. Drink as *little* as possible. 2. Hot tea with a little milk. 3. Bottle of ginger-beer with a lemon.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. E. K. Studd."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

III. — Fretwork and Carving Competition.

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages* 18 *to* 24).

In this Division, which greatly excels both in its fretwork and carving, we largely increase the prize value, and thus apportion it:—

Prizes—One Guinea each.

CHARLES E. GILL (aged 21), Albert Terrace, Oxford Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

ARTHUR MINTY (aged 21), 6, Robin's Lane, Frome.

LOUIS H. HIGHAM (aged 20), School House, Marston Biggott, Frome.

Prizes—7s. 6d. each.

JOHN HERBERT SMITH (aged 20), Wolverley, Kidderminster.

WILLIAM SCOTT (aged 24), Hermiston, Lilliesleaf, N.B.

HARRY E. WHITE (aged 18), Mount Pleasant, Castle Donington, *vid* Derby.

R. A. STEEL (aged 21), Gold Tops, Newport, Mon.

Certificates.

HENRY COOPER, Lime Trees Cottage, Bengeo, Hertford.

G. H. SHAW, Arnold House, Anlaby Road, Hull.

THOS. E. SHILLINGLAW, 59, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

W. HARTLEY MIDDLETON, 17, Newton Street, Hyde, near Manchester.

JOHN W. JENNISON, 16, Stowe Street, Greenheys, Manchester.

CHARLES J. ELSE, Bullbridge, Crich, Derbyshire.

GEORGE P. ADAMS, Lower Road, Shoreham.

G. W. FROST, 1, The Park, Newland, Lincoln.

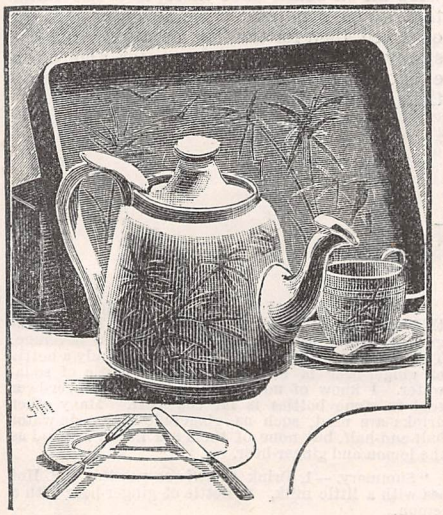
JOHN S. BUCKLAND, Quelfurlong, near Malmesbury, Wilts..

E. H. KITLEY, Witley Park, Haslemere, Surrey.

We have been much gratified with the skill and perseverance evidenced in this subject. Many of the competitors in all the divisions were entirely self-taught, and their work does them great credit. We very heartily congratulate them on their success.

*** The products of this Competition we have sent out by the missionary ship Harmony, which sailed on July 4th, to the missionaries labouring along the many hundred miles of dreary Labrador coast. We also sent in the same way the greater portion of the Illuminations received in the previous Competition. The remainder we forwarded to King's College Hospital, which is situated in the centre of one of the neediest districts of London; and Mr. T. R. Macdonald, B.A., secretary, in acknowledging the receipt of the parcel, wrote, under date of June 30: "The beautiful present you have sent has safely arrived, and I must ask you to accept my grateful thanks for your kindness. The Illuminations are all charming, but two or three of them are quite lovely works of art. They will, I need hardly tell you, be greatly appreciated in the wards."

Correspondence.



TELE.—There was a telegraph constructed at Geneva by Lesage in 1774, but it was worked with frictional electricity, and the signals were given by pith balls. The first working telegraph on the modern principle was that along the Great Western Railway in 1835, which at first extended from Paddington to Drayton. The wires were laid in a pipe along the ground. The first overhead telegraph on wires and posts was constructed in India in 1839.

A. D.—Never balance and rule off a cash-book oftener than once a quarter, as the totals are useful for checking purposes. It may be true that in the text-books the cash-book is closed every week or every month, but you need not assume from that that such is the usual practice. It would take up too much room in the manuals to give a twelvemonth's run as an example, and hence the balancing and short periods in order to show the working of the system. You can balance daily if you like—and should do so—but a red-ink entry in the margin is all that you require. The single-column cash-book, in which you debit yourself with an amount when received, credit yourself with it when you pay it to the bank, debit yourself with it when you draw the cheque on the bank, and credit yourself with it when you send the cheque away, was invented when bookkeeping was in its infancy.

W. BUCKLAND.—You can try "Prairie Experiences in Handling Sheep and Cattle," by Major Shepherd, published by Chapman and Co.; or "Ranch Notes," by Reginald Aldridge, published by Longmans. There is a good deal of information in Mulhall's "Handbook of the River Plate," published by Trübner and Co.; and Rose-Innes' "Condition of Chili," published by Stanford. The Argentine Republic have a pamphlet of their own for emigrants, and you can obtain a copy from their Consul-General in London.

NOM DE PLUME (Bristol).—1. The part was not out of print at the time, but for the future we intend keeping the first volumes only in book form. We have a depôt in Park Street, Bristol. 2. The Indian clubs at eight pounds apiece would not be too heavy in ordinary cases.

UNION JACK.—Try Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Designing," price three guineas; or his "Yacht and Boat Sailing," price twenty-five shillings, both published at the "Field" office, Strand. Or try Neison's "Boat-building for Amateurs," price five shillings, published by Gill at 170, Strand.

A. J. S.—The income-tax was first imposed by Mr. Pitt in 1798, and it ceased in 1816, after the close of the long Continental war. It was revived by Sir Robert Peel in 1842 for the purpose of meeting a deficit and carrying out his fiscal reforms. Mr. Gladstone issued his manifesto proposing to abolish it in 1874, but his appeal to the country was unsuccessful.

C. C. W.—The stag beetles are the Lucanidæ, and the stag beetle is *Lucanus cervus*. They are distinguished by the clubbed antennæ, the sturdy legs, and the horns on the head and thorax. The larva is curved towards the breast, so that it cannot creep on a flat surface, but has to lie on its side.

VICH IAN VOHR.—The Circassians are now subject to Russia. They inhabit the Caucasus. There is a "Life of Schamyl," and Spencer wrote two or three books about the district, which has now sunk very much out of mind.

PLAGOSUS ORBILIUS.—To prepare canvas for oil painting, stretch it on a frame, and wet it with clean water; when it is quite dry give it another stretching. Grind up equal quantities of whitelead and whiting with five parts of linseed-oil, and add to the mixture one part of boiled oil. Plaster this on the canvas with a brush, knife, or trowel: and when it is dry scrape off all colour that has made its way to the back of the canvas, and give the front a second coat. When that is hard and dry rub it smooth with pumice-stone and water. Then grind up two parts of whitelead, two parts of whiting, and one part of burnt ochre, with just a little pumice dust, in raw linseed oil; add to the mixture some gold-size, and thin it with half and half of raw oil and turpentine, and with it give coat after coat, pumicing down each, until the surface suits you to paint on. Finally, buy your canvas ready prepared whenever possible.

THANA DAGEA.—We are much obliged to you for sending us the newsagent's name, and we have taken the necessary steps.

H. VAUGHAN.—1. The capital of British Guiana is Georgetown. You will find a book by C. B. Brown on "Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana." It was issued in 1870. 2. Esquimalt is on the other side altogether. It is in British Columbia, and is one of our naval stations in the Pacific.

T. DRESDEN.—You dissolve amber in linseed oil. Powder it, and mix it well in the oil, and then carefully simmer it for some time over the fire. Do not let the temperature fall, and do not let the oil boil over. Such things should not be done carelessly: they require much exactness and deliberation as a chemical experiment.

H. S.—The story of the man-eating tree is a romance. It is an exaggeration based on the truth of the existence of insect-eating plants, to which we have frequently referred in these columns.

T. MURRAY.—In show pansies the outline must be a perfect circle, free from any notch or unevenness, and having the petals lying close and evenly on each other. They should be at least an inch and a half in diameter.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Contributions received up to July* 11.)

	£	s.	d
Brought forward.. ..	106	2	1½
June 30.—Collected by Euston Salaman (Kensington), £1 12s.; Cecil Wilson, 3s.6d.; Philip C. Grosvenor, 1s.	1	16	6
July 1.—Collected by J. E. McJerrow (Edinburgh)	0	1	6
July 2.—Collected by B. Fitter (East Dulwich):—Mr. St. S. Fitter, 10s.; J. and T., 5s.; Shylock, 2s. 6d.; A. F., 2s. 6d.; Skirt and Kidney, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. S. Fitter, £1; A. F. R., 2s. 6d.; Conservative, 2s. 6d.; H. S. F., Jun., 2s. 6d.; Repap Ralloc, 2s. 6d.; U. T. H., 5s; B. D. E., 2s. 6d.; The Wandsworth Mash, 1s.; Tuneful Dick, 1s.; F. Davis, 1s.; R. C. K., 2s. 6d.; A. F. P., 2s. 6d.; M. P. M. C. W. C. A., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Thorne, 1s.; J. H. Fitter, 2s.; Dulce domum, 1s.; E. T. Westwood, 2s.; W. J. G., 1s.; W., 1s.; Mr. J. Fitter, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Fitter, 1s.; Miss Fitter, 1s.; Mr. Blocker, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 2s.; Waterloo, 1s.; J. Smith, 1s.; Ketchlee, 6d.—Total, £4 10s. Collected by C. C., 6s. Collected by George Hagley (Clevedon):—Rev. E. Forbes, 2s. 6d.; General Lambriel, 2s. 6d.; E. T. Coxhead, 1s.; Rev. C. Marson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Mortlock, 1s.; Mr. Smith, 1s.; T. Grant, 1s.; Miss Heptinstall, 1s.; E. Hagley, 2s. 6d.; Miss Brooker, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Duncan, 1s.; Miss Mason and Miss H. Mason, 2s.; Mrs. Smith, 1s.; Miss Colborne, 1s.; Miss Shaw, 2s. 6d.; Miss Fitzgerald, 1s.; Misses Hicks, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Newmann, 1s.; Captain Creyke, R.N., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mills, 1s.; Miss Mortlock, 2s. 6d.; Miss Buddock, 1s.; E. Aitchison, 1s.; K. R. Aitchison, 2s.; W. M. Moorsome, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Tucker, 1s.; Mrs. Bird, 1s.; Mrs. Wellington, 1s.; F. Berryman, 2s. 6d.; F. Pinch, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. J. Cooke, 1s.; Mrs. W. T., 2s.; Mrs. J. Maynard, 1s.; M. Tugh, 1s.; Mr. Shilder, 2s. 6d.; Captain Lloyd, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. G. Stevenson, 5s.; Mrs. F. Wills, 2s. 6d.; M. K. Mullins, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Seale, 2s. 6d.; Rev. J. S. N., 5s.; A Friend, 1s.; Mrs. Blaydon, 5s.; E. D., 2s.; G. C. Turner, 1s.—Total, £4 4s. 6d. G. H. S. (Sparkhill), 1s. 6d.; Samuel Patton (Omagh), 1s.	9	3	0
July 3.—Collected by Frank Elvy (Manchester), 16s.; G. C. Hardy (Clifton), 2s. ..	0	18	0
July 4.—Collected by Stephen Hall (Maida Vale), 7s. 6d.; Grammar School Boy, 1s.	0	8	6
July 6.—W. F. Hawes (Croydon), 1s.; M. T. (Montrose), 5s.; Henry G. Babington, 2s.; Collected by J. E. Kershaw (London, N.), 12s..	1	0	0
July 7.—H. T. and C. Sugden, 2s. 3d.; Euclid (Dartmouth), 2s. 6d.; A Trifle, 2s. 6d.; N. O. P., 1s.; R. H., 5s.; J. W. K., 1s..	0	14	3
July 8.—Collected by W. Barker (London, N.), 10s.; Collected by J. G. White, 3s. 6d.	0	13	6
July 9.—A Brother and Sister from India, 4s.; A. C. Woodrow (Salisbury), 5s.; Alexander Millakin (Lerwick), 1s.; P. A. Chambers (Torquay), 1s.; Alexander Walker (Gravesend), 2s. 6d.; Julius Cæsar (Peterboro', Canada), 5s. 9d.; Collected by J. Toyn (Saltburn), 11s. 6d.	1	10	9
July 10.—Collected by T. Ingram (Winchester), second card, £1 4s.; A. H. Davies, 1s.; Robert Flowerday (Isle of Man), 1s.; Anonymous, 1s.; Sydney House, Wingaard, Paris, 5s.	1	12	0
July 11.—S. S. (Torquay), 1s.; F. W. C. (Wells), 2s.	0	3	0
Carried forward	£124	3	1½

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

"Could you break it to him?"

CHAPTER XX.—SAMUEL SHUCKLEFORD FINDS VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

IT was just as well for Horace's peace of mind, during his time of anxious watching, that two short paragraphs in the morning papers of the following day escaped his observation.

"At —— police-court yesterday, two men named Medlock and Shanklin were brought before the magistrate on various charges of fraud connected with sham companies in different parts of the country. After some formal evidence they were remanded for a week, bail being refused."

"A youth named Reginald was yesterday charged at Liverpool with conspiracy to defraud by means of fictitious circulars addressed in the name of a trading company. He was remanded for three days without bail, pending inquiries."

It so happened that it fell to Booms's lot to cut the latter paragraph out. And as he was barely aware of the existence of Cruden's brother, and in no case would have recognised him by his assumed name, the news, even if he read it, could have conveyed no intelligence to his mind.

Horace certainly did not read it. Even when he had nothing better to do he always regarded newspapers as a discipline not to be meddled with out of office hours. And just now, with his mother lying in a critical condition, and with no news day after day of Reginald, he had more serious food for reflection than the idle gossip of a newspaper.

The only other person in London whom the news could have interested was Samuel Shuckleford. But as he was that very morning riding blithely in the train to Liverpool, reading the "Law Times" and flattering himself he would soon make the public "sit up" to a recognition of his astuteness, he saw nothing of them.

He found himself on the Liverpool platform just where, scarcely three months ago, Reginald had found himself that dreary afternoon of his arrival. But, unlike Reginald, it cost the young ornament of the law not a moment's hesitation as to whether he should take a cab or not to his destination. If only the cabman knew whom he had the honour to carry, how he would touch up his horse!

"Shy Street. Put me down at the corner," said Samuel, swinging himself into the hansom.

So this was Liverpool. He had never been there before, and consequently it was not to be wondered at that the crowds jostling by on the pavement without so much as a glance in his direction, neither knew him nor had heard of him. He could forgive them, and smiled to think how different it would be in a few days, when all the world would point at him as he drove back to the station, and say,

"There goes Shuckleford, the clever lawyer, who first exposed the Select Agency Corporation, don't you know?"

Don't you know? What a question to ask respecting S. S.!

At the corner of Shy Street he alighted and sauntered gently down the street, keeping a sharp look-out on both sides of him without appearing to regard anything but the pavement.

Humph! The odd numbers were on the left side, so S. S. would walk on the right and get a good survey of No. 13 from a modest distance.

What, thought he, would the precious Cruden Reginald (ha! ha!) think if he knew who was walking down the other side of the road?

Ah! he was getting near it now. Here was 17 a baker's, 15 a greengrocer's, and 13—eh? a chemist's? Ah, yes, he noticed that the first floors of all the shops were let for offices, and the first floor of the chemist's shop was the place he wanted.

He could see through the grimy window the top rail of a chair-back and the corner of a table, on which stood an inkpot and a tattered directory. No occupant of the room was visible; doubtless he found it prudent to keep away from the window; or he might possibly have seen the figure of S. S. advancing down the street.

Samuel crossed over. No name was on the chemist's side-door, but it stood ajar, and he pushed it open and peered up the gloomy staircase. There was a name on the door at the top, so he crept stealthily up the stairs to decipher the word "Medlock" in dim characters on the plate.

"Medlock!" Ho! ho! He was getting warm now. Not only was his man going about with his own name turned inside out, but he had the effrontery to stick up the name of one of his own directors on his door!

Samuel knew Mr. Medlock—whom didn't he know? He had been introduced to him by Durfy, and had supped with him once at the "Shades." A nice pleasant-spoken gentleman, who had made some very complimentary little speeches about Samuel in Samuel's own hearing. This was the man whose name Cruden had borrowed for his door-plate in the hope of further mystifying the public as to his own personality!

Ah! ah! He might mystify the public, but there was one whose initials were S. S. whom it would need a cleverer cheat than Cruden Reginald, Esquire, to mystify!

He listened for a moment at the door, and, hearing no sound, made bold to enter. Had Reginald been in he was prepared to represent that, being on a chance visit to Liverpool, he had been unable to pass the door of an old neighbour without giving him a friendly call.

But he was not put to this shift, for the room was empty. "Gone out to his dinner, I suppose," said Sam to himself. "Well, I'll take a good look round while I am here."

Which he proceeded to do, much to his own satisfaction, but very little to his information, for scarcely a torn-up envelope was to be found to reward the spy for his trouble. The only thing that did attract his attention as likely to be remotely useful was a fragment of a pink paper with the letters "gerskin" on it—a relic Love would have recognised as part of the cover of an old favourite, but which to the inquiring mind of the lawyer appeared to be a document worth impounding in the interests of justice.

As nobody appeared after the lapse of half an hour Samuel considered his time was being wasted, and therefore withdrew. He looked into the chemist's shop as he went down, but the chemist was not at home; so he strolled into the greengrocer's next door and bought an orange, which he proceeded to consume, making himself meanwhile cunningly agreeable to the lady who presided over the establishment.

"Fine Christmas weather," said he, looking up in the middle of a prolonged suck.

"Yes," said the lady.

"Plenty of customers?"

She shrugged her shoulders. Sam might interpret that as he liked.

"I suppose you supply the Corporation next door?" said Sam, digging his countenance once more into the orange.

"Eh?" said the lady.

"The — what's-his-name? — Mr. Reginald—I suppose he deals with you?"

"He did; if you want to know."

"I thought so—a friend of mine, you know."

"Oh, is he?" said the lady, finding words at last, and bridling up in a way that astonished her cross-examiner; "then the sooner you go and walk off after him the better!"

"Oh, very well," said Sam. "He's not at home just now, though."

"Oh, ain't he?" said the woman; "that's funny!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—what should I? If you're a friend of his you'd better take yourself off! That's what I mean!"

"All right; no offence, old lady. Perhaps he's come in by this time."

The lady laughed disagreeably. The Corporation had bought coals of her three months ago.

Samuel returned to the office, but it was as deserted as ever. He therefore resolved to try what his blandishments could do with the chemist's boy downstairs in the way of obtaining information.

That young gentleman, as the reader will remember, had been a bosom friend of Love in his day, and was animated to some extent by the spirit of his comrade.

"Hullo, my man!" said Sam, walking into the shop. "Governor's out, then?"

"Yus."

"Got any lollipops in those bottles?"

"Yus."

"Any brandy-balls?"

"No."

"Any acid-drops?"

"Yus."

"I'll take a penn'orth, then. I suppose you don't know when the gentleman upstairs will be back?"

The boy stopped short in his occupation and stared at Sam.

"What gentleman?" he asked.

"Mr. Medlock, is it? or Reginald, or some name like that?"

"Oh yus, I do!" said the boy, with a grin.

"When?"

"Six months all but a day. That's what I reckon."

"Six months! has he gone away, then?"

"Oh, no—he was took off."

"Took off—you don't mean to say he's dead?"

"Oh, ain't you a rum un? As if you didn't know he's been beaked."

"Beaked? what's that?"

The boy looked disgusted at the fellow's obtuseness.

"'Ad up in the p'lice-court, of course. What else could I mean?"

Samuel jumped off his stool as if he had been electrified.

"What do you say?" said he, gaping wildly at the boy.

"Go on; if you're deaf, it's no use talkin' to you. He's been up in the p'lice-court," said he, raising his voice to a shout. "Yesterday—there you are—and there's your drops, and you ain't give me the penny for them."

Samuel threw down the penny, and, too excited to take up the drops, dashed out into the street.

What! yesterday — while he was lounging about town fancying he had the game all to himself. Was ever luck like his!

He rushed to a shop and bought a morning paper. There sure enough was a short notice of yesterday's proceedings, and you might have knocked S. S. down with a feather as he read it.

"Anyhow," said he to himself, crumpling up the paper in sheer vexation, "they won't be able to do without me, I'll take care of that. I can tell them all about it—but catch me doing it now, the snobs, unless they're civil."

With which valiant determination he swung himself into another cab and ordered the man to drive to the head police-station.

The inspector was not in, but his second in command was, and to him, much against his will, Samuel had to explain his business.

"Well, what do you know about the prisoner?" asked the official.

"Oh, plenty. You'd better subpœna me for the next examination," said Sam.

The sub-inspector smiled.

"You're like all the rest of them," he said, "think you know all about it. Come, let's hear what you've got to say, young fellow; there's plenty of work to be done here, I can tell you, without dawdling our time."

"Thank you," said Sam, "I'd sooner tell the magistrate."

"Go and tell the magistrate then!" shouted the official, "and don't stay blocking up the room here."

This was not what Samuel expected. There was little chance of the magistrate being more impressed with his importance than a sub-inspector. So he felt the only thing for it was to bring himself to the unpleasant task of showing his cards after all.

"The fact is—" he began.

"If you're going to say what you know about the case, I'll listen to you," said the sub-inspector, interrupting him, "if not, go and talk in the street."

"I am going to say what I know," said the crestfallen Sam.

"Very well. It's a pity you couldn't do it at first," said the official, getting up and standing with his back turned, warming his hands at the fire.

Under these depressing circumstances Samuel began his story, showing his weakest cards first and saving up his trumps as long as he could. The sub-inspector listened to him impassively, rubbing his hands, and warming first one toe and then the other in the fender.

At length it was all finished and he turned round.

"That's all you know?"

"Yes—at present—I expect to discover more, though, in a day or two."

"Just write your name and address on one of those envelopes," said the sub-inspector, pointing to a stationery case on his table.

Sam obeyed, and handed the address to the official.

"Very well," said the latter, folding the paper up without looking at it, and putting it into his waistcoat pocket, "if we want you we'll fetch you."

"I suppose I had better put my statement down in writing?" said Samuel, making a last effort at pomposity.

"Can if you like," said the sub-inspector, yawning, "when you've nothing else to do."

And he ended the conference by calling to a constable outside to tell 190 C he might come in.

Grievously crestfallen, Samuel withdrew, bemoaning the hour when he first heard the name of Cruden and was fool enough to dirty his hands with a "big job." What else was he to expect when once these official snobs took a thing up? Of course they would put every obstacle and humiliation in the way of an outsider that jealousy could suggest. He had very little doubt that this sub-inspector the moment his back was turned would sit down and make notes of his information, and then take all the credit of it to himself. Never mind, they were bound to want him when the trial came on, and wouldn't he just show up their tricks! Oh, no! S. S. wasn't going to be flouted and snubbed for nothing, he could tell them, and so they'd discover.

It was no use staying in Liverpool, that was clear. The Liverpool police should have the pleasure of fetching him all the way from London when they wanted him, and possibly with Durfy's aid he might succeed in getting hold of another trump-card meanwhile to turn up when they least expected it.

The journey south next day was less blithe and less occupied with the "Law Times" than the journey north had been. But as he got farther away from inhospitable Liverpool his spirits revived, and before London was reached he was once more in imagination "the clever lawyer, Shuckleford, don't you know, who gave the Liverpool police a slap in the face over that Agency Corporation business, don't you know."

Two "don't you knows" this time!

On reaching home, any natural joy he might be expected to feel on being restored to the bosom of his family was damped by the discovery that his mother was that very moment in next door relieving guard with Miss Crisp at the bedside of Mrs. Cruden.

"What business has she to do it when I told her not?" demanded Sam, wrathfully, of his sister.

"She's not bound to obey you," said Jemima; "she's your mother."

"She is. And a nice respectable mother, too, to go mixing with a lot of low, swindling jail-birds! It's sickening!"

"You've no right to talk like that, Sam," said Jemima, flushing up; "they're as honest as you are—more so, perhaps. There!"

"Go it; say on," said Samuel. "All I can tell you is, if you don't both of you turn the Cruden lot up I'll go and live in lodgings by myself."

"Why should we turn them or anybody up for you, I should like to know?" said Jemima, with a toss of her head. "What have they done to you?"

"You're an idiot," said Sam, "or you wouldn't talk bosh. Your dear Reginald—"

"Well, what about him?" said Jemima, her trembling lip betraying the inward flutter with which she heard the name.

"How would you like to know your precious Reginald was this moment in prison?"

"What!" shrieked Jemima, with a clutch at her brother's arm.

He was glad to see there was some one he could make "sit up," and replied, with brutal directness,

"Yes—in prison, I tell you; charged with swindling and theft ever since he set foot in Liverpool. There, if that's not reason enough for turning them up I give you up. You can tell mother so, and say I'm down at the club, and she'd better leave supper up for me; do you hear?"

Jemima did not hear. She sat rocking herself in her chair, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Vulgar young person as she was, she had a heart, and, quite apart from everything else, the thought of the calamity which had befallen the fatherless family was in itself enough to move her deep pity; but when to that was added her own strange but constant affection for Reginald himself, despite all his aversion to her, it was a blow that fell heavily upon her.

She would not believe Reginald was guilty of the odious crimes Sam had so glibly catalogued; but guilty or not guilty he was in prison, and it is only due to the honest, warm-hearted Jemima to say that she wished a hundred times that wretched evening that she could be in his place.

But could nothing be done? She knew it was no use trying to extract any more particulars from Samuel. As it was, she guessed only too truly that he would be raging with himself for telling her so much. Her mother could do nothing. She would probably fly with the news to Mrs. Cruden's bedside, and possibly kill her outright.

Horace! She might tell him, but she was afraid. The news would fall on him like a thunderbolt, and she dreaded being the person to inflict the blow. Yet he ought to know, even if it doubled his misery and ended in no good to Reginald. Suppose she wrote to him?

At that moment a knock came at the door, followed by the entrance of Booms in all the gorgeousness of his evening costume. He frequently dropped in like this, especially since Mrs. Cruden's illness, to hear how she was, and to inquire after Miss Crisp; and this was his errand this evening.

"No better, I suppose?" said he, dolefully, sitting down very slowly by reason of the tightness of his garments.

"Yes, the doctor says she's better; a little, a very little," said Jemima.

"And *she*, of course she's quite knocked up?" said he, with a groan.

"No. Miss Crisp's taking a nap, that's all; and mother's keeping watch next door."

Booms sat very uncomfortably, not knowing what fresh topic to discourse on. But an inspiration seized him presently.

"Oh, I see you're crying," he said. "You're in trouble too."

"So I am," said Jemima.

"Something I've done, I suppose?" said Booms.

"No, it isn't. It's about—about the Crudens."

"Oh, of course. What about them?"

"Well, isn't it bad enough they have this dreadful trouble?" said Jemima; "but it isn't half the trouble they really are in."

"You know I can't understand what you mean when you talk like that," said Booms.

"Will you promise, if I tell you, to keep it a secret?"

"Oh, of course. I hate secrets, but go on."

"Oh, Mr. Booms, Mr. Reginald is in

prison at Liverpool, on a charge—a false charge, I'm certain—of fraud. Isn't it dreadful? And Mr. Horace ought to know of it. Could you break it to him?"

"How can I keep it a secret and break it to him?" said Mr. Booms, in a pained tone. "Oh yes, I'll try, if you like."

"Oh, thank you. Do it very gently, and be sure not to let my mother, or his, or anybody else hear of it, won't you?"

"I'll try. Of course every one will put all the blame on me if it does spread."

"No, I won't. Do it first thing to-morrow, won't you, Mr. Booms?"

"Oh, yes," and then, as if determined to be in time for the interview, he added, "I'd better go now."

And he departed very like a man walking to the gallows.

Shuckleford returned at midnight, and found the supper waiting for him, but, to his relief, neither of the ladies.

He wrote the following short note before he partook of his evening meal:

"Dear D.,—Come round first thing in the morning. The police have dished us for once, but we'll be quits with them if we put our heads together. Be sure and come. Yours, S. S."

After having posted this eloquent epistle with his own hand at the pillar-box he returned to his supper, and then went, somewhat dejected, to bed.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

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CHAPTER XIX.—NIGH UNTO DEATH—COLIN FINDS A FRIEND ON BOARD—LIFE IN LIMA—SAUVA ROSA.

For days on days the storm continued to rage with unabated fury. The little vessel had already been blown far south of her course, and must have been in lower latitudes than even the Cape of Good Hope itself. More than once the lieutenant had suggested to Commander Channing the propriety of getting up steam.

The commander pooh-poohed the idea at first. Finally he turned upon the lieutenant with lowered brow and flashing eye. "*I'm* the responsible party on board the Whitterit, Mr. Clarke!" he snapped. "Leave me to know what is best!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Clarke, humbly—he was a very young man—"I thought I'd suggest—"

"Thought you'd suggest, eh? Humph! Thought I'd forgotten we were a steamer, eh? Take me for a born idiot, I suppose? Um?"

This conversation was being carried on on the little quarterdeck, both the captain and his first officer hanging on by the eyebrows, as sailors say, to the mizen rigging, and swaying and rolling about with every lurch, the while the waves were washing over their sea-boots, and the white spray flying high over the funnel.

She was lying-to, but making plenty of leeway nevertheless, though on the whole the little Whitterit was doing just as well and behaving herself as prettily as could be expected of her under such adverse circumstances.

"Tell you what it is, Mr. Clarke," continued the commander, "you have your duty to perform, and I have mine. Yours, sir, is to obey; mine to command. Pardon me, sir, for reminding you of these facts."

"Excuse me, Captain Channing, I didn't—"

"Then *don't!*" cried the commander. "Last time I was out away round the Australian coast I steamed almost every day, because I was on particular service, and what was the consequence, Mr. Clarke—what was the consequence? Got snubbed when I went home; they'd hardly pass my accounts. I'd been wasting her Majesty's coals! Bah! they won't snub me again for the same reason if I—"

The end of the sentence never got out, for a sea cut the captain right in the teeth. He spat and spluttered, shook himself, made a bolt for the companion, missed it, brought up on the starboard tack, and finally disappeared below.

Commander Channing had not gone below because he wanted to avoid the seas. No, he was a good sailor and a bold, fearless man, though a bit of a tyrant to all under him. He knew everything—or thought he did. Assuredly he knew his own duties, but he ever took it upon him to advise both the engineer and doctor in the discharge of theirs. These officers used to listen to him, say nothing, smile conciliatorily for peace' sake, and go away and do exactly what was right, and nothing more or less.

The little wardroom of the Whitterit was so small that there was just room enough and no more to sit around the table that occupied its centre. But this want of space was rather an advantage than otherwise in a gale of wind like the present, because you could wedge yourself into a corner somehow, with your back against the bulkhead and your feet against something else, and so defy the weather. The water was rushing about inches deep on the wardroom floor, but with one's legs up one did not mind it; it was rather pleasant to listen to than otherwise. Swallowing a cup of tea under such trying circumstances is almost an impossibility. Probably the first lot goes down between your neck and your collar, the second lot into your eye, the third flies over your shoulder; but the fourth will perhaps go the right way. There is nothing like perseverance, and "try again" is a capital motto.

When the seas struck the Whitterit she trembled all over; the coals rattled in the bunkers, the plates jumped out of the pantry, while the biscuits flew out of the tin and got softened in the sea-water on the floor.

The cockroaches had a bad time of it; they are not good sailors, though they try to be. For example, when they go to get a drink in a basin they do not follow the water when it rolls away with the ship's motion. They know that if they did, in the backrush they would be caught and drowned; so they wait till it approaches, then take a sip, and wait another opportunity, and so on.

The engineer—a Scotchman, as most Navy engineers are—was a very idle man now. But he did not mind that; he was a philosopher, so he read books and sung songs to himself and laughed at the weather and at things in general.

Poor Colin, though! It was a sad time for him, and yet I do not think he suffered so much after all, because he was not quite sensible.

He was down with coast fever, or jungle fever—call it what you will. For several days after the surgeon got him back to his hammock he was delirious, raving about his former messmates and his life in the old Theodora, raving about his far-away home in the bonnie Highlands, about his mother, about Uncle Peter—ay, and even about Dominie Clayton and his schoolmates of the days of yore.

But Colin's own experiences of this illness were those of one long confused and painful dream. There he lay in his hammock, at times asleep, at times awake—if awake it could be called—but never wholly, never clearly, conscious. He cared nothing about what was happening around him, or about those who passed and re-passed him, sometimes stopping though they did to look for a moment into his face or address a few words to him of kindly-meant inquiry. He knew the doctor in rather a strange way; it was not his face, but his arm he knew. He felt this periodically passing in under his head to raise it in order to administer medicine or nutriment, felt the rough sleeve of the pilot-cloth jacket that rubbed against his scalp, and the broad gold lace that always felt so cold against his neck.

This, then, was all he knew of the doctor for many and many a day. The doctor did his duty—faithfully and well, no doubt—but he seldom if ever waited to do any more.

But through all this terrible time Colin was cognisant, somehow or other, that he was not often alone. Some one was near him; a hand was frequently pressed on his aching brow, a folded wet handkerchief would be laid across his burning eyes; when he moaned a voice spoke soothingly into his ear and caused him to drop off to sleep again, and if he murmured "Water," a spoonful of something acid and cool was placed between his lips. Sometimes he even heard snatches of songs, dear old Scottish melodies, trilled low and sweet, that he knew were meant to soothe him like lullabies.

Then there were other sounds that frequently fell on his ear. At first these were the ceaseless roar of the wind through rigging and shrouds, and the eternal flap of the jerking, swaying canvas, or shouts and words of command,

or, high over all, the shrill notes of a boatswain's pipe. At times there would be a more fearful noise than usual, accompanied by smashing of crockery, and ejaculations of surprise followed almost immediately by stillness broken only by the rushing sound of water. On such occasions the little Whitterit would be for a time quite engulfed beneath some mountain wave.

"The little Padre jumped out of his chair."

But these sounds became gradually less frequent, and *presently*—as it seemed to Colin—ceased entirely. The "presently" really meant after the lapse of a week or more.

Almost *immediately* after this lull—and the "immediately" meant another week—Colin "dreamed" he heard strange voices on board—or thought he dreamed it—and the ship was strangely still and quiet, with occasionally the rattle of oars in rowlocks alongside, or the rasp of boats against ship's timbers.

No, it was not a dream. The Whitterit was lying now at anchor in the roadstead off Buenos Ayres. Pity that Colin was not out of hammock and well, he so enjoyed seeing new places.

And Buenos Ayres is well worth a visit, though I have heard many sailor-officers run it down, for the most part, I think, for this reason: the ships have to anchor miles from the shore, and a sailor loves his ship and does not like to have so long a row as this when coming off to dinner.

Nor is the long row the worst of it, for the pier is rotten when you get there. Perhaps you may have to wade part of the way. It is altogether an unsatisfactory way of getting on shore, and albeit the day may be bright and the sea smooth and bonnie and blue, the discomfort in landing banishes both pleasure and romance.

Yes, but there is worse perhaps to follow. I mentioned dinner. Well, I for one—and there are thousands who would say the same—like, after a nice walk on *terra firma*, and a deal of sight-seeing, etc., to jump into my boat and spend my evening on my own ship. But at Buenos Ayres, unless you pay for a special boat, you find, if it has come on to blow, you will have to remain on shore all night, and perhaps the next day and night as well, which is not pleasant.

Nevertheless, there is a charm about the town, especially if one has never been there before. It is a great place, built, like Philadelphia, in blocks, and well spread out with a spacious square and noble public buildings, and streets filled with

"Faces and footsteps and all things strange."

Strange animals, strange natives in strange dresses, strange sights, and strange sounds everywhere.

The next thing that Colin became conscious of was cold. The Whitterit was at sea again, and making the most of her passage south—steaming and sailing by turns, for Commander Channing really did not mind steaming if no one advised him to do so.

The weather got colder and colder, and Colin began to revive.

Then he saw one morning a broad, laughing, whiskered, not over-clean face close to his pillow.

"You're better," said the face. "They told me you would die, Scottie, but I stuck to you, man, night and day—either me or my mate. And there you are."

"Bless you!" said Colin, faintly, and held out a thin white hand, which the engineer took. "Bless you! I remember; I'll never forget."

"Well," continued the engineer, "I'm at work down here in the engine-room, close by you. If you want me sing out."

So all round the stormy Cape, and for long after, this rough right and honest engineer continued to nurse and tend his countryman as if he had been a child, and, indeed, at the present time Colin felt but very little better.

Round the Cape went the Whitterit; I do not know why, for she might have gone through the Magellan Straits. But I know that when talking one day with his commander, Mr. Clarke, the lieutenant, happened to mention the Straits while asking a question.

"No lubber's holes for me," was the somewhat curt reply.

Round the Horn, then, and north and north went the little Whitterit. Then at long last the weather grew warmer again, and one day Colin was allowed to sit up a little, and next day a grass hammock filled with wraps and rugs was hung for him on deck, and he was taken up.

It seemed new life to him, this. The warm sunshine, the pure ozonic breath of the sea! He felt happier than he had done since he came on board the gunboat. And being happy, he grew dreamy, drowsy, and slept.

He was soon conscious that some one stood near him, and he awoke almost with a start.

There stood the commander with a smile on his face that aimed at being friendly, though it missed the mark.

"There you are," he said; "as snug as you please. Um? Nearly well, aren't you? Um? Thought we'd have to expend a hammock over you, though, and a couple of shot. Ha! ha!"

Colin smiled faintly, and closed his eyes again.

Next day he was taken up as before, the Whitterit being still under steam, and the sea all round glassy, smooth, and blue.

They were not so very far off the land. Shoals were common here, so men were in the chains heaving the lead, and a man aloft to look out ahead for a change in the colour of the water or even breakers.

Gulls and Cape pigeons—so called—were wheeling and screaming around the vessel, and far off Colin could perceive a solitary whale, rising solemnly out of the water every moment, and moving in a direct line southwards.

He had almost fallen asleep, when the sharp "ping" of a rifle fell on his ears, and he heard a voice behind him say,

"That's got him!"

"He's not dead, nor even shy," was the answer.

"He's been following the ship a week."

"Well, he'll be disappointed"—it was the surgeon who now spoke—"for McLeod is going to live."

It was a shark that had been swimming in the wake of the Whitterit. I know from experience that they do so when a man on board is ill and likely to die, but I also know that it is bits of pork fat, and not the man's body, they are after. Sailors have strange superstitions.

But when the ship entered into tropical waters and the sun burned fiercely down on the deck, even with an awning spread, Colin was so weak he could not be taken up. And down below it was stifling, boiling.

Poor Blair, the Scotch engineer, whenever he had a moment to spare, devoted his time and expended his talents in making cooling fruit-drinks for his countryman.

One evening he caught and cooked a flying-fish, and brought it to Colin's hammock. It was delicious. Colin had some, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the joy depicted on Blair's visage as he stood and watched his patient eating. There were tears in his honest blue eyes, and the silly fellow had to turn away his head to hide them.

But Colin was far worse than the engineer had any idea of. Here is the tail end of a conversation that took place between Commander Channing and the surgeon a few days after.

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I wash my hands of the case."

"You'd shift the responsibility of his death on me, eh?"

"Certainly, sir. I advise that Mr. McLeod be sent ashore at Callao and taken up to the high ground at Lima. That will save his life, nothing else will."

"Indeed!" replied Channing. "Um! Very well, doctor, you'll have your own way *this* time. But the responsibility now rests with you."

"Of course—I take it."

"And you'll find him quarters?"

"A friend of mine, sir, a priest, Fedro to name, whose sister I cured when here last, will take him, and gladly."

* * * *

The Whitterit was anchored at Callao, the seaport of Lima, and Colin was taken up the river, the doctor and Blair going with him, and left with Padre Fedro, and during the fortnight that the gunboat lay at anchor, and Channing conducted mysterious diplomatic business at Lima, both Blair and the surgeon made frequent running visits to Colin.

Then away went the Whitterit. She would come back in a month or two—so it was intended.

For more than six weeks Colin hardly ever left his bed. Then he began to revive and take an interest in things around him.

Padre Fedro was a delightful little man, half French, half Spanish, and his sister, a lady of middle age, was a compound of the prim, the quaint, and the curious. In dress she looked *so* ancient, thus thought Colin. She reminded him of figures he had seen in old pictures by the great masters. But she was kindness personified. Her manner and behaviour towards Colin were that of a nurse and mother combined. She used to glide about the room like a spirit—a good spirit. Yes, she was very gentle. And whenever her brother appeared she would lift one finger and he would come in upon tiptoe.

Well, they were strange people. But, never mind, between them they nursed Colin back to life, and he was soon able to go downstairs and finally out of doors.

What a charming cottage that was! To be sure the walls were so thin that a strong man could have jumped through them, but this is an advantage in a country like this, so subject to earthquakes, for if the houses do fall there is not so much harm done.

Well, the gardens round the cottage were the good padre's especial delight, and such flowers, such climbers, such floral beauty of every kind Colin had never seen before out of a dream. Talking about climbers the verandahs and porches and even the walls of the cottage itself seemed to be held up and supported by them. They even crept in through the ever-open windows and hung in flowery festoons all round the rooms.

Padre Fedro dwelt about a quarter of a mile from the city itself, and high up above it. But glimpses of Lima could be caught from the cottage garden. Lying in the sunlit valley it looks like an enchanted city. I admit it is not quite so enchanting on closer acquaintance. All foreign cities look best at a distance.

The life the padre led was a very quiet one. He was in some way connected with the naval school, but he spoke so little of himself that though Colin stayed with him for five months altogether he never found out what he did every day. He always came back at night. So did Colin from his wanderings in Lima, beyond its walls, and in the country round about.

Now it was one of the most natural things in the world that Colin, being here in Lima, should tell his friend the padre all about Mildmay's sad history; but he was not prepared for what followed.

The little padre jumped out of his chair, where he was smoking a meerschaum pipe with a bowl nearly as big as his head. He jumped out of his chair, and stuffed the first thing he got hold of into his pipe, by way of putting it out. This happened, by the way, to be his sister's lace handkerchief, but so excited was he that his sister forgave him on the spot.

"I know her, ve know her," he cried. "Ve know your friend Leeftenant Mildmay's leetle daughter. That is Sauva Rosa. Leeves with her old grandma. Pah! it is simple enough—you shall see her to-night."

And Colin did.

Quite a child looked Sauva Rosa. Her blue eyes filled with tears—but she smiled through them—when Colin told her about her father.

"Oh! I know, and I shall see him, shall I not? Grandma has told me all. Tall he is, so handsome, and bold, dressed in blue and gold. Oh! I shall see my father and I shall know him when I see him."

And the young girl clapped her hands with delight. And the padre's sister wiped a tear away with the handkerchief her brother had lately used so unceremoniously and blacked her nose and looked ridiculous.

"You have blacked your nose, my love," said her brother. "But dat is noding. And my dear Colin," he added, "dis is to me de most delightful of all days in my life. Rosa!"

Rosa ran into the padre's arms and fairly caressed him.

Colin had a little companion now in all his walks and rambles round Lima.

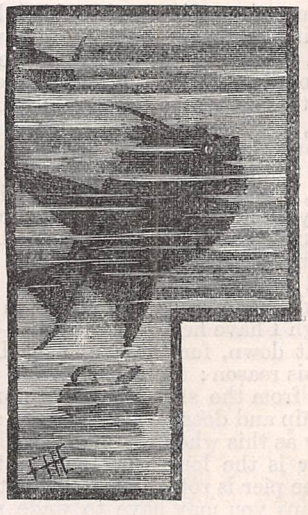
Sauva Rosa's grandmother too came to the cottage almost every night. She did nothing but sit and look admiringly at Colin, and utter an exclamation of surprise now and then. I think the old lady's memory was somewhat gone. Besides she was very deaf, and I'm sure enough of one thing—it took her quite a week fully to comprehend the situation.

How very quickly the time sped now!

Colin could not help fancying himself in a kind of fairy land, so beautiful were all things around him.

Ah! but cases like these come but seldom in the desert of a sailor's life.

(To be continued.)



OUR NOTE BOOK.

A Thrilling Adventure with a Shark.

Alfetto, the Spanish diver, met with a remarkable adventure and had a very narrow escape while engaged in diving operations on the coast of North Carolina, near the little town of Morehead. The Atalanta, one of the best known coasting vessels in those parts, was capsized in a squall on the 22nd of September, 1853, and sank just inside the bar. The owners of the craft contracted with a diving company to have her raised and to recover as much of her cargo as was still serviceable. Alfetto and another diver were engaged to do the work. They made several successful descents, but on the fourth trip the Spaniard met with the adventure of which we speak. His comrade signalled hastily to be drawn up, and when he had been hauled into the boat he related how Alfetto had been seized by a monster white shark and carried off; but scarcely had he done speaking when Alfetto rose from the water about fifty yards from the boat, and was picked up insensible, with several holes punched in the metallic part of his diving suit. Means were successfully adopted to bring him round, and next day he told the following story:—

"As you know, we had made our fourth descent, and, while my companion clambered into the vessel, I waited on the ground till he should attach the cords to draw something out. I was just about to signal to be drawn up for a moment's rest when I noticed a shadowy body moving at some distance above me and toward me. In a moment every fish had disappeared, the very crustaceans lay still upon the sand, and the cuttle-fish scurried away as fast as they could. I was not thinking of danger, and my first thought was that it was the shadow of a passing boat. But suddenly a feeling of terror seized me; I felt impelled to flee from something, I knew not what; a vague horror seemed grasping after me such as a child fancies when leaving a darkened room. By this time the shadow had come nearer and taken shape. It scarcely needed a glance to show me that it was a man-eater, and of the largest size. Had I signalled to be drawn up then it would have been certain death. All I could do was to remain still until it left. It lay off twenty or twenty-five feet, just outside the rigging of the ship, its body motionless, its fins barely stirring the water about its gills. It was a monster as it was, but to add to the horror, the pressure of the water upon my head made it appear as if pouring flames from its eyes and mouth, and every movement of its fins and tail seemed accompanied by a display of fireworks. I was sure the fish was thirty feet long, and so near that I could see its double row of white teeth. Involuntarily I shrunk closer to the side of the vessel. But my first movement betrayed my presence. I saw the shining eyes fixed upon me; its tail quivered, as it darted at me like a streak of light. I shrank closer to the side of the ship. I saw it turn on one side, its mouth open, and heard the teeth snap as it darted by me. It had missed me, but only for a moment. The sweep of its mighty tail had thrown me forward. I saw it turn, balance itself, and its tail quivered as it darted at me again. There was no escape. It turned on its back as it swooped down on me like a hawk on a sparrow. The cavernous jaws opened, and the long shining teeth grated as they closed on my metal harness. It had me. I could feel its teeth grinding upon my copper breastplate as it tried to bite me in two; for fortunately it had caught me just across the middle, where I was best protected. Having seized me, it went tearing through the water. I could feel it bound forward at each stroke of its tail. Had it not been for my copper helmet my head would have been torn off by the rush through the water. I was perfectly conscious, but somehow I felt no terror at all. There was only a feeling of numbness. I wondered how long it would be before those teeth would crunch through, and whether they would strike first into my back or my breast. Then I thought of Maggie and the baby, and wondered who would take care of them, and if she would ever know what had become of me. All these thoughts passed through my brain in an instant, but in that time the connecting air tube had been snapped, and my head seemed ready to burst with pressure while the monster's teeth kept crunching and grinding away upon my harness. Then I felt the cold water begin to pour in and heard the bubble, bubble, bubble, as the air escaped into the creature's mouth. I began to hear great guns, and to see fireworks and rainbows and sunshine, and all kinds of pretty things; then I thought I was floating away on a rosy summer cloud, dreaming to the sound of sweet music. Then all became blank. The shark might have eaten me then at his leisure, and I never would have been the wiser. Imagine my astonishment, then, when I opened my eyes on board this boat and saw you fellows around me. Yes, sir! I thought I was dead and ate up, sure."

An Elephant's Revenge.

A short time ago, it may be remembered, an "Old Westminster Boy" gave in our columns an account of "A Fatal Elephant Hunt in Ceylon," where, by-the-bye, the writer resided for some years. A few weeks after the appearance of the article, a correspondent, signing himself "R. C. D.," wrote to the "Dublin Daily Express," describing the B. O. P. in flattering terms as an "admirable publication," but asking whether the incidents in this particular narrative of the Elephant Hunt could be accepted as facts. The male elephants figuring in the story were said to have had large tusks, and the correspondent in question was puzzled because "he had always understood that in Ceylon male elephants with tusks were very uncommon, and Sir Samuel Baker says that not more than one in 300 is provided with them."

Whereupon Mr. H. Thwaites wrote from Colombo, Ceylon, to give a short history of a tragic occurrence once witnessed there by himself and wife, in company with many others, amongst whom were his Excellency Sir A. Gordon and Lady Gordon, the Right Hon. W. H. Gregory, Major Knollys, A.D.C., the Hon. J. F. Dickson, etc., etc. We give the story in the writer's own words:—

"A high stand had been erected on one side of the kraal to enable those at the scene to view the noosing of the elephants after they had been driven into the enclosure. This stand was handsomely decorated, carpeted, and furnished with seats. All were enjoying the excitement and grand sight of the intelligence displayed by the tame elephants in breaking down the underwood and trees that obstructed the view, and which had been left standing in order to hide the scaffolding from the wild animals until they had been safely kraaled. One huge tusker in particular worked with a will, and seemed determined to do the lion's share of the work. Everything went down before him. Things were in this state, and the tusker was working away steadily about ten yards from the stand when the mahout dropped his spear. He desired his assistant to slip off and bring it round behind the animal from the left to the right side and hand it up. The man dropped off, picked up the spear, but, instead of doing what he was told, stepped forward to the creature's head on the left side and handed it up. The moment he did so the animal turned sharp half round, and gave the man a butt with the upper part of the trunk, which was rolled up. He gave one cry and went over like a ninepin. In an instant the elephant was on his knees over the man, at whom he made a heavy lunge with both tusks. When he raised his head there was but one tusk, the other had been broken off short, and was left firmly embedded in the ground. Again instantly another lunge, and up came the one tusk covered with blood; again, another heavy lunge, and then he rose proudly, flourished his trunk, and trumpeted a wild pæan. It was the old story. On inquiry, it appeared that the dead man had been in the habit of treating the creature with cruelty, and that twice previously during the week had that elephant attempted the man's life, but had been foiled. The third time he saw his opportunity, and seized it on the instant. The victim had said several times that he knew that elephant would kill him some day. His prophecy, owing to his own careless forgetfulness, came true. It is right just at this point to give a word of praise to the mahout, whose conduct probably saved every one in the town from a great danger, certainly from a great scare. The sudden shock when the elephant went down on his knees unseated the mahout, who promptly took a header over the elephant into the brushwood below. With the quickness of a squirrel he was up, skipped round to the animal's stern, and, climbing up by the tail and crupper rope, crawled along the back, and was seated firmly just as the creature rose. The moment the affair was over, before the elephant had time to wink, he was hustled out of the enclosure by the mahout, and securely fastened by four very powerful chains, one to each leg, to separate trees. In half an hour he was perfectly mad and unapproachable even by his keepers, and remained so for a month. Had the driver not regained his seat and control, or given the elephant time to recover his thoughts, he would have become unmanageable, have infected the other tame elephants, one or two of which were already in much the same state, these would all have broken loose, joined the wild ones—twenty-two in number—and the enclosure would certainly not have held them then. The consequences would have been very serious. Infuriated elephants, together with comparatively harmless but terrified wild ones, would have been rushing all over a town made of leaves and twigs, with 5,000 people crowded together, and hundreds of horses and cattle of every description to add to the terror and danger. The coolest elephant-hunter then was in a quiver of anxiety until the dangerous ones were all secured. One word more about the tuskers. Ceylon, as a rule, does not breed tuskers, but there are some, and very fine ones too, and as one who loves the creature in every phase of its life, I am glad to say that tuskers are increasing in numbers. The elephants which were at the kraal just spoken of were collected from all parts of the island, and were nearly all tuskers of the finest quality—old Walliza, ten feet high, marching through the jungle with the stately ponderousness of a Martello Tower, carried his noble tusks and nose so high in the air that a well-grown man could walk under them easily."

FRANK WORTHING'S INCARCERATION.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, old stick-in-the-mud! and when are you going to finish those letters?" inquired Frank Worthing.

"I'll warm your young head if you don't clear out of this!" exclaimed Mr. Budwell, as the first speaker darted out of reach of the ruler which was threateningly presented at him.

The time was 5.15 p.m. The scene was the general office of Messrs. Brown, Millington, and Co., the eminent shipbuilders of Irontown.

Seated at his desk behind a small and seclusive glass partition was Mr. Budwell, the cashier to the firm. Before him lay a half-finished letter, over which he pored and cogitated, evidently in trouble as to its completion. Mr. Budwell was the most regular and faithful servant on the staff; he came down to business five minutes before the time, and went away five minutes after it. His work was always up to date; he stuck at it most laboriously, and though every one in the firm could execute with greater smartness—could run up a cash column say in one-half the time—Budwell was the correct man in the long run. His power of application was immense; he used it studiously, and, in short, was as good a specimen of the proverb "Slow and sure" as one might hope to come across. The first half of his life had been spent at home upon a farm, and after fifteen years of city experience the crust of the farmer still tenaciously clung to him. He was a broad-looking Briton, stolid, brown-faced; and in walking turned one foot inward. He was also, as Frank Worthing more than once asserted, "copious beneath the watch-guard."

Frank Worthing was seventeen years of age, an apprentice to the firm; a bright sparkling youth with a glib tongue and a ready wit, and was every inch of him what Mr. Budwell called "an audacious young blade." One of the scenes which now and then disturbed the business atmosphere of the place was that of Mr. Budwell turning irately down from his stool, and Mr. Worthing flying through the huge swinging door just in time to escape the pursuing ruler.

The first day upon which Worthing started his duties at the firm Mr. Budwell came to initiate him into the routine of his work, and preliminarily inquired, in a patronising, jocular mood,

"Well—my lad! do you know how to—address envelopes?"

"Do *you* know your alphabet?" was the impudent reply to the sarcasm.

This was three years before the date of our history; but from that very hour a war of words was entered upon between the two which on either part found little cessation. Mr. Budwell was rather inclined to hector, or, as he thought, to command; but as there was little natural authority in his fibre, his efforts in this direction degenerated occasionally into mere bullying.

The lad Worthing's nature was composed of a different metal, which gave forth sparks whenever struck; the one was, metaphorically speaking, over-refined steel, and the other solid pig-iron.

It was Frank Worthing's special duty before departing for home to collect the letters from their several departments, copy them through the press, address envelopes, and stamp and post them. Sometimes, to his infinite torture, he had to wait until ten minutes past six for the last letter. This resulted in remaining twenty minutes over the orthodox hour, a species of benevolence which he had little mind for. So on this occasion he was indulging in a fret and fume over the tardy operations of Mr. Budwell.

The clock ticked five feverish minutes.

Mr. Budwell toiled painfully. Correspondence was not his forte: the little per night which he had to send away for his department disturbed his equanimity more than the whole flood of communications which the corresponding clerk dismissed in a day. For Mr. Budwell's faculty of language Worthing, with his smart tongue, had a supreme contempt, and this was one of the points of conflict between them.

The creaking pen was placed slowly down. In a persuasive tone Mr. Budwell said,

"I say, Worthing, just run your eye over this. I'm afraid it reads rather queer. Eh?"

"Find out! You should write your letters before this. Here's the third night this week you've made me late over your hieroglyphics. Ask little Smith."

Little Smith was the office-boy, a business man of thirteen, an absent-minded youth, who when hastily called upon was as often as not observed with a sudden start to cram a "penny dreadful" under his waistcoat. Consequently the suggestion was not a pleasing one. Mr. Budwell glared irefully.

"All right, young man; I'll have it out of you!" (A sudden thought.) "Here, you'll have to go for stamps; there's not enough for the letters."

"How can I go for stamps at this time? It's twenty minutes to six now. You should have found out sooner that you had none. Go yourself," replied Worthing, in no small exasperation.

The other chuckled.

"All I know is they'll have to be got. Here, get two pounds'-worth of penny and ten shillings'-worth of ha'penny," and he threw the money from his cash-drawer upon the table.

Worthing took the money. The journey to the post-office and back would slice ten minutes more from his time. But he saw that he was checkmated, and determined to nurse his wrath.

At that moment a head was pushed round the office-door with a

"Hello! Frank; coming home? Oh, I say, late again? Hasn't old Budwell finished his letters yet?"

The voice and the cranium belonged to Jack Bell, an apprentice in the drawing office, a jubilant youth quite after Frank's own heart. He entered, seated himself on the table, and after kicking over a stool, announced,

"Budwell is a rare hand at the letters."

"Right you are, Jack; but he'd be brilliant at raising turnips. Pity he didn't stick to it instead of coming here."

"Will you shut up!" requested the subject of their observations. "How can I get done with all that row?"

A piece of string was lying upon the table. Mr. Bell took it up, tied a noose at each end, and strode lazily behind Mr. Budwell's stool.

"Yes, Mr. Budwell," he said, in the tender tones of consolation, "it's awfully shameful of Worthing to talk to you in that style. Frank, you nigger, go and hang yourself!"

"Clear out of this!" was the response to his condolence.

But before he did "clear out" one noose of the string was deftly slipped on one of the tail buttons of Mr. Budwell's coat and the other on the handle of a half-open drawer beside him. With a nod to Worthing he remounted the table and commenced to sing. Budwell wrote on in angry silence. The gay anthem proceeded, each second becoming louder. Mr. Budwell finally turned half round upon his seat, the ruler in hand.

"I'll never finish these letters to-night. Now clear, while you are safe! Are you going to get out of this office?" he shouted, violently.

"You old cheat!" expostulated Frank. "Letters? what a cram! Tell you what it is, Jack; he's writing another ode to Dinah."

Mr. Budwell jumped down from his stool and made a lunge with his weapon, but the youngsters had bolted, and at his heels lay the drawer with a pile of labels and envelopes scattered right and left. In the centre of the floor he dismally observed the button from the tail of his coat describe two or three wide circles and then settle down at his feet. The final jest had been too much for him. It was a stone which on these occasions Frank Worthing kept in his sling till the very last. It was always powerful to rouse, as he well knew. Its potency came about in this wise. But let us reserve the incident for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

UPON one occasion, among the "Letters to post," Frank Worthing discovered a missive addressed to a lady—Miss Dinah Willibod, of Melton. The handwriting was Mr. Budwell's; the lady was his maiden aunt, with whom he domiciled at Melton, a rural suburb of the town. The communication was an announcement that the writer intended to pass the night out of town, and was therefore not to be expected home.

But Worthing, with profound sagacity, put another colour on the matter. Instead of posting the letter without remark, as was his duty, he bore it privately round to "the other fellows," hinting loudly at the suspicious fact that the bachelor Budwell was in correspondence with—well, there was the lady's name and address in full; what could be plainer?

The rumour gathered as it rolled. It

culminated! Mr. Budwell was shortly to depart—and at an earlier date than usual—on his summer holidays. What fellow would be such a superlative duffer as to assert that he would return a single man?

The next day Mr. Budwell received advice gratis from Mr. Jack Bell to "keep copies of all his letters; breach of promise case is awkward, you know." The allusion was not understood; the impertinence was received in silence. Mr. Bright, the bookkeeper, mildly wished him every happiness. Mr. Hunter, one of the yard overlookers—a big, burly man, who had been a boatswain, with a big red face, a big chest voice, and a big stomach-laugh—dropped in to deliver his felicitations. He actually *believed* the report which had been floated so carefully.

"Is it true you're going to get spliced, Budwell? Wish you joy."

"Now, you are too funny to-day, Hunter! Go away!"

"Really! Came to drink your health on the strength of it."

"What *do* you mean?" said Budwell, a light suddenly dawning upon him that he was the victim of a conspiracy.

"Mean? That you're too mean to own your—lives out at Melton, does she? What was her name, Worthing? Dinah, Dinah, Dinah—"

"Confound that fellow!" said Budwell, and away he flew after the youth, who had been seated all the time at the desk, drinking in the conversation.

Intent on capture, Mr. Budwell rushed right up the staircase. He heard the culprit burst through the "storeroom" door—it was a compartment containing a medley of galvanised tanks, windlasses, and sundry ironware. Mr. Budwell chuckled that he had caught the victim here, and would once for all make his bones pay for his insolence. He took up a tinsmith's mallet which lay on the floor, hammered at each of the large tanks, pounded in every corner of the place, but no Worthing. The fact was that youth had opened the warehouse door at the end of the stores and slipped down the long rope of the goods hoist, and when Mr. Budwell came downstairs he was seated in the office, looking for all the world as if nothing had happened, but quite ready to mount the stairs again if need be.

The next day Worthing and Jack Bell were in close communion—a circumstance which might safely be counted upon as a storm forecast in the office of Brown, Millington, and Co. In the afternoon Worthing was observed to knit his brows furiously in the throes of composition over a paper which contained a multitude of smears and erasures, but which he studiously covered with a piece of blotting-paper at the approach of curious footsteps. Presently he was satisfied, re-wrote the document upon a piece of fancy-tinted paper, and adjourned to the storeroom, where he was joined by John Bell.

"Have you got it ready? Oh, I say, let's read it!" cried that vociferous youth.

Worthing handed him the document, and he read with great glee the following:—

"All right, young man; I'll have it out of you!"

ODE TO MISS DINAH WILLIBOD.

To Melton! to Melton! my dearest, I'll fly,
And there will repose 'neath the shade of thine eye,
And oh! dearest Dinah, I'll utter sweet vows
Under those happy Meltonian boughs.

Oh! who could not love thee? my dearest, I ask;
To hide from thy charms were a burdensome task;
And though the world chide me for being so true,
I'll stick to thee still like—Imperial Glue.

It was signed "Samuel Budwell," and written with a thick pen in a round heavy hand, as much like that gentleman's as possible.

Mr. Bell slapped his knee a dozen times. He nearly turned a summersault for sheer joy. This precious effusion seemed to have the power of an intoxicant. By way of business Frank inquired "had he brought the packet?" This Bell produced, and attached the letter to it with a piece of blue silk. But what were the contents of that mysterious packet? If it did not belie its label it contained "Superior Rose Lozenges."

"Has the governor gone, Jack?"

"Yes, half an hour ago. It's five o'clock."

"I'll get down to the office now. Have all the fellows ready, will you, Jack? You'll hear me whistle when all's square;" and he walked down quietly to the office.

"Where have you been all this time?" thundered Mr. Budwell, when he made his appearance.

"On an exciting search after perpetual motion, sir," Frank replied, in a subdued tone.

"I'll search after your head if you don't get on with your work."

For a few minutes he wrote away in terrible earnest. Such was Worthing's desultory method. He idled for nearly a week, and then almost killed himself for a day in getting straight the arrears. Presently he looked up.

"Mr. Budwell, will you kindly give me the red ink?"

"It strikes me you'd better come for it."

This was precisely the answer he wanted, and precisely the one he expected. It suited him perfectly. He went to Mr. Budwell's stool, and while crushing over his shoulder for the ink, quietly fixed the festive packet half in and half out of the pocket in the tail of that gentleman's coat.

He took his seat and began to whistle, quite spontaneously as it were.

Bell came sauntering in the office to Mr. Budwell with a "Good day, squire! How are you? Oh, I say! what's that sticking out of your pocket?" and he gave the packet a sudden fillip which propelled it and the confectioneries over the floor in every direction.

Two of the "drawing office" fellows appeared, strange to say, almost at the same moment on the scene with the big Hunter. There was a scramble for the lozenges.

"Oh, I say, you fellows," cried Bell, "look here, what's dropped out of Mr. Budwell's pocket!"

With a beautiful emphasis he read the lines which we have already perused. He then flew for his life, and was not seen again that evening at the establishment of Brown, Millington, and Co.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the ponderous Hunter, 'who'd have thought it? THE POTE BUDWELL! Ho! ho! ho! that's the best thing I've heerd for a long time."

"You're at the bottom of that, I know," cried Budwell, seizing Frank with a grip which nearly made him shout.

"Dear Mr. Budwell, how could you say such a thing?" replied that youth, looking cool and innocent.

"Leave him alone, Budwell!" said Hunter, which was done after the administration of a cuff to his ears—a penalty which, under the circumstances, he was glad to escape with. Jack Bell kept to the drawing office for the next two days.

After this episode nothing was so effectual in opening the vials of Mr. Budwell's wrath as an allusion to his respected kinswoman, otherwise his fiancée-in-view, Miss Willibod.

From which lively incident in Mr. Samuel Budwell's career we may easily gather that, when plodding through the evening's correspondence, it was not with much amiability he received the information that he was writing another "Ode to Dinah."

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

DANIEL BOONE.

(Continued from page 712.)

ONE afternoon three of the girls went out in a canoe on the river at Boonesborough. Playing and splashing with their paddles, they let the canoe drift near the shrubs on the opposite shore. Five Indians were there in hiding, and one of them crept into the water, seized the canoe, and guided it up stream away out of sight of the fort. Next morning at daylight Boone and Calloway were off in pursuit of their daughters, and after a forty miles following of the trail they came upon the Redskins as they were lighting a fire to cook. There was a fight, and the Indians were driven off and the three girls rescued unharmed.

The Indians hung round Boonesborough by night and day. A brave would hide himself behind a tree-stump in the night and deliberately wait for the first man to come out of the fort in the morning for him to shoot at. On the 23rd of May a grand Indian attack took place, lasting till eleven o'clock at night and renewed next day till midnight. During the fight there were many attempts to burn the fort, and three of the defenders were wounded. When the Redskins retreated, Boone and his companions sallied out in pursuit; and his brother was wounded.

Soon afterwards two men were shot at by the Indians, and running to the fort for shelter were pursued up to the gate; and one was tomahawked and scalped just as he entered it. Boone, with ten men, rushed at his murderer, and as soon as they had passed into the open a mob of Redskins leapt out of ambush and cut off their retreat. Six of them fell wounded, and Boone's leg was shattered. As he staggered to the ground a savage jumped at him, tomahawk in hand, but before he could strike the blow Simon Kenton shot him in the heart, and he rolled lifeless on to Boone.

The garrison at Boonesborough were in sore straits for want of salt, and Boone with a party of thirty men went on an expedition nearly a hundred miles to the north, to procure a supply. The water from the springs had to be evaporated, and for four weeks the work went on, the backwoodsmen boiling the salt water in kettles, and never moving out of reach of the guns. One morning when Boone was alone in the woods in pursuit of something for breakfast, he found himself face to face with a couple of Indians. It is this encounter that the artist has chosen for his incident in the life of Boone which now adorns the south door of the Rotunda in the Capitol at Washington. As the first rifle flashed Boone dodged down and the bullet whizzed past him, as the other flash came he sprang aside; and then firing his own piece he shot one of the Redskins through the brain, and leapt out against the other. The Indian raised his tomahawk, but Boone guarded with his gun, and with his hunting-knife stabbed the Indian to the heart.

The expedition was, however, to end in disaster. Another morning when Boone was away hunting for dinner he was surrounded by a band of a hundred and two Indians and taken prisoner. His captors took him back to Salt Licks, where his comrades, at his suggestion, surrendered themselves. The prisoners were taken to Chilicothe, on the Little Miami, and the next month they were marched off to Detroit, where all were ransomed except Boone, whom the Indians would not part with. He returned to Chilicothe and there was formally adopted into the family of Blackfish, one of the Shawnee chiefs.

The ceremony of initiation was not a pleasant one. All the hair was plucked out of his head except a small tuft on his crown which was allowed to grow long and was ornamented with ribbons and feathers. Having fitted him with a proper scalp lock the Redskins took him to the river and gave him a good hard scrubbing to get the white blood out of him. And then having been duly painted to pattern, he was led to the chief to be greeted and clothed. The Indians, knowing that he would be helpless in the woods without ammunition, were very careful in allowancing him, so that he might not accumulate any powder and ball. He, however, got over the difficulty by halving his bullets and using small charges of powder. Thus he slowly collected a goodly store. As he seemed contented with his fate the watch on him became gradually relaxed. He often went hunting with his captors, taking good care never to awaken their jealousy by excelling them at their sports; and although he knew the language thoroughly he always pretended to be ignorant of it.

For many weeks he remained at Chilicothe, and then he was sent off with a salt-boiling party to the springs on the Scioto. After a fortnight's hard work at the salt-kettles he returned to Chilicothe, and found to his horror that during his absence four hundred and fifty Indians had been mustered to march on Boonesborough. To disarm suspicion he helped them in their preparations, and by this means became acquainted with their intended plans. He was 160 miles from his home, so that an attempt at escape was no light undertaking, particularly as he would have to make straight across country to reach the fort in time to give the alarm.

The attempt was, however, made, and with success. Rising with the dawn on the 16th of June, he took with him his hoard of ammunition and a few strips of dried venison, and getting deep into the woods, made off straight for home. A crowd of the fleetest and keenest of the Indian hunters went in pursuit, and for five days he kept on through swamp and forest and stream. At the Ohio he was stopped for a time, but he fortunately found a canoe and paddled himself over in safety. When he reached Boonesborough he found that his wife and children had given him up for dead and returned to the Yadkin.

Instantly the fort was put into a state of defence, and provisions laid in to stand a siege. Having assured himself that all was safe, Boone dashed out across the Ohio to meet the Redskins, and succeeded in surprising and defeating one of their detachments. He then hurried back; the Indians, four hundred and more in number, closed round him, and the siege of Boonesborough began. The Redskins hid themselves behind the rocks and the trees, and watched the fort as cats watch mice. When the siege was over 125 pounds of bullets were picked up off the ground, to say nothing of what had stuck in the walls of the fort. One of the men, a negro, deserted from the fort and joined the assailants, but Boone detected him firing from a tree, and, watching his opportunity, shot him through the brain. The Indians fired burning tow on to the roof and set it on fire, and one of the men went aloft and extinguished it, though the bullets fell like hailstones around him. At last the Indians gave up the siege in despair, and the old blockhouse became the nucleus of the present town.

Returning to North Carolina, he found that all the old terms of settlement in Kentucky had been abrogated, and that he had no legal right to the land he had looked upon as his own. To secure himself one of the plots that were then on sale he scraped together the necessary fees and started for Richmond in Virginia, where the Land Court then sat. With him he took sundry amounts entrusted him for investment by his neighbours. On his way he was robbed of all he had about him. The blow was a terrible one, but Boone set to work to retrieve the loss. He returned to Boonesborough, which in 1779 had been recognised by the Virginians as the capital of Kentucky. He had been named one of its trustees. He refused to serve, however, and resumed an ordinary settler's life.

On the 6th of October, 1780, he and his brother went on an expedition to Blue Licks. They were caught in an ambush, and Squire Boone was shot and scalped. Daniel escaped, pursued by the Indians and tracked by an enormous dog. For three miles the chase continued, and then Boone, taking advantage of the dog being at fault for a moment, stopped, waited for him, and shot him as he leapt at his throat. Soon after he had another escape, which did not end so tragically. As a shelter for drying tobacco he had built a small hut, and in this, on tiers strung on sticks by means of the split stalks, he had hung the tobacco to dry. He had hoisted up the sticks to the second tier and was standing on the poles when four Indians glided through the door.

"Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off to Chilicothe this time. You no cheat us any more."

Boone looked down upon their upturned faces, and saw their rifles pointed at him. He recognised the Shawnees, and pleasantly greeted them with,

"Ah, old friends, glad to see you!"

The Indians told him to come down, but Boone explained that he would rather stay and finish the tobacco if they did not mind waiting a few minutes, and then launched forth into an amusing description of how he cured the tobacco, and ended with a promise to supply them with some. All the time the Indians kept guard at the door, and Boone carefully gathered in his arms the long, dry leaves, full of pungent dust, blinding and stifling as the strongest snuff. Having selected as much as he could hold, he suddenly broke off short in the middle of a sentence, jumped with his bundle on to the Indians, darted through the door, and reached his bullet-proof hut before they could recover from the coughing and sneezing, with which the tobacco dust had nearly driven them mad.

It was not long after this adventure that Boone suggested that a treaty should be made with the Indians regarding an exchange of prisoners. He went single-handed to their camp, and persuaded the chiefs to agree to abolish the torturing and maiming and to treat their prisoners in civilised fashion. The interview took place at Maysville, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged. Henceforth, as far as the Shawnees were concerned, prisoners were respected, and with the most scrupulous fidelity the treaty in all its details was kept in force on both sides. Had Boone done nothing else, his memory would deservedly be cherished by his countrymen.

In 1795 Boone moved off into Missouri, where the Spanish Government, to whom the territory then belonged, appointed him commandant of the district. Soon afterwards the Emperor Napoleon obtained from Spain the whole of the region west of the Mississippi and Missouri, which then bore the name of Louisiana, so that Boone gained a new nationality. He had been a subject of George III., of the United States, of Transylvania, of the Shawnees, of Spain, and now he was a subject of France. In a few years Napoleon, with a view to "giving England a rival on the seas," sold the territory to the United States, and thus enabled the Americans to obtain that extension to the west which proved of such advantage to the development of their country.

Boone remained hunting and trapping in Missouri for three years, and during that time accumulated a large stock of furs. With these he returned to Kentucky, and, having sold them, realised enough to pay off all his debts. Having settled with all his creditors in full, he returned to Femme Osage with just one half-dollar in his pocket. To his friends who came to welcome him he said, in a tone of triumph,

"Now I am ready and willing to die. I am relieved from a burden which has long oppressed me. I have paid all my debts, and no one will say when I am gone, 'Boone was a dishonest man.'"

He lived till he was eighty-six, dying on the 26th September, 1820. In 1845 the citizens of Frankfort, the state-capital of Kentucky, brought the remains of their pioneer from Missouri, and interred them in the cemetery, where a beautiful monument now marks his grave.

One of the most curious stories of Boone is told by Audubon, the naturalist. He gives it in Boone's own words, as told to him when out with the pioneer on a hunting excursion. He describes Boone as follows: "The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent, his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb, his countenance gave indication of great courage, enterprise, and perseverance, and when he spoke the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true." After telling how he had once escaped from Indians while they were sleeping off a drunken carouse by rolling to the fire and burning off the thongs that bound him, Boone continued,

"I felt determined to mark the spot, and, walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself into the cane-brakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me. It is now nearly forty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlement, which I might never probably have visited again had I not been called upon as a witness in a lawsuit which was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. The story is this, sir:

"Mr. Black moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and, having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash-tree on which I had made my mark, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, at an ash-tree marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks. But somehow or other Mr. Black had heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and, thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place or the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid, and, not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr. Black. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all I could find the very spot as well as the tree, if it were yet standing.

"Mr. Black and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River bottoms. After some difficulty—for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in those woods—I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash-trees grew. On approaching the place I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I were still a prisoner among them. Mr. Black and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day. At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash-tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt about it, and mentioned my thought to Mr. Black.

"'Well, Colonel Boone,' said he, 'if you think so I hope that it may prove true; but we must have some witnesses. Do you stay hereabouts, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.'

"I agreed. Mr. Black trotted off, and I to pass the time rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But, ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years makes in a country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians you would not have walked out in any direction more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky. The land looked as if it never would become poor, and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of the Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few signs only of the deer were seen, and as to a deer itself, I saw none.

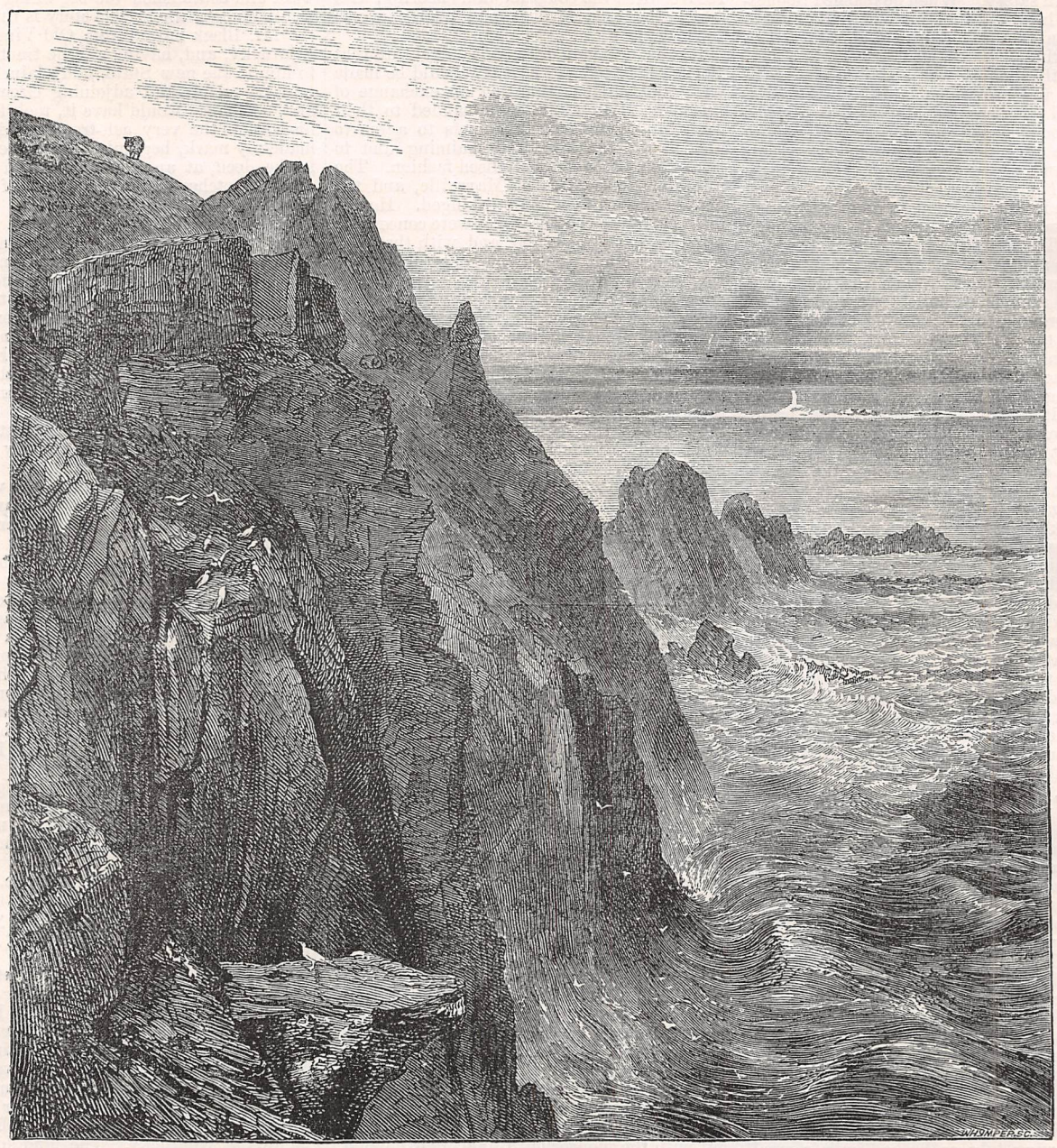
"Mr. Black returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash-tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them, and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher-knife until I *did* come to where my tomahawk had left an impression on the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree

with care until three hacks, as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. Black and the other gentlemen were astonished, and I must allow that I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. Black gained his cause. I left Green River, and came to where we are now; and, sir, I wish you a good night."

(THE END.)

PETHERICK'S PERIL.*

BY E. W. THOMSON.



The Land's End, Cornwall.

EACH storey of the Shelton Cotton Factory now building is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the timekeepers of the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick-work, the practice giving him a singular delight that seems to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a footpath, and although there is a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness. Occasionally Hardy and I have run races on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down observed the upturned face of an old man gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers' platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who has been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick?" I called down. He made no answer, but walking off

* Mr. E. W. Thomson, of Montreal, a talented young Canadian, formerly a member of the editorial staff of the "Toronto Globe," sends us a letter of greeting from the colonies, accompanied by a MS. that he hoped might find a place in our columns, especially as representing our colonial admirers. The story, we are happy to say, is accepted, and will be commenced in our next number. This week, by way of introducing Mr. Thomson to our readers, we reprint a story of his, which he enclosed with his MS., and for which he carried off, it seems, in open competition, the first prize of five hundred dollars offered by an American journal, the "Youth's Companion," this story being one of some seven thousand sent in.

rapidly disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanour, I descended, and, after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I. "Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Not just that," he replied, sententiously.

"Did you expect me to fall, then?" I inquired.

"Not just that either," said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the one o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I was puzzled awhile over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said, as I went by,

"Don't do it again, Mr. Frazer!"

"What?" I stopped.

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you tell me why you advise me I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!" said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason that it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorsteps that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:—

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowls made their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket-money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I reached the ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh!" said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments, "You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten by seas once running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop straight on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind never blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this," illustrating with his hands. "It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet.

"As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling round me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as that side-walk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that country side, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching almost as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth with playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out as in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer, a small yacht lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff, to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror. There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening under my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight for ever.

"Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered me to make an instant end. In imagination I *had* leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air!

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not: I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come back in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!"

The old man paused long. Glancing sidewise at Jack, I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realised the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained, I seemed to *hear* the words. Indeed often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved towards the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work towards it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move towards it. Try to think of that journey!"

I nodded to him silently.

"Shuffling sidewise very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall; do you think you could move sidewise along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that and you trying to move sidewise, incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yes, three times farther! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face first at full length, clutch by your hands, and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse! The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did in fact incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and looking askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face towards it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also to see a

solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

"In the depth below the myriad sea-fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to whitecaps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had risen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but save the deep murmur going out from far below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other, and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss *behind* me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock, and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feeling, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and—chin against the precipice—gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

"Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no hope in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

"A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost too rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would hunt me up.

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon, that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily towards me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point of stumbling, stretched out like one crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tiptoe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edge of a mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope!

"But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while with closed eyes and bent head he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway towards me? I could hope for that.

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale.

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and the nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

"Now at last I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line! And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any human being on one without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

[The author, it is only right to say, greatly exaggerates the height of the Cornwall cliffs, grandly impressive as they are.—ED. B.O.P.]

OUR CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(*Continued from page* 718.)

THOMAS is the same as Didymus, and means "a twin;" it owes its popularity in this country not to the apostle but to the great saint of Canterbury—A'Becket. Stephen is one of the finest and oldest of names; it means the "crown" of parsley which the athletes of old won in their games. Another of the Greek names is Nicholas, the "victory of the people," derived from the Nike "victory," which appears also at the end of Berenice, a name almost unrecognisable under its change into Veronica. At one time Nicholas and Marie were the commonest of names. Hence, say some, the answer to the "What is your name?" of the Church Catechism, "N or M, as the case may be"—an answer that could be most truthfully given by Osman of Suakin, who seems to be Digna or Digma as we please.

Peter, if from Petros, means "a stone," if from Petra it means a "rock." The diminutive is Petronilla, which becomes Petronel or Pernell or Parnell. Before we leave the political frontier we may mention that Henry may mean a "home ruler"! It is a fine old name, coming from Heimdall, the porter of Valhalla, who is to rouse the gods to their last fight by his trumpet, and is to slay and be slain by Loki. Heim is the "home"—and the "ham," too, of the Buckingham, Nottingham, the big "ham" of the smaller "hamlet"—and dall is the equivalent for strong or powerful. Heimdall, by way of Heimrich, Heinrich, Hendriks, and Henry, gives us Henrietta and Hetty.

George comes from two Greek words, Ge, "the earth," and— But this sounds too strangely familiar, and with the note that George means an "earthworker" or "agriculturist," we hurry on to Ambrose, "the true life-giving elixir." Laurence comes from Lares, "the household gods;" Leonard is of course "a lion;" Philip is "a lover of horses;" Eber, "the boar," gives us Everard, Eberhard, and Evremond; and Beorn, "the bear," gives Bernard and Bernicia.

Hilda gives Ildefonso, whence Alphonso and Alonzo; and Ataulphus, "helping father," becomes misspelt as Adolphus. Æneas becomes Angus or Angus becomes Æneas, whichever we please; Archibald is Erchenbald, "bold in work;" Andrew is "brave," and in Andrew's Son gives us Anderson. Christopher splits up into Kitts, Christal, Kitson, and Stopher; it is one of the earliest of the names from the root, the first being the Christina given to the martyr who is fabled to have been thrown into Lake Bolsena with a millstone over her neck, and yet to have floated till she was pierced with arrows.

Alexander is a "helper of men;" Alfred "a helper in counsel;" and all the Ead names mean rich—Eadgar, "rich spear;" Eadmund, "rich protector;" Eadwine, "rich friend;" "Eadward, "rich guard." Francis is an excellent name; it is the same as Frank, and has the dictionary meaning. With Free and Frederick and others it comes from the old Scandinavian deities Freya and Freyr. William is another fine name, traceable right away back to the old Voluspa. It is generally translated as "defending many," but the "Willhelm" is what it says—it is the "helmet of resolution." The Will is common in the old mythologies; we have Billing, the son of Willi; and Vilkin—whence Wilkins of Dinah and Peter. Vilkin was the father of Volundr the Smith—whence Wayland Smith. Willi or Billi is the father of all the Wills and Wielands down even to Willer and Villiers, which is almost hopelessly hidden in Weller.*

We have only dealt with ordinary names; some of them are inappropriate enough, but we may as well give a few curiosities as a solace for those that bear them. We trust none of our readers have been named "Elibris" from the "name having been found on an ancestor's book plate;" nor "Alas" from their parents having misunderstood "Alas! my brother;" nor "Rightaboutface" and "Leftshoulderforward," like the twins of the Negro who had served in the Cape Corps; nor "Finis," "Appendix," "Addendum," or "Index," from the unrealised hope that the family had ceased to increase; nor "Valuable" and "Serviceable" from "the maker's names discovered in a watch." Nor do we anticipate that many of them suffer from punning like "Henry Born Noble," "Mahogany Wood," "Arch Bishop," "Lord Smith," "Hoar Frost," or "John Bottleof Beer;" and they are not likely to get into difficulties like the Miss Rose who was christened Wild and began life as the sweet Wild Rose, to end her maiden days by becoming a Wild Bull.

Our title is "Christian Names," and it may be objected that many of them are decidedly pagan. That is true, but it is none the less true that most of them even in their earliest days were conferred by christening—if by christening is merely meant the sprinkling of water. For, to disregard the Romans sprinkling the boys on their ninth day and the girls on their tenth, and the Buddhists washing the child while they name it, we have our own northern ancestors dipping the child in the water before they showed it to the father, for him to give it its name and mark its forehead with that sign of the hammer of Thor which afterwards gave place to the sign of the cross.

(THE END.)

* Those who are interested in the subject, and require further instances, could not do better than refer to Miss C. M. Yonge's "Christian Names," published by Macmillan and Co.

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 703.)

A GAME

Played at Koenigsberg, between A. R. (White) and D. M. (Black).

Opening: Scotch Gambit.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3. P—Q 4	P×P
4. B—Q B 4	B—B 4
5. Kt—Kt 5	Kt—R 3
6. B×P (ch.)	Kt×B
7. Kt×Kt	K×Kt
8. Q—R 5 (ch.)	P—K Kt 3
9. Q×B	P—Q 4 (*a*)
10. P—K 5 (*b*)	Kt×P
11. Q×K P	R—K sq.
12. B—K 3	B—R 6
13. Castles	P—B 4
14. Q×B P (*c*)	R—Q B sq.
15. Q×R P	Kt—B 6 (ch.)
16. P×Kt	R—B 5
17. R—Q sq.	Q—Q 2
18. K—R sq.	Q—B 3
19. P—Kt 3 (*d*)	P—Q 5
20. Kt—Q 2	P×B
21. P×R	P×Kt
22. Q—R 3	Q—B 3
23. Q R—Kt sq.	Q—Kt 4
24. R—Kt sq. (*e*)	

NOTES.

(*a*) Many players prefer P—Q 3, but P—Q 4 leads to at least an even game.

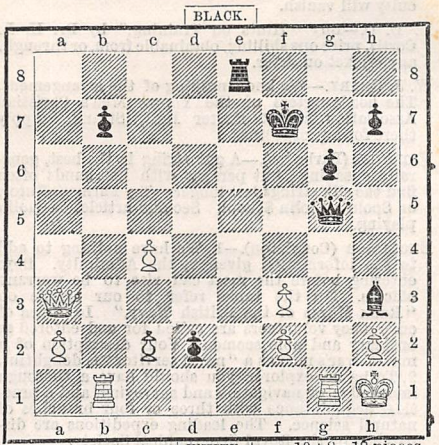
(*b*) If P×P, then R—K sq. (ch.); K—Q sq., R—K 4; R—K sq., R×P; Q—B 4, B—K 3, etc.

(*c*) If Q—B 4 (ch.), K—Kt sq. 15, P×B, P—Q 5, followed by moves with the P, Q, and Kt.

(*d*) If Q—R 3, P—Q 5. 20, B×P, R×B. 21, R—Kt sq., R—K 7, etc.

(*e*) Black now announced mate in four moves, which is our

Problem No. 111.



Black to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

E. W. D.—Your three-mover can be solved in one move by 1, Kt—B 5 or P—Kt 8 B mate.

Correspondence.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE B. O. P. "wishes to know whether the Thames, flowing as it does from the sea, should be termed going down." This is news indeed from Fulham. Perhaps the subscriber saw the flood tide! If he will look at the Thames above Teddington Lock, where tidal influence ends, he will see the river flowing always to the sea, and his difficulty will vanish.

N. D. O.—Buy "Hints on Training," by Dr. H. L. Cortis, price one shilling, obtainable from, or through, any cricket outfitter.

W. J. GEARY.—We know nothing of the arrangement. The headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association are at Exeter Hall, Strand. Apply there for a prospectus.

VIOLINIST (Barbados).—A gut string is the best, generally speaking; but persons with hot hands often find the silk strings last longer. Try Farmer's Tutor, or Spohr's Violin School. See our articles on violin playing.

EXCELSIOR (Congleton).—1. We have nothing to add to the information given by the Admiralty. Boys entering before the mast can rise to be warrant officers. For the ranks refer to our article on "Rank Marks of the British Navy." In times of emergency volunteers are called for and entered as ordinary and able seamen. Your description of a man-o'-war's man as a "naval servitor" is delightful. 2. To be an explorer you should have a thorough knowledge of navigation and surveying, and a practical acquaintance with three or four branches of natural science. The leading expeditions are dispatched by the Royal Geographical Society.

T. WARD.—The National College of Music, Kensington Gore, might suit you. But most instrumental music is taught by private tutors.

W. E. P.—The "Young Guard of the King's Army," by the Rev. A. N. Malan, is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It can be obtained through any bookseller.

FORE HATCH.—In "Engineering" and the "English Mechanic" there are being advertised photographs at half-a-crown apiece of the principal engines on the main lines out of London. AFTER HATCH tells us that a note to the editors would obtain for you the advertiser's address.

W. GOODALL.—You will find the parodies in "Rejected Addresses," by James and Horace Smith, published by John Murray and others. It is a small book, costing about a shilling, and has been recently republished by Messrs. Routledge in "Burlesque Poems" in Henry Morley's series.

CHIP.—1. You might use glacialine for the window, and give it the appearance of being made of stained glass. The glacialine is sold in sheets of convenient size by Perry and Co., of Holborn Viaduct. 2. It seems to have been a printer's error on the wrapper.

F. DAVIS.—St. Nicholas can be obtained in London of Messrs. F. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Strand.

A. J. W. (Nottingham.)—The cases we supply for binding at two shillings each are the same in every way as those used for the annual sold complete. The cover for each year varies. The annuals contain all the numbers, parts, and presentation plates issued during the year.

C. P. S.—1. A wideawake hat is a hat that never sleeps—in fact, one that never has, or had, a *nap*. All felts are napless. Jim Crow hats were so called from being worn by that famous nigger minstrel. Beaver hats were made of beaver skins. The Billycock hat was invented by a Mr. Wilcock, facetiously familiarised into Mr. Billycock. 2. The snail remedy for eczema is one of the commonest we have, and has been practised by the country folks for centuries. The only wonderful thing about the cure is the ignorance which calls it new. It is as well known as a cobweb for a cut finger. Any cool slimy substance would probably have the same effect.

W. ROBERTS.—A coloured plate of the different breeds of dogs was given with the August part for 1883; and you will find articles on the subject in the second and fourth volumes.

STANDARD.—Your best plan would be to go to a free library, or newsroom such as Deacon's or Street's, and see all the papers for yourself. There are so many of them. Try the "Colliery Guardian," "Mining Journal," "Mining Record," etc.; or for the other side of the question the "Statist," "Financier," "Money," etc., etc.

D. H. H.—If we all bought our own books, gave away those for which we did not care, and kept and re-read those we really liked, then our library might be an index to our character. But in these days, when libraries are ordered comp'ete, with the furniture, we very much doubt the truth of the saying. Books come with property, too, and are thrust upon men. Could you tell the Duke of Hamilton's character from the magnificent library he recently took such pains to distribute?

F. W. C.—Every pint of port, sherry, or madeira has four ounces of alcohol; every pint of champagne has three ounces; every pint of burgundy has two and a half ounces; every pint of hock has two and a quarter ounces; every pint of claret has two ounces; and every pint of moselle has an ounce and three-quarters. These are approximations, it is true, but they are very nearly correct. The moselle has thus the least alcohol and the most water.

J. R. W.—1. Keep the sweets in tins and they will not get sticky. 2. Sherbet is easily made. Get half a pound of ground white sugar, and pour on it forty drops of essence of lemon. Mix it thoroughly, and add a quarter of a pound each of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, and mix it up thoroughly again. In fact, "the better the mix the better the fizzic."

W. J. HORRELL.—Refer to the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in the third volume.

G. FINDLAY (Montreal).—Pharaoh's serpents are made of sulpho-cyanide of potassium and sulpho-cyanide of mercury. We gave an article on the subject in the third volume, in the part for May, 1881.

H. DANE.—Send to Mr. Burgess-Brown, printer, Maidstone, for a copy of his Kentish Cricketers' Guide. It is a handy little book, giving much information regarding current Kent cricket. It includes a diary ruled for runs and bowling, and has forms for sides, etc., etc.

E. M. LAW (Launceston, Tasmania).—1. Shells are pierced in a lathe or with an ordinary drill. They are sawn with a fine circular saw. 2. The market is, we suppose, overstocked. 3. We are quite unable to "explain the real cause of the war in the Soudan;" and our inability to do so is shared by millions of our countrymen.

P. R. T.—You never know. He may retain his ability through life, or he may not; he is, however, not sufficiently precocious to make a fuss about. When Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, was three years old, he could read well and do the first four rules of arithmetic; by the time he was four he had gained a good knowledge of geography; at five he was able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; at eight he had mastered French and Italian; at nine he had studied Arabic and Sanscrit; at eleven he compiled a Syriac grammar; and at thirteen he could write letters in Persian! The late Professor H. J. S. Smith could read when he was two years old, and before he was twelve had read all Thucydides, Sophocles, Juvenal, Persius, and Sallust, twelve books of Tacitus, several plays of Æschylus and Euripides, and a considerable amount of Hebrew. He had also learnt all the odes of Horace by heart, and of course had been through the six books of Euclid and algebra to simple equations!

F. GARDNER.—1. But there are 110-ton guns! Those of the Benbow are 42ft. in length and 2ft. in diameter. With its carriage and mountings such a gun weighs 300 tons. The powder chamber is 21in. in diameter and 7ft. long, and the charge weighs 900lb., sufficient to drive a 2,000lb. shell at the rate of 2,000ft. per second. 2. In 1868 Sir Joseph Whitworth produced a gun which sent a two-and-a-quarter-hundredweight shot more than six and a-half miles!

A. H.—There are many such machines in the market. Either the Burdess or the Arrow will climb a hill by changing the gearing, so as to drive more slowly; and the omnicycle can have its driving-gear altered to almost any pitch.

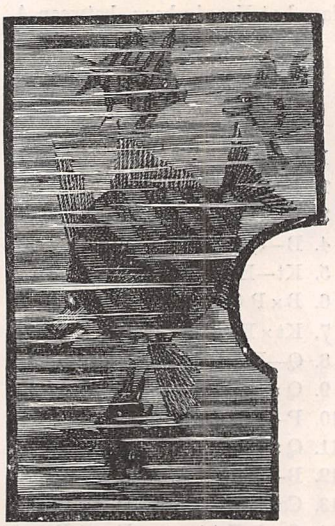
POWDER MONKEY.—The only way is to write to headquarters, or go to the nearest barracks and ask for yourself.

E. A. H.—1. You must not dramatise the book without consent, but the plot can be almost the same. Under any circumstances you should ask permission; it would only be honest to do so.—2. You must not sell the copies you make from published drawings. That is the only restriction.

MEDICAL.—There is no other guide to the profession at present except that published at 170, Strand. Your best plan would be to procure a copy of the Students' Number of the "Lancet" or "British Medical Journal."

UN JEUNE HOMME.—You can have an index to the third volume sent to you direct for three-halfpence. All the indexes—that is of third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes—can be had on the same terms. Through a newsagent they cost a penny each.

A CARPENTER.—First wash the gloss off the photograph, and then proceed to colour it as if it were a drawing.



*** *We are happy to be able to state that the* "BOY'S OWN" SUMMER NUMBER *is still in print, and may be obtained through the Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 56, Paternoster Row, price 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy, as it will* NOT *be included in the volume.*

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY
TALBOT BAINES REED,
Author of
"My Friend Smith," etc.

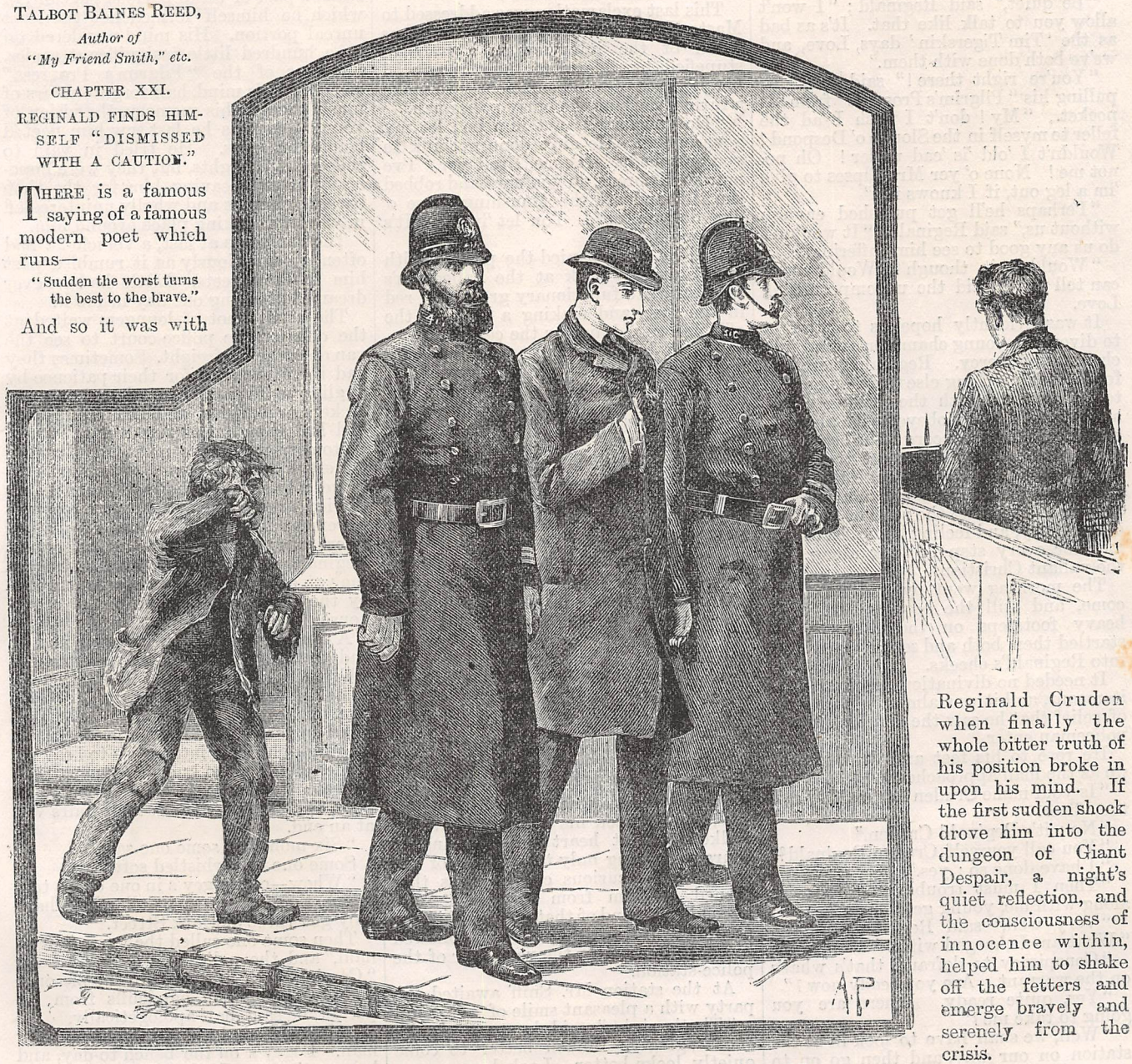
CHAPTER XXI.

REGINALD FINDS HIMSELF "DISMISSED WITH A CAUTION."

THERE is a famous saying of a famous modern poet which runs—

"Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave."

And so it was with



"Between his two custodians he walked, sick at heart."

Reginald Cruden when finally the whole bitter truth of his position broke in upon his mind. If the first sudden shock drove him into the dungeon of Giant Despair, a night's quiet reflection, and the consciousness of innocence within, helped him to shake off the fetters and emerge bravely and serenely from the crisis.

He knew he had nothing to be proud of—nothing to excuse his own folly and shortsightedness—nothing to flatter his self-esteem; but no one could accuse him of dishonour or point a finger of shame his way. So he rose next morning armed for the worst.

What that would be he could not say, but whatever it was he would face it, confident in his own integrity and the might of right to clear him.

He endeavoured in a few words to explain the position of affairs to Love, who was characteristically quick at grasping it and suggesting a remedy.

"That there Medlock 's got to be served, and no error!" he said. "I'll murder 'im!"

"Nonsense!" said Reginald; "you can't make things right by doing wrong yourself. And you know you wouldn't do such a thing."

"Do I know? Tell you I would, gov'nor! I'd serve him just like that there 'Pollyon in the book! Or else I'd put rat p'ison in his beer, and—my! wouldn't it be a game to see the tet'nus a-comin' on 'im, and—"

"Be quiet," said Reginald; "I won't allow you to talk like that. It's as bad as the 'Tim Tigerskin' days, Love, and we've both done with them."

"You're right there!" said the boy, pulling his "Pilgrim's Progress" from his pocket. "My! don't I wish I 'ad the feller to myself in the Slough o' Despond! Wouldn't I 'old 'is 'ead under! Oh no, not me! None o' yer Mr. 'Elpses to give 'im a leg out, if I knows it!"

"Perhaps he'll get punished enough without us," said Reginald. "It wouldn't do us any good to see him suffering."

"Wouldn't it, though? Would me, I can tell yer!" said the uncompromising Love.

It was evidently hopeless to attempt to divert his young champion's mind into channels of mercy. Reginald therefore, for lack of anything else to do, suggested to him to go on with the reading aloud, a command the boy obeyed with alacrity, starting of his own accord at the beginning of the book. So the two sat there, and followed their pilgrim through the perils and triumphs of his way, each acknowledging in his heart the spell of the wonderful story, and feeling himself a braver man for every step he took along with the valiant Christian.

The morning went by and noon had come, and still the boy read on, until heavy footsteps on the stairs below startled them both and sent a quick flush into Reginald's cheeks.

It needed no divination to guess what it meant, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that he saw the door open and a policeman enter.

He rose to his feet and drew himself up as the man approached.

"Is your name Cruden Reginald?" said the officer.

"No; it's Reginald Cruden."

"You call yourself Cruden Reginald?"

"I have done so; yes."

"Then I must trouble you to come along with me, young gentleman."

"Very well," said Reginald, quietly. "What am I charged with?"

"Conspiracy to defraud, that's what's on the warrant. Are you ready now?"

"Yes, quite ready. Where are you going to take me?"

"Well, we shall have to look in at the station on our way, and then go on to the police-court. Won't take long. Bound to remand you, you know, for a week or something like that, and then you'll get committed, and the assizes are on directly after the new year, so three weeks from now will see it all over."

The man talked in a pleasant, civil way, in a tone as if he quite supposed Reginald might be pleased to hear the programme arranged on his behalf.

"We'd better go," said Reginald, moving towards the door.

His face was very white and determined. But there was a tell-tale quiver in his tightly-pressed lips which told that he needed all his courage to help him through the ordeal before him. Till this moment the thought of having to walk through Liverpool in custody had not entered into his calculations, and he recoiled from it with a shiver.

"I needn't trouble you with these," said the policeman, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket; "not yet, anyhow."

"Oh, no. I'll come quite quietly."

"All right. I've my mate below. You can walk between. Hullo!"

This last exclamation was addressed to Master Love, who, having witnessed thus much of the interview in a state of stupefied bewilderment, now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to make a furious dash at the burly policeman.

"Do you hear? Let him be; let my governor go. He ain't done nothink to you or nobody. It's me, I tell yer. I've murdered dozens, do you 'ear? and robbed the till, and set the Manshing 'Ouse o' fire, do you 'ear? You let 'im go. It's me done it!"

And he accompanied the protest with such a furious kick at the policeman's leg that that functionary grew very red in the face, and making a grab at the offender, seized him by the collar.

"Don't hurt him, please," said Reginald. "He doesn't mean any harm."

"Tell you it's me," cried the boy, trembling in the grasp of the law, "me and that there Medlock. My gov'nor ain't done it."

"Hush; be quiet, Love," said Reginald. "It'll do no good to make a noise. It can't be helped. Good-bye."

The boy fairly broke down and began to blubber piteously.

Reginald, unmanned enough as it was, had not the heart to wait longer, and walked hurriedly to the door, followed by the policeman. This movement once more roused the faithful Love to a final effort.

"Let 'im go, do you 'ear," shouted he, rushing down the stairs after them. "I'll do for yer if you don't. Oh, gov'nor, take me too, can't yer?"

But Reginald could only steel his heart for once and feign not to hear the appeal.

The other policeman was waiting outside, and between his two custodians he walked, sick at heart and faltering in courage, longing only to get out of the reach of the curious critical eyes that turned on him from every side, and beyond the sound of that pitiful whimper of the faithful little friend as it followed him step by step to the very door of the police-station.

At the station Mr. Sniff awaited the party with a pleasant smile of welcome.

"That's right," said he to Reginald, encouragingly; "much better to come quietly, looks better. Look here, young fellow," he added, rather more confidentially, "the first question you'll be asked is whether you're guilty or not. Take my advice and make a clean breast of it."

"I shall say not guilty, which will be the truth."

Mr. Sniff, as the reader has been told, had already come to the same conclusion. Still, it being the rule of his profession always to assume a man to be guilty till he can prove himself innocent, he felt it was no business of his to assist the magistrate in coming to a decision by stating what he *thought*. All he had to do was to state what he *knew*, and meanwhile, if the prisoner chose to simplify matters by pleading guilty—well, why shouldn't he?

"Please yourself about that. Have you made your entries, Jones? The van will be here directly. See you later on," added he, nodding to Reginald.

Reginald waited there for the van like a man in a dream. People came in and out, spoke, laughed, looked about them, even mentioned his name. But they all seemed part of some curious pageant, of which he himself formed not the least unreal portion. His mind wandered off on a hundred little insignificant topics. Snatches of the "Pilgrim's Progress" came into his mind, half-forgotten airs of music crossed his memory, the vision of young Gedge as he last saw him fleeted before his eyes. He tried in vain to collect his thoughts, but they were hopelessly astray, leaving him for the time barely conscious and wholly uninterested in what was taking place around him.

The van came at last, a vehicle he had often eyed curiously as it rumbled past him in the streets. Little had he ever dreamed of riding one day inside it.

The usual knot of loungers waited at the door of the police-court to see the van disgorge its freight. Sometimes they had been rewarded for their patience by a glimpse of a real murderer, or wife-kicker, or burglar, and sometimes they had had their bit of fun over a "tough customer," who, if he must travel at her Majesty's expense, was determined to travel all the way, and insisted on being carried by the arms and legs across the pavement into the tribunal of justice. There was no such fun to be got out of Reginald as he stepped hurriedly from the van and with downcast eyes entered by the prisoners' door into the court-house.

A case was already in progress, and he had to wait in a dimly-lit underground lobby for his summons. The constable who had arrested him was still beside him, and other groups mostly of police filled up the place. But he heeded none, longing—oh! how intensely—to hear his name called and to know the worst.

Presently there was a bustle near the door, and he knew the case upstairs was at an end.

"Six months'," some one said.

Some one else whistled softly.

"Whew—old Fogey's in one of his tantrums, then. I wager a dollar he'd have only got three at Dark Street."

Then some one called the name "Reginald," and the policeman near him said, "Coming." Then turning to the prisoner and producing the handcuffs from his pocket, he said, half apologetically,

"Mustn't mind the bracelets on, my man. Fogey's on the bench to-day, and he's particular. Look alive."

And before Reginald could recover from his horror he felt the cold iron on his wrist, and found himself being hurried to the door through a lane of officials and others towards the stairs.

"Your turn next, Grinder," he heard some one say as he passed. "Ten minutes will do this case."

With that vile iron on his wrists he could scarcely mount the steep flight of steps without help. The friendly policeman saw it—he was used to that sort of thing—and took the boy's arm.

Not even the consciousness of innocence could endure this. With a mute gesture of appeal Reginald shook himself free and walked unaided. The stairs seemed interminable. There was a hum of voices above, and a shuffling of feet as of people taking a momentary relaxation in the interval of some performance. Then a loud voice cried, "Silence—order in the court—sit down, gentlemen," and there fell an unearthly stillness on the place.

"To the right," said the policeman, coming beside him, and taking his arm as if to direct him.

He was conscious of a score of curious faces turned on him, of some one on the bench folding up a newspaper and adjusting his glasses, of a man at a table throwing aside a quill pen and taking another, of a click of a latch closing behind him, of a row of spikes in front of him. Then he found himself alone.

What followed he scarcely could tell. He was vaguely aware of some one with Mr. Sniff's voice making a statement in which his (Reginald's) own name occurred, another voice from the bench breaking in every now and then, and yet another voice from the table talking too, accompanied by the squeaking of a pen across paper. Then the constable who had arrested him said something, and after the constable some one else.

Then followed a dialogue in undertone between the bench and the table, and once more Mr. Sniff's voice, and at last the voice from the bench, a gruff, unsympathetic voice, said,

"Now, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The question roused him. It was intended for him, and he awoke to the consciousness that after all he had some interest in what was going on.

He raised his head, and said,

"I'm not guilty."

"You reserve your defence, then?"

"Tell him yes," said the policeman.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. I shall remand him for three days. Bring him up again on Friday."

And the magistrate took up his newspaper, the clerk at the table laying down his pen; the bustle and shuffling of feet filled the room, and in another moment Reginald was down the staircase, and the voice he had heard before called,

"Remand three days. Now then, Grinder, up you go."

In all his conjectures as to what might befall him the possibility of being actually sent to prison had never entered Reginald's head. That he would be suspected, arrested, taken to the police-station, and finally brought before a magistrate, he had foreseen. That was bad enough, but he had steeled his resolution to the pitch of going through with it, sure that the clearing of his character would follow any inquiry into the case.

But to be lodged for three days as a common felon in a police cell was a fate he had not once realised, and which, when its full meaning broke upon him, crushed the spirit out of him.

He made no resistance, no protest, no complaint as they hustled him back into the van, and from the van to the cell which was to be his dreary lodging for those three days. He felt degraded, dishonoured, disgraced, and as he sat hour after hour brooding over his lot, his mind, already overwrought, lost its courage and let go its hope.

Suppose he really had done something to be ashamed of? Suppose he had all along had his vague suspicions of the honesty of the Corporation and yet had continued to serve them? Suppose with the best of intentions he had shut his eyes wilfully to what he might and must have seen? Suppose, in fact, his negligence had been criminal? How was he ever to hold up his head again and face the world like an honest man and say he had defrauded no man?

And then there came up in terrible array that long list of customers to the Corporation whom he had lured and enticed by promises he had never taken the trouble to inquire into to part with their money. And the burden of their loss lay like an incubus on his spirit till he actually persuaded himself he was guilty.

I need not sadden the reader with dwelling on the misery of those three days. Any one almost could have endured them better than Reginald. He began a letter to Horace, but he tore it up when half-written. He drew up a statement of his own defence, but when fact after fact appeared in array on the paper it seemed more like an indictment than a defence, and he tore it up too.

At length the weary suspense was over, and once more he found himself in the outer air, stepping with almost familiar tread across the pavement into the van, and taking his place among the waiters in the dim lobby at the foot of the police-court stairs.

When at last he stood once more in the dock none of his former bewilderment remained to befriend him. It was all too real this time. When some one spoke of the "prisoner" he knew it meant himself, and when they spoke of fraud he knew they referred to something he had done. Oh, that he could see it all in a dream once more, and wake up to find himself on the other side!

"Now, Mr. Sniff, you've got something to say?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship," replied Mr. Sniff, not moving to the witness-box, but speaking from his seat. "We don't propose to continue this case."

"What? It's a clear case, isn't it?" said the magistrate, with the air of a man who is being trifled with.

"No, your worship. There's not evidence enough to ask you to send the prisoner to trial."

"Then I'd better sentence him myself."

"I think not, your worship. Our evidence only went to show that the prisoner was in the employment of the men who started the company. But we have no evidence that he was aware the concern was fraudulent, and as he does not appear to have appropriated any of the money we advise dismissing the case. The real offenders are in custody, and have practically admitted their guilt."

The magistrate looked very ill-tempered and offended. He did not like being told what he was told, especially by the police, and he had a righteous horror of cases being withdrawn from his authority.

He held a snappish consultation with his clerk, which by no means tended to pacify him, for that functionary whispered his opinion that as the case had been withdrawn there was nothing for it but for his worship to dismiss the summons.

Somebody, at any rate, should smart for his injured feelings, and as he did not know law enough to abuse Mr. Sniff, and had not pretext sufficient to abuse his clerk, he gathered himself for a castigation of the prisoner, which should not only serve as a caution to that youth for his future guidance, but should also relieve his own magisterial mind.

"Now, prisoner," began he, setting his spectacles and leaning forward in his seat, "you've heard what the officer has said. You may consider yourself fortunate — very fortunate — there is not enough evidence to convict you. Don't flatter yourself that a breakdown in the prosecution clears your character. In the eyes of the law you may be clear, but morally, let me tell you, you are far from being so. It's affectation to tell me you could live for three months the centre of a system of fraud and yet have your hands clean. You must make good your account between your own conscience and the hundreds of helpless, unfortunate poor men and women you have been the means of depriving of their hard-earned money. You have already been kept in prison for three days. Let me hope that will be a warning to you not to meddle in future with fraud if you wish to pass as an honest man. If you touch pitch, sir, you must expect to be defiled. Return to paths of honesty, young man, and seek to recover the character you have forfeited, and bear in mind the warning you have had if you wish to avoid a more serious stain in the future. The case is dismissed."

With which elegant peroration the magistrate, much relieved in his own mind, took up his newspaper, and Reginald was hurried once more down those steep stairs a free man.

"Slice of luck for you, young shaver!" said the friendly policeman, slipping off the handcuffs.

"Regular one of Sniff's little games!" said another standing near; "he always lets his little fish go when he's landed his big ones! To my mind, it's a risky business. Never mind."

"You can go when you like now," said the policeman to Reginald; "and whenever we come across a shilling for a drink we'll drink your health, my lad."

Reginald saw the hint, and handed the policeman one of his last shillings. Then, buttoning his coat against the cold winter wind, he walked out, a free man, into the street.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—AN EMBRYO MUTINY AND HOW IT WAS QUELLED—A PLEASANT VOYAGE—ISLES OF BEAUTY—SHIPWRECK.

Padre Fedro came rushing in through the verandah one afternoon, holding both his hands high up in front of him.

Sauva Rosa was there playing the guitar and singing, while with books in hand the padre's sister and Colin sat listening in a half-dreamy kind of a way, for the day was very hot.

"Ah! my good young friend," cried the padre. "I have tears in mine eyes, I have sorrow in my heart. Your ship has come."

Sauva Rosa turned suddenly pale.

"What!" she cried. "The Theodora? Papa's ship?"

"Nay, my leetle señorita, nay," answered the padre, "but de small goonboat the Vitterit."

For a moment, but a moment only, Colin's heart sank. He had been living in a kind of fool's paradise. He had been allowing himself too much of the *dolce far niente*. It was all over now. He must go afloat again. How much he loved Lima now he was going to lose it! Its fountains, its squares, and beautiful buildings, its strange people, its bright skies, its gardens and terraces, all would soon fade from his gaze.

We shall pass over his parting with the kind padre and his sister. The latter was in tears. And so was Sauva Rosa.

"I shall count every day an age," said the latter, "till I see my dear father. I wish I were going to him as you are."

The train from Lima to Callao is by no manner of means a fast one, but Colin nevertheless soon found himself on the Pacific shore.

There *she* was, the saucy Whitterit, at anchor on the bright blue water, trying apparently to look as if she were not the wettest little craft in a seaway that ever floated.

Colin did not look long at her. Truth is he neither liked her nor cared to be on her. He had suffered so much in her 'tween decks that there really was nothing pleasant to look back to. Only his duty lay on board her, if his heart did not.

He turned away from the Whitterit and was gazing at the fort and thinking what a gallant thing it was of Lord Cochrane to have cut out the great Spanish Esmeralda from under its very guns, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, there was Blair's big honest face beaming on him.

"Man Scottie," he said, "I'm glad to see you."

They shook hands, and as the boat would not be starting for some time they retired together to a little shop out of the sun, and ordered sherbet, and sat down to talk.

"Man Scottie, you're lookin' fine," said Blair; "but nobody ever thought you'd live."

"And how is Captain Channing?" asked Colin.

"Oh, he's just fine," was the reply; "ramping and raging every day, though. We've been all up and down the coast protecting British interests, and right round as far as Monte Video. Yes, man, our skipper has an awful temper. Yes, everybody else is well on board. The doctor's on shore somewhere buyin' sweet taties and a goat, and I've got to look out for some hens."

It was dinner-time—that is, half-past one—when Colin and the doctor and the engineer went on board. Colin went at once and reported himself.

"Um!" was the reply. "Well, go to your duty. Hope we'll get some good out of you now. Fine spell you've had of it! Um! When I was a youngster there was no such chance of fun, I can tell you! Um! Go to your duty, sir."

Colin's heart sank to zero now.

The sight of the dinner-table was not calculated to raise any one's spirits. The tablecloth was not clean to begin with, the boy who waited looked slovenly, the sweet potatoes were waxy, the fowls roasted to ribbons. Above all, there was everywhere a suspicion of cockroaches.

Colin was not happy; there was a gloom on his spirits that he could not account for. After dinner he commenced to write letters home; that passed the time away till tea came. Then there was the long, dreary evening with nothing to do but read—for in these latitudes it gets dark at or shortly after six o'clock. He was glad when bedtime came and he found himself once more in his hammock. But that hammock—what dreary nights and days of suffering had he not spent in it!

The Whitterit got up anchor and sailed away on a Saturday morning, in fine weather, wind about E.S.E. She was bound for the distant Sandwich Islands, so it blew fair, but near the land the wind was light, and steam had been got up to make a good offing.

Commander Channing expressed a wish to go round the ship as soon as she was well clear. He had a reason.

His eagle eyes took everything in at a glance as he walked quickly along. Here he paused to point to a rope that was not coiled. The lieutenant and doctor were with him.

"Let us have things tidy," he growled. "Look, now, at that beef-kid kicking about the deck! Why, on a Newcastle coal-ship you wouldn't see the like!"

"Doctor," he said, stopping before the ship's coppers, "it's *your* duty, sir, to see to the cleanliness of everything."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, why don't you? Look at those coppers! Look at that greasy swab where it lies! Look at the cook himself, for that matter! But why, what on earth have we here? Fowl-coops and live fowls!"

"Please, sir," said a smart-looking carpenter's mate, marching boldly up and saluting, "we thought as how, bein' so long at sea on ship's provisions, a bit of fresh prog—"

"Why," cried the commander, "I never heard of the like before! and without asking my leave either! Bring live pigs on board next! Mr. Clarke, see to it!"

The seeing to it meant sudden death to the fowls.

Now everybody knows that mutiny in the service is a thing that happily is, nowadays, unknown, and this fact I attribute not so much to the better education of our bluejackets and the strictness of the discipline on board ship and at the naval barracks, but to the kindness of the officers and their thoughtful consideration of the men under their charge. What occurred on board the Whitterit during the darkness of this same Saturday night might not have amounted to mutiny, but it really was one of the first steps in that direction.

Commander Channing was not a bad-hearted man in the main, but he allowed feelings and bad-temper to govern too many of his actions. Ordering the men's fowls to be killed was a proof of this. Strange to say, every one of the captain's store of live fowls was made to walk the plank that night; there were over three dozen of them. In the morning the coops were empty.

Commander Channing did a wise thing—he said nothing about it.

"As soon," said Blair, in confidence, to Colin, "as we are fairly at sea the skipper will let out!"

Blair was right. The commander came on deck and took to the bridge one morning, in the forenoon watch, which was Colin's. His face looked dark, his eyes red, as though he had slept but little.

Colin lifted his hat and saluted him, wishing him "Good morning, sir," at the same time.

Commander Channing raised his hand quickly by way of returning the salute, and as speedily let it fall. It was as though he but brushed a fly from his brow. Then he said "Um!" and looked at Colin up and down, as if trying to find a fault in his dress.

Colin did not like the scrutiny, but bore it quietly.

"Um!" he repeated. "Send for the engineer."

Blair came up.

Walking the deck beneath the little bridge, Colin could hear high words, and could distinguish such terms as "foul smoke," "heated bearings," "revolutions," etc., and presently down came Blair, looking flushed and angry.

"He's in a fine tear this morning!" he said, as he passed Colin.

"Thank you, Mr. Blair," said Commander Channing; "I have good ears!"

Not a doubt of it, he had good ears. And he had also good eyes, for in a few moments he looked aloft, and shouted, "Foretop there!"

"Ay, ay, sah!" replied the Krooman.

"Anything in sight?"

"Nuffin', sah; on'y a whale, sah, on de lee bow."

"Can't you see that sail there—right away on the weather quarter?"

"No sail dere, sah. I 'ssure you, sah.'

"Come down from aloft, sir. Mr. McLeod, run up and report."

Colin was aloft in a moment.

"Yes, sir," he cried; "there is a barque there."

"What nationality?"

"No flag, sir."

"Can't you guess by her rig?"

"No, sir."

"Come down, then. Mr. Clarke, would you oblige me by having a look?"

Mr. Clarke had just come up, though it was not his watch. He obeyed orders, but could make nothing of the ship.

Then without a word the commander himself went up. He called her "an American, sure enough," and asked Mr. Clarke if he had ever been to sea before.

"Sir," cried the commander, "the tone of voice in which you now address me is not in accordance with the respect due to a captain of a ship from his officers."

The doctor saluted and retired.

Next the assistant-paymaster came in for a share of the storm. Then Colin again. Then Mr. Clarke was sent for to hold a private interview conversation in the commander's cabin, and every one passing could hear high words.

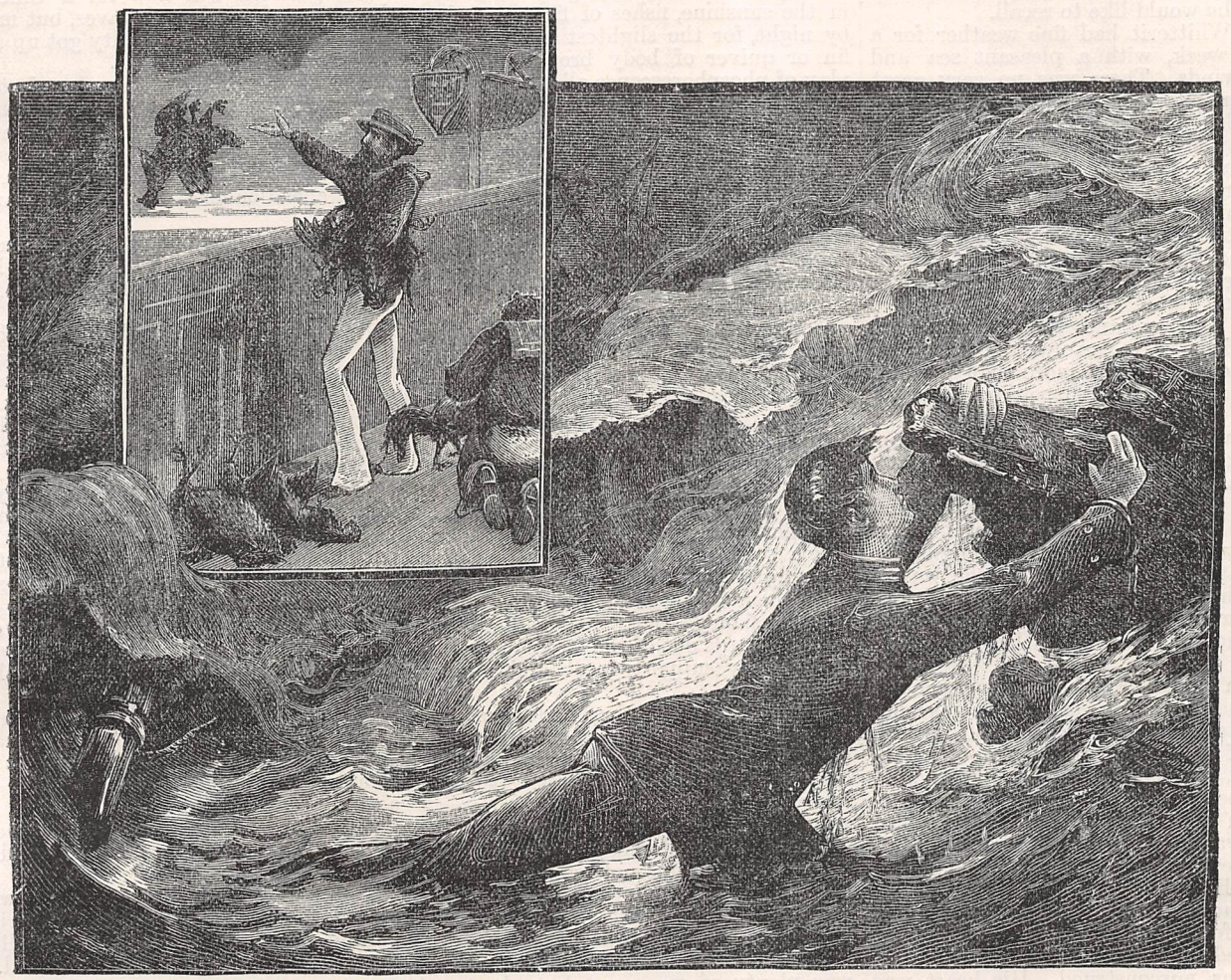
Towards afternoon matters waxed worse. Krooman after Krooman was taken down from aloft, and punished because he had not seen something or

It really was very mischievous of the doctor to speak like this. But all the commission till now the commander had been making his officers miserable, and a crisis had come.

The commander took half a dozen turns up and down the deck. Then he burst out laughing.

"Thank you, doctor," he said. And the surgeon went below.

Colin had double duty to perform that day. But he did not mind it. The captain kept nearly all the time in his cabin, only towards the afternoon his steward handed a note to the doctor. Would he,



"He clung to a bit of exposed rock."

Mr. Clarke said nothing, but walked below.

Then the doctor came up and reported the sick.

"Never heard of such a thing before in my life!" roared the commander. "Fifteen men sick out of a crew of seventy all told. Why, sir, I've been in a line-of-battle ship with only half the number sick!"

Blair was waiting on deck to report something about the stokehole, and he whispered to Colin, "The doctor is the only one of us who can manage to walk to windward of the skipper."

"Indeed, sir," said the surgeon to the commander, "I don't see how your former experience bears upon the case in hand."

"But *I* do," cried Commander Channing.

"Do you mean to reflect on my treatment of the sick?"

done something which he ought to have done.

Next morning Mr. Clarke was ill—so he said. Mr. Blair, the engineer, was ill—so he said. The assistant-paymaster was ill—so he said.

The doctor smiled to himself, and put their names on the sick-book and prescribed for them.

By-and-by he went on the quarter-deck. The commander was much cooler to-day. He even returned the doctor's salute with a smile, and said good morning.

"*Eighteen* on the list, sir. Among them are three officers."

"Um?"

"Three officers, sir."

The commander bit his lip.

"Mr. McLeod looks rather pale, sir," continued the doctor; "I believe he is taking it too. And I don't feel over well myself."

it asked, kindly permit his three patients, Messrs. Clarke, Reeve (the assistant paymaster), and Blair, to dine with him to-night, and would he himself come along with them? This was at tea-time. The doctor laughed as he handed the note round the table. Mr. Clarke laughed too.

"By the little old man of the sea," said Clarke, "the commander has conquered after all. It would show malevolence to refuse. Let us go."

So they all went, and a very nice dinner they had. But Commander Channing never once mentioned the word "sick-list."

Next day the officers all went to duty again, and so the mutiny ended, and things were more pleasant after this. But somehow the commander and Colin did not get on well, though the latter tried to do his very best, often with a faint and weary heart, only he always

remembered the good advice his dear old sea-daddy gave him, and stuck to his duty.

* * * *

The Whitterit and her commander were very much alike, in a manner of speaking. They each liked a considerable deal of their own way. When they had this, everything went right, they could do the work given them to do, and do it well.

The commander had finished his business with the Peruvians in a very creditable manner, and, as he told Clarke one day in a burst of confidence, never lost his temper once, and never wrote a letter which he would like to recall.

The Whitterit had fine weather for a whole week, with a pleasant sea and light winds. There was no very great hurry now on the voyage, so fires were banked, and the little ship behaved herself in a way no one could find fault with. Her decks were white and dry, the canvas she carried, 'low and aloft, looked like the white wings of some beautiful sea-bird; the ocean all around sparkled by day under the sun's bright light, and at night reflected the twinkling rays of a thousand stars.

The sunrises and the sunsets were magnificent. No pen or pencil, no artist's brush, could convey more than a faint, faint notion of their surpassing gorgeousness.

But when a strong breeze sprang up, then the Whitterit got angry, passionate, furious. The decks were constantly all aswim. She jerked and tugged and dipped and plunged like a mad thing. In very truth she preferred going under the water rather than over the waves. Only she made good knotage. Still, any very strong breezes in this voyage to the Sandwich Islands were rather the exception.

Colin would have been happy enough now had not his commander been such a hard taskmaster. Instead of feeling himself to be filling the station of a gentleman, willing and able to do so well, and needing nothing but the bare perception of his duty to make him perform it, he was made to consider himself but little better than a schoolboy, and bad at that. He was watched, snarled at, his every action criticised, and he got no credit for honest performance of duty. He tried hard to please, and even his zeal was misconstrued. His heart was as it were thrown, nay, rather dashed back upon itself, until he began to feel almost reckless and full of despair.

Otherwise what a bright and happy voyage might this not have been! Everything was new, strange, charming. The very birds looked as if they belonged to some other planet; the sky, the sea, by day or by night, were different from any skies or seas Colin's eyes had ever rested on before. The sharks were the same, coming up from the profundity of dark blue, and appearing close under the quarter—so close that you could see their terrible eyes, in which ferocity was blended with a languid shyness that made you shudder; dark grey were they in the sunshine, fishes of fire were they by night, for the slightest movement of fin or quiver of body brought out the play of phosphorescence all around them. But other fishes were so grotesque in shape and so wildly fantastic in colour that Colin could not help wondering for what reason Nature had painted them thus.

After what might have been called a long voyage, if time had been of much object to these mariners, the Whitterit made the Sandwich group of islands. Here she cruised for one long delightful month.

The month passed by far too soon, and once more the Whitterit was at sea, making her way southwards, the commander meaning to visit the Society Islands, then make his way homewards round the Horn.

They were about twenty days out from Honolulu, and had already visited one or two of those lovely little islands that dot the Pacific Ocean in these latitudes, and which some consider the remains of a submerged continent, while others look upon them as but the foundations of immense islands that will gradually be built upwards out of the sea and at some distant day support great and mighty nations.

Hitherto the weather had been fine, with variable winds, but one night the sun sank into the ocean surrounded by extraordinary-looking clouds. Between these clouds and the horizon there was a semi-clear space, and just before he finally set the god of day glowed athwart the water from this, not red as usual, but of a strange sulphurous colour as if shining through smoke. And the waves had all the same portentous tint.

As far as the charts could tell there was plenty of sea room, but charts of these seas are seldom right.

Shortly after sundown a storm came on, with the loudest thunder and brightest forked lightning that ever Colin had heard or seen. Squall after squall struck the little vessel, and, though she was almost sailless, heeled her several times over on her beam ends. But steam was up now, and for a time there was apparently little danger.

Near midnight, the commander being still on deck, and the seas making a clean breach over the Whitterit, Blair, the engineer, staggered aft to report an accident to the machinery, and nearly at the same moment the engines stopped.

The gunboat was now for a time at the mercy of winds and waves, but more sail was with great difficulty got up and she was laid-to.

About one bell the storm seemed at its very worst; half an hour after it slightly moderated, though the spray and even seas dashed constantly over the vessel, and it was so dark nothing could be seen either ahead or astern. It was a fearful night.

Colin was below but could not turn in. He sat on his sea-chest, to which he had to cling, the motion was so quick and constant.

In after life he often looked back to that terrible storm and wondered why he had not turned in. He would have been far more comfortable in his hammock.

It was Providence that prevented him from doing so. He was thinking of home, and sometimes breathing a prayer for the dear ones there, and for the safety of himself and all on board. Suddenly there was a fearful rasping crash, a sound that once heard is never never to be forgotten. Colin was thrown far forward off the sea-chest, and when he picked himself up the masts were going by the board, any one could have told that, and the seas were tumbling down the hatchway, which had been smashed off.

Next moment, so it seemed, he was in the surf, the water surging in his ears, and so, blinded and deaf, he found himself shortly cast up—he never knew how—on a sandy beach. He clung to a bit of exposed rock, while the wave receded and left. Before it returned he managed to crawl inland.

There were bushes about, there were stars overhead, there was the roaring, boiling sea behind him. That was all he knew. It was an island of some kind.

(To be continued.)

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

VII.—SAIL HO!

It is scarcely possible for any one who has never been a voyage to imagine for a moment the excitement that is created all through a ship by the sound of the cry "Sail ho!" though it is not felt so much now as it used to be in consequence of the quick passages that are made in the present day.

Men-of-war always have a man on the look-out, one during the day up aloft, and two at night, one on either bow. With vessels belonging to the mercantile marine it is different. Some carry a look-out, some do not, and the man is, to say the least, not always as vigilant as he should be.

But take an ordinary case of a man-of-war meeting a strange sail. The man up aloft sings out as loud as he can, "Sail ho!"

The officer of the watch ceases his monotonous pacing to and fro of the quarter-deck and calls out, "Where away?"

"On the starboard bow, sir," replies the look-out man.

"What is she? Can you make her out?" inquires the lieutenant.

"She is almost hull down, sir," answers the seaman, "but she looks like a big'un by her spars."

The officer of the watch goes below to the captain to make his report, and by the time the skipper is on deck pretty nearly every one else is also. Possibly they have been some weeks out of port, and this is the first sail they have sighted during the cruise.

The hours pass away, the helm is shifted a little, until the two vessels rapidly approach. Then the man-of-war hoists the interrogative signal, and the merchant ship will reply with her national ensign and her number according to the mercantile code.

The man-of-war will then signal, or if the two ships come close enough inquire by hailing, "Do you want anything?" The other will reply generally in the negative (though not unfrequently they are assisted, the correct longitude, fresh water, and the doctor's aid being the things that are generally required), and then they will politely bow by a dip of

the ensign and part, possibly not to meet with anything else to remind them of the civilised world until the end of the voyage.

But the grandest excitement ever caused by the cry of "Sail ho!" is when a man-of-war is on the slave coast of Africa. This vile trade in human beings is still being carried on, but, as we have remarked elsewhere, there is not a tithe of what there used to be even between twenty and thirty years ago.

We will try and picture a scene from life, one that we really assisted at, and can therefore vouch for as true.

We were on board a small corvette, and though young upon the station, we had already made our mark by capturing a couple of native dhows, and consequently wanted to —no, wanted is not the word! We burned, from the captain down to the youngest second-class boy, to add to our laurels.

We weighed anchor and left Zanzibar with a gentle breeze, and as soon as we dropped the land we began to keep a sharp look-out for strange sails. Day after day "we looked and we looked in vain," until "hope deferred made the heart sick."

One forenoon we were trying to have a "caulk," *i.e.*, forty winks on the lockers down in the midshipmen's berth, while the other fellows were at drill or navigation or some other abomination (as we thought it then), from which we were freed owing to our having kept the morning watch (from four until eight a.m.) Twice had we dropped off, the first time to be awakened by the advent of a huge cockroach of such an enormous size that we are afraid to attempt to describe it, for we are almost certain the editor would think it an exaggeration and cut it out in consequence.

But this gigantic insect (who was not much smaller than the bowl of a tablespoon) happened to be of an inquiring turn of mind, and for the benefit of his species or some other reason he dropped off the beams directly into my open mouth!

He did not remain there long, you may depend, and we had settled down once more with the fragrant flavour still hanging around, when crash! and we were again aroused by a young nigger who acted as assistant-steward, and who had just succeeded in smashing a basketful of glass and crockery. Having relieved our feelings by throwing a heavy book of logarithms at the aforesaid nigger's head, we again settled down to our snooze. It scarcely seemed five minutes, when suddenly the cry of "Sail ho!" rang through the ship.

I seized my glass, and was on deck in two minutes, and there were not many behind me.

The majority of us youngsters who had any eyes, *i.e.*, good sight, were aloft in a jiffy, and we quickly made out the stranger as a somewhat heavily rigged schooner. She had been standing towards us, but apparently catching sight of us at the same time as we sighted her, she immediately wore, and making sail showed us her heels in fine style.

But our dear old barky could go along a bit, and up to sunset we continued to gain upon her.

Shortly after sunset, as there was no moon, it became very dark, and the captain ordered all sail to be taken in except close-reefed topsails and jib. The following morning showed the wisdom of this expedient, for the schooner, thinking that we should carry on, had laid-to all night, so that we were much closer than we were the previous evening.

But in a minute she made sail again and we were after her. About noon we made the land, and two hours later we discovered that the chase was making for Mozambique, a Portuguese settlement, that government being a great protector and assister of the slavers.

It was just about eight bells (four o'clock) that we fired a shot from one of the bow guns as a signal to heave-to, and three minutes later she anchored underneath Mozambique fort and furled all sail.

She was undoubtedly right too, for it was as black as crape all round and a nasty puffy wind began blowing in from sea. Nevertheless we had our duty to do, and the first cutter was called away, the men armed, and with a lieutenant in command, sent away to ascertain what this suspicious stranger was.

They had a long and weary pull of it against the tide, and all the time the storm was rising in the offing. At length the captain gave a long glance all around the horizon, and, evidently much put out, ordered the recall to be hoisted.

This was taken no notice of, and then he ordered a blank cartridge to be fired. This was done, and slowly and with evident reluctance the cutter pulled about and made for the ship.

By the time they were once more on board it was blowing so hard that we were under close-reefed topsails, and had all our work to get out to sea. But I have not mentioned that boat's crew!

I never saw a lot of men so angry in all my life! It appeared that they had got near enough to the schooner to perceive that her crew were armed and she carried two guns, which they were making ready for their reception. "Another ten minutes and we should have had her," exclaimed the disappointed lieutenant; but it was of no use grumbling, and three days later, when we were enabled to get back, the schooner had disappeared and was no doubt some distance on her way to Cuba.

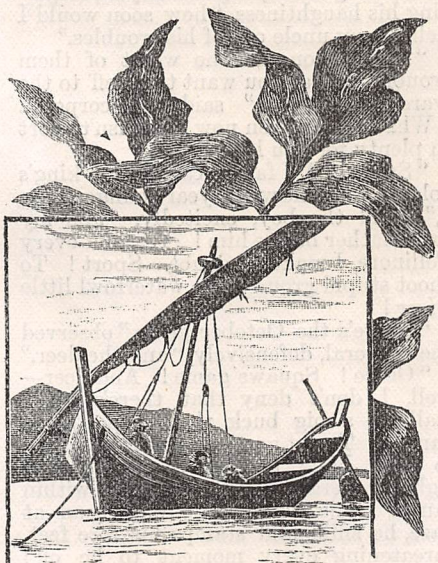
One more "Sail ho!" and we have done. Who can realise the delight of the emigrant, eight or ten weeks away from home, when he hears the sound?

He is not a reading man, unfortunately "he don't see nothin' in bukes," there is no work for him to do, and he has little to employ himself with except to lounge about, talk of the old country, or anticipate the new.

Suddenly the sound of "Sail ho!" brings all hands on deck, and then as the two liners pass one another they exchange reckonings, names, etc., and possibly the latest news respecting the death of a great man, a declaration of war, or the marriage of a monarch.

And even now we have not described one-half the meaning that "Sail ho!" has to the seaman.

(To be continued.)



YOUR MOTHER, BOYS.

HERE is a picture in my mind
Of one I never saw,
Whose simple wishes, scarce expressed,
Are to her son a law.

A gentle woman, slow of speech,
Not willing to command,
Yet holds, by some unconscious power,
Men's hearts within her hand.

The lights of household love illume
Her soft confiding eyes;
The peace of God, with folded wings,
Upon her forehead lies.

And from her tender mobile lips
Maternal pleadings flow,
They fall upon the stubborn will
Like sunbeams upon snow.

She shuns the crowded worldly ways,
Their triumphs and their strife,
And moves contentedly along
The peaceful lanes of life.

Enough for her to cull betimes
The wild and wayside flower;
To rest within the grateful shade
Of home's sequestered bower.

Enough for her the fond belief
That men she reared will keep
The old and true "noblesse oblige"
When she has gone to sleep.

Each holy hope that mothers hold
Her trusting spirit sways;
The giving God who is her guide
She worships and obeys.

Amid the noisy restless tide
Of mingling sordid aims,
That quiet influence of hers
Each better impulse claims.
The wayward and ignoble wish
Her memory rules and shames.

And long as time and men exist
That mother's quiet soul
By sacred and mysterious ways
Shall human minds control.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER I.

Travellers on the Ottawa River in early May or late October may have noticed on the right bank of the brown stream a low, wide, grey stone house which crowns a lawny hill that slopes swiftly up from the boulders of the shore.

From the boat during the leafy months the building can scarcely be seen, because then ancient grape-vines and luxuriant creepers more than half conceal the venerable mansion. That walking guide-book to the history and beauty of the great river, the captain of the steamer, will, however, call the attention of every tourist to the old Pellinore Manor House. Those wise travellers who press the captain for more information will learn who the Pellinores were and are. How "old Colonel Persant Pellinore," heart-broken for his wife, came to bury himself in the wilderness more than a hundred years ago; how his only son, Captain Agravaine, went back to England to riot and ruin, with many other particulars of a strangely chequered family history.

In that old house, while Mr. Washington, of the colony of Virginia, was still King George's valorous subject, long before the Marquis de Lafayette had purveyed him a frigate for America, a tall, fair-haired youth of about fifteen, whose bright, dark-blue eyes looked black in the firelight, sat straight-backed, elbows on knees and chin on hands, watching the blazing maple logs in an immense fireplace.

The room, like the whole ground floor, was then flagged with that thin blue limestone which crops out in a gully behind the old house; across its ceiling, under whip-sawed boards, ran square-hewn smoke-browned rafters; its walls were roughly plastered, and through the mica panes of two windows, like wide slips in the wall, scarcely enough daylight struggled to relieve the blackness of the shadows cast by the leaping flame.

From pegs in the rafters hung cuts of dried venison, bear hams, and tongues in plenty, some stretched pelts of beaver, marten and mink, and a few strings of onions, considered more precious than all the rest. Many pairs of snowshoes and several fringed suits of dressed deer-skin hung on the walls. Over the huge fireplace rested four flint-lock muskets of the clumsy army pattern of that day, and beneath these a clean dull-white curving steel sheath gave earnest that the long cavalry sword within was bright.

Against the jamb of the fireplace leaned a grizzled, gaunt, straight, soldierly man, across whose brown right cheek a long white scar extended. With his left hand he shielded his face from the scorching blaze, when now and again he stirred with a huge iron spoon some preparation in the bottom of the great pot that hung by chain and hook before the fire. This was a fireplace and this a kitchen wherein an ox might have been barbecued easily, but Corporal Cram, cook and body servant and *factotum* to Colonel Persant Pellinore, was then preparing a meal for none but the colonel, his nephew Bryan, and the gallant corporal himself. They were the sole occupants of the mansion.

"And if you did find three thousand guineas to-morrow, Mr. Bryan," said the corporal, waving his spoon, "you'd never know what to do with ten of them."

"Oh! there you are entirely mistaken, corporal," answered the fair-haired boy. "I should buy my ensign's commission with three hundred, and my charger and sword and needments with three hundred more."

"Three and three is six," said the corporal, slowly but triumphantly, having counted all the digits of one hand and the thumb of the other. "Six hundred, Mr. Bryan. You'd have money left."

"I should give you those twenty guineas that you always say would be a fortune to you."

"And that would be kindly done of you too, Mr. Bryan," said the corporal, gratefully, as he saluted. "There never was a close-fisted one of your blood, sir, and that's a true fact, so it is. But still there'd be only six hundred and twenty guineas gone," he continued, looking into the fire with an air as though the coins had to be disposed of somehow, but were too many for him.

"My passage money back to England would be a hundred more, maybe," went on the boy.

"So it would, and dirt cheap," responded the corporal, gladly. "Indeed I was greatly troubled what you'd do with the money till now;" and the corporal once more lifted off the pot-lid, whence a savoury odour of stewing venison floated through the room.

"But there's more than that in three thousand guineas," observed Bryan, instructively. "'Tis not half gone yet. I have more than twenty-five hundred left still."

"Sure, it's always a terrible business to know what to do with money," said the corporal, gravely. "Ah, if Mr. Agravaine was only here! Faith! no one could say that Mr. Agravaine Pellinore ever misdoubted what to do with money."

"Do you think that's a good plan, corporal? to spend all your money! Why couldn't I put some in a bank?"

"So you could now! To think of that!" answered Corporal Cram, admiringly. "Or you could give it to the colonel. Ah! the colonel is in sore need for money now!"

"I will give him the whole of it!" cried Bryan, impulsively, as though the three thousand guineas were not in wish-land.

"It'll be ten years' life to him," said the corporal, joyfully. "There's nothing hardly he wouldn't do for the money just now. Mr. Agravaine is in desperate trouble again, and the colonel hasn't ten pounds instead of more than two thousand that's asked for. It's not the nature of a father to let his only son be locked up in a debtors' prison for life if he can get money for him, fair or unfair."

"Corporal Cram," said the boy, with severe dignity, rising to his feet, "you have forgotten the respect due to your superior officer. My uncle could never do anything unfair, let alone get money unfairly. Why, that would be stealing!"

"I humbly beg your honour's pardon," said the corporal, evasively, standing at attention with the long spoon held like a sword upright against his shoulder. "Would I mean to speak disrespectful of the colonel? Didn't I follow him to this wilderness, and wouldn't I die for him? But he's in sore need for money, so he is."

"Ah! if I could but get the three thousand guineas," sighed Bryan, forgetting his haughtiness, "how soon would I deliver my uncle out of his troubles."

"May be one of the worst of them troubles is that you want to be off to the wars, Mr. Bryan," said the corporal. "What's the reason now there isn't sport in plenty for you here?"

"Sport! My father carried the king's colours when he was a year younger than I," cried the boy, excitedly, "and my grandfather before him! Yes, and every Pellinore, I make no doubt. Sport! To shoot stupid grouse, and waterfowl little wiser!"

"There's the October geese," observed the corporal, defensively, "and the deer."

"Geese! Squaws' game! And deer—well, I don't deny that there's sport stalking a big buck that suspects his danger. To cut across the hills planning to head him; to find your reckoning right; to crawl quietly, quietly within range, while, with his proud head at gaze, he sniffs and stamps his fore feet, threatening every moment to be off! To beat him! Yes, that *is* sport, corporal!"

"Then the bear you killed so clever like in November! The wolves you trapped! And would you leave all that, Mr. Bryan?"

"All that!" said the boy, with a changed manner, taking his seat and sighing once more. "All that can be done by a savage better than by me. For me there is greater game afoot, and duty to be done and dangers to be dared. I must go away, corporal," said Bryan, rising. "In

the dark I hear voices calling me to fight for England and his Majesty. Europe is in arms, France moves once more, the king will want every man. This skulking in the backwoods, killing bucks and bears, is no work for Bryan Pellinore. I tell you," he cried, excitedly, "I hear French cannon roaring in my dreams, and French cavalry galloping on our squares; musketry rattling, swords clashing and flashing; I see fields of dead English faces, they smile horribly at me and seem to taunt me! Corporal, I must go!"

Carried away by the rising excitement of the boy, Corporal Cram had reached for his old sword, and taking it down, drew the blade from its sheath.

"Charge! charge!" he cried now, as if possessed, and furiously delivered the right cut against infantry. "I'll go with you, Mr. Bryan!" he shouted, and came back to guard. "We'll fight them in their thousands," he roared, striking a wide-sweeping blow fit to cut down a squadron, while Bryan, catching up the poker, followed his example. "That's

The Manor House.

through you, Johnny Crapaud!" stormed the corporal, and lunged fiercely at the door opening.

At that instant a tall, white-haired, fiery-looking old gentleman coming into the room from the hallway found the corporal's point about three inches from his breast.

"What antics are these?" he asked, sternly. "Ah, I see!" and could not but smile at the corporal's horror as he threw his weapon clanging to the floor and fell on his knees. "You old rascal! is it thus that you obey my orders? Thus that you restrain Mr. Bryan's warlike longings? A pretty illustration of the joys of peace you are, surely!" and he gazed down at the corporal with humorous severity.

"Forgive me, colonel dear, but I forgot myself. Sure, I thought it was the day of Minden, and me riding slap into them after your honour again."

"It was my fault, Uncle Persant," said Bryan, coming forward. "The corporal did his best to keep talking about bears and other wild beasts, but I would speak about wars and Frenchmen till he became wild. Indeed, 'twas all my fault, uncle."

The old colonel laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and looked kindly into his steady eyes.

"Tristram's boy!" said he, fondly; "Brother Tristram's boy! And thy spirit, Bryan, calls thee too to foughten fields!"

The boy's eyes filled at the tenderness of the old man's tone, but he did not speak.

"True Pellinore art thou!" went on the colonel, still looking into Bryan's eyes steadily. "So Tristram was when we were lads together. And his bones bleach at Plassey! Poor Tristram! Well, well, boy, 'twere better to fall on the field of honour than rot in idleness here. Thou shalt go, Bryan; thou shalt go!"

"Oh, uncle, I will not leave you!" exclaimed the boy, overcome by the old man's manner.

"Thou shalt go to the wars!" he answered, and paused in a reverie. "Ay, Bryan shall have the gold that Marhaus brings," muttered he, absent-mindedly. "I will take it for *him*, 'twill be no robbery! Tristram's boy must have a career, come what will. Ay, the guineas I will keep for him."

Bryan stared in amazement at the colonel, finding his references to Marhaus and the gold utterly inexplicable.

"Corporal," continued the colonel, turning to that faithful servitor, who had got back to his pot meantime, "see that store of food is kept in readiness. Lieutenant Marhaus, with the usual escort of six men, is due to-morrow. Let them want for nothing our woods afford."

"There's fat venison fit for the king's own table," said the corporal, opening the larder door and gazing fondly in, "forty brace or so of grouse, and as many of them small hares, ducks in great plenty, and geese, your honour, and bear-meat, and some of the moose beef the Indians brought down the river, and pikes and trouts, and beaver—the tails is fine!—and musk-rats—"

"Spare the musk-rats, I pray you, corporal!" said the colonel, laughing.

"But they're the best of good eating," protested the corporal, as his master slowly retired. "Parboiled till the queer flavour goes off in smell, Mr. Bryan, and then fried. It's a dish fit for the commander-in-chief!"

"I'm off to the wars at last, corporal!" cried the boy, disregarding the culinary remarks; "off at last!"

"Where the money's to come from I don't know," objected the old soldier.

"Did you hear what my uncle said about that?" asked Bryan, anxiously; the words "robbery" and "keep" stuck disagreeably in his memory.

"I did not. My hearing is getting no better fast. What was it, sir?"

"No matter. But whence could my uncle take money for me?"

"I can't think. But if his honour's heart is set on getting it, he will get it somehow. Many's the desperate push he's been put to to save Mr. Agravaine."

"I shouldn't like him to be so troubled with me," answered the boy, as he went out of the corporal's laboratory. "I might go as a volunteer."

From one great bare apartment to another Bryan went, restlessly pondering his uncle's words. When he dwelt on the promise that he should go to the wars his heart grew big and light; but when the colonel's strange mutterings about money and robbery and Marhaus recurred to his memory, his soul was shaken with dread. He remembered uneasily how the absent-mindedness of the colonel had increased. And now another aberration! He did not plainly say to himself that the colonel's mind was unhinged, but had his fears taken clear shape such would have been their form. In the great dining-room, cheerless save for a huge log fire, he at last came to a halt, and sat down, much troubled by the mystery.

(To be continued.)

TOM'S PUP.

TOM JONES had always worshipped dogs
from early childhood up,
His one desire for years had been to own a
terrier pup;
He did not care for Sissy's birds, he had no
love for cats;
What Tommy wanted was a dog that would
be "down on" rats.

But masters are not given to encourage, as a
rule,
The maintenance of pets by boys who
patronise their school;
But Tommy found that Melliship, his chum,
had two white mice,
So he resolved to keep a dog by some astute
device.

As if to meet his wishes, when he next went
"down to town,"
He met a loafing vagabond who wanted half-
a-crown
To sell the sweetest little pup that ever yet
was seen,
Though just at present, to be sure, he wasn't
over clean.

The half-a-crown changed owners, and Tom
pocketed his pet,
He hadn't quite determined where to put him
up as yet;
But he settled as he reached the gates the
coach-house p'r'aps might do,
For only boxes lay there, with a cricket bag
or two.

Tom pocketed some bread at tea and slipped
out after dark
To feed his pet, who welcomed him with
many a joyous bark;
Tom tried to hush him till his bark subsided
to a growl,
Which changed, when Tom was going, to a
melancholy howl.

Tom fled away in terror, fearing greatly lest
the boys,
Or, even worse, the masters, might observe
the puppy's noise;
His fears had grounds; the animal was not
to be suppressed,
But set himself to howling with an unremit-
ting zest.

The Doctor passed a sleepless night, and sent
next door to say
He hoped they would be kind enough to send
their dog away;
A message came back quickly that the Doc-
tor's new-bought pup
Had so disturbed the family they gave all
sleeping up.

A fresh howl struck the Doctor's ears, and,
guided by the sound,
The cause of all the trouble in an empty box
was found;
A wretched little object, cold and shaking
every limb,
And Tommy had to own the fact the pup
belonged to him.

The Doctor frowned severely as the little
beast he conned,
Then ordered John the gardener to drown it
in the pond;
But John was kinder than he looked, and
when the coast was clear
He gave it to a butcher for a glass of bitter
beer.

PAUL BLAKE.

FRANK WORTHING'S INCARCERATION.

CHAPTER III.

When Worthing returned from the post-office it was with sundry misgivings as to his reception. He no sooner entered the door than he was seized, and transfixed by a broad shoulder against the wall, which nearly drove the breath out of his body.

"Now, then; you'll try your pranks on me, will you?"

"I didn't do it, really, Mr. Budwell. Here! that hurts. Are you going to stop? There now, look what you've done!" dropping the stamps out of his hand and putting his foot on them. "You're making me spoil the stamps! Fifty shillings' worth! You'll have to pay for—" He gained his release. The drawerful of envelopes and labels was still on the floor.

"Pick every one of those up," said Mr. Budwell.

"I didn't knock them down," was the response, and with a supreme disregard for the untidy floor he seated himself at his desk for five minutes, in a desperate effort of enclosing and stamping the letters. Presently he went to the door of the outer office and shouted,

"Here, boy! come and pick these envelopes up. Smith, d'ye hear?"

That small boy was startled in the midst of a congenial occupation, viz., putting a halfpenny down the back of his neck and waiting its arrival at the heel of his trousers.

Ten minutes' earnest work ensued. Frank Worthing put forth efforts which, if it had been the time for starting business instead of the hour for leaving off, would have been commendable. The screw of the letterpress whirled and shrieked, envelopes were addressed at a perfect railway-clerk speed, odd papers stuck upon their respective files, until the office assumed an appearance of order. Meanwhile Mr. Budwell's pen was working at its copyhead rate. Presently he looked at the clock, closed the books, and wheeled right-about-face upon his stool.

"Worthing! take what stamps you want and let me have the rest—sharp!" and so saying he walked to the table.

"Used thirty-seven penny and ten halfpenny," said Worthing, handing him the remainder of what he had purchased.

"Be sure you put all the books in the safe, and see you come down in time in the morning," was the admonition of Mr. Budwell, as he strode to the corner where the hat and coat rack lay.

But the injunction was drowned in a shriek of the copying-press. Frank had washed the oil off the screw, a process which he defined as "tuning it," for a sharp turn of the handle would produce a prolonged excruciating cart-wheel sort of a harmony, which made the teeth turn acid and the back run chill.

Mr. Budwell flung his office coat upon the nail. A sudden thought struck him; he took it off again, came to the light, and surveyed it critically.

"Well, I've been thinking it looks seedy, and when you fixed that drawer to the button you finished it, you young beggar! Slip up to the storeroom and get a sheet of brown paper; there's a laddie! No! I mean gentleman."

"I will, since you ask respectfully," said Frank. He cleared up the stairs, and presently reappeared with paper and twine, and a quantity sufficient to enclose an army of jackets.

Mr. Budwell carefully fastened up the coat, placed the parcel under his arm, and with a "Good night, young un," made his way to the omnibus, which left him at his aunt's door.

Did Frank Worthing then make his way home? One would have thought from his burning ardour at dismissing business that such would have been the case. But Mr. Worthing's methods of procedure were generally more original than commendable. He produced a bright-looking instrument from his desk, examined it carefully, pointed it at the knob of a distant drawer, struck a brigandish attitude in the centre of the office, and then—click! It was a pistol.

This then was the secret joy which made him so anxious to dispatch both business and Budwell from the scene.

"It's a real beauty" he soliloquised.

Next he adjourned to the shipyard with a tin pannikin in his hand. This he fastened up in a joiner's shed, and proceeded to "die villain!" it with ball-shot at a distance of six yards.

After half an hour of these seductive heroics he returned to the office, pocketed the letters, locked the doors, and left the keys at a small house by the yard gate, where resided the porter and watchman, "Old Smithers."

He had scarcely passed out two minutes when he returned.

"I say, Smithers, you know my little pistol?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been peppering a pannikin with it in Robinson's shed. Just slip and take the can down, will you? I forgot. Pitch it over the wall; there's a good fellow!"

"All right. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Smithers."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning on his way to business, when Frank arrived at the Dock Gate Bridge, over which the path lay to the office, he suddenly ceased his headlong course, and stepped behind the wall of the unloading shed. He was already ten minutes after time, a pretty regular occurrence with him, and the sight of Mr. Millington, the managing partner of the firm, standing at the other end of the bridge in conversation with some person, had brought him to an abrupt standstill. Were he to see him that gentleman would not be likely to allow his appearance ten minutes after time at business to pass unnoticed.

Five minutes elapsed. Frank became feverish, and in his impatience impetuously kicked the wall.

Mr. Millington gave no token of moving. Whatever did he want there? Why couldn't he go into the office and talk? Bother it! There's another five minutes. Ah! happy thought! Frank took a piece of notepaper from his pocket, folded it up to the size of an envelope, and, holding it prominently in his hand, as though returning with a message, sauntered slowly and coolly past Mr. Millington, and entered. The questionable morality of the ruse never occurred to him.

There was no one in the office, so he seated himself at the books, and in two minutes was hard at work, looking as much as possible as if he had been consuming his energies there a good half-hour.

A voice came from the other side of the door,

"Really! it looks bad."

It was Mr. Budwell's, and that gentleman entered, evincing no small excitement. He was followed by Smithers, the watchman, whose mental equilibrium seemed also to be shaken.

"Sure you locked up all right, Worthing?"

"Sure—yes, certain."

"Well, somebody's been in. The stamps you bought last night have gone—clean! The queer thing is that when I came down this morning the drawer was locked just as I left it last night, and so were the doors; the windows were fastened. The fellow knows the place well, whoever he is; he knows the shape of the keys too."

The face of old Smithers displayed anxiety. His reputation as a watchman was at stake. He broke out,

"Askin' your pardon, Mr. Budwell, sir, there's never been no one through these doors since Mr. Worthing locked 'em at seven o'clock and gev' in the keys to me."

Up to this Worthing had looked on carelessly. Now the red blood glowed painfully in his cheeks, and then left him deadly white. As by a flash he divined the suspicion conveyed in the old man's words.

Budwell eyed him curiously, and proceeded, in a sarcastic tone,

"And now, young man, I thought you were in a hurry to get away last night. What were you doing here till seven o'clock, eh?"

Worthing stared hard for a second.

"Find out!" was the angry response. A hot red spot burned on each of his cheeks; he scowled and seemed as if passion and indignation shook him to the very finger-tips. He turned to his seat.

A sharp step was heard.

"Here! here! what's this?" To Worthing, "Don't forgot where you are."

It was Mr. Millington, who had opened the door in time to witness the young man's rage and to catch the last heated sentence of the dialogue. He stood impatiently jingling the keys in his pocket, awaiting an explanation.

None was forthcoming from Worthing. An oppressive silence followed; the keys still jingled.

Mr. Budwell ended the suspense.

"The stamps were taken from the drawer last night, sir; I locked them up, two pounds five' worth!—and took the key home, as I always do. When I came

down this morning they were gone. The drawer was locked, and nothing else seemed touched. I was just inquiring into it when—when—when—"

He hesitated, and looked as if something very unpleasant were coming and he would rather not relate it.

"Come, out with it!" Mr. Millington demanded, sharply.

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it, but I find Worthing did not leave till seven o'clock. I went at a quarter-past six. I

"Yes, sir."

"Why, fellow, you must be mad! You know perfectly well that I have ordered men to be fined for smoking there before this, and you have the temerity to use it for a shooting-range—a place where a spark is sufficient for a conflagration! You're mad! mad!"

Frank held down his head in utter contrition.

Uttering "Mad! mad! mad!" in extreme exasperation, Mr. Millington means to sift this matter to the bottom!"

"You can do what you like!" replied Frank, stung by the implied accusation into utterly forgetting himself.

"Budwell, Smithers, follow me to the private office," and Mr. Millington, with sharp, irritable step, passed out.

In the last two minutes little Smith had made a communication to Mr. Budwell.

"Please, sir, as I was going out I met

"Made his way to the omnibus, which left him at his aunt's."

was asking what kept him, and—I think you heard what he said."

Mr. Budwell's suspicions were evidently too premature and too blunt to be acceptable.

"Not so fast! Perhaps he was working late. Are your books up to date, Worthing?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank.

"Then for what reason were you on the premises until seven o'clock?"

Frank cast down his eyes and hesitated. "I was firing—" he began.

"Shootin' pistols in the jyners' shed, sir, he was," blurted out old Smithers, officiously, in haste to put a word in.

"Is that true, Worthing?"

banged out of the office. Suddenly he returned and stepped up to Worthing.

"What do you know about those stamps?"

Frank raised his head, and the reply was short and heated.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Have you touched or seen the missing stamps since you gave them to Budwell last night?"

"No, I have not!"

"I don't want impertinence! I will ask you once more. It may be well for you to say all you know about them at once! Speak, sir!"

A dead silence.

"Listen, my lad! I shall now employ

Mr. Worthing comin' along the passage—and I told him summun had stolen your stamps—and he sez, 'Don't let on, young un, I took 'em,' and he pushed my straw hat over my eyes, and it's all bagged, sir."

"Here, come along with me, boy," said Mr. Budwell, and that sprightly germ of a business man went trotting off at his heels.

In two minutes big Hunter entered the office.

"What's in the wind now, Frankie boy? The governor's just told me to keep charge of you, and vows all sorts of things if I let you slip before he comes."

Frank looked up as if to speak. He

threw his head upon his arm and burst into passionate tears.

* * * *

Mr. Millington was seated at his desk in his private office in evident perplexity.

"Close the door, Budwell. Sit down. What does that boy want?"

"He says Worthing told him this morning that—" Turning to Smith, "Tell Mr. Millington what you told me."

The small and unwholesome-looking youth, whose speech and appearance would certainly not commend the literary fare upon which, as we have seen, he was wont to feed, began, after some vacillation,

"Please, sir, I was going on a herrand—and I seen Mr. Worthing—and he gave me a hit on the 'ead, sir, in the front passage."

"What was that for?"

The reply came in gasps.

"I didn't do anythink, sir. I told him the stamps was stolen—he said he'd got 'em—and said I wasn't to let on."

"That fellow is most unaccountable! Are you sure he told you he had taken the stamps? Mind, you may have to repeat your words to a magistrate."

"Yiz-zir," he stuttered beginning to look frightened.

"You may go."

A considerable pause.

"I shall lock that young man up," Mr. Millington at last broke forth, "or his impertinence will do it for him. Had he made a clean breast of the matter I'd have been disposed to give him another chance. I liked the lad; he is bright and warm-hearted, and it appeared only a matter of time for him to forget his schoolboy tricks and steady down. I thought he was just high-spirited; it is only too plain that he is much worse. I won't be defied to my face. Smithers! are you sure that Worthing passed out at seven o'clock? Be careful what you say."

"I'm dead certain, sir. I'd say it before the mayor, sir. I'd just bin to wind the front clock up. It was seven then, sir—at least, barrin' five minutes, sir."

"Are you sure you locked the stamps up, Budwell?"

"Yes, sir, I've turned out all the other drawers and no trace of them. I'd locked all but the stamp drawer when he handed over the stamps, and I distinctly remember locking that too."

Then followed a discussion of the pros and cons of the robbery, in which not a gleam of hope was evolved on behalf of Frank Worthing. Such collateral evidence to his general recklessness was afforded by Budwell that the seal was set and Mr. Millington decided to prosecute. In business matters he was a stern disciplinarian.

"Smithers, bring Worthing."

In two minutes he entered with the youth.

"Now, once more tell me what you know about the missing stamps."

"I've told you once, sir," was the wild, foolish reply.

In half an hour a cab drove up to the gate. Frank Worthing was hurried away in it, and beside him sat a constable.

(To be continued.)

HEADS OF OUR GREAT SCHOOLS.

(Continued from page 48.)

1. Rev. G. C. Bell, M.A., Marlborough.
2. Rev. Edmond Warre, M.A., Eton.
3. Rev. D. L. Scott, M.A., LL.D., Mercers' School.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

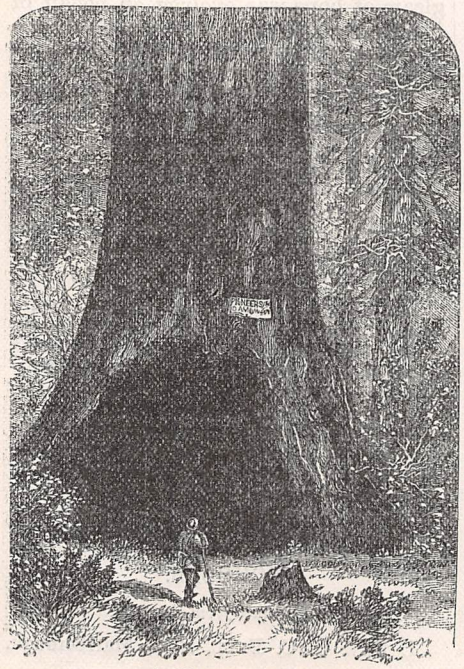
The Anchor Watch.

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that, going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling it whether the anchor was dragging or not, and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray. Sometimes during that long stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and upon praying I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys: Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest before you are aware you may be upon the rocks."

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

PART I.



A Pioneer Cabin.

HAVING sketched the adventurous career of Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky, we can appropriately follow on with a few notes on another Kentuckian, the most famous backwoodsman of modern times—Kit Carson, the "Monarch of the Prairies," the "Nestor of the Rocky Mountains."

Kit was born in Madison county, Kentucky, on Christmas Eve, 1809. When he was a year old his father moved west to Boone's Lick, in Missouri, and when he was eighteen he walked off on his own account to Santa Fé, and thenceforth wandered about among the Rockies and their east and west slopes, southwards to New Mexico and northwards to the Canadian border, till every peak and pass and stream and plain were known to him.

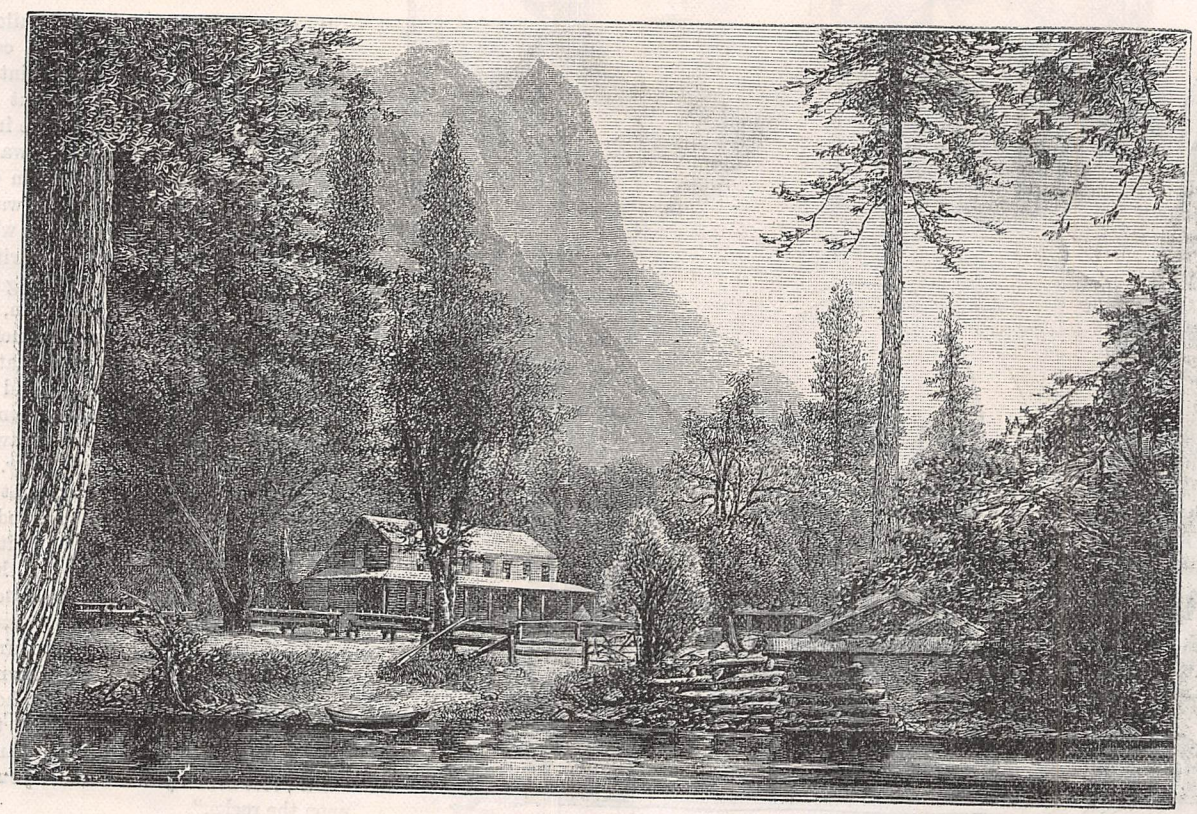
His early boyhood was spent amid the same surroundings as that of Daniel Boone, the only difference being in the superior mechanism of the firearms that even the women and children were taught to use. There was the same log-cabin, half hut, half fortress, loopholed and roughly fortified and girt with a glacis from which every bush and tree and point of cover within rifle range had been cleared. And as he grew up the settlement increased until it became a cluster of roughly-built farmhouses with a stronger blockhouse in the centre, to which at each Indian alarm the settlers could flee for mutual safety. Round this fort was a loopholed palisade made of trimmed trees six or eight inches in diameter and rising ten feet from the ground, so that the place was of ample strength against any ordinary attack.

At fifteen Kit was apprenticed to the village saddler. He was then a famous shot and an adept in all matters of woodcraft. Slightly built and small in stature, he had gained a reputation for decision and quiet daring inferior to none, and, unlike most of his class, he was no boisterous scapegrace or sower of wild oats. He was, however, a very unpromising saddler, and the awl and the leather had little charm for a king of the wilderness longing for the freedom of the woods, and looking beyond the bench to the hunting of the buffalo, the trapping of the beaver, and the guiding of the frail canoe down the dangerous rapids of the West.

When he was eighteen a party of traders passed through the village on their road to Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, which then belonged to Spain. The journey, one of a thousand miles, promised to be adventurous, and young Carson begged to be released from his apprenticeship in order to share its perils. The permission was obtained, and Kit set forth.

His first experience was a surgical operation. One of the men had an accident with his gun and blew the bone of his arm to splinters. The arm became inflamed, and to save the man's life it was necessary to amputate the limb. Kit was requested to act as surgeon, and the others promised to assist; the instruments were a razor, a hand-saw, and a bar of iron. The lad of eighteen bound a ligature round the arm so as to check the flow of blood, and then, with the patient held firmly down by his friends, proceeded to slash through the flesh with the razor. Then with the hand-saw he cut through the bone. And then with the iron bar heated almost to white heat he seared and cauterised the wound. The rough operation proved successful, and by the time Santa Fé was reached the patient had recovered.

Later on in life Kit was to meet with a certain Pegleg Smith, of whom a still more marvellous operation is recorded. Smith, while out trapping, was shot by an Indian, and managed during the fight to creep into a thicket, unobserved by the enemy or his own men. There he lay exhausted, with his leg-bone shattered below the knee. When he came to himself again he cut his hunting-shirt into strips and tied his leg up tightly with the buckskin thongs. Then he coolly and deliberately set to work with his knife and hacked off his own leg! This is vouched for as being true, and Pegleg Smith was a noted character in the West. As a burlesque



In the Yosemite Valley.

on his experiences, perhaps, we have another frontier story of a man, on whom a tree had fallen and smashed both his legs, coolly taking out his knife, cutting off the shattered stumps, and then walking home—which, considering that his legs were wooden ones, he had no difficulty in doing.

Kit did not return with his Mexican traders, but went away eighty miles north-eastwards, and took up his quarters for the winter with the celebrated Kin Cade. Cade was a master trapper and humble explorer, who knew the prairies and mountains like a book, and was glad to come across so promising a pupil. With his ramrod he would draw on the hut floor rough maps of the country, showing the positions of the rivers, the lakes, and the hunting-grounds, and telling long yarns of his varied adventures and successes. A thorough Spanish scholar, he set to work to teach Kit the language which in that border country was almost indispensable for those who wished to trade. All the mysteries of hunting and trapping that had come within his ken did he reveal to him, and in many ways we may regard Kin Cade's hut as Kit's academy.

In the spring Kit started on his return journey to Missouri, but at the ford on the Arkansas, which served as the half-way mark, he met another party bound west, with whom he returned to Santa Fé as interpreter—the offer coming to him thanks to his recently acquired knowledge of Spanish. From Santa Fé he went with another party a hundred and fifty miles south to Chihuahua, and then returning, went off a hundred and fifty miles north to Taos, where years afterwards he was to settle.

Here he entered the service of Colonel Young, and became a trapper. In that capacity he spent the winter of 1827. His life when thus engaged is thus eloquently described by one of his biographers, Mr. Abbott:—

"Young Carson, alone with his horse and mule, would journey from fifty to a hundred miles, examining every creek and stream, keeping a sharp look-out for signs of beaver. Having selected his location—generally in some valley eight or ten miles in extent, with a winding stream circling through the centre, which he had reason to believe was well stocked with beaver—he would choose a position for his camp. This would be more or less elaborate in its construction, according to the time he intended to spend there. But he would always find some sunny nook, with a southern exposure and a pleasing prospect, near the brook or some spring of sweet water, and, if possible, with forest or rock sheltering from the north winds.

"In a few hours young Carson would construct his half-faced cabin, as the hunting-camp was called. A large log generally furnished the foundation of the back part of the hut. Four stout stakes were then planted in the ground so as to enclose a space about eight feet square. These stakes were crotched at the ends, so as to support others for the roof. The front was about five feet high, the back not more than four. The whole slope of the roof was from the front to the back. The covering was made of bark or slabs, and sometimes of skins. The sides were covered in a similar way. The whole of the front was open. The smooth ground floor was strewed with fragrant hemlock branches, over which were spread blankets or buffalo robes. In front of the opening the camp fire could be built, or on the one side or the other, in accordance with the wind.

"Thus in a few hours young Carson would erect himself a home, so cosy and cheerful in its aspect as to be attractive to every eye. Reclining upon mattresses really luxurious in their softness, he could bask in the beams of the sun, circling low in its winter revolutions, or gaze at night upon the brilliant stars, and not unfrequently have spread out before him an extended prospect of as rich natural scenery as ever cheered the eye. He had no anxiety about food; his hook or his rifle supplied him abundantly with what he deemed the richest viands. He knew where were the tender cuts. He knew how to cook them deliciously. And he had an appetite to relish them.

"Having thus provided himself with a habitation, he took his traps and, either on foot or on horseback, as the character of the region or the distance to be traversed might render best, followed along the windings of the stream till he came to a beaver-dam. He would examine the water carefully to find some shallow which the beavers must pass in crossing from shoal to deep water. Here he would plant his trap, always under water, and carefully adjust the bait. He would then follow on to another dam, and thus proceed till six traps were set, which was the usual number taken on such an expedition.

"Early every morning he would mount his horse or mule and take the round of his traps, which generally required a journey of several miles. The captured animals were skinned on the spot, and the skins only, with the tails, which the hunters deemed a great luxury as an article of food, were taken to the camp. There the skin was stretched over a framework to dry. When dry it was folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inward and a bundle made containing from ten to twenty skins tightly pressed and corded, which was ready for transportation."

In the spring a party of eighteen trappers fell into an Indian ambush, and the survivors retreated to Taos with the news of the disaster. To punish the redskins Colonel Young called together his trappers, and, forty strong, marched off to battle. With him went Carson as his right-hand man.

(*To be continued.*)

Our Portrait Gallery.

(*See page* 749.)

THE portraits in this week's number of the Heads of our Great Schools are engraved from photographs, as follows: Rev. G. C. Bell, M.A., of Marlborough, from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, London, W.; Rev. Edmond Warre, M.A., of Eton, from a photograph by Hill and Saunders, Eton; Rev. D. L. Scott, M.A., LL.D., from a photograph by Boning and Small, Baker Street, W

Correspondence.

X. Y. Z.—1. You can only obtain the first volume in volume form. All its parts and numbers are now out of print. 2. In these preserving days you may find pheasant eggs and partridge eggs in very curious places—thanks to the gamekeepers.

A. CHAPMAN.—Indexes are in print to Volumes III., IV., V., and VI. They cost three-halfpence post-free. There was no Summer Number in 1883; the first was issued in 1884. The first special Christmas Number was in 1883.

AFRICANDER (Oudtshoorn).—The value of the Bible is what it is worth to you. Because the Mazarin copy fetched £3,900, it by no means follows that all old Bibles are of that value—or even that that one would fetch the same price again. The copy you have is worth more for the family information written on its fly-leaves than the printed matter. If it is properly bound a second-hand bookseller might give you a couple of guineas for it. Your letter was wrecked on the voyage home, and reached us in another cover—a relic from the deep, all stained with sea-water.

L. E. BOXILL (Barbados).—You will find the names of several leading stamp merchants on the cover of the monthly part. We are glad to hear that the B. O. P. is very much appreciated in Barbados, and that there are so few Barbadian boys that are not its constant readers.

D. E. F.—You can get almost any book on application to one of the wholesale houses, such as that of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. It matters not who the publisher or author may be. "Workshop Receipts" is published by Spon and Co., three volumes, five shillings each. We do not know the other work.

W. WHYTE.—The metals that burst into flame on contact with water are sodium and potassium. See "Mirror Magic" in our last Christmas part.

I. S. L. E.—There is no danger in blowing out a paraffin lamp if you will only do it properly. The proper way is to turn down the wick until only a flicker is visible, and then with your mouth at the level of the top of the chimney blow across the opening very sharply. Never blow down the chimney; by puffing across it you cause an upward draught, and thus avoid the danger of the flame reaching the oil.

S. A. F.—Coprah is the sun-dried flesh of the cocoa-nut; it comes from the West Coast of Africa. Ebony comes from most tropical countries; it is worth from £6 to £14 per ton, according to the size of the pieces. Most of it comes from Old Calabar and North Borneo.

LORD BOB.—The idea of a centre keel to the catamaran has already been tried and found to work admirably. Your rudder notion with the bar across for the pintle to fix in would cripple your craft. You could steer very well with a rudder hung higher, with a pair of rudders from the ends, with a rudder fixed to your central keel, or with an oar—any way, in fact, but the way you suggest.

X. Y. Z.—The naval recruiting office is opposite St. Martin's Church in Trafalgar Square. Apply there. It is at the corner of Hemming's Row.

AN APPRENTICE.—Write for list of books to Crosby Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. They publish several on timber measurement. You will find many useful tables in "Hoppus's Measurer" and the "Bijou Calculator."

DOCE UT DISCAM.—1. Pictures are cleaned by rubbing them over with Scotch whisky until the varnish comes off in a froth. They are then well washed with cold water, and re-varnished. 2. If you take out the front of the piano you will find something touching the wires—perhaps the covering of a hammer, perhaps a piece of fluff.

HELVETIA.—The national debt of Switzerland is about a million and a half, or nearly two pounds per head of its population. Our national debt is £4 6s. per head of our population. Switzerland has an army of over two hundred thousand men, the services of all its male inhabitants from twenty to forty-four being compulsory.

A CLYDE LUG-SAILOR.—It would depend so much on the boat, but we should think a few cloths taken out of the sail would be better. A very good plan is to draw a sketch to scale of the hull and sail plan, and if experienced in boats you can almost tell at once when you are over-canvased.

W. DANIELS.—The mainmast should be in the centre of the water-line, the foremast should be half-way between it and the stem-head, and the greatest beam should be half-way between the masts.

STRABISMUS.—University College Hospital, Gower Street, W.C.; Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, 233, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.; Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Blomfield Street, Moorfields, E.C.; Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital, St. George's Circus, Obelisk, S.E.; Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, 19, King William Street, W.C.; Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, 153, Marylebone Road, N.W. An inquiry addressed to the secretary will procure you full particulars as to times and terms.

B. R.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound each of alum and sugar-of-lead in half a pailful of water, and after three hours dip in your cloth leggings or coat. Let them soak for twenty-four hours, and hang them up to drip dry. This is the simplest and best water-proofing solution you can have.

PUER.—Back numbers can be sent direct, if in print, on receipt of cost and postage, by Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

B. WHITE.—1. From the end of the ninth century there was no gold coinage either in England or in any of the neighbouring countries till the reign of Henry III. 2. Oak warps and twists very much in drying, and shrinks a thirty-second of its width in seasoning. It is a very durable wood, and has been known to last a thousand years in its dry state. 3. Olive-oil is made from the ripe fruit of the olive crushed in a mill.

COLUMBIA.—1. Weld is one of the mignonettes, *Reseda luteola*. It is cultivated in some parts of Essex. It gives the lively green lemon colour on silks and paperhangings. Its place in calico printing has been taken by quercitron bark. 2. Philetas was a poet and critic of the Alexandrian school, who lived in the early part of the fourth century, and was so sickly and thin that he wore lead in his shoes to keep himself from being blown away. This may account for the heaviness of foot and earthiness of soul displayed by this poet of small displacement. 3. The "dalag" is a fish found in the Philippines. Perhaps you will find it under *Ophiocephalus vagus*.

INCOG.—There are two tablets, one in the Exchange and the other on the "Times" office. The surplus of the money was used to found the "Times" Scholarships at Christ's Hospital and City of London School. The testimonial was subscribed in 1842 to mark the appreciation of the commercial people for the "Times" having, at considerable expense, succeeded in bringing to light a gigantic fraud, by which the bankers of Europe were to be robbed of a million of money by forged letters of credit. Some of the Continental bankers were defrauded and lost £10,700; but in this country the information given by the "Times" was acted upon. The trial is Bogle v. Lawson, at Croydon, on August 16, 1841; report edited by W. Hughes Hughes.

F. M. C. (The Hague.)—1. Should a batsman hit a no-ball and run a two, the two would be scored to the no-ball; otherwise the score would be increased by three—one for the no-ball and two for the runs. In the event of a no-ball being bowled, the over consists of five instead of four balls, a ball having to be bowled to replace the one disallowed. 2. Score the runs as byes. 3. A batsman must not hit at a wide, inasmuch as the ball is called "wide" on the supposition that it will be out of his reach. Wides are like no-balls. See the new laws: "neither a no-ball nor a wide ball shall be reckoned as one of the over."

J. F. K.—The article on hammock-making was in the second volume, and is only to be had in volume form.

W. H. S.—1. You can buy varnish for violins from George Withers, of St. Martin's Lane. 2. Grind up some pumice-stone, and powder some chalk; mix together equal quantities of each, and then add just as much soda as you have of the mixture. Give the marble a coat of this, and wash it off with soap and water. 3. Inscribed stocks are those for which no certificate is issued. The list is too long for us to insert, but there are about forty varieties, including Consols, Bank Stock, Board of Works Stock, etc. There are other stocks for which a certificate is issued, and which are transferred by deed; but they are all colonial.

J. R. EAST.—The telegraph line to Adelaide is 14,216 miles in length. It goes from London to Porthcurno, 323 miles overland, thence to Lisbon 826 miles under water, thence to Gibraltar 368 miles under water, thence to Malta 1,118 miles under water, thence to Alexandria 925 miles under water, thence to Suez 226 miles overland, thence down the Red Sea to Aden 1,445 miles, thence to Bombay across the Indian Ocean 1,829 miles, thence to Madras 720 miles overland, thence to Penang 1,429 miles under water, thence to Singapore 414 miles under water, thence to Banjoewangie 920 miles under water, thence to Port Darwin 1,130 miles under water, and thence overland to Adelaide 2,543 miles—or 3,312 miles of land line, and 10,404 miles of cable. To Sydney the line is 14,670 miles, to New Zealand—the cable crossing from Botany to Wakapuaka—the length is 14,820 miles, to Wellington 14,949 miles; and thus you get the about 15,000 miles which you find so difficult to understand.

H. B. H.—All runs scored in a match count towards the average, and in the event of a second innings being commenced and no wickets falling, the runs gained by the two batsmen are added to the runs they obtained in the first innings; or, what is the same thing, the runs gained through the season are divided by the number of times out during the season.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.—Under no circumstances could we adopt your suggestion. Those who are behind the scenes are, to their sorrow, aware how an "exchange column" has opened the door to almost every branch of dishonesty and sharp practice. If you want to barter with strangers there is a recognised channel for your doing so; buy the "Exchange and Mart," and, from the rules and regulations that it has been found necessary to draw up to save the patrons of that paper from fraud, you will probably gather why it is that "exchange columns" so often degenerate into traps for the unwary.

T. Y. V. G.—The North Cape is not the most northerly point of Europe, but it is near enough for all practical purposes. It is not, however, as near to the Pole as the cape at the other end of the bay on which it is situated. This cape, "the Knife-skerry-Point"—Knivskjærodde—is a thousand yards farther to the north than the North Cape. Both of these capes are on an island. The most northerly cape on the mainland is North Kyn. The most northerly town is Hammerfest; the most northerly fortress is Vardöhus.

P. H. and T. H.—Such a lugsail boat complete would cost you £20. You can average the cost of a boat at a sovereign per foot run, and the sails at the square of a quarter of her length.

TOBY.—Unless you keep the hutches very clean, rabbits always have a peculiar odour about them, and in hot weather it becomes very disagreeable. The remedy is scrupulous cleanliness.

SILKWORM.—We know of no place where amateurs can dispose of their silk. Can any of our readers inform us where and at what price they find purchasers for it?

ARKLOW.—The average depth of the Pacific is greater than that of the Atlantic, and areas of deeper water occur in it than in any other part of the globe. The seas branching off from it are, however, shallow. The Sea of Japan is, however, a very deep one, averaging 2,500 fathoms.

GOLDMAN.—1. Safety matches are tipped with a mixture of one part of chlorate of potash, two of glue, one of sulphide of antimony, and twelve of water. The mixture on the box consists of two parts of amorphous phosphorus, one part of powdered glass, and a solution of glue. 2. Silent matches are made of sixteen parts of gum-arabic dissolved in the least possible amount of water, with nine parts of powdered phosphorus triturated into it; and then having fourteen parts of nitre and sixteen parts of vermilion, or binoxide of manganese, added to form a paste. 3. The heads of vesuvians are made of powdered charcoal and saltpetre to which has been added a little satinwood, cascarilla bark, or gum-benzoin.

PICTOR.—There is no book with everything in it about anything. How is it possible for there to be? The best of the present classical dictionaries is Dr. W. Smith's, published by John Murray, Albemarle Street. For the chief subjects why not consult the Encyclopædia Britannica, and look up the references at the foot of the articles?

Our Holidays—A Dilemma.

THE
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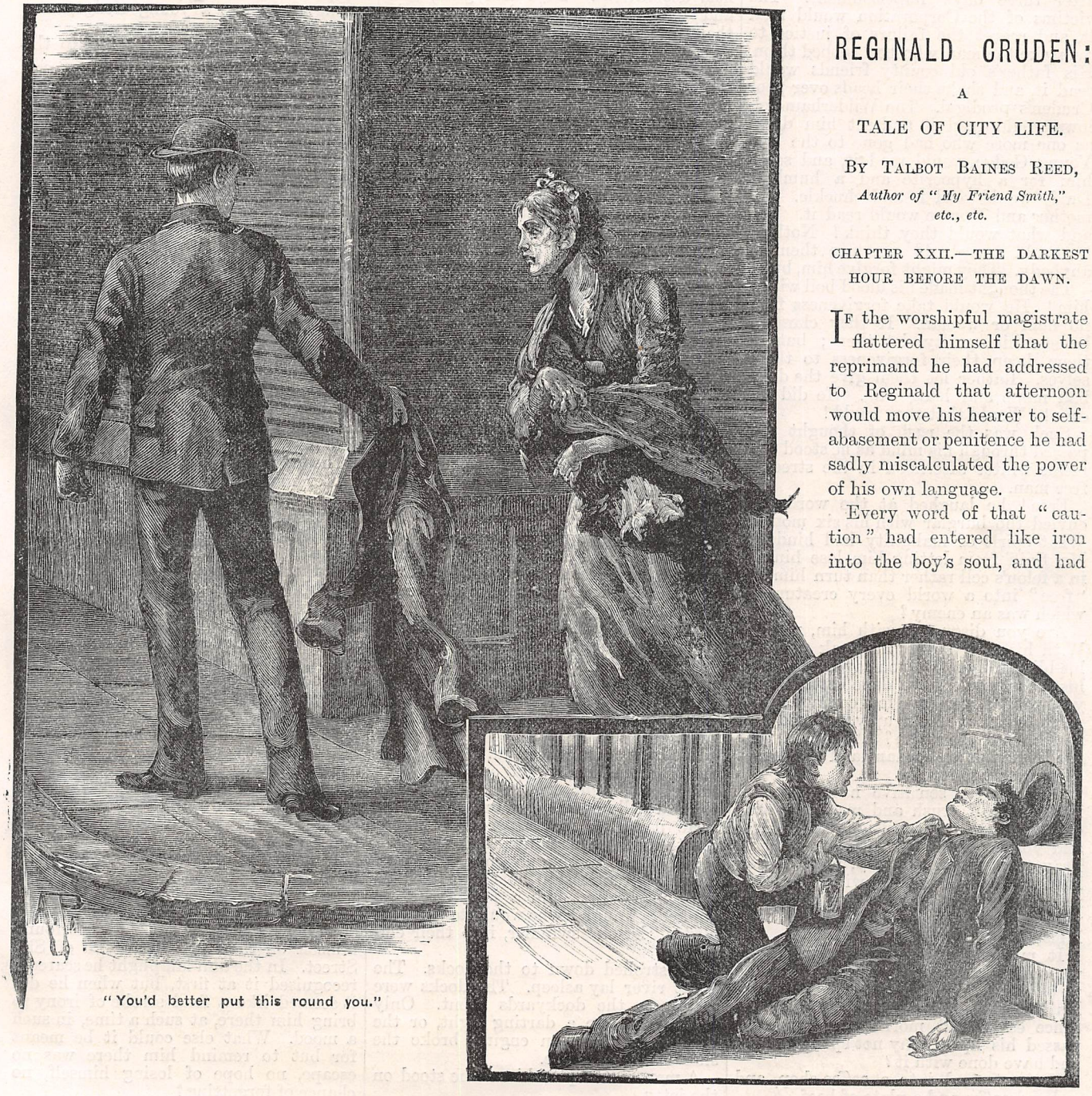


"You'd better put this round you."

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A

TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

If the worshipful magistrate flattered himself that the reprimand he had addressed to Reginald that afternoon would move his hearer to self-abasement or penitence he had sadly miscalculated the power of his own language.

Every word of that "caution" had entered like iron into the boy's soul, and had

roused in him every evil passion of which his nature was capable. A single word of sympathy or kindly advice might have won him heart and soul. But those stinging brutal sentences goaded him almost to madness, and left him desperate.

What was the use of honesty, of principle, of conscientiousness, if they were all with one accord to rise against him and degrade him?

What was the use of trying to be better than others when the result was an infamy which, had he been a little more greedy or a little less upright, he might have avoided?

What was the use of conscious innocence and unstained honour when they could not save him from a sense of shame of which no convicted felon could know the bitterness?

It would go out to all the world that Reginald Cruden, the suspected swindler, had been "let off" for lack of evidence after three days' imprisonment. The victims of the Corporation would read it, and regret the failure of justice to overtake the man who had robbed them. His father's old county friends would read it, and shake their heads over poor Cruden's prodigal. The Wilderham fellows would read it and set him down as one more who had gone to the bad. Young Gedge would read it, and scorn him for a hypocrite and a humbug. Durfy would read it and chuckle. His mother and Horace would read it. Yes, and what would they think? Nothing he could say would convince them or anybody. They might forgive him, but—

The thought made his blood boil within him! He would take forgiveness from no man or woman. If they chose to believe him guilty, let them; but let them keep their forgiveness to themselves. Rather let them give the dog a bad name and hang him. He did not care! Would that they could!

Such was the rush of thought that passed through his mind as he stood that bleak winter afternoon in the street, a free man.

Free! he laughed at the word, and envied the burglar with his six months. What spirit of malignity had hindered Mr. Sniff from letting him lose himself in a felon's cell rather than turn him out "free" into a world every creature of which was an enemy?

Are you disgusted with him, reader? With his poor spirit, his weak purpose, his blind folly? Do you say that you, in his shoes, would have done better? that you would never have lost courage? that you would have held up your head still and braved the storm? Alas, alas, that the Reginalds are so many and the heroes of your sort so few!

Alas for the sensitive natures whom injustice can crush and make cowards of! You are not sensitive, thank God, and you do not know what crushing is. Pray that you never may, but till you have felt it, deal leniently with poor Reginald, as he goes recklessly out into the winter gloom without a friend—not even himself.

It mattered little to him where he went or what became of him. It made no odds how and when he should spend his last shilling. He was hungry now. Since early that morning nothing had passed his lips. Why not spend it now and have done with it?

So he turned into a coffee-shop, and ordered coffee and a plate of beef.

"My last meal," said he to himself, with a bitter smile.

His appetite failed him when the food appeared, but he ate and drank out of sheer bravado. His enemies—Durfy, and the magistrate, and the victims of the Corporation, would rejoice to see him turn with a shudder from his food. He would devour it to spite them!

"How much?" said he, when it was done.

"Ninepence, please," said the rosy-cheeked girl who waited.

Reginald tossed her the shilling.

"Keep the change for yourself," said he, and walked out of the shop.

He was free now with a vengeance! He might do what he liked, go where he liked, starve where he liked.

He wandered up and down the streets that winter evening recklessly indifferent to what became of him. The shops were gaily lighted and adorned with Christmas decorations. Boys and girls, men and women, thronged them, eager in their purchases and radiant in the prospect of the coming festival. There went a grave father, parading the pavement with a football under his arm for the boy at home; and here a lad, with his mother's arm in his, stood halted before an array of fur cloaks, and bade her choose the best among them. Bright-eyed schoolgirls brushed past him with their brothers, smiling and talking in holiday glee; and here a trio of school-chums, arm-in-arm, bore down upon him, laughing over some last-term joke. He watched them all.

Times were when his heart would warm and soften within him at the memories sights like these inspired; but they were nothing to him now; or if they were anything they were part of a universal conspiracy to mock him. Let them mock him; what cared he!

The night drew on. One by one the gay lights in the shops went out, and the shutters hid the crowded windows. One by one the passengers dispersed, some to besiege the railway-stations, some to invade the trams, others to walk in cheery parties by the frosty roads; all to go home.

Even the weary shopmen and shop-girls, released from the day's labours, hurried past him homeward, and the sleepy cabman whipped up his horse for his last fare before going home, and the tramps and beggars vanished down their alleys, and sought every man his home.

Home! The word had no meaning to-night for Reginald as he watched the streets empty, and found himself a solitary wayfarer in the deserted thoroughfares.

The hum of traffic ceased. One by one the bedroom lights went out, the clocks chimed midnight clearly in the frosty air, and still he wandered on.

He passed a newspaper-office, where the thunder of machinery and the glare of the case-room reminded him of his own bitter apprenticeship at the "Rocket." They might find him a job here if he applied. Faugh! who would take a gaol bird, a "let-off" swindler, into their employ?

He strolled down to the docks. The great river lay asleep. The docks were deserted; the dockyards silent. Only here and there a darting light, or the distant throb of an engine, broke the slumber of the scene.

A man came up to him as he stood on the jetty.

"Now, then, sheer off; do you hear?" he said. "What do you want here?"

"Mayn't I watch the river?" said Reginald.

"Not here. We've had enough of your sort watching the river. Off you go," and he laid his hand on the boy's collar and marched him off the pier.

Of course! Who had not had enough of his sort? Who would not suspect him wherever he went? Cain went about with a mark on his forehead for every one to know him by. In what respect was he better off, when men seemed to know by instinct and in the dark that he was a character to mistrust and suspect?

The hours wore on. Even the printing-office when he passed it again was going to rest. The compositors one by one were flitting home, and the engine was dropping asleep. He stood and watched the men come out, and wondered if any of them were like himself—whether among them was a young Gedge, or a Durfy?

Then he wandered off back into the heart of the town. A wretched outcast woman, with a child in her arms, stood at the street corner and accosted him.

"Do, kind gentleman, give me a penny. The child's starving, and we're so cold and hungry."

"I'd give you one if I had one," said Reginald, "but I'm as poor as you are."

The woman sighed, and drew her rags round the infant.

Reginald watched her for a moment, and then, taking off his overcoat, said,

"You'd better put this round you."

And he dropped it at her feet, and hurried away before she could pick up the gift or bless the giver.

He gave himself no credit for the deed, and he wanted none. What did he care about a coat? he who had been frozen to the heart already. Would a coat revive his good name, or cover the disgrace of that magisterial caution?

The clocks struck four, and the long winter night grew bleaker and darker. It was eleven hours since he had taken that last defiant meal, and Nature began slowly to assert her own with the poor outcast. He was faint and tired out, and the breeze cut him through. Still the rebel spirit within him denied that he was in distress. No food or rest or shelter for him! All he craved was leave to lose himself and forget his own name.

Is it any use bidding him, as we bade him once before, turn round and face the evil genius that is pursuing him? or is there nothing for him now but to run? He has run all night, but he is no farther ahead than when he stood at the police-court door. On the contrary. It is running him down fast, and as he staggers forward into the darkest hour of that cruel night it treads on his heels and begins to drag him back.

Is there no hope? no voice of a friend? no helping hand to save him from that worst of all enemies—his evil self?

It was nearly five o'clock when, without knowing how he got there, he found himself on the familiar ground of Shy Street. In the dim lamplight he scarcely recognised it at first, but when he did it seemed like a final stroke of irony to bring him there, at such a time, in such a mood. What else could it be meant for but to remind him there was no escape, no hope of losing himself, no chance of forgetting?

That gaunt, empty window of No. 13, with the reflected glare of the lamp opposite upon it, seemed to leer down on him like a mocking ghost, claiming him as its own. What was the use of keeping up the struggle any longer? After all was there not one way of escape?

What was it crouching at the door of No. 13, half hidden in the shade? A dog? a woman? a child?

He stood still a moment, with beating heart, straining his eyes through the gloom. Then he crossed. As he did so the figure sprang to its feet and rushed to meet him.

"I knowed it, gov'nor; I know'd you was a-comin'," cried a familiar boy's voice. "It's all right now. It's all right, gov'nor!"

Never did sweeter music fall on mortal ears than these broken, breathless words on the spirit of Reginald. It was the voice he had been waiting for to save him in his extremity—the voice of love to remind him he was not forsaken, the voice of trust to remind him some one believed in him still, the voice of hope to remind him all was not lost yet. It called him back to himself; it thawed the chill at his heart, and sent new life into his soul. It was like a key to liberate him from the dungeon of Giant Despair.

"Why, Love, is that you, my boy?" he cried, seizing the lad's hand.

"It is so, gov'nor," whimpered the boy, trembling with excitement, and clinging to his protector's hand. "I knowed you was a-comin', but I was a'most feared I wouldn't see you too."

"What made you think I would come?" said Reginald, looking down with tears in his eyes on the poor wizened upturned face.

"I knowed you was a-comin'," repeated the boy, as if he could not say it too often; "and I are waited and waited, and there you are. It's all right, gov'nor."

"It *is* all right, old fellow," said Reginald. "You don't know what you've saved me from."

"Go on," said the boy, recovering his composure in the great content of his discovery. "I ain't saved you from nothink. Leastways unless you was agoin' to commit soosanside. If you was you was a flat to come this way. That there railway-cutting's where I'd go, and then at the inkwidge they don't know if you did it a purpose or was topped over by the train, and they gives you the benefit of the doubt and says, 'Found dead.'"

"We won't talk about it," said Reginald, smiling, the first smile that had crossed his lips for a week. "Do you know, young un, I'm hungry; are you?"

"Got any browns?" said Love.

"Not a farthing."

"'More ain't I, but I'll—" He paused, and a shade of doubt crossed his face as he went on. "Say, gov'nor, think they'd give us a brown for this 'ere 'Robinson'?"

And he pulled out his "Robinson Crusoe" bravely and held it up.

"I'm afraid not. It only cost threepence."

Another inward debate took place; then drawing out his beloved "Pilgrim's Progress" he put the two books together and said,

"Suppose they'd give us one for them two?"

"Don't let's part with them if we can help," said Reginald. "Suppose we try to earn something?"

The boy said nothing, but trudged on beside his protector till they emerged from Shy Street and stood in one of the broad empty main streets of the city.

Here Reginald, worn out with hunger and fatigue, and borne up no longer by the energy of desperation, sank half fainting into a doorstep.

"I'm—so tired," he said; "let's rest a bit. I'll be all right—in a minute."

Love looked at him anxiously for a moment, and then saying, "Stay you there, gov'nor, till I come back," started off to run.

How long Reginald remained half-unconscious where the boy left him he could not exactly tell, but when he came to himself an early streak of dawn was lighting the sky, and Love was kneeling beside him.

"It's all right, gov'nor," said he, holding up a can of hot coffee and a slice of bread in his hands. "Chuck these here inside yer; do you 'ear?"

Reginald put his lips eagerly to the can. It was nearly sixteen hours since he had touched food. He drained it half empty, then stopping suddenly, he said,

"Have you had any yourself?"

"Me? In corse! Do you suppose I ain't 'ad a pull at it?"

"You haven't," said Reginald, eyeing him sharply, and detecting the well-meant fraud in his looks. "Unless you take what's left there I'll throw it all into the road."

In vain Love protested, vowed he loathed coffee, that it made him sick, that he preferred prussic acid; Reginald was inexorable, and the boy was obliged to submit. In like manner, no wile or device could save him from having to share the slice of bread; nor, when he did put it to his lips, could any grimace or protest hide the almost ravenous eagerness with which at last he devoured it.

"Now you wait till I take back the can," said Love. "I'll not be a minute," and he darted off, leaving Reginald strengthened in mind and body by the frugal repast.

It was not till the boy returned that he noticed he wore no coat.

"What have you done with it?" he demanded, sternly.

"Me? What are you talking about?" said the boy, looking guiltily uneasy.

"Don't deceive me!" said Reginald. "Where's your coat?"

"What do I want with coats? Do you—"

"Have you sold it for our breakfast?"

"Ga on! Do you think—"

"Have you?" repeated Reginald, this time almost angrily.

"Maybe I 'ave," said the boy; "ain't I got a right to?"

"No, you haven't; and you'll have to wear mine now."

And he proceeded to take it off, when the boy said,

"All right. If you take that off, gov'nor, I slides—I mean it—so I do."

There was a look of such wild determination in his pinched face, that Reginald gave up the struggle for the present.

"We'll share it between us, at any rate," said he. "Whatever induced you to do such a foolish thing, Love?"

"Bless you, I ain't got no sense," replied the boy, cheerily.

Day broke at last, and Liverpool once more became alive with bustle and traffic. No one noticed the two shivering boys as they wended their way through the streets, trying here and there, but in vain, for work, and wondering where and when they should find their next meal. But for Reginald that walk, faint and footsore as he was, was a pleasure-trip compared with the night's wanderings.

Towards afternoon Love had the rare good fortune to see a gentleman drop a purse on the pavement. There was no chance of appropriating it, had he been so minded, which, to do him justice, he was not, for the purse fell in a most public manner in the sight of several onlookers. But Love was the first to reach it and hand it back to its owner.

Now Love's old story-books had told him that honesty of this sort is a very paying sort of business; and though he hardly expected the wonderful consequences to follow his own act which always befall the superfluously honest boys in the "penny dreadfuls," he was yet low-souled enough to linger sufficiently long in the neighbourhood of the owner of the purse to give him an opportunity of proving the truth of the story-book moral.

Nor was he disappointed; for the good gentleman, happening to have no less than fifty pounds in gold and notes stored up in this particular purse, was magnanimous enough to award Love a shilling for his lucky piece of honesty, a result which made that young gentleman's countenance glow with a grin of the profoundest satisfaction.

"My eye, gov'nor," said he, returning radiant with his treasure to Reginald, and thrusting it into his hand, "'ere, lay 'old. 'Ere's a slice o' luck. Somethink like that there daily bread you was a tellin' me of t'other day. No fear, I ain't forgot it. Now, I say sassages. What do you say?"

Reginald said "sausages" too; and the two friends, armed with their magic shilling, marched boldly into a cosy coffee-shop where there was a blazing fire and a snug corner, and called for sausages for two. And they never enjoyed such a meal in all their lives. How they did make those sausages last! And what life and comfort they got out of that fire, and what rest out of those cane-bottomed chairs.

At the end of it all they had fourpence left, which, after serious consultation, it was decided to expend in a bed for the night.

"If we can get a good sleep," said Reginald, "and pull ourselves together, we're bound to get a job of some sort to-morrow. Do you know any lodging-house?"

"Me? don't I. That there time you jacked me up I was a night in a place down by the river. 'Tain't a dainty place, gov'nor, but it's on'y twopence a piece or threepence a couple on us, and that'll leave a brown for the morning."

"All right. Let's go there soon and get a long night."

Love led the way through several low streets beside the wharves until he came to a court in which stood a tumble-down tenement with the legend "Lodgings" scrawled on a board above the door. Here they entered, and Love in a few words bargained with the sour landlady for a night's lodging. She protested at first at their coming so early, but finally yielded on condition they would make

the threepence into fourpence. They had nothing for it but to yield.

"Up you go, then," said the woman, pointing to a rickety ladder which served the house for a staircase. "There's one there already. Never mind him, you take the next."

Reginald turned almost sick as he entered the big, stifling, filthy loft which was to serve him for a night's lodging. About a dozen beds were ranged along the walls on either side, one of which, that in the far corner of the room, was, as the woman had said, occupied. The atmosphere of the place was awful already. What would it be when a dozen or possibly two dozen persons slept there?

Reginald's first impulse was to retreat and rather spend another night in the streets than in such a place. But his weary limbs and aching bones forbade it. He must stay where he was now.

Already Love was curled up and asleep on the bed next to that where the other lodger lay; and Reginald, stifling every feeling but his weariness, flung himself by his side and soon forgot both place and surroundings in a heavy sleep.

Heavy but fitful. He had scarcely lain an hour when he found himself suddenly wide awake. Love still lay breathing heavily beside him. The other lodger turned restlessly from side to side muttering to himself, and sometimes moaning like a person in pain. It must have been these latter sounds which awoke Reginald. He lay for some minutes listening and watching in the dim candle-light the restless tossing of the bed-clothes.

Presently the sick man—for it was evident sickness was the cause of his uneasiness—lifted himself on his elbow with a groan, and said,

"For God's sake—help me!"

In a moment Reginald had sprung to his feet and was beside the sufferer.

"Are you ill?" he said. "What is the matter?"

But the man, instead of replying, groaned and fell heavily back on the bed. And as the dim light of the candle fell upon his upturned face, Reginald, with a cry of horror, recognised the features of Mr. Durfy, already released by death from the agonies of smallpox.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE BURIED TREASURE—THE EARTHQUAKE—ALONE ON AN UNKNOWN ISLAND.

The story that Colin had told Padre Fedro about the early career of Lieutenant Mildmay had made a deep impression upon the mind of the kind-hearted little priest, especially that portion of it which related to the sunken treasure—the gold buried in the sand.

"I do not know," Colin had said to him, "whether I may be doing right or not in telling you this. The secret is not mine. But I believe I am acting for the very best. Here then," he had added, putting papers in the padre's hand, "are the plans of the coast where the gold lies buried. Whatever you do—if indeed you think fit to do anything at all in the matter—something tells me will be for the best. And, sir, I think myself happy in having found you, and thankful, oh! *so* thankful, that I shall be the means of restoring my dear friend's daughter to him."

For nights and nights after Colin's departure the padre lay awake thinking what he should do.

Poor little Sauva Rosa and her grandmother were very poor. Indeed the former was the bread-winner. She taught music, especially among the Europeans. And to think that within a measurable distance of them wealth was lying on the coast, and that that wealth was theirs by right!

Then the padre determined to act. He took his sister into his confidence. She advised a consultation in the first place with the old grandmother.

"Surely," said the priest's sister, "she can remember something."

She did remember something when questioned, just as you or I would, reader, of a dream long gone by. But it was enough to decide the padre in his course of action. He was by no means a wealthy man, but he would spend a portion of his money in an attempt to find this buried treasure.

He bade his sister good-bye, and started for Callao. He told his sister to pray for him, that was all, and if he were successful it would be owing to the goodness of the kind Father in heaven, if he failed it would be because He—the Father—willed it so. The padre's faith was a very simple and beautiful one.

At Callao he was more fortunate than he could have expected to be. English, or rather British divers had been at work near the mole on a sunken vessel. Their labour was finished, and they were not sorry to have a promise of more work.

Padre Fedro's next move was to charter a small schooner. On board this was conveyed not only all the divers' craft and apparatus, but provisions for half a year, and timber and implements to build huts on shore.

Then the schooner sailed away to the coast where the treasure lay. Somehow the nearer to the place the vessel came the higher rose the padre's hopes. But when he arrived at last and cast anchor at the very spot from which Loreana's sketches had been taken, and found every landmark and rock and boulder on the coast to coincide with the draughts, then indeed his heart beat high, and he felt sure of success.

About half a mile distant from this place a long reef extended with deep water between it and the shore, and into this natural harbour the Spera—as the padre called his little craft—was sailed and moored permanently. Opposite to her on shore huts were built and entrenched, the accommodation on board the schooner being small. Entrenchment was necessary, for the country around here is wild and lawless, and before a week was over and work had fairly commenced the wisdom of it was apparent enough. A band of horsemen arrived and encamped near. A more lawless-looking, cut-throat crew was seldom seen; partly brigands, partly gipsies, but with mouths filled with butter and honey, you would have said, so sweet and soft was their speech.

They were wondering what the white foreigners were about. They stayed there for days and wondered. The padre had boat-loads of beautiful coral taken on shore, and made a pile of, and placed an armed man to watch it. The ruse was successful. The gipsy-brigands drew near to the pile and wondered, and wondered again. Then one morning they came to the conclusion that the white men were nearly all mad or fools, and so wondering still they broke up camp and rode off.

And band after band of these wanderers arrived from time to time, but seeing nothing to steal, or anything worth fighting about, they smiled to themselves in their oily deceitful way, and went away.

At the end of three months Padre Fedro seemed no nearer success than ever.

The divers found the boxes of the sunken ship, but not many of these. The keel was there, however, deeply embedded in sand and mud. Padre Fedro would not give up hopes, however. He was there every day on which a boat could float watching the work progressing.

There were days of storm, though, when no work could be done. And if the wind was from the west, as it frequently was, and the waves beat mountains high on the beach, the divers when the tempest ended always found they had to begin their labours nearly all over again, all their excavations having been covered over with sand and mud.

It was heartless, thankless work. But they toiled away, for the padre was of the sanguine temperament and never lost hope.

But he almost did at last. Five months had come and gone, and they seemed no nearer success than at the commencement; and now the head diver announced to Padre Fedro that he must in a week or two more give up the "job," as he called it. His family expected him at home.

Poor Padre, he felt a ruined man! Yet he merely bowed his head, meekly sighed, and breathed a prayer.

But the end had yet to come. One day, although the sun was quite obscured by immense piles of inky-black clouds, it was so hot and oppressive that the men gave up work and came on shore. There was not a breath of wind, and yet high over head those clouds moved and

mixed together in a most mysterious way. At half-past six there was a sharp thunderstorm, the lightning being singularly vivid. It was pitchy dark before the storm came on, but now hills and rocks and the sea itself seemed all on fire.

The little schooner in which the padre slept never ceased to quiver and shake with the rattling, vibrating bursts of thunder.

The storm passed away over the distant mountains, and darkness resumed its sway. But lo! hardly had midnight come ere a low, ominous, rumbling noise before she was off again, sucked backwards with the after-rush.

All that night the men had to pump for their lives. Morning broke at last, and the sun gleamed red and fierce over the ocean, which was calm with a heaving swell, while save a few leaflets of gold and crimson high up towards the zenith, there was not a cloud in the sky.

The good padre gazed in surprise to notice that, though it was high tide, far more of the beach than had ever been exposed, even at ebb, was visible now.

He hurried on shore in his dinghy. His people were seated at breakfast.

"A metal-bound chest of great weight was found."

was heard coming onwards from the direction of the hills. Every one was awake in a moment. All knew what it meant. Those in the schooner rushed on deck. Those in the little fort fled out into the open and threw themselves face downwards on the earth.

The noise of the subterranean thunder was appalling, and the earth moved and heaved as if it had been the sea itself, and a strange giddiness and sickness stole over every one.

In thirty seconds the earthquake had passed. But now a great wave came rushing inland. The Spera broke her moorings and was carried shorewards with it. Luckily the fort stood on high rocky ground, or not a soul would have been left alive in it. As it was, the spray dashed high over all, and the sound of the breaking water was deafening.

Hardly had the Spera touched bottom They could talk about nothing else, think about nothing save the recent earthquake. As for the appearance presented by the foreshore they could make nothing of it.

They were not so used to earthquakes as was Padre Fedro.

"It is nothing unusual in this climate," he quietly remarked, "for upheavals of the sea bottom to occur on parts of the coast and depressions on others. But stay till low water," he added, smiling, "and the scene of your recent labours will be high and dry."

And so it was! There was but little need even for divers now. The keel of the sunken ship, and her ribs, and the remains of her beams, could be walked round at low tide. Then the work proceeded merrily.

In under the very keel, after another week of hard work, a long metal-bound chest of great weight was found. It was more like a piece of rock at first than anything else, so encrusted with lime was it, but a few blows of the hammer revealed what it was. Padre Fedro had found the sunken treasure. None too soon, though, for hardly had it been conveyed on board the schooner ere the beach swarmed with gipsy brigands.

The padre would fain have stayed to make good repairs, for the vessel was far from seaworthy; but better trust themselves to the stormiest ocean than fall into the harpy hands of that lawless band, whose very profession was rapine, and violence and murder mere accessories thereto.

In ten days more Padre Fedro had the treasure safe in bank, and was at home in his own quiet cottage, relating to his sister and Sauva Rosa, and in a louder key to the old grandmamma, all his adventures, and how mercifully Providence had protected him.

* * * * *

We must now return to the island on which the Whitterit was wrecked.

It is sad to think of, but out of all that crew of over seventy good and gallant men, only seven stood alive on the beach on the morning after their little vessel had been driven on shore. How they had got there seemed a mystery, for even yet the sea was mountains high, and the breakers were tumbling in on the sands like mighty cataracts.

Colin and Blair were the only surviv-

ing officers; the cook, a Krooman, two able seamen, and a boy, were the others.

Colin himself had got ashore intact, though half drowned; but several of the others had been severely lacerated among the sharp coral rocks.

The ship was going rapidly to pieces. They were on a small uninhabited island, with merely a jungle behind them and two or three cocoa-nut trees, so they at once set about saving all the wreckage they could. Spars, ropes, pieces of timber, sea-chests, everything was picked out of the surf they could lay hands on. A cask of biscuit was a great find. The contents were soaked with sea-water, but they could be dried in the sun.

They worked hard all that day, and as soon as night fell retired to rest into a cave they found in a wall of black, burned-looking rocks close to the beach. The floor of this cave was the silver sand, but it was warm and dry, and the shipwrecked mariners were soon fast asleep. They were awakened about midnight in a strange way. A regiment of monster crabs invaded the cave. These were finally driven out, and scuttled away in the moonlight towards the sea.

Colin could not go to sleep again, however. He lay for an hour on the warm sand, then got up and walked forth into the night. The wind had gone down; there was above him a dark-blue sky, with a round pale moon, and bright twinkling stars; on one side was the black cliff, on the other the snow-white wall of tumbling breakers.

He did not feel alone, though, nor did he feel hopeless, sad though his heart was. He sat down on a rock and gazed outwards to sea. Not a vestige of the vessel remained. No wonder a tremor passed through his frame as he thought of his poor commander and messmates all gone to their last account.

Why, he asked himself, should he have been spared? He did not pause to answer his own question, but dropped there on his knees and breathed out his soul in thanksgiving to the merciful Providence that had protected him.

He did not sit up again, but lay there in the sand, with his back against the rock, and his hand supporting his elbow.

Memories of home once more stole over him; he thought of the dear old glen, and his mother, father, and brother, till they seemed actually to rise up before him, and their voices to mingle with the roar of the surf. But the sound of the breakers grew less and less distinct, and—Colin slept.

It was Blair who awoke him. "Found you at last, have I?" he said. "Man! what a thud my heart gave against my ribs when I awoke this morning and missed you. You have fairly frightened my wits away. Come to breakfast."

Breakfast consisted of biscuit and raw salt pork, washed down with cocoa-nut milk.

They set about exploring the island after this meal, but found no water at first. They finally came upon a large pool in a rock. It was evidently rain-water, but they laid pieces of wood across it, and covered it carefully with sailcloth, lest the sun might steal their priceless treasure.

No more wreckage came on shore, but some bodies did. And these they buried deep in the sands close to the cliff, and raised rude crosses over their graves.

They spent the day in wandering about the shore and gathering some seaweed of an edible kind, and some species of small shell-fish, which they found most palatable and luscious. They often gazed seaward.

They gazed in vain. No ship nor even boat was in view. They were Crusoes to all intents and purposes. They were marooned.

When they retired to their cave on the second night they drew after them branches and brushwood as a protection against those horrible crabs.

About midnight Colin awoke suddenly. He thought he could distinctly hear voices mingling with the monotonous roar of the surf on the sand.

He grasped Blair's arm and bade him listen.

In addition to the sound of voices there was ever and anon a clashing noise as of men fencing with sword-sticks.

"Listen," cried Colin. "There are people outside."

"Never a people," was Blair's answer. "Go to sleep, man. It's only the partans (*Scottice*, crabs). They're no ower well pleased at bein' kept out o' their cave. Go to sleep."

Day after day went by in dreary monotony. The boy who had been saved died. They buried him near the others.

In another week they had to bear one of the seamen to his long home. Both these died from the effects of their wounds, but their loss was severely felt by those left behind.

Water now began to get scarce, and no more rain fell.

They put themselves on short allowance of water, but while they did so they confessed it would probably be as well to drink it. For it was the heat that was causing its absorption. "Why," one or two reasoned, "should we suffer for thirst? why not use it instead of letting the sun get it? It can make but small difference in the long run."

But Colin and Blair ruled otherwise, and it was surprising that the surviving men still looked up to their two officers as their superiors, and gave them as much respect and obedience as if they had all been on board ship.

Great comfort was found from bathing in the sea. For the skin absorbs the water, though not the salt. Cocoa-nuts still held out, but there was a limit to even these.

The pork had gone bad. It was thrown upon the beach and the crabs devoured it.

Their main stay in a fortnight's time came to be the biscuits.

Lower and lower fell the water in the rocky tank, and lower and lower sank their spirits in consequence. One evening they found they could barely scoop up a cupful. Next morning the water was gone, the tank was dry.

Their sufferings now began in earnest. They spent the days they hardly knew how, wandering over the island in a meaningless kind of a way, or gazing seawards for help, or skywards for a shower of rain.

But the sky was like steel; the sea showed nothing except when the wind blew higher than usual, then it was dotted over with little white flakes that their eyes often and often caused them to believe were vessels' sails. Three days went past thus without water. Neither Colin nor Blair ceased to move about, but the other three lay motionless or delirious in the cave.

When Colin had nearly given up and wanted to lie down in the shade and die, Blair, to his joy, found three green cocoa-nuts, each of which contained about a pint and a half of delicious water.

The water of one nut was carefully divided, and the drooping men began to revive, and slept soundly that night and were able to assist next day in the search for more fallen cocoa-nuts. They found some succulent herbs but no more nuts.

It was the morning of a broiling hot day. The very ocean seemed to steam. The last cocoa-nut had been finished the day before. The men had relapsed into a kind of drowsy stupor.

Colin sat on the cliff-top under the shade of a stunted breadfruit-tree. Near him lay Blair, sometimes quite still, then falling off into a momentary dose, from which he would start up talking nonsense, recollect himself, gaze wildly about him for a few seconds, then sink wearily down again.

"Then passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking forward, he beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape I wist."

Colin started up, his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets. Was it a cloud, a bird, or but the fin of a monster shark? No, it was—a ship far away on the horizon.

"A ship!" he shouted.

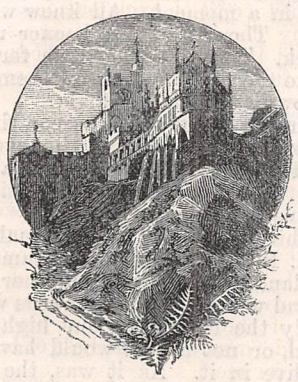
Blair started up. Blair was very weak now. He laughed and wept by turns, as he pointed seawards.

The men staggered out of the cave; they had heard the shout. And *they* pointed away towards the sea with both hands held aloft, but they could not speak, their "tongues through utter drought seemed withered at the roots," and when they opened their mouths only sounds like those the dumb make issued therefrom.

Nearer and nearer came the vessel. Colin took off his jacket and waved it in the air.

Nearer still, tack and half-tack, a three-masted schooner, and evidently English. What a gladsome sight for the weary eyes of those shipwrecked sailors!

(To be continued.)



COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER II.

AT the moment when Corporal Cram was proclaiming the contents of his larder a squad of British soldiers might have been seen trudging westward, through deep snow, along the north bank of the river, behind a *traîneau*, or low, rough sled, on which sat a young officer enveloped in furs. He was Lieutenant Marhaus, acting-paymaster to the detachments quartered up river, and the soldiers formed an escort from Montreal for the two kegs of coin against which his back rested.

There was perhaps little need for an escort, as the road at that time traversed a wilderness, where vast dark forests of white pine alternated with grand woods of huge maples, beeches, oaks, elms, and butternuts. The few Indians then remaining in the district above the Lake of Two Mountains were all well-disposed, and, like the French *habitants* and trappers scattered here and there through the forest, were singularly honest people. But as an escort for treasure was laid down in the rules and regulations, Lieutenant Marhaus, on his quarterly trips to the *Chaudière*, was always accompanied by a squad.

Now they trudged silently along, and complete stillness would have prevailed but for the objurgations of the *habitant* driver, who urged on his stolid pony with frequent cries of "Blue death!" and "Pig there!"

As the dark was about descending, the driver, pointing for an instant with his hickory-handled whip, burst into a more cheerful torrent of exclamations.

"Why does his clatter increase now, Sergeant Bors?" asked the officer, in the rich, soft, brogue-suggesting voice of an Irish gentleman.

"He thinks he had a glimpse of Colonel Pellinore's lights," answered the sergeant, proud to show that he had acquired some smattering of French.

"Faith! I can sympathise with his shouts, then, though I don't remember this bit of wood as near the house. It would be a welcome sight indeed. As I get nearer the mansion I always think better of the judgment that placed it in the wilderness. It's the best of halfway-houses for me."

"'Twas General Scarlett that built it, I'm told," said the sergeant.

"Yes, 'Dungeon' Scarlett, as he is always called, by reason of his mania for building secret rooms. He had his private dungeon in Boston and Quebec and Montreal before being in either place three months."

"There's one here, then, your honour?"

"No, sergeant. On my last visit the colonel and his nephew, young Bryan, and I searched high and low without finding the sign of a secret room, nor, indeed, any place where one could be. Though what the general could want of a dungeon in this wilderness I know not. The darkest place in a city gaol is less retired than the mansion itself. Ah! there it is indeed."

Having now reached the edge of the clearing, they beheld the lights of the house. At the welcome sight the men broke into a cheer, which was answered by a loud, fierce barking of dogs from the hill. With a storm of words the *habitant* urged his horse to a gallop up the slope, and the soldiers followed as they might.

"It's Marhaus already!" cried Colonel Pellinore, flinging open the wide door and stepping out with Bryan by his side. "Stop at the magazine, Marhaus, I beg of you!" he shouted. "I will be with you in a moment. Bryan"—turning to his nephew—"hasten to the corporal's aid. Tell him to prepare plenteous food quickly for our guests. And do thou make ready a welcome cup, a mighty jorum let it be. Thou hast seen the proportions. Let it be served out to the men when they enter. I shall detain the lieutenant only while I house the treasure and turn loose the dogs."

"If such be your commands, sir," answered Bryan, in wonder, and returned into the house, while his uncle hurried out to greet the arrivals.

"Have you my gold too, Marhaus?" whispered the colonel as he shook hands.

"Yes, faith! The two kegs are exactly alike," answered the lieutenant. "One for you and one for the troops at the *Chaudière*. Three thousand bright guineas in each. By my life, colonel, if the yellowboys were mine they should soon shine in a less lonesome locality."

"Perhaps their fate may be as merry as you would give them," said the colonel. "But let me ask you to order your men in. 'Tis not my desire that they should witness the disposal of this coin. Order them in, pray, that I may give you an understanding of the mystery."

"The guineas," proceeded he, when the men had disappeared, "are for Bryan, a fact I do not wish him to know. I must hasten to conceal them."

Saying this, he lifted one of the kegs from the *traîneau*, and, carrying it to the steps of the verandah, placed it beneath.

"This must be my bank for the present," he observed.

"Well, it's an illigant one for all the purposes of a burglar," exclaimed Marhaus.

"Happily we are free in these woods from such adjuncts of the civilisation to which you long to return," retorted the old gentleman. "Your gold might be left on the sled all night as safely as in the magazine. Nevertheless, let us house it."

He opened with one of a rattling bunch of heavy keys the iron-studded oak door before which the *traîneau* rested, while the lieutenant, lifting the remaining keg, rolled it to the threshold. The interior of the magazine was wainscoted very roughly to a height of about four feet, its floor was of wood also, apparently that the danger of exploding powder, if placed therein, might be reduced to a minimum. Giving the keg such a thrust with his foot as could not fail to drive it hard against the opposite wall, which was built into the side of the rocky hill, the colonel hastily closed the door, and drawing his arm through that of the younger officer proceeded toward the house.

"Ah, I had forgotten to unchain the dogs," said the colonel, turning back for the purpose. "This money," he resumed, on rejoining the lieutenant, "shall go to Bryan to buy his commission. Here has the lad been eating his heart out for many a month in longing to be with the king's colours. He shall go back to Quebec with you, lieutenant, thence to London and to life."

"Faith! it's Agravaine can show him life there," said the lieutenant.

The old colonel stopped the young man and looked sternly, almost threateningly, into his face.

"Never more mention that name to me," then said he. "In thus enjoining you I should explain, and—"

"Do not, colonel dear," said Marhaus, taking his senior's arm again affectionately. "'Twill but distress you. But I would that you might forgive Agravaine once more."

"While my son was a spendthrift I had hopes of him still," said the colonel, in a tone of suppressed agony. "Now he has become a coward and a liar. I cast him off! I will never see his face again!"

There was a pause.

"But I will spare you my private griefs," went on the colonel. "Only this—those guineas represent the last penny of my fortune, the last acre of the Northumbrian estate held immemorially by a Pellinore. Agravaine has wasted the whole. I had intended these last guineas for his debts too till this last news came; but no, they shall go to Tristram's son."

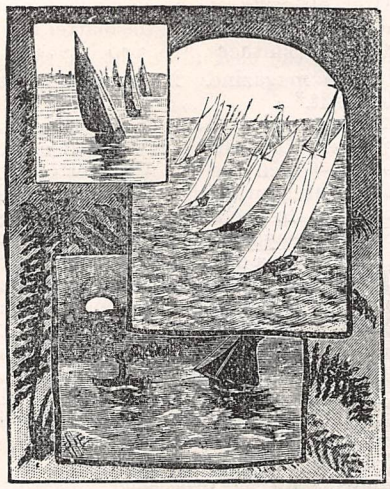
"He will do credit to the fine old name, colonel," struck in Marhaus.

"That's as may be," answered the colonel, sadly, who remembered sorely how gallantly Agravaine had gone forth for the first time. "He shall have the chance, at any rate. But not a word of this, Marhaus, not a hint to Bryan. He little imagines I have the means to buy his commission, nor shall I explain to him before the day of his departure. The suspense of waiting your return, the dreams of life near, would cost him all sleep during your absence did he know of this money."

(To be continued.)

FRANK WORTHING'S INCARCERATION.

CHAPTER V.



When Frank Worthing passed out of the gate in such questionable company, several of the men in the yard threw down their hammers for sheer astonishment. He was a favourite with them, and, to confess the truth, spent a considerable portion of his time about the forge, the lathes, and the carpenter's shed, curiously watching the processes of manipulation, using the tools, and upon all possible occasions initiating himself into the "knack" of handling them.

One of the men said he would "rather a' had a day's pay stopped than that should have happened." The report took wing that Budwell had charged him with abstracting stamps from the drawers, and when that gentleman passed out at dinner-time he was surprised to confront the salutation of a prolonged hoot.

"And what if he did tell little Smith he'd slipped your stamps off, are you muff enough to believe it?" was Mr. Hunter's retort when Budwell, at his eager solicitation, gave him an account of the matter. "Look here, Buddy, if he thought it 'd fool you five minutes, he'd vow he pocketed the safe. The lad's honest to the core, though he is a sprightly young spirit. Left three quarters of an hour after you? D'ye think he'd have stayed that time if he'd intended such a job? Five minutes 'd have been enough; then he'd have hooked it. He flushed up so, did he? I'd be a mighty lot surprised if he hadn't flushed up when you threw such dirty water in his face. 'Tween you, me, and the wall, *I* wouldn't like to say old Smithers doesn't know something about it. There, the lad's spoiled for life! It's real cruel! It strikes me you and the governor will find out, soon or late, the blunder you've made."

So the kind-hearted Hunter passed out, feeling bitterly the uselessness of championing the cause of the unfortunate youth any longer; and that afternoon in the shipyard woe betided the unfortunate "hand" who occasioned his displeasure, for he growled at nothings and thundered at the merest mistakes.

In the office the general opinion was that had the culprit replied respectfully to the interrogations of Mr. Millington he would simply have suffered quiet dismissal, and not the public disgrace which was now inevitable. The news of his foolish boldness, his mad replies, and general defiance was received in astonishment. The character of Mr. Millington was well known, and it was possible to compute to a nicety the course he would take in such a matter. Any remissness coming under his notice met with prompt scrutiny, which either mended the shortcoming or resulted in some punishment well calculated to prevent its recurrence. That much was certain. It was also well known that a spark of true contrition and an absence of that swaggering self-assertiveness with which some men attempt to brave out their blunders, had often released offending employés from a merited penalty. But insolence, evasion, lying, these he met with impatience, with withering contempt, and dealt out smart and summary treatment.

It was further well guessed that he had a quiet liking for Frank; and it was held by some that a prompt statement of his delinquency would have resulted in the matter being at once hushed up and a chance of self-redemption permitted to him. But his ill-timed audacity, his effrontery, becoming generally known, every particle of sympathy, except that in the breast of the impulsive Hunter, became weaned from him. Old Smithers recalled the fact that at sundry times tools had been missed from the sheds; to ascribe it to the now common culprit was a plausible solution of the mystery.

Two o'clock in the afternoon! Mr. Budwell had been in the town and was at that hour making up his money for the bank.

A pile of cheques, a heap of notes, a bowl of gold, and a spread of silver lay on the desk before him, while he entered the amounts on a bank-slip.

"How much cash to-day, Budwell?"

Mr. Millington had entered.

"About £1,920, sir. Lawson's paid, the Bell Shipping Company, and a few small accounts."

"Very well, put it up. We'll have to prepare now for the business with that miserable lad. I shall instruct Riley, the solicitor, to prosecute. Smithers and the boy will be wanted. We'd better hear them repeat their tale, and send them over to Riley's office. You will follow after you've been to the bank."

Smithers and the boy were accordingly examined, warned not to alter their evidence, and dispatched to the office with instructions to await Mr. Budwell.

Mr. Millington was seated at the desk. A clerk entered from the outer office, a young woman like a servant-girl came in at his heels.

"You're wanted, Mr. Budwell. This person requires to see you at once."

The girl handed Mr. Budwell a large envelope.

"Missis says will you please open that, and I'm to bring word whether it's all right."

Mr. Budwell turned hastily aside from his principal and ripped open the envelope. *Out upon the desk fell a bundle of postage-stamps*, and with them an epistle, which the recipient found to his horror and amazement to contain the following:—

"Melton, Tuesday, 11.30 a.m.

"Dear Samuel,—In looking through the old coat which you brought home last night (before giving it away, as you said) I found these stamps. They were in the breast-pocket. Thinking you might have some anxiety in case they have any connection with your business, I send Mary at once with them. In haste,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"Dinah Willibod."

Oh, maddest of blunders! He could have whipped himself, or done anything else equally foolish, at that moment. And there were the hard eyes of his principal surveying him from head to foot with a gaze sarcastic, sharp, and inquisitorial. Mr. Budwell turned hot from his temples to his toes, and, what he never could avoid when exceptionally bothered, burst into a violent perspiration.

"Those are stamps, sir," he stammered out, quite unaware of what he said.

"Yes, presumably so. Your messenger waits a-repy, I think."

"All right, Mary, all right, all right—go on!"

And the girl went, looking as if she would have liked to know more about the matter.

Mr. Budwell then explained that he "quite remembered now." "I went over," he said, "to the table, sir, last night when the letters were all put up, and Worthing handed me the stamps. As I was just reminding him to be sure and put everything in the safe and to come down in time in the morning"—this information he calculated to have a mollifying tendency—"why I must have pushed the stamps in my pocket. And it was last night I took my office coat home. My aunt, it seems, found the stamps when she looked through the coat, and sent the servant with them."

And this much he stammered through, praying fervently that his auditor would rave, or stamp, or blame, or anything but fix that wide gaze, so cool, attentive, pitiless!

A contemptuous "T-t-t!" escaped Mr. Millington's lips, and without a word to the bewildered Mr. Budwell he turned on his heel and passed out. In half an hour he had hastily dispatched his immediate business, and was rattling away from the gates in a cab in order to effect the release of the unfortunate Worthing.

The dying advice of an old British admiral to his son was upon no occasion to *trouble overmuch*, but when he did make a blunder only to trouble so far as would prevent its recurrence. Perhaps Mr. Budwell had some idea of this nature; we do not know. But during that humiliating confession he had been driving his nails into his palms in out-and-out self-disgust, and now, smarting under the "T-t-t!" and that turn of the heel with which Mr. Millington had replied to his explanation, almost beside himself with wrathful chagrin, he suddenly jambed one foot against the

stationery cupboard, and with the other dealt his leg three violent kicks.

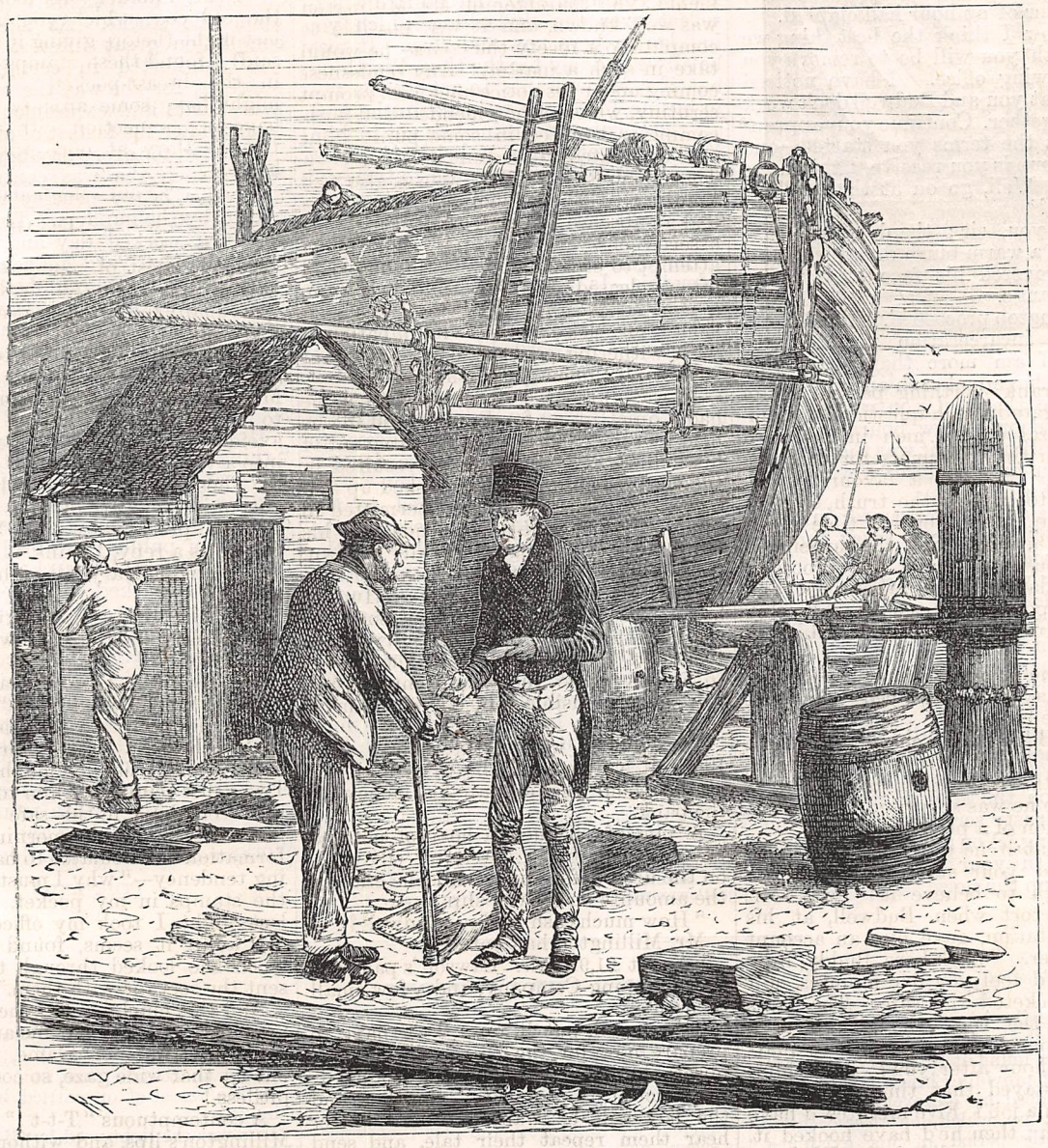
"I say there, what's to do, old luney?"

It was John Bell who appeared, opening his eyes and mouth rather wide at the strange spectacle. He also looked very uncertain whether to stand or to run, especially after his impertinent salute. He eventually decided it would be safer to run.

It was Smithers who spoke. After waiting two hours he had thought fit to return, and the boy with him, as Mr. Budwell had not put in his promised appearance. These worthies looked most weary and doleful.

"By the—why, it's half-past four!" exclaimed Mr. Budwell, with a start. "Whatever made you stay all this time?"

evening, but Smithers told his tale of the journey to the solicitor's, Jack Bell told *his* tale of the strange scene which he had witnessed in the office, and in office and yard there was much wondering conjecture. But who could solve the riddle? After all sorts of theories were started, not one could elucidate the matter further than old Smithers, who proclaimed,



"In office and yard there was much wondering conjecture."

The interruption was salutary, for it recalled Mr. Budwell's scattered wits—really acted as a wet sheet upon his fever—and without more ado he opened his books and proceeded to work. Work was his good point. Whether chagrin, disappointment, or even a cantankerous toothache beset him, he had this specific. "There's nothing so good for the dumps as honest work" he was once heard to explain, and with that one force had he made his way to the trust of cashiership, the prior claims of a keener but less steady man being disregarded. So he sank all his bitter thoughts, as many greater men had done before him, in the healthy oblivion of his immediate duty.

"Please, sir, you never come, sir."

"And didn't you say we was to stay at Mester Riley's till you come, sir?"

That was true. He ought to have recalled them by a messenger, but their very existence had slipped his memory.

"Done again!" Mr. Budwell muttered to himself, with another gulp of rising displeasure.

Further, at five o'clock he remembered that the bank closed at three, and there was the undeposited money in his drawer, which distracting events had conspired to cast from his memory. "One day's interest," he reckoned, with a groan, "at three and a half per cent. on £1,920, three and—three and—dear me! Ah, yes! nearly four shillings! That's gone!"

Mr. Millington did not return that

"There's summut up, gen'elmen; there's summut up."

* * * *

Next morning, at nine o'clock, to the surprise of all and the pleasure of many, in walked Frank Worthing, just as usual. Nay, not just as usual, for it was not ten minutes after nine, but to the second promptly, nine o'clock.

Mr. Hunter was at that moment not far from the yard gate; he had buttonholed one of the clerks, and was writhing in mirth over a history of the succession of blunders which Mr. Budwell had perpetrated in two short days. "Tell you what, false imprisonment 's an ugly thing for the governor to do with, eh?" was his partial and crude comment.

As Frank came up he caught the mention of his own name. His throat felt too full to speak, for he *knew* he had been spoken of kindly. He simply received the proffered grip from Hunter's outstretched hand, looked into his eyes with a grateful glance, and passed straight to the private office, where, hat in hand, he stood awaiting Mr. Millington.

"Good morning, Worthing. Sit down," said that gentleman, as he appeared after some quarter of an hour had elapsed.

"And now I think the best thing we can do with you will be to remove you to the drawing office. I have noticed recently that you and Budwell don't work amiably together. Continue your apprenticeship at the terms you started—one hundred pounds you receive, I think, for five years. Well, go on at that. What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said Frank, and a warm blush of surprise and gratitude covered his face at the prospective change.

Mr. Millington proceeded. "You hardly liked your incarceration yesterday, I imagine. I am more than sorry you should ever have had such an experience as that. Be thankful you were behind the strong doors a few hours only. I think you will now see it was the peculiar attitude you took yesterday which put you there at all."

"Oh yes, sir!" he exclaimed, in utter contrition; "I am very sorry for the manner I spoke to you."

"And now you will go downstairs and shake hands with Mr. Budwell," continued Mr. Millington. "You can work out to-day in the general office, and you will start business again on Monday, when I will have made arrangements for the change."

"It was all my fault," said Frank Worthing, holding out his hand to Mr. Budwell. "Don't you remember when I handed you the stamps that night I started the rusty screw of the copying-press shrieking. You must have crammed the stamps in your pocket when you turned to stop the noise."

"All your fault! no it wasn't, young un! I'd like to have gone down in an earthquake when I found out my cruel blunder, and thought of where it'd sent you to. I was a weasel-headed"—Mr. Budwell ground the words between his teeth—"chump-headed, pudding-headed, flab-ber-gas-ted-headed, Aberdeen turnip!* that's what—but here, give us your hand! And now, I just want to put in a word or so if you don't mind. I wish you well, I do, and I'd like you to reflect over the skylarking which you indulge in here now and then. It may be all very lively for the time, Worthing, but if a fellow wants to get up the tree in business he's got to bring to the push all the spirit and brains he's got in him. You can work like a brick if you're steady, but if a man wants to turn out well he mustn't go about his business in any 'don't care' sort of a way. Look ahead a bit. Reflect over that high-flying style of yours, Worthing, and consider this—Is it worth your while? *Is* it worth your while?"

And thus Mr. Budwell strained through his remarkably-worded but well-meaning speech. It was a great effort. He felt almost stunned when he reflected how prodigal of advice he had been, and it is reported that he found it necessary to be reticent for a week afterwards, as a protest against his own verbosity.

But Frank, he was touched to the quick by the rough kindness of the words. He was really humbled by the troubles he had caused, and he set to work with a will, and we doubt whether in the whole of his history he had passed a day of such quiet, concentrated effort, as in that last day of his connection with the work of the general office. Certainly, and the fact was quite a discovery to him, every man has a career before him—good, bad, or indifferent, and with this idea one besetting question would persist in coupling itself in Frank's mind throughout that memorable day; it was the query raised by Mr. Budwell, "Is it worth your while? *Is* it worth your while?"

How did he answer it?

* * * *

After a jump in our history of some ten years we find at the shipyard of Brown, Millington, and Co. a new screw steamer of exceptionally large tonnage upon the stocks. As she approached completion great interest towards her was manifested in certain influential quarters, for she was the subject of improvements and experiments calculated to make her the fastest of ocean liners.

Further, for every day beyond the date upon which she was contracted to be finished a heavy penalty would be incurred by the builders. Time was short, the men worked day and night, when suddenly the yard manager, who had long been ailing, succumbed to increased illness. But his place was filled by a younger man, the work was still urged forward, and her contractors breathed easily when, upon the day she lay ready for the launch, there was yet time to spare.

Her public naming was completed, the "thing of life" had crested her first wave, and at the dinner-party celebrating the launch a gentleman was pointed out to whose energy Mr. Millington thereupon publicly ascribed the prompt completion of the work. This young man, he remarked, had been for some years an arduous and successful student in matters connected with marine engineering. Further, he hoped it was no breach of confidence to disclose that he was the author in a certain technical journal of the articles upon "Naval Construction," which had recently awakened so much interest and debate. He had the pleasure to introduce his young colleague as the future manager of the Irontown Shipbuilding and Engineering Works—Mr. Francis Worthing

(THE END.)

* We can vouch for the literal accuracy of this remarkable anathema of Mr. Budwell's. If necessary we could produce a shorthand note of it taken at the moment of utterance. Further, we may remark that in a certain busy corner of Western England that gentleman still indulges in the unique phrase.

LAMPS AND LANTERNS.

One can easily imagine that man had tenanted the earth for but a very short space when he found it necessary to possess some means of providing himself with artificial light. Indeed his discovery of the wonderful element fire, which doubtless occurred at a very early period of his existence, could not fail to lead up thereto, for it would obviously be then but the easiest and most natural of all things that he should snatch a lighted brand from the flames which he had kindled to furnish him with a substitute, however feeble, for the glorious light of the sun when heaven's great luminary had sunk to rest.

But here he may be said to have stood still, for he does not appear to have gone beyond the torch stage of his history for centuries afterwards, and there are many savage races at the present day who even yet have advanced no further. Indeed the progress made by man in respect of artificial light until the early part of the century in which we live was extraordinarily slow.

Lamps, it is true, were in general use amongst the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and the other great nations of antiquity, but they were of the rudest description, and consisted for the most part of a simple vessel which held oil, grease, or wax, from the surface of which projected a wick. The light obtained was of the feeblest description, the flame had no protection whatever from the wind, and the smell which arose could only have been rendered endurable from the fact that "use is second nature."

The Greeks and Romans lavished much artistic excellence upon their lamps, making them with one wick, two wicks, or thirty or forty wicks. But they did not improve their construction one step, and to all practical intents and purposes they were no better than the saucer of tallow with its floating cotton which may yet be found flaring and guttering and smoking in some of the out-of-the-way corners of our own land.

The seven-branched candlestick placed in the sanctuary by Moses, and those afterwards prepared for the Temple by Solomon, were crystal glasses filled with oil and fixed upon the branches of the candlestick, whilst in private houses the lamps were generally placed on high stands which rested upon the ground.

A very common form of light amongst the Jews—and which we are told by antiquaries is more often than not intended by the word "lamp" in our Bibles—consisted of a sort of advanced torch made of iron or potter's earth, around which was wrapped old linen which required to be moistened from time to time from the vessel of oil carried by the person using it.

This was the light used by Gideon and his three hundred men. It was also the "lamp" of the wise and foolish virgins, and will explain the reference to oil in the parable.

After the lamp came the candle, whose modest ray we are inclined to regard with a considerable amount of kindliness and esteem. But for the candle the dark ages of the world would have been dark in a still more literal sense than they already were, and to this humble servant civilised mankind was indebted for the very best illuminant it possessed—certainly until the latter end of the eighteenth century and probably right up to the time of the invention of gas.

The Romans possessed an inferior sort of candle which was made of strings of papyrus or rush dipped in pitch and surrounded with wax. But candles in perfection were not made until a much later period, and Alfred the Great has the credit of being the inventor of the horn shield for the flame—and consequently of the "lant-horn."

One proof of their value is the fact that

previous to the invention of the Argand burner in 1784 lamps had entirely fallen out of use, a glance at the prints of that period being sufficient to convince one that candles reigned supreme not only in the houses of the people, but in the churches and in all other places of public assembly.

In such places there was an official whose sole duty it was to pass round armed with a pair of snuffers and an extinguisher on the end of a long stick, attending to the requirements of such of his flaring rods of tallow or wax as needed his attention.

Candle-making at that time also formed a part of the education of every housewife, and the candle-box was to be found in every household. In how many is it to be found now?

Were not the tallow-chandlers also in their glory? To wit, is there not a great City Company yclept the Tallow-chandlers? And yet at a recent meeting in the Company's Hall for the benefit of a charity connected with the trade we heard the chairman lament that tallow-chandlery was an industry which was fast dying out.

For in 1784, as we have stated, came M. Argand with his improved lamp. This was the first attack upon the dominion of the candle which could cause that luminary any alarm. Later on appeared an inventor with his coal gas, when the poor candle received a deadly thrust, and in later years paraffin and petroleum put in their appearance and drove it utterly routed from the field.

To refer then to Argand's invention. He had already designed the circular burner, which, compelling the air to rush through the flame on both sides of the wick, intensified its powers of combustion and so consumed the smoke which had hitherto expended itself in the atmosphere, and which had formed perhaps the *bête noir* of all lamps then existing. In addition the brilliancy of the flame was much increased; but he was not yet satisfied.

It is said that he and his brother were sitting together one night, Argand with his head resting on his hand pondering over a sheet of memoranda which lay on the table before him containing the result of experiments connected with the subject which he had always at heart, when suddenly the power of the little oil lamp which was burning on the table increased doubly in intensity. Argand looked up and saw that his brother had in an idle moment placed the neck of a broken bottle over the flame. He saw at once that another great step towards improvement was secured.

Beyond this, however, invention did not go much farther, on account of the difficulty of finding a material light and fluid enough to rise in the wick in sufficient quantities to supply the flame, and until the discovery of paraffin and petroleum we find no end of inventions of all sorts brought into the market, each of which was either very complicated or very inefficient and liable to easy derangement if the lamp was not very carefully handled.

"Punch" in one of Leech's sketches has given us a picture of an old gentleman who has taken his after-dinner nap with a "camphine" lamp burning on the table. He is shown viewing his blackened visage in the chimney glass, whilst everything in the room is alike covered with a thick coating of soot, and the origin of all the mischief is still volleying forth thick clouds of Stygian-like vapour.

If then so much difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable light for domestic, not to speak of other purposes, we can well imagine how great a contrast the streets of the various towns—for instance, of our own metropolis—must have presented to that with which we are accustomed as a matter of course in the present day.

And we find that London seems to have been left in entire darkness with the exception of an occasional cresset (see illustration) until, at any rate, the middle of the seventeenth century, when several regulations were made for the improvement of the streets, and in 1668 Londoners were reminded that they should hang out lanterns daily at the accustomed time. A few years after every householder was required to hang out a light at dusk, which he was to keep burning until twelve o'clock at night. Many like regulations were made at different periods which apparently did not receive the attention thought desirable by those by whom they were promulgated.

In fact they were but very indifferently carried out; for their enforcement was left to the only police which then existed, the asthmatic and decrepid watchmen who, armed with a staff and a horn lantern containing a glimmering candle, shuffled through the streets uttering their monotonous cry. This varied at different periods in their history from the "Lanthorn and a whole candle light, hang out your lights, hear!" of the time of Queen Anne and previous thereto down to the "Half-past twelve o'clock and a fine starry night" of the "Charleys" who existed until the new police, as they were then denominated, were called into existence by Sir Robert Peel in the year 1835—not quite fifty years ago.

En passant let us say a word or two with regard to these defunct officials. In the reign of Henry VIII. London was patrolled nightly by the marching watch, one of whom is shown in the illustration. This body, handsomely dressed, some mounted and some on foot, made their way nightly through the streets of the city.

The advantage of their perambulation is somewhat difficult to discover, for the noise which accompanied their progress, to say nothing of the flaming cressets which they bore aloft, was sufficient to give plentiful notice to wrong-doers of their approach, whilst as soon as they had passed the evil-disposed could carry on their operations in safety.

The marching watch was an enormous expense, and brought no corresponding benefit to the citizens beyond gratifying their eyes—once a year on Michaelmas eve, when the watch was set—with the sight of a magnificent procession; and accordingly in 1659 it was abolished, and it was determined "in the room thereof to have a substantial standing watch for the safety and preservation of the city." Therefore, as a good example of how not to do it, the sturdy archers, pikemen, and demi-lancers were got rid of, and the watching of London was placed in the hands of apparently the most decrepid and shaky personages who could be discovered. These, with cracked voices and halting gait, impeded by a heavy stick, and rendered still more useless by the glimmering horn lantern they carried, which served only to give notice to thieves of the approaching cripple, furthered this still more by shouting out the legend set out in the illustration.

Will it be believed that these worthies continued the same cry even down to the reign of Queen Anne, and that long after the glass lantern had come into general use the watchmen continued to carry the dingy horn lanthorns in vogue when they were first instituted?

In the reign of Mary, to add to their efficiency, they were provided with a large bell, and the sound of this instrument of torture woke the echoes of the quiet streets until the time of the Commonwealth, when Puritan common sense got rid of that nuisance at any rate.

Nice times those for invalids or persons to whom rest was of consequence!

That London depended upon the efforts of its individual citizens for illumination is evident from the cry of the watchmen, and at the top right-hand corner of the picture we have given a watchman represented in a print of the time of James I., under which appears the following lines:

"A light, here, maids, hang out your light,
And see the horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six till nine;
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong."

We can perhaps, however, obtain some faint notion of the "darkness visible" which existed till a recent period in the great metropolis when we look at the regulations of the Common Council for street lighting. Every housekeeper whose house fronted the street, and for which he paid a rent of £10, was required from September 29th to March 29th to hang out a lantern, which was to be kept burning "on every dark night" from six till eleven. Under this regulation whole streets were without light, as their inhabitants were not rated at £10, a considerably larger sum in every way in those days than in these. This was in 1716.

At a subsequent period, in the reign of William III., an attempt at improvement was made, and a contract was entered into by a company for lighting the streets. The unwelcome shedding of light into dark places, utterly inefficient though it was, was looked upon with great distaste by certain classes, and the lamps were frequently broken by stones or by bullets. The contract, which was for five years, was not renewed at its expiration.

Shortly after this, however, owing to the terrible state of insecurity of the streets of London after dusk, one thousand oil-lamps were placed in various parts of the city, which were increased in 1736 to five thousand, and in 1786 Beckman, in his "History of Inventions," is astonished at the magnificence of the arrangements for the lighting of London.

He speaks almost with bated breath of the lamps as being all of crystal glass, each furnished with three wicks and affixed to posts placed at a certain number of paces from each other.

But very soon the round glass lamps, with their dismal oil lights, were to give way to the gas, which still forms and appears likely to form, for years to come, at any rate, the principal means of illuminating our thoroughfares.

Like most other useful inventions, gas was at first treated with ridicule, and the early companies for its manufacture were for many years anything but successful in their operations, and, indeed, were carried on at a loss. As our readers know, they are now amongst the most profitable of undertakings.

One side of Pall Mall was the first thoroughfare in London lighted with gas. This was in 1807, when the people thronged in great numbers to view the new lamps, and many might be seen carefully wetting the tips of their fingers and cautiously placing them upon the gaspipes, under the impression that the tubes which contained the gas must of necessity be in a state of intense heat.

The general adoption of gas made no longer necessary the vocation of the flambeau-bearer, without whom, armed with his flaring torch, the sedan-chairs or carriages of the higher classes did not dare to venture forth after nightfall. For, unless attended by a sufficient number of these stalwart retainers to overawe the bands of marauders armed with cudgels, and possibly more formidable weapons, the rout or party-goer could scarcely hope to return to his house in Bedford Square or some other part of the then fashionable quarter of the town without diremishap to his property, and likely enough to his person into the bargain. The huge extinguisher into which the bearer plunged his flambeau before stumbling in darkness round to the stable or down the stone steps leading to the kitchen, then decorated the front of every great man's house, and many may be seen at the present time in those parts of London tenanted by the upper classes at that time.

Gas also put an end to the services of the

Lamps and Lanterns.—*See p. 762.*

lamplighter of the period, who with ladder on shoulder and scissors in belt, attended by his can-boy, hurried through the streets each morning, here striking some heedless passenger with the ladder, and there running against another with his greasy clothes or can—insomuch that "to run like a lamplighter" became an everyday proverb. Even when mounted on high he still favoured the passer-by with his attention, or rather want thereof, for it was no uncommon thing for the guileless pedestrian to receive a shower of highly perfumed oil from the overflowing lamp above.

The lamplighter of the gas era has also in time been relieved of the ladder which formed an essential part of his equipment, and now carries a light pole containing a flame in one end. Whether electricity will in time dispense also with his services remains to be seen.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the lamps of other nations. Everybody knows that the Chinese and Japanese are *the* great lantern-makers. In fact, a lantern seems to be an essential adjunct to a Chinaman, and there is a story told of a night attack on a Chinese fort by the English when every Chinaman took to his heels and mounted the hill behind with all his speed. But every man carried his lighted lantern slung over his shoulder, and so formed the best of targets for the victorious blue-jackets.

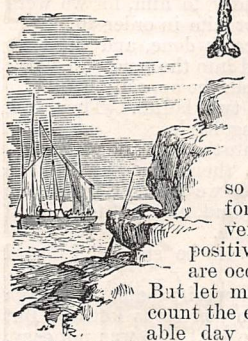
Many nations of the East, besides those more closely connected with Scriptural history, and notably the Chinese and Japanese, carry a lantern at the end of a stick, thus giving double point to the words of the Psalmist, "Thy word is as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.

A RIVER RECOLLECTION.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "A Week on the Thames," etc., etc.



It is somewhat on my conscience that I have written hitherto about the river almost entirely from one point of view. Its delights are apt to impress themselves on the imagination so strongly that one forgets all the inconveniences and even positive discomforts that are occasionally involved. But let me be just, and recount the events of one miserable day which will be remembered by our crew as long, perhaps, as any delicious moonlight sail or pleasant afternoon laze.

Some years ago, when the crew of the Swan were more active and enterprising than they are now, they started for their first trip for the season at Easter. It fell early on that particular occasion, but the weather was inviting and a party of friends were staying at Marlow, so it was unanimously decided not to postpone the first trip till more settled weather. Easter Monday was all that heart could desire: the river was tolerably free from boats, and the sun was pleasantly warm. I formed part of the crew on this occasion, and congratulated myself on my good fortune.

Certainly it grew chilly about dusk, and we landed at Marlow before dark, feeling that it would be risky to stay on the water longer. Budd's cousins were amongst the friends with whom we had spent the day, and Budd had persuaded them to come and breakfast with us next morning. They were returning to London by a nine o'clock train, but Budd conclusively proved that there was plenty of time for them to meet us and have breakfast and then be rowed down to Bourne End, where they could catch their train.

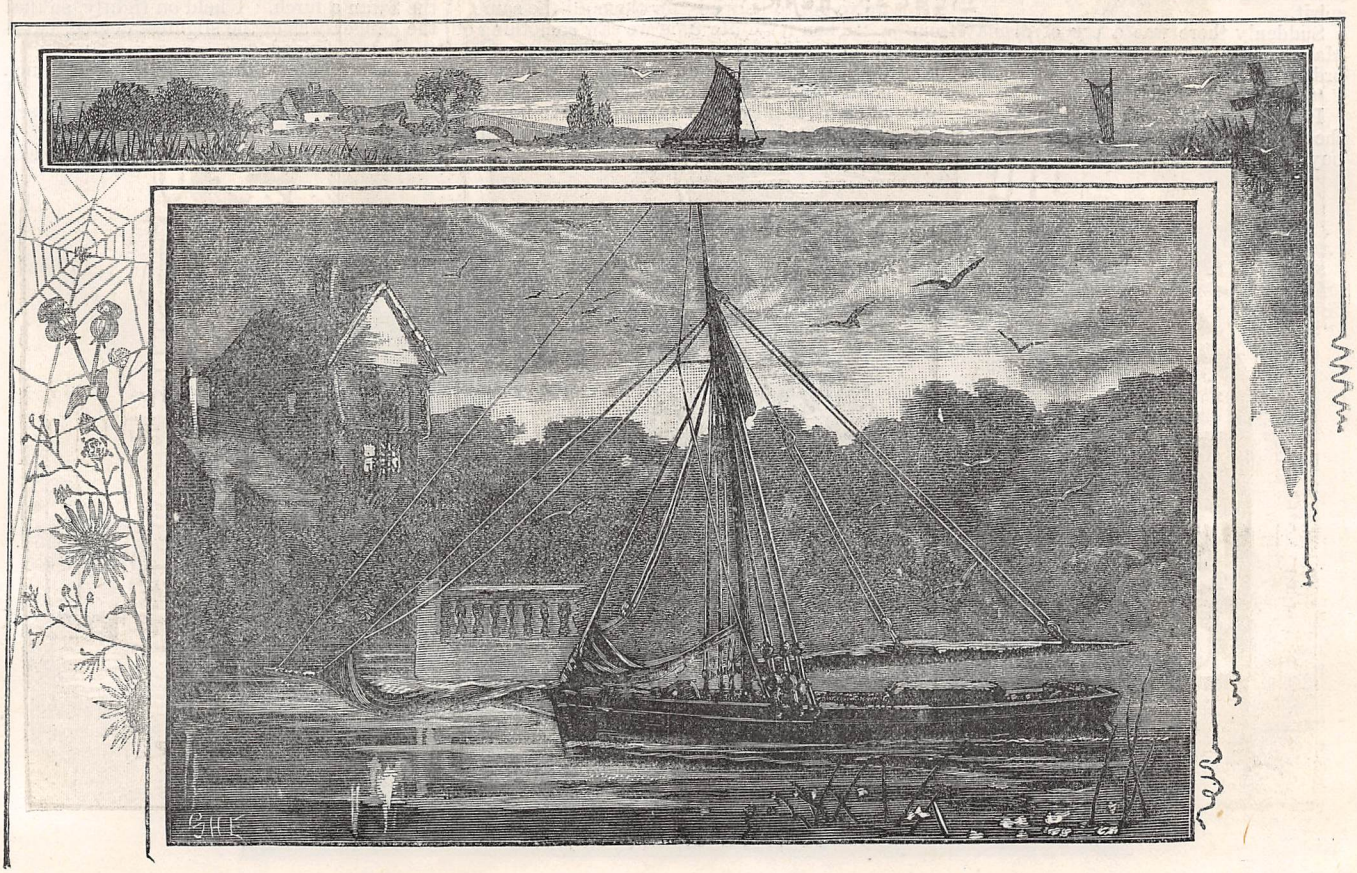
We added our entreaties, which had their desired effect. It was arranged that at eight o'clock sharp they were to meet us by the little bridge which leads from the meadow to the Quarry Woods, on the left bank of the river (facing the source). We had often breakfasted at that particular spot, and knew it to be a very convenient and pleasant one.

In those days we never dreamt of having any meals indoors. We had brought our cooking apparatus to a pitch of perfection which defied the elements. The young ladies were quite ready to signalise the last day of their holiday by indulging in a somewhat gipsy-like proceeding, and we all took it for granted that the weather would be all that could be desired.

I suppose the effect of the unwonted air and exercise was stronger than usual; at any rate, we woke rather late next morning, and there was a scramble to get down to the boat and start. It seemed very chilly, but that was natural in the early morning. There was a considerable breeze, and Figgis was regretting that we were not going up stream: we could have sailed magnificently.

The lock-keeper was slower in opening the gates than usual, and in the hurry of getting out again Budd dropped a boat-hook. Figgis did not notice the loss, and vigorously pulled a couple of strokes to keep us out of the bank, for the stream is a strong one just outside the lock, as every one knows. It was "no end of a nuisance" to have to turn and pull back: time was getting on apace.

However, in the mood in which we were, it was not a matter of many minutes to reach the woods. We pulled the Swan on to the mud and landed in haste, throwing the contents of the boat on to the grass pellmell.



"I'll boil the water," said Charlton, when we had lifted out our apparatus. In a couple of minutes he had set the kettle on the iron cylinder, which had been dumped down close to the water.

Figgis began spreading the cloth. Whilst he was doing so he became aware of several facts. One was that the wind was a strong one, for it lifted the cloth and bid fair to carry it away bodily. Another was that the wind had a clear passage to the spot we had chosen: the woods were no protection whatever.

What a wind it was! I never felt so cold a one in my life. It nipped our fingers, so that we could not untie the parcels we had brought with us, nor loosen the fastenings of the cushions. It blew the flame from under the kettle, in spite of our apparatus, and we had to build up a pile of stretchers and hampers to protect it. It blew up the table-cloth like a balloon, and upset all the cups placed on it.

There was no denying the fact that it was a terribly cold day: more fit to spend round a big fire than out in the open air. But there was no help for it: we must remain where we were on the chance of Budd's cousins arriving. In our hearts we were all ungallant enough to wish them farther.

"Look here," said Figgis, who was getting desperate with his failures to lay the cloth; "this will never do; we can't breakfast in this Arctic region. We must get shelter; help me fix up the sail on the windward side, and we shall be as snug as you like."

The idea was a good one. We fixed the mast and the long boat-hook in the ground as well as we could and stretched the sail between them; fastening it down with stones and a scull laid lengthwise. Then we tied sculls to the supports to form buttresses, and had a snug and cosy spot to breakfast in, though the view of the river was shut out. But that was an insignificant detail.

We had all mounted our coats and wrappers; Budd had even put on his macintosh. Charlton, who was terribly exposed to the icy wind, had slung the bow cushion round his shoulders and was trying to thaw his hands over the flame of the methylated spirit.

Suddenly there was a cry of dismay from Martin, who was getting the provisions in order.

"No bread!" he cried.

It was true enough: the shops were shut the night before, and no one had thought of buying any in the hurry of departure.

Now came our first piece of good fortune. A small boy emerged from the wood and was going on his way to Marlow when Figgis stopped him.

"Look here, Tommy; here's a shilling for you to get us a couple of loaves, and if you're back here in twenty minutes you shall have another for yourself."

The boy took the money and was off at a trot.

"We shall just get it in time," said Martin. "Has any fellow got a spare pair of gloves?" he continued.

The fact that his question did not meet with shouts of derision and scorn shows the state to which the crew were reduced. Gloves in the Swan!

The breakfast was now fairly well laid. The butter was on our only china plate; there were three or four pots of jam open, a box of sardines, and some tinned salmon; when the eggs were boiled and the steak fried we should have a breakfast which the Swan need not be ashamed of. Figgis stood up and stretched his back, which was getting cramped with continual stooping.

Swish! swash! A specially severe gust of wind was too much for the fastenings of the sail. Figgis darted forward to hold the mast up, stepping on the sardine box on his way. He was too late: he saved the mast, but the boat-hook gave way, and in a moment the sculls and sail and everything were lying in a confused mass on the breakfast.

We rushed to Figgis's aid and extricated him from the ruins. The English language was not equal to the occasion, so we made no attempt to use it. In silence we took away the useless sail, which bore the marks of jam and eggs on its snowy whiteness, and set ourselves to collect the *débris*.

"What shall we do?" asked Martin.

"Do?" retorted Figgis. "There's nothing to do but make the best of it and be wiser next time. Isn't it almost eight o'clock?"

It was; but though we eagerly scanned the footpath neither the ladies nor the boy could be seen.

"I should think they won't come," said Martin.

"Probably not," said Charlton, "but we've got to be ready for them all the same."

"Then it's quite time we saw something of them," said Budd. "Look here, you fellows, if I don't get something to eat soon I shall collapse; those cousins of mine are due at eight, if they don't turn up by five minutes past let us begin, and I'll do the apologising if they come late."

We were ready enough to agree; the idea of a good cup of cocoa was enough to make us risk any seeming want of consideration towards our visitors.

"Then it's time I started the steak," said Charlton. "We must keep the kettle hot over the small spirit-pad."

We had a second apparatus for boiling water, a small one without proper means of protecting it from the wind. The only way to manage was to light it in the boat, where it would be sheltered by the gunwale.

I was commissioned to see to it, and had the pleasant job of climbing into the wobbling boat with a kettle full of boiling water. I soon had the spirit alight and kept the kettle boiling. At all events, we should have a warm cup of cocoa soon. The very thought was delightful.

Charlton meanwhile was cooking the steaks. In five minutes more we should begin. There was still no sign of the ladies, but in the distance we could see the boy returning.

We beckoned wildly to him, for we were now only waiting for him in order to begin. The steaks were nearly done, and the eggs had just been popped into the saucepan, when we heard a shout from the opposite bank.

There stood the two ladies. They had come down the wrong bank.

Budd scrambled into the boat and pushed off.

"We must fetch them," he said, as he seized a scull. Then we found that all the other sculls were on land, and had to wait till Martin brought us one.

"Our breakfast will be spoilt," I heard Charlton growl.

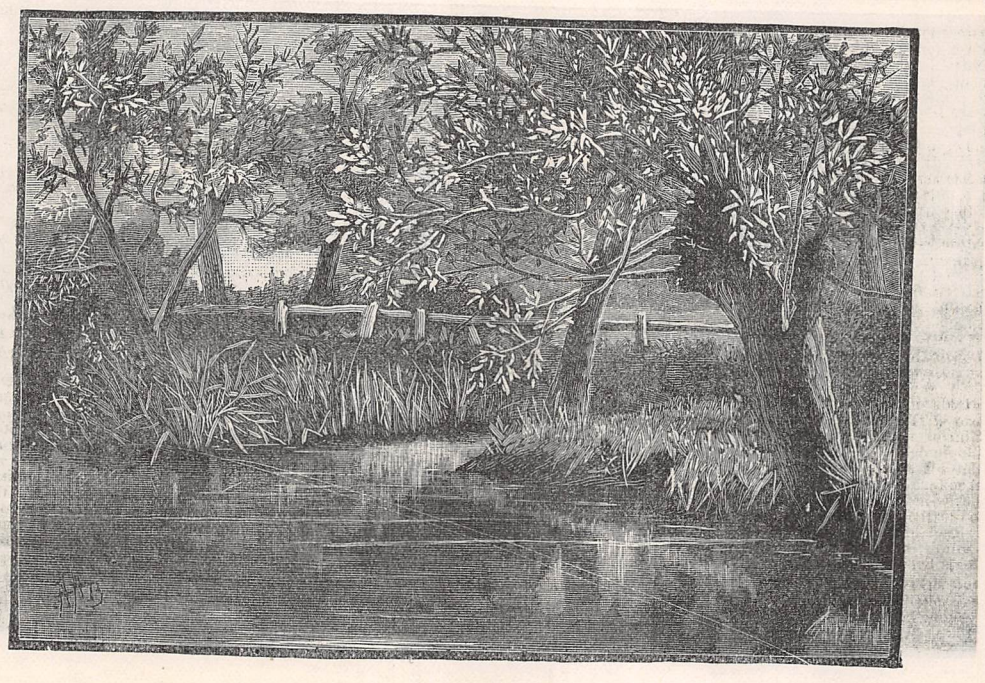
We reached the opposite bank in safety: I kept my eye on my precious kettle. But when we arrived the next step was not easy. The bank is high, four feet out of the water, and quite perpendicular: how were the ladies to get into the boat?

However, it was no time for ceremony. Budd scrambled out and I held the boat against the bank whilst Budd lowered his cousins gently from the most convenient spot we could find.

One of them managed the descent very neatly, but the second slipped on the uncushioned thwart, and in saving herself gave the Swan a lurch. I held on tightly, so that the danger was of the slightest degree, but—the kettle slipped.

You would have thought the Swan a launch from the steam that rose from the boat. I had to skip pretty nimbly to save myself from being scalded.

Budd dropped in with a savage thump and



AFTER THE DRAWING BY PROFESSOR COCKERELL, R.A.

Emrik & Binger, Chromolith. 15 Holborn Viaduct.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER]

THE MOST FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD.

[56 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. LONDON.

Drawn to uniform scale to show comparative heights.

began pulling back to the others. He jumped recklessly into the mud; he seemed to take a delight in making himself as miserable as possible.

Figgis met us with a woeful face. The boy had returned without bread; he said there was none to be obtained till nine o'clock. (Subsequently we had reason to believe he had never returned to Marlow at all.)

The steaks were burnt to a cinder; the eggs which had survived the catastrophe were hard. We could offer our visitors absolutely nothing but biscuits with jam on them until we could boil some more water.

Fortunately they had had a cup of tea and a roll before they started. Indeed they had only come to tell us that they thought it would be wise to postpone the affair as the day was so bitterly cold; but when the boat came over for them they thought they ought to shake hands and say good-bye properly instead of shouting adieux across the river.

It would have been mockery to try and persuade them to stay when by returning at once to Marlow they might have time for a short breakfast before the train started. We bade them an apologetic good-bye, hoping we might meet them again before long under pleasanter circumstances.

We made a melancholy meal off biscuits and jam, drawing lots for the eggs that were done. Then we packed the boat and shoved off, shaking the mud of that miserable field from off our shoes. Two of us caught cold (I was one), and for the first time in the history of the Swan we left all our utensils uncleaned. We disembarked at Maidenhead, made for the train and home, after the most miserable experience we ever enjoyed (!)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.

OUR instructions this month commence with

THE POULTRY RUN.—You will not have *very* old birds in your run, for this would be against all principles of success in breeding, so you will find some of the younger moulting this month. Next month, and the month after that, your earlier-hatched chickens will be in full feather. Some of them may look a little ragged now, but they will not fully moult until about next August, and later than that the year after. We have already given various hints about moulting which you will do well to refer back to.

Continue weeding out, and taking extra care of all birds that have properties which give them a chance of winning at a show or make them worth while keeping to breed from.

We may expect a change of weather now that will make us say summer is indeed gone. Days and nights may, and likely will be, wet and cold. We keep an eye to the fowl-house, therefore, and all its surroundings; and if any bird seems suffering from cold we remove it immediately and have it seen to. We should not forget, however, that it is when huddling in a corner, "waiting till the clouds roll by," that fowls catch cold and many other diseases. It is in a great measure owing to the want of exercise therefore; and this only proves how necessary for health it is to possess a good run, grass and otherwise. On cold days give more stimulating food, and scatter grain here and there that they may run for it and keep up the animal heat. See now that your houses are perfectly *clean, dry*, and comfortable, and well ventilated without a direct draught.

Colds, if not at once attended to, may produce inflammation of the lungs and death. Birds at first sneeze and run at the nose. Place such as are thus attacked immediately in a warm, quiet corner. If it be running much at the nose, simply bathing the head frequently with hot water will give much relief. Give a dose of castor-oil, five drops of paregoric in a little water, three or four times a day, and plenty of good food—given warm. A valuable fowl should never be left in a run when ill. The others invariably badly use it.

Prepare your hampers for exhibition if you intend showing. You will see all shows of the year advertised in the "Exchange and Mart." Write for schedules in time, so that you may send your entries in before the day on which they close. Write the addresses distinctly on indestructible labels, and tie them on so that you will have nothing to do on the morning the birds start but place them in the hampers, fasten them up, and send them off. Do not show unless you really have something good enough to stand a chance. To act otherwise is but to throw money to the winds. Pen up your intended exhibits for some time before, so as to have them used to it and perfectly tame. There is a great deal in how a bird shows itself.

We promised this month to address a few remarks about turkeys to our ambitious boys. These birds are by some writers recommended to be kept as chicken-hatchers—mere animated incubators. Well, there is no doubt they are wonderful sitters. But it is a really profitable speculation to rear them. A great many are afraid to venture on doing so because they are difficult to rear. We say this: the young need more attention than fowls, and if you can get them to a certain age they will do well so long as they are kept on a dry soil and well roosted at night. However, we will give you hints about setting them in good time. Meanwhile Christmas is only a few months ahead, and what is better than a nice roast turkey for dinner? Well, what we advise is this: if you have any funds to spare by all means buy your turkeys now, young and cheap, and feed them against the festive season.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—The breeding season is over. You can now count up your profits and losses after you have weeded out your loft, retaining therein nothing but the *crême de la crême*. Sell surplus either for the table or to boys like yourself who like pigeons to keep. We have always advised you to breed only from the best stock and strains that could be procured anywhere. If you have now good healthy birds well up in properties, there will not be much difficulty in finding a market for them. But if you cannot sell, it is better to feed them up a little and make pies of them than to keep them to eat their own heads off.

Count now, then, your profits and losses—do not leave out of reckoning the amount of pleasure and healthful occupation your birds have been to you. Remember that innocent, healthful pleasure is worth a good deal. Well, if you find that you are tired of the pigeon fancy, that it is more trouble to you than it is all worth, now is the time to break up your establishment, and go in for something else.

But if you do not mean to sell off, then, having well weeded your stock, begin at once and do your cleaning out, disinfecting, lime-washing, repairs, and improvements. Do not hurry matters. Work slowly and leisurely, and you will do everything perfectly. Some of your most valuable birds may be suffering from colds or even canker. In colds the nostrils run water and the eyes are also affected, and this may go on to a mattery or cankerous condition. Take the disease in time. Put the bird in the hospital-pen, in a warm but well-lighted corner. This hospital-pen, we forgot to say, should be big. Indeed, the more roomy it is the better, and it should be always kept clean, and invariably washed well out when a patient leaves it. Give a capsule of castor-oil to a bird suffering from cold. Bathe the head and nostrils frequently with warm milk-and-water, warm water with a few drops of carbolic acid well mixed with it, or with warm weak tea. Give nourishing food, and little else will be required, although two or three drops of paregoric in a little water may do good twice a day during the earlier stages.

Canker is a terrible disease, and in many cases incurable. It is preventible, however, by attending to the perfect cleanliness of the loft, the water, and the food. It comes in the throat like masses of ulcers, and about the head. The best application we know for throat canker is equal parts of glycerine and tincture of iron; with a few drops of carbolic acid mixed with it. Nitrate of silver may be applied well to the growths in head canker, and afterwards a wash of alum, ten grains to the ounce. Quarantine the diseased bird, and thoroughly clean out the loft.

THE AVIARY.—Attend canary shows whenever you have a chance. Get a book on canaries, when you have saved money enough. Carefully note all points, and compare them with the birds you see at the shows you visit. Take a note also of the kinds of cages you see at exhibitions. You may make others of the same pattern. Look at mules. Talk to breeders and get their ideas.

Breeding being now well over, care of the moulting birds will be the chief work of the month. See that all birds are now kept clean and well-fed, and that even their cages are in the pink of perfection. If you once get into a routine of feeding and seeing to your birds regularly, it is difficult to get out of it.

THE RABBITRY.—Now you should lay up a good store of dry stuff for bedding during the winter months, and if you have space you may store roots carefully. It is often an advantage to get these nice and dry in frosty weather. They may be kept among chaff.

We are often asked how rabbits should be prepared for show. Our reply invariably is that rabbits should be kept in so healthy a condition that they are ready for show all the year round. But the only legitimate preparation for shows is feeding and keeping the coat nice. Long-hair rabbits require grooming very frequently, else they will get matted. A rabbit for show should be in good condition, but not too fat. You must get the schedule from the secretary in good time, and obedience to all the rules of the show is imperative. The rabbits should be sent in well-ventilated boxes, each in a compartment by itself, and on the label—on a conspicuous part of it—the words "Live Stock" must be written. If, after that, the company permit your rabbits to be killed they will have to pay for them.

THE KENNEL.—If you have a dog you keep out of doors, and you care at all, as you ought to, for his comfort, you will have a proper kennel made for him. Now is a good time to make it. It should be roomy, it should open to clean out, and it should be sheltered from the wind. Spruce-trees make a capital shelter, and they may be planted now. The chain should be long and strong, and have two swivels on it, and the water-dish should be one that cannot be easily spilled.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN. — Wet days are plentiful enough now. Weeds grow apace—a second growth from summer weeds. Destroy them before they flower. Take up potatoes. Gather and store fruit before they ripen on the trees. Plant cabbage. Plant out endive. Plant out your August-sown lettuces.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Keep everything neat. Remove dead blooms and decaying leaves, which keep the moisture and banish sunlight. Begin to think about future bedding of spring flowers, but do not plant yet. Sow annuals if you have plenty of seed. Gather and store seeds. Let the beauty of your window-boxes be enriched with flowers from the garden. Put extra mould in the window-boxes, and take away all dead leaves and flowers.

THE MOST FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD.

(*See the Coloured Plate.*)

		Height in Feet.
1.	Porcelain Tower, Nankin, China	200
2.	St. George's Hall, Liverpool	85
3.	Tomb of Theodoric, Ravenna	*about* 50
4.	Chichester Cathedral	271
5.	Victoria Tower, Westminster	331
6.	Boston Church, Lincolnshire	292
7.	Taj Mahal, Agra	220
8.	York Cathedral	198
9.	Temple of Bacchus, Teos	*about* 50
10.	Alexandrian Column, St. Petersburg	154
11.	Column of July, Paris	154
12.	Torre Asinelli, Bologna	370
13.	Bell Tower, St. Mark's, Venice	323
14.	Colosseum, Rome (584 feet in length)	157
15.	Friburg Cathedral	385
16.	Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	120
17.	Temple on the Ilissus, Athens	*about* 25
18.	Erechtheium, Athens	*about* 35
19.	Chartres Cathedral	403
20.	Church of Ste. Genevieve, Paris	274
21.	The Monument, London	202
22.	Amiens Cathedral	383
23.	Church of St. Theobald, Thann	*about* 320
24.	Royal Albert Hall, London	154
25.	St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna	441
26.	Torazzo of Cremona	396
27.	Hôtel des Invalides, Paris	310
28.	Temple of the Giants, Agrigentum	116
29.	Parthenon, Athens	66
30.	Second Pyramid, Gheezeh	447
31.	Strasburg Cathedral	468
32.	Rouen Cathedral	*about* 460
33.	Eleanor Cross, Waltham	50
34.	Cologne Cathedral	510
35.	Great Pyramid	460
36.	St. Peter's, Rome	448
37.	St. Paul's, London	360
38.	Albert Memorial	180
39.	Obelisk, Luxor	75
	Prophylon ,,	70
40.	Bow Church, London	235
41.	Cleopatra's Needle	68
42.	Old St. Paul's, London	508
43.	Church of St. Mary, Lübeck	400
44.	Abbey of St. Stephen, Caen	400
45.	Church of St. Martin, Landshut	*about* 460
46.	The Baptistry, Pisa	190
47.	Tomb at Mylasa, Caria	*about* 50
48.	Church of St. Peter, Hamburg	*about* 380
49.	Obelisk in Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano, Rome	153
50.	Antwerp Cathedral	403
51.	"Bell Harry" Tower, Canterbury	235
52.	Tower of the Winds, Athens	*about* 45
53.	The Cathedral, Florence	376
54.	Hôtel de Ville, Brussels	374

		Height in Feet.
55.	Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople	182
56.	Pantheon, Rome	143
57.	Chapel of St. Pietro, Montorio, Rome	*about* 40
58.	Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, Athens	34
59.	Salisbury Cathedral	404
60.	Trajan Column, Rome	134
61.	Cathedral, Frankfort-on-Maine	326
62.	Pyramid of Mycerinus	218
63.	Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne	201
64.	Temple of Jupiter Stator, Rome	*about* 98
65.	Mechlin Cathedral	319
66.	Bell Tower, Florence	266
67.	Tomb of Absalom, Jerusalem	54
68.	Norwich Cathedral	309
69.	Leaning Tower, Pisa	188
70.	Pompey's Pillar, Alexandria	100
71.	Church of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg	336
72.	{ Central Spire, Lichfield { Western Spire ditto	252 192
73.	Arch of Constantine, Rome	*about* 70
74.	Tower of Ivan Veliki, Moscow	*about* 260
75.	Central Transept, Crystal Palace	198
76.	Science Schools, South Kensington	110
77.	Temple of Vesta, Tivoli	*about* 55

The Red Tint indicates BRICK; *the Stone-colour,* STONE; *the Pink,* GRANITE; *the Purple,* BRONZE, COPPER, *or* LEAD; *and the Yellow,* GOLD.

Correspondence.

BOW OAR.—1. The hire of a four-oar is generally ten shillings per day, but the rate varies. 2. It costs five shillings, but the same information is given in Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames," published by Macmillan and Co., price one shilling.

P. O. KEITH.—"Under the Red Ensign" costs a shilling, and is obtainable by any bookseller of Kent and Co., Paternoster Row. You can average cruising yachts at £10 per ton.

C. T. GAUNTLETT.—Our mazes were the ground-plans of special plantations, and not fancy sketches.

GYMNAST.—All gymnastic apparatus can be supplied ready-made. Apply to Goy, Leadenhall Street, or any of the cricket outfitters.

A. JONES.—Get your vicar to apply for you to the Secretary, Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C.

A CHEMIST'S APPRENTICE.—You should pass your examinations here, and then there would be no difficulty. The fact of your holding an English certificate would prove a great help.

FUNNYBONE.—1. The price of the parts as published by us is sixpence. For those that are out of print you will have to advertise, and you must pay whatever you can get them at. Some of them have been sold at a shilling each; but we have nothing to do with such business, and cannot advise you. 2. We mentioned painting lantern-slides on ground glass in our last Christmas part.

G. D. BROWSE.—You can obtain copies of the Latin authors from the Clarendon Press, through any bookseller.

VICTOR.—We do not wonder at the local paper refusing to answer you. Any one with the slightest knowledge of a printing-office would see at once how such an error occurred. It is too obvious to be worth making a fuss about, and the discovery does you no credit whatever.

W. T. BILLER.—Read the swimming articles in our first volume.

BOATSWAIN.—The boats are varnished, not painted. Ordinary oak varnish is the sort used.

DADA.—Apply to the Canadian Government Agency, Victoria Street, S.W., or get the penny handbook to Canada that they publish. The book can be obtained through Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son.

OUR HOLIDAYS.—Lunch Time.

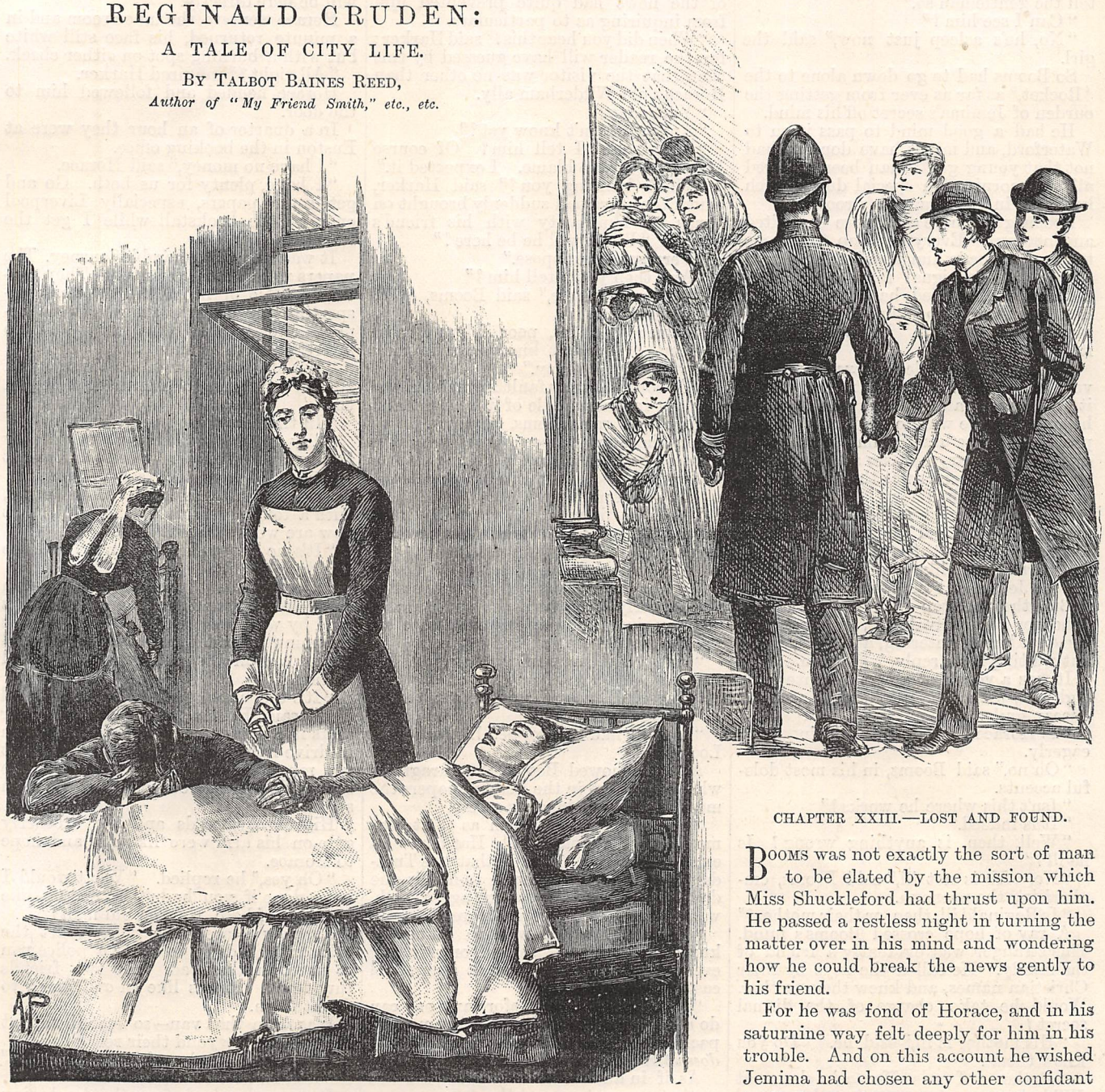
THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 347.—Vol. VII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885. Price One Penny.

REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,
Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.



"Horace was kneeling at the bedside."

CHAPTER XXIII.—LOST AND FOUND.

Booms was not exactly the sort of man to be elated by the mission which Miss Shuckleford had thrust upon him. He passed a restless night in turning the matter over in his mind and wondering how he could break the news gently to his friend.

For he was fond of Horace, and in his saturnine way felt deeply for him in his trouble. And on this account he wished Jemima had chosen any other confidant to discharge the unpleasant task.

He hung about outside Mrs. Cruden's house for an hour early that morning in the hope of being able to entrap Miss Crisp and get her to take the duty off his hands. But Miss Crisp had been sitting up all night with the patient and did not appear.

He knocked at the door and asked the servant-girl how Mrs. Cruden was. She was a little better, but very weak and not able to speak to anybody.

"Any news from Liverpool?" inquired Booms. This had become a daily question among those who inquired at No. 6, Dull Street.

"No, no news," said the girl, with a guilty blush. She knew the reason why. Reginald's last letter, written just before his arrest, was at that moment in her pocket.

"Has Mr. Horace started to the office'?"

"No, he's a-going to wait and see the doctor, and he says I was to ask you to tell the gentleman so."

"Can I see him?"

"No, he's asleep just now," said the girl.

So Booms had to go down alone to the 'Rocket," as far as ever from getting the burden of Jemima's secret off his mind.

He had a good mind to pass it on to Waterford, and might have done so had not that young gentleman been engaged all the morning on special duty, which kept him in Mr. Granville's room.

Booms grew more and more dispirited and nervous. Every footstep that came to the door made him tremble for fear it should be the signal for the unhappy disclosure. He tried hard to persuade himself it would be kinder after all to say nothing about it. What good could it do now?

Booms, as the reader knows, had not a very large mind. But what there was of it was honest, and it told him, try how he would, there was no getting out of a promise. So he busied himself with concocting imaginary phrases and letters by way of experiment as to the neatest way of breaking his bad news.

Still he dreaded his friend's arrival more and more; and when at last a brisk footstep halted at the door, he started and turned pale like a guilty thing, and wished Jemima at the bottom of the sea!

But the footstep was not Horace's. Whoever the arrival was, he tapped at the door before entering, and then, without waiting for a reply, walked in.

It was a youth of about seventeen or eighteen, with a bright honest face and cheery smile.

"Is Horace Cruden here?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Oh no," said Booms, in his most doleful accents.

"Isn't this where he works?"

"It is indeed."

"Well, then, is anything wrong? Is he ill?"

"No. *He* is not ill," said Booms, emphasising the pronoun.

"Is Reginald ill, then, or their mother?"

A ray of hope crossed Booms's mind. This stranger was evidently a friend of the family. He called the boys by their Christian names, and knew their mother. Would he take charge of the dismal secret?

"His mother is ill," said he. "Do you know them?"

"Rather. I was Horace's chum at Wilderham, you know, and used to spend my holidays regularly at Garden Vale. Is she very ill?"

"Very," said Booms; "and the worst of it is, Reginald is not at home."

"Where is he? Horrors told me he had gone to the country."

Booms *would* tell him. For the visitor called his friend Horrors, a pet name none but his own family were ever known to use.

"They don't know where he is. But I do," said Booms, with a tragic gesture.

"Where? where? What's wrong, I say? Tell me, there's a good fellow."

"He's in prison," said Booms, throwing himself back in his chair, and panting with the effort the disclosure had cost him.

"In prison! and Horace doesn't know it! What *do* you mean? Tell me all you know."

Booms did tell him, and very little it was. All he knew was from Jemima's secondhand report, and the magnitude of the news had quite prevented him from inquiring as to particulars.

"When did you hear this?" said Harker; for the reader will have guessed by this time that the visitor was no other than Horace's old Wilderham ally.

"Yesterday."

"And he doesn't know yet?"

"How could I tell him? Of course I'm to get all the blame. I expected it."

"Who's blaming you?" said Harker, whom the news had suddenly brought on terms of familiarity with his friend's friend. "When will he be here?"

"Very soon, I suppose."

"And then you'll tell him?"

"You will, please," said Booms, quite eagerly for him.

"Somebody must, poor fellow!" said Harker. "We don't know what we may be losing by the delay."

"Of course it's my fault for not waking him up in the middle of the night and telling him," said Booms, dismally.

"Is there anything about it in the papers?" said Harker, taking up a "Times."

"I've seen nothing."

"You say it was a day or two ago. Have you got the 'Times' for the last few days?"

"Yes; it's there."

Harker hastily turned over the file, and eagerly searched the police and country intelligence. In a minute or two he looked up and said,

"Had Cruden senior changed his name?"

"How *do* I know?" said Booms, with a bewildered look.

"I mean, had he dropped his surname? Look here."

And he showed Booms the paragraph which appeared in the London papers the morning after Reginald's arrest.

"That looks very much as if it was meant for Cruden," said Harker—"all except the name. If it is, that was Tuesday he was remanded, and to-day is the day he is to be brought up again. Oh, why didn't we know this before?"

"Yes. I knew I was to blame. I knew it all along," said Booms, taking every expression of regret as a personal castigation.

"It will be all over before any one can do a thing," said Harker, getting up and pacing the room in his agitation. "Why *doesn't* Horace come?"

As if in answer to the appeal, Horace at that moment opened the door.

"Why, Harker, old man!" he exclaimed, with delight in his face and voice as he sprang towards his friend.

"Horrors, my poor dear boy," said Harker, "don't be glad to see me. I've bad news, and there's no time to break it gently. It's about Reginald. He's in trouble—in prison. I'll come with you to Liverpool this morning; there is a train in twenty minutes."

Horace said nothing. He turned deadly pale and gazed for a moment half scared, half appealing, at his friend. Booms remembered something he had to do in another room, and went to the door.

"Do you mind getting a hansom?" said Harker.

The words roused Horace from his stupor.

"Mother," he gasped, "she's ill."

"We shall be home again to-night most likely," said Harker.

"I must tell Granville," said Horace.

"Your chief? Well, be quick, the cab will be here directly."

Horace went to the inner room and in a minute returned, his face still white but with a burning spot on either cheek.

"All right?" inquired Harker.

Horace nodded and followed him to the door.

In a quarter of an hour they were at Euston in the booking office.

"I have no money," said Horace.

"I have, plenty for us both. Go and get some papers, especially Liverpool ones, at the bookstall while I get the tickets."

It was a long memorable journey. The papers were soon exhausted. They contained little or no additional news respecting the obscure suspect in Liverpool, and beyond that they had no interest for either traveller.

"We shall get down at three," said Harker; "there's a chance of being in time."

"In time for what? what can we do?"

"Try and get another remand, if only for a couple of days. I can't believe it of Reg. There must be some mistake."

"Of course there must," said Horace, with a touch of scorn in his voice, "but how are we to prove it?"

"It's no use trying just now. All we can do is to get a remand."

The train seemed to drag forward with cruel slowness, and the precious moments sped by with no less cruel haste. It was five minutes past three when they found themselves on the platform of Liverpool station.

"It's touch and go if we're in time, old boy," said Harker, as they took their seats in a hansom and ordered the man to drive hard for the police-court; "but you mustn't give up hope even if we're late. We'll pull poor old Reg through somehow."

His cheery words and the brotherly grip on his arm were like life and hope to Horace.

"Oh yes," he replied. "What would I have done if you hadn't turned up like an angel of help, Harker, old man?"

As they neared the police-court the cabman pulled up to allow a police van to turn in the road. The two friends shuddered. It was like an evil omen to daunt them.

Was *he* in that van—so near them, yet so hopelessly beyond their reach?

"For goodness' sake drive on!" shouted Harker to the cabman.

It seemed ages before the lumbering

obstruction had completed its revolution and drawn to one side sufficiently to allow them to pass.

In another minute the cab dashed to the door of the court.

It was open, and the knot of idlers on the pavement showed them that some case of interest was at that moment going on.

They made their way to the policeman who stood on duty.

"Court's full—stand back, please. Can't go in," said that official.

"What case is it?"

"Stand back, please—can't go in," repeated the stolid functionary.

"Please tell us—"

"Stand back, there," once more shouted the sentinel, growing rather more peremptory.

It was clearly no use mincing matters. At this very moment Reginald might be standing defenceless within, with his last chance of liberty slipping from under his feet.

Harker drew a shilling from his pocket and slipped it into the hand of the law.

"Tell us the name of the case, there's a good fellow," said he, coaxingly.

"Bilcher—wife murder. Stand back, please—court's full."

Bilcher! Wife murder! It was for this the crowd had gathered, it was for the result of this that that knot of idlers were waiting so patiently outside.

Bilcher was the hero of this day's gathering. Who was likely to care a rush about such a lesser light as a secretary charged with a commonplace fraud?

"Has the case of Cruden come on yet?" asked Horace, anxiously.

The policeman answered him with a vacant stare.

"No," said Harker, "the name would be Reginald, you know. I say," added he to the policeman, "when does Reginald's case come on?"

"Stand back there—Reginald—he was last but one before this—don't crowd, please."

"We're too late, then. What was—what did he get?"

Now the policeman considered he had answered quite enough for his shilling. If he went on people would think he was an easy fish to catch. So he affected deafness, and looking straight past his eager questioners again repeated his stentorian request to the public generally.

"Oh, pray tell us what he got," said Harker, in tones of genuine entreaty; "this is his brother, and we've only just heard of it."

The policeman for a moment turned a curious eye on Horace, as if to convince himself of the truth of the story. Then, apparently satisfied, and weary of the whole business, he said,

"Let off. *Will you* keep back, please? Stand back. Court's full."

Let off! Horace's heart gave a bound of triumph as he heard the words. Of course he was! Who could even suspect him of such a thing as fraud? Unjustly accused he might be, but Reg's character was proof against that any day.

Harker shared his friend's feelings of relief and thankfulness at the good news, but his face was still not without anxiety.

"We had better try to find him," said he.

"Oh, of course. He'll probably be back at Shy Street."

But no one was at Shy Street. The dingy office was deserted and locked, and a little street urchin on the doorstep glowered at them as they peered up the staircase and read the name on the plate.

"Had we better ask in the shop? they may know," said Horace.

But the chemist looked black when Reginald's name was mentioned, and hoped he should never see him again. He'd got into trouble and loss enough with him as it was—a hypocritical young—

"Look here," said Horace; "you're speaking of my brother, and you'd better be careful. He's no more a hypocrite than you. He's an honest man, and he's been acquitted of the charge brought against him."

"I didn't know you were his brother," said the chemist, rather sheepishly, "but for all that I don't want to see him again, and I don't expect I shall either. He won't come near here in a hurry, unless I'm mistaken."

"The fellow's right, I'm afraid," said Harker, as they left the shop. "He's had enough of this place, from what you tell me. It strikes me the best thing is to go and inquire at the police-station. They may know something there."

To the police-station accordingly they went, and chanced to light on one no less important than Mr. Sniff himself.

"We are interested in Reginald Cruden, who was before the magistrate to-day," said Harker. "In fact this is his brother, and I am an old schoolfellow. We hear the charge against him was dismissed, and we should be much obliged if you could tell us where to find him."

Mr. Sniff regarded the two boys with interest, and not without a slight trace of uneasiness. He had never really suspected Reginald, but it had appeared necessary to arrest him on suspicion, not only to satisfy the victims of the Corporation, but on the off chance of his knowing rather more than he seemed to know about the doings of that virtuous association. It had been a relief to Mr. Sniff to find his first impressions as to the lad's innocence confirmed, and to be able to withdraw the charge against him. But the manner in which the magistrate had dismissed the case had roused even his phlegmatic mind to indignation, and had set his conscience troubling him a little as to his own conduct of the affair. This was why he now felt and looked not quite happy in the presence of Reginald's brother and friend.

"Afraid I can't tell you," said he. "He left the court as soon as the case was over, and of course we've no more to do with him."

"He is not back at his old office," said Horace, "and I don't know of any other place in Liverpool he would be likely to go to."

"It struck me from the looks of him," said Mr. Sniff, quite despising himself for being so unprofessionally communicative—"it struck me he didn't very much care where he went. Very down in the mouth he was."

"Why, but he was acquitted; his character was cleared. Whatever should he be down in the mouth about?" said Horace.

Mr. Sniff smiled pityingly.

"He was let off with a caution," he said; "that's rather a different thing from having your character cleared, especially when our friend Fogey's on the bench. I was sorry for the lad, so I was."

This was a great deal to come from the lips of a cast-iron individual like Mr. Sniff, and it explained the state of the case forcibly enough to his two hearers. Horace knew his brother's nature well enough to imagine the effect upon him of such a reprimand, and his spirits sank within him.

"Who can tell us now where we are to look for him?" said he to Harker. "Anything like injustice drives him desperate. He may have gone off, as the detective says, not caring where. And then Liverpool is a fearfully big place."

"We won't give it up till we have found him," said Harker; "and if you can't stay, old man, I will."

"I can't go," said Horace, with a groan. "Poor Reg!"

"Well, let us call round at the post-office and see if Waterford has remembered to telegraph about your mother."

They went to the post-office and found a telegram from Miss Crisp: "Good day. Better, decidedly. Knows you are in Liverpool, but nothing more. Any news? Do not telegraph unless all right."

"It's pretty evident," said Horace, handing the message to his friend, "we can't telegraph to-day. I'll write to Waterford and get him to tell the others. But what is the next thing to be done?"

"We can only be patient," said Harker. "We are bound to come across him or hear of him in time."

"He's not likely to have gone home?" suggested Horace.

"How could he with no money?"

"Or to try to get on an American ship? We might try that."

"Oh yes, we shall have to try all that sort of thing."

"Well, let's begin at once," said Horace, impatiently, "every minute may be of consequence."

But for a week they sought in vain—among the busy streets by day and in the empty courts by night, among the shipping, in the railway stations, in the workhouses, at the printing offices.

Mr. Sniff did them more than one friendly turn, and armed them with the talisman of his name to get them admittance where no other key would pass them. They inquired at public-houses, coffee-houses, lodging-houses, but all in vain. No one had seen a youth answering their description, or if they had it was only for a moment, and he had passed from their sight and memory.

False scents there were in plenty—some which seemed to lead up hopefully to the very last and then end in nothing, others too vague even to attempt to follow.

Once they heard that a body of a youth had been found floating in the Mersey—and with terrible forebodings they rushed to the place and demanded to see it. But he was not there. The dead upturned face they looked on was not his, and they turned away, feeling more than ever discouraged in their quest.

At length at the end of a week a man who kept an early coffee-stall in one of the main streets told them that a week ago a ragged little urchin had come to him with a pitiful tale about a gentleman who was starving, and had begged for a can of coffee and a slice of bread to take to him, offering in proof of his good faith his own coat as payment. It was a

bitterly cold morning, and the man trusted him. He had never seen the gentleman, but the boy brought back the empty can in a few minutes. The coffee man had kept the jacket, as it was about the size of a little chap of his own. But he had noticed the boy before parting with it take two ragged little books out of its pockets and transfer them to the bosom of his shirt. That was all he remembered, and the gentlemen might take it for what it was worth.

It was worth something, for it pointed to the possibility of Reginald not being alone in his wanderings. And putting one thing and another together they somehow connected this little urchin with the boy they saw crouching on the doorstep of No. 13, Shy Street the day of their arrival, and with the office-boy whom Mr. Sniff described as having been Reginald's companion during his last days at the office.

They would neither of them believe Reginald was not still in Liverpool, and cheered by the very feeble light of this discovery they resumed their search with unabated vigour and even greater thoroughness.

Happily the news from home continued favourable, and, equally important, the officials at the "Rocket" made no demur to Horace's prolonged stay. As for Harker, his hopefulness and pocket-money vied with one another in sustaining the seekers and keeping alive within them the certainty of a reward, sooner or later, for their patience.

Ten days had passed and no fresh clue. Once or twice they had heard of the pale young gentleman and the little boy, but always vaguely, as a fleeting vision which had been seen about a fortnight ago.

On this day they called in while passing to see Mr. Sniff, and were met by that gentleman with a smile which told them he had some news of consequence to impart.

"I heard to-day," said he, "that a patient—a young man—was removed very ill from a low lodging-house near the river—to the smallpox hospital yesterday. His name is supposed to be Cruden (a common name in this county), but he was too ill to give any account of himself. It may be worth your while following it up."

In less than half an hour they were at the hospital, and Horace was kneeling at the bedside of his long-lost brother.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—BACK IN THE OLD THEODORA—SAILORS ON SHORE—FIGHTING INLAND—HAND-TO-HAND WITH SAVAGES.

"There is going to be some fun." "There is going to be some fighting." "There is going to be a row."

These are not the expressions I myself care to listen to on the eve of what may turn out to be a very severe engagement. They are nevertheless very common ones among our blue-jackets on such occasions, and I am bound to paint the service as I have found it. The British navy sailor or soldier is the least cruel in heart of all warriors on the face of the earth. As a rule he would not wantonly harm a fly; but let him only know that the cause for which he is about to fight is a just and a good one and no one will sharpen cutlass or sword with greater zest than he will.

Yes, there was going to be a row, and it was going to take place on the Gold Coast.

The *casus belli* was simple in the extreme. Things of this kind usually are. Two missionaries from England, accompanied by a French traveller, had conceived the bold design of starting from the coast near Addah and penetrating into the land of Dahomey. It was their intention to visit the king of that dark land and endeavour if possible to persuade him to abolish the awful human sacrifices that usually took place on every one of his high days and holidays, or whenever the king needed a little excitement.

The idea was good, and in theory the plan seemed feasible enough. They were to go as men of peace; they would carry no arms, do nothing to provoke a quarrel, and trust entirely to the justice of the cause they meant to plead. These gentlemen succeeded in getting Commodore O'Connell to lend them a few Kroomen—excellent fellows and faithful—to act as guides and help them through the bush.

So good a scheme ought to have been crowned with success. But, alas! it was not. Dahomey happened to be at war just then with a neighbouring tribe who owned territory that had once been a section of his own country.

By this tribe the travellers were made prisoners, and thrown into a dungeon to await their release if ransomed, their death if not.

Dahomey, when he heard of it, was naturally indignant. He did not love white men any more than the chief of the Poonasees, but these prisoners were to have been guests of his, and if the right of putting them to death or parting with them for a ransom belonged to any one, it belonged to him.

So he increased his forces, gazetted more officers than usual—female officers of course—to his regiments of viragos, consulted his priests, sacrificed a lot of sheep and fowls and ducks, and, sad to say, a few human beings as well, and prepared to demolish the Poonasees.

The Poonasees in their turn resolved to defend themselves. They did more—they even carried war into the camp of their enemy, defeated the viragos in two pitched battles, and threatened Abomey. The King of Dahomey had not been quick enough.

Meanwhile one of the imprisoned Kroomen was executed as a beginning; another escaped, and making his way to the coast, related all, and an expedition for the release of the two Englishmen was determined upon forthwith.

A council of war was held on shore, and no time was lost. Compared to the hordes they would have to encounter our men were a mere handful. But they had skill, they had push, and—*and they were British!*

It was the evening before the march. All was in readiness, and nothing was talked about either fore or aft in the Theodora or in the Aurora except the coming brush with the savages.

It was about one bell in the first night watch, Quentin and Benbow were walking the quarterdeck, Benbow as merry as ever; nothing ever disconcerted this bold little gentleman. There was nothing doing on board the Theodora. Silence reigned everywhere, when suddenly the signalman reported the lights of a ship coming in. The lights were very low down and very near each other. She could not be large; nor was she. It was only the Foremast, a tiny despatch vessel, and in half an hour she was snugly at anchor astern of the Theodora.

Wonders will never cease. They never do cease at sea, at all events. And shortly after the Foremast had anchored and gone to sleep to all appearances on the smooth breast of the gently heaving sea, a boat was heard coming rapidly towards the Theodora.

Clunk - click — clunk - click — clunk-click—went the sound of the oars.

Presently the sentry hailed "Boat ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" was the cheery response. And in a few moments more she was alongside the starboard ladder, and Colin himself was running up.

Quentin and Benbow caught each a hand of our long-lost hero and pulled him towards the light.

As fast as he could talk he told them his adventures. There was no time to dwell on them, for his first duty was to report himself to Lieutenant Mildmay and Captain Blunderbore. But he found time to rattle out a sentence or two.

"Horrid times of it in the Whitterit. Sick—very ill—nearly dead—ashored at Lima for nearly six months—Whitterit wrecked—myself and four more all the saved—nearly dead on an island—taken off at last by a pleasure yacht—landed at the Cape—came up here in the Foremast—going to be tried by court-martial for losing my ship."

"Of course you will," said Benbow, in a bantering tone of voice, "and you'll very likely be shot, and serve you right too. But trot below, old man, and report yourself."

Both Captain Blunderbore and Mildmay were unfeignedly glad to see Colin. And it was fully an hour before he got up on deck again. There was so much to tell.

"I dare say," said the good-natured captain, "I ought to put you under

arrest pending your court of inquiry anent the loss of the Whitterit, but I'm not going to do anything of the kind. You won't desert, I suppose, so you'd better go to duty, and we'll want you to-morrow on shore."

"When you've had a good long gossip with your messmates on deck," said Mildmay, putting his hand on Colin's shoulder and leading him out, "come to my cabin."

'rouse' will sound before we know were we are."

Then Colin found his way to Mildmay's cabin.

"Oh!" he cried, as soon as he got inside the curtain, "I have such good news for you!"

"Sit down, sit down," replied Mildmay; "don't say a word till you are seated. I know what is coming. God has heard my prayer. But begin at the

It was clear starlight above, but the hills and woods were covered with a snow-white mist. The soldiers were drawn up near the shore. They challenged the boats—more for fashion's sake than anything else—and were duly and ceremoniously answered. Long before sunrise the little army was in full march up country.

The few Kroomen they had brought with them, including the man who had

A very Critical Moment.

So up went Colin again, and his messmates, including Brown and D'Austin, gathered round him to hear a more detailed account of his adventures. When he had finished,

"And what has the Theodora been doing all the time?" he asked.

"Been to Australia," said Quentin, "and we also had some fighting with the Maories down south."

"Oh, yes!" cried Benbow, "and you wouldn't believe it, but Stupid-numerary Brown here has made quite a hero of his little self. We all thought that there was nothing in him but 'the bones' till we saw him charge the Maories. But come, boys, I'm going to turn in. The very beginning; don't forget anything. Work gradually up to the best part of your story. I'm not going to let you go for an hour yet. As for myself, I shall not turn in to-night. We're going to have a bit of tough fighting, and I always write before I fight. Here is tea. Have some. Don't say a word till you've done."

Then Mildmay threw himself into his rocking-chair and set himself to listen.

I leave the reader to judge whether Colin's story pleased him or not.

* * * *

The "rouse" sounded about six bells in the middle watch. Then the men breakfasted, and before four of the clock the boats had shoved off.

escaped from the Poonasees and Benbow's blameless Ethiopian Othello—the little rascal had come on shore without leave—were in charge of the interpreter Golava.

Golava's knowledge of bush life had been of the utmost service to our man-o'-war ships many and many a time on the coast, and was invaluable now.

He managed his Kroomen and some native guides in a wonderful way. He formed them into a kind of advanced guard, but well spread out. Golava himself was the centre and director of their movements, and everything was reported to him. There was little fear, therefore, of our fellows finding themselves in the

midst of a morass, exposed to the attacks of an unseen enemy, or even in wood or jungle that there was no way out of.

For two days never an enemy was visible. On the morning of the third natives were seen for a moment. They fled; but when natives appear and fly suddenly they have those behind them who mean fighting.

This little expedition was under the command of Mildmay, and carefully and well he handled his men.

He made no extra hurry. He was not going to incur the mistake of fatiguing his men before the right time. They halted regularly for meals and rest and sleep.

He was not too proud to consult with McGee about the most wholesome place for the camp at night, for Death roams through these jungles and glens in the shape of miasmata, and claims more victims than the muskets, pikes, or knives of the natives. And it so happened that the present was the most unhealthy time of the year for campaigning.

It was about noon on the fourth day, and the little army was passing through a forest that stretched upwards on a hill with a deep morass beneath, which it would have been perilous in the extreme, if not impossible, to cross. It was about noon, and terribly hot; in under the trees there was shade enough, but not a breath of wind; the very birds were gasping for air as they crouched open-mouthed in the cotton-trees. The men were panting and tired, and no one was sorry when in a clearing a halt was called and dinner served out.

The trees in this forest jungle were very high, and dark and bushy, while underneath was an intricate mass of creeping and climbing plants. Sometimes it was impossible for a man to see his comrades if twenty feet ahead or to one side of him. It was an ugly spot for a fight to take place in, certainly not the situation Mildmay would have chosen of his own free will. But he was the victim of circumstances, for by making their way through this jungle a distance of fully fifteen miles was saved on the march towards the stronghold where the prisoners were confined.

The men had finished their meagre meal, and were lounging on the ground, when suddenly without the slightest warning, without warlike shout or beat of tom-tom, a perfect shower of bullets was poured into their midst.

For a moment it was startling in the extreme. The pickets had given no warning. Neither Golava nor any of his Kroomen had been driven in.

It was soon discovered that the savages were lodged in the trees. Golava had passed them without noticing their presence.

It was difficult to dislodge them, but it was done at last, and none too soon. Golava had rushed back to report the enemy coming through the jungle in millions—so Golava's figurative language described it.

Mildmay lost no time in extending his forces in battle array and advancing. Luckily the jungle was less dense now, but it was thick enough to impede the progress of our men, while the savages, with whom they soon got to close quarters, seemed perfectly at home in the place.

The fight was a desperate one. The enemy was in clouds, and it appeared after a time as if annihilation itself to our troops would be the terrible result. There was no time to lose. The foe must be outflanked. Gayly on the right and Benbow on the left were thrown out, each with a brave band of blue-jackets.

In less than twenty minutes rattling volleys were heard in the rear, and the enemy fell back. The forest now ended on a bare plateau, and here taken on all sides, with our men free to act, the Poonasees were in a few minutes utterly routed and demoralised, and our fellows paused to rest.

Mildmay complimented them on the gallant way they had behaved, and well they deserved it, each and all of them.

West had fought to-day with all his customary nonchalance. To him a battle was simply a problem to be solved, and he rather prided himself in being able to solve problems of this kind. Several times within the first quarter of an hour he had managed to win points of vantage, and to bring succour at critical moments to places where men were hand-to-hand and nearly overpowered.

Benbow, who fought rather heedlessly, would have died to-day had it not been for West's timely aid. The former with three daring blue-jackets had "rushed" a rock held by about fifty of the enemy, and been beaten in consequence. Benbow was on the ground with a triangular spear at his neck, when West "went in" with ten marines, among whom was gallant Duncan Robb, and turned the tide of battle. A short time after this West and his chosen handful had put thrice their number to the rout and succoured Mildmay himself.

Hours were spent in attending to the wounded and preparing to continue the advance.

The road led over an open plain now towards more forest, and here there was evidence enough that the enemy was concealed.

When they had arrived within about five hundred yards of the forest our men halted, and an entrenched position was at once thrown up.

Afterwards skirmishers were thrown out, but they could not tempt the enemy from the woods.

A consultation was now held, at which Golava and the Krooman who had escaped from the Poonasees were present, and a little *ruse de guerre* was forthwith determined on.

Ten miles from their present position—the road leading through the forest—was the river, and on it the stronghold of the Poonasees, while here in front of them was the chief portion of our *corps d'armée*, the army itself in full strength being at another of the dominions fighting against Dahomey. Mildmay determined to leave Gayly and Quentin with sufficient men, and no more, to protect the newly-made camp, while he himself—guided by Golava and his Krooman—should make a forced march with the bulk of his troops in a different direction, and if possible capture the fort by *coup de main*.

Accordingly, soon after nightfall, when pickets had been stationed outside the ramparts, Mildmay and his fellows stole silently away and commenced the detour, and long before daylight were concealed in a wood, with the river near them, and beyond it on the top of a stiff hill the stronghold they were about to storm.

It was far stronger than they had had any idea of. With the axes they carried they could not have forced the gate without great loss of life, and they had no artillery worth the name.

"Blow in the gate," said Colin.

"Bravo!" said Benbow, "you had the word before me."

"Who will volunteer to fire a bomb?" said Mildmay.

There was something akin to a shout in answer to the lieutenant's question.

"Hush! hush!" he cried.

It was now daylight, and the enemy's savage sentinels could be seen consulting together and gazing intently towards the wood where our men were concealed.

Extra precautions were necessary, extra quietness must be maintained, so Mildmay drew off his men from the river; they walked on tiptoe across the turf, careful not to snap even a branchlet or twig.

Having gained a good offing, a bomb was quickly prepared, a good old-fashioned one, it must be confessed, merely a large bag of gunpowder with a piece of fuse so fixed as to be easily fired, but impossible to pull out without tearing the sack.

While this was being done Colin walked boldly up to his commander and touched his hat.

How handsome he looked as he did so! His whole attitude and bearing, the bright sparkle in his eye, and the flush upon his face, gave evidence of manly daring. "I think, sir," he said, "as I was the first to suggest this plan of action, I ought to be allowed to volunteer to carry it out."

Kindly old Lieutenant Mildmay, "gallant and good," gazed at the boy for a moment in undisguised admiration ere he made reply. The thought that was then uppermost in his mind was verbally as follows:

"I promised by letter to this lad's mother to be a father to him. *Can* I let him lead this forlorn hope? I promised his *uncle* I would help him in every bold enterprise. *Can* I refuse his present request? No; the boy shall go."

"And so," he said, aloud, "you are to be the David that is to go out against this Goliath?"

"No, sir," replied Colin, laughing, "I'm going to take Goliath with me to carry the powder-bag." He motioned towards the marines and up stepped brawny young Duncan Robb.

"Scotland has it," said Duncan; "I'm ready, sir."

"Strip," cried Colin, "and let us be off."

In a minute more, what Artemus Ward called "extra garments" were thrown on the grass, the great bag was shouldered, and with brave hearts Colin and his foster-brother set out on their perilous task.

"Man! Colin, lad," Duncan found time to say as soon as they had started, "I'm gladder than if I had been made king o' the Comoro Islands. My heart's in my mouth, Colin. It's down stream you're going," he continued, "and not straight up the brae, is it? Straight up the brae would mean certain death, would it? Oh, I see; but, man! how proud your auld uncle would be to see you now! How proud your father will be o' his sailor son!"

"Hush! dear Duncan. We may never return."

They soon reached the part of the

stream where Colin found it would be safest to cross, and happily for them they effected the transit without drawing the fire of the sentinels. The rocks at the other side were terribly steep, with never a bush to hold on by.

"They'll never do it," cried Benbow, excitedly. "They can't climb that rock."

"They are both Highlanders," said Mildmay, quietly.

"And one is a marine," added West.

"Look! they are up!" said Benbow.

They were up. But now they had to creep close by the foot of the wall for fully a hundred yards ere they reached the gate. It was a minute or two of intense excitement for those who watched them from the wood.

But Colin was cool. Both had stopped to breathe when they reached the cliff-top. Then—

"I have the matches ready," said Colin.

"The bag is safe," replied undaunted Duncan Robb.

"Then we'll make a run for the gate. But hold secure; don't let it be a race; a run only. Haste might spoil all. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then here's for off."

"Look! look!" cried Benbow. "The sentinels see them—they fire. Colin's down. He is up again and runs on—"

"Now for us to show," cried Mildmay, drawing his sword. "Rake the top of the wall with your rifles, Mr. West."

Just as Colin and Duncan reached the gate and placed their bomb, West and his men showed out at the river's bank, drawing the fire of those on the wall and themselves firing whenever they saw a chance.

And Colin and Duncan were kneeling close to the gate. Duncan weighted the bag against it with a great stone. Colin lighted a match, or tried to do so.

Did ever any one yet do anything well in a hurry. The first match went out, the second missed fire, the bullets were pattering on the wall near them; but the sentinels were also in a hurry, they took no aim. Poor Colin's fingers felt like great thumbs as he dived them a third time into the box, but he took more time. Hurrah! the fuse is alight. It spits fire.

"Run!" cried Colin. "Down hill we go."

Alas! this was the only mistake made. Had they gone back as they came they would have been safe.

Helter-skelter down the brae they rushed, longer-legged Duncan first.

He soon paused. His foster-brother had fallen, wounded and bleeding. The bomb would explode in a moment or two, but brave Duncan rushed back and seized and bore his comrade off amid a hailstorm of bullets.

Fortuna favet fortibus. Duncan reached the river in safety with his precious burden just as an explosion took place that made the very boulders rattle in the river, and came roaring back in a hundred-tongued echo from the hills and rocks. Not only was the gate blown to pieces, but a large tower on the north side of it had fallen.

"Charge, men, charge," shouted Mildmay.

Duncan met the wild rush of armed determined men in mid-stream. They took no notice now of either him or the burden he bore, but made straight for the foe.

Duncan crossed and laid his foster-brother on the grass at the foot of the tree where Surgeon McGee had placed those terrible instruments of operation that are more dreaded by our bravest soldiers and sailors than bullet or bayonet of a fighting foe.

Colin's shirt was red with blood, his face was pale and his eyes were closed.

Duncan bent over him, and big tears chased each other down his face.

Then he drew his bare brown arm and hand across his eyes, and starting up, seized his rifle and bayonet, and rushed off to join the mêlée, but his cheeks weren't dry before he was in the very midst of the battle.

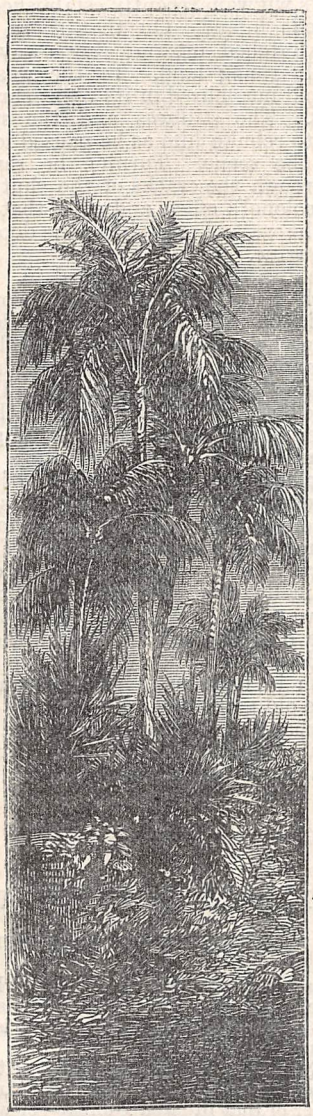
(To be concluded.)

COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER III.



Bryan Pellinore could not get to sleep that night. He lay with wide-open eyes, thinking of his Cousin Agravaine's escapades, of his uncle's sorrows and his goodness, of the obstacle which want of money presented to his own career, of the colonel's strange expressions, of the corporal's talk concerning his master's desperate need, of the guineas in the magazine.

In the next room he could hear Marhaus snoring steadily. Throughout the big bare house was otherwise all stillness, except for the rattling of doors and windows in a high and rising wind. No sound came from the distant kitchen, where the corporal always slept, and where on this night the soldiers had like him stretched themselves on bear and wolf skins.

Suddenly Bryan sat up in his bed thinking he heard a creaking of the stairs as though some one were stepping downward very cautiously. He listened intently till, as the step reached the flagged hall-floor, he became convinced that the moving person was the colonel. A faint sound of clearing his throat habitual to the old man set the matter at rest.

Bryan heard his uncle enter the room called the "colonel's office," because there he sat once or twice a year in his capacity as magistrate over a vast district, and there too he wrote his occasional letters.

Soon the old man's step shuffled cautiously out along the hall to the front door, which he very slowly opened, yet not slowly enough to obviate a scarcely noticeable creak of hinges. As the door opened Bryan heard plainly the alarmed growl of the mastiffs on guard. Then the door closed, and again no sound save the snoring of Marhaus and the rattling of doors and windows could be heard.

It was very strange, Bryan thought. The colonel had certainly moved as if afraid of waking anybody; he had seemed to skulk downstairs, to sneak through his own door. The young fellow tried in vain to account for it. What could his uncle be about? With the horrible suggestions that came from all the occurrences of the day his heart beat heavily and his brain seemed on fire.

Listening intently, the boy heard a murmur of his uncle's voice outside ordering the dogs down; the tone was suppressed; he reflected that he had never before known the colonel to fear having his voice heard. For some moments after this there was silence. Silence was worse than sounds giving some hints as to what was being done. The more Bryan listened the more his anxiety and curiosity grew. He made up his mind to go down, and then remained for some minutes sitting on his bedside debating whether his purposed descent would not be a mean sneaking and spying after his uncle. Soon he heard the house door softly opened again, there was a rush of cold wind, he heard the colonel place a block against the door to keep it open, then the old man went out and immediately re-entered

with a heavy step. He stopped, apparently setting down a great weight, then cautiously moved away the block from the door and closed it.

"This beats all," said Bryan, but still made no move. Then there was a strange slow sound that he could not at all make out the meaning of, a very cautious creaking movement of some weighty thing across the flagged floor. Sometimes a loose stone rattled, then the movement would stop for a little. What could the colonel be doing?

The apparent furtiveness of his uncle's proceedings made Bryan's curiosity intolerable at last, and he determined to clear up the mystery. He thought he would go boldly downstairs and explain that he had been amazed by strange sounds, but he went very silently and fearfully on his bare feet. At the stair-head he stopped aghast. There was his uncle stooping over a keg which he was rolling slowly and cautiously. It was an oaken keg of exactly the shape that Lieutenant Marhaus always brought his coin in.

The boy remembered his uncle's words of the afternoon: "The gold that Marhaus brings!" But still he could not fully believe the horrible tale that seemed revealed to him. He stood still trying to find some possible explanation of the strange scene. The colonel continued to roll the keg around the stair-foot. He crossed the hall with it to his office. Then he closed and slowly double-locked the door. Bryan could hear the stealthy slowness of the closing bolts.

The boy went back on tiptoe to his room to think it all over. What could the colonel be doing with the paymaster's keg? Perhaps moving it to safety? But there was no need for that, no thieves in all the district round except wolves and wild cats! Moreover the mastiffs could perfectly guard the treasure.

"I may, I must be mistaken," then thought Bryan. "Perhaps it was not *that* keg." He perceived that the colonel's conduct would be no less inexplicable, even if this were true. Still the possibility tended to relief from the worst imputations forming in his mind. If it were not *that* keg, then the mystery might involve no wrong. He determined to go to the magazine and see.

Bryan dressed, crept quietly downstairs, took from a nail the huge bunch of keys, opened the front door, and went out. The mastiffs growled, then came forward squirming with their delighted hind-quarters and wagging their stumpy tails. Bryan went down the steps and stood for a moment patting the dogs' heads.

Brilliant and cold was the night, with stars and moon and whistling icy wind. From the hill he could see the shadows of drifts on the wide river and every log in the clearing stretching to its bank. Close to the farther shore he thought he made out for an instant two moving figures on a path that led to an Indian trapper's wigwam recently established in the woods inland. On that shore the forest stretched interminably away on gradually rising land. To the west a long rapid murmured in its night-shroud of mist. The stillness and the stars seemed to rebuke him as he paused looking on the scene. Turning he saw a light through the cracks of the shutters of the colonel's office, and with that reminder he walked straight to the door of the magazine.

Unlocking the door he looked in. All was dark except near the door, through which the moon threw a square of light. Entering, he struck flint and steel on tinder and blew thereon till the flame seized the "dip" that he carried. Then he looked around. There was nothing whatever on the floor. The keg of gold was gone!

Bryan, standing in the middle of the floor, looked around, and to the walls and to the ceiling again and again, as though expecting the keg to appear. Then, shuddering, he went out, locked the door mechanically, and walked to the house. There was still an explanation—there *must* be one, he thought. Some theory he tried to find which would leave him his faith in his uncle. He told himself that the old man's remark about the gold of Marhaus could not have had *this* dreadful and insane intention in view. But his heart was cold with dread.

Now he had again ascended the verandah. The office window was but a few steps away, and through its shutter the light still streamed. He went over and peered in. There sat the colonel, with the keg before him! Its top hoop was off, and the cover had been prised out. On the table beside him the colonel had a number of pieces of cloth, torn in squares of about a foot each. One by one he filled them with yellow guineas, and, tying each with a thong of shaganippi, placed it in a hole before the fireplace, from which he had removed the widest stone of the hearth. As the colonel replaced the stone, and carefully smoothed over the sand above its joints, the boy softly entered the house, and, hanging the keys on their peg, went up to his room. He was shivering with sorrow and wonder and distress.

Soon he heard his uncle come upstairs and go to bed. In a quarter of an hour the old man's heavy breathing convinced him he was asleep. Marhaus snored as steadily as before. Bryan found inaction unendurable. He dressed himself in his warmest, took down from their pegs his father's holsters and long straight sword, and crept again downstairs. Looking cautiously into the kitchen, where the corporal was sleeping with Sergeant Bors and his men, Bryan whispered, unheard, "Good-bye, dear corporal!" His heart felt like to break as he left the house, there was a big lump in his throat nearly choking him, and he had much ado to keep back his tears. Going to the stable, he harnessed the fast bay mare to a cariole and sped away towards the settlements with his young brain on fire.

He could not accuse his uncle, he could not look into that venerable face and tell what he thought he knew; he could not imagine how the colonel could escape the consequences of his act; a faint belief that if he himself were away his uncle would not want to keep the guineas agitated him. It was all a horrible, maddening tangle; this he felt most deeply. There was nothing for him to do but get away; he could not stay to hear the colonel accused—worse yet, to hear him deny!

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE RAMMING OF THE NORTHFLEET.

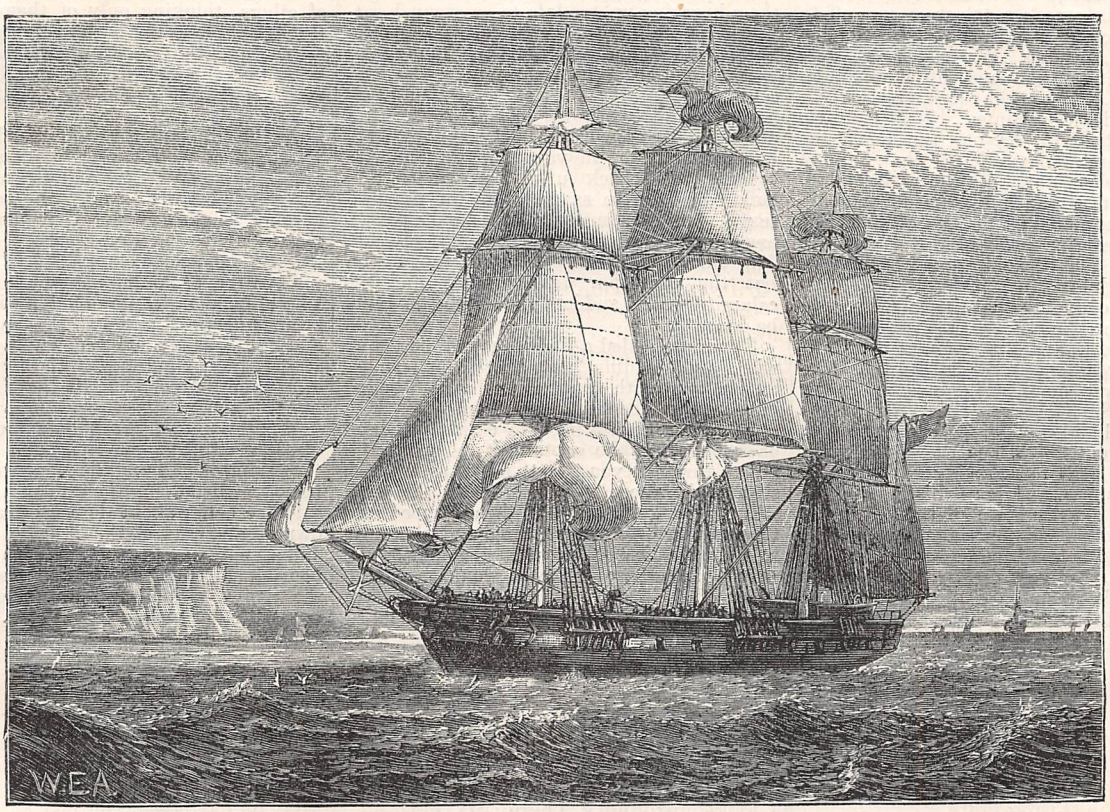
A SQUALLY night off Dungeness; a fleet of outward-bounders waiting for a change of wind; one of them, a large three-master, anchored opposite the coastguard station in the safest berth of all, with her head towards the lighthouse, the red beam from whose lantern shines full upon her as it marks the anchorage. Her own riding light burning brightly, her watch awake on deck, the ship trim alow and aloft, and every precaution taken to ensure her safety. She is the Northfleet, on her way out to Hobart, with a cargo of railway material, and with it she is taking a number of navvies to lay the new line. Counting navvies, wives, children, and crew, there are three hundred and seventy nine in all on board as she rides to her anchor in Dungeness roads on that squally January night.

She has been here all day waiting in vain for the south-westerly wind to shift a point or two and allow her to get down Channel. In like case with her are many others; the bay is crowded with wind-bound craft, large and small. Her nearest neighbour is the Corona, an Australian clipper, and she is but three hundred yards away.

The Northfleet is a 940-ton ship. At one time she belonged to Mr. Duncan Dunbar, the owner of that ill-fated Dunbar—of whose wreck at Sydney Gap we told the story in our last volume—whose place in his fleet he filled with that Duncan Dunbar which soon afterwards perished in the flames off the coast of Brazil. The captain of the Northfleet had been stopped as she was leaving the Thames owing to his being required as a witness in the notorious Tichborne trial, and her present commander is her late first mate, who was married but a month ago and has his wife with him. He took his ship out of dock on the 17th January, and owing to the stormy weather has only reached these roads this Wednesday morning, in this year 1873. The Northfleet is a good ship, well found, well commanded, and well manned; and here she rides at anchor in eleven fathoms, while the waves race by her and the clouds chase each other across the sky, unveiling every now and then a bright patch of stars to make the darkness more visible. The lights of the lighthouse burn with their wonted brilliancy, the lights of all the shipping shine brightly, and her light is conspicuous by its brightness. All promises well; no fault seems to have been committed by which her safety is imperilled—and none was committed.

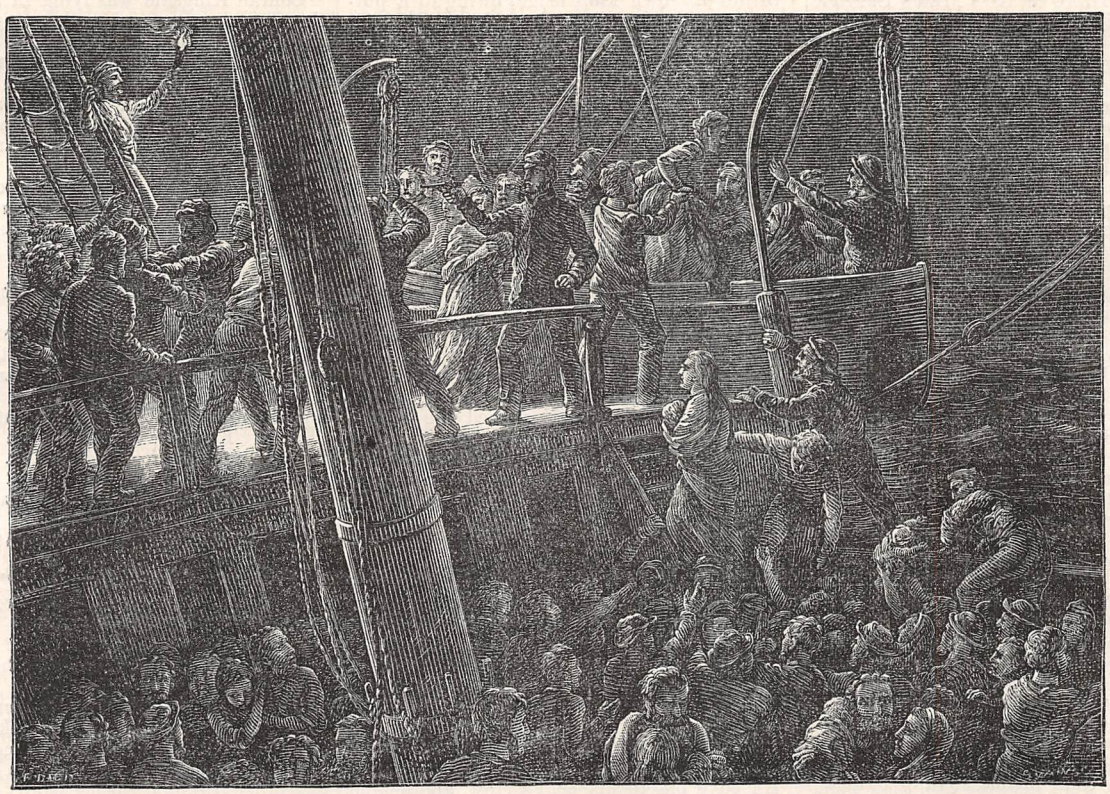
She is, however, a doomed ship, and in less than an hour she will have gone to her last home by the clumsiest and most dastardly performance that ever took place in the English Channel. A few minutes after half-past ten a large two-masted screw steamer comes down from Dover, bearing straight on to her. In vain the watch hail the steamer, in vain they shout and whistle and ring. On comes the steamer, straight and swift, as if singling out the Northfleet to ram her. She comes

straight at her side, strikes her amidships, crashes on into her, and even cuts into the ships? No. To hang a tarpaulin over her name so that she shall not be recognised! founder. In vain the mate of the Northfleet roars out, "Ship ahoy! Stop and save us!



The Northfleet off Margate.

bunks where the men are lying. At the noise the stranger's sleepy crew wake up and And then she backs, and clumsily sidles round with much jabbering, confusion, and There are nearly four hundred emigrants on board!" Her only manœuvre is that best



"Stand back, or I will put a bullet through you!"

come rushing along her deck. To help? No. To do any kind action? No. To clear the abuse, and, hurriedly clearing herself, shoots off down Channel, leaving her victim to calculated to keep her anonymous, and away she scuttles as fast as her screw can drive her.

Who is this mysterious stranger that does such ruin and runs off? The legal mind of Spain knows not to this moment. But a few days after the wreck a telegram goes off to Cadiz to watch for the Murillo on her voyage thither from Antwerp. She comes in direct to avoid being questioned by the custom-house officers. She has her cutwater damaged, and has had it fresh painted. Her captain is put on his trial for having run down the Northfleet, and the verdict is that he had been at the place stated, on the night stated, at the time stated, and had run down a ship in the manner stated; but that, although no other ship was run down at the time, there was no proof that the ship that he ran down was the Northfleet!

The scene of horror that the collision gave rise to was terrible. At the crash the captain rushed on deck, and the passengers, following, came streaming up the hatchways. The ship's side was doubled in, and the water poured into the hold like a river. The pumps were manned and a vigorous effort made to keep the torrent down, but all was in vain. The captain sent rocket after rocket up in signal of distress, and burnt his blue lights. And by the ghastly glare of the lights the men of a pilot-cutter hurrying to the rescue saw the pallid faces of the passengers as they swarmed on the deck. The neighbouring ships and the men on shore mistook the rockets and the lights for pilot signals, and took no steps to help, and such at first was the impression of the pilot men until the unusual quantity alarmed them, and brought them hurrying up, too late to be of much service. Before the boat could get to the rescue the Northfleet had sunk, and the light on her forestay had been quenched in the waves, and all was dark.

On board the navvies lost all self-control and tried to crowd the boats as they were being launched. In vain Captain Knowles ordered them back until the women and children could be saved. One of the passengers handed him a revolver, and he threatened to shoot the men unless they kept back. The officers and sailors did all they could, but the confusion was so great, and the calamity was so sudden, that but little could be done.

The captain tied a lifebelt round his young wife, and, bidding her farewell, helped her into a boat with some of the other women, in charge of the boatswain. Into this boat some of the navvies tried to climb. "Stand back," shouted the captain, "or I will put a bullet through you!" "Might as well be shot as drowned, mister!" quoth the men, still crowding up. One of them jumped into the boat, and the captain fired and shot him in the leg. The man, who was one of the saved, and whose name it would be doing him an injustice to mention, seems to have gloried in his wound, and to have looked upon himself as quite the hero of the occasion!

And like this wretched man were hundreds of others, thinking only of themselves, and thronging round the boats, ruining their own chance and that of all their fellows. The boatswain threatened to chop off the hands of those that held the boats, but the threat had no effect.

As the ship sank the captain and his officers were still at work trying to reduce the disorderly mob to order, and not an officer of the Northfleet was saved. She settled down in such shallow water that her masts remained above the waves, and to the rigging many of her people clung. The Princess, the pilot cutter, picked up many in her boat; the City of London steam tug fell in with the boatswain's boat and saved all that were therein; and the Mary, a Kingsdown lugger, saved several more; but out of the three hundred and seventy-nine that left the Thames, two hundred and ninety-three were drowned.

Whatever comfort can be gained from this disaster off Dungeness is due entirely to Captain Knowles and his men, who did their best, and died doing their duty. But the less said the better about the performances of the owners and crew of the Murillo, the apathy and stupidity of the look-outs on the neighbouring ships, and the unmanly selfishness of the panic-stricken navvies, whose conduct was quite unworthy of their race.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

VIII.—SALE AT THE MAST.

This was one of the old-fashioned customs of the navy, and one but seldom seen in the present day.

The regulation in the "Admiralty Instructions" runs as follows:

"Sale of Dead or Run Men's Effects.—Upon the death or desertion of any officer, petty officer, seaman, marine, or other person belonging to any of her Majesty's ships the captain is to cause . . . an inventory . . . . such inventory to be approved by the captain and retained by the paymaster. But in the case of the death of an officer the captain may if he think fit . . direct that his effects or any part of them be preserved . . . . instead of having them sold by auction at the mast. In exercising this discretion the captain will be governed by a consideration of the circumstances. . . . . Private books and papers . . to be sealed up in the presence of witnesses and if possible forwarded to relatives or executors."

In the last edition of the "Admiralty Instructions" this regulation has been slightly altered, but the spirit of it remains the same.

When the inventory has been made the goods are handed over to the master-at-arms, who acts as auctioneer, and who takes his stand at the mainmast.

The affair then proceeds in a similar manner to an auction sale ashore.

Sometimes, if the deceased was a popular man, many of the things will be run up to fancy prices, in consequence of his friends desiring to obtain keepsakes in remembrance of him. We have seen a sixpenny tobacco-box fetch as much as five shillings under these circumstances.

It is a strange and touching sight sometimes to witness a sale of this description. The master-at-arms, for instance, will hold out a cap. "The next article is a cap in thorough repair. How much for this?"

"Ah! that were his best cap, that were," one of his messmates will probably remark. "Poor Tom! he were always fond of that 'ere cap. I'll say a shilling."

Or perhaps the article will be a chain or other piece of jewellery, when the remark will be, "Ay, he only bought that the last time he was ashore; I were with him. He don't want it now, poor bo', though he were pleased with it at the time."

A very remarkable circumstance occurred within our own knowledge, owing to a purchase made at a sale at the mast, which, as it may interest our readers and point a moral as well, we shall take the liberty of relating, merely altering the names in order not to hurt the feelings of any of the parties concerned.

Some years ago we were serving in a small ship named the H——, on the East Indian station. We were only a youngster at the time, and the senior midshipman of our watch was a good-hearted, high-spirited, generous, and foolish young Irishman named Conrad Kingsale. He was a great favourite, for it was impossible to avoid liking him, and many a kindness the present writer still feels grateful to him for. Finally, he was a good seaman, and in a month or two his time would have been up and he would have obtained his sub-lieutenant's commission, for he could have easily passed the examination. But it was not to be. We entered Trincomalee Harbour, in the island of Ceylon, after a lengthy cruise in the Indian Ocean, and there, to our great delight, we found a mail from home awaiting our arrival.

Among Kingsale's letters was one from his father informing him that by the death of a distant relative he had come into a large estate and a considerable fortune, and enclosing a note or order to pay twenty-five pounds.

Wild with delight, he soon changed the money order, and that twenty-five pounds proved his ruin. He obtained leave to go on shore, and on returning on board managed to smuggle three cases of spirits into the ship. He gave one to his boat's crew, another he presented to his messmates, and the third he unfortunately retained for his own use. It is a sad tale, and we will hurry over it. Suffice it to say that he gave way to the degrading and disgusting vice of drunkenness. For three days and nights he was not sober, his friends carefully concealing the fact from the superior officers. It was during our first watch (between eight o'clock p.m. and midnight) that the climax was arrived at.

Conrad Kingsale was lying in a stupor in the gangway, covered with a rug—we may remark, in passing, that in a very hot climate it is usually the custom for the junior officers to sleep on deck in preference to sweltering in their hammocks in the stifling atmosphere of the cockpit or lower deck—when the captain came on deck and, approaching the lieutenant of the watch, inquired,

"Who is the midshipman of the watch?"

"Mr. Kingsale, sir," was the reply.

"Tell him I want him," said the captain.

"Mr. H——," exclaimed the lieutenant, "where is Mr. Kingsale?"

We were hesitating, when the quartermaster remarked,

"I saw him in the gangway just now, sir."

This was a malicious observation on the quartermaster's part, but it appeared that he had a spite against Kingsale for reprehending him for some dereliction of duty.

"Mr. Kingsale!" exclaimed the lieutenant, walking forward. "Mr. Kingsale! Pass the word for Mr. Kingsale!" And he stopped just opposite the sleeping midshipman.

The captain, becoming impatient, now came forward and called out,

"Where is Mr. Kingsale?" The youth, hearing his name called, rolled over, and answered, half-asleep,

"Here I am. Who wants me?"

"How disgraceful!" cried the captain. "What is the meaning of this?"

In an instant Kingsale's humour seemed to change; he sprang up, wide awake, his eyes starting out of his head, seized an iron belaying-pin (a thick bar of iron about two feet in length), and rushed wildly at the captain.

On the following day, when the effect of the drink had passed away and he was told what he had said and done, his repentance was as sincere as it was useless. He had

broken one of the chief articles of war, and was liable to a long term of imprisonment as well as being dismissed from the service with disgrace.

But Captain P—— was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, and the offender's evident contrition prompted him to be merciful. Still it was necessary that something deterrent should be done, and, while hesitating, Conrad Kingsale settled the matter by deserting. We heard afterwards that he had succeeded in reaching Colombo, on the other side of the island, where he shipped on board a merchant craft.

Two days later his things were sold at the mast, and as a souvenir we purchased his silver watch. It had been dropped from aloft, the face was cracked, the bow broken off, and of course inside it was very much muddled and mixed.

Three years later we returned to England, and took the opportunity of having the watch repaired and done up. One evening shortly after we happened to be at an evening party, and were introduced to a lady named Nevinson, who chanced to inquire the time.

We pulled out the watch, and directly she saw it she turned very pale, exclaiming,

"Would you mind my examining that for a minute?"

Of course we handed her the watch, and, turning it over, she observed the initials C. K. engraved inside a ribbon.

"I thought so," she exclaimed, sadly. "This was poor Conrad's watch. May I inquire how you became its possessor?"

I replied that I had been a shipmate of Conrad's, and had purchased it, refraining for obvious reasons from adding under what circumstances.

"Was his not a sad death?" she continued.

"Is he dead?" we inquired. "When did he die?"

"In November, 1868," she replied. "He fell off a yard in a gale of wind and was drowned."

Now, as Kingsale did not desert from the H—— until January, 1869, we knew that this information was incorrect, and immediately informed Miss Nevinson of the fact.

"Oh, if you are certain," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "how we shall all bless you! His father is dead, and he is heir to twelve thousand a year and a peerage in prospective."

We thought it would be better under the circumstances to make a clean breast of it, and did so accordingly, much to the joy of the young lady, who forgot the disgrace in the happiness of knowing that her cousin might be still alive.

We heard some months later that inquiries had been started in various parts of the world that had ultimately succeeded in discovering the young man, who was working in a small coasting schooner in Australasia.

We have never met, but we understand that he has taken his lesson to heart, and, abstaining from strong drink, has become the old honourable, good-hearted Conrad Kingsale that he was when we first knew him.

WORTH NOTING.

GUARD well your tongue; how easily there slips
An angry word between ill-guarded lips;
And one sharp word, as surely as a blow,
May alter love to hate, a friend to foe.

How hard it is that friendship to renew
Which one brief word of causeless anger slew;
And harder still to stifle your regret,
And yet more hard the quarrel to forget.

Remember, then, *he* has the right to boast
Who bears—not he who seeks revenge—the most;
Remember, words of hate as well as love
Are registered indelibly above.

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

PART II.

THE Indians were ready and waiting, and delighted at the prospect of another trial of strength. But the colonel caught sight of them, and posted his men before they were aware he was so near. Twenty-five of the trappers he hid in ambush, and with the remaining fifteen he advanced a little; and then, seeming to see the Indians for the first time, he halted as if irresolute. The redskins mustered in hundreds; the trees and bushes were alive with them, as, seizing each point of cover, they came swiftly on. They glided into the ambush as the wily trappers retreated, and then the five-and-twenty rifles spoke, and five-and-twenty Indians bit the dust. From the front, from all sides, the redskins found themselves fired upon, and, waiting only for another volley from the united white men, they were seized with a panic and fled.

After the fight the trappers returned to business, and the whole band made their way down an affluent of the Colorado, trapping as they went, until they reached the head-waters of the San Francisco. The colonel then led off eighteen of his men to the valley of the Sacramento. As the road was to lie for several hundred miles through a waterless desert, a few days before the start were devoted to hunting, and the skins of three of the deer that were killed were converted into water-tanks, to be carried by the mules. For four days Young, Carson, and their men passed through a sandy waste, with neither streams nor springs, and the water had to be doled out as if they were on a camel journey through the Sahara. On the fifth day a stream was reached; and then came another four days' desert tramp down into the rich valley of the Colorado. Resting here for a while, they started again for the west, and finally reached the San Joaquin, where they met with another trapping party under Peter Ogden, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Joining their forces, the parties worked together down the river to the Sacramento, where Ogden's men left for the Columbia.

Close to their camp was the Mission of San Rafael. In the employment of the missionaries were many Indian converts. One night some of these broke into mutiny, and after committing the usual atrocities made off to their tribe to take to their old ways. The missionaries sent out a party to demand that the fugitives should be handed over for trial, but the tribe took up their cause and drove back the messengers with serious loss. In fear lest the success of the Indians should bring them on to San Rafael, the missionaries applied to the trappers for help, and eleven volunteers, under Kit Carson, started off to compel the surrender of the criminals. The village was captured, a third of the warriors were slain, and the men who had committed the outrage were handed over and marched back to the mission.

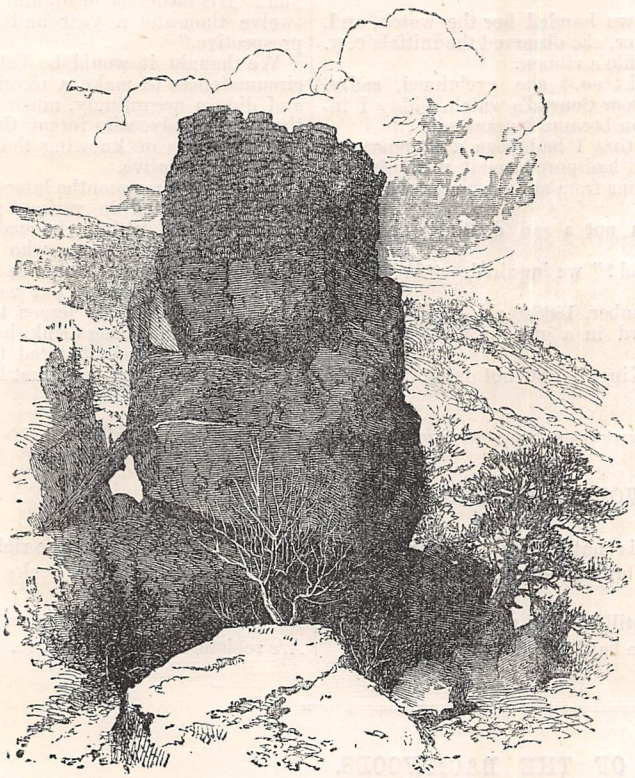
Soon afterwards the Indians stole the trappers' horses during the night and fled with them to the mountains. Carson went off in pursuit, following the track through the snow. For more than a hundred miles he followed them, and then he caught them encamped. They had killed and eaten six of the horses, and were resting after their meal, when the rifles of Kit and his companions each brought down its victim. The Indians fled, and the horses were recovered.

On his way back to Santa Fé Colonel Young halted on the bank of the Colorado, and here another adventure befell the young trapper. He had been left in charge of the camp with half a dozen men, and had fortified it in the usual way, the bundles of furs being built up around it, while the horses and mules were turned out to graze. Suddenly a band of five hundred Indians were descried. They halted a short distance from the camp and sent off a strong body of warriors, who made friendly signs and were admitted within the ring. They were followed by others, and Kit discovered that each man had a weapon concealed about him. In the quietest and most ordinary tone he suddenly told the six trappers each to mark his man, and raising his own rifle, aimed straight at the head of the leader of the party, who was hardly six feet away from him. Very coolly and decidedly he told him that unless he left the camp immediately he and his men would be shot. The redskins grasped the situation at a glance and leapt off for their lives. They might easily have overpowered the trappers, but Indians will seldom attack when they feel certain that some of their prominent leaders will be killed.

In 1830 Kit was out trapping under Fitzpatrick up the streams and valleys of the Rockies. In the following January the horses were stolen by the Crow Indians, and there was another pursuit for forty miles or so, ending in the usual battle with the usual success. On this occasion the trail had been almost wiped out owing to a herd of several thousand buffaloes having crossed it in the night. Soon afterwards when out with four of his companions Kit came suddenly on four Indians evidently on the war-path, to whom they gave chase. The Indians led them into an ambush, and they had to cut their way through and ride for their lives. Often the yelling crowd was within a few feet of their horses, but the arrows and bullets whistled harmlessly past owing to the speed of the chase. Towards the end, as the camp was reached, two of the men were wounded, but not seriously.

In October, 1832, Kit joined Captain Lee as a fur trader, and with him went over the Old Spanish Trail, the single-file path between New Mexico and California. On the Windy River they were overtaken by the winter, and took up their quarters in the camp of a Mr. Robidoux, in whose employ was a gigantic Indian of much strength and dex-

terity. One night this Indian, in whom much confidence was placed, walked off with six of the best horses and five loads of furs. Kit was asked to go in pursuit, and with an Indian companion he started.



A Watch-Tower on the Prairies.

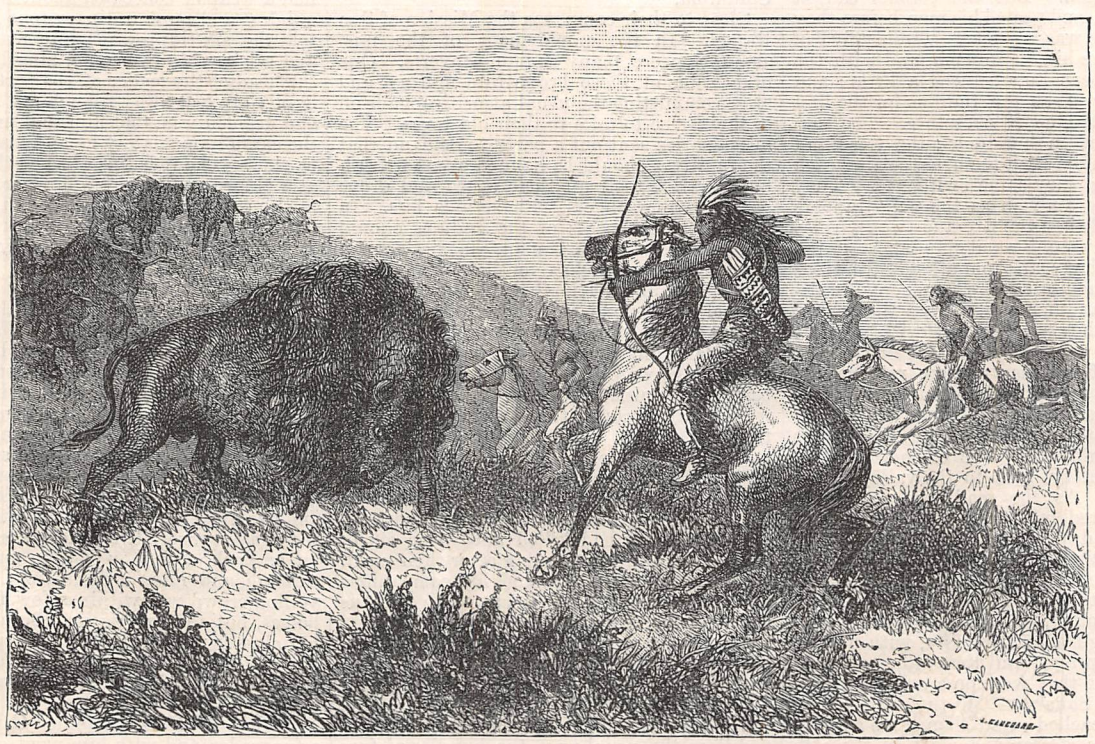
For a hundred miles and more they raced together down the valley of the Green River until the Indian's horse gave out, and then Kit went on alone. Thirty miles farther he went, frequently leaping off his horse to rest him and running by his side. There was no time to stop, as the runaway, with his choice of mounts, could keep on without a pause. Suddenly, as he rounded a small hill in the prairie, Kit caught sight of the thief riding along leisurely not two hundred yards ahead of him. The Indian saw him at the same moment, and, jumping to the ground, rushed for the shelter of a few trees that grew close by. Carson was riding at full speed, and saw that if his foe could but reach the cover he could get the first shot. Instantly the rifle went up, and the redskin fell with the bullet through his heart while he was in the very act of lifting his cocked rifle at his pursuer.

Kit collected the six horses, and quietly returned to camp, where his reception may be imagined.

Not long afterwards Kit was out trapping on the Laramie. He and his two companions had been toiling for hours through a dreary ravine, and when the camp was pitched, just before sunset, he went off into the woods in search of something for supper. About a mile from the camp he came upon fresh tracks of elk, and, following the trail, soon discovered a herd grazing on the hill-side. Setting down for a stalk, he managed to get round the trees behind them, and, creeping into range, picked out the fattest and dropped him at his first shot. Kit was congratulating himself on his good fortune, and was rising from his place of concealment, when a terrific roar made him turn sharply round, and but a few yards away there were a couple of huge grizzly bears coming down upon him at full speed.

There was no time for him to load, and a grizzly is so tough a customer that a single shot is seldom enough. There was nothing for it but to run, and the speed of a grizzly is terrific for short distances. Dropping his rifle, he made a desperate rush for a tree close by, and, springing to the lower branch, just caught it, and dragged himself up into safety as the bears, growling and gnashing their teeth below, struck at him with their claws.

A grizzly is as good a climber as a man. And after a moment's hesitation one of them began to swarm up the trunk. But in the meanwhile Kit had hacked off a stout cudgel with his knife, and as the bear came within range, showing his white teeth in anger and certainty of his prey, down came such a whack on his nose as drove him nearly mad with pain; for a bear's nose is his tenderest part—and, indeed, the only part in which a blow can hurt him. Drawing back for a moment to consider, he again made for Carson, who again and again struck him down with the cudgel, until he dropped howling to the ground.

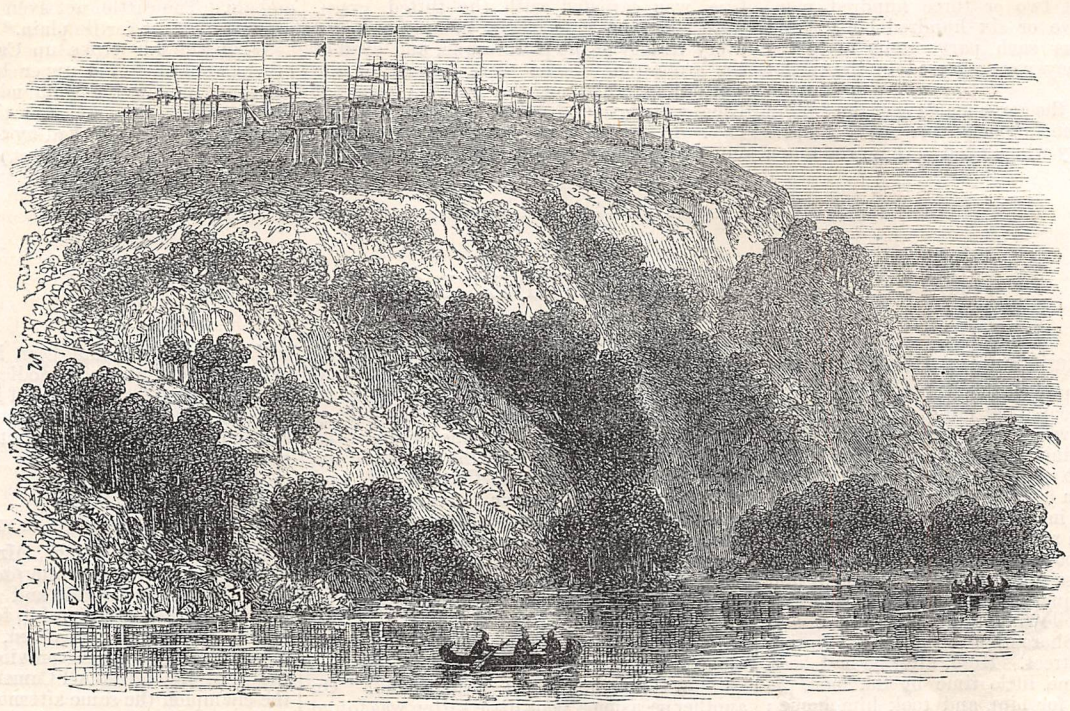


The Buffalo at Bay.

The other grizzly, doubtless feeling some

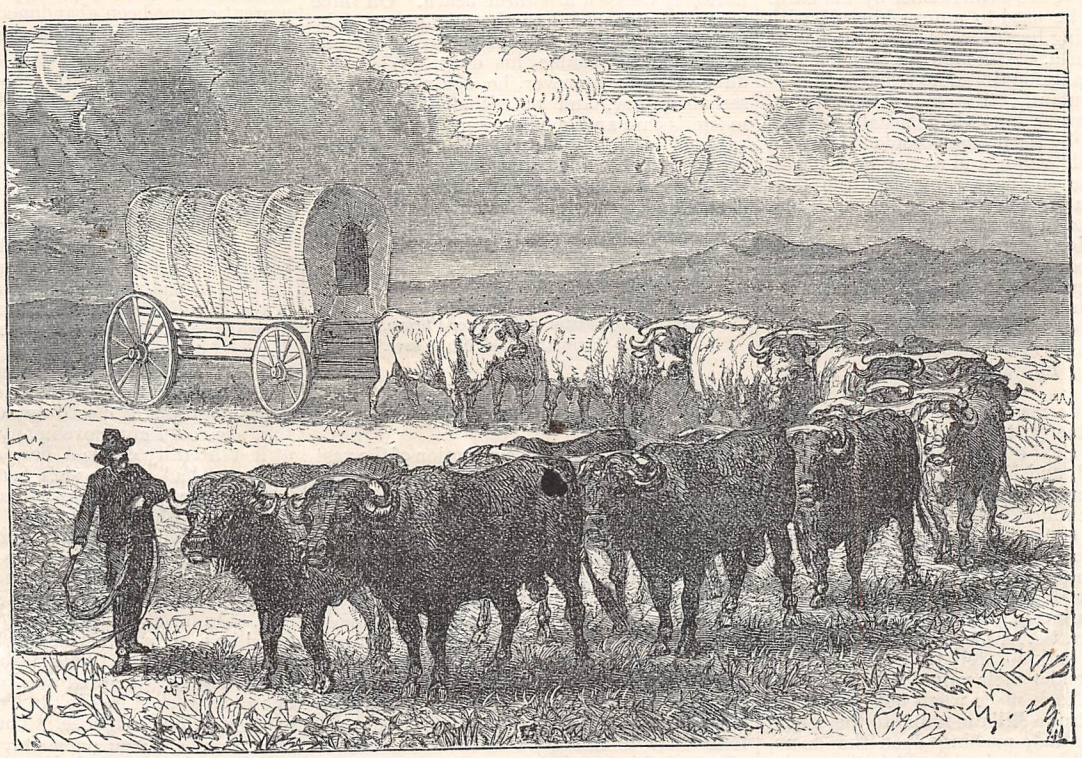
contempt for his friend at his failure, then scrambled up the tree and artfully endeavoured to dodge the blows with which he was assailed. His efforts were in vain; the thuds rained down so fiercely on his snout that in drawing back he slipped, and with a tremendous bang he was knocked flying off the bough. Howling with pain and roaring with rage, the bears filled the forest with their noise for hours. Now and then they would bury their snouts in the ground to ease their pain, and then they would return to the tree, start to climb it, and give up the attempt in despair as they caught sight of the cudgel above. At last they came under the branch, and, gnashing their teeth at Kit, gave him a good-bye roar, and retired slowly and sadly into the woods.

The trapper waited for some time in the tree to make sure that they had gone, and at dawn he descended, recovered his rifle, and, finding that the deer he had killed had been eaten by the wolves, went back to camp, where he had to content himself with a breakfast of beaver meat.



An Indian Graveyard.

In a fortnight Carson and his companions joined company with Fitzpatrick's men, and with them journeyed off to the Trappers' Fair, which in that year took place on the Green River. Here the furs were disposed of and stores and ammunition laid in for the coming season. A strange scene was one of these fairs in the wilderness! Traders and



Across the Prairie.

trappers of all nationalities here met, and for a month and more joined in a barbarous round of business and amusement. The site was a green meadow on the banks of a mountain stream, which was soon covered with the huge camp of two or three hundred men, with their five or six hundred horses and mules, and as each party came in to the rendezvous they were cheered by the earlier arrivals.

"On one of the gorgeous days of the Indian summer the encampment presented a spectacle of beauty which even to these rude men was enchanting. There was the distant encircling outline of the Rocky Mountains, many of the snow-capped peaks piercing the clouds. Scattered through the groves, which were free from underbrush, and whose surface was carpeted with the tufted grass, were seen the huts of the mountaineers in every variety of the picturesque, and even of the grotesque. Some were formed of the well-tanned robes of the buffalo; some of boughs, twigs, and bark; some of massive logs. Before all these huts fires were burning at all times of the day, and food was being cooked and devoured by these ever-hungry men. Haunches of venison, prairie chickens, and trout from the stream were emitting their savoury odours as they were turned on their spits before the glowing embers. The cattle, not even tethered, were grazing over the fertile plain."

When the fair broke up Carson and fifty others went off to the upper branches of the Missouri, and after a two hundred mile tramp encamped on the banks of the Big Snake, where they were attacked by the Blackfeet.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Fire Brigade Dogs.

Dogs have proved themselves useful in rescuing people not only from watery but from fiery graves. An instance was narrated only a short time ago of a noble Newfoundland dog at New York, who rescued several persons from a burning hotel, and at last himself perished in the flames; and more than one case is on record of dogs who have proved themselves good members of the fire brigade.

One of these dogs, named "Chance," first formed his acquaintance with the London Fire Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling Street. Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up-hill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the fireman beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt.

Another dog, called "Bill," belonged to Samuel Wood, a brave man who had charge of a fire-escape at Whitechapel. Wood saved nearly one hundred men, women, and children from the flames, but much of his success was due to his wonderful dog, of which the following interesting account has been given.

Bill, like his master, had to be very wakeful and at his post of duty all night, and therefore he slept during the day close to his master's bed, and if Wood was at all likely to be late through sleeping too long Bill was sure to wake him. When the fire-escape was wheeled out of the Whitechapel Churchyard at nine o'clock the dog was promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire was heard Bill, who at other times was very quiet, began to bark most furiously. Wood had no occasion to sound his rattle, for the policemen all around knew Bill's bark so well that they at once came up to render their valuable help. If the alarm of fire took place when but few people were in the streets Bill ran round to the coffee-houses near, and, pushing open the doors, gave his well-known bark, which those who heard it knew at once to mean, "Come and help, men! come and help!" In the dark nights the lantern had to be lit, when Bill at once seized it, and, like a "herald," ran on before his master. When the ladder was erected, Bill was at the top before his active master had reached half way. He jumped into the rooms, and, amid thick smoke and the approaching flames, ran from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates. On one occasion the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so dense, that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared their death was certain. Bill seemed at once to comprehend the danger in which his kind master was placed, and the faithful creature began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his companion knew this to be the signal "Follow me," and they at once crawled after Bill, and in a few moments they were providentially led to the window and their lives were saved. On another occasion a poor little kitten was found on the stairs of a house that was on fire. Bill immediately drove the kitten down from stair to stair until it reached the door, where it was picked up and cared for by a kind-hearted policeman. Poor Bill, like human beings, had his trials and sufferings as well as his honours. At one fire he fell through a hole burnt in the floor into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he had the misfortune to be run over, but with careful doctoring he was soon able to resume his duty. Whilst on duty at a fire, however, he again received a serious injury, and notwithstanding all his master's care and good nursing he died. In token of his valuable services during the nine years that he filled the important post of "Fire-escape Dog" the parishioners of Whitechapel had, some time before his death, placed round his neck a silver collar, which bore this inscription:

> "I am the fire-escape man's dog—my name is Bill;
> When '*fire*' is called I am never still.
> I bark for my master; all danger I brave,
> To bring the 'escape,' human life to save."

Poison in Print.

Few persons have any conception of the vast amount of literature of a most unwholesome character which is circulated, or the fearful extent to which it is the source of vice and crime. Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder of London, states:

"No country in the world has such rivers of literature flowing in different directions and of every kind; no country has so much that is filling the minds of the population with wrong thoughts and desires, and the results are shown month after month in our criminal courts. There is not a boy or young lad tried at our Courts of Justice whose position there is not more or less due to the effect of this unwholesome literature upon his mind."

The late chaplain of Newgate, the Rev. F. Lloyd Jones, repeatedly referred to the same thing in his prison reports. In one of these he states:—"By repeated interviews and conversations I discovered that all these boys, without exception, had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals which are now published for the alleged instruction and amusement of both sexes, and that they learned from them to commit crimes which brought them to prison."

Lawn Tennis Championship.

On Monday, July 13th, Mr. W. Renshaw once again proved himself *facile princeps* in the lawn tennis world, and carried off the honours of the championship for the fifth year in succession. Mr. Lawford, who defeated Mr. E. Renshaw on the previous Thursday in the final tie of the All Comers' Single, met the champion the same afternoon. Mr. Lawford played with great pluck and perseverance; but from start to finish it was evident that he was overmatched. Eventually Mr. Renshaw won by three sets to one. Each championship meeting seems to mark a new phase in the evolution of the game. At one time all the play was from the back of the courts. Then the volleying game came into fashion, and the brothers Renshaw invented their smash. Now the volleying game has to a great extent been abandoned, the smash is only attempted on rare occasions, and the old-fashioned long rallies seem to be becoming the order of the day. Mr. W. Renshaw, however, appears to be able to adapt himself to any style of play, and there seems every probability of his retaining the championship for some years to come.

Vessels crushed by Ice.

Four men belonging to the Norwegian barque Bayard, who were landed at Liverpool the second week in July, gave particulars of the loss of their vessel, which was crushed by ice, and their subsequent severe sufferings during four days and nights. The Bayard, Captain Andersen, was bound to Quebec, and when off the Canadian coast immense icebergs gradually closed round the vessel, so that she could not move in any direction, and at last literally crushed her, and she sank. The crew had nothing left for it but to take to the ice, and for their own safety took with them one of the ship's boats. Day after day they traversed the ice and dragged their boat after them, but saw nothing to give them hope of a rescue. The men suffered very much from the intense cold and from exhaustion. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but vast fields of ice, here and there studded with large icebergs. On the fourth day they sighted an English steamer. She too appeared fast in the ice. She proved to be the Marie Louise. The shipwrecked crew were received on board, but they had only been there about half an hour when they had to leave along with the steamer's crew, as the ice also crushed this vessel and caused her to founder. Fortunately on the same day the Norwegian barque Brillante was fallen in with, and she rescued both crews, landing them at Quebec.

HOW A TRAVELLER WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE BOYS OF BOKHARA.

THERE are very few English travellers who have yet visited Bokhara. Until very recently it was a dangerous place for strangers, as even Vambéry in disguise found. In a book of travels in "Russian Central Asia, including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv" (published by Sampson Low), Dr. Lansdell tells more than has hitherto been known about Bokhara. In one chapter he tells in how curious a manner the Emir of Bokhara entertained his guest on the first evening of his stay at Kital.

He says: "At dusk the scene was lighted up with twenty-five lamps, and we were to sit under a spreading vine that formed a rustic balcony at the back of the house, and from thence to see the fun. Three men, with tambourines, sat near a charcoal fire in a brazier, over which, from time to time, they held their instruments to tighten the parchment. Presently four boys, or *batchas*, arrived, and were presented to us as the *artistes* of the evening; and whilst they were drinking tea and eating fruit, the tambourines, increased to five, began to sound and the men to sing. The batchas were dressed in red flowing robes, with loose wide trousers, but had their feet uncovered, their most striking peculiarity being their long hair, like that of girls. In the first dance the boys walked leisurely round and round, keeping time with clappers. In the next they danced faster, clapped their hands, and sang in unison—love, on the part of the supposed girl, being the burden of their song. In the third dance the lover answered this ditty, and in the fourth the dance was interspersed with somersaults and other antics.

"Whilst the batchas were dancing and putting themselves through various movements intended to be graceful, two men carried candles, dodging about to hold them close to the dancers, that their good looks might be admired, the candle-bearers themselves contorting their faces and disporting themselves like clowns. One of their nonsensical feats, when there was a lull in the dance, was to sit opposite each other and make grimaces, or move the muscles and skin of the face like a rabbit. They brought on next a Persian song and dance with whistles, the batchas snapping their fingers in time, and then striking together a pair of wands.

"As the entertainment proceeded, a large crowd, attracted by the sound of the music, pressed into the courtyard and garden, delighted to witness the performance. Their appreciation of the batchas was intense. They offered them tea and fruit, and when the boys sat they could hardly have been made more of had they been the first stars of a London season. They seated themselves apart from 'the vulgar crowd,' near to us, whereupon lights were placed before them, that all might gaze and admire. He thinks himself a happy man to whom a batcha condescends to offer a bowl of tea, and receives it with expressions of great respect. So, again, if a man offers tea to a batcha, it is counted an honour if it is taken and the cup returned, after tasting, to the owner, but a great indignity if the remainder be handed to another. I gave the boys refreshments, and sent round to the crowd some of our boxes of sugar-candy, which was readily accepted.

"We were next entertained with some acrobatic feats, the men bending backwards till their heads touched the ground, and performing several other fantastic exercises.

"After this a man gave us a Hindu dance, and preparations were made for some rude comic acting, in which were represented various scenes from native life. First a quarrel and lawsuit about a scarf; presently a high priest, or some dignitary, amply covered with cotton wool to represent white hair and beard, was carried in on a sort of sedan-chair. Whether he was intended to represent the Emir or the Grand Lama I am uncertain, but he was waited upon with great obsequiousness, whilst the musicians kept up vociferous singing and loud beating of tambourines. Presently a supposed dead man was brought in, upon whom the mullah sprinkled water in such abundance as to make the corpse wince, and he then proceeded to count the dead man's debts, supplying himself with a substitute for ink with a nastiness that will not allow of description. At length, by accident or by design, one of the candles set fire to the cotton wool of the judge's hair, and he was about to be enveloped in flames, but which fortunately they were able to put out, and this touch of reality brought the proceedings to an unceremonious close."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

IV.—Music Competition.

BY reference to page 15 of this volume it will be seen that we wrote as follows:—

"Our last Music Competition was very successful, and we see no reason why this one should not be even more so. We offer, then, Prizes of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. VI.). There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24."

We have now much pleasure in publishing our Award. There are not, perhaps, on the whole quite so many really good songs this year as there were last, though the two first compositions, by competitors who ran each other very close for the same places last year, show, we are glad to see, a distinct advance.

Our Award is as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to* 18).

[This year, as last, the Juniors carry off the laurels for Music; and as the two competitors at the head of the list approach each other very closely in point of merit, we give an additional prize over and above that offered.]

First Prize—Two Guineas.

EDWARD CUTHBERT NUNN (aged 17), Ockbrooke, Lower Edmonton, N.

Extra Prize—One Guinea and a Half.

COLIN MCALPIN (aged 14), 4, Portland Terrace, Leicester.

CERTIFICATES.

[*The names are arranged in the order of merit.*]

HAROLD H. WYATT, 26, Seymour Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
SYDNEY H. THOMSON, 28, Blantyre Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
HERBERT GREEN, 8, Alexandra Cottages, Penge, Surrey.
HAROLD B. OSMOND, 33, Cassland Crescent, South Hackney, E.
WM. R. THURNHAM, 13, Fisher Street, Carlisle.
JOHN T. MCCALLUM, 18, Emorville Avenue, South Circular Road, Dublin.
ARTHUR WADSWORTH, Hartington Street, Cotton Tree, near Colne, Lancashire.
M. MAYSON, 4, Lidlington Place, Oakley Square, N.W.
JOHN MARTIN, 5, Tennant Street, Leith.
ALFRED B. NUTTER, Caldwell Priory, Bedford.
JOSEPH C. WINSER, 7, Cloudesley Street, Barnsbury, N.
HARRY SHEPLEY, 29, St. James's Road, Halifax.
W. G. CHANDLER, 3, Norfolk Terrace, Arundel, Sussex.
GEORGE HARE, 73, Bousfield Road, Nunhead, S.E.
JOHN W. WESTON, 13, Blackshaw Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire.
FREDK. A. KEENE, 17, Marmion Road, Lavender Hill, Battersea, S.W.
LUCIEN F. L. SAVOURNIN, Grosvenor House, 160, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.
CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.
CHAS. E. JOHNSON, 404, Stockport Road, Longsight.
ARNOLD B. STOCK, Fern Lodge, Millfield Lane, Highgate, N.
JOHN W. BEARDER, 180, Derby Road, Nottingham.
HARRY STANBROOK, Cambria Villa, Adelaide Road, Windsor.
JOHN W. PARKER, Bridge Street, Buckingham.
HARRY T. BROWN, Cambridge Crescent, Edgbaston, near Birmingham.
WM. H. BAKER, 31, Wilson Street, Stoke-on-Trent.
J. F. LOVE, 82, Welbourne Road, High Cross, Tottenham.
B. W. HENDERSON, 34, Highbury Hill, N.
W. H. CURTIS, 35, Faroe Road, Hammersmith.
QUENTIN S. MCPHAIL, F. C. Manse, Kilmuir, Uig, Isle of Skye.
ALLEN HUSSELL, 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.
F. B. ANDREWS, Avondale, Selley Park, Birmingham.
F. W. ALLSOP, 46, Birmingham Street, Oldbury.
HERBERT ELDRIDGE, 16, Grove House Road, Hornsey.
H. F. SIMPSON, The Vineyard, Abingdon, Berks.
WALTER ASTON, 63, Wellington Road, Dudley, Worcestershire.
THOMAS KEIGHLEY, 105, High Street, Stalybridge.
A. F. BENNIE, Garfield Villa, Ballard's Lane, Finchley.
HERBERT L. HART, The Grammar School, Cartmel, Carnforth.
EDGAR M CLARKE, 161, Stratford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
FRANK PARKER, 4, Bedford Place, Southampton.
JOHN KEEN, 31, Abinger Road West, New Cross, S.E.
FREDK. DAVISON, 2, Mill Lane, Canterbury.
THOMAS THRELFALL, 31, Hope Street, Southport, Lancashire.
W. J. GARDNER, 34, Clayton Street, Caledonian Road, N.
C. H. A. BOND, 67, The Grove, Hammersmith.
W. D. WALKER, Park Road, Dewsbury.
G. A. HEWITT, 5, Lincoln Street, Leicester.
OWEN RAMSEY, Lochgilphead, Argyleshire.
CHARLES JEFFERIES, 6, Bell Lane, The Plain, Wandsworth, S.W.
HARRY JONES, 104, Bury New Road, Bolton.
A. W. PARKER, 41, Bedford Place, Southampton.
E. C. ROBIN, Zynca House, Manor Park, Essex.
CHAS. A. H. THOMSON, 138, Orange Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages* 18 *to* 24).

Second Prize—One Guinea.

GRANVILLE ERNEST HUMPHREYS (aged 18), 11, Royd's Street, Stockport Road, Manchester.

CERTIFICATES.

HARRY HOPKINS, 24, Regent's Park Road, N.W.
FRED PARKER, 13, Dannetts Street, King Richard's Road, Leicester.
ARTHUR L. SALMON, 112, York Road, Montpellier, Bristol.
WM. K. HILL, 71, Southborough Road, South Hackney, E.
HENRY E. FRY, Westbrook, Enfield, N.
JOHN C. BILLING, 5, S. Mary's Hill, Stamford, Lincolnshire.
A. E. BULL, Canvey Island, South Benfleet, Essex.
HENRY J. NAPPER, The Highlands, Cuckfield, Sussex.
JOSEPH O. PEARSTON, 34, West End Park Street, Glasgow.
WILLIE PICKLES, 28, John Street, Denholme, Bradford, Yorkshire.
ALFRED MOSS, Sawston, Cambs.
F. COLLIN ROGERS, 67, Bengel Street, Liverpool, E.
H. W. DENNY KNIGHT, 49, Agate Road, Hammersmith, W.
H. G. MATTHEWS, Station House, Penclawdd, near Swansea.
HARRY H. FORESHEW, 143, Ditchling Rise Brighton
ALEX. POPE, Cinderford, Gloucestershire.
WALSINGHAM MICHELL, 1, High Street, Stoke Newington, N.
B. J. FILBY, 24, West Street, Bromley, Kent.
W. S. HOOLEY, Shaw Hill, Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley, Lancashire.

Correspondence.

T. S.—The address we gave for silkworms was Slaymaker's, Covent Garden Market. You have only to go to the market and look in the windows.

H. BURNETT.—Write distinctly, in ink, on one side of the paper only. Ask no more than two questions—and let them be on allied subjects. There is no charge for answering, but you have to take your chance amongst hundreds of others, and, owing to the limitation of space, there is a very strong probability that your answer will be long delayed.

J. FARMER.—1. It was the Midland Railway Company that first resolved to run only first and third class to all trains, and there has been no second class on the line for years. The suggestion is said to have come from Sir James Allport, who was then general manager of the company. 2. It is not true that the life of a railway servant is more dangerous than it used to be. In the four years ending 1869 the Mutual Assurance Society on the Great Western show four deaths and three disablements per thousand; while in the four years ending 1884 the deaths have sunk to 1·3 and the disablements to 1·1 per thousand. 3. The North-Western foot-warmers are filled with acetate of soda instead of water. The acetate melts at about the boiling point of water, and it is melted in the sealed case before being used. As it cools it crystallises, and throws out the latent heat.

H. FOSTER.—1. Charles VIII. was the king that died from hitting his head against a doorpost; Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, died from a blow of a cricket-ball. 2. Some of the Greeks are reported to have had strange deaths. Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone; Æschylus was knocked on the head by a tortoise dropped from the claws of an eagle; Agathocles swallowed his toothpick; and Zeuxis laughed himself to death at the sight of one of his own pictures. Zeuxis was not a comic artist.

FRED IDLE.—A very full list of colleges and schools is given in Cassell's "Educational Year Book," price six shillings. No list gives the information you require about the cricket and football clubs. In James Lillywhite's "Cricket Annual" you will find a list of the cricket clubs, and in the "Football Annual" you will find a list of the football clubs.

H. T. E.—The articles on killing and setting insects were in the first volume.

E. JAMES.—The parody is by the late C. S. Calverley, who has quite a reputation for excellence in such matters. Miss Jane Ingelow's peculiarities are remarkably well hit off. We may as well quote from it as it is before us. The title is "Lovers and a Reflection":—

In moss-prankt dell, which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
Where woods are a-tremble with rifts atween.

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And oh! the sun-dazzle on bark and bight.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly,
Or marjoram, kept making peacocks' eyes.

And Willie 'gan sing (O! his notes were fluty,
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry."

O! if billows and pillows and hours and flowers
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together this genial weather
And carted or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever trotted out again—Ay, me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—1. All the small craft that have crossed the Atlantic have been more or less decked. No really open boat has survived to tell the tale. 2. Jibs and staysails are now made with the canvas cloths forming a series of triangles, having the luff as the base, in order that the sail may stand as flat as possible. In the old days the idea was that a sail should belly and hold the wind; but now it is recognised that the flatter and more board-like the sail the greater is its power. Hence old jibs were made with the cloths parallel, while now the cloths are in two series meeting at a sharp angle. 3. The "Cruise of the Snowbird" was in the third volume.

W. F. R.—1. The "Giant Raft" was in the third volume. 2. There were nine parts in the first volume. 3. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" is published at six shillings by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles ran through the third volume to No. 103, and were contained in the November, December, and January parts—that is, November and December, 1880, and January, 1881.

BOBBY.—Such a book on mechanical toys is published at 170, Strand, by L. U. Gill.

FOSSIL, E. A.—You must serve in the ranks. If you want to be a soldier, be a soldier, and if you are not prepared to take your share of the dangerous work stay away from the army altogether. Surely you can see the absurdity of a man wanting all the distinction of the pretty uniform, all the certainty of the pay, and all the borrowed glory of the fighting men, of whom outsiders mistake him to be one—and at the same time doing merely penwork safely out of reach of annoyance or disturbance.

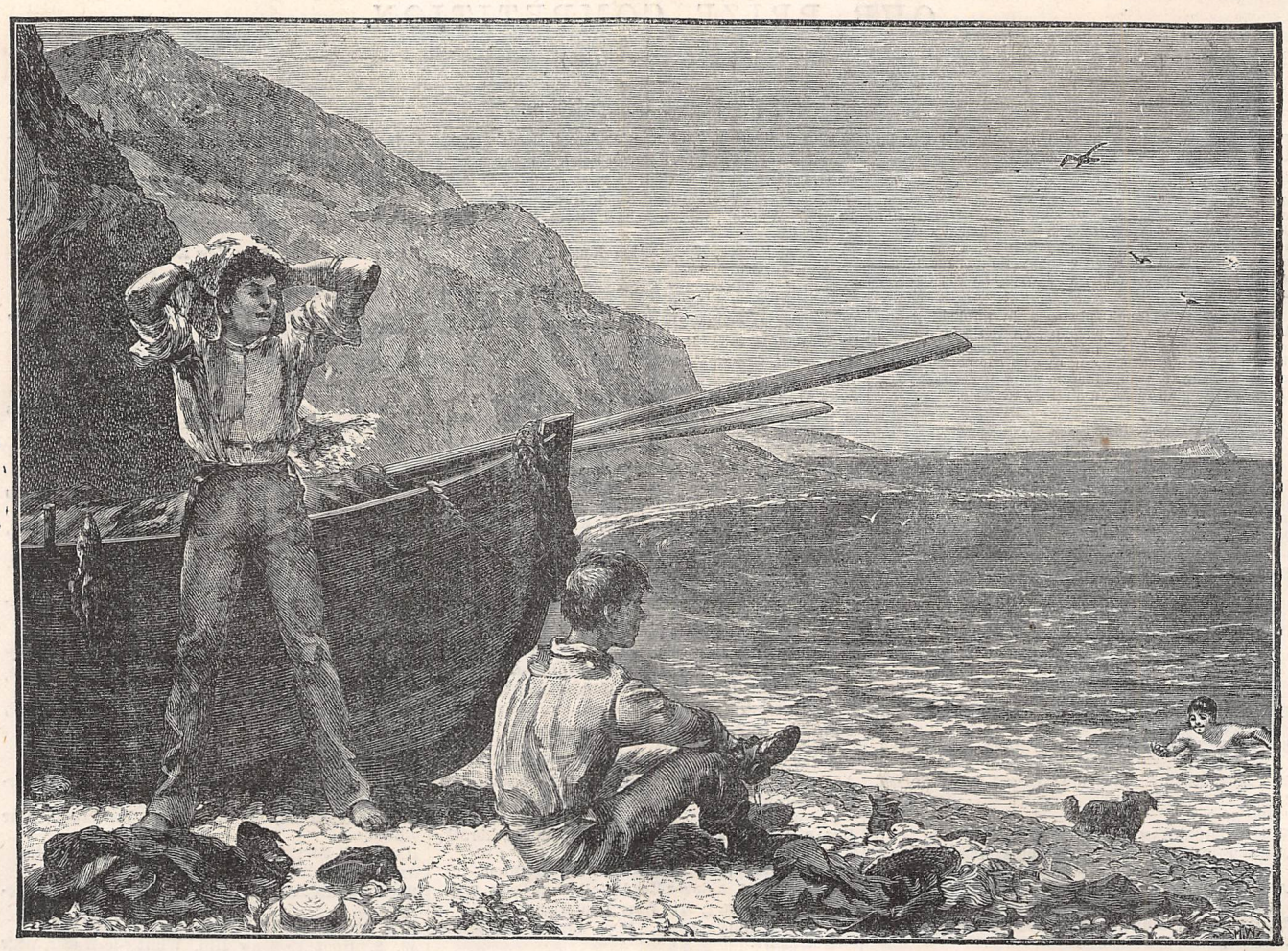
E. J. L.—1. The cement for joining the brasswork on to the glass in paraffin lamps is made by boiling together three parts of resin, one of caustic soda, and five of water, thus making a soap which is mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. 2. Badigeon is a synonym for "filler." It generally consists of sawdust and glue in carpentry, of tallow and chalk in coopery, of plaster and freestone in statuary, and of putty in amateur work.

CANIS.—Try "The Dogs of the British Islands," by J. H. Walsh, price fifteen shillings; published by Horace Cox, 346, Strand.

S. J. T.—The articles unsigned are as strictly copyright as the others, and you must not republish them without our written permission. Send your real name and address, and we will help you.

W. A. GIFFIN (Ont.).—To make a full-size balloon will cost you a good deal. We know of no place where they can be bought ready-made; your best plan would be to communicate with one of the aeronauts whose ascents are advertised. Send the letter care of the Crystal Palace Company, or the proprietors of the grounds at which the ascent took place. You could obtain full particulars as to the manufacture of balloons in France from M. Tissandier, office of "La Nature," Paris.

C. B. KING.—In Christchurch Bay you get fair mackerel fishing during the summer months; and about Christchurch Ledge there are pollack, known locally as whiting cob. In the harbour you may find sand smelts, eels, flounders, grey mullet, bass, salmon, or peal. The salmon are in the Wiltshire Avon, which flows into the estuary, and are often taken with the fly.



OUR HOLIDAYS.—A Splendid Dip!

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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"Gov'nor—that pallis I—I'm gettin' in—I hear them calling."

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV. LOVE FIGHTS HIS WAY INTO THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE.

Reginald recollected little of what happened on that terrible night when he found himself suddenly face to face with his dead enemy.

He had a vague impression of calling the landlady and of seeing the body carried from the pestiferous room. But whether he helped to carry it himself or not he could not remember.

When he next was conscious of anything the sun was struggling through the rafters over his head, as he lay in the bed beside Love, who slept still, heavily but uneasily.

The other lodgers had all risen and left the place; and when with a shudder he glanced towards the corner where the sick man last night had died, that bed was empty too.

He rose silently without disturbing his companion and made his way unsteadily down the ladder in search of the woman.

She met him with a scowl. She had found two five-pound notes in the dead man's pocket, and consequently wanted to hear no more about him.

"Took to the mortuary, of course," said she, in answer to Reginald's question. "Where else do you expect?"

"Can you tell me his name, or anything about him? I knew him once."

She looked blacker than ever at this. It seemed to her guilty conscience like a covert claim to the dead man's belongings, and she bridled up accordingly.

"I know nothing about him—no more than I know about you."

"Don't you know his name?" said Reginald.

"No. Do I know *your* name? No! And I don't want to!"

"Don't be angry," he said. "No one means any harm to you. How long has he been here?"

"I don't know. A week. And he was bad when he came. He never caught it here."

"Did any doctor see him?"

"Doctor! no," snarled the woman. "Isn't it bad enough to have a man bring smallpox into a place without calling in doctors to give the place a bad name and take a body's living from them? I suppose you'll go and give me a character now. I wish I'd never took you in. I hated the sight of you from the first."

She spoke so bitterly, and at the same time so anxiously, that Reginald felt half sorry for her.

"I'll do you no harm," said he, gently. "Goodness knows I've done harm enough in my time."

The last words, though muttered to himself, did not escape the quick ear of the woman, and they pleased her. She was used to strange characters in her place, seeking a night's shelter before escaping to America, or while hiding from justice. It was neither her habit nor her business to answer questions. All she asked was to be let alone and paid for her lodgings. She knew Reginald had her in a sense at his mercy, for he knew the disease the man had died of, and a word from him out of doors would bring her own pestiferous house about her ears and ruin her.

But when he muttered those words to himself she concluded he was a criminal of some sort in hiding, and criminals in hiding, as she knew, were not the people to go and report the sanitary arrangements of their lodgings to the police.

So she mollified towards him somewhat, and told him she would look after her affairs if he looked after his, and as he had not had a good night last night, well, if no one else wanted the bed to-night he could have it at half-price; and after that she hoped she would have done with him.

Reginald returned to the foul garret and found Love still asleep, but tossing restlessly, and muttering to himself the while.

He sat down beside him and waited till he opened his eyes.

At first the boy looked round in a bewildered way as though he were hardly yet awake, but presently his eyes fell on Reginald and his face lit up.

"Gov'nor," he said, with a smile, sitting up.

"Well, old boy," said Reginald, "what a long sleep you've had. Are you rested?"

"I are 'ad sich dreams, gov'nor, and —my, ain't it cold!" And he shivered.

The room was stifling. Scarcely a breath of fresh air penetrated through its battered roof, still less through the tiny unopened window at the other end.

"We'll get some breakfast to make you warm," said Reginald. "This horrible place is enough to make any one feel sick."

The boy got slowly out of bed.

"We are got to earn some browns," he said, "afore we can get any breakfast."

He shivered still, and sat down on the edge of the bed for a moment. Then he gathered himself together with an effort and walked to the ladder. Reginald's heart sank within him. The boy was not well. His face was flushed, his walk was uncertain, and his teeth chattered incessantly. It might be only the foul atmosphere of the room, or it might be something worse. And as he thought of it he too shivered, but not on account of the cold.

They descended the ladder, and for a little while the boy seemed revived by the fresh morning air. Reginald insisted on his taking their one coat, and the boy seemed to lack the energy to contest the matter. For an hour they wandered about the wharves, till at last Love stopped short and said,

"Gov'nor, I don't want no breakfast. I'll just go back and—"

The sentence ended in a whimper, and but for Reginald's arm round him he would have fallen.

Reginald knew now that his worst fears were realised. Love was ill, and it was only too easy to surmise what his illness was, especially when he called to mind the boy's statement that he had been taking shelter in the infected lodging-house ten days ago during his temporary exile from Shy Street.

He helped him back tenderly to the place—for other shelter they had none—and laid him in his bed. The boy protested that he was only tired, that his back and legs ached, and would soon be well. Reginald, inexperienced as he was, knew better, or rather worse.

He had a battle royal, as he expected, with the landlady on the subject of his little patient. At first she would listen to nothing, and threatened to turn both out by force. But Reginald, with an eloquence which only extremities can inspire, reasoned with her, coaxed her, flattered her, bribed her with promises, and finally got far enough on the right side of her to obtain leave for the boy to occupy Durfy's bed until some other lodger should want it. But she must have a shilling down or off they must go.

It was a desperate alternative,—to quit his little charge in his distress, or to see him turned out to die in the street. Reginald, however, had little difficulty in making his choice.

"Are you comfortable?" said he to the boy, leaning over him and smoothing the coarse pillow.

"Yes, gov'nor—all right—that there ache will be gone soon, and see if I don't pick up some browns afore evening."

"Do you think you can get on if I leave you a bit? I think I know where I can earn a little, and I'll be back before night, never fear."

"Maybe you'll find me up and about when you comes," said the boy; "mayhap the old gal would give me a job sweeping or somethink."

"You must not think of it," said Reginald, almost sternly. "Mind, I trust you to be quiet till I come. How I wish I had any food!"

With heavy heart he departed, appealing to the woman, for pity's sake, not to let harm come to the boy in his absence.

Where should he go? what should he do? Half-a-crown would make him feel the richest man in Liverpool, and yet how hard, how cruelly hard, it is to find a half-crown when you most want it.

He forgot all his pride, all his sensitiveness, all his own weariness—everything but the sick boy, and left no stone unturned to procure even a copper. He even begged when nothing else succeeded.

Nobody seemed to want anything done. There were scores of hungry applicants at the riverside and dozens outside the printing-office. There were no horses that wanted holding, no boxes or bags that wanted carrying, no messages or errands that wanted running. No shop or factory window that he saw had a notice of "Boys Wanted" posted in it; no junior clerk was advertised for in any paper he caught sight of; not even a scavenger boy was wanted to clean the road.

At last he was giving it up in despair and coming to the conclusion he might just as well hasten back to his little charge and share his fate with him, when he caught sight of a stout elderly lady standing in a state of flurry and trepidation on the kerb of one of the most crowded crossings in the city.

With the instinct of desperation he rushed towards her, and, lifting his hat, said,

"Can I help you across, ma'am?"

The lady started to hear words so polite and in so well-bred a tone, coming from a boy of Reginald's poor appearance, for he was still without his coat.

But she jumped at his offer, and allowed him to pilot her and her parcels over the dangerous crossing.

"It may be worth twopence to me," said Reginald to himself as he landed her safe on the other side.

How circumstances change us! At another time Reginald would have flushed crimson at the bare idea of being paid for an act of politeness. Now his heart beat high with hope as he saw the lady's hand feel for her pocket.

"You're a very civil young man," said she, "and—dear me, how ill you look."

"I'm not ill," said Reginald, with a boldness he himself marvelled at, "but a little boy I love is—very ill—and I have no money to get him either food or lodging. I know you'll think I'm an impostor, ma'am, but could you, for pity's sake,

give me a shilling? I couldn't pay you back, but I'd bless you always."

"Dear, dear!" said the lady, "it's very sad—just at Christmas-time, too. Poor little fellow! Here's something for him. I think you look honest, young man; I hope you are, and trust in God."

And, to Reginald's unbounded delight, she slipped two half-crowns into his hand and walked away.

He could only say "God bless you for it." It seemed like an angel's gift in his hour of direst need, and with a heart full of comfort he hastened back to the lodgings, calling on his way at a cookshop and spending sixpence of his treasure on some bread and meat for his patient.

He was horror-struck to notice the change even a few hours had wrought on the sufferer. There was no mistaking his ailment now. Though not delirious, he was in a high state of fever and apparently of pain, for he tossed incessantly and moaned to himself.

The sight of Reginald revived him.

"I knowed you was comin'," said he; "but I don't want nothing to eat, gov'nor. On'y some water; I do want some water."

Reginald flew to get it, and the boy swallowed it with avidity. Then, somewhat revived, he lay back and said, "I are got 'em, then?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it's smallpox," said Reginald; "but you'll soon be better."

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't. Say, gov'nor, you don't ought to stop here; you'll be cotchin' 'em too!"

"No fear of that," said Reginald, "I've been vaccinated. Besides, who'd look after you?"

"My! you're a good un to me!" said the boy. "Think of that there Medlock—"

"Don't let's think of anything so unpleasant," said Reginald, seeing that even this short talk had excited his patient unduly. "Let me see if I can make the bed more comfortable, and then, if you like, I can read to you. How would you like that?"

The boy beamed his gratitude, and Reginald, after doing his best to smooth the wretched bed and make him comfortable, produced the "Pilgrim's Progress" and settled down to read.

"That there Robinson ain't a bad un," said Love, before the reading began; "I read 'im while I was a-waitin' for you. But 'e ain't so good as the Christian. Read about that there pallis ag'in, gov'nor."

And Reginald read it—more than once.

The evening closed in, the room grew dark, and he shut the book. The boy was already asleep, tossing and moaning to himself, sometimes seeming to wake for a moment, but dropping off again before he could tell what he wanted or what was wrong with him.

Once or twice Reginald moistened his parched mouth with water, but as the evening wore on the boy became so much worse that he felt, at all hazards, he must seek help.

"I *must* bring a doctor to see him," said he to the landlady; "he's so ill."

"You'll bring no doctor—unless you want to see the boy chucked out in the road!" said she. "The idea! just when my lodgers will be coming home to bed too!"

"It's only eight o'clock; no one will come till ten. There'll be plenty of time."

"What's the use? You know as well as I do the child won't last above a day or two in his state. What's the use of making a disturbance for nothing?" said the woman.

"He won't die—he shall not die!" said Reginald, feeling in his heart how foolish the words were. "At any rate, I must fetch a doctor. I might have fetched one without saying a word to you, but I promised I wouldn't, and now I want you to let me off the promise."

The woman fretted and fumed, and wished ill to the day when she had ever seen either Reginald or Love. He bore her vituperation patiently, as it was his only chance of getting his way.

Presently she said, "If you're bent on it, go to Mr. Pilch, round the corner; he's the only doctor I'll let come in my house. You can have him or nobody, that's flat!"

In two minutes Reginald was battering wildly at Mr. Pilch's door. That gentleman—a small dealer in herbs, who eked out his livelihood by occasional unauthorised medical practice—happened to be in, and offered, for two shillings, to come and see the sick boy. Reginald tossed down the coin with eager thankfulness, and almost dragged him to the bedside of his little charge.

Mr. Pilch may have known very little of medicine, but he knew enough to make him shake his head as he saw the boy.

"Regular bad case that. Smallpox and half a dozen things on the top of it. I can't do anything."

"Can you give me no medicine for him, or tell me what food he ought to take or what? Surely there's a *chance* of his getting better?"

Mr. Pilch laughed quietly.

"About as much chance of his pulling through that as of jumping over the moon. The kindest thing you can do is to let him die as soon as he can. He may last a day or two. If you want to feed him give him anything he will take, and that won't be much you'll find. It's a bad case, young fellow, and it won't do you any good to stop too near him. No use my coming again. Good night."

And the brusque but not unkindly little quack trotted away, leaving Reginald in the dark without a gleam of hope to comfort him.

"Gov'nor," said the weak little voice from the bed, "that there doctor says I are a-goin' to die, don't he?"

"He says you're very ill, old boy, but let's hope you'll soon be better."

"Me—no fear. On'y I wish it would come soon. I'm afeared of gettin' frightened."

And the voice trembled away into a little sob.

They lay there side by side that long restless night. The other lodgers, rough degraded men and women, crowded into the room, but no one heeded the little bed in the dark corner, where the big boy lay with his arm round the little uneasy sufferer. There was little sleep either for patient or nurse. Every few minutes the boy begged for water, which Reginald held to his lips, and when after a time the thirst ceased and only the pain remained, nothing soothed and tranquillised him so much as the repetition time after time of his favourite stories from the wonderful book which, happily, Reginald now knew almost by heart.

So the night passed. Before daylight the lodgers one by one rose and left the place, and when about half-past seven light struggled once more in between the rafters these two were alone.

The boy seemed a little revived, and sipped some milk which Reginald had darted out to procure.

But the pain and the fever returned twofold as the day wore on, and even to Reginald's unpractised eye it was evident the boy's release was not far distant.

"Gov'nor," said the boy once, with his mind apparently wandering back over old days, "what's the meaning of 'Jesus Christ's sake, Amen,' what comes at the end of that there prayer you taught me at the office—is He the same one that's in the Pilgrim book?"

"Yes, old boy; would you like to hear about Him?"

"I would so," said the boy, eagerly.

And that afternoon, as the shadows darkened and the fleeting ray of the sun crossed the floor of their room, Love lay and heard the old, old story told in simple broken words. He had heard of it before, but till now he had never heeded it. Yet it seemed to him more wonderful even than "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then he broke in with some comment or criticism, or even one of his old familiar tirades against the enemies of his new hero. The room grew darker, and still Reginald went on. When at last the light had all gone the boy's hand stole outside the blanket and sought that of his protector, and held it till the story came to an end.

Then he seemed to drop into a fitful sleep, and Reginald, with the hand still on his, sat motionless, listening to the hard breathing, and living over in thought the days since Heaven in mercy joined his life to that of his little friend.

How long he sat thus he knew not. He heard the voices and tread of the other lodgers in the room; he heard the harsh groan of the bolt on the outer door downstairs; and he saw the candle die down in its socket. But he never moved or let go the boy's hand.

Presently—about one or two in the morning, he thought—the hard breathing ceased, and a turn of the head on the pillow told him the sleeper was awake.

"Gov'nor, you there?" whispered the boy.

"Yes, old fellow."

"It's dark; I'm most afeared."

Reginald lay on the bed beside him, and put an arm round him.

The boy became more easy after this, and seemed to settle himself once more to sleep. But the breathing was shorter and more laboured, and the little brow that rested against the watcher's cheek grew cold and damp.

For half an hour more the feeble flame of life flickered on, every breath seeming to Reginald as he lay there motionless, scarcely daring to breathe himself, like the last.

Then the boy seemed suddenly to rouse himself and lifted his head.

"Gov'nor—that pallis!—I'm gettin' in—I hear them calling—come there too, gov'nor!"

And the head sank back on the pillow, and Reginald, as he turned his lips to the forehead, knew that the little valiant soul had fought his way into the Beautiful Palace at last, and was already hearing the music of those voices within as they welcomed him to his hero's reward.

* * * *

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. (AND LAST).—VICTORY—THEODORA AND AURORA ORDERED HOME—THE "FLAG OF BRITANNIA."

Among the first to fall in the passage across stream was poor Golava. He fell in the river shot through the brain.

The same volley wounded Benbow's little Othello. The boy crawled back and laid himself down under a tree. He quietly took up one of McGee's bandages—the doctor had gone on with the rest—and bound up his wounded leg.

"'Spect I is going to die," he said to himself. "Der is a drefful lot ob blood coming out. Dun know, am shuah, where it all comes from."

Then he fainted. Duncan Robb had found time to glance towards him, but thought the boy was dead.

In less than fifteen minutes the fort was taken, and the prisoners were saved.

Having hastily done his best for the wounded in this brilliant combat, Dr. McGee hastened back to see to Colin—on a day of battle surgeons must be everywhere.

For a considerable time he thought about nothing else save his patient.

He was lucky enough to find the bullet and to extract it, an operation that gave Colin McLeod a much greater chance of life. And when he had done all for his patient that his skill suggested, he had time to look around him, to listen and to think.

He noticed Othello, and went towards him. The boy's face was cold, his arm was pulseless. "He is dead, poor little fellow," said McGee to himself. "Hullo!" he continued, "a flash of lightning, and how black it is getting. And drops of rain begin to fall. The river will be swollen into a roaring torrent in a very short time. I'm not safe here, I don't want to be cut off, I shall cross at once."

For McGee had seen many a Highland stream come down in "spate," and knew well what a sudden storm in a mountainous land can do.

He did not take long to shift his camp and carry Colin over, and it was well he had done so.

The storm came on with awful fury, and in less than a quarter of an hour down came the river, carying trees and turf and stones and even boulders before it.

For the time being Mildmay was prevented from retracing his steps to the relief of the camp. He had left brave men and true behind him, however, and thought he had little to fear, for doubtless the river would fall as speedily as it had risen.

Gayly was a good sailor, and that means a good soldier also, and no sooner had the main body of the little army left that night, under the guidance of the nigger-boy, than he set about fortifying the camp, and before daylight, by almost superhuman exertions, he had succeeded in throwing up a rampart all round, behind which it was possible for thirty determined British men to defy ten thousand savages.

It was well he did so, for hardly was the morning well advanced ere his picket was driven in, and soon after a determined attack was made on the camp.

The enemy had soon to retire, however, with the loss of many of their number. This taught them a lesson, and they were not slow to profit by it.

They had learned something else as well; they had found out that the men in camp were a mere handful, who might defend themselves for a time, but could not hold out long.

Another and even more energetic attack was made to storm the ramparts about two hours after the first; and this, like the last, failed, though some of the boldest had actually succeeded in scaling the earthwork, but only to be "scuppered," as sailors call it, on the top of it. Sound travels far on a still day in this climate, and the noise of the blowing-up of the gates was distinctly heard by all. It was a welcome sound to Gayly and Quentin, but it caused the enemy to redouble their efforts to subdue the little stronghold before assistance might arrive and the siege be raised.

The tactics pursued in order to accomplish this task were excellent, and showed that the Poonasees, savages though they were, were commanded by a captain who knew a good deal of the art of warfare. From the edge of the wood, which was on a level with the camp, a trench was zigzagged up to within seventy or eighty yards of the rampart.

No sooner was this finished than trees that were being felled in the forest were dragged up, and the construction of a tower commenced, by which the inside of Gayly's fort could be completely commanded.

It is not likely that Gayly and Quentin permitted the work to go on quietly. They did all in their power to harass the builders, but with little success. Higher and higher rose the pile, and by noon it was of such a height that had the men who swarmed upon it been better marksmen Gayly's fort would soon have been quite untenable, and every one within it have been slain or made prisoners. As it was, the only defence possible was effected by the spade rather than the rifle.

By two o'clock many of the sailors and marines lay dead or wounded, and among the dead, much to Quentin's grief, was Gayly himself. He had exposed himself for a moment on the rampart to roll back lifeless the next.

By three in the afternoon things had come to such a pass that Quentin determined to make a sortie. Better die fighting sword in hand than remain a mere target to the enemy's bullets.

"Barclay," he said to the chief gunner, "we must make a rush."

Barclay was "making a recognaissance," as he called it, through a small loophole that he had formed of a few flat stones.

"One moment, sir," he replied. "Why, sir—"

"What is it, Barclay? What do you see?"

"Why— Hurrah!" shouted Barclay. Their tower is on fire!"

It was true. The light wind blew off the camp, smoke was seen rising from the foot of the great pile, and next minute the whole structure was one blazing mass, for the wood of which it was built was dry and hot with exposure to the sun.

"And here comes little Othello," cried the gunner. "Why, it must have been he, and no one else, who fired the stack."

It was true. When Dr. McGee had recrossed the stream, and the rain began to fall and patter on Othello's face, he began slowly to revive, and finally stretching himself, wearily opened his eyes. Then he sat up and looked about.

"'Specs nobody cares nuffin now 'bout poor Massa 'Thello," he said. "De ribber come down plenty big too, and de docta he hab take de buckra officer ober in his arms. 'Nebber mind de niggah chile,' he say to hisse'f, 'de niggah boy am good for nuffin now.' Well, I'se on'y a niggah chile arter all. What for I sit down and blubber? I go back to de camp directly. I get some food den. Dat is bettah dan sit and cry. I is so stiff and sore though. Nebber mind, I'se on'y a poor little niggah boy."

It was a long weary march that to Othello. But he found fruit in the forest, and that refreshed him, and so by-and-by he came in sight of the camp.

"Dey am fighting for sure," he said, rubbing his eyes. "And poor Massa Quentin he gettin' de worst ob it. Berry much indeed. Why, right ober against de camp dere dey hab build de Tower ob Babel, all same 's de kind ole cluggyman tell me 'bout. Why dis niggah soon put an end to dat prank; dis niggah boy fire de tower. Ah! yah! Fire de tower and frizzle all de niggahs on de top. Ah! yah!"

Othello soon put his scheme into action. Nobody noticed the approach of the tiny black fellow, so he concealed himself at the foot of the pile and *in* the pile.

It took him quite a quarter of an hour to "make fire," as he called it, with some hard and soft wood. Both the grass and the timber had hours before become dry, and once alight they burned with fury.

The river went down as speedily as it had come up, and the camp was relieved about sundown.

The enemy, now utterly routed in three battles, withdrew entirely, and left our people unmolested. On our side, however, the losses were heavy enough. No less than three of the Aurora's officers were wounded, and several men were killed. Every one was sorry for poor Gayly. A smart, brave officer he had been, and no one remembered his faults or foibles now that he was gone.

All the dead were buried at the edge of the forest. A cairn marks the place of sepulchre—a cairn that the superstitious natives will not go near, either by night or by day.

McGee and the junior surgeon of the Aurora had their work cut out for them in attending to the sick, but by slow degrees and in safety they were conveyed to the coast, and thence on board their own ships.

The Aurora and Theodora then sailed for the Cape, taking with them the prisoners they had released and leaving the Dahomeians and the Poonasees to settle their own never-ending quarrels in their own wild way.

The Theodora had now been over four years and a half in commission, and it had been a stirring one on the whole. No one, I believe, was tired of adventure, but it must be admitted that no one was sorry to learn on their arrival at the Cape that both the Aurora and Theodora were ordered home.

They sailed away together. They hardly lost sight of each other during the passage home, and they made Plymouth waters within a watch of each other.

And there they lay for hours till the ceremony of *pratique* had been gone through and the medical officer of health had declared them to be clean ships.

Then, and not till then, did the friends of those on board, who swarmed around the ships in boats, but who hitherto had to be content with words spoken from quarter-deck, from side-ladder, from port or bow, rush on board.

It was summer time, and the number of ladies on deck, and the laughing, talking, joking, ay, and weeping—tears of joy—made the Theodora look as gay as a village green at fair time.

Nearly every one had some one to welcome him home, but for a time Colin looked in vain for a boat coming off to him. But yonder it comes at last, and in a few moments up the starboard ladder stumped old Captain Peter, with his wooden leg evidently newly stained and polished for the occasion. Behind him, looking somewhat abashed, for he was unused to scenes like these, came Colin's brother Roland.

Then Colin was indeed happy. He had about one hundred and fifty questions to ask his brother, and when they were all answered about three times over, then he led Roland below to his mess.

Roland was very much surprised indeed at what he took to be the smallness of the accommodation. To his eye, used to the great halls and rooms of a Highland castle, even the Theodora looked wondrous small.

The meeting between Mildmay and Captain Peter was cordial in the extreme, and it rejoiced Colin's heart to notice the respect with which the former treated his uncle.

In a day or two the court of inquiry—a mere service formality—was held on Colin and Blair. They were of course acquitted of all blame, and highly complimented for their watchfulness when on the island.

Colin dined that same night with Captain Blunderbore. His uncle was there, and Commodore O'Connell and Quentin Steele and Benbow.

Quentin and Colin said little, they kept quiet, respectfully quiet, and listened. But they enjoyed themselves none the less.

Next morning Mildmay received a letter from his London agents which contained a very pleasant surprise for him indeed. Padre Fedro had arrived in England with Sauva Rosa, and the lieutenant bade Colin good-bye and started off for town the same day.

As he stepped on board the train, dressed in plain clothes, Colin thought to himself he had never seen him looking so handsome, so happy, or so young before.

Welcome Home!

The Theodora was paid off in due time, and the officers bade each other farewell.

"Vowing oft to meet again,
They tore themselves asunder."

Benbow was the same funny jolly little fellow to the last.

"McGee," said Colin, "I have to thank you for saving my life."

"Nonsense, man," replied McGee. "Good-bye. Take care of yourself. You're looking rather white yet."

"Good-bye, Scottie," cried Blair. "God bless you."

"God bless *you*," returned Colin, heartily, "and mind you come and see me. My brother Roland here will give you a week's shooting."

"That I will, gladly," said Roland.

"Good-bye both. I'll *come*," cried Blair.

One fine morning about a fortnight afterwards Colin McLeod, now sub-lieutenant, found himself back once more in the dear old glen and at his father's house.

"I'm proud of you," his father said. His mother simply wept, as women folks will. But his uncle, with the old wooden leg looking more shiny than ever, was a sight to see and to hear! Colin was "his own boy."

"Bother it all," he said, "if he—Captain Peter—hadn't had his own way of it the lad would still have been pottering around in some flagship, a fresh-water sailor, a long-shore chap, a mere Jack o' Lantern."

Blunderbore did get his promotion, though he was not made an admiral, and old Commodore O'Connell retired as a Rear.

D'Austin was made an A.P. (Assistant Paymaster), and got a shore billet in an admiral's office, which suited him better than going to sea.

Quentin, Colin's dearest friend, found himself heir to a snug fortune on his return home, and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (capital letters, Mr. Printer, please, or I, the author, will be tried by court-martial and lose my half-pay) graciously permitted him to retire. Benbow at this moment has a command of his own, and is making it hot for the Arabs out on the East Coast. Last, but least only in point of rank, Duncan Robb is a sergeant, and a bolder or smarter never stood in front of a company.

* * * *

Just three years after these stirring events Colin McLeod—now lieutenant (epaulets at last) led to the altar the beautiful daughter of retired Captain Mildmay. Quentin and Benbow were both there, the latter as brisk as ever.

But of the doings at the castle on the day Colin and his bride—with little Othello up on the dicky beside the coachman—drove away to spend their honeymoon, I am not going to speak. Something should always be left to the imagination of the reader; but I may say this much: Dear Mildmay, the gallant and good, looked serenely happy, and Benbow remarked of Colin's uncle that he really was a grand old fellow, in grand old form. And to all Captain Peter's yarns that day and evening there was no more delighted listener than old Dominie Clayton.

In the grand hall of the castle—it has a fireplace in it big enough to roast an ox—a select company of blue-jackets not only dined but danced. Barclay the gunner was there. I give just one verse of a song he sung, and a ringing one it is:

"How the heart of each Briton doth beat when on high
The flag of Britannia unfurls to the sky;
And gloriously braveth the battlefield's shock,
As the waves vainly dash on the storm-beaten rock.
There's many a banner hangs drooping its head,
For the strength that sustained it is nerveless and dead,
And the hearts that once followed it on to the field
Left no kindred spirits its honour to shield.
But the flag of Britannia, the flag of the brave,
Triumphant it floateth o'er land and o'er wave;
And proudly it braveth the battle and blast,
And when tattered with shot it is nailed to the mast.

"*Chorus*—The flag of Britannia," etc.

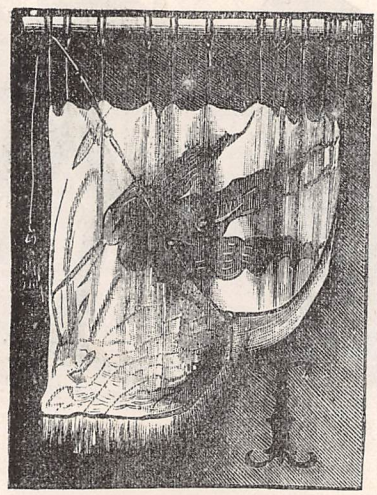
(THE END.)

BRASS-RUBBING.

By John E. Clauson.

. . . . graves, upon the which I trust
Shall witness live in brass. . . . .

Henry v., *Act* iv., *Sc.* 3.



WELL remember the interest with which I received initiation at the hands of an antiquarian uncle of mine into the mysteries of brass-rubbing.

The *modus operandi* is as follows. The brass-rubber, accompanied if possible by a friend, sallies forth on his country walks, and having fixed on a church in which he knows brasses to exist, proceeds to make his way into it. For this purpose the keys have to be hunted up from the incumbent or sexton of the church. The rubber has already provided himself with a long roll of paper, technically termed "lining-paper," which can be procured from any paper-hanger at a penny a yard; he has also obtained from a cobbler a few lumps of heelball, a black substance sold at a halfpenny a cake. A few sixpences for sextons complete his outfit, so altogether brass-rubbing can hardly be called an expensive amusement.

When admittance has been gained the paper is laid over the brass effigy and firmly fixed by means of hassocks, etc., so that it cannot shift. If the brass is vertically placed on a wall wafers are very convenient. In these operations the assistant friend is extremely useful, for with only one person the paper has a constant tendency to roll itself up or otherwise change its position.

The black heelball is then rubbed over the paper, the result being a beautiful reproduction of all the raised parts of the effigy in their minutest details.

In this way a very interesting collection of transcripts of brasses can be made with very little trouble and expense, while brass-rubbing also leads to much pleasant and healthful exercise in wandering over the country in search of the monuments, for in almost all counties numerous brasses of the local magnates are to be found.

Many brasses are extremely quaint and interesting. Those we possess date from the end of the thirteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, if we except the modern revivals produced within the last few years. On the brasses executed during these four centuries we have a complete and accurate encyclopædia of costume, and it is this which makes them so valuable to the archæologist.

This accuracy of brasses is due to the fact that they were usually engraved during the lifetimes of the persons represented. There is a curious drawing among the British Museum MSS. which represents two workmen with hammer and chisel working at the effigies of a knight and his lady. Their foreman stands behind them, explaining to the family who have called on him that the work is proceeding according to their directions.

Usually, of course, general directions only were supplied, but sometimes minute instructions were given by personal interview with the engraver if a man did not care to entrust his memorial to the tender mercies of his executors. In the latter case additional accuracy of detail would be ensured—the ecclesiastic would be very careful about the orthodoxy of his vestments, the knight would have his accoutrements exactly reproduced, the lady would cause her favourite gown and head-dress to be accurately portrayed—in fact, very close copies of the clothing of the period would be the result. Of course we thus discover the dress of the richer classes only, and, moreover, not their highest extravagances of fashion, for we find that they with very good taste avoid these on their monuments.

Brasses were often elevated on altar tombs, just as stone effigies would be, but more usually they are found fixed in stone slabs as part of the church pavement; where space was limited, as for instance in the chancel, they would be far more conveniently placed in such a position than on raised monuments. Brasses commend themselves also in preference to stone effigies by reason of their great durability, cases having occurred where brasses have escaped unhurt from the burning of churches when stone effigies have crumbled to dust. The value of brass effigies as old metal, however, much endangers their existence, for it is comparatively easy for a thief to wrench them from the settings, to which they are only secured by rivets.

All brasses were probably at one time ornamented by the filling of the incised lines with enamel of various colours. Of this ornamentation few traces survive, but the metal itself in many cases seems as freshly cut as when it left the engraver's hands.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By Captain H., late R.N.

IX.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

"Hurrah, Jack, we're homeward bound!" That's the sound to make the blood flow through the veins more swiftly, while the various pictures of far-away homes pass swiftly across the absentee's mental eyes.

For, no matter where he may be, the sound of "Homeward bound!" has a wonderful effect upon a true seaman. He may be sailing amidst the balmy breezes, smiling wavelets, and azure skies of the Adriatic, but it will not compare, to your true Jack Tar, with the green, choppy Channel wave, blowing half a gale, and under close-reefed topsails, "homeward bound."

Of course, we need not explain to our reader the meaning of the term; in the mercantile marine it speaks for itself, and in the Royal Navy the difference is that the "commission," or length of time on duty on that particular station, is over, and they are all going home to be "paid off," and then enjoy six weeks' holiday with their friends and relatives.

A man-of-war is now usually only kept three years in commission, but formerly the period was much longer. There are well-founded yarns of a vessel going out to the West Coast of Africa on a five years' commission, and not one of the original officers returning in her when she was homeward bound. This would be caused by exchanges, and the direful effect of the climate on that coast, which has not inaptly been termed "the white man's grave."

Occasionally a ship is paid off one day and recommissioned the next. This is when the ship is in good condition and is a particularly serviceable one for that part of the world wherein she may happen to be stationed.

There was a twenty-one-gun corvette on the West Coast of Africa named the Rattlesnake that was recommissioned—I should be afraid to say how often—without returning to England.

She was lying at anchor off Sierra Leone when I paid my first visit to that place, under the command of Commodore Wilmot. He was somewhat laughed at for many of the peculiarities in his way of carrying on duty; but as he who laughs last laughs best, he certainly had the advantage, for although his ship was the largest, it was also the healthiest on the West Coast. His idea was that in a malarious country like that men required occupation and amusement, and he carried out his idea to the full.

I had the pleasure of seeing one of his favourite "fads," as they used to be called, the first evening of our meeting. It was during the first watch, and we were down below, when a cry on deck caused us all to scamper up. And well worth our while we found it.

The Rattlesnake had manned her yards and rigging, and the seamen were letting off blue lights, rockets, etc., from all parts, illuminating the delicate tracery of the rigging, and outdoing the finest exhibition of fireworks possible.

She had gone through the hands of innumerable first-lieutenants, who had each tried to outdo his predecessor in the way of ornamentation, and I must confess I have never seen any yacht that could compare to her quarter-deck.

Precious woods are cheap out there, and we have plenty of good taste in the Navy; so, what with the ivory-white deck and gratings, and Tonbridge ware mixture of ebony, satin-wood, etc., mingled with the bright brass-work, our readers may imagine that it was a sight worth looking at.

It is usually the custom for the ship that is going to take the old one's position on the station to come out and relieve her predecessor, and then is the time to hear the men hurrah as the new-comer enters the harbour and swings round to her anchor.

There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we can remember one exceptionally miserable homeward-bound voyage. We were in one of the old-fashioned frigates that had been altered and done up, until nearly as much money had been spent upon her as would have purchased a new one. One of the best men in the ship was Will Emery; every one liked him, and he was a sharp, smart man, that knew his work and always did it.

We were on the North American and West Indian station, and one day he informed the midshipman to whose boat he belonged that he had made arrangements for his wife and two little ones to join him at Halifax.

That being our headquarters, he knew that he should have more opportunity of seeing his better half, and his time being out in another two years, he anticipated being able to settle down out there.

But alas for poor Will! On the following day the mail came in, and with her our orders to return home, as it was considered necessary that our noble craft should be surveyed out of the service.

Will nearly went mad. For he anticipated that his wife would arrive at Halifax about the same day he would anchor at Spithead. At the same time there was nothing to be done but grin and bear it. Everybody except himself was glad enough to be homeward bound, while every thought of it was agony to Will.

At last we were to sail in two days, when one evening Will Emery was reported missing. I doubt there was hardly a man in the ship, from the captain down to the master-at-arms, but felt at heart glad that he had got off all right.

"Of course I must make a report of it," said the captain, but he took twice as long, I know, to do it as was necessary.

The following day passed, and then in the forenoon we weighed anchor, set all plain sail, and, saluting the admiral, were about to run out of harbour.

Suddenly the signal middy adjusted his glass, muttering, "Hallo! what's the meaning of this? Hum! hum! hum! *Return to your anchorage. Fwrl sail. Anchor.*"

The answering pennant was hoisted, and in a state of startled amazement we obeyed the admiral's order. The anchor had scarcely disappeared from sight when a launch with half a dozen of marines and poor Will Emery in irons came alongside.

He had been found out and given up ashore, and the admiral (I won't mention his name) said that it was necessary to make an example, and he should try Will by court-martial. There were two or three cockroach-traps, *alias* gunboats, in harbour, so there were plenty of officers, and when the day arrived Will had a full court.

They did not take long over it. Will pleaded guilty, and showed his characters, every one "Very good," and threw himself on the mercy of the court.

He might as well have thrown himself on the mercy of the sharks in Port Royal Harbour. Verdict—Guilty. Sentence—Four dozen.

It had to be done, although I know our captain humbled himself to ask to have it remitted, but it was useless. Poor Will took the whole forty-eight lashes without a sound or a flinch. But he was never the same man afterwards. It killed him as surely as any poison will kill, and when we entered the Channel he had been given up.

That was a funny homeward-bound cruise. No larking or joking. Nobody had the heart to be merry, with that poor fellow dying down below.

We rounded the Wight, and I was mid of the watch when we anchored at Spithead. We were soon surrounded by boats, and the captain gave the order that no one was to come on board.

Presently the corporal of the gangway came and half-whispered to me,

"Poor Will's wife is in a boat at the gangway, sir."

I reported it, and the captain at once gave permission for her to come on board.

I heard her prattling to the old corporal as he took her down below:

"Will will be so pleased that I waited for him, because, don't you see? I happened to hear through a friend that you were a-coming home."

A few minutes elapsed, and then there arose a shriek. It sounded all through the ship, and for months it echoed in my ears.

It was the shriek of death, and two loving, truthful hearts mingled together and flew aloft to the quarter-deck of the Almighty Admiral, who, although He is just, is also merciful.

(THE END.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

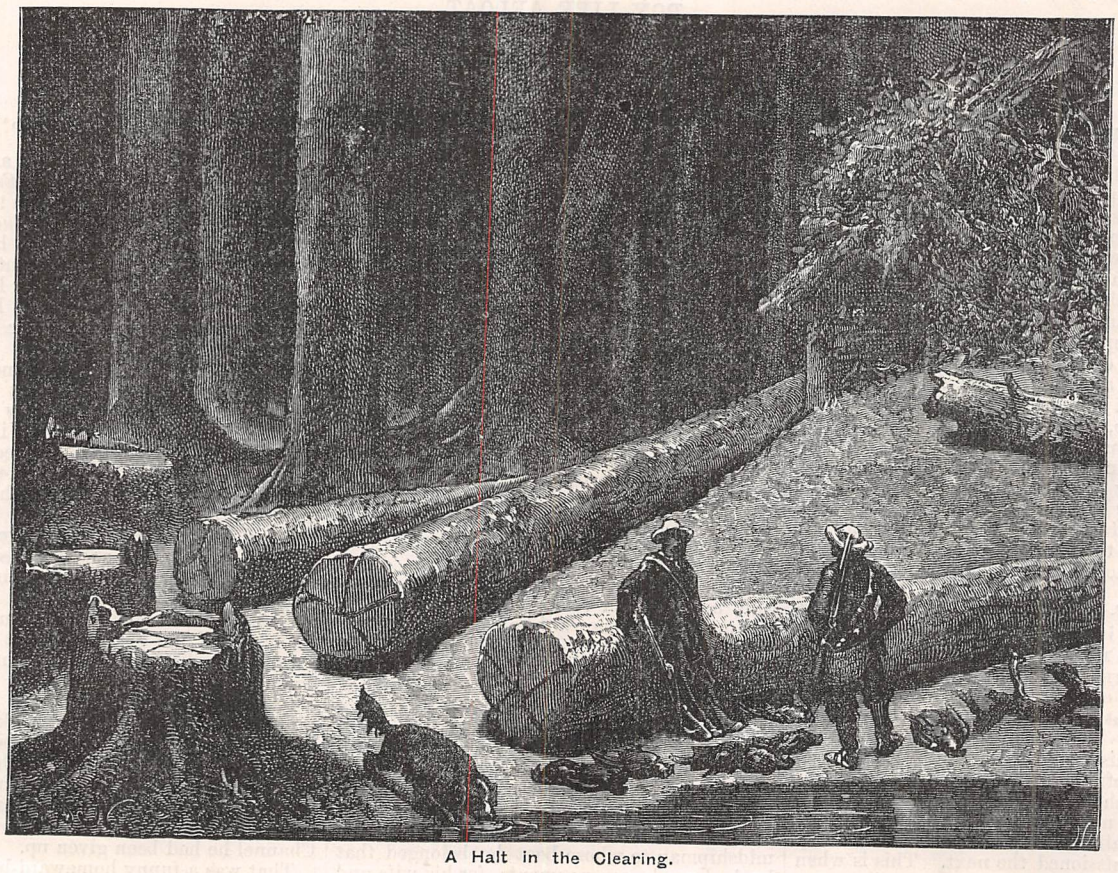
KIT CARSON.

PART III.

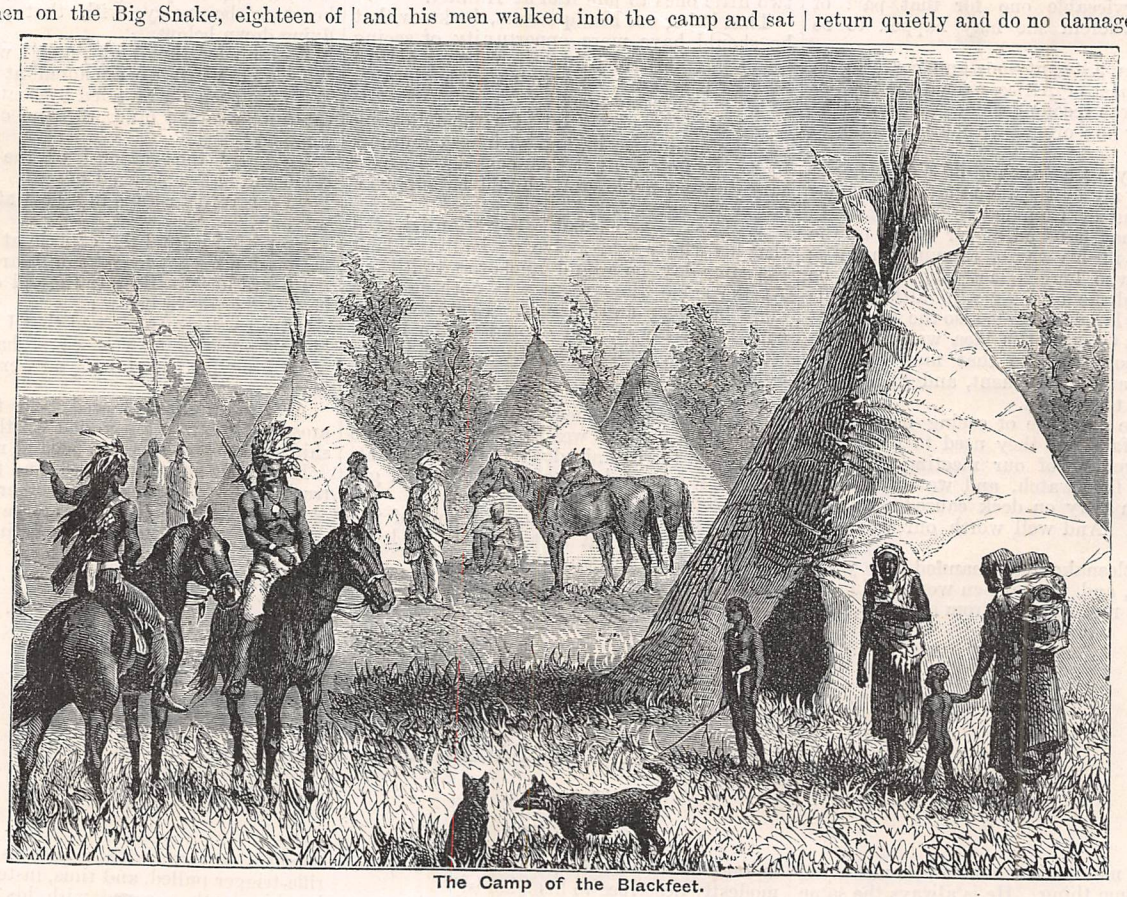
"With me, Carson and truth mean the same thing. He is always the same—gallant and disinterested. He is kind-hearted, and averse to all quarrelsome and turbulent scenes, and has never engaged in any mere personal broils or encounters except on one single occasion, which he sometimes modestly describes to his friends."

So wrote General Fremont, referring to a hand-to-hand encounter which Kit had with a certain bully named Shunan. It took place on horseback, and Kit luckily shattered his enemy's forearm with a pistol-shot as the rifle-trigger pulled, and thus, instead of meeting his death, escaped with his face burnt with the powder and the top of his head grazed with the bullet—for the shot was fired not a yard away from him.

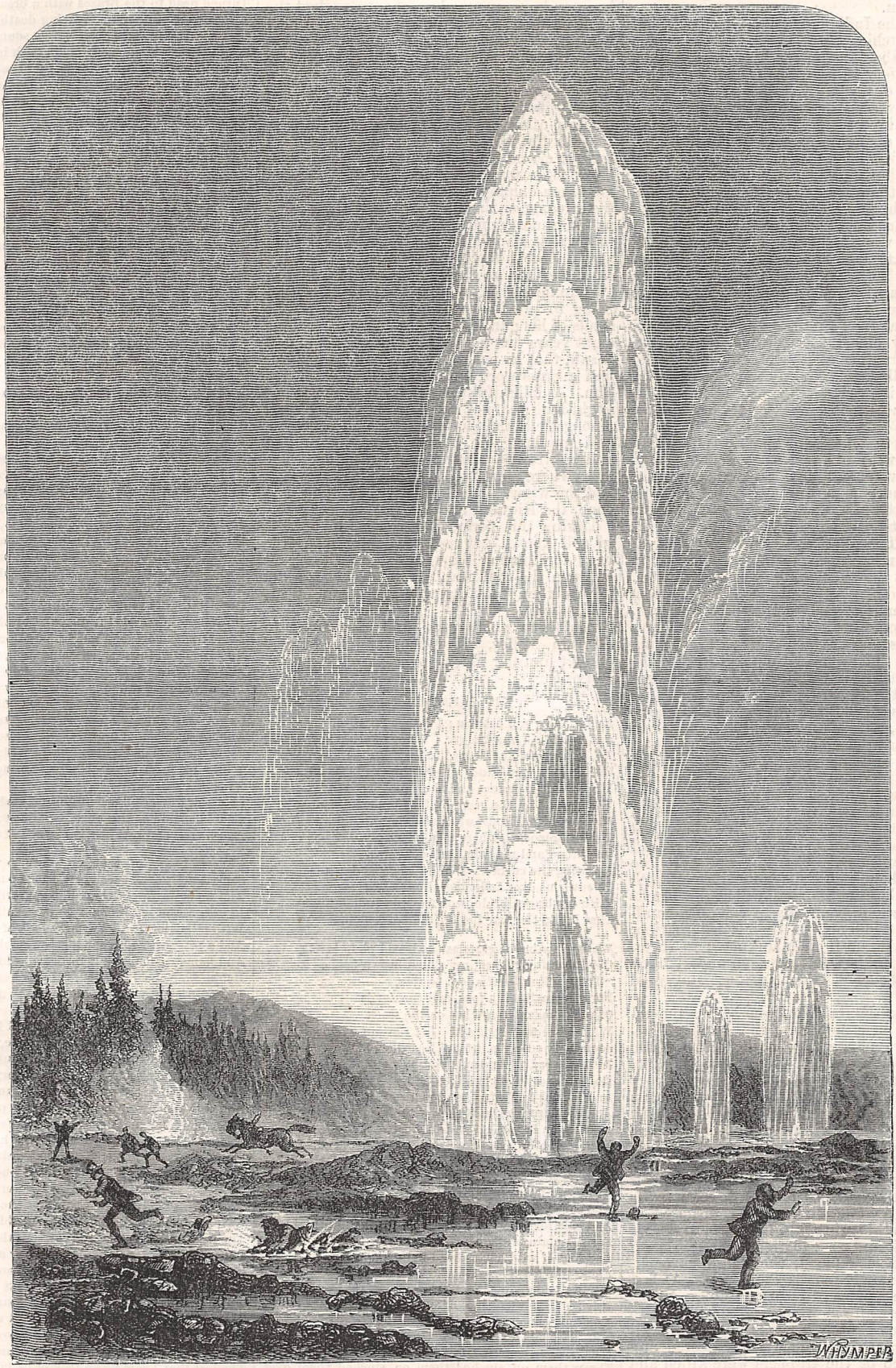
Previous to this, however, Kit had been through his battle with the Blackfeet. One night, when on the Big Snake, eighteen of the horses were stolen, and with eleven of his companions he went off in pursuit through the snow. He came upon the Indians after a fifty-miles ride; a parley ensued, and Kit and his men walked into the camp and sat round the fire and smoked the pipe of peace with the chiefs, who thus agreed to use no treachery. Carson demanded the horses, and promised if they were given up that he would return quietly and do no damage. Only five of the horses were offered, and these were the poorest of the lot, and the negotiations were



A Halt in the Clearing.



The Camp of the Blackfeet.



The Giantess Geyser of the Yellowstone.

broken off. The trappers retired from the camp, the redskins rushed to their guns, and after a few minutes' interval the fight in the forest began.

At first the Indians were driven back, but Carson, catching sight of one of their men taking deliberate aim at Markhead, risked his own safety to save his friend. He shot the Indian dead, but was himself shot in the shoulder by another savage, who had been watching him for some time. With Kit's fall the chance of the trappers went down to zero, and though they kept the foe at bay till nightfall, they had to clear off in the dark and carry their wounded with them. Soon, however, they returned, reinforced, and found that the Blackfeet had disappeared.

Carson's wound did not take long to heal, and then, after the fight with Shunan already alluded to, he joined in a trapping expedition to Fort Hall. Great were the perils of the journey; so pressed at times were the party for food that they only saved themselves from starving by bleeding their mules and drinking the warm blood, it being impossible for them to kill them with any hope of escaping from the wilderness.

They reached Fort Hall, and a few months afterwards the Blackfeet began their old tricks, and in a night foray rode off with all the horses without the loss of a single man killed or wounded. After a season on the Yellowstone, Carson returned to the upper waters of the Missouri to lead the expedition which the trappers had organised against the thieves. The Blackfeet were then a great nation, numbering some thirty thousand in all, so that the undertaking was no light one. At the head of a hundred picked backwoodsmen, Kit marched off to their chief village. After reconnoitring the position with five companions, he divided his party, taking forty-three to do the fighting, and leaving the rest behind as a camp guard and reserve under Fontenelle.

The arms of the Blackfeet were mainly bows and arrows, and there were very few who had guns, so that the odds were not as great as might at first appear. The battle raged fiercely for hours in the woods, and the trappers had nearly exhausted their ammunition, when the Indians, fancying their chance had come, waited till most of the rifles had spoken, and, with one united charge, rushed on their enemies. The trappers were too quick for them, and the deadly rifles cracked out, each claiming its victim; but the Blackfeet, unchecked, came on to conquer, hand-to-hand. Suddenly, to their consternation, the revolvers, until then unknown to them, gave forth their fatal message, and, broken and disheartened, the Indians staggered back.

And then Fontenelle brought up the reserve, and in a long line the hundred dismounted trappers came cheering through the woods, Indian fashion—from tree to tree, from rock to rock, from cover to cover, every moment closing up with their desperate foes. Never was there a more determined battle in the bush. Often a trapper would be on one side of a rock and an Indian on the other, each watching for the other's life, neither leaving the shelter but to die. For an hour or more the long series of man-to-man fights went on; as one Indian was disposed of another would spring into his place, and from tree to rock and rock to tree, with the path bespattered with blood, the victorious backwoodsmen slowly fought their way. At last there came a piece of open ground, and with a cheer the white men charged straight on to the remnant that was left, and with a wild yell of defiance the Blackfeet scattered and fled. Three of the trappers were killed and many were wounded; but of the Indians the corpses were lying about in scores, so tough had been the struggle and so sudden the final collapse.

Even after this desperate affair the Blackfeet could bring five thousand warriors into the field, and other battles had to be fought before their strength was broken. All, however, were of the same class, all with the same incidents and the same ending. The bows and arrows stood no chance against the deadly rifle and revolver in the hands of men who never threw away a shot or went a handsbreadth from their mark. Terrible as Carson made himself to the Blackfeet, he was the staunch friend of the Crows and Flatheads—and, indeed, with most of the Indian nations, all of whose languages he knew.

With the Blackfeet War his career as a trapper closed. Silk hats came into fashion, beaverskin went out; and the six hundred men then employed in beaver capture among the streams of the Rockies found their occupation almost gone. Kit was shrewd enough to see that trapping was a thing of the past, and on the huntership to Fort Bent being offered to him he gladly accepted it.

Here he stayed from 1834 to 1842, his duties being to provide meat for fifty men by the spoils of his gun. Day after day during those eight years was he out in the woods, and it is said that he never failed in the supply or had a cross word with those that employed him. A delightful duty it would seem to be! Eight long years of constant necessary sport amongst elk and buffalo, deer and antelope, and smaller game, roaming over mountain and prairie from sunrise to sunset, welcome everywhere alike in the hut of the white man and the wigwam of the Arapahoe, the Cheyenne, the Kioway, and the Comanche!

During this period it was that he became so well known and respected throughout the west for having brought about the peace between the Sioux and the Comanches; and it was then that he won the heart of his Indian wife.

And here we may as well give place to Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the sierras," and let him tell in his own perfect way the story of

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa! Pachè, boy, whoa!
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise—
We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover,
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover,
Northward and southward and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lay low in the grass as the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed:
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride—
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire;
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire"

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the machier,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold;
And gold-mounted Colt's—true companions for years—
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death—
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the air
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free,
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed scarce a prayer!
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.
Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! Thirty miles . . a dim distant speck . .
Then a long-reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the thick blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far, for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Pachè, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown;
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well,
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Least I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—

Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up, and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell blind Pachè?—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here,
You have slept in my tent, and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Comanches were near;
But you'd better pack up! And take care of your skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers and git up and spin,
And never look back. Now git off with your tin!

Alas! that it should be so! Like the somewhat similar "Good News from Ghent" of Mr. Robert Browning, the incident in this glorious ballad has no foundation in fact. Kit did win an Indian girl for his bride, but she lived to present him with a daughter. And with regard to his horse Pachè or Apache, he lived to be the hero of many a longer run than that of this wild rush from fire and the Comanches.

(To be concluded.)

COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"Bryan is keeping fashionable hours," said Lieutenant Marhaus at breakfast next morning. "Such trout as these, such venison-steak—how fat it is, colonel!—by the powers! the corporal's cooking might have tempted him up to breakfast."

Colonel Pellinore rose, stepped to the door of the room, and cried,

"Bryan!"

His voice rolled along the unplastered rafters and shattered through the house.

"Bryan, you sluggard!" roared the colonel again.

"Faith, he's one of the seven sleepers," said Marhaus, laughing. "Yet I'd like to shake hands with him before I go."

The colonel went out of the room and upstairs.

Outside, the squad of soldiers in huge grey overcoats had stacked arms, and with full-fed enjoyment were drawing at their short cutty pipes while stamping round on the snow in the sparkling morning. Baptiste Larocque, the *habitant* driver, had left his pony harnessed to the *traîneau* before the magazine, and returned to the kitchen determined to eat to the last. Corporal Cram stood ministering to the Frenchman, hospitably bent on subduing his unexampled appetite.

"Merci, merci, monsieur!" said Baptiste, pretending a negative as the corporal placed on his plate another fat steak of a couple of pounds.

"Mercy, ye heathen, is it!" answered the corporal. "Mercy! never till ye surrender! The likes of ye shall never g'out of Colonel Pellinore's house saying that he couldn't get his fill of victuals. What's a steak or so? Eat, Johnny Crapaud, eat, I say!" an admonition which Baptiste did not seem to need.

"Bryan is not in his room," said the colonel, on his return, looking much puzzled. "There is something singular, too, about his absence. His father's sword and pistols have likewise disappeared. Where can the boy have gone? Corporal Cram!" he shouted.

"Here!" answered the corporal, running in and drawing himself up as if on parade.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Bryan this morning?"

"Not a hair, your honour!"

"See, then, if he is about the stables. Tell him Mr. Marhaus is about to march."

"Nor is there much time to spare either," said the lieutenant, bustling into his overcoat. "I must make the Rouge River before noon, colonel. If Bryan don't turn up before I get away, tell him he owes me an apology, and that I'll expect him to pay it on my way back in a fortnight or so. Don't, though," continued the lieutenant, laughing, "or he might insist on giving me satisfaction instead."

As the colonel and his guest appeared outdoors, Sergeant Bors cried, "Fall in!" and the soldiers, seizing their pieces, placed themselves in file. Baptiste came running out, still at work on his last mouthful, and rubbing the back of his hand across his greasy lips with a satisfied gesture. The colonel and lieutenant advanced toward the magazine, till Corporal Cram, running excitedly from the stables, stopped them midway.

"Your honour! said he, saluting, "the bay mare is gone."

"Gone! The bay mare!" cried the colonel.

"Harnessed! The red *cariole* gone too!"

"Strange!" said the colonel; "I never knew Bryan freakish before. Did you part with him on good terms last night, Marhaus? I heard you laughing most amicably after I retired."

"On the best of good terms, colonel," said the lieutenant.

"Strange!" exclaimed the colonel again. "What can have possessed the boy?"

As he spoke he inserted the great key in the magazine door and turned it in the lock. Sergeant Bors pushed the creaking door open and entered.

"You may meet him on the road, Marhaus," said the colonel; "and if—" He stopped short at the exclamation of Sergeant Bors.

"The keg is gone!" cried he.

"Gone!" said all together.

The colonel and lieutenant strode into the magazine.

"Is it the keg of gold?" said Corporal Cram, entering too.

"Yes; it's gone," said Bors, "and the young gentleman gone too," he added, significantly.

"Silence!" cried the corporal, threateningly, "don't ye dare to couple those two things together."

The colonel and lieutenant stared into each other's faces. There was deep pity in the expression of the younger man.

"It's a mistake, Marhaus," said the colonel, hoarsely. "Not a word. Come with me into the house. Give me your arm; I am faint.

"It's a mistake," repeated the colonel as he sank into a chair. "Bryan will be back soon; I'll stake my life on it. You will wait quietly awhile, Marhaus?"

"Certainly! certainly!" answered he. "It's only camping at the *Rouge* to-night instead of the next river."

"Perhaps not. Bryan will be back very soon," said the colonel.

"But where can the money be, then?" asked Marhaus.

"You suspect him, Marhaus!" exclaimed the colonel, angrily. "I will answer for his honour with mine. Lieutenant Marhaus, I demand an apology," he went on fiercely.

"If he returns voluntarily I will give it," added the lieutenant, stiffly.

But Bryan did not return. They sat together silently for an hour, for two hours, for three. Then the old colonel disappeared into his office. Soon he called Corporal Cram to his aid, and a sound of knocking and mending came from the room. Half an hour afterwards the corporal rolled a heavy keg into the hallway.

"Here is your gold, Mr. Marhaus," said the pale colonel, as the corporal retired. "I am getting old and forgetful. 'Twas I who brought it in and housed it overnight."

The lieutenant saluted his superior officer reverentially.

"I must apologise for your detention through my forgetfulness," went on the old colonel.

"Luncheon is ready, your honours," said Corporal Cram, re-entering. "Mr. Bryan will likely be back before it's over," he added, miserably.

The two officers sat in silence through the meal; at its conclusion Marhaus went to the door and called Sergeant Bors.

"Send a file of men here," he said. "We had forgotten that the keg was brought into the house last night. Sergeant, carry it to the *traîneau*, and march instantly. I will overtake you," he concluded.

"No other story, colonel, shall be known," said the lieutenant, turning to the veteran as the men retired, and holding out his hand.

The colonel sank into a chair and let his head fall on his breast.

"Tristram's boy! Tristram's boy!"

he murmured. "'Tis impossible! Dishonoured! No! 'Tis impossible!"

"God bless and keep you, colonel," said Marhaus, much moved by his senior's distress. "I wish you would take my hand."

The old colonel lifted his head and gazed into the lieutenant's eyes. Then he held out his hand.

"I would stake my life on Bryan's honour, Marhaus," he said.

"Mr. Bryan!" exclaimed the corporal; "I'd like to see the non-commissioned officer that would point at him."

They were the last words that Marhaus heard as he strode away.

(To be continued.)

FISHING IN FOREIGN WATERS.*

On several occasions we have referred to the skill and bravery displayed by the islanders of the Pacific in the capture of the various fish which throng the waters which wash their coasts. For instance, we have spoken of the courage shown by the Fijians in attacking the shark in its own element, and placing a noose around its body as it takes its after-dinner nap at the bottom of the clear water.

The Fijians do not, however, see the necessity of exposing themselves to danger unless such a course is absolutely requisite, and they have a method of capturing the voracious tiger of the deep after a fashion which at the first glance strikes one as altogether ridiculous and certain to fail. Nevertheless, we have the best of authority for stating that it does not fail, and that it is constantly adopted in order to procure the right royal addition to his cuisine which the strong-stomached South Sea Islander finds in shark meat.

All that the aforesaid Islander does is to procure a large log, which he then chops and chips until it bears a rough resemblance to a canoe. He next fastens a rope securely round the middle, makes a slip-noose in its free end, paddles out some little distance, and sets the log afloat in the water; after which he returns to shore, leaving the shark to do the rest of the business.

And it is an extraordinary fact that before long some hungry white shark, on the look-out for prey, will discover the log, and by some means or another will entangle his head in the noose and remain there a helpless prisoner, prevented from drowning by the buoyant log until it suits his captors to come off from the shore, and after chasing the bewildered animal until he is exhausted, to beat him about the head with their heavy clubs till the breath leaves his body and he is dragged ashore in triumph.

Leeches at one time held a very important place in the pharmacopœia of the European medical practitioner, but, like the adoption of bleeding, which was insisted upon even to excess during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present, the practice of applying leeches to the human body on all and every opportunity has fallen almost entirely into desuetude.

To procure leeches at the time of which we are speaking the ponds of France and Hungary, Poland and the Ukraine, Turkey, Wallachia, Russia, Egypt, Algeria, and other parts were periodically ransacked, and in 1846 it is computed that no less than 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 were used in France alone. But, as we have said, the use of the leech in surgery is rapidly dying out, and where hundreds were required in former days but one or two would be needed now.

On the leech farms of France it was the practice to drive old and worn-out horses and cows into the water in order that the leeches might thrive and fatten at their unfortunate expense. The same plan was also sometimes adopted for gathering the contents of the ponds, the creatures being picked off by hand when they were full of the blood of their victims

In some parts, however, a different plan is adopted. Either the cattle are not to be obtained for the purpose or are considered too valuable, and the bipeds who rear the leeches have therefore to make use of themselves in a somewhat similar manner.

A writer in the "Journal des Hôpitaux" of about fifty years since says that the country about Brienne is perhaps the most uninteresting in France; the people are miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad, but the leeches are admirable. If ever you pass through Brienne you will see a man, pale and straight-haired, with a woollen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked. He creeps along the borders of a marsh among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed; this man is a leech-fisher.

To see him from a distance, his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures, you would take him for a patient who had left his sick-bed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs and examining them one after the other you might suppose him to be a fool, but he is an intelligent leech-fisher.

The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts; he feels their presence from their bites, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and seaweed, or beneath the stones covered with green and glutinous moss. Some repose on the mud, whilst others swim about, but so slowly that they are easily gathered with the hands. In a favourable season it is possible in the course of three or four hours to stow ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder.

Sometimes the leech-fisher is to be seen armed with a kind of spear or harpoon. With this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches. They soon gather round the prey, and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. This is the leech fishery as it is carried on in the spring.

In summer, however, the fisher has a much more unpleasant time of it. Then the leeches retire into the deep water, and the fishers have to strip themselves to the skin and walk immersed in the water to their chins. Some of them construct little rafts of twigs and rushes, but the weeds and aquatic plants make it difficult to propel them through the water.

At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only take the few that swim within his reach, or those that get entangled in the structure of the raft.

It is a horrid trade in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water, breathing fog and mist or fetid vapours from the marsh; he is often attacked with ague, rheumatism, or half a dozen other diseases induced by the miasmatic exhalations. But the trade was at that time lucrative, and gave employment to a very large number of persons.

The leech may certainly lay claim to being a creature out of the common run. To wit, one meal lasts him a whole year, and he, together with his companions, may become frozen into a solid mass, and may yet be thawed into life again. Indeed, he seems proof against hard usage, for the carriers pack thousands of them together in moist sacks, which they hang behind their horses' saddles, placing on top of them their heavy boots, or anything else of which they may be desirous of disburdening themselves at the time.

We have been referring hitherto to the leech of medicine; but there are, of course, many other kinds of leeches, and all our boys are doubtless acquainted with the horse-leech of English pond life. Unprepossessing as this creature may appear to the eye, it is, however, harmless to anything above the grade of an earthworm, for which humble relative it betrays a particular, not to say a greedy, predilection.

Some lands are, however, favoured with the presence of leeches whose room is much preferred to their company. For instance, in parts of Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Chili, and other places land leeches abound, and the ground looks like a huge pincushion, the pins being represented by the leeches, whose black bodies protrude from the soil in all sorts of attitudes, their tails just keeping them safe in their holes whilst they are on the look-out for any warm-blooded animal coming in their direction.

They are only an inch long, and as fine as a common knitting-needle; but woe be to the unlucky traveller whom they favour with their advances, for when fixed upon him they can distend themselves to the thickness of a quill and a length of nearly two inches; and as they are all stomach the consequences may be faintly imagined.

In their ordinary condition they can insinuate themselves through the mesh of the finest stocking, and the coffee planters are obliged to wear specially woven "leech-gaiters" for protection.

Horses are driven wild by them, and stamp the ground in fury to shake them from their fetlocks, to which they hang in tassels of blood, and the bare legs of the palanquin-bearers are adorned with clusters of them, like bunches of grapes. Men compelled to spend several days at a time where they abound have often lost their lives through the attacks of these terrible pests.

There is a vast tract of barren half-frozen country at the extreme north-west of the continent of North America, formerly belonging to the Russians, but purchased from them some years since—for what reason it is difficult to define—by the United States. Corn and other cereals will not ripen there, and vegetables cannot be made to thrive.

Owing to the rigour of the climate and the arduous nature of the work, the trapping of animals is left by the few settlers for the most part to the Indians, who, to their credit be it said, are very ingenious in this respect.

The rivers abound with salmon, and in our illustration we have an Indian engaged in catching these valuable fish. He has, with the assistance of his squaw, lowered himself from top of the cliff upon the platform he has manufactured, and, standing just at a sharp bend of the rushing river, he intercepts with his cleverly-made net such of the salmon as, fatigued by their efforts to ascend the stream, have not strength sufficient to avoid the snare set for them. The scantiness of his costume may excite astonishment, but these Indians are very like the Highlander of bygone times who laid himself down naked in the snow to sleep, explaining to a bystander who thought

* See also B. O. P., Vol. v., page 819.

Curiosities of Fishing.

it a somewhat extraordinary proceeding that he was "all face."

The Alaskan is particularly clever in the manufacture of hooks exactly fitted for the purpose he has in view. For instance, he is great in the capture of the halibut, and to effect this object the more readily he uses the hook represented in the engraving. To this the line is attached in a peculiar manner, so that when the bait is placed on it the hook hangs as shown directly in a line with the mouth of the fish, and the tempting morsel, together with the deadly barb, finds an easy entrance into the creature's gullet.

Immediately below the Alaskan hook in the illustration is an artificial stone bait used by certain savages in remote times, which is very remarkable for the ingenuity with which it is manufactured.

It consists of a piece of red quartite pebble of great hardness, about an inch and three-quarters in length and weighing about an ounce and a half. A small hook is hidden within it, and the whole arrangement is so clever that it might be successfully used by a fisherman of the present day, hundreds of years after it passed out of the possession of its original owner.

Next is seen a needle suspended by the middle and sharpened at both ends. This is used with considerable success in many parts of France in place of a hook, and might furnish a hint to our youthful anglers.

The North Russian hook in the drawing is constructed very much on the principle of the Alaskan halibut hook. It will be at once seen that when the hook is seized by a fish, and the angler pulls upon the line, the point of the barb and the line are almost in one and the same direction. Hooks for deep-sea fishing have been made on this principle, and have been found to answer admirably.

The aborigines of some parts still use hooks made of thorns, and on the coast of France they are in great favour with many fishermen, as they are said to possess the recommendation of not fouling the bottom, and they certainly have the advantage of costing nothing.

One of the most important of the tribes of Equatorial Africa is the Bakalai, which—a very curious fact for negroes—has colonised the whole of the surrounding country, extending its settlements north, south, east, and west.

Like many of the darker-skinned races of humanity, these negroes never consider it necessary to wash themselves, although they select whenever possible the banks of rivers for their settlements, and can swim like ducks. This is the only chance their bodies get of cleansing from the oil with which they delight to cover themselves, for when away from the river water is never used for the purpose for which we in England consider it of the first importance.

They live principally upon cassava or manioc, which is allowed to ferment until it becomes sour, and is very unpleasant to the palate of any but a Bakalai. Indeed, after a long course the natives themselves get a fierce craving for animal food—a craving, in fact, amounting to a disease—known by the name of gonamba. Attacked by this, they behave like wild beasts at the sight of meat, devouring it with horrible voracity.

This disease also overcomes Europeans who are travellers in their country, and M. Du Chaillu at times suffered very seriously from the "real and frightful torture," as he terms it, which ensued.

Under these circumstances the Bakalai make the best use of the ponds and rivers of the district, and some such scene as that represented in our illustration is one of every-day occurrence in the dry season.

At such times, when the water has receded from the banks of the river, leaving pools here and there extensively stocked with fish who have been driven into closer and closer contact as the water has decreased in volume, the Bakalai, bringing all their forces, both of men, women, and children, to bear upon the proceeding, wade into the pools armed with pots, bowls, gourds, or anything else that will hold water, and bale away with energy until the pool is sufficiently shallow to permit the agile fishermen to capture the struggling prey, who are then cooked and eaten with great gusto on the spot, the overplus being taken away for smoking and preserving for future banquets.

These heathen, supported by no such hope as animates those who are enlightened by the belief which animates the Christian, look upon death with most extraordinary terror, driving away from their villages the old and infirm that they may perish at a distance from their dwellings. Should a death occur in one of the villages the inhabitants at once remove their houses and everything else from the spot, migrating to some other place not, as they think, thus polluted.

All of our readers will have heard and read of the gymnotus, or electric eel, and possibly some of them can remember the specimen that was kept in captivity at the Polytechnic some years back, its method of capturing its food by means of the electric power it possessed forming a staple attraction at the exhibition.

It is a native of tropical South America, and Humboldt has given the most interesting details of the method adopted for its capture by the Indians of Guiana.

The Indians conducted him to a reservoir of miry and stagnant water surrounded by luxurious vegetation, and proceeded to catch about thirty half-wild horses. It must be remembered that horses in that part of the globe are almost "as plentiful as blackberries," and, as a modern writer on natural history well known to these pages* has remarked, of about the same value as are pigeons in this country.

Having secured the unfortunate horses, the Indians with loud cries drove them through and through the pond, whilst the eels, stunned and confused by the noise of the bipeds and the plunging of the quadrupeds, laid themselves along the bellies of the latter, discharging again and again the electric fluid which is their only instrument of attack and defence.

For a long time it appeared as if the eels would gain the victory, as horse after horse sank exhausted into the muddy waters, and every exertion was required on the part of the Indians to prevent the affrighted horses from scrambling on to the borders of the pond.

However, the repeated shocks given by the eels appeared rapidly to exhaust their stores of electricity, and after a quarter of an hour the horses were less affrighted, their manes no longer bristled, nor were their eyes expressive of fear and suffering. And now the eels, conscious of their loss of power, no longer darted fearlessly upon the animals, but rather endeavoured to escape from them by swimming to the shore. Then the Indians rushed in and secured the reptiles, which are held by them in high estimation as food.

A very curious method of catching fish is that adopted by the Chinese, and observed by Mr. Fortune on his way down the Lun-ke river. The practice appears to be confined pretty much to this particular stream, or, at all events, to be by no means universal throughout the Flowery Land, for Mr. Fortune's boatmen and servants regarded it with quite as much curiosity as was evinced by the traveller himself, and did not refrain from noisily expressing their delight whenever a fish was caught, much to the disgust of the fishermen, who earnestly begged that they would moderate their transports.

The method adopted, then, is as follows. The Chinese go out by night in long and narrow boats, specially made for the purpose. On one side of the boat is stretched vertically a net, whilst from the opposite gunwale extends a piece of white canvas, which dips towards the water at an angle of from thirty to forty degrees.

The fisherman sits in the stern of the boat and so arranges his seat as to cause the canvas to dip slightly beneath the surface of the water. Meanwhile he slowly propels the boat through the water by means of a short paddle worked on the opposite side from the canvas.

Arrived at the fishing ground he remains perfectly motionless and silent, and presently there is a splash in the water, and hey! presto! a fish has jumped over the boat into the vertical net, from which he is thrown back into the little craft to flounder helplessly at the bottom until the enforced absence from his native element puts a period to his existence.

Mr. Fortune conjectures that the white canvas, which dips like a painted board into the water, has the effect of attracting and decoying the fish in some peculiar manner and of causing them to leap over it. He watched the fishermen for upwards of an hour, and then bought some of the fish for supper.

* The Rev. J. G. Wood.

THREE SCENES IN A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

By W. Haig Miller.

We must ask our readers to accompany us to the Cathedral City of Lichfield as it was some hundred and fifty years ago.

Here in one of its old-fashioned streets is a bookseller's shop. Let us step inside. There is nothing very particular to notice about the owner of it, a middle-aged respectable-looking man, except that he seems dressed as if about to take a journey. In front of him is a youth whose face is full of character. He may be about sixteen years of age; his features are strongly marked with smallpox, and twitch about in an unpleasant, convulsive way. There is great decision about him, however, and he looks as if he would have that thing which is so dangerous when not rightly guided—a will of his own.

Yet, in spite of its present sullen look, the face is, we should say, on the whole a good-humoured one, and the lad is also one we should like if we knew him better. His schoolfellows, at all events, we are told esteemed him so much that three of them came every morning and carried him in a sort of triumphal procession to school—one on his back, the other two supporting him. Young as he is, he is a great student, and will read books whenever he has an opportunity, but they must be what he calls "manly" books. On one occasion, having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples, but the large folio proved to be a work written by one of the restorers of

learning, Petrarch; he sat down with avidity and read a great part of the book. Thus he is always gathering knowledge.

On the present occasion, however, the youth is in as sad a position as youth can well be. *He is in the act of disobeying his parent!* The latter has another place of business in the town of Uttoxeter, to which he is going to take for sale some of his literary wares. Food for the mind was not so much in demand then as now. There was no BOY'S OWN PAPER. He is glad, therefore, to push his trade not only in Lichfield, but by going to neighbouring places such as Uttoxeter. He has asked this morning his son to accompany him there, and he refuses to do so. He has done that most wrong thing, disobeyed his parent. Foolish youth! He little thinks what a stab this act gives his affectionate father, and what a crop of future regret he is sowing by it for himself.

II.

Many years have passed away since that scene in Lichfield. Now we are in London, and again among books. It is a large and magnificent library, in a noble apartment, with cases filled with richly-bound volumes. Before us stand again two figures. One of them has an air of superiority, and is richly dressed, with a diamond star on his breast. It is the monarch of the Great Britain of that day, George the Third. He is conversing with another person who stands before him in a manly but very respectful attitude. That person is Doctor Samuel Johnson. He is the boy whom we saw in the previous scene. He has grown up to be a most learned man, and has had to encounter great difficulties, but his perseverance has overcome them all. He has written many works, and in particular he has published a dictionary of the English language in two large folio volumes, a very marvel of ability and patient enduring labour.

The king has had a desire to see him, and is now conversing with him in the royal library. He praises his books, and expresses a wish that he had written more, a great compliment to come from a king to a subject. Yet Samuel Johnson was in some respects a king too. He was a monarch in the world of literature. Men everywhere honoured him for his great talents, and the good use he made of them, for it is not the least of his merits that he has in his books pleaded for virtue and discountenanced vice and infidelity. Indeed, for the service he has done society by his writings a pension of three hundred pounds a year has been granted him. He stands on the very pinnacle of literary fame, and his name is respected in England, on the Continent, and in America as that of one of the greatest men of his age.

III.

We have yet a third scene to look at. The place is Uttoxeter Market. We do not see in it the father of Samuel Johnson, whom we saw in the first picture. He has been in his grave for many a long year. But we see his distinguished son again, the same figure that we saw lately conversing with the king.

He is an old man now, bearing the burden of some sixty or seventy years. He is still greatly honoured, however, by his fellow-countrymen. His days of struggle with poverty are long since over, and now he treads a path of ease, having everything to make life comfortable. But what is he doing here? The day is rainy, yet he stands, having his head uncovered, with a look of grave sorrow imprinted on his countenance, and heedless of the people who stand round him wondering at the strange spectacle he presents. After a time he puts on his hat and walks away. What does it all mean?

Well, it means this. Some fifty years or more have passed away since he disobeyed his parent by refusing to accompany him to Uttoxeter Market. In the interval he has become a learned man, a great man, an honoured man. But his memory, amidst all the wonderful knowledge it has gathered, retains one thing that gives him deep pain—the remembrance of that act of disobedience to his father half a century before; and being in the neighbourhood of Uttoxeter, heedless of the shame and ridicule it might bring, he has gone and expressed in the manner we have now seen his regret for that act committed so long ago. His father was not there to witness his sorrow, but by this action he wishes to express it, and to show to others how great a sin he considers disobedience to parents to be.

This action of the great Dr. Johnson has been so much thought of by those who have studied his life that it is, we believe, the subject of one of the mouldings on the statue erected to his memory at Lichfield. True, it was an eccentric proceeding, and even bordered a little upon the erroneous notion of some followers of the Romish Church, that sins could be atoned for by penance. It was not, however, an action that was needful for the forgiveness by God of the sin of Dr. Johnson's youth. All that was needful for that was for him to confess it to God and get it forgiven for Christ's sake. But what men have been struck by in the action was this—the evidence that it gave of the deep sense entertained by so strong-minded a man as Dr. Johnson of the wickedness of an act of disobedience to parents. No man can say that such disobedience is a little fault, when a man like Johnson felt it was so great a one, and when it pained his memory for so many years.

Sir Walter Scott, his biographer tells us, did not think any the worse of Dr. Johnson for this act at Uttoxeter Market-place. Sir Walter esteemed highly the memory of his own parents, whom he had honoured in their lifetime. After his death, on opening his desk there were found the old-fashioned boxes that had been part of the ornaments of his mother's toilet-table, when he, a sickly child, used to sleep in her dressing-room. There too was the silver inkstand which he had bought for her with the first money he had earned. There also was his father's snuff-box. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones allowed to be in his dressing room. Even his father's rickety wash-hand stand was used by him in preference to more expensive furniture, because it recalled the memory of a loved departed object.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

V.—Literary Composition.

"A Story Needing Words."

IN announcing this competition subject (*vide* page 284), we wrote, it may be remembered, as follows:

"For this 'Story Needing Words' we offer *Three Prizes*, of *One Guinea and a Half*, *One Guinea*, and *Half-a-Guinea* respectively, for the best story founded on the picture. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. In addition to the prizes, handsome 'Certificates of Merit,' suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hand and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible."

We are happy to be able to state that a very large number of readers in all parts of the world have taken part in this pleasant literary tourney, and much of the work submitted has been of high promise and excellence. After very careful examination—and the duty, as will be readily understood, is no light one where many thousands of MSS. are concerned—we are able to publish our Award, as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (*all ages up to* 14).

Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

WALTER HOGG (aged 12), Montgomery Street, Eglesham-by-Glasgow.

Extra Prize—7s. 6d.

ARTHUR HERBERT LONG (aged 13), Leopold House, Burdett Road, E. (Dr. Barnardo's Home for Little Boys.)

Certificates.

ERNEST RICHARD POLLEY, 3, Stoneleigh Villas, Limes Road, West Croydon.

ARTHUR HERBERT WHITE, Dorset House, East Grinstead, Sussex.

JOSEPH SMITH, 34, Fernbank Road, Pollard Lane, Bradford.

ERNEST F. G. TUCKER, Fairfield, Malvern, Worcestershire.

FRANCIS BURMAN, 20, Bristol Road, Birmingham.

WALTER THOMAS LEFORT, 23, Morval Road, Brixton.

GEORGE HADLEE, High Street, Leyton.

PHILIP STUART DEERING, The Bank, Tipton.

THOMAS OSWALD WONNACOTT, Wadham House, Liskeard.

G. MARSHALL, The Market Place, Blandford, Dorset.

CHARLES NEWBOULD, 49, Netherton Road, Worksop, Notts.

ALBERT EDWARD FELLINGHAM, 31, Market Street, Brighton.

WILLIAM JAMES WEATHERLEY, 18, Court Street, Toronto, Canada.

ALBERT WALTER, 6, Gladstone Cottages, Gladstone Road, Buckhurst Hill.

ALBERT JOHN SIMMS, 2, Sandrock Villa, Southfields Road, Wandsworth.

FRANCIS WALTER THELWALL, Westleigh Vicarage, Bideford, Devon.

B. S. HARVEY, Hurstbourne, Highgate, N.

CHRISTOPHER EDGAR FIELD, Leopold House, Burdett Road, E. (Dr. Barnardo's Home for Little Boys.)

RONALD E. RUTTER, Head Street, Halstead, Essex.

CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.

WILLIAM DRAIN, 35, Carlton Road, Mile End, E.

M. LA TOUCHE THOMPSON, Aurora P. O., Ontario, Canada.

ERNEST FOX, Melrose, South View, Basingstoke.

REGINALD P. W. MARSLAND, 2, Cumberland Gate, Kew.

ERNEST RIVAZ HUNT, Shermanbury Rectory, near Henfield, Sussex.

JOHN NIX PENTELOW, Cowper's House School, Huntingdon.

PETER HAMILTON STEWART, Sydney Villa, Grove Hill Road, Woodford, Essex.

HAROLD MERRITT STOCK, 16, Westbury Park, Durdham Down, Bristol.

CECIL ERNEST BULLER, Box Cottage, Twickenham (very good for 7½!).

Correspondence.

R. ROWE.—You can make a bichromate battery out of a marmalade jar, two plates of carbon, a plate of zinc, and two strips of thin mahogany. Put the zinc plate in the centre with the mahogany strips, which should be long enough to rest on the jar, at the top of it on each side and against them fix the carbon plates. The battery so made is Wiesendanger's, and you can find it by referring.

CHINEE.—The coin is a quarter anna, and, like the Irish coins, is practically worthless.

FIDDLER JOE.—You can have violin strings sent you by post on enclosing price and postage. Try Withers, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., or any violin-maker you find in the directory. Under no circumstances do we answer by post.

BATH BUN.—1. The cavy is the guinea-pig. Its proper name is *Cavia cobaya*, which you will find in the natural history books. The spotted cavy belongs to another genus—*Cœlogenys paca*. 2. Give the dog a good washing in warm water, with plenty of carbolic soap, and rinse him in cold water. 3. Yes. Smoking came from both east and west.

A. LIVINGSTON.—In most volunteer regiments you have to find your own uniform and pay a subscription; but you should apply for information to the headquarters of the regiments in the neighbourhood.

DARK CRICKET.—1. The secretary of a club is the servant of the committee, and must carry out their instructions. 2. All runs made in a match are counted in the average. It matters not if the match is decided only on the first innings, or on an uncompleted innings. 3. We do not recommend particular tradesmen. You can get good bats from Lillywhite, Page, Cobbett, Wisden, Dark, Daft, Barlow, Shaw, and Shrewsbury, and dozens more.

SWALLOW.—There is no doubt whatever as to swallows migrating. Only the other day, during the last winter, that is, a case occurred which leaves the fact of at least "one swallow going south" undeniable. Last autumn a bookseller named Meyer, of Ronneburg, tied a waterproof label under the wing of a swallow which had occupied a nest at his house, and had become comparatively familiar. On it he wrote a query in German, to the effect that he wished to know where the swallow would pass the winter. The bird returned to its former nest bearing an exchange label similarly fastened, saying, in German also, "in Florence, at Castellari's house, and I bear many salutations."

A. S. L.—1. The first yacht club started in Great Britain was the Royal Yacht Squadron, formed in 1812, but not officially enrolled till 1815. See our article on "Club Flags and Racing Flags." 2. The yacht tonnage of the kingdom is now about 120,000. 3. The Sunbeam is 181ft. over all, and 27ft. 6in. broad; the Wanderer is 183ft. on the water-line, and 29ft. 3in. beam. The water-line measurement of the Sunbeam is 154ft. 9in. The engines of the Sunbeam give 70 horse-power nominal, and 10·2 knots; those of the Wanderer give 100 horse-power nominal, and 12 knots.

VILLAGER.—1. All astronomical telescopes show the object reversed. You must get what is known as a reversing eyepiece if you want to see the things in the same position as they seem to be to the eye. A shilling book on Light or Optics, such as is obtainable from any educational publisher, will tell you why. Read up the subject of lenses, and note the way in which the rays are bent as they pass through them. 2. In laying leather on wood you should work from one edge and iron outwards and to each side. The gilt edging should be put on afterwards. 3. All in good time. We are glad to hear you gained a prize for the model engine made after our instructions.

CYDONIA.—You can get a shilling book on Cork Modelling from Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.; or you will find an article on the subject in that very useful book, "Enquire Within."

C. B. T.—The finest beech in Britain is in the grounds of Newbattle Abbey, near Dalhousie Station. It is a hundred feet high, a hundred and twenty yards round, and the bole is thirty-three feet in circumference. Close to it is a cypress sixty feet high.

C. SANDERSON.—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles were continued in "Waterton's Method of Preserving," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in the August, September, and October parts for 1883.

L. R. B.—Apply to the Canadian Government Offices, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

E. E. JAMES.—You can consult a suburban directory at the Guildhall Free Library, where nearly all such books of reference are easily obtainable.

C. R.—Get "Professional Book-keeping," price two shillings, of Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen Street, W.C., and read up the subject for yourself.

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY and ONE OF MARKHAM'S CREW.—On page 541, No. 332, Greely's farthest should be long. 40° 46′, lat. 83° 24′. Markham's farthest was 83° 20′ 28″.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE ask, "Are the poems you get from other boys anything like ours?" Unfortunately in many cases they are! "The Poets of the Future" seem to fancy that verse is another name for nonsense cut up into short lengths. We can *not* use such verses.

A MECHANICAL AMATEUR.—A metallophone, or even a glass harmonicon, would answer the purpose of a chime of bells for the clock, but you must get the hammers to rebound very smartly. A good toyshop would be the best place to purchase it, but you might get one at a musicseller's. A stroll down the Lowther Arcade in the Strand would show you dozens.

J. BAGNALL.—You will find the arms of our principal cities duly given in our third volume. Thanks for your suggestion, but it would be well to consult our indexes before writing again.

ADMIRAL TCHITCHAGOFF.—You will find the values of nearly every coin and weight now current in the "Bijou Calculator," published by Warne and Co., price eighteenpence.

F. JONES.—1. Wear a small bit of lint between the nail and the flesh, so as to keep them apart. Renew this every morning, and you will soon find that the nail, instead of growing in, will grow out. 2. Learn sufficient Latin to construe our motto.

MODEL.—1. In smooth water paddles have more power than a screw. So long as the floats strike at the same depth no power is wasted. 2. Make your boat of wood instead of zinc. 3. Because of the divergent nature of the rays. 4. We have already given a plate of the Volunteers.

H. O. W.—1. We would not tell you if we knew. Birds have quite enemies enough without being killed wholesale by poisoned grain. 2. Please do not send us coins to name or value. The risk of their being lost is great, and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their safety. If you want them named or valued take them to the curator of your local museum. As a rule you may take it for granted that the coin is worth a little less than the metal of which you think it is made, and that nine-tenths of the coins in your collection are practically valueless.

S. NOLAN.—The subject was discussed and settled years ago; and our recommendations are in accordance with the teachings of all the modern gymnasiarchs and physiologists. The old idea was that the heavier the dumb-bell the more efficiently it did its work, and that has been proved a mistake. Consult any work, English or foreign, in which the subject of gymnastics is scientifically treated, and you will discover the reasons for yourself. A Government department is the very last place in which to look for progress.

C. H. S.—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles on "Taxidermy," etc., were in the third volume. You may perhaps get a copy of Morris's "British Birds" for four pounds. There is a smaller edition now selling at about 30s.

TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.—A popular error, due to the misunderstanding of a symbol. There is no such thing as a thunderbolt. You have only to study electricity to find that it is impossible; and the phrase is now mainly used by people who are ignorant of elementary science.

F. H G.—1. Bones for nigger music can be bought from almost any instrument shop. 2. The tidal wave is independent of the wind.

J. WIDDUP.—See our plans of sails and rigging in the second volume, and try Captain Chapman's "All about Ships." At the same time for a lad "unacquainted with ships" to make a model three feet long as a drawing-room ornament would, in our opinion, be a mere waste of time. Better postpone the attempt until you have seen a clipper, and then you will be saved from the absurdity of endeavouring to model one of the extraordinary dimensions of three feet long and two feet broad.

OUR HOLIDAYS.—"A very quiet place!"

THE
BOY'S OWN PAPER

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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

IT is strange how often our fortunes and misfortunes, which we are so apt to suppose depend on our own successes or failures, turn out to have fallen into hands we least expected, and to have been depending on trains of circumstances utterly beyond our range of imagination.

"Mother!" "My boy!"

Who, for instance, would have guessed that a meeting of half a dozen business men in a first-floor room of a New York office could have any bearing on the fate of the Cruden family? Or that an accident to Major Lambert's horse while clear-

ing a fence at one of the ——shire hunts should also affect their prospects in life?

But so it was.

While Reginald, tenderly nursed by his old school friend, was slowly recovering from his illness in Liverpool, and while Mrs. Cruden and Horace, in their shabby London lodging, were breaking into their last hundred pounds and wondering how, even with the boy's improved wages and promise of literary success, they should be able to keep a comfortable home for their shattered but shortly to be reunited family—at this very time a few of the leading creditors of the Wishwash and Longstop Railway assembled in the old office of that bankrupt undertaking, and decided to accept an offer from the Grand Roundabout Railway to buy up their undertaking at half price, and add its few hundred miles of line to their own few thousand.

A very important decision this for the little Dull Street family. For among the English creditors of this same Wishwash and Longstop Railway Mr. Cruden had been one of the most considerable—so considerable that the shares he held in it had amounted to about half his fortune.

And when the division of the proceeds of the sale of the railway came to be divided it turned out that Mr. Cruden's administrators, heirs, and assigns were entitled to about a third of the value of that gentleman's shares, or in other words, something like a sixth of their old property, which little windfall, after a good deal of wandering about and search for an owner, came finally under the notice of Mr. Richmond's successors, who in turn passed it over to Mrs. Cruden with a very neat little note of congratulation on the good fortune which had made her and her sons the joint proprietors of a snug little income of from £300 to £400 a year.

Of course the sagacious reader will remark on this that it is only natural that towards the end of my story something of this sort should happen in order to finish up with the remark that "they lived happily ever after." And his opinion of me will, I fear, be considerably lowered when he finds that instead of Reginald dying in the smallpox hospital and Mrs. Cruden and Horace ending their days in the workhouse, things looked up a little for them towards the finish, and promised a rather more comfortable future than one had been led to expect.

It is sad, of course, to lose any one's good esteem, but as things really did look up for the Crudens—as Reginald really did recover, as Mrs. Cruden and Horace really did not go to the workhouse, and as the Grand Roundabout Railway really was spirited enough to buy up the Wishwash and Longstop Railway at half price, I cannot help saying so, whatever the consequences may be.

But several weeks before Mr. Richmond's successors announced this windfall to their clients, the accident to Major Lambert's horse had resulted in comfort to the Crudens of another kind, which, if truth must be told, they expected quite as little and valued quite as much.

That worthy Nimrod, once an acquaintance and neighbour of the Gardenvale family in the days of their prosperity, was never known to miss a winter's hunting in his own county if he could possibly help it, and during the present season had actually come all the way from Malta, where his regiment was stationed, on short leave, for the sake of two or three days of his favourite sport in the old country.

Such enthusiasm was worthy of a happier fate than that which befell him. For on his first ride out his horse came to grief, as we have said, over a hedge, and left the gallant major somewhat knocked about himself, with nothing to do for half a day but to saunter disconsolately up and down the country lanes and pay afternoon calls on some of his old comrades.

Among others, he knocked at the door of an elderly dowager named Osborn, who was very sympathetic with him in his misfortunes, and did her best to comfort him with afternoon tea and gossip.

The latter lasted a good deal longer than the former. One after another the major's old friends were mentioned and discussed and talked about as only folk can be talked about over afternoon tea.

"By the way," said the caller, "I hear poor Cruden didn't leave much behind him after all. Is Mrs. Cruden still at Gardenvale?"

"No, indeed," said the lady; "it's a sad story altogether. Mr. Cruden left nothing behind him, and Gardenvale had to be sold, and the family went to London, so I was told, in very poor circumstances."

"Bless me!" said the honest major, "haven't you looked them up? Cruden was a good sort of a fellow, you know."

"Well, I've always intended to try and find out where they are living, but really, major, you have no idea how one's time gets filled up."

"I've a very good idea," said the major, with a groan. "I have to sail in a week, and there's not much spare time between now and then, I can tell you. Still, I'd like to call and pay my respects to Mrs. Cruden if I knew where she lived."

"I dare say you could find out. But I was going to say that only yesterday I saw something in the paper which will hardly make Mrs. Cruden anxious to see any of her old friends at present. The eldest son, I fear, has turned out badly."

"Who? young—what was his name?—Reginald? Can't believe it. He always seemed one of the right sort. A bit of a prig perhaps, but straight enough. What has he been up to?"

"You'd better see for yourself, major," said the lady, extracting a newspaper from a heap under the dinner-waggon. "He seems to have been mixed up in a rather discreditable affair, as far as I could make out, but I didn't read the report through."

The major took the paper, and read a short report of the proceedings at the Liverpool Police Court.

"You didn't read it through, you say," observed he, when he had finished; "you saw he was let off?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid—well, it's very sad for them all."

"Of course it is," blurted out the soldier, "especially when none of their old friends seem to care anything about them. Excuse me, Mrs. Osborn," added he, seeing that the lady coloured. "I wasn't meaning you, but myself. Cruden was an old comrade, who did me more than one good turn. I must certainly take a day in town on my way back and find them out. As for the boy, I don't believe he's got it in him to be a blackleg."

The major was as good as his word. He sacrificed a day of his loved pastime to look for his old friend's widow in London.

After a good deal of hunting he discovered her address and presented himself, with not a little wonderment at the shabbiness of her quarters, at Dull Street.

Barely convalescent, and still in the agony of suspense as to Reginald's fate, Mrs. Cruden was able to see no one. But the major was not thus to be baulked of his friendly intentions. Before he left the house he wrote a letter which in due time lay in the widow's hands and brought tears to her eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Cruden,—I am on my way back to Malta, and sorry not to see you. We all have our troubles, but you seem to have had more than your share; and what I should have liked would be to see whether there was anything an old friend of your husband's could do to serve you. I trust you will not resent the liberty I take when I say I have instructed my agent, whose address is enclosed, to put himself at your disposal in any emergency when you may need either advice or any other sort of aid. He is a good fellow, and understands any service you may require (and emergencies often do arise) is to be rendered on my account. As to your eldest son, about whom I read a paragraph in the papers the other day, nothing will make me believe he is anything but his honest father's honest son. My brother-in-law, whom you will remember, is likely shortly to have an opportunity of introducing a young fellow into an East India house in the City. I may mention this because, should you think well to tell Reginald of it, I believe there would not be much difficulty in his getting the post. But you will hear about this from my brother-in-law, whom I have asked to write to you. I don't expect to get leave again for eighteen months; but I hope then to find you all well.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Cruden,

"Yours truly,

"Thomas Lambert."

This simple warm-hearted letter came to Mrs. Cruden as the first gleam of better things on the troubled waters of her life. Things were just then at their worst. Reginald lost, Horace away in search of him, herself slowly recovering from a sad illness into a still more sad life, with little prospect either of happiness or competency, nothing to look forward to but a renewal of the old struggles, possibly single-handed. At such a time Major Lambert's letter came to revive her drooping spirits and remind her of a Providence that never sleeps less than when we are ready to consider ourselves forgotten.

All she could do was to write a grateful reply back, and then await news from Horace, trusting meanwhile it would not be necessary to draw on the major's offered help.

A few days later Horace was home again, jubilant at having found his brother, but anxious both as to his immediate recovery and the state of mind in which restored health would find him.

"He told me lots about the past, mother," said he. "No one can conceive

what a terrible three months he has had since he left us, or how heroically he has borne it. He doesn't think so himself, and is awfully depressed about his trial and the way in which the magistrate spoke to him—the brute!"

"Poor boy! he is the very last to bear that sort of thing well."

"He's got a sort of idea he's a branded man, and is to be dragged down all his life by it. Perhaps when he hears that an old friend like Major Lambert believes in him, he may pick up. You know, mother, I believe his heart is in the grave where that little office boy of his lies, and that he would have been thankful if—well, perhaps not so bad as that—but just at present he can't speak or even think of the boy without breaking down."

"According to the letter from Major Lambert's brother-in-law, the post that is offered him is one he will like, I think," said Mrs. Cruden. "I do hope he will take it. To have nothing to do would be the worst thing that could happen to him."

"To say nothing of the necessity of it for you, mother," said Horace; "for there's to be no more copying out manuscripts, mind, even if we all go to the workhouse."

Mrs. Cruden sighed. She knew her son was right, but the wolf was at the door, and she shrank from becoming a useless burden on her boys' shoulders.

"I wonder, Horace," said she, presently, "whether we could possibly find less expensive quarters than these. They are—"

"Hullo, there's the postman!" said Horace, who had been looking from the window; "ten to one there's a line from Harker."

And he flew down the stairs, just in time to see the servant-girl take a letter from the box and put it in her pocket.

"None for us?" said he.

The girl, who till this moment was not aware of his presence, turned round and coloured very violently, but said nothing.

"Show me the letter you put into your pocket just now," said Horace, who had had experience before now in predicaments of this kind.

The girl made no reply, but tried to go back to the kitchen. Horace, however, stopped her.

"Be quick!" said he. "You've a letter for me in your pocket, and if I don't have it before I count twenty I'll give you in charge;" and he proceeded to count.

Before he had reached ten the girl broke out into tears, and took from her pocket not only the letter in question, but three or four others.

"There you are; that's all of them. I've done with it!" sobbed she.

Horace glanced over them in bewilderment. One was in Reginald's writing, written three weeks ago; two were from himself to his mother, written last week, and the last was from Harker, written yesterday.

"Why," exclaimed he, too much taken aback almost to find words, "what does it mean? How do you come—"

"Oh, I'll tell you," said the girl; "I don't care what they do to me. I'd sooner be sent to prison than go on at it. He told me to do it, and threatened me all sorts of things if I didn't. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Who told you?"

"Why, Mr. Shuckleford. He said Mr. Reginald was a convict, or something, and if I didn't mind every letter that came to the house from Liverpool I'd get sent to prison too for abetting him. I'm sure I don't want to abet no one, and I can't help if they do lock me up."

"You mean to say Mr. Shuckleford told you to do this?" said—or rather roared—Horace.

"Yes, he did; and he had them all before that one," said the girl, pointing to the letter from Reginald. "But he's never been for these, and I didn't dare not to keep them for him. Please, sir, look over it this time."

Horace was too agitated to heed her tears or entreaties. He rushed from the house with the letters in his hand and made straight for the Shucklefords' door. But, with his hand on the bell, he hesitated. Mrs. Shuckleford and her daughter had been good to his mother; he could not relieve his mind to Samuel in their presence. So he resolved to postpone that pleasure till he could find the young lawyer alone, and meanwhile hurried back to his mother and rejoiced her heart with the good news of Reginald contained in Harker's letter.

How and when Horace and Shuckleford settled accounts no one exactly knew, but one evening, about a week afterwards, the latter came home looking very scared and uncomfortable, and announced that he was getting tired of London, the air of which did not agree with his constitution. He intended to close with an offer he had received some time ago from a firm in the country to act as their clerk; and although the sacrifice was considerable, still the country air and change of scene he felt would do him good.

So he went, much lamented by his mother and sister and club. But of all his acquaintance there was only one who knew the exact reason why just at that particular time the country air promised to be so beneficial for his constitution.

* * * *

Three weeks passed, and then one afternoon a cab rolled slowly up to the door of No. 6, Dull Street. Horace was away at the office, and Mrs. Cruden herself was out taking a walk.

So the two young men who alighted from the cab found themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, and proceeded upstairs to the parlour with no one to ask what their business was.

"Now, old man," said the sturdier of the two. "I won't stay. I've brought you safe home and you needn't pretend you'll be sorry to see my back."

"I won't pretend," said the other, with a smile on his pale face, "but if you're not back very soon, in an hour or two, I shall be very very sorry."

"Never fear, I'll be back."

And he went.

The pale youth sat down, and looked with a strange mixture of sadness and eagerness round the little room. He had seen it before and yet he seemed hardly to recognise it. He got up and glanced at a few envelopes lying on the mantelpiece. He took into his hands a piece of knitting that lay on one of the chairs and examined it. He turned over the leaves of a stray book, and read the name on the title-page. It all seemed so strange—yet so familiar. Then he crept silently to the half-open door of a little bedroom and peeped in, and his heart beat strangely as he recognised a photograph on the dressing-table, and by its side a letter written in his own handwriting. From this room he turned to another still smaller and more roughly furnished. A walking-stick stood in the corner that he knew well, and there was a cap on the peg behind the door, the sight of which sent a thrill through him.

Yet he felt he dare touch nothing—that he scarcely dare let his foot be heard as he paced across the room, or venture even to stir the little fire that was dying out in the grate.

The slight flush which the excitement of his first arrival had called up faded from his cheeks as the minutes wore on.

Presently his ears caught a light footfall on the pavement outside, and his heart almost stood still as it halted and the bell rang below.

It was one of those occasions when a man may live a lifetime in a minute. With a mighty rush his thoughts flew back to the last time he had heard that step. What goodness, what hope, what love did it not bring back to his life. He had taken it all for granted and thought so little of it; but now, after months of loveless, cheerless drudgery and disappointment, that light step fell with a music which flooded his whole soul.

He sat almost spellbound as the street-door closed and the steps ascended the stairs. The room seemed to swim round him, and to his broken nerves it seemed for a moment as though he dreaded rather than longed for what was coming. But as the door opened the spell broke and all the mists vanished; he was his own self once more—nothing but the long-lost boy springing to the arms of the long-lost mother.

"Mother!"

"My boy!"

That was all they said. And in those few words Reginald Cruden's life entered on a new era.

When Horace half an hour later came flying on to the scene they still sat there hand in hand, trying to realise it all, but not succeeding. Horace, however, helped them back to speech, and far into the night they talked. About ten o'clock Harker looked in for a moment, and after him young Gedge, unable to wait till the morning. But they stayed only a moment, and scarcely interrupted the little family reunion.

What those three talked about it would be hard for me to say. What they did not talk about in the past, the present, and the future would be almost easier to set down. And when at last Mrs. Cruden rose, and in her old familiar tones said,

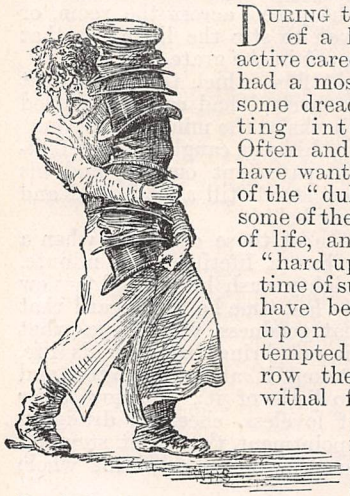
"It's time to go to bed, boys," the boys obeyed, as in the days long ago, and came up to her and kissed her, and then went off like children, and slept, like those who never knew what care was, all the happy night.

(To be concluded.)

MY FIRST AND ONLY DEBT.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

By Surgeon-General Cowen.



During the whole of a long and active career I have had a most wholesome dread of getting into debt. Often and often I have wanted many of the "dulces" and some of the "utiles" of life, and, being "hard up" at the time of such need, have been close upon being tempted to borrow the wherewithal for their purchase from friends, or, in India, from those ever ready with a loan—soucars (native bankers); but the recollection of the little story which I am about to relate has cropped up and put a salutary stopper upon the application.

Once, I call to mind, the suppositiously honest Hindoo factotum of my bungalow, having been sent to the paymaster's office with a "chit" (note) for my monthly pay, obtained and decamped with the rupees, leaving me with scarce a shot in the locker, to put it nautically, to fight the bazaar men with for thirty days to come. It was a great temptation to borrow, but then and there the ghost of my first and only debt rose before me. I obeyed the monitor, and somehow or other things came right.

And what, then, is the story which has been my deterrent from debt, boy and man, these fifty years and more?

When I was between eight and nine years of age, my father, a retired army chaplain, sent me to Dr. Roddie's school in—let us say, the town of Whippingham, not many miles from our homestead. On the morning of my departure he took me into his study, and gave me no end of good advice, finishing up by saying, "Bertie, my child, above all things avoid running into debt, either at the 'tuck' shop with your schoolfellows, or with any one who will trust you. 'Out of debt out of danger' is, like many another well-worn proverb, full of wisdom, but, as John Bridges the writer puts it, 'the word danger does not sufficiently express all that the warning demands.' See here." He opened a volume and read me a page or so of all the anxieties and miseries of a debtor in respect to his creditor. Then, making me promise to steer clear of this rock upon which so many a good ship has struck and foundered, he put half-a-crown into my pocket for present use, and, telling me that Dr. Roddie had been instructed to give me threepence weekly for future exigencies, the dear old dad saw me off by the coach for Whippingham, there to be indoctrinated into the habits and idiosyncrasies of the schoolboy of more than forty years ago.

With only two shillings and sixpence *in esse*, and the hebdomadal threepence *in posse*, I cannot say that I considered myself either a Rothschild or a Baring. Truth to tell, I had expected a larger "tip," and at least a sixpence every Saturday, and was disappointed accordingly. Still, I determined to be frugal, and to make the money go as far as possible. Vain resolve; for, arrived at my destination, introduced to my schoolfellows, and forced to stand the usual newcomer's treat, in less than no time the half-crown had gone the way of all half-crowns in that educational establishment—to wit, into the canvas bag of Mother Tucker in exchange for her tarts, puffs, and sweeties generally.

Then came the very early day when my purse was dry, but my mouth-watering propensities for confectionery of sorts full to overflowing. In that hour of hankering and covetousness the tempter, one Jack Sharkie, a fellow-scholar, met me.

He was a lad considerably older than myself, clever, and the best French scholar in the school. His personal appearance was not attractive; his little sharp grey eyes spoke of cunning and deceit if ever eyes did. He was a duffer at cricket, football, or hockey, but put him at any sum in arithmetic and he was happy.

"Hullo, young chap!" said he, as he saw me hovering not about the skirts of Mother Tucker herself, but about the outskirts of her habitual place in the playground; "no tin for even the *bonne bouche* of a half-price tartlet, flat, stale, and unprofitable?"

"Not a farthing," I replied.

"Bad, that. Want any tuck?"

"Awfully!"

"So don't I! Just walked into three splendacious raspberry 'turnovers.' Mother T. has excelled herself to-day. But come, I've taken a fancy to you, Newman, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you threepence now, and you pay me sixpence next Saturday."

"Thanks, no! I can't pay, and I won't borrow."

He looked disappointed, but presently began to chaff.

"All right, youngster; then it is cocksure that under these circumstances you'll not eat and be filled with other delectables than 'sky-blue' and 'scrape.' But I'll whisper something in your ear—your going without the *six sous* which I am disposed to loan you will not prevent your going without *souci* for the goody-goodies for the rest of the afternoon. If you don't know what I mean ask the French master, he will enlighten you. However, should you think better of my offer—you know my diggin's, desk two, third form in the dominie's room—there you'll find me."

He went his way, and I mine. But towards evening some cause or other took me to Sharkie's "diggings." It certainly was not to borrow the money, for, Mother Tucker being gone, I had no chance of getting at her saleables, if even I could have bought them.

Brum, as Jack was called, was conning over his lessons. He had Horace open before him, and curiously enough was construing this passage: "Animum rege, qui nisi paret, imperat" ("Subdue your passion, or it will subdue you").

He was labouring at the line word for word in regular schoolboy fashion, thus: *rege*, rule thou; *animum*, your inclination; *qui nisi*, which unless; *paret*—what is *paret?* Hullo, Newman! Do you know the English for *paret?*"

"No."

"Then I must look it out."

He opened his desk for his lexicon—no doubt a plant, for he must have known, clever as he was, what *paret* stood for—and in so doing disclosed to my astonished gaze a stack of tarts, puffs, buns, and so on, backed by two or three stone bottles of ginger-beer.

"Whew!" I exclaimed; "tuck!"

"Tuck it is," he observed, unconcernedly; "I always have a store by me, especially for Sunday. I'm 'nuts' on pastry stuff, aren't you?"

Again I replied, "Awfully!"

"Well, help yourself."

I needed no second invitation; what schoolboy would? Three tarts of sorts and one bun speedily went the way of all pastrycook's confections. Then I thirsted, and a bottle of ginger-beer effervesced and disappeared, to "float the solids with," as Jack facetiously put it.

Increase of appetite now grew by what it had fed on, and as mine host had let drop a hint that I might come again and *be welcome*, upon that hint on the following afternoon I disposed of jam "cocked hats," open fruit tarts, sponge-cakes, and ginger-beer, until, to use a vulgar but common school expression, I felt "stodged."

Then, as digestion struggled within me, I thought, "This Brum, this stingy, selfish churl, as he is dubbed, why he is sterling gold! Close-fisted, mean! Never! When I happen to be flush I must mete to him the same measure he has measured out to me."

Then I went to bed, slept, and awoke next morning, if not a better, still a wiser boy.

For standing beside me was Sharkie.

"I say, Newman," said he, "you owe me two-and-nine."

"Owe you! What for?"

"Two days' tuck-out."

"Why, I was your guest, wasn't I? You distinctly told me to help myself."

"Did I? Over the left, young man."

"Besides," I continued, "how do you make it two-and-nine?"

He took out of his pocket a slip of paper, and, tossing it towards me, said, "Count it up." I did, and thus it ran:

	s.	d.
Two bottles ginger-beer, at 3d. ...	0	6
Eight tarts of sorts, at 2d. ...	1	4
Buns, biscuits, and sundries ...	0	6
Sitting room (at my desk)... ...	0	1
Loan of my knife	0	1
Interest on outlay of my cash (2 days, at 1½d. per day) ...	0	3
	2	9

"Why, Sharkie," I said, "this is simply horrible; and even supposing that I had bought the things of you, which I did not, your prices are monstrous. Mother Tucker charges only a penny a bottle for pop, you demand threepence; any boy can buy her tarts, full ones as well, for one penny each; yours, which had been 'doctored' by the abstraction of one or two cherries or gooseberries, or a finger-tip of jam, you ask double for. How's that?"

"There is always a great difference existing between cash and credit prices, youngster. However, be that as it may, you are in my debt two-and-nine, and I must be paid sharp; I can't afford to wait."

"I have not got it, Brum."

"I don't care, you must ask your governor for it. Why, it's a case of fraud; obtaining goods under false pretences; you can be 'run in' for it."

"Oh, Brum, I can't ask my father, he made me promise to owe no one anything; he would be very angry."

"Bosh! Every chap's governor pays his son's lawful accounts, and that ante-diluvian prig of yours is bound to settle mine, if he is a gentleman."

"My dear old father is no prig, and he is a gentleman every inch of him."

Then came a quarrel, and we went into the playground and fought. Sharkie punished me, for he was taller and stronger than I, but one or two nasty clips I gave him made some amends to me. Still the money was due, was to be paid, and was not forthcoming. For days and days that two-and-nine haunted me. I saw it in every sum I added up; it came before me in every copy I wrote; it stared me in the face in my tasks of Ovid and Virgil; Anacreon had it in every ode; and once when the English master made me recite that speech of Polonius to Laertes, and I came upon the lines,

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,"

I positively writhed with mental agony.

In my sleep, too, the nightmare of my debt sat heavy upon me. I was always seeing two silver shillings and nine copper pence twisting and twirling upon their edges close within my grasp, and when I stretched out my hand to seize and to give them to Sharkie, the Queen's effigies upon their surfaces shook their heads, and seemed to say, "No, you don't!"

In the midst of this brain-whirl my father drove over to Whippingham to hear how I was getting on. I did not know of his coming, and the first intelligence I had of it was, "Master Newman, you're wanted; there's somebody in the parlour wishing to see you."

I burst into tears, for it so happened that only a few moments before Brum had been dunning me sorely, and I fancied that he had got a policeman to carry me off to gaol, as he had more than once threatened to do.

"Why, you silly boy!" said the housemaid who had summoned me, "whatever are you a-crying for? It's only a kind-looking old gentleman, who says he is your father. Run upstairs and tidy yourself."

I rushed into the room, and in a second was hanging about the dear pater's neck.

"Why, Bertie," he said, "whatever is the matter with you? You look pale, thin, and worried, and your mother would be shocked to see you. Are you ill, boy?"

"No, father!"

"Don't they give you enough to eat?"

"Plenty; but I can't eat anything."

"Indeed! You used to possess at home a first-rate capacity for disposing of fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry — especially pastry."

"Oh please, father, don't say anything about pastry. I hate to think of it; the very word makes me shudder!"

"Hoity-toity! What nonsense is this? What in the world has come over you?—overworked?"

"No. I—want—some—more—money, dad dear, please."

"The half-crown expended, eh! Well, that's not much to take to heart so sorely. Here's a shilling for you."

"Not enough, father," said I, weeping, "not half enough; I want nearly three shillings."

"What for, child?"

"I have been a very wicked boy; I have disobeyed your injunctions and got into debt; I owe Jack Sharkie—one of the fellows—two shillings and ninepence."

"Bless the boy! what for? tell me all about it at once."

I related the whole transaction from beginning to end. He was angry with me, but he was positively in a most unclerical rage with Sharkie, whom he stigmatised in no measured terms.

"You shall have the money, Bertie," said he, "to liquidate your liabilities with that trickster and decoy-duck of a Brum, as you call him; I'll not have you a defaulter; but—you'll be put under stoppages until the advance I make is repaid. If you get a practical lesson now it may be of benefit to you all the days of your life. Three halfpence, young gentleman, *three ha-pence* are mulcted from your *batta* (the old leaven of his former calling in India was rising) per week, that's your punishment; and in regard to that young Shark I'll report him to the general—I mean the doctor, at once."

My father gave me the cash, then had a talk with the doctor, and that same afternoon there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in Solon House. For Jack Sharkie, after due inquiries, which proved I was but one of numerous victims, was hoisted, soundly whipped, expelled the school, and the two-and-nine, the head and front of my offending, put into the poor-box.

But the deprivations and inconveniences that I, Albert Newman, experienced for twenty-two weeks upon reduced allowances may, as the reporters say, "be better imagined than described."

Yet, like many another of this world's trials, they proved in the long run most salutary, for, as I began by saying, throughout my whole life I have feared the demon of debt, and have never lost sight of my first and only one to my schoolfellow Brum.

OLD BARNBY'S POND.

By H. D. Brain.

The following little escapade of my youthful days took place in a village which may be vaguely spoken of as "up north," for there is no need to more accurately describe its whereabouts.

"Old Barnby," or, as he was more commonly called, Old Hunks, owned a farm on the outskirts of the afore-mentioned village, which was principally interesting to me and one or two kindred spirits from the fact that it contained a pond inhabited by numbers of splendid trout.

In his younger days Old Hunks must have been a fine specimen of the "genus homo," but now age was beginning to tell upon him, and he lost a great deal of the advantage of his height from a habit of stooping forward as he walked. His hair was iron-grey and his face wrinkled, with a morose, sullen look about it, giving colour to the village rumour that he was a sordid old miser. He possessed a temper by no means angelic, and we youngsters used to make tracks with marvellous expedition whenever we saw him coming with his gnarled old stick that he was very fond of using upon our juvenile backs.

The only thing that rivalled our dislike to "Old Barnby" was our fear of his inseparable companion, Grip, a dog of the mastiff breed. He was the only living thing, I believe, his master had the slightest feeling of human kindness for, but that he did love the old dog was an undoubted fact. They lived together in the farmhouse, which was a small one of its kind, "Old Barnby" seeing to all the household matters himself, and never allowing a human creature beyond the doorstep. The dog appeared during the many years they had been together to have become a canine edition of his master in regard to his temper and unsocial habits, and it would have been a brave man indeed who would have cared to tackle the two of them.

I think that next to the foregoing pair I excited most attention in the village. It always seemed to me that it was a case of "Give a dog a bad name," etc, for from shooting a neighbour's cat to orchard-robbing the verdict used to be, "There's that young Tom Dean again;" and yet I was for the most part wholly innocent of the charges thus lavishly preferred against me. Not that I wish to make excuses, however.

My chief hobby was fishing, and I could spend days in the pursuit of this my favourite amusement, but up till now I had never been able to satisfy a great longing of mine to get permission

to catch some of the fish in Old Barnby's pond.

It was a pool, *par excellence*, for fish to thrive in, and was situated in a lovely wood not far from the farmhouse. At the top a good-sized brook entered, sending a current throughout to the floodgates at the other end, where the overflow rushed over, and after running through another pool on a lower level, finally mingled its waters with the river about half a mile away. I do not believe it held many coarse fish, but that it contained shoals of trout could be clearly proved any day one cared to go and cautiously survey the shallow part, where as a rule there would be scores of them lazily rising at the flies, or perchance only in sport.

On a fine day we used to go and lie under the trees and longingly watch the handsome spotted beauties we could see sheltering themselves from the sun under some large water-lily. They must have been as unsophisticated as possible, as for years previous they had been left to fatten and lazily dream their lives away with no such little excitement to rouse them up as an introduction to a fly with a steel sting in its tail or wretched-looking minnow which yet could prove one too many for its would-be devourer.

I have no doubt, if he had been able to do so, "Old Barnby" would have prevented us from even looking at his finny property, but a right of way ran close by the end of the pool, so he was powerless to prevent it. He did not care for fishing himself, but seemed to find a fund of pleasure in the fact that he possessed the power, or, at all events, exercised it, of refusing permission to fish to so many who were anxious to obtain it.

An old friend of mine, Harry Lang, and myself had often made fruitless attempts to induce the old man to make an exception in our favour, promising to give him all the fish we might catch and do almost anything to assist on the farm as well.

One fine summer afternoon Harry and I were gazing wistfully at the pond and thinking what a grand haul we might have the next day, which happened to be a holiday, if we only had leave to bring our rods and astonish some of the lordly "dorsal-finned ones."

"Look here, Harry!" I at last exclaimed; "let's have one more try. He can only say no, and there is just the faintest chance that he may be in a good humour."

"All right, old fellow," replied he; "I am afraid that it is no good, but I vote we go and get it over now."

Accordingly we set out on a search for the crusty old owner of the pool, and fortunately had not far to go before we came upon the inseparables—Grip and his master.

"Well, what are you boys arter now? I see you've got summat you want to say—some mischief, I'll be bound!" was the greeting we received as soon as he saw our wish to speak to him.

It was not by any means a cheerful commencement, but, pulling ourselves together, we, in our politest manner, preferred our request. The old man seemed fairly thunderstruck for a moment at our audacity; then, shaking his stick in such a manner as made us get out of striking distance with astonishing rapidity, he burst out with, "Want to fish in my pond, an idle lot of young vagabonds! Let me catch yer at it, and I'll break every bone in yer body! Remember, my lads, I'll hide yer if I catch yer trying it on!" and, with one or two personal allusions of a painful character, he left us in anything but a Christianlike frame of mind.

We were naturally indignant at the way our polite request had been treated, and looked upon it as a fair challenge to despoil him of his trout if we could possibly do so. After that we had some anxious consultations, and finally decided that on the very first opportunity we would risk our thrashing and have a try at the pool, proposing as a salve to our consciences that all the fish we caught should be packed up and left at Old Hunks's doorstep, with "With compliments" written on the parcel.

The chance came sooner than we expected, for we heard that our enemy was going to a horse fair, fortunately taking place on one of our half-holidays, and that he would be detained until late. This was just what we had been looking forward to, and so on the day arranged, after making sure that he had really gone, we started, with inward quaking, on our expedition, taking our home-made rods with us, cunningly stowed under our jackets so as to excite as little observation as possible. Rods were not so cheap in those days as they now are, and we youngsters used to make our own, generally consisting of a good straight piece of hazel, with a slip of lancewood for a top.

It was a splendid afternoon for the object we had in view, the sky being dull and overcast, with not more than enough wind to assist us in casting. On arriving at the forbidden spot our rods and tackle were put together with much listening and anxious peering about, and I must say in fear and trembling we made our preliminary casts. But in a few moments we were oblivious of all else but the immediate present, for the trout were well on the rise, and we were both quickly in with a couple of good fish, who tried our little rustic fly rods as they had never been tried before. The fun was fast and furious, and never do I remember having such a day with the trout; they were rising everywhere, and especially at the place we were fishing. The brook entered here and broadened out into a wide, rippling shallow before becoming sobered and quiet in the deep parts of the pool. The ripple greatly assisted us in working the fly, and the result surpassed even our expectations.

We caught several trout averaging about a pound each, and then noticing a quiet steady rise at the side of the bank like a good fish feeding, I essayed a cast in that direction, with the result of getting hung up. It was rather a difficult place to get at, for a bush projected a short distance over the water, and it was just under this that the fish was rising. I tried several times to get the fly over him, but it was only after losing several "alders" and using, I am afraid, some rather explosive language, that I did at last manage to present my invitation in a becoming manner.

The old trout did not refuse it, but finding it rather more than he bargained for, endeavoured to get rid of it by every means in his power. What a glorious fight we had! I shall never forget it; he was first to one side, then to the other, trying by a succession of splendid leaps to shake the stinging insect from his jaws; but finding his best efforts in that direction unavailing, he tried sulking at the bottom. I soon, by the judicious application of a large stone, forced him from that position, and then for a good ten minutes more we had as sharp a contest as I have ever seen, and it was only when perfectly helpless and hardly able to stir a fin that he allowed himself to be drawn on to a shelving bank and transferred to *terra firmâ*. He was a splendid fish, and I should think must have scaled at least five pounds, but unfortunately I had no means of accurately ascertaining his weight.

After that we caught several more good fish, and then decided to make a final effort to complete the three dozen, for we then had caught over thirty fish. The rise still continued, and we were both soon busy with a couple of lively trout. I landed mine, but Harry had the misfortune to smash his rod, and not having the necessary implements for splicing it, forced us to finish our fishing. We then gathered together our tackle and were taking a last look at our spoil before packing it up, when, to our unutterable horror and dismay, we heard a voice we knew only to well exclaim, in anything but cheering tones,

"Yer young warments, so you've taken to poaching at last. I'll make it warm for the two on yer. Don't ye move or I'll loose Grip, and ye'll remember him for a good time to come, I'll be bound."

We stood like prisoners condemned to be tortured, while "Old Barnby," who had, unfortunately for us, returned from the horse fair long before he was expected, proceeded in the most leisurely manner to cut a good strong springy sapling, muttering at the same time in a manner by no means calculated to raise our spirits.

When he had got a stick to his liking he came up to where we were standing, and giving it a preliminary swoosh through the air, said,

"I'll begin wi' the worst, and that's you, young Tom Dean, I be certain; but I'll tache yer to remember fishing in my pond, my lads."

He did so too, for, catching hold of my collar, he proceeded to inflict such a thrashing upon my unfortunate self that, as he said, I should remember for some time to come poaching on his place. My companion came off a little better, for Old Hunks had expended most of his energy upon me; but we both crawled home that evening minus rods and fish, but in their place the effects of a thrashing which, though I have no doubt well merited, rather disgusted us for a considerable time with the bare idea of trout-fishing.

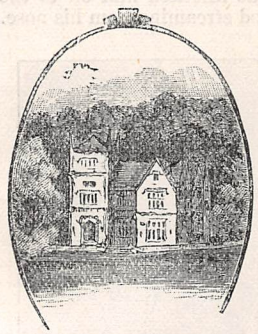
Shortly after this I left home to accept what was considered a first-rate berth in "the City." Since that time many changes have taken place in the little village, and the farm has passed into other and more hospitable hands than Old Hunks's. I often spend my yearly holiday down there, and invariably take my rod and have a try for the trout in the pool on the farm, but I have never yet gazed on that familiar spot without memory bringing back, with a too faithful minuteness, the difficulty I experienced in assuming a sitting position for some considerable time after my first trouting experience on "Old Barnby's Pond."

COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER V.



Bryan drove down the dark forest glades, making a fresh track in half an inch of new-fallen snow that had blown out of the clouds early in the night.

He burned with an intolerable feeling that the glory was all gone from the face of the earth. His old clear world was changed, life had become tangled and tragic. To have to trust his senses against the colonel made him wild with perplexity. It was as though Truth itself had become base, the clean soul of Honour polluted, Virtue a mask! He could in no way reconcile what he had seen with his innate understanding of his uncle's character.

With the conflict of faith and distrust, with the misery of being forced to maintain an inexplicable charge against his earthly mirror of chivalry, the boy was desperate. Had he not fled he must have run or leaped or dashed himself madly against some immovable obstacle to relieve the mental agony by making the body endure pain.

For the first half-hour he urged the mare to greater speed whenever her pace showed signs of slackening. As yet his dominant impulse was merely to get away; he had not considered what he should do, had not any definite plan in his flight, scarcely knew where he was going.

After a while he perceived that the mare had taken the road towards Montreal and Quebec, towards the sea and England, towards Europe and the wars. Upon this he fell into a long waking dream of keeping straight on, and at last finding himself in a pigtail and laced red uniform holding up the Lion flag in the midst of a roaring battle.

Though large and strong beyond his years, he was yet as much a child in his conception of the actualities of life as when he left his English school two years before. In the woods he had learned nothing to mar his simplicity, while his romantic disposition had been fed full by the colonel's quaint old books. Froissart and Sir Thomas Mallory, and like volumes of chivalry and high-flown accounts of British deeds by sea and land, had been all his reading, the corporal's tales of campaigns his main source of information as to real life. Never was Spartan or Roman or Norse boy more convinced that fighting was the only worthy occupation of man. So he went on now in the grey morning, soon letting his horse walk, dreaming of adventures and glory till he wholly forgot what had sent him from his uncle's home.

Not till the sun is well up does he look through the deep woods. With his first rosy glint on the snow before Bryan Pellinore, the boy suddenly woke up to reality and the events of the night. Now he was shocked at his act. The circumstances all recurred to him indeed—Colonel Pellinore's need of money, his mutterings about robbery and Marhaus, the arrival of the lieutenant with the gold, the colonel so furtively bringing in the keg at dead of night, his so carefully concealing the coins under the hearthstone. But these things seemed strangely, ludicrously inconsequential to Bryan in his new mood. There must be an explanation, he felt, and blushed with shame to think how he had wavered in loyalty to his uncle.

Halting the mare, he thought intently over the whole matter. Now he would no longer trust appearances against his reverence for the colonel. The direst need of his nature was to believe in, to go back to his perfect trust in his uncle. Bitterly accusing himself, he turned the mare about. She pricked up her ears, tossed her small head joyfully, and trotted swiftly towards home.

* * * *

When Lieutenant Marhaus turned into the main road his men and the *traîneau* were considerably in advance, and out of sight in the woods. Looking down the river before marching after them, the lieutenant was amazed to see a red cariole approaching, and to recognise Bryan Pellinore in the driver.

"He has repented soon," thought the lieutenant, while still he was indignant at the imagined offence of the boy.

Bryan, on his part, approached with trembling and deep anxiety to hear the disclosure of Marhaus. His excited demeanour was mistaken for a sign of guilt.

"You've thought better of it!" cried Marhaus, contemptuously.

"What do you mean?" asked Bryan, startled at the tone.

"You've brought back the gold," said the lieutenant.

"The gold!" cried Bryan, shocked—not at the accusation, which he did not fully understand at the moment, but at the confirmation of his darkest fears. The gold *was* gone, then!

"The gold!" repeated the lieutenant. "Come, stare no more at me with that affectation of innocent surprise. You couldn't have supposed but what you were smoked before this!"

"Do you mean that *I* took the gold?" asked Bryan, in amazement.

"Do you mean that it went off with you of its own sweet will?" said the lieutenant, angry at what he supposed the hypocrisy of the boy.

"By my honour," cried Bryan, carried away by a rush of indignation as he fully comprehended the accusation, "you shall answer for this!"

Springing out of the cariole with the drawn sword of his father in his hand, he rushed against Marhaus. So furious was his onset that the lieutenant instinctively drew his blade, and in a moment found all his dexterity required to keep his defence against the youngster's impetuous attack. Bryan, when cool, was indeed no despicable opponent, even for so fine a swordsman as the lieutenant. Morning after morning had he learned from the old colonel all his sleights of fence, and not less regularly every afternoon, come rain or shine, had Corporal Cram, a perfect master of arms in his time, taught to the eager boy his utmost skill.

Bryan, in addition to good training, had a quick eye and a strong wrist, as the lieutenant soon perceived when now the long, fine blades were crossed with that slipping, grinding, stern pressure on each other which must end with an advantage to one side that may mean death to the other.

Looking into the youngster's eye, Marhaus saw there a light which was not all the fierce joy of his first real combat. Bryan was indeed furious with conflicting emotions: horrified because the accusation of the lieutenant signified everything against his uncle, scornfully angry that he himself should be suspected, wild because he could not explicitly deny without bringing the charge nearer to the colonel.

Marhaus, parrying Bryan's rapid thrusts, became gradually angrier, nor could he spare a moment from his defence for such speech as might have brought about an explanation. He had resolved to disarm his boyish opponent, but now felt that he would be compelled to wound him.

"Back! boy, back!" he cried, as Bryan pressed him more severely. "Back! or I must do you a hurt."

"You shall eat your words, or one of us falls here," answered Bryan, quietly. He was getting cooler and warier with every motion of the fight.

Instantly the lieutenant took the offensive, but Bryan, cleverly parrying in his turn, converted his defence once more into attack, and lunged straight at the heart of Marhaus. With wonderful dexterity the lieutenant caught the thrust, but not quickly enough to turn it entirely. Bryan's weapon passed through his shoulder, inflicting a slight flesh wound. The stout soldier withheld himself no longer, nor could he have done so except at peril of his life. Catching the young swordsman's next thrust, he turned the glittering blade beneath his left arm, and the next instant passed his blade through Bryan's body. The young fellow sank to the snow with a moan.

Lieutenant Marhaus, horrified at the wound, by which he had intended merely to disable, knelt beside the lad and strove to staunch the quick-flowing blood. Then, lifting him tenderly in his arms, he placed him in the cariole, and, ascending the hill, soon gave him to the arms of the colonel.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

PART IV.

AND now after sixteen years spent in the wild woods Kit Carson resolved to visit his home and take with him his little daughter to place her at school in St. Louis. The scenes of his boyhood had, however, underlady, and two months afterwards he went off as hunter with a waggon-train from Fort Bent. On the Santa Fé trail he met with a band of Mexicans, who, fearing an attack from the Texan Rangers, offered him three shoot him down. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then Carson with his clenched fist gave his treacherous enemy such a blow between the eyes as knocked him on to the grass with the blood streaming from his nose.

The Road to the Rockies in Kit Carson's Day.

gone a considerable change. The old log cabin where his father and mother had dwelt was deserted, and its dilapidated walls were crumbling with decay. His people were all scattered over the face of the earth, and he was a stranger in a strange land. Ten days at St. Louis proved enough for him, and he was on his way to his hut in the west when, on the steamboat up the Missouri, he met Fremont, then starting to explore the Rockies

Finding that he was in want of a guide, Kit volunteered for the post, and was accepted. The expedition left the mouth of the Kansas on June 10th, 1842. Its history and adventures belong more specially to the life of Fremont, and need not detain us here. It was successful in its main objects, and in September returned in safety to Fort Laramie. In February, 1843, Carson married a Mexican

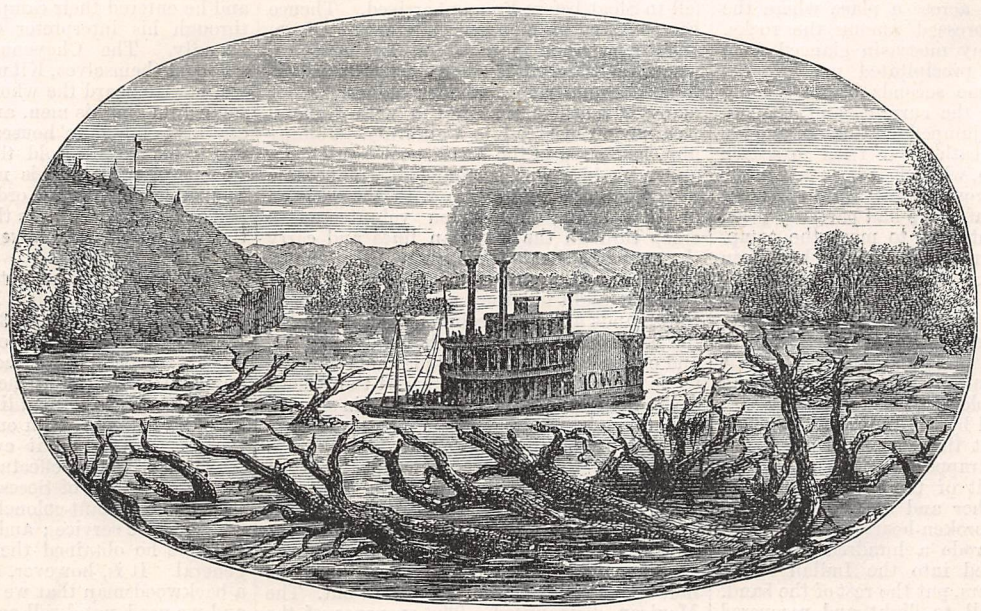
hundred dollars to carry a letter to Santa Fé asking the governor to send them an escort. To do this meant a journey of nearly four hundred miles through a wilderness swarming with hostile Indians.

Kit accepted the commission, and returning to Fort Bent departed thence alone. With much care and circumspection he managed to get through the Indians unperceived and reached Taos, whence the despatches were sent on, and then the governor in return requested him to take back despatches to the Mexican caravan. With a boy as companion he began the journey. Soon they found four Indians across the road ready to intercept them. One of the Indians came forward as a herald and shook hands in sign of friendship, but the instant the hands were unclasped he snatched at Kit's rifle and tried to wrench it away from him so as to

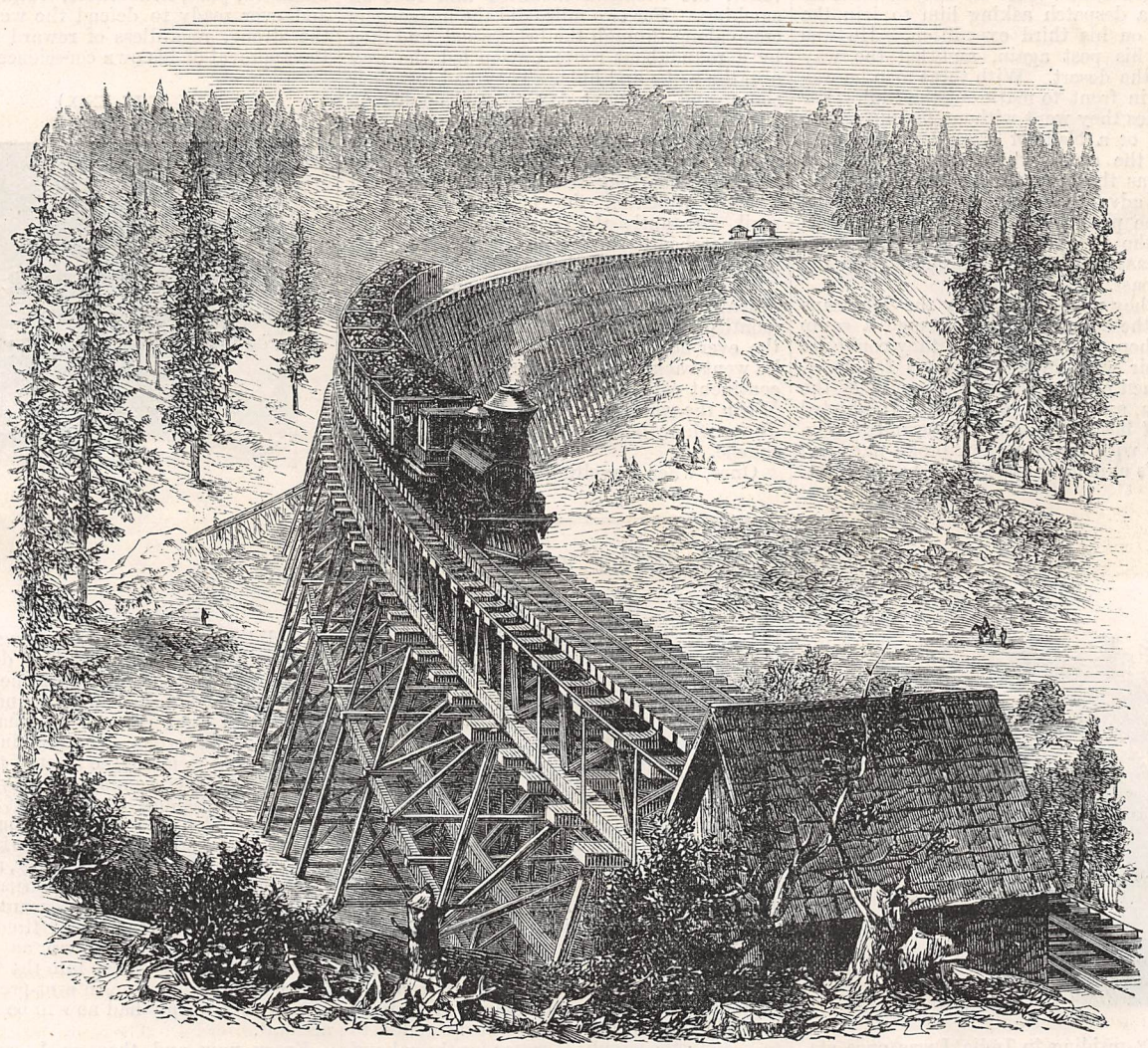
The Indian was up and away in a moment, and his friends came on to the attack. Warning them off, Kit told them in their own tongue that two would certainly be shot with the rifles, and that his revolver would answer for the other two, and, after hesitating for a moment, the redskins thought discretion the better part of valour and sulkily retreated. A few days before Kit again reached Fort Bent, Fremont had been past on his second expedition. Anxious to see his old comrades, Kit started in pursuit, caught them up at the seventieth mile, and was prevailed upon to again give his services as guide.

After much hard work the expedition, gradually reduced and consisting entirely of volunteers, reached Fort Dallas, and passing through Oregon went on over the mountains to California. The snow was a fathom deep. There was neither game nor forage

within reach. Many of the mules died of starvation. "We were forced off the ridges," says Fremont on the 23rd of February, "by the quantity of snow among the timber, and obliged to take to the mountain sides, where occasionally rocks and a southern exposure afforded us a chance to scramble along. But these were steep and slippery with snow and ice, and the tough evergreens of the mountains impeded our way, tore our skins, and exhausted our patience. Some of us had the misfortune to wear moccasins, with soles of buffalo hide so slippery that we could not keep our feet, and generally we crawled along the snow beds. Axes and mauls were



Up the Missouri.



The Road to the Rockies now.

necessary to make a road through the snow. Going ahead with Carson to reconnoitre the road, we reached this afternoon the river which made the outlet of the lake. Carson sprang over, clear across a place where the stream was compressed among the rocks. But the sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock and precipitated me into the river. It was some seconds before I could recover myself in the current, and Carson, thinking me hurt, jumped in after me, and we both had an icy bath. We tried to search awhile for my gun, which had been lost in the fall, but the cold drove us out. Making a large fire on the bank, after we had partially dried ourselves we went back to meet the camp. We afterwards found that the gun had been slung under the ice which formed the shores of the creek."

Thus over the Sierra Nevada went Fremont and his men, reaching Fort Sutter, of gold-finding fame, in March, 1844. On their way back they came up with a Mexican and a little boy, the sole survivors of a party that had been attacked by the Indians. Touched with sympathy at the poor lad's grief, Kit and another old trapper, Godoy, started off together in pursuit of the redskins, hoping to rescue the father and mother for whom he was nearly broken-hearted. They followed the trail, rode a hundred miles out and back, charged into the Indian camp, shot the two leaders, put the rest of the band, twenty-eight in all, to flight, and recovered the stolen property, but found that all the prisoners had been killed and mutilated. And from the time they started to the time they returned was just thirty hours!

Fremont went on to Washington, Kit went home to Taos, and there he stayed until he received a despatch asking him to join the explorer on his third expedition. He was soon at his post again, and led the way through the desert. With three men he was sent on in front to mark out the trail. For sixty miles they went without finding a drop of water or a blade of grass, and then they reached the oasis, where they lit the fire which was the agreed-upon signal for Fremont to advance. Fremont saw the smoke across the plain, and brought up the main body of the expedition, which then kept on, until at last it arrived at Monterey, on the Pacific coast.

Here they were ordered by the Mexicans to leave the country. They formed a camp to defy them, but finding that they could not force their way through Castro's followers, they turned northwards to the mouth of the Columbia, and on the road met and defeated a band of hostile Indians a thousand strong. The war with Mexico then broke out, and Fremont's exploring expedition became Fremont's army corps, with Carson as lieutenant. Sonoma was taken, and cannon and small arms were secured for armament; and then the march was resumed on Monterey, which fell to Sloat before Fremont arrived. Thence Fremont and his men took ship for San Diego, and thence they marched on Los Angelos, whence Kit and fifteen men started on a four-thousand-mile ride with despatches. After many adventures, Kit fell in with General Kearney on his road to California. Joining him, he shared in the battle near San Diego, and with him was surrounded. It became necessary to communicate with the garrison of that town, and Carson volunteered to creep through the Mexican lines and carry the message. Beale, then a naval lieutenant, offered to accompany him.

When night fell they started together on their hands and feet, feeling for the tall grass, the hollows in the ground, the shady thickets, and everything that could hide them from the triple row of sentinels that begirt the Americans. Foot by foot they crept along in silence, and to make their progress more noiseless they slipped off their shoes and stuck them in their belts. They passed the first line, then the second, and were just thinking they were clear, when a sentinel rode up to within a yard of where they were lying hid in the long grass. With flint and steel he began to strike a light, and Kit could hear his comrade's heart beat as the sparks flew out. The Mexican dismounted. The suspense of the Americans was terrible. Click, click! went the flint and steel, and then came the light, and the sentinel's eyes, intent on his pipe, were too much occupied to see them. At last the tobacco caught, and, with a grunt of relief, the Mexican mounted and rode off smoking. For two miles did the messengers creep along through the brushwood, and then by a roundabout route Carson led the way over the rocks and hills. They had lost their shoes, and all next day they struggled on with bare feet over the slippery shale and through the prickly pear-bushes. Another night closed in, and it was not till early morning that they reached San Diego, and brought Stockton the news of Kearney's peril. Instantly the troops were called out and marched to the rescue, and the Mexicans retreated, baffled of their prey.

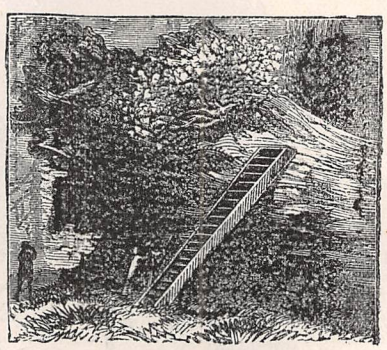
In March, 1847, Kit was sent off with despatches to Washington. He took three months on the road, triumphantly outwitting the ever hostile Indians. And several times he went backwards and forwards across the continent with despatches for the seat of war. When the war was over he settled down at Taos, where he had selected and stocked a ranche.

Once, when travelling with a caravan from St. Louis to his farm, he found himself surrounded by Cheyennes. Throwing up an entrenchment, he sent out an interpreter inviting the Indians to a palaver. They agreed, and he entered their camp and talked to them through his interpreter of his desire to be friendly. The Cheyennes began to chat amongst themselves, Kit understanding every word. He heard the whole of a plot to massacre him and his men, and plunder his own and his neighbours' houses. Suddenly springing to his feet, he told the Indians of their treachery, revealed his name—till then unknown to them—and ordered them to disperse; and so great was the terror he inspired that the astonished Cheyennes beat a hurried retreat.

He was never molested again, and so feared and respected had he made himself by the Indians that in 1853 he was appointed United States Indian Agent for New Mexico. In this responsible post he did his utmost to help and direct aright the sons of the wilderness with whom he had lived so long. Only once did he meet them on the war-path, and the result was as it ever had been—the Navajoes were effectually overpowered. When the War of Secession broke out Kit became lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, and did welcome service; and at the close of the struggle he obtained the rank of brigadier-general. It is, however, solely with him as a backwoodsman that we have here to deal, and we need not dwell on his marchings and countermarchings as a soldier.

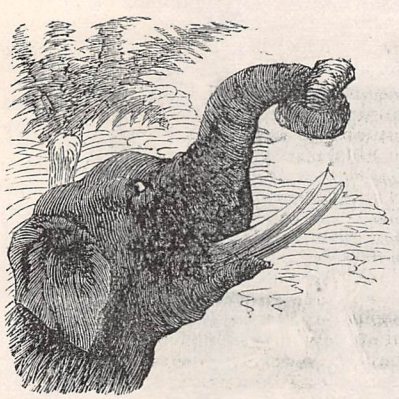
He died at Fort Lyon, in Colorado, on the 23rd of May, 1868, leaving behind him a spotless fame. He was one of nature's gentlemen—a true man in all that constitutes manhood, pure, honourable, truthful, sincere, and ever ready to defend the weak against the strong, regardless of reward other than the approval of his own conscience.

(THE END.)



AN ENCOUNTER WITH CROCODILES.

By W. Stobie.



While residing in India I was once stationed on the Nepaul border, where the great Terai forests begin, that extend from Assam to Cashmere, forests whose slopes culminate in the mighty peaks of the Himalayas towering in the distance nearly two hundred miles off.

Here, if rather solitary, I used to have plenty of scope for *shikar* in the occasional raids into the jungle and in the shape of stray tigers or leopards that now and then strolled down into the plains for better feeding. My ever-present shikar, however, was a herd of crocodiles that had come into my lake from the river during the floods of the rainy season, and which, like the Frenchman's pheasant, afforded a continuation of sport through failure in bagging the game.

Once within the lake, they had been unable to get out again as the water fell, owing to the sudden forming of a sandbank in their way, which the natives vigorously added to to keep in the supply of water for the sake of their rice crops and irrigation. The crocodiles did not appear to like risking a journey on foot till they could get into deep water, and the very rapid falling of the river and drying of the intermediate ground soon put this out of their power. So, unable to get back to headquarters, there remained nothing for them but to make the most of their situation, which they seemingly did by multiplying and flourishing, to the great disgust of many a Hindoo who had been wont to recite his prayers as he stood waist-deep in the lake, praying and plunging alternately, and also to the vexation of spirit of the fisherman. The luxurious cool bath of the peasant as he left his field labours heated and tired, and the net-casting of the fisherman as he waded from the shore neck-deep into the water, had all to be abandoned. An ever-present dread of a lurking enemy had now to be taken into account.

Every now and then as I came out to *chota-hazri* (six o'clock breakfast) in the

morning I used to have a pot from the verandah at one or more of the skulking invaders as they lay basking in the sun on the opposite bank of the lake, some two hundred and fifty yards off. Generally after such warm receptions I would see nothing of them for a few days, till their alarm at the unseen missile that buried itself with a thud in the bank beside them had subsided and love of sunshine (for it was the cold season) had got the better of their habitual caution and cunning. Then they would reappear as before, lying motionless, like dark logs of wood, a yard or two from the water.

My shikar was attended with little trouble, for I had merely to rest the gun on the back of my chair for steadier aim. Then there was the sound of the bullet striking, the sudden start of the "logs" and the plunge into the water. But often though I fired, I am afraid that, owing to the distance, the only time I struck was once when a sharper crack of the bullet varied its usual dull thud in the bank and a wild floundering of the crocodile for some seconds preceded his laboured descent and plunge into the lake. For a moment I thought I had fairly bagged my game, but to my great disappointment neither floating carcass nor wounded crocodile appeared afterwards to prove the efficacy of the shot. Had the bullet struck other than perfectly straight, it had probably glanced with little damage off the thick horny hide.

At first I was at a loss to account for the scaly monsters returning again and again to the same spot after the treatment they habitually met, till I found it was almost the only part of the lake where an open bank with deep water below and a clear offing above afforded security against surprise. Nearly all the rest of the lake was either less secluded or had a broad belt of rushes and rank strong weeds, which shut out the sun, and, with gradually shallowing water, rendered access both to and from the bank more difficult. Like most of the plain lakes—horseshoe-shaped, and once the beds of rivers—it was subject to annual flooding from the river during the rainy season, bringing in a fresh supply of both water and fish, and though some four miles in circumference, it was only of a uniform width of from two to four hundred yards.

For myself, fond of swimming as I was, these unwelcome settlers had completely spoiled the lake now, except as a field for boating and duck shooting and as an ornamental part of the landscape. Often, after a hot ride, had I stood on the steps leading into the water below my bungalow, longing to plunge into its clear depths, but not daring to venture. So I was resolved to wage a more determined war against the common enemy, and an incident happened about this time that strengthened this resolution. I had rowed over to the other side of the lake near their basking-ground to pick up from among the reeds a duck that I had dropped from a passing flock, and, crushing in through the dense growth, came up to where I had seen it fall. Right in the way lay a log of wood parallel to the boat, and just beyond it the duck; so, thinking the log buoyant enough amid its strong support of reeds to bear some weight, I put out one foot to rest on it while I stretched over to pick up the bird. In an instant the log became animated, and I just managed to recover my balance and footing in the boat, when, with a few tremendous plunges, the black mass disappeared beneath the reeds and vanished outside them into the deep water.

The same day word was brought to me in the afternoon of the first sad testimony of these ruthless invaders' presence. A child of some three years, that had been paddling knee-deep in the edge of the lake, suddenly disappeared, and there seemed no room for doubt as to its fate. It had probably been noted from a distance by a crocodile, who had advanced stealthily below the surface and swept it from its feet in the shallow water, so quickly and quietly that there had never been time for a cry to give alarm of the fact. Mentioning the matter to my friend Brown, who arrived that day on a week's visit, he was delighted to volunteer his experience and assistance in a plan of extermination.

Next morning, about an hour before daybreak, we were silently slipping along the lake in shadow of the rushes towards another favourite reputed camping-ground of the enemy. This was about a mile distant, and the heavy drenching dew with almost frosty air of the coldest period of the twenty-four hours—that of transition from night to day—required all our wraps to keep us comfortable. Our guns lay beside us ready loaded, and a *mulah* (fisherman) perched on the stern of the boat quietly and swiftly paddled us along. On the way Brown narrated some of his experiences of crocodiles during a residence in Assam.

"Once when crossing a large tributary of the Berhampootra," he said, "which abounded with crocodiles, we came alongside a herd of elephants that were swimming across, led by one a little in advance bestrode by a mahout. Often only the tips of their probosces were visible above the water for air, and even these from a little distance being undiscernible, there was the curious appearance of a man moving along on the surface in a sitting posture. Suddenly again the huge heads would emerge with a plunge, as if their owners were gambolling in the enjoyment of their bath. While steadily moving forwards, suddenly one elephant gave a heavy plunge, and, trumpeting loudly, obstinately refused to advance in spite of all persuasion. The others, who had moved a little ahead, now veered round in a body, and, forming a cordon round their friend, all, save the trumpeter, plunged, as if at a signal, headforemost downwards, and for nearly a minute remained below. When they reappeared one held triumphantly in his trunk a large crocodile. Another then seized hold of it, and together they tugged and pulled at it till we expected every instant to see it fly into fragments. After every bone in its body must have been crushed and broken, they left it lying lifeless in the water, and the herd quietly resumed their *march*. The mahout, who had been softly unseated while this was going on, and left swimming about in the water, mounted into his seat once more and led the way. It seemed that the crocodile had fixed on the elephant's leg, and refused to let go till torn away by the other elephants, who had somehow divined the plight of their companion. My only wonder was that the brute had not seized the mahout's leg instead, and so found an easy victim; but probably the covering from the elephant's ear and the proximity of the trunk had been his protection."

"On another occasion," Brown said, "when waiting for the down Calcutta steamer at a ghaut (ferry) of the same river, near its junction with the Berhampootra, where heavy jungle close at hand reached down to its banks, the rather alarming sight greeted me of a tiger emerging from the jungle on the opposite bank and descending to the water, which he entered and began swimming across. The distance from where I stood was not more than a couple of hundred yards, but though so near I had little to fear, as where I was standing I could easily obtain the means of protection or escape. While watching him through a binocular I noticed him, when about half across, begin to give signs of uneasiness, which unaccountably increased rather than diminished as he neared the opposite bank; and at last I made out a small black object about the size of a billiard ball floating alongside him on the water, and steadily progressing in his company. As he drew near the bank the object drew nearer *him*, and his plunges became more violent, till at last I could hear his roaring as he fairly bellowed with fright. When a few yards from the bank the black ball disappeared, and immediately after the tiger, with a final piteous yell, sank below the surface, and we saw no more of him. The black ball was the horny nose of a crocodile that had been keeping him company—had, in fact, been playing with him as a cat with a mouse, of which the tiger was fully aware, before drawing him under, in an element where there could be no equality in the struggle. The crocodile would hold on by some part where there was least risk from the tiger's jaws—probably by the tail—till the poor brute was suffocated, then he was at his disposal. The only thing I grudged the wretch, however, on reflection, was his getting such a beautiful skin to mangle!"

By the time Brown finished his yarn we had come near enough the enemy for the *mulah* to whisper "Silence," and presently we doubled softly in through the rushes, and found ourselves in a large deep ditch that opened into the lake. This at the top of the bank bent suddenly round and ran parallel with the lake in the direction in which we were proceeding. This ditch we purposed making use of as a cover to approach the crocodiles. Hitherto the belt of rushes had afforded us cover, concealed approach by land being impossible owing to the open ground which the crocodiles' usual caution had selected. So getting out of the boat we crept up the ditch, and, turning the corner, came silently along for about a hundred yards till we reached an open plantain *tope* (grove) that fronted the ditch, and was the landmark of the crocodiles' camping-ground. Rising cautiously, we found some small tufts of grass on the edge of the ditch, which served as a veil to peer through, and enabled us unseen to get a view of the bank below. There sure enough they were, quite a family of them, of all ages and sizes, from the truculent patriarch of eight foot to the infant of two, all perfectly motionless, and lying mostly broadside towards us, with one eye for the bank and another for the water. Not a movement betrayed that there was life in them, and they might easily be mistaken from a little distance for dirty logs of wood left by the water on the bank; but their wicked grey-green eyes were all the same fully awake, as well as their ears, to catch the slightest sign or sound of a suspicious kind.

Selecting two of the biggest for aim, who lay broadside towards us, at a signal we fired. For a little we could see nothing through the cloud of smoke, but could hear the snapping of jaws like the reports of percussion caps, which told that one bullet at least had taken effect. When the smoke cleared we saw one crocodile just reaching the water and making laboured efforts to get into it; while another, the *percussion-cap* one, still remained where he had been hit, practising his faucial muscles with terrible vehemence. Opening his jaws each time to their full width, he closed them again with a crash that suggested the temper he was in and the use he would fain make of them. All the others had decamped to their aqueous strongholds.

Thinking the higher-up one *safe*, we made a rush for the one entering the water, and, though failing to arrest his escape, Brown, who reached him first, dealt him a thundering whack with his gun, which, however, only rebounded off his back without seeming to do much harm. The brute succeeded in getting into the water, but we soon found he was so disabled from the bullet that he could not dive, and only paddled slowly away on the surface, chiefly with the aid of sundry sweeps of his powerful tail. This evidently suggested to Brown his being *in extremis*, for, angry at losing his prize, and carried away by the excitement, without hesitating he began wading in after the enemy, till, getting beyond his depth, he turned round, threw his gun on the bank, and struck out in pursuit.

Being a powerful swimmer he was soon up

with the brute, and at once seized hold of the part nearest him—the tail. This was more than the crocodile could put up with, for, finding his progress arrested, he swung round his head, and I saw the gaping jaws close over Brown's arm. In the meantime I had dispatched the *mulah* in hot haste for the boat, and never did the time seem more interminable till it hove in sight. Badly disabled though the crocodile was, he was sufficiently dangerous, and I had still another fear, that some of his brethren might appear on the field in search of their missing companions.

Already I thought I could detect tinges of blood on the water, and Brown now seemed to have a hold of the monster's jaw with his other hand, as if making a vain attempt to relieve the imprisoned arm from its vice-like grasp. Rushing along the bank to meet the boat, and wading out to save delay in getting into it, in a second or two more with a dexterous use of the paddle we were alongside the crocodile and his victim, and a crashing blow from an oar unlocked the iron grip and set Brown's arm free. In a pretty exhausted condition we took him on board, and he was breathless enough to show that we had just come in time to terminate the unequal struggle. His arm was severely lacerated, and he had lost a good deal of blood, but neither large blood-vessel nor bones seemed damaged, so, binding up the wounds securely, we turned our attention towards number two, that we had left practising muscular feats on the bank.

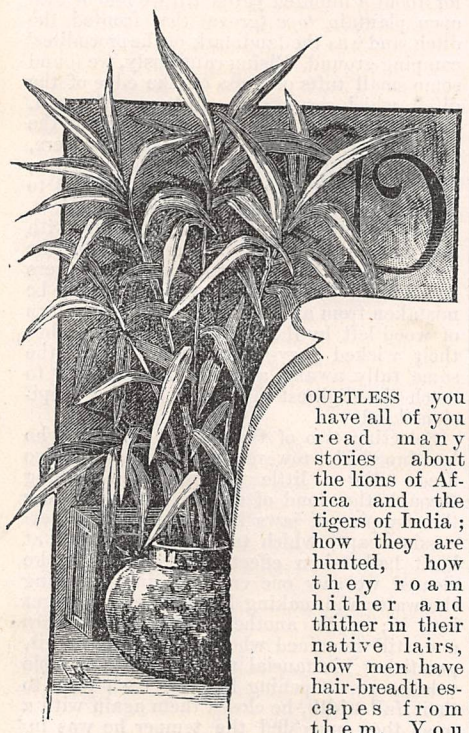
Brown with unimpaired spirits and energy urged the way. "Number two" had so far made use of his time that he was now within a foot or so of the water, and was making redoubled efforts to reach it on seeing our approach. On coming close up to him he met us with open jaw, but a few vigorous applications of the oar permanently put a stop to his progress. Turning now to look at the one on the water, we saw, what I had dreaded, several dark "knobs" floating round about the carcass, which showed that we had got Brown out of the water not a minute too soon. They were the noses of the other crocodiles, who had come back to search for their missing friends! The sight gave Brown rather a turn, and he felt some satisfaction in making them suddenly vanish as a couple of bullets struck within an inch or two of their snouts.

The day was now breaking and the heavy mist rolling upwards in the sunshine like a silver cloud as we hurried home to get Brown rid of his drenched clothes and partake of breakfast with keenly-whetted appetites. On having the monsters opened we found too sure proof of the sad fate of the child in the shape of some poor calico fragments of the clothing it had last worn, which made us feel the more satisfied at the very unusual success of our shikar. Brown was little the worse either of his wounds or drenching, though he now bears several long ragged scars on his arm sufficient to remind him of his adventure.

(THE END.)

THE WILD ANIMALS OF CIVILISATION.

By Alice King.



DOUBTLESS you have all of you read many stories about the lions of Africa and the tigers of India; how they are hunted, how they roam hither and thither in their native lairs, how men have hair-breadth escapes from them. You have heard a great deal also about the buffaloes that frequent the trackless prairies, and travellers and hunters have given such exact accounts of all their habits that many of you could repeat them by heart. All these animals, dwellers in foreign lands, are as familiar to you, though they live in desolate, unpopulated parts of the world, as if you met them constantly walking down the street.

Very few, however, of our readers are probably aware that in England, within a short day's journey by rail from the roar and bustle of London, there is a region where wild animals wander about quite as much at their ease as the panther in the jungle or the giraffe on the plains of Africa. They are close to modern civilisation, and yet it does not drive them from their long-accustomed haunts. Let us pay them and their home a short visit to-day and see what they are like.

It is a crisp, sparkling September afternoon; we pass through the valleys, where the red hand of autumn has just begun to stain the leaves, where the brooks are laughing and singing as brooks only do laugh and sing in this land so dear to the water-sprites, where the deep, warm colour of the Devon cattle is flecking here and there the green meadows; we get entangled in a long, winding lane, roofed with entwining branches, and draped with velvety green moss and feathery ferns; then all of a sudden we have emerged upon what seems a wondrous garden—a garden all radiant with purple and gold, as if it were prepared to welcome a king. We are out now on Dunkery, the highest hill in West Somerset—the hill which is the close neighbour of the wide, uncultivated tract of Exmoor.

What is that rising in front of us? It is Dunkery Beacon, a mass of rough stones now, but said formerly to have been a huge fireplace, which used to be set blazing to send a message concerning war or rebellion in troublous times to the distant mountains on the other side of the Bristol Channel in Wales. We are standing in the midst of a sea of golden gorse and purple heather, amid which there rise, here and there, the little whortleberry bushes, the speciality of this region. Let us throw ourselves down on the elastic couch of heath under the beacon, and when we have done looking at and admiring the stag's-horn moss—a rare plant, which is a native of the moorland, belonging to its highest botanical aristocracy, and which, in its growth, resembles in such a remarkable manner the antlers of a stag—let us watch to see if we can get a view of any of the animal inhabitants of the heath and moorland.

We have grown just a trifle tired of gazing at the heather-bells nodding to the breeze as it passes by, and our eyes have strayed, by way of a little change, out towards the sea, where a white-sailed vessel is dancing across the waves, and a steamer is speeding up Channel, with its pennant of wavy blue smoke floating behind it, when suddenly our attention is attracted by a whirring sound as of a wheel in some piece of machinery just set in motion. We turn quickly and see a glossy black wing glistening in the sunshine as it rises from among the gorse. This is a blackcock, a very eminent native of our West Somerset hills and moorlands, to shoot whom is the highest ambition of sportsmen in these parts. The black-game are an entirely different species of birds from the grouse of the Scotch and Cumberland moors; they are singularly elegant in shape and swift in flight, and as they dart through the sunbeams they seem like the very embodiment of the brisk winds that bound over the heather. The black-game are peculiarly wary and cunning in the way in which they conceal themselves among the gorse. When you are riding over the hills they will often lie hidden till your horse's feet are almost upon them, then they will rise with a swing and a rush, and will often nearly unseat the bravest and most experienced rider that gallops over the moorland, for what horse will not bound and snort at such an unexpected apparition in his path?

Hark! What was that? It is like the sound of a little bell; tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, it comes over the hill-side, seeming to mount up from one of the little sheltered hollows, which, in this part of Somersetshire, they call "combes." A little party of the wild Exmoor sheep, which have been taking a siesta down in the cosy combe, are now coming up for a leisurely stroll over the heath. Their owners—for all these wandering flocks have owners, though it is difficult to say how they make their rights of ownership of any avail with such property—have fastened small bells round their necks in order that they may be able to find them should they be buried beneath the snow in winter, as is sometimes the case on the hills and moor.

They are curious little people, these Exmoor sheep. We apply the word "people" to them most advisedly, for their faces have as much wise expression, as much gravity of thought, in them as the countenances of the most venerable judges in the land. They have small, pert-looking horns that add to the piquant peculiar character of their physiognomy, and which convey the same impression as we should receive if we beheld one of the above-mentioned judges with a coquettish bonnet stuck on the top of his head. They are endowed with a cleverness and delicacy of instinct not found among the sheep family in general, and they stand gazing at us with as much meaning in their eyes as if they were making up their minds whether they should or should not find us pleasant company. The inspection does not appear to be regarded by them as very satisfactory, for, after a while, they turn and trot away with a rather contemptuous air.

We are falling into a light doze, for the September sun has a hot touch to-day in his rays, and nothing particular seems likely to happen, when we are roused with a start by a noise which is like nothing so much as a number of large sponges splashing in thick

water. We look wonderingly in the direction from whence the sounds come, and see a whole troop of fiery-eyed, tossing-maned, tiny horses splashing through a patch of green marshy ground not far from us. We have noticed before this island of verdure in the middle of the purple heather, and have come to the wise conclusion that there must be a strip of meadow land out here upon the hill, and have made a note in our minds of the remarkable fact. But now there comes a moment of rapid undeceiving. This bright emerald patch, which looks as if it might be a ballroom for the moorland fairies, is nothing more or less than a genuine Exmoor bog. There are many of these bogs on the hills and the moor, and some of them are so deep and treacherous that to get into them, especially after dark, is no laughing matter.

But to return to the brigade of small rider-less cavalry which is charging towards us. These are the far-famed wild Exmoor ponies, who roam at will all over the moor and hills. They are a breed of beautiful and spirited little animals, remarkable for their small, mobile ears, which seem always to be in energetic, restless pantomime about something, their large brilliant eyes, and tiny heads, full of intelligence and expression. They are said to inherit these small, fine heads from an Arab horse that long ago was turned loose on Exmoor.

When caught and broken in the Exmoor ponies are found to be strong, courageous, and singularly sure-footed. They retain, however, their wild habits even in civilised stables, and start at the slightest sound and stare at every object they pass as if it were a ghost, and always show a rooted dislike to treading on soft ground, the bogs of their native moor always apparently living in their memories. They are often inveterate shyers, and it requires no mean horsemanship to sit and guide them. Small though they are, they are famous for peculiar wriggling, uncertain movements, which will sometimes speedily bring about a divorce between even experienced riders and their saddles.

We keep as still as statues on a monument as we lie on the heather, and, in consequence, the ponies draw near us and glance at us shyly but inquisitively. One little fellow, who is evidently not much more than a baby, and who looks like a charger fit for an elfin king, even stretches out his head and snuffs the air around us curiously, and seems half inclined to come close and examine us with his small velvet muzzle. But see! one of us has made a sudden unwary movement. The ponies start back as if by a word of command given somewhere in the air. There is a snorting, a plunging, a flinging aloft of heads, a waving of manes, a switching of long tails, a scampering, a hurrying, and the whole band are out of our sight in a shorter space of time than it has taken to write this sentence.

The ponies have vanished, and we begin to ask, a little restlessly, Will there be anything more to be seen on the heather to-day? Let us wait with patience a while, and as we wait pick a piece of the stag's-horn moss and twine it round our hats, as Exmoor lads and lassies do in seasons of any village merry-making; it is an adornment which no Paris milliner can excel. Then let us look closer into the purple heath and notice how there is a little plant with a small white flower which creeps about among it, weaving with the heather-bells a delicate pattern that no loom can imitate. This is the little dodder, a native of the moorland and the hill, the very breath of whose life is the wind which bounds over the heath. Now let us turn our eyes again towards the far expanse of the hill-side, just where it slopes downward, and see what we can discover there.

Several animals' shapes have just come in view in that direction, and as the sun shines upon them they appear to be of a reddish-brown colour. Are they cattle which have strayed up from the lowland farms? Let us look at them through our field-glass; what does it reveal to us? It shows high, broad-spreading antlers, which certainly belong to no bovine heads; it shows us a herd of the red-deer which wander all over the hills and valleys in these parts of West Somerset.

To judge from those spreading antlers, of which we have spoken above, there must be among them what is called "a warrantable deer," that is, a stag who has attained to the full honours of his head. For the first three years of his life a young red stag has yearly a fresh branch added to his antlers, and when he is adorned with them all he is said to have "brow, bay, and tray." A full-grown stag with his full growth of antlers branching on his head is a splendid animal, with grace and strength combined in every movement. He and his hinds are not so shy of men and their habitations but that they will often trespass on the fields of a hill-country farmer and help themselves liberally to young wheat or turnips; and the farmer's wife and daughter frequently enjoy a view of them from their window.

The red-deer are hunted in the autumn of every year, and vast crowds, who come from miles distant, assemble for the first meet of the West Somerset staghounds, which is a most picturesque and beautiful sight, taking place, as it invariably does, in one of the most romantic valleys among the hills. Carriages flock to the rendezvous filled with ladies, and more adventurous dames and damsels are there in the saddle; there are gentlemen on thoroughbred horses, and village lads on their legs. The chase of the Exmoor red-deer is becoming year by year more popular, and not long ago it was honoured with the presence of Royalty in the person of the Prince of Wales.

If we have made acquaintance now with the highest nobility that dwell upon the heather, since we have seen a herd of red-deer, so we will leave it for a woody valley not far off, and watch beside a stream which is wandering through it with many a tricky, capricious wind and turn. Here, if we watch long enough, lying in the shade of the trees and keeping very still, we may perhaps catch a glimpse of a strange-looking animal with a head something like a big, awkward dog basking in the sunshine on the bank of the brook. This is the otter, the ogre of the streams, who makes dire havoc among the spotted silver trout; but a day of reckoning comes sometimes for him too, for there is a breed of hounds kept for the special purpose of hunting him.

Such are some of the wild animals who live next door to civilisation, and whose varied habits make, for any who have eyes to see, a new and happy study.

(THE END.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Long Bicycle Ride.

Mr. H. R. Goodwin, of the North Manchester Bicycle Club, has lately completed one of the most remarkable rides ever accomplished on the bicycle. Leaving Land's End on June 1, he rode to John o' Groat's, having reached which point in seven and a half days he at once turned southward, and arrived again at Land's End on the 16th, having completed the double journey from one extremity of England to the other, or about 1,800 miles, in less than sixteen days. From Land's End Mr. Goodwin rode to London, where he arrived on the 19th, the total distance ridden being 2,050 miles in exactly nineteen days, or an average of 108 miles per day. He rode a 40in. "Facile," and arrived in London fresh and well, feeling, indeed, better in health than when he started. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Goodwin is a strict teetotaler and a non-smoker.

National Floral Emblems.

A list of National emblems may be worth preserving:—

England—The Rose.
Prussia—Corn Flowers.
Spain—Pomegranate.
Russia—Lime.
Saxony—Mignonette.
Ireland—Shamrock.
Scotland—Thistle.
France—Lily.
Greece—Violet.

It invests flowers with greater interest when we know their associations. Thus the violet, so shyly lurking in the village lanes, becomes a thing of dignity, as well as of beauty, when we know that it was the adored flower of the classic Greek when the Groves of Academus welcomed philosophic crowds.

The Surgeon and the Tiger.

Many of our readers will be interested in a recent surgical operation which took place at Cincinnati. The unwilling subject was a tiger, who was suffering agonies from a malformation of one of its claws. "Dickie" was a powerful beast, and not too good-tempered in his most gracious moods, so it may be inferred that he was a difficult subject. However, the claw was clipped most successfully, though not without much trouble and no little danger. This is how it was done. In one of the small compartments of the inner cage a low, strong temporary ceiling had been built. Several pieces of timber nailed together firmly were placed at one end of the compartment, and to these were attached four ropes reaching outside of the cage. The tiger was driven into the compartment, the sliding door closed, and six strong men began to pull at the ropes. This drew the frame close to the iron bars of the cage, with the tiger, now howling with rage, wedged between. He fought terribly, and with an enormous effort once broke the timbers. One of the operators, at the risk of losing an arm, reached into the cage over the writhing beast, and fastened the ropes. Finally, the tiger's right leg was caught in a noose and pulled straight out, while he was held in position by iron bars above, braced in the timbers at the back of him. All this time one of the men held a board in her jaws, which was crunched as if it were a biscuit. For a time it looked as if she would overpower the men, and the operation would prove a failure; but the keen-eyed surgeon watched his chance, and finally succeeded in extracting, with a knife and a heavy pair of pincers, the offending claw, and the beast was released. The claw was carried away as a relic.

HOW TO MAKE AN ASH COURT.

By a Club Secretary.

Lawn tennis grows so much in popular favour that many who are without a suitable lawn, or who have neglected to attend to one, may be glad to know how a first-rate "court" can be made on any spare piece of ground at a comparatively trifling expense; one, too, which can be played on not only in summer but throughout the winter.

It is of course too late in the year to lay down turf for use this season, or even to roll a good surface on a piece of ground which is very rough. The dry summer which we have had this year has allowed the ground to bake too hard to allow of the roller having much effect. My suggestion is that a very excellent court can be made of cinders.

If any reader should think of carrying out my plan I would suggest that he should get up a "working bee"—that is, invite half a dozen or so of his friends to meet him and bring their spades, etc., and then all set to work to dig up turf, level the ground, roll, and do whatever else is to be done. In this way, if all work with a will, the court can be almost finished in one half-holiday, with the exception of rolling the surface.

But to begin at the beginning. Having obtained your ground—and any waste piece will do if it is not less than ninety feet by forty-five feet—the first thing to be done is to remove any grass or other plants upon it. It should then be levelled, and salt should be sprinkled over it in order to kill any roots or seeds which may remain, and so prevent them from growing up through your court. If the soil is light, whether sandy or gravel, the court may be made level; but if stiff or clayey it is as well to allow a slight dip of from four to six inches from the middle to both ends; and if required for use throughout the winter, a foundation of brick rubbish is desirable, or the clay, as it becomes wet and soft, will work up through the cinders, and may give trouble in places, forming hollows in which rain will collect and prevent play.

Having levelled your ground, it is ready to receive the cinders, which, if the domestic supply fails, may be obtained to any amount from a factory or gasworks for a mere trifle. They must be sifted and the large cinders spread over the ground first, and rolled in so as to make a good solid foundation for the final layer of fine cinders. These should then be raked over the ground in strips of three or four feet in width, each strip being well rolled down before adding the next strip—much in the same manner as asphalt may often be seen laid down in the City. Great care should be taken to ensure a uniform depth of cinders all over the court, so that the surface shall be level. The depth of cinders will of course depend upon the quantity at disposal, but if enough can be obtained to allow a depth of from two to two and a half inches of the sifted material, that will be found quite sufficient.

Before commencing to play, the court should be well rolled every day for a week or ten days, until the cinders have become thoroughly set. It may then be marked out in the usual way with whiting—seventy-eight feet in length and thirty-six feet in width for a double, twenty-seven feet for a single court, and the service-line twenty-one feet from the net.

If a sufficient quantity of cinders cannot be obtained, a mixture of cinders and brick-dust has been found to answer, but this requires more watering in dry weather. If gravel is more easily obtained than either of the above a very fine court may be made of it, having this advantage, too—that it is cleaner and does not blacken the balls. In rolling it, however, a very plentiful supply of water must be used, so as to work the fine particles up, making a kind of cement, and when once made it should be left for a day or two until it is perfectly set and dry before playing or even walking over it. If any of my readers have spent a holiday at Ilfracombe, in North Devon, they will remember the gravel court on the pier, which is always well patronised.

Such a court as I have described will, if proper care is taken in making it, play as true, and even truer, than a great many turf courts. I was playing on one which cost but a few shillings to make last Easter Monday, and had many exciting games, and I was assured that it had been played on all through the Christmas holidays. The gentleman who had made it had merely taken off the turf in the corner of a field, spread cinders over the ground, and well rolled them.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

V.—Literary Composition—"A Story Needing Words."

(*Continued from page* 799.)

Middle Division (*ages from* 14 *to* 18).

Prize—One Guinea.

Thomas Dale (aged 17), 38, Coupland Street, Greenhays, Manchester.

Certificates.

William John Jobling, 154, Evelyn Street, Deptford, S.E.

John Bull, Great Milton, near Tetsworth, Oxon.

Ernest H. Holden, Whitchurch, Salop.

Ivré McIlwraith, Kirklauchlin, Sandhead, Wigton.

Edward Noel Humphreys, 8, Derby Place, Hoole, Chester.

J. A. Crumplen, 26, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

Harry Vincent Prisk, 6, Woodland Terrace, Plymouth.

Thomas Henry Jenkins, 21, Leadworks Lane, Chester.

William L. Carey, Munster Bank, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.

Herbert Hamilton Fox, 13, Cromwell Crescent, South Kensington, S.W.

Leslie Gordon Sarjant, The Vicarage, Burbage, near Buxton.

D. N. Lang, 92, Hill Terrace, Middlesboro'-on-Tees.

Alfred Hunter, 24, West Hill Street, Brighton.

John Mitchell, 28, Orchard Street, Paisley.

Robert Masson Smith, P. O. Box 86, St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada.

Alexander Tait, Slap, Turriff, Aberdeen.

Arthur E. Freeman, 223, Brockley Road, Brockley, S.E.

J. G. Melvin, Crown Hotel, Claremont, South Africa.

James Stewart, Home for Little Boys, Farningham, Kent.

George A. J. Fraser, Goderich, Ontario, Canada.

John Teasdale Spencer, 9, Townend Street, Groves, York.

Roderick MacLeod, Windhill, Beauly, Inverness-shire.

Hamilton Poole Lyne, 9, Victoria Gardens, Southsea.

Edwin Davies, 27, Santley Street, Ferndale Road, Brixton, S.W.

Grace Lilian Bright, Alvaston, Park Hill, Forest Hill.

Arthur Edward Scholes, 23, Nursery Street, Pendleton, near Manchester.

Alfred Thomas Page Phillipson, Canbury Bank, Kingston-on-Thames.

Hugh Williams, Coffee Rooms, Builth, Brecon.

Henry Thomas Spencer, 7, Fairfield Terrace, West Park Street, Dewsbury.

Alfred Ernest Lambert, 26, Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol.

Luther Sedgwick, 12, Eastham Street, Burnley, Lancashire.

W. A. Stainton, 6, Shaftesbury Villas, Hornsey Rise, N.

John William Tristram, The Barracks, Middle Head, Sydney, N.S.W.

George Green, Holmsdale, Blundellsands, Liverpool.

Walter Tottle, Chiltern House, High Wycombe.

George Melville, The Parsonage, Calliaqua, St. Vincent, W.I.

James Edward S. Tuckett, 1, West Shrubbery, Lower Redland Road, Bristol.

Percy C. Maywood, Westgate, Southwell, Notts.

Leonard Martin, Sunny Side, Palace Road, Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

Walter May, The Green, Marlborough, Wilts.

James Moffatt, 18, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.

John William Henry Eyre, Deal College, Deal, Kent.

George Percy Duckworth, Anantapur, India.

James Norval Noble, Bean Street, Kimberley, South Africa.

James Dunlop, 1, Wellpark Place, Ayr.

Wm. C. Tayler, Jun., 20, Bridge Street, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Robert Barnes Naylor, 18, Round Hill Crescent, Brighton.

Percy Raymond McDougall, Riversdale Road, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Australia.

Arthur Cecil Hickman, 3, Macklin Street, Derby.

Thomas Percy Nunn, The College, Weston-super-Mare.

Josiah Herbert Cushing, 39, Newmarket Street, Norwich.

James Vincent Horrocks, 20, Newton Street, Darwen.

Thomas Grenfell, 17, Tregenna Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

William Henry Cook, 69, Nisbet Street, Homerton.

Adam Luke Gowans, 12, Campside Crescent, Langside, Glasgow.

Albert Ernest White, Grosvenor House, South Cliff, Scarborough.

James Cargill Thompson, 9, Queen Street, Arbroath.

Cecil Burnet, 40, Nottingham Place, W.

J. H. Chorlton, Pitsmoor Vicarage, Sheffield.

Francis George Hill, Kroonstad, Orange Free State, South Africa.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

CANADIAN CANOE.

C. W. H. writes from Chew Magna, near Bristol: "I have built a canoe from instructions given in your valuable paper, under the heading 'The Canadian or Birch-bark Canoe,' and it answers admirably. I used red deal for everything except the ribs, and those I made of ash, an eighth of an inch thick and two inches wide, and covered it with stout canvas outside. It is very light and buoyant; I can easily carry it myself. It is thirteen feet long, two feet wide, and one foot deep amidships. It will hold two comfortably. I screwed on a small exterior keel about two inches deep as advised, and that makes it very steady. I have not had a capsize yet.

"I should advise any one making one of these canoes to tack a narrow strip of zinc or copper round the gunwale, as the canvas is very liable to wear through.

"I painted mine drab inside and mid-blue outside, with a stripe of white running round. It was very easily made, and does not require much previous knowledge, if you follow the instructions given in your valuable paper."

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Amy J. Taylor writes to us from Montreal: "I have been so interested in reading your account of shooting the Lachine Rapids that I can *not* help writing to you. We spend every summer in Lachine, and often make up a party to shoot the rapids, coming back *viâ* the locks; and I think there is a delight that does not wear off in standing at the bow of the vessel and watching the waves whirling around the rocks and dashing against the sides of the boat as it swings in and out, zigzag fashion, between the masses of

rocks; and then the feeling that all on board are in the power of Big John (whose portrait you have published), makes one regard the benign and sociable old Indian with a sort of reverential awe. Coming up the locks is a pleasant reaction, as everything is smooth and calm in the quiet moonlight, as we rise higher and higher, till the sound of rushing water ceases, and we once more regain level water and quietly resume our way, till a light in the distance proclaims our little trip almost over. Gradually slowing up to the wharf, one feels as though we were approaching a city of the dead, as, though not yet ten o'clock, most of the Lachiners have retired, and the rest, with lights extinguished, are enjoying the moonlight.

"The last time we ran the rapids we learnt that a friend of ours and two English gentlemen were to shoot them in a 'frail, brown-papery-looking' canoe with three Indians. As they started before we did, when we reached Montreal we anxiously inquired after our ambitious friends, and were told that nothing had been seen of them. Farther on, however, we overtook the canoe, and the enthusiasm which was manifested on their part made us feel that, though going down on a steamer was grand, yet it was not to be compared with doing it in a canoe."

A. C. GREEN.—1. An "odometer" is probably a log of distance measurer. 2. The Riachuelo steams seventeen knots, the Esmeralda eighteen knots. 3. Send to Mr. T. Fletcher, F.C.S., Warrington, Lancashire, for a price list of his gas cooking-stoves; or apply to Deane, Monument Yard. 4. The Willesden waterproofing process consists in the application of Schweitzer's solution of cellulose in ammoniacal oxide of copper. 5. It is said to require a hundred distinct machines to make the movement of a watch—that is, excluding the case, dial, hands, spring, and balance.

GODDARD.—To etch on silver you have to cover the plate with a thin layer of wax—a mixture in equal parts of asphaltum, Burgundy pitch, and beeswax is best—scratch in the design with a needle-point, and bite it out with dilute nitric acid. The wax prevents the acid attacking the silver, hence the metal is only affected where the wax has been scratched away.

J. C.—Quite so; but there is no mystery. The "Model Yachtsman" used to cost one penny, and its price was raised to twopence while our answer was in the press.

W. SMITH.—Mr. Harrington Keene's "Practical Fisherman" is published at 170, Strand, by L. U. Gill, and costs ten shillings and sixpence. "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it" can only be had by purchasing our third volume, price seven shillings and sixpence.

A. MCKENZIE.—See our article on the Highland Clans in the fifth volume.

T. F. L.—An orange-tree in the third year of bearing is estimated as being worth £10; and as there are about sixty trees to an acre, you can calculate the value of the plantation for yourself. A new orange-grove is worth about £100 per acre.

J. WESSLER.—1. The trade with the Carolines is done by means of small craft, making Fiji or Tahiti their headquarters. 2. A very serviceable canoe, one foot deep, two feet wide, and eighteen feet long, could be built of cotton; but the cotton should be so strong that canvas would be just as light, and under any circumstances would wear longer. 3. Give up the idea of corresponding with foreigners. Books are the best friends.

KENULF.—1. Always throw the accent back as far as possible, and pronounce the words with the emphasis on the first syllable. 2. An unintentional coincidence, due to old-style English having been used where possible.

A. O. Z.—We have so many plates in hand that we shall not have a vacancy for some time. However, we have made a note of the subject, and may bring it on in the good time coming.

M. CHOLMONDELEY.—The coloured plates are only presented with the monthly parts; but they can be purchased in a packet at the close of the volume for about twenty pence. As an annual subscriber you would have no advantage over other purchasers. We have a special cover for binding the volumes; it is that used for the Annual. The price is given in the last number for September in each year.

POLES.—The seven senses are—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling, understanding, and speech. The seven virtues are—faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. The seven deadly sins are—pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice, and sloth.

T. A. L.—Troy weight was current in England at the time of the Confessor. The name is said not to come from Troyes, but from Troynovant, the old name for London. See "Faery Queene"—"And Troynovant was built of old Troyes' ashes cold." Troy, with the twelve—the old English ten—is the old English weight; avoirdupois, with the sixteen, is the Norman weight. Troynovant was the Civitas Trinobantum.

G. T. P.—1. Shot are of standard sizes. Of No. 12, which is ·05 inches in diameter, 2,326 go to the ounce; the sizes then increase by hundredths of an inch up to ·23 of an inch, and of these twenty-four shot go to the ounce. Buckshot range from ·22 to ·38, and are moulded, not dropped. 2. You can make a pencil to write on glass by mixing together one part of lampblack, one part of tallow, and four of white wax. Dark-blue pencils are made of three parts of Berlin blue, two of tallow, and one of gum-arabic.

N. N.—The examination in most cases merely consists of half a dozen long bills of parcels or practice sums, and a few of heavy compound addition—in fact, the first four rules of arithmetic—and handwriting.

EDWARD F.—The pay of a private in the Life Guards is 1s. 9d. per day: in the cavalry of the line 1s. 2d.; in the Foot Guards 1s. 1d.; in the infantry of the line 1s.; in the West India regiments 9d. A corporal in the line regiments gets 1s. 8d.; in the infantry 2s.; in the cavalry, a sergeant 2s. 4d. and 2s. 8d. A colour-sergeant has 3s.; and a sergeant-major five shillings. In the scientific corps the pay is slightly higher. Trumpeters, buglers, fifers, pipers, drummers, etc., get from 1s. 1d. a day in the line to 1s. 11d. in the Life Guards. All boys under eighteen get eightpence a day. The pay of an able seaman in the Royal Navy is 1s. 7d. per day. Boys in the Navy, second class, get 6d.; first class, 7d. per day. Ordinary seamen, second class, get 1s.; first class, 1s. 3d. per day. Leading seamen get 1s. 9d. Captains of the mast and mizentop get 1s. 11d. Quartermasters, captains of the quarterdeck, forecastle, hold, foretop, and maintop, get 2s. 2d. per day. The chief quartermaster, gunner's mate, or boatswain's mates, get 2s. 7d. per day. The warrant officers, from the chief gunner, chief boatswain, or chief carpenter downwards, get from 9s. to 5s. 6d. per day.

D. S. C.—1. Calico printing is "dyeing wholesale," so is glove-dyeing, wool-dyeing, silk-dyeing, etc., etc. All coloured fabrics are dyed. You will find the various processes fully described in the second series of Spon's "Workshop Receipts." 2. With regard to "domestic tints" you can choose from the following scale, which gives the usual colours and the colours they can cover:—

Amber will dye amber, black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, scarlet.
Black Wool goods will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, or maroon.
Black Velveteens will dye brown, crimson, claret, green, prune, violet, or ruby.
Black Silks, Satin, Broad Cloth, and Velvets, being fast, can only be re-dyed black.
Light Blue will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, violet.
Dark Blue will dye black, brown, claret, green, maroon.
Brown will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, maroon.
Claret will dye black, brown, claret, dark green.
Crimson will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, navy blue.
Drab and grey will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, prune, scarlet, navy blue, violet.
Green will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune.
Lavender will dye almost any colour, except light blue, pink, scarlet, straw.
Mauve will dye black, brown, blue, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune.
Magenta will dye black, brown, blue, claret, crimson, green, prune, violet.
Maroon will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, maroon.
Pink will dye nearly any colour.
Prune will dye black, brown, claret, green, maroon.
Rose will dye black, brown, claret, dark and light crimson, maroon, green, magenta, mauve, violet, prune, scarlet.
Straw will dye almost any colour.
Scarlet will dye black, brown, dark blue, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, scarlet.
Slate will dye black, brown, dark blue, claret, maroon, green, violet, prune.
Violet will dye black, brown, claret, maroon, prune, or violet again, if not too faded.
White Silks, Satins, Wools, etc., will dye any colours.

A YOUNG CLERK.—"A form of a letter from a clerk to his master asking for a rise of his weekly salary" is one that has not yet got into the commercial handbooks. Are you not equal to the task yourself? Say that you beg to apply for an increase of wages, having been in the employ so many years, and done your work efficiently, and to your master's satisfaction. End with "yours respectfully."

EGG COLLECTOR.—The plate of Birds' Eggs was in the second volume; that of the British Birds was in the part for June, 1882.

ORNITHOT.—1. The first good book on British Birds was Montagu's "Ornithological Dictionary" in 1802, which has appeared in many editions, the last under care of Mr. Newman in 1883. Selby's "Illustrations of British Ornithology" appeared in 1833, or rather finished in that year. Jenyns' "Manual of British Vertebrate Animals," in which due honour was given to the birds, appeared in 1835. Meyer's "Coloured Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs" appeared in 1843, and there have been subsequent editions. Macgillivray published a "History of British Birds" in 1837, and Yarrell's first came out in the same year. Yarrell's has been often reprinted, and ranks as the standard book on the subject. In the Naturalists' Library there are four volumes on the "Birds of Great Britain and Ireland." 2. Birds are only glorified reptiles; they are animals so similar to reptiles in all the most essential features of their organisation that they may be said to be merely an extremely modified and aberrant reptilian type; and it is on this fact that all the modern classifications are based. That now in vogue divides the class aves into—1. Saururæ, with Archæopteryx the only known form. 2. Ratitæ. 3. Carinatæ. In the Ratitæ are two divisions, the first with teeth, as Hesperornis, and the second without; and in the Carinatæ are two divisions, the first with teeth, as Ichthyornis, and the second without. The Ratites have six orders, of which the representatives are the ostrich, the rhea, the emeu, the dinornis, the kiwi, and the æpyornis; and all the rest of the birds belong to the Carinates. The crow is the bird of the highest development; he is the chief of the kingdom, with the largest brain, and the most wit and wisdom.

TOM SMITH.—We strongly advise you to choose another trade. In an actor's calling, taking it at its best, and saying nothing of its associations, there are so many blanks to the few prizes that it is more of a starving than a living to thousands that follow it. You may of course have the exceptional ability that may bring you to the front, but, judging from your letter, we should think that the very reverse was the case.

W. P.—1. Use a little ammonia in cleaning the coins. Do not rub them too hard with the brickdust or rottenstone, or you will erase the inscriptions. 2. An acid that will dissolve the rock will dissolve the fossil it contains, hence the only way to work out specimens is with a hammer and small pointed chisel. In chalk and the softer rocks it is a good plan to saw down the block to a proper size; you thus save the chance of an unlucky fracture.

P. F. W.—A particular lugger may sail closer to the wind than a particular cutter, but that is because the hull is of better design. Sail plan for sail plan, the cutter's is the most weatherly, and it is simply not the fact that luggers sail closer to the wind.

ZEUMOLOGIST.—1. The figures on the carboys in a druggist's shop are the old symbols of the metals supposed to be used in producing the coloured liquid which the jar, or the skins of the jar, contain. It is merely supposition. We have given instructions how to make the colours; see back. 2. You would be ineligible for any Government appointment. What is the use of a medical examination if it is not to weed out the sickly and the faulty?

D. N. D.—1. You will find a great deal about insect fertilisation, and the different plans of the flowers, in Dr. J. E. Taylor's "Sagacity and Morality of Plants." 2. Samaras are characteristic of the maple, ash, elm, and birch families. They act on the principle of the screw propeller, so that the seeds are borne great distances. The sycamore of our parks is *not* the sycamore of the Bible. Our sycamore is a maple, the Syrian sycamore is a fig. If you will translate the botanical name of our sycamore, *Acer pseudoplatanus*, you will see at once how the mistake arose.

PHILEMON ET BAUCIS.—1. He was Major Wolseley, of the King's Own Borderers. 2. Yes: see answer to CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER.—An M.C.C. eleven is merely selected as a trial team, just a little stronger than their opponents, to teach them how the strict game should be played. The fact of the match being drawn or lost is only of value for comparison with schools and clubs that have played on the same tour the same M.C.C. eleven; and it is simply ridiculous for a club to consider itself more than the equal of the Australians because it happened to win by one wicket a match against a trial team from Lord's. The M.C.C. beat the Australians; the Flyaways beat the M.C.C.: *ergo*, the Flyaways are the champions of the world! Delightful! What next?

LITTLE-A-JOOK.—Unless you can clean off the finger-marks with turpentine or ammonia you will have to re-copper the boat.

J. R. S.—1. A tortoise does not require much water. Feed it on lettuce and vegetables. 2. You could not do better than join a volunteer corps, but do not join unless you mean to be an Efficient.

DESIROUS TO KNOW.—Defacing coins of the realm for any purpose, ornamental or otherwise, is a punishable offence. Practise the art of jewellery on foreign money, and then you will be safe.

T. HEDDLE.—1. The address is Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; or, if you wish to be very particular, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C. 2. Racing boats are built of mahogany, but pine will suit your purpose very well, and is easier to work.

IGNARUS (Perth).—All the volumes are kept in print as volumes, but not as separate numbers, except in the case of the last three volumes, which can be had in any form.

E. A. V.—Natural gas is used in many places, among others at Pittsburg, in the United States. The gas there issues from strata from 1,200 to 1,500 feet below the surface, and when bore-holes are put down to the natural accumulation it rises under a pressure of from 150 to 200 pounds per square inch. The first of the gas wells in the district was discovered at Murraysville, where a company of oil seekers were boring for oil but hit upon the gas. Pipes were laid down, and the gas was conveyed to the neighbouring mills. Other wells were afterwards bored, and the whole district is now fitted with six and eight-inch mains, taking the gas from the wells to the mills and foundries.

A RUGBY SCHOOL BOTANIST.—The buttercup belongs to the Ranunculaceæ, the stock to the Cruciferæ. The best plan is to fix the plants to the page with little strips of paper arranged so as to hold down the chief stems. Do not gum the plant to the paper; if you do it will blacken and spoil.

BRIERLEY HILL.—As soon as the present competitions are cleared off we shall have a new series.

S. LOWER.—1. The ball first fell at one o'clock at Greenwich Observatory in 1833. 2. The lead soldiers come from Berlin; the tin carriages from Wurtemburg; and the Noah's Arks from Saxony.

M. BARSLEY (Port Lyttleton, N.Z.).—Many thanks for your letter regarding the albatrosses and flying-fish in our last volume. We quote from it: "During my experience of more than thirty years of nautical life in all climes, I never yet saw flying-fish more than a few degrees outside of the tropics; while the albatross, as is well known, never comes much farther north than the latitude of 30° S. Again, the albatross does not catch its food on the wing, but always, as far as my experience goes, first settles down in the water. Further, I have caught numbers of albatrosses, and, on being opened, never found in the stomach of any of them any fish except squids, which may be often seen floating dead on the surface."

W. J. PALETHORPE.—The articles were in the second and third volumes, now only to be had in volume form, price seven shillings and sixpence each.

L. P.—You procure a cocoanut costing threepence, and a lathe and tools costing five pounds; and with these, after much practice, you may succeed in making a farthing ring. Could you not employ your time more profitably?

A. M. BRADFORD.—To get the canvas to fit the canoe begin to nail it on from the straight edge, and, tightening at each half inch, nail it gradually round, and it will stretch to shape as you go.

INQUISITEUR.—There is nothing so very strange about it. See our article on Chinese Gordon on May 3, 1884, in the June part twelve months before the portrait.

A WOULD-BE MIDDY.—In the second volume you will find three plates of a full-rigged ship—one showing her spars, another showing her rigging, and the third showing her sails.

O. S. B.—Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. Each year it is estimated that 1,860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmines, 75 tons of tube-roses, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils! The orange-flower harvest is from the 20th of April to the end of May; the rose harvest extends through May; the violet harvest takes place in January, February, and March; the jasmine harvest from July to October; the cassia harvest in the last three months of the year; and the jonquil harvest is in February and March. Nearly 60,000 gallons of scent are made annually; and 10,000 ounces of musk alone are imported. Rondeletia is made of two pints of vanilla added to one each of musk and civet, and an ounce each of attar of roses and Mitcham lavender.

J. NORTH.—1. Petroleum has been known by civilised man from the dawn of history. Even Herodotus describes the springs of Zante; and Pliny and Dioscorides had something to say about the oil of Agrigentum. The springs of Baku were noted by Marco Polo. 2. By no means; the Britons had a gold coinage for 150 years before the birth of Christ. The coins were copied from those in use in Gaul, which were themselves copied from those of Philip of Macedon. Hence the early British coins have the head of Apollo and the two-horsed chariot.

AREONORT.—You seem to be rather up in a balloon as regards orthography! To prevent the gas making its way through the rubber, fill the balloon, and give it a coat of varnish while it is inflated.

OUR HOLIDAYS.—"Want a Boat, Sir?"

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

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Reginald Cruden

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

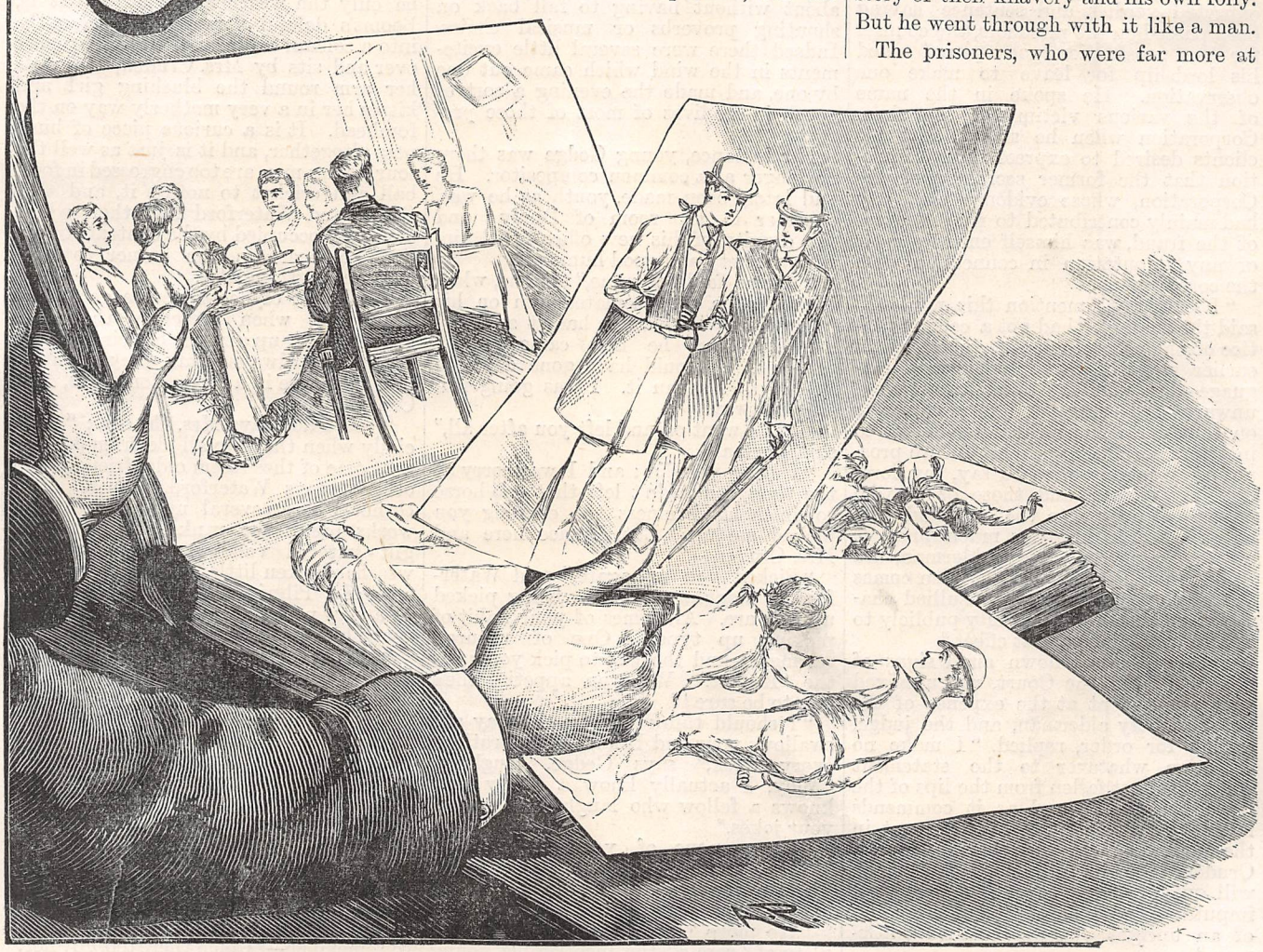
Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—TURNING OVER LEAVES, NEW AND OLD.

A VERY few words more, reader, and my story is done.

The trial of Medlock and Shanklin took place in due time, and among the witnesses the most important, but the most reluctant, was Reginald Cruden. It was like a hateful return to the old life to find himself face to face with those men, and to have to tell over again the story of their knavery and his own folly. But he went through with it like a man.

The prisoners, who were far more at



"Turning over leaves, new and old."

their ease than the witness, troubled him with no awkward cross-examination, and when presently the jury retired, he retired too, having neither the curiosity nor the vindictiveness to remain and hear their sentence.

On his way out a familiar voice accosted him.

"Cruden, old man, will you shake hands? I've been a cad to you, but I'm sorry for it now."

It was Blandford, looking weak and pale, with one arm still in a sling.

Reginald took his proffered hand eagerly and wrung it.

"I've been bitten over this affair, as you know," continued Blandford, "and I've paid up for my folly. I wish I could come out of it all with as easy a conscience as you do, that's all! Among them all I've lost a good deal more than money; but if you and Horrors will take me back in your set there'll be a chance for me yet. I'm going to London University, you know, so I shall be staying in town. Harker and I will probably be lodging together, and it won't be my fault if it's far away from your quarters."

And, arm-in-arm, the old schoolfellows walked, with their backs on the dark past and their faces turned hopefully to the future.

Had Reginald remained to hear the end of the trial he would have found himself the object of a demonstration he little counted on.

The jury having returned with their expected verdict, and sentence having been passed on the prisoners, the counsel for the prosecution got up and asked his lordship for leave to make one observation. He spoke in the name of the various victims of the sham Corporation when he stated that his clients desired to express their conviction that the former secretary of the Corporation, whose evidence that day had mainly contributed to the exposure of the fraud, was himself entirely clear of any imputation in connection with the conspiracy.

"I should not mention this, my lord," said the counsel, "had not a certain justice of the peace, in another place, at an earlier stage of this inquiry, used language—in my humble opinion harsh and unwarranted—calculated to cast a slur on that gentleman's character, if not to interfere seriously with his future prospects. I merely wish to say, my lord, that my clients, and those of us who have gone fully into the case, and may be expected to know as much about it even as a north-country alderman, are fully convinced that Mr. Cruden comes out of this case with an unsullied character, and we feel it our duty publicly to state our opinion to that effect."

The counsel sat down amid signs of approval from the Court, not unmixed with amusement at the expense of the north-country alderman, and the judge, calling for order, replied, "I make no objection whatever to the statement which has just fallen from the lips of the learned counsel; and as it commends itself entirely to my own judgment in the matter, I am glad to inform Mr. Cruden, if he be still in court, that he will quit it to-day clear of the slightest imputation on his character unbecoming of an upright but unfortunate gentleman."

Reginald was not in court, but he read every word of it next day with grateful and overflowing heart.

* * * *

Three months have passed. The winter has given way to spring, and No. 3, Dull Street is empty. Jemima Shuckleford still nurses her sorrow in secret, and it will be a year or two yet before the happy man is to turn up who shall reconcile her to life and disestablish the image of Reginald Cruden from her soft heart. Meanwhile she and her mother are constant visitors at the little house in Highbury where the Crudens now live, and as often as they go they find a welcome. Samuel writes home from the country that he is doing great things, and expects to become Lord Chancellor in a few years. Meanwhile he too contemplates matrimony with a widow and four children, who will probably leave him among them very little leisure for another experiment in the amateur detective business.

The Shuckleford ladies were invited, but unfortunately were unable to go, to a little quiet housewarming given by the Crudens on the occasion of their taking possession of the new house.

But though they could not go, Miss Crisp could, and, as a matter of course, Mr. Booms, in all the magnificence of last year's spring costume. And Waterford came too, and young Gedge, as did also the faithful Harker, and—with some little trepidation — the now sobered Blandford.

The company had quite enough to talk about without having to fall back on shouting proverbs or musical chairs. Indeed there were several little excitements in the wind which came out one by one, and made the evening a sort of epoch in the lives of most of those present.

For instance, young Gedge was there no longer as a common compositor. He had lately been made, youth as he was, overseer in the room of Durfy; and the dignity of his new office filled him with sobriety and good humour.

"It's no fault of mine," said he, when Mrs. Cruden congratulated him on his promotion. "If Cruden hadn't stood by me that time he first came to the 'Rocket,' I should have gone clean to the dogs. I mean it. I was going full tilt that way."

"But I went off and left you after all," said Reginald.

"I know you did; and I was sorry at the time you hadn't left that cab horse to finish his business the evening you picked me up. But Horace here and Mrs. Cruden—"

"Picked you up again," said Waterford. "Regular fellow for being picked up, you are. All comes of your habit of picking up types. One of nature's revenges—and the last to pick you up is the 'Rocket.' What an appetite she's got, to be sure!"

"I should think so from the way she swallows your and Horace's lucubrations every week," says Gedge, laughing. "Why, I actually know a fellow who knows a fellow who laughed at one of your jokes."

"Come, none of your chaff," said Horace, looking not at all displeased. "You never laughed at a joke, I know, because you never see one."

"No more I do. That's what I complain of," replied the incorrigible young overseer.

"Never mind, we shall have our revenge when he has to put our joint novel in print," said Waterford. "Ah, I thought you'd sit up there, my boy. Never mind, you'll know about it some day. The first chapter is half done already."

"Jolly work that must be," says Harker. "More fun than higher mathematics and Locke on the Understanding, eh, Bland?"

"Perhaps they would be glad to change places with us before they are through with it, though," observes Blandford.

"Never knew such a beggar for grinding as Bland is turning out," says Harker. "He takes the shine out of me; and I'm certain he'll knock me into a cocked hat at the matric."

"You forget I've lost time to make up," replies Blandford, gravely; "and I'm not going to be content if I don't take honours."

"Don't knock yourself up, that's all," says Reginald, "especially now cricket's beginning. We ought to turn out a good eleven with four old Wilderhams to give it a backbone, eh?"

And at the signal the four chums somehow get together in a corner, and the talk flies off to the old school days, and the battles and triumphs of the famous Wilderham Close.

Meanwhile Booms and Miss Crisp whisper very confidentially together in another corner. What they talk about no one can guess. It may be collars, or it may be four-roomed cottages, or it may be only the weather. Whatever it is, Booms's doleful face relaxes presently into a solemn smile, and Miss Crisp goes over and sits by Mrs. Cruden, who puts her arm round the blushing girl and kisses her in a very motherly way on the forehead. It is a curious piece of business altogether, and it is just as well the four young men are too engrossed in football and cricket to notice it, and that Gedge and Waterford find their whole attention occupied by the contents of the little book-case in the corner to have eyes for anything else.

"Jolly lot of books you've got," says Waterford, when presently the little groups break up and the big circle forms again. "I always think they are such nice furniture in a room, don't you, Mrs. Cruden?"

"Yes, I do," says Mrs. Cruden; "especially when they are all old friends."

"Some of these seem older friends than others," says Waterford, pointing to a corner where several unbound tattered works break the ranks of green-cloth gilt-lettered volumes. Look at this weather-beaten little fellow, for instance, a bit of a 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That must be a very poor relation; surely you don't count him in?"

"Don't I?" says Reginald, taking the book in his hands, and speaking in a tone which makes every one look up at him. "This little book is worth more to me than all the rest put together."

And as he bends his head over the precious little relic, and turns its well-thumbed pages one by one, he forgets where he is, or who is looking on. And a tear steals into his eyes as his mind flies far away to a little green grave in the north country over which the soft breezes of spring play lovingly, and seem to whisper in a voice he knows and loves to remember—"Come there too, gov'nor."

(THE END.)

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

A FOREST FIRE IN CANADA.

By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., Toronto.

It often happens that from the carelessness of settlers or lumbermen in Canada forest fires break out and sweep over many miles. Perhaps a farmer is clearing his land by burning the trunks and stumps of felled trees, and leaves the log-heap partly burned out. But at night a rising wind may fan the embers to a flame and carry the sparks to a neighbouring fence or the adjacent forest, and before he is aware the whole country-side is ablaze. The same result may follow from hunters or lumberers leaving their camp fires not completely extinguished.

This is especially apt to be the case in the "fall" of the year, when the whole country is dry as tinder from prolonged summer drought. Sometimes many farm-buildings, and even entire villages, have been thus destroyed, and even navigation on the St. Lawrence has been obstructed by the smoke of these forest fires.

In the year 1825 the greatest of these disasters on record befell the province of New Brunswick. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunken to rivulets. On the 7th of October a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks. Resistance was in vain, and escape almost impossible. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the flames, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages, and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation. A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of standing timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces and of Great Britain and the United States greatly mitigated the sufferings of the hapless inhabitants made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

But such forest fires are quite exceptional in Canada; the writer, although a native of the country, has never seen but one—that which he endeavours to describe in the following sketch.

As he was sailing one day on one of the beautiful island-studded bays on the northern shore of Lake Huron—on this lake are no less than thirty thousand islands marked in the Government charts, and many more unmarked—he became aware of a pungent odour in the air, and soon after of a dense smoke drifting from the land. He thought nothing of it, however; but next morning Mr. Perkins, the farmer with whom he lodged, remarked, "The fire's a-gettin' nearer; I wish the wind 'ud change—been burnin' in the woods north there better'n a week."

All day the smoke grew denser, darkening the sun and irritating the eyes. During the night the flames could be seen leaping from tree to tree in the forest that engirdled the little clearing, and running rapidly along the ground in the dry brushwood. The tall pines could be seen burning like gigantic torches in the darkness, and then toppling over with a crash, scattering the sparks in a brilliant shower far and wide, to extend the work of destruction. Great tongues of flame hissed and crackled like fiery serpents enfolding their prey.

No human effort could avail aught to withstand or avert this fiery plague. Only the good providence of God by sending rain or turning the wind could stay its progress. The next day was intensely hot. The earth seemed as iron and the heavens as brass.

> All in a hot and copper sky
> The bloody sun at noon
> Right up above the *trees* did stand,
> No bigger than the moon.

It seemed like the terrors that followed the trumpet of the fifth angel in the Apocalypse: "There arose a smoke out of the pit like the smoke of a furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

On came the flames, roaring like a hurricane. The heat became unendurable, the smoke almost stifling. The cattle fled to the streams and stood in the deepest pools, sniffing the heated air. The water became gradually warm as it flowed over the heated rock and through the burning woods; and the fish that were in it floated on the surface in a dead or dying state. Fences were torn down, and broad spaces of earth were turned up by the plough, to break the progress of the deluge of fire, before which stacks of hay and straw were licked up like tinder.

Many of the villagers stored their little valuables, and as much of their grain as they could, in the underground "root-houses," and banked them up with earth. Many had abandoned everything and fled to the islands. Mr. Perkins, with most of the men, remained to fight the flames till the last moment. When compelled to fly they sought the shore, where they had moored a boat as a means of escape at the last moment. But, oh horror! the lapping waves and the fierce wind created by the fire had loosened the boat, but insecurely fastened, and it was rapidly drifting away. All hope of escape seemed cut off. The men were about to plunge into the water, as preferring death by drowning to death by fire.

"Let us die like brave men, if die we must," said Mr. Perkins, "trusting in God. He will be with us as He was with His servants in the fiery furnace."

"Father," cried Tom Perkins, a boy of thirteen, "I know a cave where we can hide!"

"Quick, my son, show us the way!" was the eager reply.

"This way, up the stream a bit, near that cedar root. The bears used to live in it;" and he pointed out a concealed entrance, through which they crawled into a small grotto caused by a dislocation of the strata.

"God hath opened for us a cleft in the rock. He will keep us in the hollow of His hand," said Mr. Perkins, with feelings of deep gratitude.

On came the flames, roaring louder and louder. The crackling of faggots and falling of trees were like the rattle of musketry and firing of cannon in a battle. The smoke and heat penetrated the grotto. They were almost perishing with thirst.

"I hear the trickling of water," said Perkins. "I will try to find it. Lie low on your faces so as not to inhale the smoke. Here is the water," he cried as he found it; "now wet your handkerchiefs and tie them over your heads," he said, as he did the same himself; and they all found the greatest relief therefrom.

At last the fiery storm seemed to have passed away. They crawled forth from their refuge to view the desolation it had wrought. The ground was still hot and smoking, many of the trees were still burning, and everything was scathed and scarred and blackened with the flames. Perkins's house was burned, but his barn, which he prized more, was, with its contents, spared—saved by the adjacent clearing and fallow.

By a special providence, as it seemed to these simple-minded men, unversed in the sceptical objections to the efficacy of prayer, the wind had veered so as to blow the flames away from the village. This they devoutly attributed to their prayers in the cave. That night a copious rain fell, and further danger was averted.

FURTHER HINTS ON SCREEN PAINTING.*

BIRDS.

By Fred Miller.

The illustrations accompanying this article contain some good suggestions for our amateur screen painters. Birds, especially storks, have long been favourite subjects for decoration, and with reason, for they afford much scope both as regards colour and skill in draughtsmanship.

The expressions that can be given to storks are another great feature, and those of our readers who have studied the "adjutants" or scavenger birds in the Zoological Gardens must have noticed how quaintly humorous they are. They exhibit every variety of character, being sly, imbecile, crafty, knowing, as though they were human beings.

Mr. Marks, the Royal Academician, has painted these birds many times, and he has invested them with a quaintness which is almost irresistible. He has made them quite human, so cleverly has he caught them in their various moods, and we should advise our readers before attempting to paint any birds to go and spend an hour or two in

* See also Vol. v., pages 460, 764, etc.

the Zoo, carefully watching their movements and habits and making notes of their attitudes.

This is not as difficult a task as some may imagine, for these scavenger birds remain very stationary, and will keep in one attitude for some length of time, quite long enough for any one to make a rough sketch. I have frequently drawn these birds at the Zoo, and I will just give my readers a few "wrinkles" which from experience I have found useful.

Do not be too hasty in putting anything on paper. Quietly wait and watch one particular bird until you have noted some characteristic action or expression, and having got this fixed in your mind, jot it down on paper as simply as you can without attempting any finish. Remember a few lines put in the right place will convey more than any number of lines put on without thought and

Designs for Screen Painting —*See p.* 819.

meaning. You may make several of these sketches before you put one in which really suggests the action of the bird, and it is better to keep starting fresh sketches than to waste time in botching up a poor one.

I have found that out of perhaps half a dozen there may be only one sketch which conveys the character of the bird, and yet this one may have taken less time to do than any one of the failures, because you put down at once what you saw without the need of patching or altering. When you have two or three good outline sketches of the entire bird you can begin to study the details of the form, for in the general sketch you only want to fix the attitude. Watch say the head, and make brief notes of this part of the bird as seen from various points of view, then the legs, wings, and other points. These rough pencil jottings are like your alphabet, and want putting together to render them intelligible. In making a finished drawing of a bird you take one of your general sketches for the position and action, supplying the details from your pencil notes. In this manner you build up your bird bit by bit.

Although we give in our illustrations the design for a screen, yet any of our readers desirous of carrying them out should not merely enlarge the cuts to the required dimensions without any reference to nature if it be at all possible to go to nature. A good illustrated natural history—say that of Rev. J. G. Wood—is a great help in drawing birds, and there are some good photographs published now of studies of animals, birds, etc., from nature, which are most useful to artists, professional or amateur. Illustrations from pictures by great artists are also very useful—such as "The Parliament of Storks," by H. S. Marks, R.A., as one can always learn how best to render nature by studying the methods adopted by the men of acknowledged excellence in their art.

The instantaneous photographs which are now sold in so many shops will prove of the greatest use to artists, and indeed we are beginning to learn for the first time what is really the position of the legs of a horse in action. Many of our readers have doubtless seen the series of photographs of the motions of a horse in trotting. Messrs. Marsh, of Henley, have published a capital series of photographs of swans on the Thames in every conceivable position, and a very fine series (photographed, I believe, by Mr. Dixon) of animals and birds in the Zoological Gardens is now to be obtained.

In carrying out the designs accompanying this article the first consideration is the colour of the ground. A pale-blue light towards the horizon, and gradually deepening towards the top, would be effective. Antwerp blue and white, with the least touch of pale chrome or cadmium to give it a slight greenish hue, will make a good harmonious colour, and you might increase the yellow and white for the lightest part of sky.

Clouds are indicated in two of the panels, but I should recommend them to be put in rather straighter and stiffer than is shown in the cuts, instead of attempting to make them blend into the sky. Screen panels are more effective when treated quaintly and conventionally than in a highly naturalesque manner, and the clouds, if taken across the panels in broad and narrow streaks, will give a character to your work which can be carried out by putting a slight outline round your birds and foliage, and not attempting too much light and shade or distant effects.

The foliage introduced behind the birds is of a rather nondescript character, and some of our readers would perhaps prefer to study this part of their work direct from nature. The yellow flag would look well in some of the panels, and then you could introduce the bulrush, feather grass, flowering rush, meadowsweet, water-lily, arrow-head, and other aquatic plants as fancy dictates. Be careful not to get your greens too bright and strong, but try and make them harmonise with the colour of your ground. Warm tones should prevail, though you can occasionally introduce some light silver-grey tints, especially for the back of the leaves.

Cobalt, raw umber, and plenty of white, with a touch of pale chrome or pale cadmium, will make a good grey; indigo, with raw sienna and white, or with light or middle chrome, gives good greens, which can be subdued or warmed with a little burnt sienna. Indeed burnt sienna is invaluable in toning greens, and is one of the most useful colours in the box. Avoid emerald green and do not use Antwerp blue for making any but very pale grey greens. Do not attempt to put too much minute finish into your foliage, such as the markings and veins in the leaves.

Work so that your painting looks well at a little distance, and keep it as simple as possible. Do not attempt too much. It is better to be humble and succeed than ambitious and fail. Gold grounds look well when decorated, and there is a material sold called Lincustra Walton which can be had gilt about 7s. per yard, and just wide enough for a screen panel.

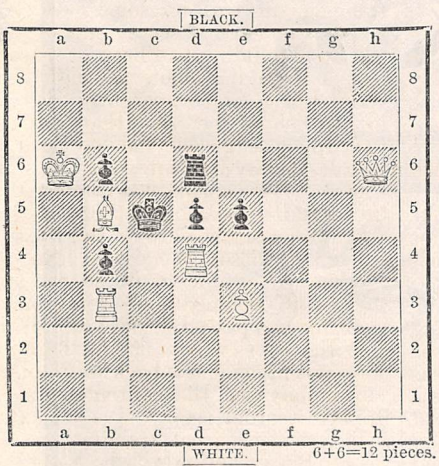
(THE END.)

CHESS.

(*Continued from page* 735.)

Problem No. 112.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

Played in April, 1885, between S. (White) and M. (Black).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—Q 4	P—Q 4
2. P—Q B 4	P—Q B 3
3. B—B 4	B—B 4
4. P×P	P×P
5. B×Kt	Q×B
6. Q—R 4 (ch.)	P—Q Kt 4
7. Q—Kt 3	P—K 3 (*a*)
8. P—K 3	P—Q R 3
9. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—B 3
10. R—B sq.	B—Q 3
11. Kt—B 3	Castles
12. B—K 2	B—K Kt 5
13. P—K R 3	B—R 4
14. P—Kt 4	B—Kt 3
15. P—R 3	R—B sq.
16. Castles	B—Kt 6 (*b*)
17. K—Kt 2	R×Kt
18. R×R (*c*)	Kt—K 5
19. R—B 2	B×P
20. Kt—K 5	B—Kt 6
21. Kt×B	R P×Kt
22. B—Q 3	B—K 8
23. R×B (*d*)	Q—Kt 6 (ch.)
24. K—B sq.	Q—B 6 (ch.)

And Black drew by perpetual check (*e*).

NOTES.

(*a*) He ought to have played B×Kt; 8, R×B, Q—Kt 2, in order to prevent White playing 8, P—K 4, and winning the Kt's P.

(*b*) If 17, P×B, then Q×P (ch.); 18, K—R sq., Q×R P (ch.); 19, Kt—R 2, Q×K P; 20, Q—Q sq., Kt—K 5; 21, Kt×Kt, R×R; 22, Q×R, Q×Kt (ch.); 23, B—B 3, Q×Q P, etc.

(*c*) The Q might have taken, and then, after Kt—K 5, gone to K sq.

(*d*) Better to have taken the Kt.

(*e*) If 25, K—Kt sq., Q—Kt 6 (ch.); 26, R—Kt 2, Q×R at K 8 (ch.); 27, B—B sq., Kt—Q 7; 28, Q—Q 3, Kt—B 6 (ch.); 29, K—R sq., Q—R 5; 30, R—K 2, Q—Kt 6, and White must play R—Kt 2, whereupon Black mates in two more moves.

AU REVOIR!

ONE more year gone! Years flew less fast
In the good old days we've already passed;
Old Time is running a furious race,
And turns his glass at a rapid pace.

One more big volume to grace the shelf,
The B. O. P. needs a niche to itself;
The vols. mount yearly towards the top,
They threaten to fill the whole room with "BOP."

We have spent together another year,
We have helped each other with words of cheer;
As months roll by and the volume ends
We're still, let us hope, the best of friends.

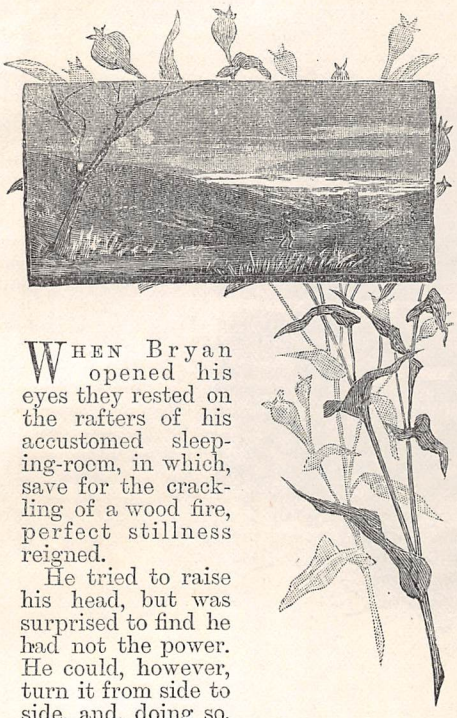
And now we must part; that we can't deny,
But the case scarcely calls for the word "good-bye;"
Au revoir is much better; we meet again
When October commences her chilly reign.

COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. Thomson,

Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.

CHAPTER VI.



When Bryan opened his eyes they rested on the rafters of his accustomed sleeping-room, in which, save for the crackling of a wood fire, perfect stillness reigned.

He tried to raise his head, but was surprised to find he had not the power. He could, however, turn it from side to side, and, doing so, found the room without another occupant. A sensation of blissful ease which comes to extreme weakness with returning consciousness was over him. Closing his eyes dreamily, he made no further attempt to move, but abandoned himself to languor.

Soon he heard the careful tread of some one coming into the room, and the colonel's gentle fingers were laid on his wrist and pulse. Bryan gave no sign of returned consciousness, and in a few moments his uncle drew a chair to the fireplace and sat down. Not many minutes elapsed before the firm step of Corporal Cram came along the hall-way, and Bryan knew that the faithful servitor, after standing at his side a moment, had gone over to near the colonel. At first the boy but faintly heard their whispered talk, which soon became more distinct.

"No, your honour, no; never begin doubting Mr. Bryan," said the corporal.

"I will not, I do not, I try not, corporal," answered the colonel. "But where can the money have gone?"

Bryan pricked up his ears, suddenly recollecting the events that had led to his wound.

"A keg of three thousand guineas never flew away through the keyhole," continued the colonel.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, your honour," responded the corporal, superstitiously.

"Nonsense!" answered Colonel Pellinore; "human hands carried away the gold. I cannot indeed reconcile Bryan's character with the opinion that he did it. But who else could have obtained the keys? who else could have entered without the dogs giving the alarm? Then his unaccountable departure!"

"Oh! colonel, you honour! Oh! colonel dear, don't go for to distrust Mr. Bryan," groaned the corporal. "He's your flesh and blood, colonel, so he is."

"Agravaine was my flesh and blood," said the colonel, mournfully.

"But wasn't it proved that Mr. Bryan could have had nothing to do with the keg, your honour? Didn't the lieutenant follow the track of the cariole in the fresh snow till where he'd turned back, and there never was a sign of a stop, nor a foot getting out of the sleigh, nor any hint of him concealing anything? Haven't we searched high and low in every nook and cranny about the place? Oh, colonel dear, but it was proved impossible, and you and me knew it was impossible at the start for Mr. Bryan to do such a thing."

While this conversation went on Bryan's horror grew to an extreme; an intense fear of his uncle beset the boy, and hot anger against the guilt which had let him be suspected. He felt that he must defend his own honour at all hazards, here or elsewhere, however weak, and was about to speak when the colonel's next sentence made the words die on his lips.

"True, corporal, true; it was proved impossible. I rejoice in the proof; I rejoice that even Lieutenant Marhaus went away exculpating my nephew and asserting an inexplicable mystery. But what can have become of the money?"

"It's a dreadful puzzle, your honour, so it is," returned the corporal. "Unless Mr. Marhaus himself—"

"Impossible," said the colonel. "Not another word of that. By the way, the lieutenant should be back again in a day or two."

"I wouldn't wonder to see him to-day, sir," said the corporal. "It's just two weeks since he stretched out poor Mr. Bryan, bad luck to the sword!"

At that moment the dogs outside broke into a loud baying, as a galloping horse with bells rushed up the hill. A voice was heard calling too.

"It's Marhaus," cried the colonel.

They went hastily downstairs, leaving Bryan to an intense curiosity. For what seemed to him a very long time there was no noise. Then Bryan heard a great cheering, and soon afterwards the tread of feet on the verandah. Then the door opened, some weight was set down, and he heard a sound precisely similar to that of the keg rolled by the colonel on that memorable night. It ceased at the stair-foot. Then the party ascended, and entering the room where Bryan lay, placed a keg of gold on the floor!

Marhaus, seeing Bryan's eyes open, went straight to the bedside.

"I owe you a deep apology," he said. "We have found the lost keg!"

It was all a mystery to Bryan, and he did not answer.

"It was thus," said the lieutenant, turning to Colonel Pellinore. "I fell in by accident with queer old half-cracked General Scarlett—old Dungeon Scarlett—at the mouth of the Rideau. He was fishing through the ice. You know he has built a house on the model of this somewhere back in the woods there. We fell into talk, and after a while, moved by a sudden suspicion of the truth, I told him of the strange disappearance of the coin. To my astonishment he burst into a loud fit of laughter after hearing the particulars.

"'Go back,' he said. 'Go back instantly, and examine the wall of the magazine. The gold is in the hill behind it.' Then he explained the contrivance that we have seen. I was rather angry, as you may imagine, in spite of the welcome discovery.

"'What in the world was the recess for?' I asked.

"'A dungeon!' said he, in a matter of-course way.

"'What did you want a dungeon for?' I inquired.

"'What does any one want a dungeon for?' said he, and that was the only satisfaction I could get."

* * * *

Before Bryan was able to get about the whole story had been explained to him, but he never told what had taken him off that desperate morning. Indeed to his dying day, though he reaped great honour, he never forgave himself for that short distrust of his noble old uncle.

Bryan's first visit outdoors was to the magazine. Its back, as I have explained, was against a hill—and is yet, for that matter. This hill is excavated back of the magazine wall for some twenty feet, and to this cave a secret entrance from the little building had been prepared. It was a swinging door, as high as the wainscoting, and apparently part of it, hinged behind the bead that ran round the upper edge of the perpendicular boards, and by its own weight closing on a spring. This spring was connected with the middle board of the wainscoted door, and a smart blow on this board was enough to loosen the catch. No doubt the heavy keg quickly rolled had struck this board sharply, and, retaining momentum, had passed through and dropped into the cave, where it was found, the door closing as it fell back in its place.

You may see the contrivance to-day in perfect order, "for," says the existing Pellinore, "my great-grandfather, General Sir Bryan Pellinore, who fought with glory in every quarter of the old world, left strict injunctions in his will that his descendants should carefully preserve the old magazine. It was used for long years as a family mausoleum. Colonel Persant Pellinore rested therein for many a year, with Corporal Cram at his feet. And General Sir Bryan and his lifelong comrade, General Marhaus—they married the lovely sisters Fay, you know—were both, after all their loud days of terrible battle, laid there in peace and quiet too."

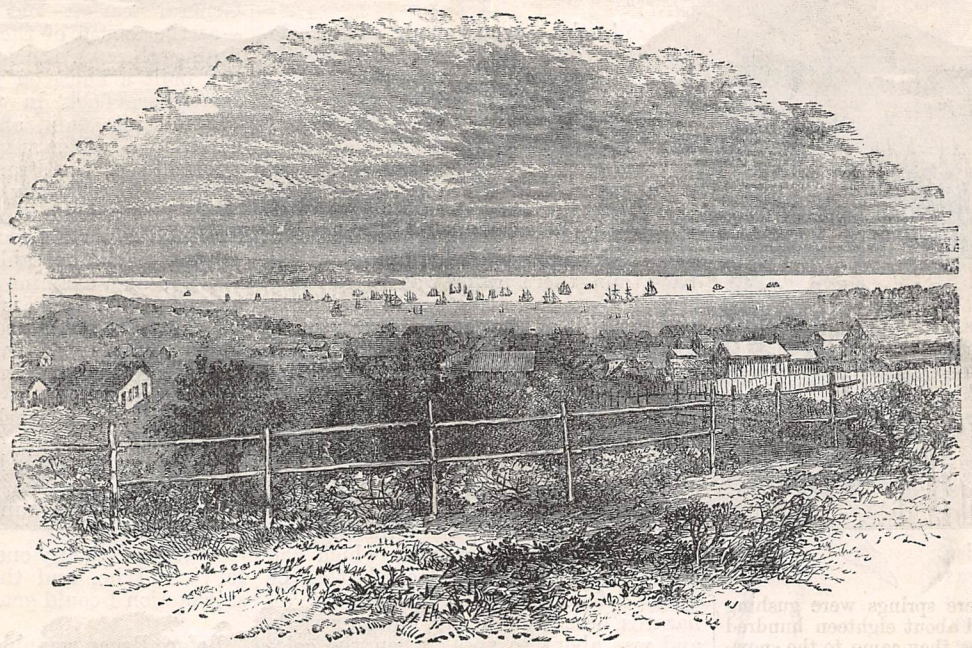
(THE END.)

HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

AMERICAN exploration has hitherto differed considerably from exploration in the other parts of the world. In America the advance of the white man has been led by the hunter and the trader, and the scientific explorer who takes such prominence in the older world makes few independent discoveries, and merely confirms and definitely localises what his humbler predecessors have fallen upon and reported. Fremont has been more fortunate than his fellows. He has made two or three original finds; and when he met Kit Carson on the Missouri steamer he was on his way to the west to immortalise himself by scaling the highest peak of the Rockies.

He was then a lieutenant in the United States Topographical Engineers, and having been born at Savannah, in Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813, was in his thirtieth year. He had left Washington on the 2nd of May, and started with his complete outfit from St. Louis on the 18th of June. Up to then the west had only been known through the reports of such men as Carson, who, as we have seen, had been many times on the Pacific slope. Fremont's was the first scientific survey of the country, which for so long had been the happy hunting-ground of the redskin and the trapper, and though he was not a backwoodsman in the usual acceptation of the term, yet he was a true hero of the backwoods, and his adventures, more especially as completing the story of the redoubtable Kit, can be conveniently dealt with here.



San Francisco, 1849.

The discovery of Wind River Peak, as it was called—it is now known by the name of its discoverer—was the chief event of Fremont's first plunge into the wilderness. He started to reach the highest point of the ridge on the 15th of August. The road lay up a dark defile, with many a rough and slippery place to check the progress of the mules. The sun's rays rarely reached its depths; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it; and every now and then came patches of ice, alternating with the cold damp rocks and the spongy morasses.

Soon the explorers found themselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. Then at last it rose by their sides a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, ending three thousand feet above their heads in a long toothed line of jagged and broken cones. They rode on until they came almost immediately below the main peak, which they christened Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighbouring summits. As they rode on they came to three small lakes of bright green water, each of nearly a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep; and on a ledge about a hundred feet above the lakes the mules were left to graze, while the

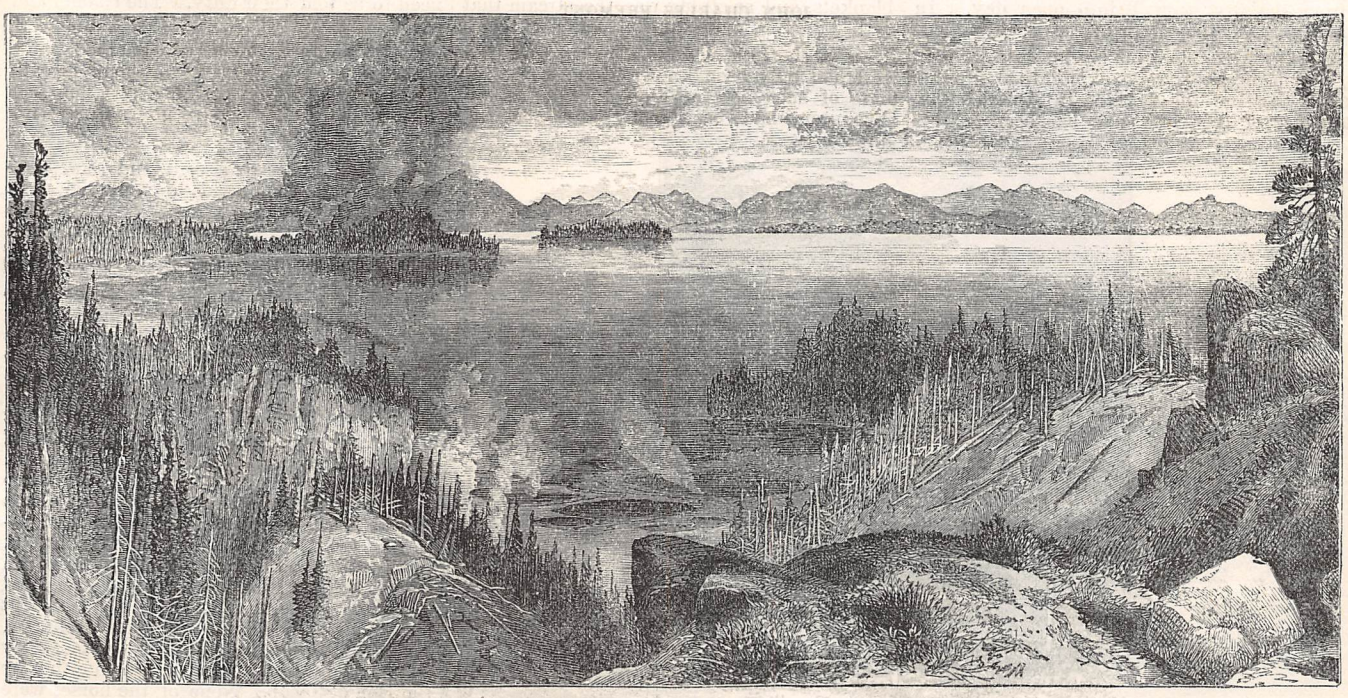
Salt Lake City, 1850.

party, divesting themselves of every needless encumbrance, began the ascent.

Leisurely they went up. At intervals they reached places where springs were gushing from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes they came to the snow-line, and thenceforth their progress was uninterrupted, climbing along a sort of comb of the mountain which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and steepness had kept almost clean of snow. In a few minutes they reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty except that of passing round the face of a vertical cliff several hundred feet in depth. Putting hands and toes in the crevices between the blocks, Fremont succeeded in reaching the top. He sprang upon the summit where another step would have shot him into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then with a gradual fall the field sloped off for about a mile until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. He stood on a narrow crest of about a yard in width.

He mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in one of the joints of the rock, unfurled the stars-and-stripes to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During the morning's ascent they had met no sign of animal life except one small sparrowlike bird. A stillness the most profound and a solitude that was terrible forced themselves constantly on their minds as the great features of the place. There on that summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, they thought themselves beyond the reach of anything breathing; but while they were sitting on the rock a solitary humble-bee came winging his flight from the eastern valley and settled on one of the men's knees!

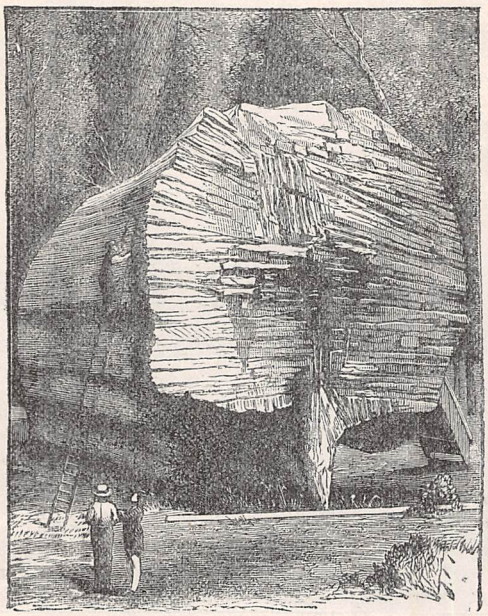
They were 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. On one side they looked down on innumerable lakes and streams, the headwaters of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; on the other side was the Wind River valley, with the heads of the Yellowstone. Far to the north they could just discover the snow caps of the Three Tetons, where were the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia; and at the southern end of the ridge the peaks were visible, amid which there rise the springs of the Nebraska. Around the whole scene seemed to have been wrecked by some terrible convulsion, the backbone split into chasms and fissures, between them thin lofty walls, with slender columns and pinnacles rising from the mantle of snow.



Yellowstone Lake.

"One was just sinking when he was clutched."

Nine days afterwards, when on their way back, they ran the canyons of the La Platte. They passed three cataracts in succession, and finally, with a shout of success, issued from the first tunnel into open day. In another hour they were in the next canyon,



Auger Holes in Tree.

a winding chasm in the rock seven or eight miles in length, and in places five hundred feet in vertical height. They made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long, and three of the men, clambering along among the rocks, let her down through the first pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel, and in the narrows it required much strength and skill to keep the boat from being stove. At one place she proved a little too broad, and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flew over her and swept away the sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. Fremont caught the sextant as it dashed by him, but the saddle-bags were lost. The second pass was worse than the other, and Fremont would have gone back, but to do so was impossible. Before him the cataract was a sheet of foam, and, shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. He pushed off again, but in a few yards the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope! Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked head foremost into the river from a rock twelve feet high. Down the boat shot like an arrow, Lajeunesse following in the rapid current, his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. At last an eddy was reached, the boat stopped, and Lajeunesse and his companions, who had come running along the rocks, were taken on board.

Then, cutting off all communication with the shore, the passage was resumed. They cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, the boat seeming to play with the cataract. The men grew flushed with success and familiar with the danger, and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, they dashed along, and were in the midst of a chorus when the boat struck a hidden rock at the foot of a fall and was whirled over in an instant.

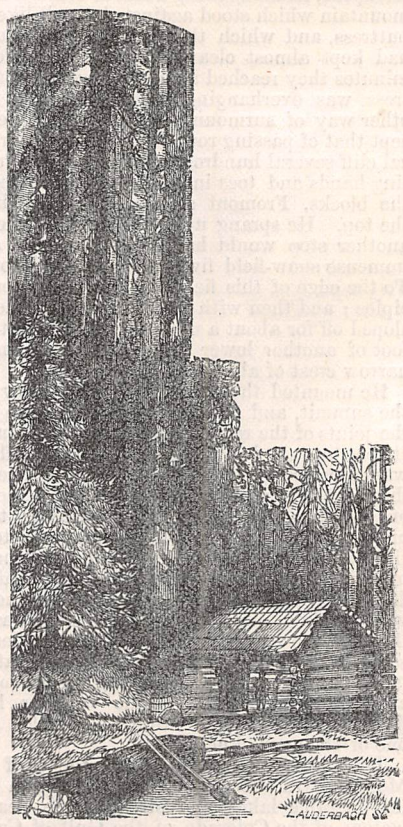
All scrambled safely out, though three could not swim. One of these, Descoteaux, was just sinking when he was clutched by the neck by Lambert. "Lâche pas! Lâche pas! cher frère," said he. "Crains pas!" was the reply of the voyageur. "Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lâcher." For a hundred yards below the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales and blankets, and so strong was the stream that even the heavy instruments, the sextant, circle, and long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. The boat was recovered, again launched, and the daring rush was resumed, and Goat Island eventually reached.

On Fremont appearing at Washington he received an enthusiastic welcome, and began preparing for his second expedition. This left Kansas on the 29th of May, 1843. Great Salt Lake was explored, the Rockies were crossed, and Sutter's ranche reached, as we have seen in our notes on Kit Carson, the path of the travellers forming an immense circuit of twelve degrees diameter north and south, and ten degrees east and west, making up some three thousand five hundred miles never out of sight of the snow.

The third expedition started in 1844 and ended in the annexation of California. Like its predecessors, it was no pleasure trip. Take Kit Carson's description of the night attack by the Tlamaths. "Mr. Gillespie had brought the colonel letters from home, the first he had had since leaving the States the year before, and he was up and kept a large fire burning until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had sixteen in the party, the colonel didn't like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time by the licks of the axe that killed our men. At first I didn't know it was that; but I called to Lajeunesse, who was at that side, 'What's the matter there? What's that fuss about?' He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow, and he never knew what killed him. His head had been cut in in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded, but although he could do no execution he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and did not give up until he was shot full of arrows, three entering his heart. He died bravely. As soon as I had called out I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out, 'Indians.' There were no orders given, things went on too fast, and the colonel had men with him that did not need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of the Delawares. I did not know who fired and who did not, but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Tlamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver, the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall they ran; but we lay every man with his rifle cocked until daylight expecting another attack. They had killed three of our men and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell."

It was while on this third expedition that Fremont accomplished his wonderful ride of nine hundred and sixty miles in seven days. The party that performed this feat were three in number—Fremont, his servant, Jacob Dodson, and his friend Don Jesus Piconda—each of them had three horses to start with, making nine in all. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required a good deal of attention to keep them straight on the track. When wanted for a change, say, at the distance of twenty miles, they were caught by the lasso, thrown either by the Don or Jacob. None of the horses were shod, and the usual gait was a sweeping gallop.

They started from Los Angeles on the 22nd of March, 1847, and the first day ran one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the San Fernando mountain and the defile of the



First Log-Hut, Mariposa Grove.

Rincon, and halting at Santa Barbara, the only fatigue complained of being in Jacob's right arm from throwing the lasso and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses on the

track. The next day they passed the mountain of St. Barbara, and reached San Luis Obispo. Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were left and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy joined the party to assist in managing the loose horses. The run stopped short at seventy miles. While the party was asleep the horses were almost stampeded by white bears, but the Spaniard scared off the bears, and the journey was resumed for eighty miles to Monterey. The return run was then commenced, during which one of the horses was ridden unchanged for ninety miles without showing distress, and Los Angeles was safely reached within the seven days out and home.

In 1848 Fremont went off on his fourth exploring expedition, and crossed the mountains in the snow during a spell of severe cold. After undergoing great hardships he found his way to Taos, where he took up his quarters with Carson until he had recovered sufficiently to move on and complete the possession of his estate in the Mariposa valley, which has since become so well known. Fremont had bought it for three thousand dollars, and it is said that when he first passed over it he actually picked up the gold as it lay upon the surface of the soil.

After being commissioned to run the boundary-line between California and Mexico, he was elected to the Senate for the State in which he had chosen to settle, and returned to Washington to attend to his political duties. In 1853 he led his fifth and last expedition to find a new route across the continent to the Pacific. This he succeeded in doing along the line of 38° north latitude. Here again he was favoured with a full share of adventure. On one occasion, when he was away from them, his men were caught in the midst of a prairie fire, and he and a few that were with him came galloping through the circle of flame to join and rescue them.

In 1856 Fremont was a candidate for the Presidency, and was beaten by Buchanan with 174 votes to 114. During the War of Secession he fought on the Federal side, but Stonewall Jackson proved too much for him, although he never suffered a decisive defeat. The drawn battle of Cross Keys on the 8th of June, 1862, was the largest affair in which he held independent command.

CURIOUS CRAFT.

II.

(*See also Vol. VI., B. O. P., page* 108.)

BEGINNING at the top left-hand corner of the illustration on p. 828, we have the Egyptian *Dahabéëh*, a vessel which has obtained an unenviable notoriety for dirtiness. It is chiefly used for the Nile passenger traffic, and it is no uncommon event for the experienced traveller, when hiring one of these craft, to make it a *sine quâ non* that it shall be sunk under the water for a couple of hours before starting, in order that the hull may be purified from the vermin with which it invariably is infested. A very fine model on a large scale may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

The mode of furling the large lateen sails is for the crew to shin up the mast in a twinkling, scramble along the lofty swinging yard like monkeys, and perform the operation with a neatness absolutely surprising in an Egyptian.

Immediately beneath is shown a curious demonstration of moveable ballast as it is to be seen amongst the Cochin Chinese. Sometimes the pole on which the extemporised counterpoise is placed will break, when there is nothing for the clumsy vessel but to turn bottom upwards. Some of their vessels, however, like the little craft below, sail exceedingly well, and are first-rate sea-boats.

The fishing-boat shown at the left-hand bottom corner of the page comes from Corea, the forbidden land of Eastern Asia, which until very recently was known only to the civilised world by name, and by a few meagre reports received from Japanese and Chinese sources. Our readers will perhaps recollect the confusion that arose when a treaty opening up certain ports to foreigners was, a short time since, forced upon the inhabitants. A revolt took place, the Queen was killed, and for a time general anarchy prevailed.

The fishing-boats of Corea are very clumsily built. They are put together with wooden nails, and are very deep, and in place of a deck a few beams are fixed from gunwale to gunwale. The build is very much after the Japanese model, minus its artistic qualities. It is open to the bottom, and the fish are thrown down as they are caught. Each vessel carries a crew of from thirty to sixty men.

Returning to the top of the page, we come to a canoe of the Upper Zambesi. Major Serpa Pinto, one of the most recent of African explorers, likens this vessel to a gigantic skate, wherein the native has to use all the balancing powers of a skater upon the ice to maintain a firm position. The boatmen always paddle standing, and the paddling in such boats is of course a true acrobatic performance.

The vessel depicted is a canoe which was scooped for the explorer from the long trunk of a *Mucusse* tree. It had the following extraordinary dimensions—Length, 33 feet; breadth amidships, 17 *inches;* depth, 16 inches! The giant of the forest from which it was carved is a tree of excessive hardness, possessing a specific gravity greater than water.

Whenever Pinto reached one of the numerous cataracts it was necessary to convey this vessel overland until the obstacle was surmounted, and for this purpose the services of the natives living on the bank were called into requisition. Poles were placed across the vessel and fastened to it by tendrils of neighbouring trees. The natives, to the number of twenty or thirty, then took the poles on each side, and with great labour got through the work.

Next to Australia, Borneo is the largest island in the world. Here we find the women treated with far greater respect than is usually the case amongst savage or semi-civilised nations, and boats are built specially for their use. In these boats the women do their marketing, and at Bruni there is a floating bazaar, where the boats are moored in tiers, forming regular lanes upon the river, the purchasers gliding about here and there in their canoes in search of the "boat-shops" containing the particular provisions of which they are in quest.

Next is the outrigged canoe of the warlike Marquesans, with its overhanging stern, on which the steersman stands when the sail is hoisted, and its projecting bow, which affords some sort of protection to the rowers when advancing to the attack of an enemy.

The Japanese, except so far as they have imitated Europeans in the construction of their vessels, are a long way behind most of the nations of the earth in their knowledge of naval architecture. Witness the curious row-boat with its crowd of oarsmen standing upright to work their strangely-bent oars. As they row they chant a monotonous song, every alternate man swinging his body in an opposite direction in perfect time, the one pushing, the other pulling.

Their sailing junks are no better than the row-boats, and have the same open sterns with strong bulkheads to prevent the ingress of the water. The rudder is also fixed and worked after a like awkward fashion. It is little wonder, however, that the Japanese have for centuries made no progress in their ship-building, for at any rate until very recently all vessels were required to be built to uniform rule as to shape, dimensions, rigging, and interior arrangement.

The natives of Ceylon have from time immemorial manufactured a peculiar kind of catamaran. One extraordinary feature of the vessel is that it is put together entirely without nails, and even the wash-boards which surmount the log which forms the body of the vessel, and which is hollowed out until it is nothing but a cylinder with a narrow strip of from eight to ten inches cut from end to end, are fastened to it with coir yarns, the seams being stopped with loose coir padding. They carry no ballast, and are almost as safe as a lifeboat.

The third column is headed with the *canoa* of the River Amazon, a singular construction. Both stem and stern are square, and the hull is covered with a heavy erection, which causes it to bear some resemblance to a Chinese junk. These vessels are never required to go against stream or to sail anywhere near the wind, and all that is expected of them is that they should float lazily along with the tide. This is fortunate, for they are so top-heavy that if any more intricate manœuvres were attempted when anything beyond a breath of wind was blowing they would inevitably capsize.

Animal life is plentiful enough on the

shores of the river, and the men make pets of the monkeys to be found there in any numbers. These are frequently to be seen disporting themselves upon the spars, etc., of the boat.

The jangada is a curious kind of raft, belonging chiefly to the coast about Pernambuco. It is usually built of from three to six solid logs bound together by two or more cross-pieces. There is a hole in the centre log in which is placed the mast, and at the foot is a small stool for the captain, as the water every now and again covers the deck. The steersman is furnished with a like seat. The only other erection is a slight framework to preserve the bag of manioc, which forms the food of the crew, from the wet and to support the bottle of drinking water.

These vessels have the property of sailing very near the wind, and are able to go at the rate of ten miles an hour. All things—including passengers—which are proof against moisture are carried on these remarkable craft.

Then we have the elaborately carved and decorated war canoe of the New Zealanders. These are made from the huge trunk of the Kauri pine, and measure sometimes eighty feet in length. They are covered from stem to stern with the wonderful and unique carving indulged in by the Maori race, and painted a bright vermilion and hung with bunches of feathers and dog's hair. When not wanted they are hauled up on to the shore and carefully thatched to preserve them from the weather.

The last illustration is the strongly built bunder-boat of the harbours of Bengal and other parts of India. It is used for little else than harbour traffic—in fact, it derives its name from *bundur*, a harbour. Occasionally it carries a couple of masts, each furnished with a large lateen sail.

Curious Craft.

Battles with the Sea.

1. The Boat-house. 2. To the Rescue! 3. Trying to reach Castaways. 4. A Line of Hope. 5. Home again. 6. Rocket Apparatus. 7. Salvage.

ENGLISH ARCHERY.

THE origin of the bow as an instrument of war is lost in obscurity. With all the ancient peoples, both civilised and barbaric, the bow was a favourite weapon, and skill in the use of it was regarded by the Scythians as a princely accomplishment. The Greeks and Romans employed archers to draw the enemy into action, and the exploits of the ancient Egyptians rivalled those of the archers of the middle ages.

There is no record of the use of the bow in France until the beginning of the eighth century, although we have evidence that in England both the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes employed it in the chase as well as in battles against the primitive inhabitants of England many years before the Conquest.

It was under the Norman rule that the practice of archery in this island was not only greatly improved, but generally diffused throughout the country, so that England soon became famous for its archery, and her archers took precedence of those of every other nation. To preserve this superiority by constant practice appears to have been the study of many of our monarchs, and numerous statutes for enforcing and regulating the use of the bow among the people were enacted from early times until after the invention of firearms. Many laws were also made for securing the presence in distant and obscure parts of the country of persons skilled in the manufacture of bows and all the apparatus appertaining to archery, for guarding against fraud by those artificers, and also for the procuring of a constant supply of bow-staves from abroad. These laws appear to have been absolutely necessary, for in the olden time the English chiefly depended for their success in battle upon the bravery and expertness of their archers, whose appearance in the field generally led to success. William the Conqueror is reputed to have been so admirable an archer that few could bend the bow he used, and his victory at Hastings was certainly due to the skill and intrepidity of his cross-bow men. Richard the First performed great exploits with his archers in the Holy Land, where, according to Gibbon, 300 archers and seventeen knights, headed by the king, sustained the charge of the whole Turkish and Saracen army. It was in his reign that the renowned Robin Hood flourished in Sherwood Forest. Edward the Second levied a company of "Northumbrian Archers" in the year 1314 for the invasion of Scotland.

The battles of Cressy and Poictiers were gained by the English archers in the years 1346 and 1356 respectively. Edward III. was extremely jealous of the honour of the bow, and anxious that its glory should be maintained. In the early part of his reign it was ordered that most of the sheriffs of England should each provide 500 white bows and 500 bundles of arrows for the then pending war with France. In the following year this order was reissued, with the difference that the sheriff of Gloucester should furnish 500 painted bows in addition. This king embodied a company of soldiers, whom he called the "Archers of the Guard." Edward III. also, in 1363, commanded the general practice of archery on holidays by the people in lieu of the ordinary rural pastimes, which were forbidden on pain of imprisonment. In this reign the price of bows was regulated by Government. A white bow was 1s., a painted bow 1s. 6d., a sheaf (twenty-four) of sharp arrows 1s. 2d., and a sheaf of blunt arrows 1s. Richard II., in 1392, directed that none of his servants should ever be unfurnished with bows and arrows, and that they should avail themselves of every opportunity of practising archery.

In the year 1402 the English archers won the battle of Homildon; and in 1403, at the battle of Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was slain, the most terrible havoc was created by the archers on both sides. In the reign of Richard III. it was enacted that for every ton of Malmsey or Tyne wine brought into England, ten good bow-staves should also be imported, under penalty of 13s. 4d. for every deficient stave; and to encourage the import of bow-staves those above six feet and a half long were freed from duty.

In the manufacture of bows yew was generally preferred to all other woods; but to prevent a too rapid consumption of yew bowyers were ordered to make four wych-hazel, ash, or elm bows, to one of yew; and no person under seventeen years of age, except those possessed of portable property worth forty marks, or the sons of parents owning an estate of £10 per annum, was allowed to shoot with a yew bow, under penalty of 6s. 8d. for each offence.

That distant counties might be properly supplied with bows and arrows, the king claimed and exercised the prerogative of sending, if necessary, all arrow-head, bow-string, and bow-makers, not being freemen of the City of London, to any part of the realm that required the services of such artificers.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth it was enacted that all arrow-heads should be well brazed and hardened at the points with steel, and stamped with the name of the maker, under penalty of fine and imprisonment and forfeiture of the arrows, etc., in default; and by another statute passed in the same reign it was enacted that persons from places whence bow-staves were derived should import four bow-staves for every ton of merchandise taken on board, under penalty of 6s. 8d. for every bow-stave deficient. In this reign the highest price permitted for a yew bow was 3s. 4d. In the reign of Edward the Fourth it was enacted that every Englishman and every Irishman living with an Englishman should have an English bow of his own height; and also that in every township shooting butts should be set up, at which the inhabitants were commanded to practise on holidays, under the penalty of one halfpenny for each neglect. In the same reign the king, in preparing for a war with France, directed all sheriffs to procure a supply of bows and arrows for the service of the State. In 1405 it was made penal to use bad materials in the manufacture of bows and arrows. In 1417 the archers of the army of Henry the Fifth won the battle of Agincourt. This king directed the sheriffs of counties to take six wing feathers from every goose for the feathering of the arrows. In 1478 archery was encouraged in Ireland by statute. In the year 1424 James the First of Scotland, who was himself an excellent bowman, revived the practice of archery among his subjects. Richard the Third lent 1,000 archers to the Duke of Bretagne. The same troops afterwards fought at the battle of Bosworth. In 1485 Henry the Seventh instituted the yeomen of the guard, who were all archers, and in the nineteenth year of his reign the use of the cross-bow was forbidden by Act of Parliament because the long-bow had been of so much greater benefit to the nation. In this reign archery occupied an important position in the fashionable pastimes of the kingdom, and upon the marriage of Henry with the Princess Elizabeth it formed a great feature among the nuptial festivities, the king himself joining in the shooting with heartiness and glee.

Several Acts were passed in the reign of Henry VIII. for the encouragement and promotion of archery; one ordered that butts should be erected and kept in repair in all townships, and that the inhabitants should practise shooting at them on holidays. The same Act directed that every able-bodied man, not being an ecclesiastic or judge, should practise shooting with the long-bow. In this reign the practice of archery was strongly advocated from the pulpit by Bishop Latimer, and so jealous were the English of rival nations competing with them, that aliens were forbidden to use the long-bow. The English victory at the battle of Flodden Field was due to the skill and courage of the archers.

Archery continued to be an object of attention and solicitude with the Legislature during the reign of Elizabeth, and the price of bows was again regulated by statute; also, bowyers were commanded to keep in hand always a sufficient stock of bows. Charles I. issued commissions to prevent the enclosure of fields near London, so "as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting with bows and arrows," and also for the restoration of all shooting-marks that had been already removed. The Earl of Essex, at the beginning of the civil war, raised a company of archers for the defence of the king. In the time of Charles II. archery was a highly fashionable and popular recreation with all classes of society, and the "Merrie Monarch" used frequently to take part with the ladies and gentlemen of his court in toxophilite meetings. Queen Catherine also showed deep interest in the fascinating pastime, and in the year 1676 she presented a silver badge to the "Marshal of the Fraternity of Archers." Both the king and queen frequently reviewed the numerous associations of archers then existent. In the spring of 1682 a grand fête was given by the London Artillery Company at the Artillery Grounds, at which there were present upwards of a thousand archers; and it is said that the gala outshone anything of its kind that had previously been seen in England. But from that time until the beginning of the present century the attractions of archery appear to have been overlooked and its practice neglected.

Although the bow has long been disused as a military weapon, it has ever been cherished in Great Britain, and particularly among the upper classes of society, as an instrument of delightful and healthful recreation; and it would be impossible to overrate the physical and moral advantages accruing from the regular practice of archery—one of the few "outdoor amusements" that are as suitable for delicate ladies as for strong men. As an exercise for ladies, it brings all the muscles generally into healthful action, and is admirably suited to meet the requirements of the fair sex—general and equal, without being violent—calling the faculties both of mind and body into gentle and healthy play, yet oppressing none—withal most graceful and elegant.

Another era in the annals of the art may be dated from the year 1844, when a national meeting of the archers of Great Britain and Ireland was held at York, since which time archery has assumed much importance as a national pastime, and year after year the wider competition which such assemblages have secured has brought forward bowmen and bow-women, who by their persistent efforts in carrying off honours, and that by the most remarkable achievements, have carried the art as near as possible to perfection.

Under the auspices of the Grand National Society, archery has been conducted through all the stages of actual revival and establishment as a British pastime. It was only in the year 1845 that ladies began to compete publicly with men for the prizes offered by the above-mentioned society, but at some of the matches which have without interruption annually taken place since then as many as 150 archeresses have participated in match-shooting, whilst at least an equal number of gentlemen have competed with them—on some occasions with a guaranteed prize-list of about £400.

A. T. SIBBALD.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A PET MONKEY.

H. L. sends us, from Leytonstone, the following story of a pet monkey. We know the writer, and can vouch for the truth of the narrative. The monkey has since died. "Being the fortunate(?) possessor of a monkey, and not for the first time, I know something of the right management of such a pet. I am, of course, careful that no flesh food should be given him, yet one morning I was surprised to find some small feathers scattered about the cage and on the wires. Upon making inquiries, I was told that nothing but fruit and bread and milk had been given him. As I was approaching his cage to make further observation I noticed that 'Jack' was scratching a hole under the bottom board of the back of his house. I approached cautiously, taking advantage of trees, bushes, etc., until I reached the side (which is boarded), through the cracks of which I could make my observations without being seen. And this is what I learnt. Firstly, Master Jack scraped a hole under the board, large enough to get one of his arms through; then he lay on the ground on his side and inserted one arm into the hole, holding in his hand a piece of sopped bread that he had saved from his breakfast. Next, by dexterously moving his arm about, he managed to shake some loose mould over his hand, so that his brown fingers were fairly hidden, only leaving the white bread above the ground. Then he kept perfectly still for some time, so long, indeed, that I began to grow tired of watching, and was about to retire when my attention was arrested by a plump young sparrow, who, by a series of hops, approached the bread, which formed a very conspicuous and also, no doubt, to the bird, a very tempting morsel. But, alas! to secure the bread the bird had to stand on Jack's fingers. It gave the final hop, and was just about to commence the feast, when snap! and the poor bird was a captive, caught by one of his legs. Jack quickly dragged it through the hole, and had begun to pluck it alive, when I, having seen quite enough, gave a cry and a clap, which so worked upon Jack's nerves that he sprang up in a fright, and in doing so let go the bird, which promptly flew through the wires and escaped, much to the disgust of Jack, who, having discovered my retreat, gave me a series of grimaces anything but complimentary."

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(*Contributions received up to July* 30.)

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July 13.—Collected by P. A. Meyer (Harrogate), 16s. 6d.; Darkie (Louth), 5s.; Collected by Edward J. J. Edwards (Botley), £1 0s. 6d.; O. K. (Bournemouth), 1s. ..	2	3	0
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(*Continued from page* 814.)

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Correspondence.

W. R. THOMSON.—What is your authority for the statement that Wales gives up a county to England every hundred years? Which are the counties it has given up?

H. W. SMITH.—The proportions of the boat should depend on the work the boat is to do, the harbours she is to enter, the place she is to be moored. If you want a fast boat with outside ballast your design would have to be different from what it would be for a beamy boat of the old type. The best plan for you to adopt would be to expend twenty-five shillings—less discount—on Mr. Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," published at the "Field" office, Strand. You will therein find the lines and measurements given of nearly every sort of fore-and-aft boat afloat, in addition to full particulars of fitting, rigging, and sail-making. A cutter thirty feet by seven would prove a good, useful, seaworthy boat.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—1. It depends entirely on the umpire. There is no reason why the ball should not so pitch that you might be out leg-before from a bowler bowling round the wicket. 2. To be out "hit wicket" you must have hit the wicket in striking at the ball.

H. G. S.—Most of our large schools have now their magazines. In addition to those you have mentioned there are the Blundellian, the Cliftonian, the Epsomian, the Felstedian, the Glenalmond Chronicle, the Mill Hill Magazine, etc., etc.

J. GREENE (St. Kilda).—1. Faraday's "Chemical Manipulation," published in 1827; his "Experimental Researches in Electricity" in 1839, 1844, 1855; his "Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics" in 1859; and his "History of a Candle," "Non-Metallic Elements," etc. The best thing would be for you to get his life by Tyndall. The "Chemical Manipulation" has long been superseded by more modern works. Try Roscoe, Valentin, Fownes, Meldola, etc., etc. 2. The measurable angle of the parallax is so small that more accuracy is required than your plan would seem to offer. 3. It is quite true that diamonds have been made artificially, and that the only objection to them was that it cost more to make a diamond than to buy it. The successful experiment was performed by Mr. Hannay at Glasgow about ten years ago. 4. A civil engineer has to pass through a course of apprenticeship and practical work at the bench, besides passing examinations.

J. H. REED.—There are no such examinations. There are now no cornets in the cavalry. For all the army examinations consult one of the guides, or apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, S.W.

LORD CECIL.—Apply for a prospectus, personally, to the Secretary, Birkbeck Institution, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. The classes begin in October.

PISCATOR.—Fishing is quite free at Putney and Hammersmith, but the fish are too clever to hold on. Better try above Teddington Lock.

YOUNG MECHANIC.—The knife is a Corsican dagger. The "Morti al —" is "Death to —," and the "Vendetta Corsa" is the Corsican style of feud, which can only be quenched in an enemy's blood, and so continues till the families are all killed off.

LITTLE DORRIT and LITTLE NELL.—Pylades was Agamemnon's nephew, Orestes was Agamemnon's son, and the cousins were great friends. Pylades married Orestes's sister Electra.

T. J. HAYES.—Get "Under the Red Ensign," or "Hints on Going to Sea," by Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., Assistant Secretary of the Board of Trade, price one shilling, of Messrs. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—The number of glasses is correct; what you have mistaken for a frame is the diaphragm. See our article on the telescope, or get a shilling book on optics, and, with the aid of the diagrams, work out the theory of the lenses for yourself.

A. C. P.—We know of no book that would teach you to be a poet; and, from the specimens you send, we should consider your efforts mere waste of time. Poets are born, not made; why, then, seek to be a poet with the aid of a shilling book?

X. Y. S.—1. There are many good openings in the colony for people with capital. See an account in Gordon and Gotch's "Australian Handbook." 2. There is a depôt for the BOY'S OWN PAPER in Fiji at Levuka, and we have a considerable circulation in the islands.

T. D. ASHDOWN.—Our rule as to not touching on party politics precludes our complying with your request to define a Radical. We may, however, go as far as to suggest that a Radical would reform about the root while a Conservative would reform about the branches.

D. M. E.—Go in for gymnastics; play cricket and football, swim, run, climb, and row, and your pigeon-breast will soon open.

STANLEY O'GRAHAME.—1. All candidates for appointments under Government have to pass a medical examination. 2. The parts of Vol. V. are still in print. 3. The indexes are all in print. They cost a penny each, or three-halfpence post free.

H. W. S.—Throw-down crackers are fragments of crushed quartz screwed up with a particle of fulminate of silver in tissue-paper. Fulminate of silver is a very dangerous explosive, and has to be handled with the greatest caution, and kept in small quantities in pill-boxes wrapped carefully in paper. The slightest jar will set it off, and it is too violent for percussion caps.

AN OLD BOY.—If you were to pick the tow into fluff, and mix it with the boiled resin and oil, you would get a handier caulking material, in the event of the resin and oil alone being not quite thick enough. Tamarisk is a misprint for tamarack. If the seams are very true an extra coat of lead paint, with a finish of "indestructible paint," might answer the purpose.

AMATEUR ARTIST.—The illustrations are from woodcuts. The drawing could be either on the wood or on paper. If the drawing is on paper it is photographed on to the wood.

PRINTER.—Type bodies are all made the same length hence "type high."

W. AHRENDT.—Why not look in the index? The subject has been treated over and over again. Read the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in the third volume.

G. H.—The umpire was right, as you will see if you refer to the cricket laws. A man is not out hit wicket unless he hits the wicket when hitting at a ball bowled from the opposite wicket to that at which he is standing. He can not be given out for hitting his wicket during a run.

J. G. WILSON.—Apply to Messrs. Street and Co., advertising agents, Cornhill. They will give you the information as to the best paper in which to look for the advertisements.

JACK SMITH.—1. The seed for the plant that grows on the outside of the flower-pots is sold by Dick Radclyffe and Co. 2. Apply to Goy, Leadenhall Street. 3. The volumes are all kept in print. The price of the first volume is six shillings. 4. The best fish to keep in a globe are goldfish.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We complete our seventh volume with this number, and next week commence a new volume with a very strong list of attractions. We would ask our readers kindly to make the best use of the *prospectus of the new volume which they will receive this week*, as now of course is the most suitable time in the whole year for new subscribers to begin.

The Title and Index to Vol. VII. are now ready, and may be had by order through any bookseller, price 1*d.* All who intend to bind their numbers or parts should at once obtain these.

The plates issued with the monthly parts during the year may now be obtained by weekly readers in a neat packet, price 1s. 8d. *The Title and Index will be included in this packet;* though, as already explained, they may be had separately by those who, as monthly subscribers, already possess the plates.

As we have more than once explicitly stated, we cannot undertake binding for our readers; this they should find little difficulty in getting done at a fair charge by local bookbinders. We have, however, prepared handsome cases or covers, in which any bookbinder will insert the numbers or parts at a small cost. These cases cost 2s. each, and may be obtained through the booksellers in the usual way. In the post they are apt to get damaged.

*** We hope that all readers of this "Annual" will endeavour to do something, however small, to help on the "Boy's Own" Gordon Fund, of which full details have already been given in these pages.

Office: 56, Paternoster Row, London.

SUMMER MEMORIES.

"The sheen of the silver cloud as it floats on the whispering sea."

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own" Summer Number, by Allan Barraud.)

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

SUMMER NUMBER

CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE:—"SUMMER MEMORIES."

*** *The Illustrations are by Allan Barraud, G. H. Edwards, H. J. Walker, Frank Hobden, P. Skelton, A. B. Frost, Henry F. Hobden, T. W. Lascelles, C. M. Manly, W. B. Murray, etc., etc.*

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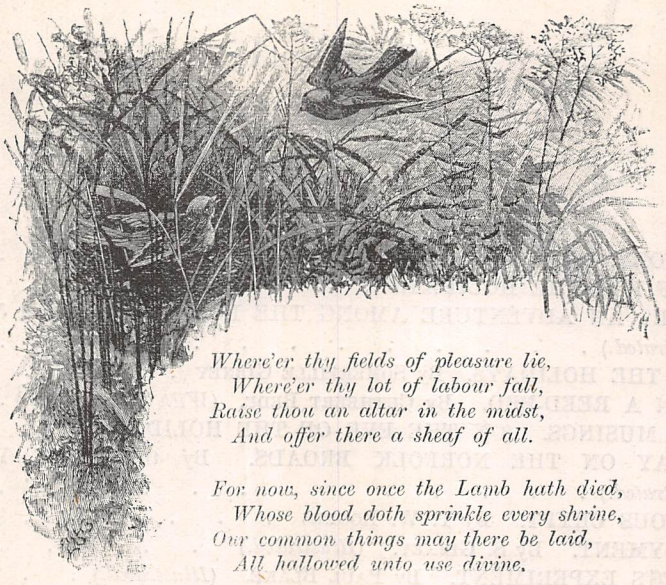
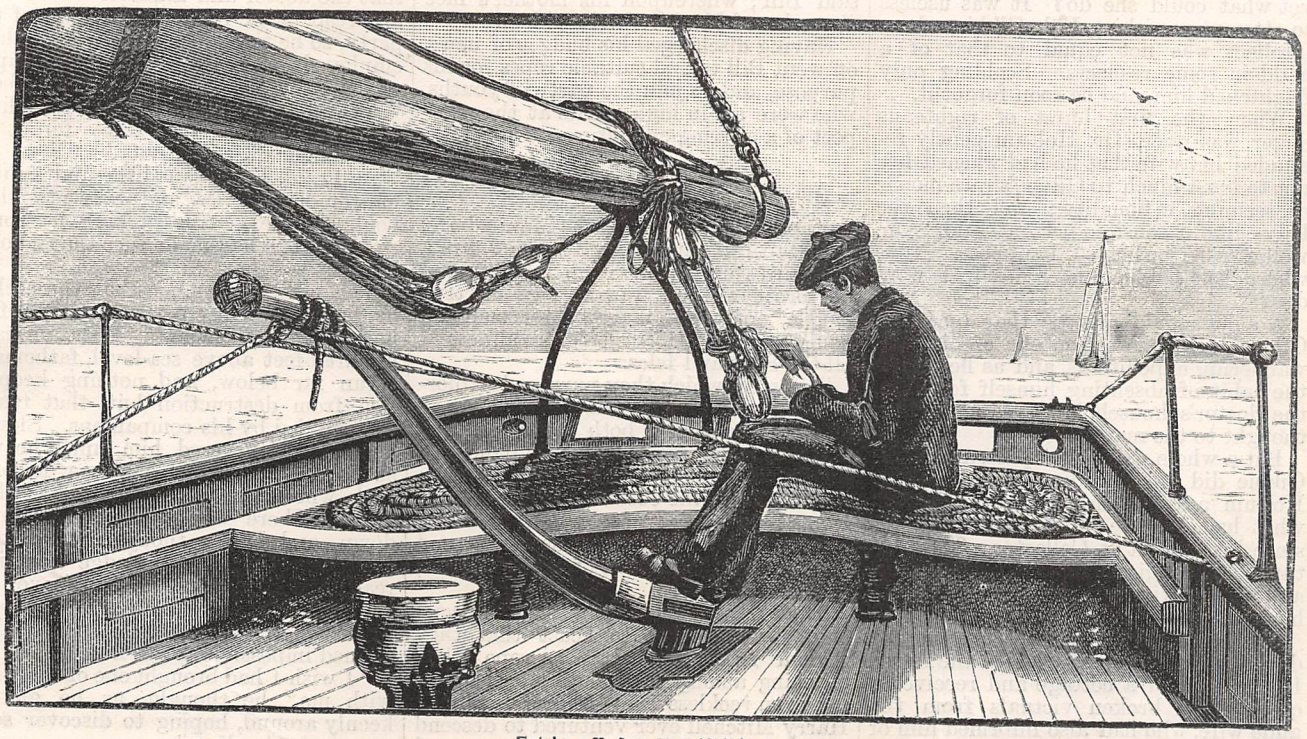


Where'er thy fields of pleasure lie,
Where'er thy lot of labour fall,
Raise thou an altar in the midst,
And offer there a sheaf of all.

For now, since once the Lamb hath died,
Whose blood doth sprinkle every shrine,
Our common things may there be laid,
All hallowed unto use divine.



Fairly off for the Holidays

FÜLE-GIBBIE: AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ROCKS.

By Jessie M. E. Saxby,

Author of "The Song of the Cal-loo," "The Yule Bau," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The minister and his wife were sitting enjoying their afternoon cup of tea when Bill, their youngest boy, rushed into the Manse parlour, breathless and excited.

"Oh, father—mother! what do you think?" he gasped, and could say no more, partly for want of breath, partly for laughing.

"You dreadful boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell; "what have you been after *now?*"

"All right, little mother," Bill answered, when he could speak coherently; "the Manse boys aren't in it at all. It's Füle-Gibbie. Oh, what a lark!" and Bill laughed uproariously.

"Poor Gibbie! what has he done?" the minister asked.

"What hasn't he done!" said the mischief-loving laddie; and then in his rapid, disconnected, terse, boy-fashion he gave an account of the poor half-wit's misdemeanour.

It appeared from Bill's narrative that Mrs. Holtum (the doctor's wife), thinking to teach Gibbie to be useful, had entrusted him with the charge of her poultry-yard.

She had a number of rare and beautiful birds, of which she was very proud; therefore she took infinite pains to teach Gibbie the duties of "henwife," and was much gratified to find that he performed the work required of him in a praiseworthy manner. He kept the poultry-yard as neat as a flower-garden, fed the fowls regularly, saw that they had a plentiful supply of fresh water, and he brought to his mistress every morning a large basket piled with snowy eggs.

Mrs. Holtum was quite delighted, and even the doctor said, "Perhaps we shall make something of Füle-Gibbie yet."

But, alas! one of Gibbie's "crazy fits" came on at a time when he was more than usually required to watch over the poultry. The yard walls were being repaired and heightened, as the fowls frequently made their escape, and Gibbie had many a chase after vagrant chicks and enterprising chanticleers. He was required to remain by the yard while the repairs were going on, and in his restless mood that was not what Gibbie wished to do.

A wild longing to break through all restraints would seize him at times, and was known in the isle as his "crazy fits." But Gibbie was cunning enough to conceal the approach of those lawless moods until he had secured the means of indulging them, so that Mrs. Holtum had not suspected his state of mind at the time of which I am telling you.

One morning Svein Holtum, who kept his window open all night, as all hardy and sensible lads should, was wakened by a terrific noise in the poultry-yard.

Thinking that dogs or ravens were dealing havoc among his mother's pets, Svein hastily dressed and dropped from his window as the shortest road to the scene of disturbance. But what an extraordinary sight met his eyes when he got there! All the fowls were rolling together, fighting, screaming, struggling in a cloud of gravel and dust.

A number were dead, the rest were maimed or bleeding; yet dead and wounded alike were tossing to and fro as if they were undergoing the torture of galvanic shocks.

Svein soon discovered what was wrong. Füle-Gibbie had tied a cord to one leg of each bird, and knotted all the cords together. Then he had attached the end of the longest to a stake which was driven into the ground. Evidently he had not meant to be either cruel or neglectful, but had fancied such a plan would merely prevent his charge from wandering while *he* followed the bent of a crazed and vagrant inclination. It was some time before Svein, with the help of his jack-knife, could liberate the captives, and by the time that was done other members of the family had been roused by the din. When at last the

prisoners were set free, it was found that more than half of Mrs. Holtum's valuable birds were maimed or dead.

Naturally the lady was highly indignant at the perpetrator of the mischief; yet what could she do? It was useless to attempt punishing Füle-Gibbie, whose intellect was not equal to that of a child in some respects. Scolding only frightened him, and he soon forgot it.

When the first burst of righteous anger was over, Dr. Holtum gently reminded his wife that he had warned her not to trust much to Gibbie's rare moods of seeming rationality; and then the lady—like a sensible person—said, "Oh, well, it can't be helped, I suppose. Now, where has Gibbie hid himself, I wonder?"

No one could answer that question. Gibbie had gone off on one of his wild wandering expeditions, and as he was in the habit of absenting himself for days, the doctor's household gave no further thought to the matter.

But a whole week went past, and Füle-Gibbie did not reappear, and then Dr. Holtum asked some of the neighbours what had become of the poor half-wit since his exploit at Collaster. The Holtums had forgiven his fault, of course, and were anxious to remove any apprehension he was feeling from his mind.

Gibbie had been seen just once, the day following the tragic end of the fowls. He had visited a cottage and received a quantity of broken victuals from the gude wife, who had also informed him of what had happened to Mrs. Holtum's poultry, and who advised him to return to Collaster and apologise for his thoughtless folly.

If Gibbie had been as sane as a little child he would likely have followed such excellent advice, but, being what he was, instead of doing so he burst into tears and ran away over the hill towards the cliffs of Westervoe.

From that time no person in the isle had set eyes on Füle-Gibbie, and Dr. Holtum, thoroughly alarmed for the poor creature's safety, had sent parties of men and boys out to search for him.

This was the story which Bill Mitchell told to his parents, and the minister was soon on the alert to render assistance with counsel and personal supervision.

"It is a whole week," said Bill, "since Gibbie hid himself, and the doctor is now afraid that he may have got off to some skerry, or clambered down the cliffs, and is unable to return."

"Gibbie has a number of hiding-places," said the minister, "and I understand he keeps store of broken food there, so that it is not likely he is starving in his retreat."

"But," answered the boy, "Svein knows all Gibbie's haunts, and has searched them in vain. He can't be found anywhere in the isle, so this afternoon it is proposed that we rummage every cliff, and geo (creek), and skerry all round the coast. Eric and Harry have joined Svein, and I was told to follow with some more fellows and our scaling-ropes."

"But if you are going down the cliffs some of the men should be with you," said Mrs. Mitchell.

"We don't need any better *men* than Eric and Svein Holtum" said Bill; "besides, the men are at it in different places already. *Our* party is going where only the best climbers can venture."

"Oh, my dear!" the mother exclaimed, "is it wise to let the boys do that?"

"Eric is very cautious; so is Svein," answered the minister.

"And Fred Garson will be there too," said Bill; whereupon his mother's face cleared, and Mr. Mitchell nodded.

Having discharged his budget of news, off went Bill to find suitable ropes for his purpose, and to join the party of youths, who were all in high spirits at the prospect of a stirring adventure.

CHAPTER II.

THE party consisted of the Manse boys, their faithful chum Gloy Winwick, Fred, the laird's only son, Svein Holtum, and his brother Tom. Seven lads of true mettle, not to be matched for courage, ready wit, and self-forgetful manliness in all the Shetland Isles.

The spot which they purposed exploring in search of Füle-Gibbie was a range of cliff overlooking both Westervoe and Collaster. It was a lofty headland, rising in steep and frowning majesty from the depths of the ocean. Its precipitous front projected over the sea, and was broken here and there by deep rifts and dark caverns, the haunt of sea-fowl, seals, and mighty waves.

The Manse boys and their special chums were wont to boast that they seldom required to use a rope when climbing among their native crags; but not even reckless Tom Holtum or plucky Harry Mitchell ever ventured to descend the head of Collaster without a cord attached to their person and well secured on the land overhead.

The lads had chosen that place as the scene of their explorations because it was in the neighbourhood of those cliffs that Füle-Gibbie had last been seen. Also Eric remembered that the runaway had often declared *he* knew a way to the caves of the Head which could be followed without help from boat or rope. Of course, the Manse boys treated such assertion on Gibbie's part as the idle invention of an unsettled mind, for they believed that *they* knew every crevice of the Head of Collaster better than anybody else.

But in the present crisis it occurred to Eric that there might have been truth in the poor half-wit's assertion, and when Fred and Svein were consulted they agreed that something might come of a more thorough inspection of that locality.

It was certain that Gibbie had fled there when he discovered the result of his treatment of the fowls. It was also certain that he entertained the most extreme terror of death, and would never dream of seeking a madman's refuge in suicide. There was every reason to believe that if Gibbie knew of some secure inaccessible shelter in the Head of Collaster he would hide there in preference to any other place, and it was quite possible that he had reached such a refuge, but could not find a way of returning.

All those points our young friends took into consideration, and they soon decided upon their line of action.

One of the ropes Bill had brought was attached to a boulder on the brow of the cliff, and Harry, being the most lithe and light of the party, was cautiously lowered over the most inaccessible part of the precipice, while Svein and Fred swung themselves down two of the geos, and Gloy explored some of the lower crags.

Tom Holtum and Bill remained with Eric, by his express command, beside the rope from which Harry was suspended. They were both rather reckless, and younger than the rest, and Eric knew that the doctor and minister would hold him responsible for the small boys of the party, so he thought it right to keep them employed in guarding the rope upon which a life depended, and the two boys were soon so interested in watching Harry's progress that they forgot to regret their own inactivity.

As I said, Harry was lithe and light, a master of athletics, and wary as well as bold. He never trusted both feet on a rock until he had made sure that it could bear his weight.

You must remember that these cliffs overhung in many parts, so that before long Harry was swinging in the air many hundred feet above sea-level, fathoms of ocean far below, and nothing keeping him from destruction but that trusty cord guided by his companions. Slowly, slowly they lowered him until he was suspended in front of a narrow ledge of rock, where numerous sea-fowl had their nests. There was a large cave lower down, and Harry thought if he could gain a footing on the ledge he might reach and explore the helyer (cave), but the cliff overhung a good deal at the point where he found himself, and it seemed impossible to get nearer.

"I wish I had brought one of the sticks with me," he thought, as he glanced keenly around, hoping to discover some means of "landing."

While doing so there suddenly appeared on the ledge, within a few feet of him, the gaunt wild form of Füle-Gibbie!

He had been hiding behind some crags, and on recognising Harry had crept near with the human instinct of gladness at sight of a human being.

"Hullo, Gibbie!" cried Harry. "This is a queer place to meet in! How did you get here?"

"The birds — they can tell," said Gibbie.

"Well, I can't fly, if you can. So reach out, if you please, and give me a hand that I may get my feet on something."

"I dinna dare do it for yon awesome sea," whimpered Gibbie, covering his eyes and shivering with fear. "Oh, Maister Harry, I never thought the sea was sae dreedful till I came here, but it has sounded in my head for a' the nichts and days like ghosts and trows roaring for a body's soul; and whenever I tried to creep awa' its voices held me to the spot."

There was evidently no help to be had from Gibbie, and Harry was wondering what he should do next, when, a few yards to the right of him, Fred Garson appeared, hanging on to a rope also, and carrying a long pole in his hand.

Before many minutes the two adventurers had gained a footing on the ledge where Füle-Gibbie sat, sobbing and quite cowed by the solitary awfulness of his position.

The question, then, was, How was he to be removed? There was no possibility of bringing a boat below the crags, for rock after rock lay in the sea at the foot of the precipice barring the way, and making one shiver to think of being launched amid such breakers.

If all the wise heads in the isle had been on the spot they could not have decided on a better plan than that which

Fred Garson adopted. It took many minutes to persuade Gibbie to trust himself to Fred's guidance, and if the poor creature had not believed more implicitly in the laird's gallant young son than in any other body the plan would have failed.

At last he yielded, and the lads fastened one of the ropes to his waist, Fred promising at the same time to go with Gibbie and support him. Harry took possession of the other cord and the pole and gave the signal to those above to "haul away." He was soon going up the face of the precipice, followed by Fred, whose one arm was clutched by Gibbie, while the other was twisted round the rope.

There was great excitement among the other lads when they found that the one rope bore such a heavy weight, and before long they were gratified by a sight of the double burden. Right lustily they pulled on the lines, and half the way was passed in safety, when Harry, chancing to look up, saw to his horror that the rope to which Fred and Gibbie were attached had got slightly frayed on the rocks, and was slowly untwisting. The double weight had been more than it could sustain, and in a moment or two more it must part if not lightened.

"Oh! Fred," Harry cried in terror, "your rope is breaking. There is too much weight on it. Can you reach mine?"

Alas! Fred had no hand to spare, and if he had had I do not think he would have deserted Gibbie. He gave one despairing glance upward and closed his eyes.

Gibbie, too, looked up and saw the peril; but in that supreme moment of impending doom the cloud rolled back from his shattered mind, and left him a man and a hero.

Fred's knife was hanging by its lanyard within reach of Gibbie's hand. In a moment he had snatched at it and the steel was out.

"There's nane to sorrow for Füle-Gibbie, and ye are the laird's only boy," he cried. "Lord tak' me to Heaven this nicht!" With these words he severed the rope between himself and Fred.

One wild cry followed, which was echoed by Harry and the appalled spectators on the brink of the precipice, and a moment later Füle-Gibbie had disappeared among the seething, roaring breakers far below.

Faint with horror, Fred scarce knew what was happening; but Harry, by a violent effort, swung himself near enough to grasp his comrade's hand and lessen the tension on the failing rope.

Then both were rapidly borne aloft, and the pathetic story of Füle-Gibbie's death was told to the Islesfolk, who heard with tears of the noble self-sacrifice he had shown.

Home for the Holidays.

By Somerville Gibney.

At home once again for the Midsummer "vac.,"
The jolliest "vac." that there is in the year;
It's hard to believe that I really *am* back—
It seems like a dream, and the waking I fear.

Hurrah! I'm at home. I was met at the door
By Mater, who gave me no end of a hug,
And Pater all smiles, who with rare calmness bore
The news that I'd left my new travelling rug.

And dear little Cissy; my word! how she's grown!
She's quite a big girl, and she's got very fat;
I fear I shall have to go climbing alone,
For Mater no longer will let her do that.

I *did* just tuck into my dinner, you see
The travelling gave me no end of a twist;
And Susan, the cook, knows my taste to a T,
Those cheesecakes of hers I could never resist.

And now there's a lot to be done before dark,
So come along, Cissy, don't let us lose time;
Let's see how the "pitch" has got on in the park.
You've rolled it, you say? You're a brick; that is prime.

A litter of twelve, with black ears and pink eyes?
Let's see them at once, it is all on our way;
They soon will be ready to try for a prize—
We'll send them next week, Cissy; what do you say?

Why, Viper, old man, do you know me again?
Of course you do, doggie, your tail tells me that.
Now, quiet! and let me unfasten your chain,
There, hi on! and try if you can't find a rat.

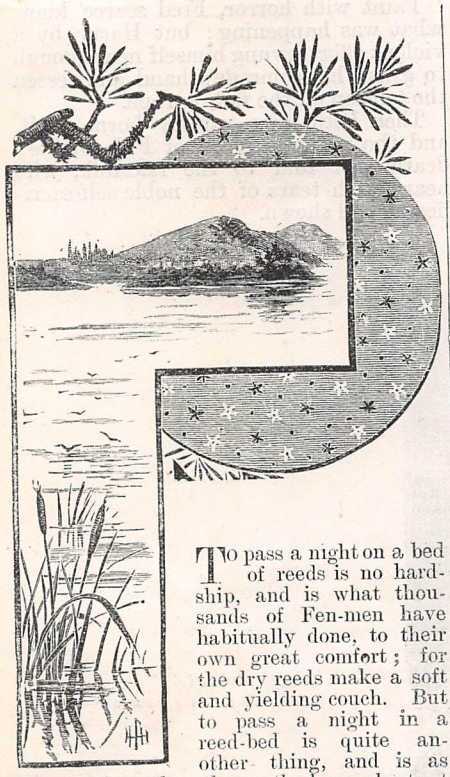
Oh, Cissy, you can't think how jolly I am
At being back here, with the "vac." all in store;
It's worth all the lessons and "puns." and "exam."
At last to discover yourself home once more.

A NIGHT IN A REED-BED.

By Cuthbert Bede,

Author of "Verdant Green," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—A MERE DESCRIPTION.



To pass a night on a bed of reeds is no hardship, and is what thousands of Fen-men have habitually done, to their own great comfort; for the dry reeds make a soft and yielding couch. But to pass a night in a reed-bed is quite another thing, and is as different from the other as the horse-chestnut is from the chestnut horse. Yet I once knew a lad who passed through this experience; and as it is one that is, happily, very uncommon, a record of it may, possibly, possess some interest for the readers of these pages. In order, however, to narrate the story more clearly, I must apologise for intruding myself into the narrative and being slightly autobiographical, after the fashion of the famous "My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills," which I well remember declaiming, in character, in my earliest school-days.

My first curacy was that of Glatton-with-Holme, in Huntingdonshire, to which I was ordained at Ely in October, 1850. Glatton is the village that gave its name to a succession of famous vessels in the Royal Navy, including the latest and largest, H.M.S. Glatton, a double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 4,910 tons, 2,870 horse power, with two guns for harbour defence. Holme is on the other side of the Great North Road, three miles distant from Glatton, on the east, with a station on the Great Northern Railway, and a branch line to Ramsay. This branch line did not exist in 1850, for the very sufficient reason that the tract now traversed by the railway was then a large lake or mere. But the Great Northern line existed, and had, in fact, replaced the Great North Road by robbing it of its forty-four four-horse coaches, its private carriages, its post-chaises, its bagmen, its carriers' waggons, and its traffic of all description. The portion of the line, however, skirting the village of Holme was in a very shaky condition when I first made its acquaintance in 1850; and gangs of navvies had to be kept constantly at work to prevent the rails from sinking in the bed of peat, and to maintain the permanence of "the permanent way." The company took every care of these navvies, and paid a chaplain, the Rev. James H. Nowers (afterwards Rector of Yelling, Hunts), specially to look after their interests, and to supply them with Sunday services.

When the railway traveller who was hurrying from London to York was whirled by Holme—the engine slackening speed to proceed more carefully over the treacherous part of the line—he would, on looking out to the right, see a great bed of sedge and reeds growing out of the peaty soil, and, beyond that, a large expanse of water mirroring the floating clouds and grey sky with numerous windmills with whirling sails, and rows of stunted alders and pollard willows. This was the lake which Roger Wildrake, one of Sir Walter Scott's characters, dubbed as "Squattlesea Mere;" but its real name was Whittlesea Mere. Why it was so called was a matter for conjecture; for it did not belong to Whittlesea, but was almost entirely in the parish of Holme, with outlying portions in the parishes of Denton—of which I was subsequently rector for twelve years—and Conington. But Whittlesea was the nearest town to the mere, and its church, with the tall tower and spire, formed a great landmark in that level landscape; so the mere was called "Whittlesea" out of compliment. Nevertheless, we Holme folk always looked upon it as Holme Mere.

It was a very fine sheet of water, the largest that the traveller from London would meet with until he reached Windermere. It was three and a half miles long from east to west, two and a half from north to south, and covered 1,870 acres. Though its depth was inconsiderable—seven feet was the average—yet, as it was affected by tidal influence, its surface was sometimes very rough, as, once upon a time, King Canute and his sons discovered; for, when rowing over the mere they were nearly drowned in a sudden storm. Regattas were held there in the summer; and, in the winter, sledges were dragged over its frozen surface laden with peat for fuel, and supplies for home consumption. Then was the season when thousands congregated there from Peterborough, Huntingdon, Ely, Cambridge, and other towns to watch Turkey Smart, Green, Smith, Shelton, Dyer, Tomline, Sharman, Needham, and other noted skaters flying—somewhat ungracefully as regarded action—"like the wind" on their "pattens," as the Fen-men term their skates. Indeed, Turkey Smart once did his mile in two minutes and two seconds, which I imagine to be the best performance on record; but he never succeeded in accomplishing the mile in two minutes, as he had fondly hoped to do.

Then wild birds abounded in Whittlesea Mere, some of which, such as the bittern—or "butter bump" as they called him—have long been extinct. Fancy! shooting seven bittern in one day! but W. Coles did this; and so did Mr. John Moyer Heathcote, of Conington Castle, whose pen and pencil have so ably illustrated "Fen and Mere,"* and from whose faithful sketches the illustrations to this paper are taken. On that same occasion, too, Mr. Heathcote had an experience of the mud of the mere; for, after shooting the bittern in a field in the Holme Fen, two or three hundred yards from the New Dyke, he sank into a bog above his waist, and there had to remain, until ropes and assistance were procured from a distant cottage, and he was extricated with difficulty.

Besides the bittern there were numbers of plovers, coots, snipe, shrikes, kites, buzzards, falcons, ruffs, rheas, grebes, didappers, teal, widgeon, and wild swans. And there were famous wild-duck decoys, such as Skelton's, where as many as fifty dozen of ducks have been killed in one day. University men from Cambridge used to come there and sleep in house-boats, so as to begin work at daybreak with the punt-gun, which worked on a swivel, discharged a pound of shot, and was the very biggest blunderbuss that I ever saw. And there, in the clever screen of reeds and alders and sedge, was the pond wherein were the tame ducks who enticed their wilder cousins into the decoy, where the trained little dog jumped about and barked, and frightened the wild ducks into the ditches or pipes, from which they were driven into the hoop-nets and purse-nets, there to meet their doom. Sometimes the wild-duck shooters used the stalking sledge—of which Mr. Heathcote gives a representation. It was more of a raft than a boat, about sixteen feet long by three or four broad. In front of it was a fence of upright reeds, kept in position by cross sticks; and the long duck-gun projected through it. The shooter knelt at the other end and punted himself along by the aid of two short sticks terminating in iron prongs. By the help of his raft or sledge he could push himself along the mere by the side of the reeds, and as the morning sun fell upon the distant towers of Peterborough Cathedral he could approach sufficiently near to the ducks and wild-fowl to discharge at them his long punt-gun with deadly effect. The raft would often have to be pushed among the bright broad leaves and cup-like flowers of the water-lilies, while the queen of ferns, the *Osmunda regalis*, waved its graceful fronds from the bank.

Then there were the fish of the mere—the carp, and tench, and perch, and such eels as I have nowhere else seen; and great pike, one of which weighed fifty-two pounds, an oil painting of which, from the collection of Mr. Frank Buckland, was exhibited in the South Kensington Museum in 1873. Then there were the butterflies—the great Copper butterfly, purple Emperors, and Swallow-tails, all of which have disappeared with the bittern. The late Frank Coles told me that when he was a boy he used to catch these butterflies, and made quite a little fortune by selling them at sixpence apiece to the dealers. Old Whybury, too, the gardener at Holme Wood House, was especially clever in netting the Copper butterfly, knowing where to look for its rare haunts. Naturalists made journeys from London specially to procure specimens of the Copper and Swallow-tail butterflies, whose favourite habitat was between Holme Lode and Sword's Point. Gipsies, too, thought it worth their while to encamp on the borders of the mere for the purpose of catching butterflies—with perhaps a pike, or eel, or wild duck, or a few other unconsidered

* Published by Messrs. Longmans, in 1876, with twenty-five autotype illustrations from sketches by the author, and two others from drawings by P. Dewint and E. W. Cooke, R.A.; and three maps. One vol., price 28s.

trifles. It was a great country for gipsies, even in my time, and I frequently made them the subjects for my pencil. The mere was barely two miles distant from that spot between Washingley Hall and the Norman Cross Barracks (erected for the French prisoners), where George Borrow, of "Lavengro" fame, first made his acquaintance with the gipsies, including the "King of the Vipers" from Whittlesea Mere.

All round the mere was a great bed of tall reed waving in the breeze, the haunt of thousands of starlings as well as of the pretty little reed-bird, whose song was so sweet. This tract was called the Reed-shore, and, as seen from the high ground of Yaxley and Norman Cross, was a remarkably beautiful feature in the landscape, girdling the blue mere with a belt of gold. The reed grew to a considerable height; I have seen it fourteen feet from the level of the water. It was a great source of income, one reed-merchant alone possessing reed-stacks worth at least two thousand pounds. It was harvested from December to March, when that portion of the reed that grew in the water had to be cut down by men who stood in boats and punts, and used short scythes fixed on long poles. Two hundred acres of reed-shore—sometimes called "shoals"—around the mere produced a thousand bundles of reed, and was worth five pounds an acre. The sedge that grew outside the reed was cut once in three years, and the crop formed about one thousand bundles, the land being worth one pound an acre. When the gangs of men, in their stuff jackets and high fen-boots, had cut down the reed they laid it upon sledges, which ran on marrow-bones, and were dragged along the frozen rivers to the entrance of the lodes, where they were stacked on the banks for future removal when the river navigation was open. The reed was used for ceilings and floors and many purposes, but its chief use was for thatching, and a good reed-thatch would last for one hundred years with occasional dressings and sweeping down.

Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Hereward" will remember his vivid description of the fens of Crowland and Ely; but those fens had long since been drained by the system of great cuttings and canals known as the "Middle Level." Whittlesea Mere remained alone in its glory, and, as Hereward the Wake was "the last of the English," so Whittlesea Mere was the last of the English meres of the fen country of East Anglia. Such drainage as there was, was kept up by numerous mills, whose wooden frames and whirling sails made them most picturesque features in the landscape. The mills stood on the banks, and their large revolving wheels scooped up the water from the lower level of the drain and delivered it into the main river, from whence it flowed down the lodes with a fall of three inches in a mile, and eventually found its way to the sea. But when the fen was saturated with wet and the winds ceased to blow, the mills could not work, and the drainage was at a standstill. Very often the land around the mere would be drowned for weeks together, the water standing a foot or so deep on the cottage floors.

Fen Sledges.

Pleasures of Entomology!

At length the chief owner of the mere, Mr. William Wells, of Holme Wood House, wisely and bravely determined to risk the great expense of draining the whole mere and the adjacent fen, and converting three thousand acres to a more useful condition, devoting to agriculture what had been given up chiefly to sport. It was a great enterprise and encountered many forebodings, but the numerous obstacles that presented themselves were promptly dealt with and duly overcome. The drainage became an accomplished fact, the mere disappeared from the landscape, and now, at the distance of thirty years, the railway traveller looks on a scene studded with cornfields, dotted with farmhouses and buildings, with large plantations of trees, all which trees and houses I well remember being planted and builded; with good roads, of which I witnessed the making; and with a branch line of railway from Holme to Ramsay, which I also saw laid out and constructed.

And all this tract of land, rich in crops of corn and all other agricultural produce, was Whittlesea Mere in the year 1850. In the summer of that year the water was begun to be drawn off, and in the following November it was allowed to enter the rivers, thus by degrees leaving the widespread bed of the mere a vast expanse of mud. From that mud I saw dug up the skeletons of wild boars, the last animals hunted there—after the earlier days of the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, elephant, and elk, bones of which were in Professor Sedgwick's collection—until, two years after, I saw hares coursed on that very spot, a circumstance that I described at the time in the pages of the "Field." The great drain was thirty feet wide, ten feet deep, and three miles long, and it was cut from its beginning near to the garden of Holme Wood House down to the Bedford Level Cutting, where barges sailed to and fro. At that point Mr. Wells erected a centrifugal pump, by Appold, to keep up the drainage of the mere, and its tall chimney is a feature in the landscape.

The wheel of the pump is four feet six in diameter, and it can pump 1,652 gallons of water in a minute. At the opening of the pump in August, 1851, I attended a grand public luncheon given by Mr. Wells in the large room of the engine-house, where, among the many appropriate decorations and mottoes that ornamented the walls, was the following very apposite couplet from Byron in reference to the altered aspect of the scene :

"We see, we recognise, and almost deem
The present dubious, or the past a dream."

I illustrated this scene in the "Illustrated London News," together with the various proceedings attendant upon the drainage, and the Fen lands, and the curiosities that were found embedded in the mud, one of which was an early English boat, rudely carved in one piece from a solid oak trunk, twenty-seven feet long. And now, having given this description of the mere, and brought myself to the mud, I must proceed to bring to that same mud the small hero of my little story, whom I will introduce in the next chapter.

The Stalking Sledge.

CHAPTER II.—SCARING AND SCARED.

It was in the early part of February, 1851, that the event occurred which I have now to relate.

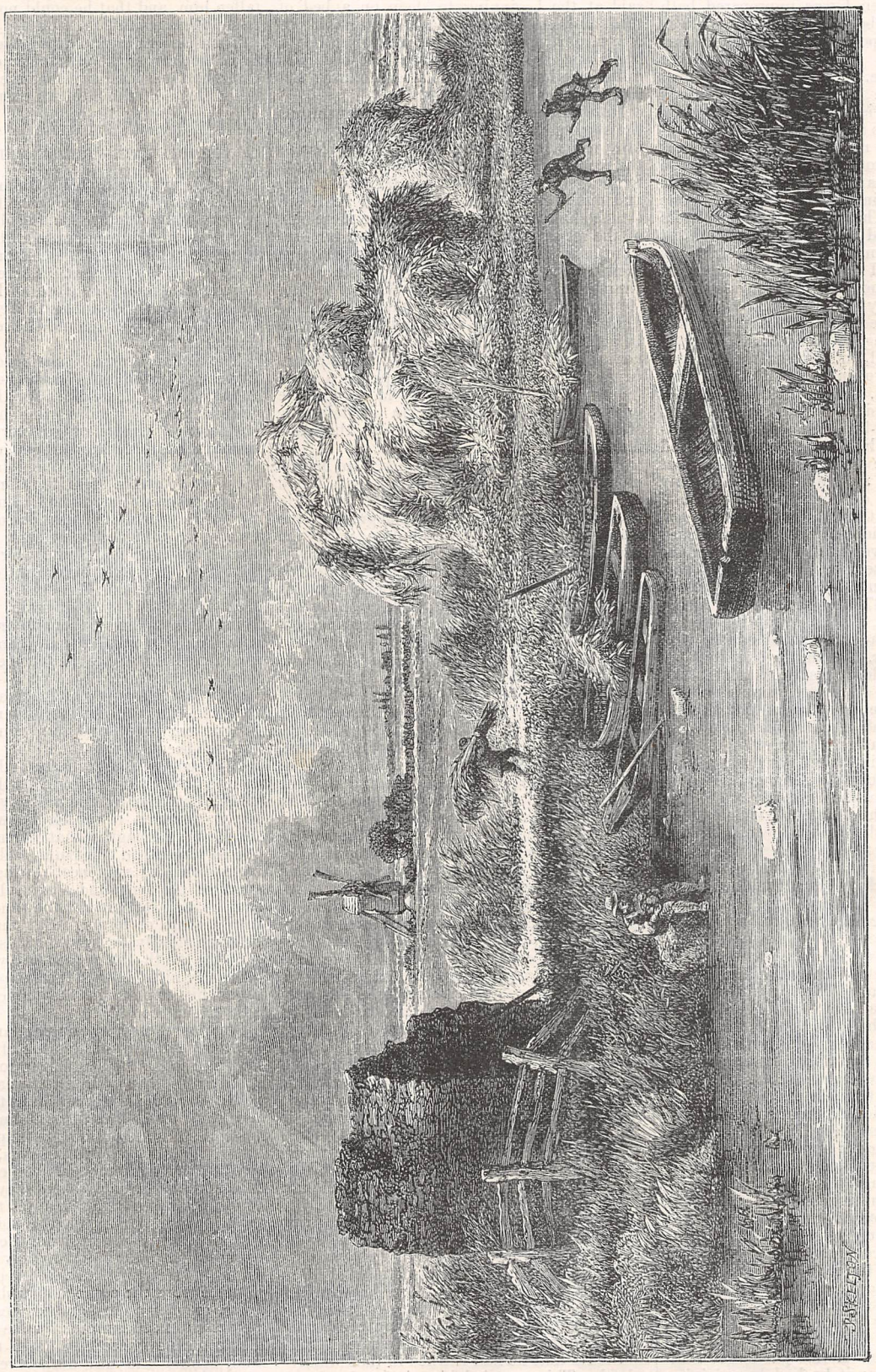
Cutting Reeds

There was an unusually good and well-endowed National School in the village of Holme, the master of which, soon after this, went to Cape Town, where he was subsequently ordained, and has now a living some distance north of Cape Town. One of his best pupils was a lad of ten years of age, named John Beharral—a quick, intelligent, bright-looking lad, and a great pet of mine. I wonder if he is still alive ; and, if so, if he will chance to read this record of how he passed a winter's night in a reed-bed ; and not only a long winter's night, but also portions of two winter days ; for he was immersed in mud in the reed-bed for nineteen hours, and it is a marvel that he ever lived to tell the tale of his recovery.

This was how the event came about. I have said that when the water was begun to be drained off in November, 1850, the surface of the mere gradually assumed the appearance of a vast bed of peaty mud. And such mud ! I never knew anything like it for depth and tenacity, although I have sunk with my pony in a morass on the Cheviot Hills. I have already mentioned that Mr. John Heathcote, of Conington Castle—from whose drawings the woodcuts illustrative of Whittlesea Mere are now taken—sank in the mud when shooting bittern, and had to be dragged out with ropes. But that was before the drainage ; and I had my own experience after the drainage. My daily duties, as curate of the parish, took me to Holme from the old Woolpack Inn, on the Great North Road—in those days it was more of a farmhouse than an inn—where I had most comfortable quarters for the four and a half years that I was curate of Glatton and Holme. It was two miles from the Woolpack to Holme, and there was not a house the whole of the way. Sometimes I walked by the road, and sometimes through the fields ; but whichever way I went I was accustomed to enliven the monotony of my solitary walks by scribbling in note-books and on the backs of letters the first fancies for anything that I wanted to write, either for the press or the pulpit. These exercises beguiled the tedium of the way, and usefully employed time that would otherwise have been lost to me ; and at night, when snug and quiet in my own bachelor's room, I could put my pencilled scraps in order, and write a fair copy of them in ink. If any reader of these pages is interested in knowing the

fact, I may say that a considerable portion of "Verdant Green" was written at that period and under those circumstances.

When I got to the village, after I had been to the school and seen those that it was my duty to see, I often had to cross the whole of the mere to get to the clusters of houses at Pond's Bridge and Storey's Bridge, and elsewhere, which hamlets at that time—it is not so now—formed portions of the parish of Holme. First of all I had to go by the side of the Holme Lode, with the stacks of peat and sedge on its banks, where, in the hard frost, the water of the canal had frozen round the boats, and the skaters on their pattens sped merrily to and fro. To cross the mere it was needful to cross the mud. This could only be done by means of rude pathways laid with brambles and rushes. If any one stepped very briskly over this quaking pathway he could make tolerable progress. But the fen-men, besides wearing high boots, had flat boards strapped to their feet, and they also carried long poles with a round piece of wood fixed on one end, by the aid of which they could leap over the narrower dykes or lodes. Adders abounded; and when I knew that I was going to cross the mere I put on Wellington boots as some slight protection if I inadvertently trod on the venomous beasts. I often saw old Whybury's collection of great adders nailed in patterns on the door of his toolhouse in the garden at Holme Wood; and I had not forgotten Peter Phillips's account, that he had seen from ten to twelve yards of a fen dyke "white with snakes,



Holme Lode.

twenty deep, lying one over the other, that had come out of a plantation of dry sedge to look for frog's spawn." So, in my journeys across the mere I put on Wellington boots, and I also took boards to strap upon them.

But one day when I was unprepared both with Wellington boots and boards, I was suddenly called upon to go from the Holme School and visit a house on the other side of the mere. I got on fairly well up to a certain point on the drained mere, and was briskly making a hop-skip-and-jump progress along the quaking brambly path, when my feet suddenly went through a treacherous place, and I began to sink. My progress was summarily arrested; although I was sinking slowly, it was none the less surely. The mud had got me in its tenacious grip, and I had not the slightest power to extricate myself, although I tried my very best to do so. I kept sinking, "deeper and deeper still." The calves of my legs disappeared; then my knees were lost to view, and I began to speculate on the probability of my never seeing them again. I halloed as loudly as I could, and fortunately attracted the attention of two fen-men, with their poles, boots, and boards, who made their way to me, and, with considerable difficulty, lugged me out of my mud-bed. There was no terra-firma on which to land me; but they placed me on a bit of the path that was somewhat sounder than the rest, and they fitted my feet with a pair of boards. This was a caution to me for the future, for it was one of those "Recreations of a Country Parson" that was to be avoided. The depth of the mud may be guessed from the fact that the iron post driven into the underlying bed of gualt stood, in 1875, eight feet two inches above the ground, showing that the bed of the mere had gradually subsided to that depth. When Mr. Heathcote sketched the scene the iron pole or gauge was standing amid the sheaves of a luxurious cornfield, and the top of the pole marks the original surface of the muddy bed of the mere when the water had been first drawn off.

The foregoing will help to explain the adventure of little Johnnie Beharral. He had not ventured upon the brambly path over the mud, but he had merely wandered listlessly to the reed-shore, near to which he had been put to pass the day in scaring birds. It was Sunday, moreover, so he had to be taken away from church and Sunday-school. But at that time there was not, as there is nowadays, legal compulsion in school attendance, and boys were continually taken away from school on various pretences, and we could not persuade every farmer to abandon the system of Sunday bird-scaring. They declared that the birds did them as much damage on that day as on a week day, and the only concession that they would make was that the boy who "scared" on one Sunday should not be taken for the same purpose on the next Sunday.

So on that particular Sunday in the year 1851 it came to pass that little Johnnie Beharral was passing his day in scaring birds down in the Holme Fen. It was February, and very cold, though there was no snow on the ground and no ice in the lodes. The reed shore was close at hand, and the reed harvest would begin next month. The flocks of starlings had come in such numbers to feed and lodge in the reed that they would break it down and damage it, and it was the duty of the bird-scarers to endeavour to frighten away the starlings. Johnnie Beharral had to do this, and his voice was pretty well exercised on this particular Sunday, far more so than if he had been joining in the hymns and chants at school and in church.

He had not forgotten his mother in the midst of his duties, and he had gathered for her a little bundle of what was locally termed "cat's-tail." This was the graceful feathery filament that formed the flower of the reed, and was one of its great ornaments. It was something like the waving fluffy tail of a Persian cat, and the poor people in the Fens were very glad to have this "cat's-tail" wherewith to stuff mattresses and pillows, for which it was admirably adapted. As I said at the beginning, to sleep on a bed of reed, and, moreover, to have a cat's-tail pillow under your head, was anything but a hardship; but to sleep in a reed-bed was quite another matter, as poor Johnnie Beharral was soon to discover.

He wandered on and on, now shouting at the starlings, and now plucking a bit of cat's-tail, which was only now and then; for as the reed was so high the greater part of its feathery brown flowers were far above him and out of his reach. At length he found that he had wandered round to the mere side of the reed-shore. It was now time for him to retrace his steps and to get home before it grew dark. It was some time since the church bells at Holme and Conington had stopped their summons to prayer; and he knew the time pretty well, and that it would be getting on for four o'clock, and that darkness would be coming on soon. He stopped just one moment longer to pluck a very tempting bit of cat's-tail to make up the bundle for his mother, and in so doing he stepped from the firm soil on to the dark mud.

In a moment he began to sink. He had no more power to extricate himself than I had under somewhat similar conditions. He could not lift either leg from the grasp of the peaty mud, which gripped him with the utmost tenacity; and he knew that he was gradually sinking lower and lower into the slime. He cried lustily for help, but his shouts did no more than they had done before—flutter the starlings that were nearest to him; and, probably, if his cries had been heard they would only have been taken as a part of his bird-scaring work. But no one seems to have heard them. Being Sunday afternoon, workmen were not likely to be anywhere near to that part of the reed-shore, and as to any one seeing him from a distance, it would not have been possible, even if it had been broad daylight instead of the gathering gloom of a February evening. The great, tall reed swaying to and fro in the chilling breeze formed an effectual barrier to prevent any one from witnessing the sight of the poor lad held down by the mud and sinking gradually to his fate.

Poor Johnnie's thoughts flew to his father and mother at home, and his three sisters and two big brothers, though one of these was in service in a distant county; and he felt within himself that he should never see them again; for, at the rate at which he was sinking, he knew that in another hour he would have sunk out of sight, and that it would be all over with him. Then he wondered if he should ever be discovered; and what they would do when they found his body. But possibly they would never find it, and would never know what had become of him. They might perhaps think that he had taken that opportunity to run away from home; and they might still think him to be alive somewhere, though they would not know where.

He had sunk so far now that the mud was up to his chest. He had kept his arms up on the surface, as he shouted for help, and he had not loosed his hold of the bundle of cat's-tail that he had gathered for his mother. Soon the mud was quite up to his armpits; so before it could reach his mouth Johnnie said his prayers, and repeated some hymns and texts that he had learned in the Sunday-school. This occupied his mind and calmed his despair and fright at the fate that had overtaken his young life.

It was now nearly dark; the gloom had rapidly increased, and the tall screen of reed had turned to a brown purple. He distinctly heard the trains rushing along the Great Northern Railway, past the Holme station, and within sight of his own cottage, where his mother and sisters would be by the fire, boiling the kettle and getting ready his tea against when he had come back, tired and cold, from his long day of bird-scaring. How little could they know the sad plight that had befallen him, and that he could not expect ever to see them again!

Then he distinctly heard the striking of five o'clock from the tall tower of Conington Church, the sound swelling over the mere in the stillness of the Sabbath evening.

CHAPTER III.—HOLME AND HOME.

HAD the prayers of little Johnnie Beharral been heard? To his wonder, half an hour had passed, and he found that he had not sunk any deeper. His arms were still resting upon the mud, which was up to his armpits, but it had not got any higher. There it appeared to stop, and, being so close to the solid land, the mud had shelved from the reed-shore, and was not so deep as it would have been a yard farther away.

The starlings were swooping down to roost in the reed; he could hear them twittering as they settled themselves for the night, and the sharp cry of a snipe would also break the stillness. It had now got very dark; the purple had turned to indigo, and blackness crept over the mere. When Johnnie heard six o'clock strike from the Conington clock he felt assured that, as he had not sunk any farther, he should not now do so. But could he last out till the morning? And if so, would any one find him? Or would he by that time have been starved to death from cold and privation? These were the problems that busied his young brain, without his being able to bring them to any favourable solution. He was but ten years of age, and no difficulties of life had come to him till now.

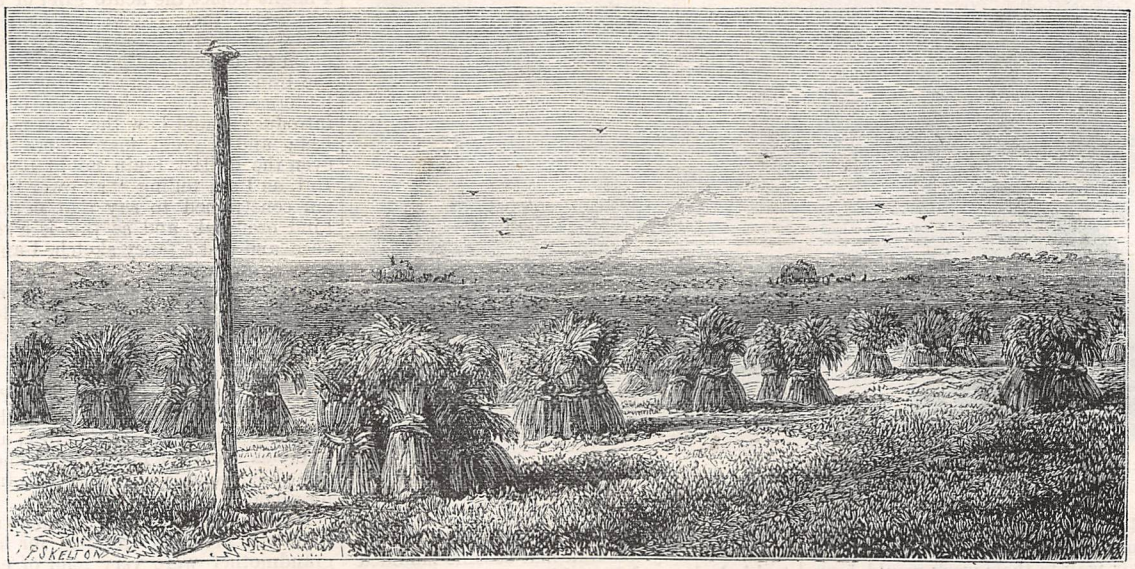
Singular to say—so at least he afterwards told me—he was neither overpowered by fatigue nor cold, and kept himself awake through the whole of the night, and was perfectly sensible, and marked the time and counted the hours, not only by the Conington clock, but also by the railway trains, with the movements of which he was tolerably familiar. I imagine that he may have deceived himself on this point, and that he may have slept, by snatches, during many portions of the long and dreadful night; and that he may for some of the time have fallen into a state of torpor. But any way—and Johnnie stoutly declared that his own version was the truth—he passed the whole of that February night in that terrible position, sunk up to his armpits in the tenacious mud of Whittlesea Mere.

And it not only was a very dark night, but also very tempestuous. Soon after the darkness had set in the rain began to fall—at first softly, and then with an increasing patter, pelting into the mud and on to the reed, and the wind howled drearily. Johnnie had long since given up shouting for help, for he well knew that it would be useless, and would also exhaust his strength. He could not tell whether his parents, when they found that he did not return, would set off to the fen to seek for him. If so, they would go to that portion of it where they knew he would have been scaring; and unfortunately in his search for the cat's-tail he had wandered away some distance from the scene of his duty. Then, again, on such a dark and tempestuous night they would need lanterns for the search, and they could never see him down there in the mud, behind the tall dark screen of reed. Altogether there seemed to be no hope of deliverance.

Thus the night passed away, very slowly and very sadly. Johnnie, keeping awake (as he said and believed) all the night, and counting every hour as it was proclaimed from the Conington belfry, waited hopefully for the morning. He said his prayers again and again, and repeated all the hymns and texts

that he could remember, and he felt great comfort in so doing.

He watched eagerly for the dawn, which was anticipated by the fluttering of the starlings in the reed, and the sharp cry and clanging noise of some wild-fowl that were early on the wing. The rain had now ceased, night looking and searching for him. Another hour passed, and he then saw one or two labourers striding along on the other side of the fen, with their long poles to help them. But they were too distant to hear him, even if he had been able to shout to them, and on trying to do so he found himself unable. He stood up dark and brown against the clear sky, their sails fixed like crosses ; the pollard willows glistened with the night's rain ; the sedge and bulrushes found a home for the coot as she splashed through the water ; the old boats lay listlessly on the stream ; the labourers on their way to work crossed the



Whittlesea Mere as it is.

the first pale gleam of greeny-gold appeared in the sky, and the flush of light gradually spread and spread, and the tall swaying reed was no longer a dark-browny purple, but turned to yellow and maize-colour. The reed was dripping with the night's rain, and the great expanse of the muddy mere shone brightly in the faint light of the early morning.

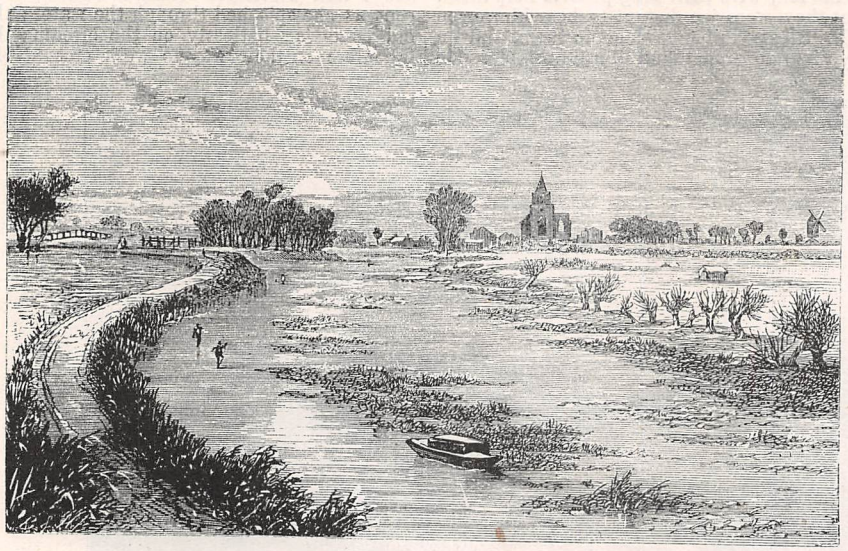
At length, after waiting so long and wearily for the sound, six o'clock was proclaimed from the Conington tower, and Johnnie knew that in the ordinary way of events his father and mother would be up and about by now, and he wondered whether they had been to bed or had been up all the night looking and searching for him. Another hour passed, and he then saw one or two labourers striding along on the other side of the fen, with their long poles to help them. But they were too distant to hear him, even if he had been able to shout to them, and on trying to do so he found himself unable. He had lost his voice, and could not summon up the ghost of a cry. The cold and wet and long exposure had now begun to tell upon him, and on trying to lift up his arms to wave hands to the fen labourers, if haply they should see his movements, poor Johnnie found himself quite powerless. His arms lay over the mud as they had done all the night, but they were quite stiff, and he could not lift them. He was in the terrible position of the shipwrecked sailor, who is tossed on the waves on a small raft and eagerly and madly scans the horizon for the sight of a sail that may, Heaven knows how, bring him relief.

The early morn brightened into the day. The old windmills on the banks of the lodes stood up dark and brown against the clear sky, their sails fixed like crosses ; the pollard willows glistened with the night's rain ; the sedge and bulrushes found a home for the coot as she splashed through the water ; the old boats lay listlessly on the stream ; the labourers on their way to work crossed the arched stone bridge ; and out of the dim, hazy distance rose the tall tower and spire of Whittlesea Church. The rising sun sent a flicker of bright light across the grey sky, which was reflected in the waters of the lodes. It was a scene that Cuyp, Hobbema, or Ruysdael would have loved to paint, and which has been admirably rendered by De Wint, George Fripp, Edwin Cooke, and Mr. Heathcote, from whose sketch the present illustration is taken.

Scene on the Fens.

Johnnie Beharral, sunk to his armpits in his mud-bed, heard the Conington clock strike nine o'clock, and the bell of Holme School ringing out its summons—a summons that he ought to be answering, but he was

powerless to do so. Another hour passed away, wearily and painfully, for he was now suffering much from his continued exposure.



A Fen Bank.

No one could be seen by him, even at a distance. Those who would have to pass over there on their way to their work would have gone by some time since.

Ten o'clock had struck, when he heard footsteps; they were not very far from him, and were on the other side of the reed-bed. He exerted himself to cry for help, but was quite unable to produce any sound. He was voiceless. His only chance for succour was that the man should come that way round the tall screen of reed and should see him. Hope sprang joyful within his breast. He might be rescued ere it was too late! I believe that the poor boy endured more silent agony during the next five minutes than he had experienced through all that long night. He could plainly hear the footsteps, apparently only a few yards from him, and from the sound of the breaking reed he knew that the man was gathering cat's-tail. Oh! would he come there and see him?

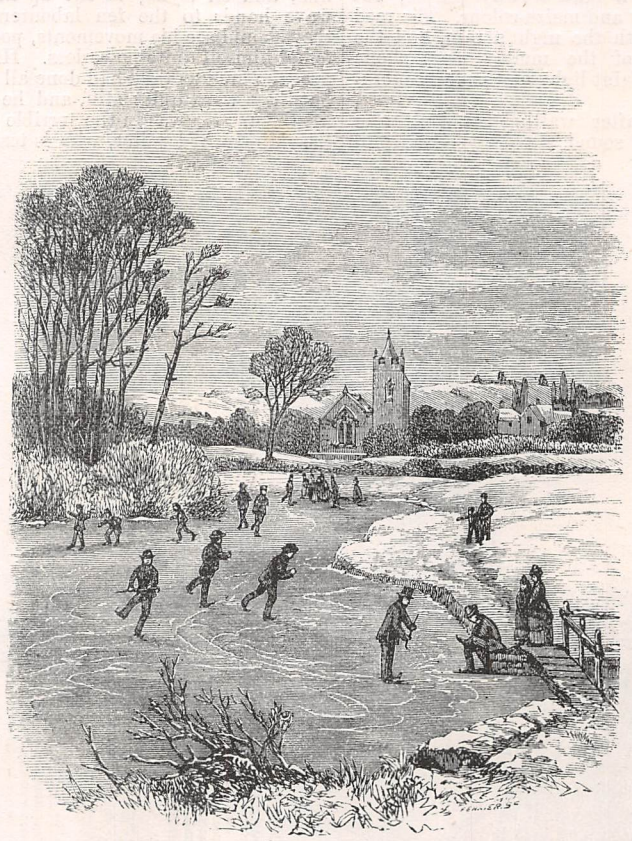
The hope was illusory and was doomed to die within his breast. After those few minutes, filled to the full with dire agony, the footsteps had passed away, and all was again silent. Poor Johnnie gave himself up for lost.

The man was Frank Bellamy, of Holme. He afterwards told me that he never "could exactly make out" what made him retrace his steps and return to the very spot that he had left. But he did so, and not only so, but, mercifully and providentially guided, he passed round the reed in order to gather some more cat's-tail, and there on a sudden saw a sight that took away his breath, and, as he told me, "made a great lump come in his throat." It was little Johnnie Beharral—for he knew him well, and at once recognised him—gazing at him with a piteous, pleading look, and sunk in the mud up to his armpits.

"Why, Johnnie!" cried Frank Bellamy, as soon as he could recover breath and conquer the lump in his throat, "why, my poor lad, whatever brings you in the mere? How long have you been here?"

But he soon found that the boy was unable to speak and was powerless to help himself. No other person was near enough to be summoned to assist, so Bellamy had to do everything himself, rightly divining that not a moment was to be lost. Fortunately he had his boards in his pocket, and he had also his fen-pole wherewith to steady himself. He put down his bundle of cat's-tail, and quickly strapped his boards on to his fen-boots and stepped on to the mud. Even then it was with the very greatest difficulty that he was able to extract the poor boy from the tenacious grasp of the mud, which by this time had become moulded to his body, and kept him firmly held in its substance.

Sinking and floundering in his labour of mercy, Frank Bellamy could only, with considerable exertion and strength, draw the lad out of his perilous position in the mud-bed; but at last he did so, and laid him on the firm ground. Johnnie Beharral had been in that mud-bed for nineteen hours, and was now completely paralysed and unable to move or speak. His utterly prostrate condition was sufficiently apparent to his deliverer, who, taking off his boards, and, by their aid, scraping off some portion of the mud from the boy's clothes, picked up Johnnie in his arms, and, marching round the reed-shore, strode with him across the peaty fen, and made straight for Holme and home.



A Corner of the Fen in Winter.

And now I may quickly bring this little story to an end. If it were not a true story I might depict the acute grief of the parents on missing their child; and I might narrate their agonised talk, and how they had gone down to the fen and had passed the whole of the Sunday night in searching for him with lanterns—torches might also be effectively introduced—and how they had never gone to bed; and a great many more things that even the dullest brain might readily fancy. But, as I am telling "an ower true tale," I am constrained to say that nothing of the kind occurred, and as this is a real experience and not a fancy sketch, I am bound to keep to stern facts.

And the facts were these. When Johnnie did not come home from his bird-scaring to his tea and supper his parents accepted his non-appearance in the most matter-of-fact and philosophic way.

"You may depend upon it," said the mother, "that Johnnie's walked across to see his grandmother at Sawtrey, and it isn't likely as she'll let him come home to-night. But she'll send him in the morning in time for school."

It seems that Johnnie had done so on more than one previous occasion, for he and his grandmother were very fond of each other, and, by crossing the fields near to Conington Castle, his nimble legs soon carried him to the village of Sawtrey, on the other side of the Great North Road. So the mother's supposition was quite sufficient to dispose of the subject satisfactorily and to allay all family fears, and parents and children retired to rest as usual and slept soundly through the night, all unconscious that their bright and dearly-loved little Johnnie was wide awake in his mud-bed.

When Bellamy carried him into the cot-

tage and told his mother how and where he had found him, and that he had probably been in the mere for many hours, then, of course, the poor woman was greatly excited, and all her maternal affection was at once aroused.

"Oh, my poor dear Johnnie!" she sobbed hysterically. "Oh! he won't get over it! Oh! send for Dr. Wright!"

Johnnie was too far gone to be capable of noticing his mother's grief.

Said the practical Bellamy, "Don't take on so, missis. I'll go myself to Stilton for Dr. Wright; but you strip Johnnie's wet things off and put him between the blankets, and get him some warm tea or a sup of hot broth."

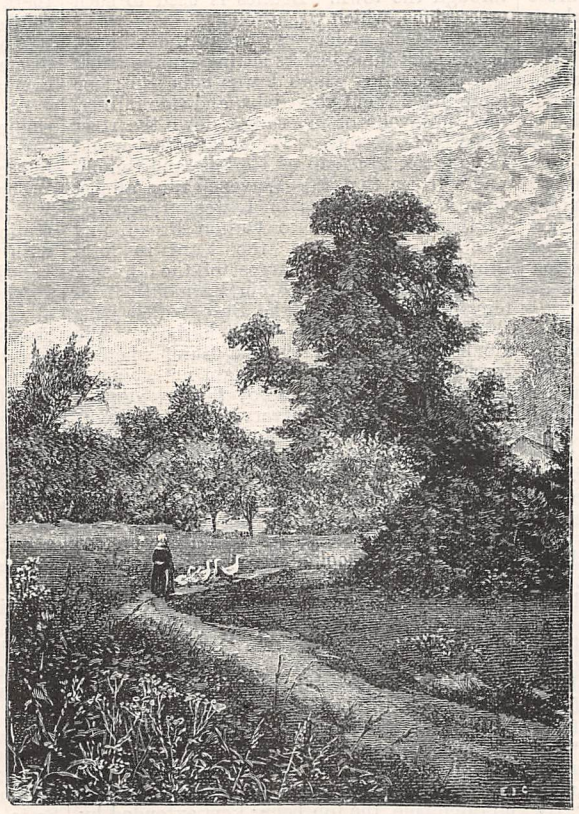
And he at once set off for Stilton, after calling on Mrs. Beharral's next-door neighbour, and sending her to assist with the lad.

Mr. Wright was entering the village at the time, and had galloped up to the Beharrals' cottage within a few minutes after Bellamy had left it. So no time was lost, and Johnnie was promptly and duly cared for.

He must have been a very wiry lad and with an excellent constitution, for after the first two or three days he seemed to have pretty well got over the worst effects of his nineteen hours' exposure in the mud-bed. It might have killed him, or have turned his hair white with fright in a single night, like another Prisoner of Chillon, or done something very sensational. But truth compels me to say that it did nothing of the kind, and that on the following Monday he appeared in his usual place at school as though nothing very remarkable had occurred since he was last there.

In our modern Arcadia the bucolic mind is torpid and the body is inured to bad weather from early years, and so my little friend Johnnie Beharral was enabled to live through what would probably have speedily killed a more imaginative and tenderly-reared lad. But I should think that he would remember to his dying day his winter's night in a reed-bed.

(THE END.)



Maternal Musings.

(ON THE EVE OF THE HOLIDAYS.)

By Jessie M. E. Saxby.

With clatter of voices,
With lessons all done,
With restless young spirits
Concocting new fun,
With hurry and laughter,
With mischief and noise,
From school and from college
They're coming—our Boys!

Of course they will frighten
Weak nerves and dull wits
By startling vagaries
And haphazard hits.
Of course they will ruffle
Some tempers and frills;
Will knock over gimcracks
And have many "spills."

With headlong impatience
And radical march
They'll tramp in confusion
O'er old-fashioned "starch."
They'll cripple our hobbies,
Make light of our fears,
And platitudes answer
With good-humoured jeers.

But what does it matter?
We all have been young,
And know that a laddie
Can't bridle his tongue.
When thoughtless speech vexes,
Or joking annoys,
We'll smile and remember
That boys must be boys.

We'll smile and look forward
To happy days when
Those lads so tormenting
Will come to us—men!
The lords of creation,
The masters of State,
The guardians of homesteads,
The wielders of fate.

So rig the old shallop
And launch the canoe;
Search out bat and wickets,
Trim "flannels" anew.
Have breechloaders burnished,
Provide fishing-flies,
Make way for lawn-tennis,
Go bake savoury pies

Oh, sisters of brothers,
Be ready for play,
And matrons, with good hope,
Put worries away.

If we are the centre
Of innocent joys,
Then *Home*, glad as ever,
They'll hasten—our Boys.

MY HOLIDAY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.*

By the Rev. C. W. Whistler.

My readers will doubtless remember the pleasant account Mr. Penrose gave us in the Boy's Own Paper of a cruise in the Solent in the Rita and Mayflower, so that the little boat of my cruise is not altogether a stranger to us. Since those pleasant days in the south with Mr. Penrose she has been in Norfolk with me, and perhaps the log of one or two days' cruising will be interesting.

Rita is a mahogany-built cruising canoe, 14ft. by 3ft. dimensions. She has no centre-board, but a 4-inch fixed keel, into which is built nearly half a hundred-weight of lead. Her rig is the usual main and mizen—both battened Chinese lugs—together about 56 square feet area, just comfortable canvas for river work, though rather more than she carried on the Solent. All her cruising fittings are on board her as she waits at the station for the train to Beccles, and we can look at them as we use them after we get afloat.

July 14th.—Started from a station on a Suffolk cross line, for Beccles. We had to change at the junction with the main Great Eastern Railway, and I was doubtful as to taking a carriage truck for her. However, the station-master was positive that she would go into the van, and if not, they would carry her on the carriage roof. I doubted the safety of this last, but he showed me a clause in the Company's traffic arrangements which said the same, and I was answered for the time. She went into the van without much difficulty, and was taken out at the junction and carried across to the main down line without any trouble. While she was waiting for the train she attracted much attention, and there were many and quaint suggestions as to how she "went," these inland people evidently having never seen one of her build before. A youth remarked, "That's a *ship*," to which his companion responded, "No 'tain't, it's a *steamer*." One old gentleman asked me at last how she was driven, and I could not resist mystifying him a little. "By pneumatic force," I said, pointing to the sails, which were stowed inside her. "Oh, indeed," said the inquirer, peering under her after deck, "I see." It was the tin box into which the cooking apparatus packed that he saw, I fancy. At any rate he was quite satisfied.

When the train came up there was a difficulty. The van was a new one, doors opening outwards, and only to a right angle, so that she would not go in. Station-master derided the idea of putting her on the roof, as she would be smashed against the next bridge. So there was nothing for it, as there was not time to get a carriage truck, but to wait for the next train, which, being a slow one, had the old-fashioned van attached. The moral of all which is that one had better take a truck at once, and that the Company should say what they mean. I suppose the modern carriages are higher than the old, and that the clause has not been altered with them.

4.40.—Reached Beccles, a pretty old market town standing on a gentle hill commanding views of the Waveney Valley west and east. The church is worth seeing, the fine tower standing separate and holding a good peal of bells. However, the place is not new to me, and I was only anxious to get afloat as soon as possible. The river is about three-quarters of a mile from the station. So I found three loafers, and two of them borrowed, or stole temporarily, a truck from some one else, on which Rita was secured, and wheeled to the corporation staithe, from which we launched her. "Staithe," by the way, is the local term for a riverside wharf. We excited no popular enthusiasm on our way through the town. Beccles is used to such processions, which was a relief.

5.30.—Got under way from the staithe, leaving the three loafers sitting on the truck and speculating where I was going to sleep to-night. Wind very light, and tide falling. Both in favour of my course down the river towards Lowestoft. Where are we bound? If you look at a map of Norfolk and Suffolk you will see that the Waveney runs almost due east from Beccles to Lowestoft, sending off there a branch into Oulton Broad, and thence north to join the Yare to form Breydon Water, the largest of the Broads, close to Yarmouth. From Yarmouth, running north-west, runs the Bure, which joins Breydon in the mouth of the harbour. We are bound for Acle, on the Bure, where a friend is to meet me, and I am not going to hurry, for I want to enjoy the few days I have. Knowing the rivers so well, it seems very pleasant drifting down with the light breeze and tide again after five years' absence, over the old cruising ground.

The wind fell light as the sun set, till it died quite away, leaving me becalmed close to the swing bridge where the railway crosses the river. So I looked out for a well-remembered creek, and, finding it, lowered mainsail and paddled into its mouth; anchored, and proceeded, as there was a heavy dew, to set the tent before making tea. Some canoeists prefer camping ashore, but for myself I always like to make the canoe my home, and sleep on board her. The tent is made of calico, waterproofed with boiled linseed oil, and is set up in less than a minute between the mizenmast and a little mast for the fore end stepped just forward of the well. Having no ridge pole, the top being kept extended by three wooden arches, it rolls up into very small compass, and stows aft alongside the mizenmast step. The little mast forward has a pair of wooden "jaws" at the top, into which the furled mainsail lowers, being so kept from rattling about and out of the way overhead. The ends and sides of the tent hook down to eyes outside the well, on deck. Either corner can be lifted separately, or either end, or side, can be lifted and rolled up without interfering with the others. Four little plate-glass circles let into the canvas, fore and aft, and on each side aft, act as "windows." So that altogether it makes a most comfortable little "cabin," with plenty of room to move about in—5ft. by 2ft. 9in. by 2ft. height from deck.

Tent being set, the "stove" comes out of the tin box. The "stove" is made of stout tin (copper would have been better), and into it fit the Réchaud spirit lamp below, and the kettle or saucepan above. It looks something like a box with one side cut half out, and a circular hole cut through the lid. It hangs to the side of the well by a broad brass hook, so that even in a sea way one can use it without fear of lamp or kettle being upset. All the tins of provisions are stowed forward in a square box on purpose, which leaves room on either side for spare sails and spars. There are lockers, three on either side, along the well, but these are full of other stores and things which are wanted while sailing. In one, too, is the "crockery," consisting of a japanned iron plate, saucer and mug, and the knives and spoons and the fork.

It was a lovely night, perfectly still and quiet, and as the kettle began to boil I felt that I was comfortably out of the way of everything in the way of business — that there were no patients to call me in the centre of the night to ride three miles or so, wet or fine. So, as the kettle sang, I sang in discord, and a wakeful reed-sparrow sang in company in a different key.

As I ate my tea-supper I heard a boat coming up stream, and the men lay on their oars as they passed me to look at the brightly-lighted tent. "What's that, Bill?" said one. "That's a yacht," said Bill, in return. "What cheer?" Rita, feeling flattered, replied accordingly, and the men pulled on with "good nights" exchanged.

Bed next. Carefully washing plates, etc., I stow them in their places. The great secret of comfort on board a canoe, as everywhere else, is to put things back into their places directly you have done with them. One soon learns that in so small a craft. Next I lift the after-hatch and bring out the waterproof bag, in which are bedding and dry clothes. I always keep an extra pair of "flannels," and a flannel shirt to sleep in rolled up with the blanket which forms the bedding. It is just a red and grey Austrian rug, folded in four, and then sewn up along one end and about eighteen inches up the side, so that it makes a kind of bag of that end. Into this one's feet go, and run no risk of having their covering kicked off. The advantage of the four thicknesses of blanket is obvious. One can sleep on one covered by three if it is cold, or sleep on three with one thickness over one if it is hot. Whereas, if it is doubtful, one takes the centre, of course. Clean shirts, shore-going clothes, and such-like, are in a bag stowed aft the mizen under the after-deck.

No need to set up a riding light here, as I am out of the river in this snug little dyke. So to sleep soundly, but not for long. Alas for habit! I woke up with a start, thinking I heard the night bell ringing over my head. It may have been a fish jumping alongside perhaps, but I don't know. Anyhow I am relieved to find that I am not "wanted," for above me is a bright arch of moonlit canvas, and through the forward "window" I can see the river glistening in the moonlight without a breath of wind to stir it. Quite warm and pleasant, and so to sleep again.

July 15th.—Woke up at 6.0 a.m. with the sun shining through the port "window," feeling fresh and very hungry. I lifted the port side of the tent and looked out. Never such a lovely morning surely! Just the last curls of the morning mist floating off, and across the meadows the square grey tower of Beccles Church standing out against the sky and the red roofs of the houses below, with the quiet reedy river in the foreground completing the picture. Every sign of a lovely day.

Had a good swim; then breakfast, and under way again at 7.30. Tide setting down towards Lowestoft, and a nice s.w. breeze getting up. I planned to reach Reedham on the Yare to-day, going through the Haddiscoe Canal. However, I don't feel bound to any special port if circumstances change.

The wind was very light. Past the railway bridge—and wonder how it was I didn't break something when I fell off it years ago. I had been on the bridge in the dark to borrow a candle of the signalman, we having come out in a yacht without lights; missed

* For further details of the Norfolk Broads see the illustrated article by R. A. M. Stevenson, M.A., in the last Summer Number of the B. O. P.

my footing on the top rung of the ladder, and fell, lighting luckily in a soft bog, and not on the beaten path, as I fell on one side. I got back to the yacht none the worse, except for mud, and the candle was all right. The fall was ten or twelve feet perhaps. Rita's mast just clears the bridge now, but I have to drop the peak of the mainsail to get under.

It kept on getting hotter and closer as the sun rose higher. At 8.0 p.m. I began to wonder what it would be like at midday, and whether the varnish on the deck would stand it. Then I remembered that the station-master at Beccles had reminded me that St. Swithin's Day fell this year, as usual, on July 15th. Here was a fine St. Swithin at last! Past Worlingham; and from there the river runs nearly due east, so that I drifted slowly on with the sun in my eyes, and quite peacefully—just enjoying myself.

Presently the breeze died away altogether, and it grew very close. The sun was scorching, and I felt that my nose was growing redder and redder under it. Then suddenly I heard a noise astern of me as if there was a steam launch coming up—such a swish of water. I looked round, and saw, to my intense astonishment, that the whole western sky was covered with an inky bank of cloud, and that the noise I heard was caused by a solid wall of rain coming up fast across the river and meadows. There was no time to be lost; so, still in bright sunshine, I shipped the waterproof well-cover, put on my cape, and took a reef down just as the first drop fell with a *rap* like a marble thrown on the deck. Then came a squall, and for five minutes it rained and blew hard, while the little boat flew gunwale under down the reach. Presently the rain slackened and the wind dropped, and I thought the worst was over; but no. There came a blinding flash of lightning with a perfectly simultaneous clap of thunder that seemed to be all round me. The flash lit in the meadows not more than fifty yards off to starboard, and with it there was the most distinct smell of what Dr. Scoffern would tell you was ozone. I felt that I was the only projecting point for miles, and very uncomfortable it was. Where would the next flash light? It occurred to me that I was in much the same position as the terrapin in "Uncle Remus," when the man set the field on fire, so "sot and tuk it"—the rain following the flash being the heaviest I ever knew.

About eighty yards ahead there were five or six cows feeding along the bank. The next flash fell among them, killing one, and sending the rest flying dazed across the meadow. It was too near to be pleasant; evidently I was in the very focus of the storm, and running with it; so I luffed sharp to let it pass over. The third flash fell in the river, and I was thankful that I had hove-to, for I calculated it was about where I should have been had I held on. After that the storm wore off to port, and in half an hour's time I was in sunshine again, mopping out the boat with the sponge and thinking of that cow. There were two men cutting reeds a little farther along, and I sent them back to look for her, and held on towards Burgh St. Peter's.

Rain came on again, but no more lightning; and when I reached the staithe at Burgh I concluded, as it was just 12.30, to go up to the inn and get some dinner. Too wet to be pleasant in the canoe. Went alongside the staithe and made fast. Ordered some cold beef and bread and cheese, and while waiting for them just glanced out of the door towards the canoe. Generally, in Norfolk, one can leave a boat anywhere in safety, but here there were three big boys investigating the canoe—one of them just trying to board her by holding on to the mainmast and stepping on the fore deck. Of course, if he had gone on he would have got a ducking, for even a good-natured canoe like Rita will capsize if you swing on her mainmast; but, much as I should have liked to see him in the water, my stores and deck were in danger. So I yelled, and they fled promptly; but the marks of those hobnails are yet on the polished cedar deck.

The people at the inn were strangers to me—not the old host I remembered. However, they knew every one, and told me about several friends I inquired for. As I was leaving I saw several large baskets full of ducks' eggs in a pantry, and asked them to sell me some, but they gave me a dozen, saying that they had more than they knew what to do with, and would not take any payment.

1.30.—Under way again. Wind shifted to S.E., and raining in fitful showers. As I beat up the next reach I heard a hail astern, "Canoe ahoy!" Thinking that I must have left something or other at the inn, I luffed and looked round. There was a man sculling after me in a gun-punt, and ejaculating "Canoe ahoy!" at intervals. Seeing that he wanted to catch me, I went about and ran back to meet him. It was a friend for whom I had inquired at the inn. Hearing that I had just gone from the landlord, he had got out his boat, being smitten with curiosity to know who the strange canoeist could be. His first remark was, "Hullo! what are you doing here?"

"Enjoying myself," said I.

"Going on the Broad?"

I told him that I was bound for Reedham, but he was very anxious that I should go down to Oulton with him instead, as we should find a lot of yachts there, and some more men I knew. As we were just off the mouth of the "dyke" leading from the river to the broad, and we were evidently in for a wet afternoon, I concluded to follow his advice. So we went together down the dyke—which is practically a branch of the river, perhaps an old mouth—to the open water of one of the prettiest broads there is. Oulton is in Suffolk. There is only one other Suffolk broad—Fritton—which is quite landlocked, and cannot be reached from the river. It is well worth the two miles' walk from St. Olave's to see it, though, as there is a celebrated decoy upon it, and it is very prettily wooded to the water's edge, and full of fish. The number of wild duck taken in the decoys in the winter is very large occasionally.

Reaching the broad, my friend pulled right across, leaving me to fetch the staithe at the Lowestoft end in two long boards, and meeting me as I dropped alongside the landing-place with many comments on the weatherly qualities of the canoe.

Several yachts on the broad; too wet for pleasant sailing, and their owners were congregated in the smoking-room of the hotel. I left Rita moored alongside the staithe, comfortably battened down with the canvas well-cover and sails stowed, and joined them with my friend. There were several whom I knew, and, wet as the afternoon was, we had a pleasant chat till my friend left, the rain having ceased about 5 p.m. I went out and set sail on the canoe to dry the canvas, and the other men came out and overhauled her. Then one or two of them sailed her in turns round the broad, and we came in to the hotel to dinner, joined by my friend D——, of Little Mary, three tons, who was anchored off the north shore.

8.30 p.m.—D—— offered to take me off in his dinghy, towing Rita with us to a safe berth astern of his yacht. So he, two friends who were with him, and I crowded into that cockleshell. How we managed it I don't know, but we reached Little Mary safely, dropping Rita's anchor about five fathoms astern of her. Then on board the yacht for an hour's pleasant talk, and to wait till the rain, which came on again heavily as soon as we were on board, ceased. However, at 9.30 it was still pouring, and I concluded to go on board Rita in spite of the wet. D—— was very anxious about my comfort, for all my assurances of Rita's capabilities in that line, and wished he had a berth to give me. I dropped alongside the canoe in the dinghy on a long line, set the tent from outside, and crawled on board. Then I hailed D—— to recover his boat, and proceeded to light the lamp and get out the stove to make tea before turning in. While I was doing so I heard D—— open the cabin-door.

"Rita ahoy! *Are* you all right?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Sure you are quite comfortable?"

I held the teapot between the lamp and the fore end of the tent, so that D—— could see the shadow.

"Do I look so?"

"Yes, that you *do*. Shall be easy in my mind now."

"All right. But I say, D——, does your cabin-top leak?"

"Why, yes—a little."

"Well, *mine doesn't*."

Whereon D—— told me to "score one," and shut his cabin-door again with a parting "Good night."

And though it poured, the little tent never leaked a drop, the only water finding its way into the boat being down the masts, as I had no housing at the foot. But that was not enough to cause any inconvenience.

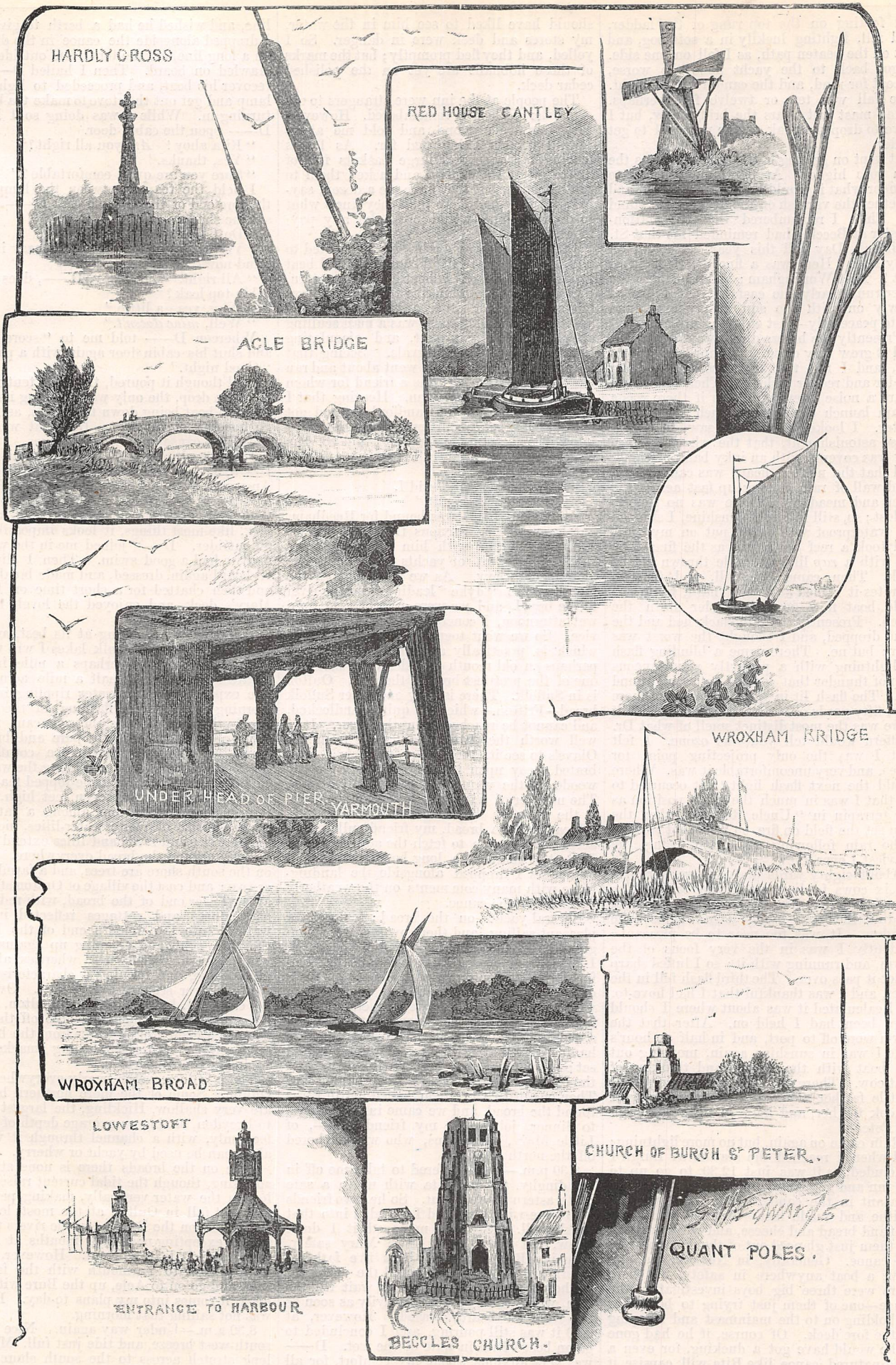
July 16.—Woke at 7 a.m. by a hail from D——, asking if I meant to sleep all day. Answered by lifting the tent side, and sliding into the water, to his intense surprise; as, though it is easy enough when one knows how, like most things, it looks impossible to an outsider. D—— joined me in the water, and we had a good swim. Then I climbed on board again, dressed, and made breakfast, and then chatted for a short time on Little Mary's deck, and enjoyed the lovely morning after the rain.

The broad was looking at its best, and as one of the typical Norfolk lakes I will try to describe it. It is perhaps a mile in its greatest length, and half a mile across—a fine expanse of dark water rippling in the morning breeze and flashing in the sun, as I think only the broads can flash, the water is so perfectly pure and bright. Down to the north shore slope cornfields, the foot of the hill bordered along the water's edge by a deep belt of purple-topped feathery reeds, standing six or seven feet high, with their stems rising from among a fathom-wide expanse of white water-lilies, now in full flower; and reeds and lilies extend right and left around the broad everywhere. Over on the south shore are trees, and a farmhouse or two; and east the village of Oulton stands, at the lower end of the broad, with red-tiled malt-houses and cottages reflected in the water. Into the western end of the broad the river runs, and creeping up against the wind are two brown-sailed wherries, always picturesque, and forming a characteristic of Norfolk river scenery everywhere. Over at the east end, by the staithe at Oulton, there lie several yachts moored, while off the village, in a deep arm of water from the broad, are a number of disused fishing smacks and yachts at their moorings.

There is deep water nearly everywhere on Oulton. Some of the more northern broads are very shallow, Hickling, the largest next to Breydon, having an average depth of three feet only, with a channel through it which alone can be used by yacht or wherry.

Tide on the broads there is none strictly speaking, though the tidal current raises and lowers the water vertically, making perhaps two feet fall in Oulton at the most, less on the broads on the Bure. In the rivers themselves, excepting near their mouths at Breydon, there is little current. However, as I want to get to Yarmouth with the falling tide, and go on to Acle, up the Bure with the flood, it comes into my plans to-day. D—— was not sailing that morning.

8.30 a.m.—Under way again. Nice fresh south-west breeze, and tide just full. Made a long stretch across to the south shore, and then about and fairly into the day's work,



The Broads from our Artist's Sketch Book.

heading down the dyke into the Waveney again. If the wind only holds where it is it will be a fair passage all the way to Acle.

Passed a wherry yacht—Kiama—lying alongside the bank just outside the dyke. Owner coming on deck and making sail. Then past a wherry or two heading for Oulton, and on, down reach after reach, setting spinnaker now and then as the river turned and brought the wind aft. The river is wide and very deep, bordered on either bank by the reed-ronds, and the meadows beyond them stretching away to the hills on either side of the valley. Looking across the land one can see the reaches yet to be passed and those we have left behind us marked by black pumping mills, and here and there by the sail of a yacht or wherry, sailing apparently among the meadows.

As we turn each bend we startle heron and water-fowl feeding along the rond; while overhead in the bright sky the hawks are hanging watching the birds below. One cannot help thinking of Kingsley's description of the fen country in Saxon times as we sail down these rivers; the loneliness and peaceful animal life are the same as then, and like that in no other part of England; and, withal, the air is so perfectly clear and bright—fresh, too, like sea breezes, and steady as it blows across the level meadows.

Past St. Olave's bridge—lowering mainmast to pass under. Here, if it had not been for the perversity of St. Swithin, I should have turned north, through the Haddiscoe Canal connecting the Yare and Waveney, to Reedham, yesterday. However, I save nothing by going through it now, but hold on down the river.

Flying down a long reach under spinnaker, I passed a man cutting reeds, who left work to look on, observing, "Yeu 'on't be long gittin to Yarmouth *that* pace!" which was true, but now and then the river turns back upon itself to an extent that renders a few boards to windward necessary.

12.30.—Off the Cement Works at Burgh. Here the river runs under a low hill, crowned with the ruins of a vast Roman walled camp—the old "Garianonum." The walls on two sides stand firm and massive as ever; the third has fallen, from landslips. It commands the mouths of the Yare and Waveney now, Breydon Water opening out to the north of the hill. When it was first built, all the meadow land over which it looks, with the rivers running through it, were covered by the salt water of a great estuary like that of the Severn, the tide reaching Norwich and Beccles. Yarmouth did not exist then, only there was a sandbank growing up across the mouth of the estuary on which, centuries later, as it rose, the town was built.

Breydon Water is about four miles long by three wide, and at high water is a grand lake; at low water it is reduced to a wide channel along the south shore, which is marked by posts, and finds an outlet to the sea through Yarmouth and Gorleston, forming the harbour.

Five miles from the Cement Works to Yarmouth—not much ebb left, but just time to get there before the flood began, and here I made a mistake, which nearly lost me my tide. From under the hill stretch out a series of sands, "Burgh Flats," into the mouth of the broad, barely covered by water at low tide. I had been ashore on them once before in a yacht, and ought to have known better, but thought that with the light draught of the canoe I could venture across, as it would save me a long way round by the regular channel. So I headed gaily over them. By-and-by I saw a cloud of sand rise alongside me, then there was a scrape along the keel, and I knew I was wrong. I luffed, and made at once for the channel, heading back again. The sand flew from under the boat, and there was another scrape, but I got off. Then I went round the usual way, humbly enough, and making mental remarks about "ought to have known better."

The wind had freshened up considerably in the last hour, and was getting puffy. It had worked round to the west, too, so that there was a fair four-miles run across Breydon before me. Too puffy for the spinnaker though. I was getting very hungry, and having one hand full with the sheet, proceeded to get a one-handed lunch with the other. I got out a pound tin of corned beef and wedged it into an open side locker, and eat out of it with the fork. Presently I met a yacht beating up the broad, whose owner had evidently made out with his glasses what I was at, for as I neared him he hailed, "Canoe ahoy—got any beer?" "Yes, thanks," I said, as I shot past. However, I suppose he misunderstood me, for he hailed me again, and looking round, I saw him waving a bottle. "Canoe ahoy—heave-to and have some." But tempting as the hospitable offer might have been to some, I would not lose my tide, and I could only lift my arm in acknowledgment and hold on.

Passed several wherries coming up from Yarmouth on the slack tide. Yarmouth at 1 p.m. Good sailing, very. As one enters Breydon on a clear day the town from the level of the canoe is "hull down," as the sailors would say, the water running up to the horizon, so that the houses seem to stand out of the water itself with a very pretty effect. The land on which they stand, being so low, is entirely lost.

Left the canoe in charge of a wherryman, and took a small walk for the sake of the change of position. I had taken her into the mouth of the Bure, and waited for the flood to set in. There were five or six wherries alongside the wharf at the suspension bridge waiting as well. These wherries are all alike, and well fitted for the river cargo traffic they are built for. They are very long, low in the water, and rigged with one large gaff mainsail on a mast stepped in the bows, something after the style of a "Una" boat, and, like the Una, very handy, and will sail remarkably close to the wind. They carry perhaps one hundred and twenty tons of cargo, coal and malt or timber, between the inland towns and the ports. There are two or three wherries on the rivers built and fitted as yachts, and very handsome comfortable boats they are.

Just at the end of the suspension bridge over the Bure there is an ancient round tower and part of an old wall—some say that it is Danish in origin—and it well may be. Perhaps even the first building on what was then an island, and a rendezvous for the Danish fleets in their marauding excursions inland along the shores of the then estuary.

All along the coast here the Danes have left their names of town and broad, Filby and Ormesby, Scroby, and many others showing, by the Danish ending, "by," that they were their settlements.

2 p.m.—Under way, and up the Bure. The wind had dropped entirely as the tide changed. The Bure runs almost due north-west for eight or nine miles from Yarmouth, and Acle is about ten miles up, so that any wind from the south would be more or less favouring. Paddled through the outskirts of the town, passed two yachts waiting for the tide to rise, as the lower reaches of the Bure are very full of banks. Out of the town there was more wind, which, to my disgust, was getting round to the west. These lower reaches are not pretty. The river is narrow and bounded on either bank by high "sea walls," strong embankments, against floods and high tides. So that one's view is limited to the stretch of river fore and aft—what Humpty Dumpty would call the "wabe," in fact.

Breeze kept freshening, but of little use to me under those walls, my sails being hardly lofty enough to catch it, though from deck to peak of the mainsail is twelve feet perpendicular. Was passed by the larger of the two yachts I had seen in Yarmouth, she making the most of the wind I could hardly feel. She had hardly passed me before she grounded, and the inevitable "quant" came into use. This is a very necessary adjunct to Norfolk river yachting, and is a long twenty-foot pole, shod with a wooden fork, and used for poling up narrow reaches against wind, or on such occasions as the present. Half a mile on they grounded again, and I passed them, with some small chaff on either side.

Later on they overhauled me as I was beating with a reef down against a very nasty puffy north-west wind. Evidently I had an afternoon's hard work before me.

3.30.—Raining. Battened down and put on cape and sou'-wester. 5.30.—Only seven miles from Yarmouth, not having had one reach on a fair wind, every inch of it to windward. I never care to try to paddle to windward. Rita, being built for sailing, will hardly do better under paddle than sail against wind. She is so good to windward, too, that it is really far more pleasant.

The wind had dropped rather suddenly, so I shook out a reef and was beating up a fine broad reach, when I nearly had a catastrophe.

Just as the boat was in stays, and I was gathering in the sheet for the next tack, there came an awful puff from the north. She had not way enough on her to luff, so that she was blown on her beam ends—almost keel out. If it had not been that I had battened down, she must have filled and sunk under me, but as it was, letting go the mainsheet and leaning out to windward, I righted her. As she righted I became aware of a sound like thunder behind me, and a voice observing, in tones of congratulation, "Well done, sir, thowt yeu were oover!"

There was a great wherry just astern of me, and the man was standing on her bows with a long boathook ready in case I required fishing out. He had luffed up to me directly he saw my predicament, making sure that I was over. But Rita never has been capsized in that way yet—near enough this time, though.

After which I took that reef down again and beat on steadily to Shottesham. Here a yacht passed me, going to Acle. The owner asked me where I was bound, and hearing that I was for Acle myself, he remarked that I should hardly manage it this evening, he thought. Now I had just begun to wonder whether I wouldn't drop anchor here for the night myself, but this decided me. I must not be beaten, anyhow. So I said I would be with him presently, whereat he smiled, and in a few more turns was round a bend and away from me.

7.30.—Hard work, but Acle bridge in sight. Lowered mast and paddled through, taking a berth just astern of the yacht I have mentioned. The other yacht that had passed me near Yarmouth lay higher up, beyond us, and while I was making up sails for the night one of her crew of three came along the bank to speak to me. "Where were you in that squall?" he asked; "we thought of you, and wondered if you were capsized, for we carried away our foresail halliards ourselves." So I told him, and while we were talking the owner of the other yacht looked out. "Hallo, Rita, I didn't expect you to-night—good little boat that!"

The world of non-canoeists have very vague ideas as to what a well-built and decently-handled canoe can do. Practically the canoe is as safe a craft as any, if properly managed; and I may say, too, that there is no boat more easily handled, even by a beginner, with very little practice. And as one learns more of her capabilities, one can do almost anything with a good canoe.

I went on board the yacht next which I lay, and had a pleasant chat with her owner—asked him to supper, too, which invitation, as it was turning out a lovely night, he accepted with some doubts as to what it would be like, I think. However, when he came alongside in his dinghy in half an hour's time I had a supper ready for him which fairly astonished him. "It did the resources of

the canoe credit," he said, "and still more to whoever taught me to cook." Supper consisting of poached eggs, hot Irish stew, potatoes "in their jackets," marmalade and bread for sweets, winding up with cheese and biscuit, of course.

Then we had a gossip together ashore, and turned in. I was asleep the moment my head touched the air pillow, and never stirred till I woke at 7 a.m. next morning.

July 17.—Under way at 8.30. Fine morning, with fresh south-west breeze. Turned up the reach in which we lay, and down the next towards Oby Mill, and on towards Thurne Mouth. The country here is a perfect paradise for an ornithologist. Here and there I saw the rare bearded tit—the local name for which is the "reed-pheasant," from its long tail, I suppose; and rounding a bend near St. Bennet's Abbey, a fine old ruin standing close to the river's bank, I saw the rarest of our water birds—the crested grebe. Nearly extinct now is this handsome bird, will be soon entirely so, for every yacht's "hand" is on the look-out for it, and several are shot every year. I wish men would be content to have seen the bird in its wild state, and to know it without requiring its stuffed skin on their study shelves. And it is the same with our other wild birds. The Preservation Acts have done something, but unless we carry out the *spirit* of them, it is little enough.

Rounding every bend of the river I came on moorhen and dabchick, one pretty family of the latter specially, six little yellow balls of down round the two parent birds, evidently quite a freshly hatched brood.

Above Acle the Bure runs almost northwards to Wroxham Broad, with many other broads lying on, or just off, the course of the river. Joining the Bure is the Thurne, running east to Hickling, the largest broad, and thence almost to the seacoast, only a mile or so of sand separating the sea from the fresh water.

I turned, with the wind aft, up Thurne Mouth, and on past Martham Broad, now almost overgrown with reeds, and away up to Hickling. This is a grand sheet of water, something like 700 acres in extent. There is a channel for wherries through the centre, but the greater part of the broad is shallow, with a clear gravel bottom, over which one can see shoals of reach and bream darting as the boat alarms them. Rita, of course, could go anywhere on the broad, and I had a grand run down and beat back again. I touched ground once, but only for a second, in the shallowest part towards the south shore.

Then back, and slept near St. Bennet's, where a colony of reed-sparrows sang persistently all night long.

July 18th.—Up the Bure to Wroxham. The country round is very pretty, and Wroxham itself the yachting headquarters for Norfolk yachts—as Oulton for Suffolk. Very wet and squally all day. I passed a wherry near Hoveton. Going to leeward of her, and thinking probably that I was a stranger, the man at the helm said, "Beg pardon, sir, always keep to windward of a wherry"—just an instance of the good feeling one meets everywhere from the water folk on the east country rivers. The rule is quite necessary, as the great sail of the wherry becalms the canoe sail, and then as it passes there is a dangerous puff out of the sail which is likely to take one aback. However, I knew it of old, and was prepared for it, luffing to meet it as it came.

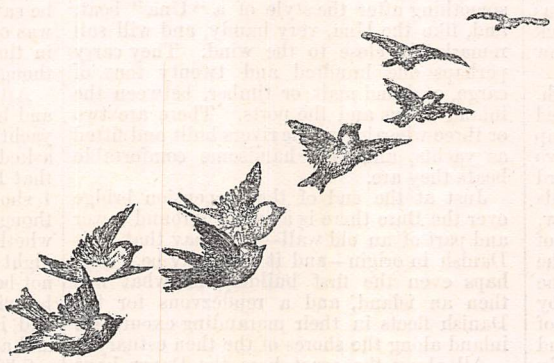
Hoveton Broad—or rather Little Hoveton, for there are two—has a large gullery on it, and is shut off from the river by a chain across the backwater leading to it during the breeding season. The gulls are the black-headed gull, which breeds only on the broads here and at Scoulton farther north, and in one or two less frequented spots on the coast. The eggs are collected systematically and sold in London as plovers' eggs, which they almost exactly resemble. Indeed, a large proportion of the "plovers' eggs" come from here and Scoulton, the latter gullery being rented some years ago to a dealer for £300 for the season.

Anchored for the night at Wroxham; still very wet.

July 19th.—Cruising. And from this time there is little to tell but of pleasant sails from broad to river, and on to fresh broads, all pretty, and some meriting even stronger terms; all with their splendidly bright water and margins of reeds and white water-lilies, flowering rush and loosestrife, with here and there a patch of tropical-looking Osmunda fern growing six or seven feet high in a perfect jungle.

Just a record of sunshine and rain, with nothing to mar the pleasure of rest and change of scene. So we will stay here for the present. I have given you an idea of what a cruise through Norfolk is, and for detailed description of the broads you will find better pens than mine. May be some of my readers will meet the red flag with a white talbot's head among the reaches of Waveney or Bure some day, and if so that is Rita's owner, and he will welcome you to his favourite cruising-ground.

(THE END.)



A MYSTERIOUS CRYPT;

OR, NOTES OF A HOLIDAY TRIP.

By Thos. W. Rogers.

Not very long ago I happened to be spending a holiday with some friends at Sandgate, a pretty little village, which lies in sweet repose at the foot of a range of beautiful well-wooded hills between Folkestone and Hythe, and on the very brink of the sea.

There used to be a castle there, built, so the story goes, by Henry VIII., and I have read somewhere that Queen Elizabeth was entertained there, but now, I think, the only evidence of its having existed is a large gun-tower, which is never utilised. There are many tales told of ghosts and goblins that flitted about the great halls of the old stronghold in times gone by, but they are, of course, only idle fancies. Few boys believe in such figments nowadays.

The village of Sandgate itself consists of but one long street, with small shops kept by obliging people who deal in all sorts of stores which daily needs demand. The road thence to Hythe runs now, since the new parade has been constructed, along the sea all the way, some three or four miles, and affords to pedestrians one of the most charming strolls conceivable.

Indeed, Sandgate is a delightful spot, just the sort of place for those to visit who love quiet and seek relaxation from the noise and bustle of busy town.

Well, one day, my friends and I thought we would visit Hythe. We had heard a good deal about it, and about its quaint gable-roofs and old-fashioned shops, and so on, and became anxious to see it. So we took coach there, travelling on the roof of one of the small omnibuses which ply between it and Sandgate, and over the old coach road which runs past, amongst other objects of interest, the great canal, made between the road and the sea in the troublous times when it was feared that the Great Napoleon would make a descent upon our shores.

Our horses' feet rattled up the town until we pulled up at an old-fashioned inn, the scene doubtless of much activity in the coaching days of olden time.

Having been safely landed upon the narrow pavement, we inquired the way to the parish church, which we had been informed was full of interest, and thither we accordingly wended our way.

The church itself, which is dedicated to St. Leonard, is a fine structure, and bears traces of great age; and I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon it, what exciting stories its time-worn stones, if they could but speak, could relate of many a sanguinary strife of which they were, perhaps, the silent witnesses 'twixt Briton and Dane on those grassy slopes beyond.

Having examined the churchyard, where are many a curious moss-grown tablet and headstone whose inscriptions time has almost obliterated, but which mark the "narrow cell" where many a "rude forefather of the hamlet sleeps," we passed down to the entrance to the crypt, or charnel-house, and there witnessed the most extraordinary sight I ever saw. Arranged upon rows of shelves on both sides, as we entered, were almost countless human skulls of all sizes, but all hideous, with their great hollow gaping eye-sockets and grinning teeth, some

of the skulls bearing marks of sword and weapon cuts, the evidence of many a hand-to-hand fight, while farther inwards were thousands of bones—limbs of the silent dead—stacked with orderly care in one great mass, and I shuddered as I looked at them, and contemplated on the havoc that must have been played amongst the turbulent spirits of Briton and foe in the troublous times long ago.

What astonished me much, seeing the methodical way in which these blanched bones were piled, was that there was no reliable, intelligent explanation as to when they were collected in that crypt, or where they were collected, or at whose pious instigation.

In Cassell's "Our Own Country," alluding to these mysterious relics, I find it says: "Local tradition asserts that the bones were bleached on the beach after a great battle, but the story is too vague to be of any value." The "National Gazetteer of Great Britain," speaking of Hythe Church, observes: "In the crypt is a large quantity of human bones, supposed to be the remains of Britons who fought a battle with the Saxons between this town (Hythe) and Folkestone in 456."

From another source (Hasted's "History of Kent") I learn that in 456 a great battle *was* fought in the neighbourhood between the hosts of the Welsh king Vortigern, and the Saxons, who, it is said, retreated on Hythe. But whether the bones in the crypt are the bones of those killed in that battle we are left to surmise.

In the crypt itself, however, hanging upon the walls, there is an announcement in print professing to be "the only genuine account of the human bones deposited in this charnel-house." And this is what it says:

"Anno Domini 843 (in the reign of Ethelwolf) the Danes landed on the coast of Kent near to the town of Hy-ta, and proceeded as far as Canterbury, a great part of which they burned. At length Gustavus (then Governor of Kent) raised a considerable force, with which he opposed their progress, and after one engagement in which the Danes were defeated he pursued them to their shipping on the seacoast, where they made a most obstinate resistance. The Britons were, however, victorious, but the slaughter was prodigious, there being not less than thirty thousand left dead. After the battle the Britons, wearied with fatigue, and perhaps shocked at the slaughter, returned to their homes, leaving the slain on the field of battle, where, being exposed to the different changes of the weather, the flesh rotted from the bones, which were afterwards collected and placed in heaps by the inhabitants, who in time removed them into a vault in one of the churches at Hy-ta, now called Hythe."

Now how much of this may be mere idle dream or how much of it may have foundation in fact it is impossible to say. It speaks of a great battle alleged to have been fought between the Britons and the Danes, but that was nearly 400 years after the great struggle between Vortigern and the Saxons already alluded to. It moreover anticipates one of my inquiries by telling us that the bones were collected by the inhabitants of Hythe, put in heaps, and then removed to the church.

Who the writer of this "only genuine account" was does not appear, nor does he give us any authority which would lend confirmation to his story. How is it that there is no authentic record of the collection and deposit in their present resting-place of this mass of human bones? They were gathered somewhere, at some time, by some one, and piled in that crypt in the order in which they now appear. But when? where? and by whom? We are left to conjecture. There is a mystery about the whole thing, and it is that mysteriousness which imparts special interest to that charnel-house.

We can mentally portray the terrible scenes which, in the early history of this country, were enacted on those hilly slopes east and west of ancient Hythe, and believe that the bones of the slain, friends and foes, were left for ages to bleach in the sun; but whose pious hands gave those whitened remains of our brave ancestors their last resting-place in the crypt of Hythe Church no one seems to be able to give us the smallest clue.

My young friends, a visit to that sacred spot will well repay you. Go and see it. You will look upon those bones certainly not with indifference, and the thought even might arise within you that, after all, to a few of the courageous spirits who tabernacled some of those skulls may be owing not a little of the priceless freedom which we in this mighty little island of ours are privileged now to enjoy.

Real Enjoyment!

By Somerville Gibney.

Now, off with your garments, boys; quick, look alive,
No waiting about in a funk on the bank;
A run, and a spring, and a clean clever dive,
Just leaving a bubble to show where you sank.

Or if you prefer it, a "header" then take,
Your head popping out as your feet disappear;
If managed aright you will no splashing make,
But enter as stiff and as clean as a spear.

A shake of your head, and your eyes will be free
From water, and now you start off for your swim;
The side stroke, or breast stroke, which one may agree
The best with your fancy, your style, or your whim.

You're blown? Then turn over and rest while you float,
It only wants pluck and is easy to do.
That's right; you're as safe and secure as a boat,
You see there's no need to get into a stew.

Now make for the bank, clamber out, and prepare
To try some new trick, such as diving for eggs,
Or turning a summersault cleverly ere
The water you reach, or else swim with tied legs.

When tired of all, and before you grow chill,
Come out (you may easily stay in too long)
And rub yourself down with a hearty good will,
You can't scrub too hard, and you can't scrub too strong.

Then jump in your clothes and be off for a run,
And do not pull up till you glow in each limb;
Then, boys, believe me, when that run shall be done
You'll find yourself better by far for your swim.

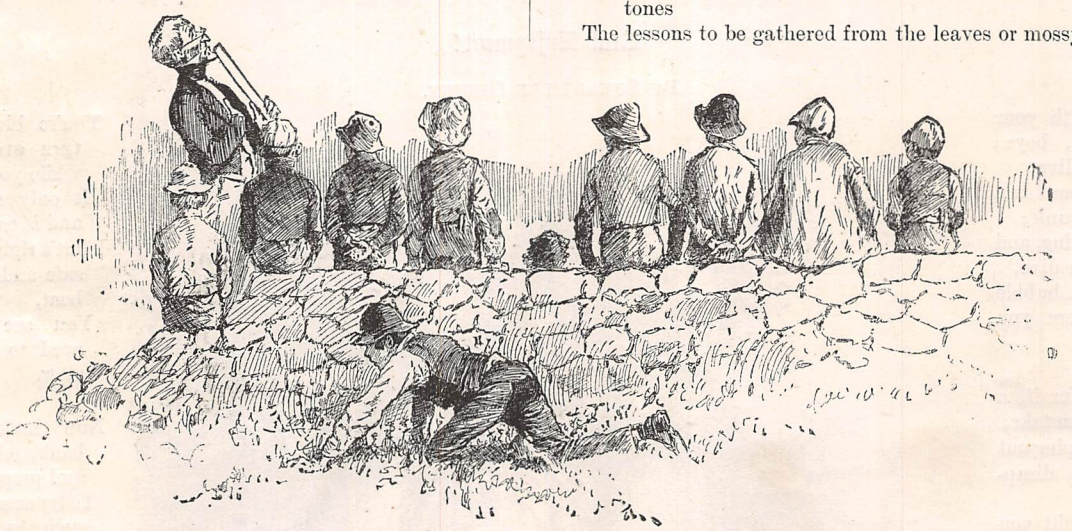
MR. BOWLES'S EXPERIMENT.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "School and the World," etc. etc.

I.

The little room was stuffy, the little room was hot;
There was nothing disagreeable that the little room was not;
The boys were more than half asleep, the master gave a nod,
Then roused himself to rattle up a youngster with his rod.



II.

"Now, boys," he said, "just follow me; for once I think we'll yield
To summer's overwhelming power, and seek the pleasant field;
There Nature spreads her treasures; open wide your sleepy eyes
And look on Nature's wonders; learn her secrets and grow wise."

III.

The boys made no objection, so they trooped out in a mass,
They perched themselves along a wall or settled on the grass,
Whilst Mr. Bowles, the master, showed in low, impressive tones
The lessons to be gathered from the leaves or mossy stones.

IV.

The boys thought this grew gloomy; they were yearning to be free,
For lessons and the meadow didn't seem to quite agree,
So Simpson Junior watched his chance and slipped away unseen;
The gentle zephyrs wandered o'er the spot where he had been.

V.

Then whilst the learned dominie went softly maundering on,
The boys stole slily out of sight till five of them had gone;
But still the master lectured on with scientific zeal,
And showed the way the ruminants digest their grassy meal.

VI.

But Short, and Tommy Jones, and Dick were stripping for a swim;
Smith thought that Bowles could get along without more aid from *him;*
And Robinson was hunting for some non-existent eggs,
And damaging his nasal tube and barking both his legs.

VII.

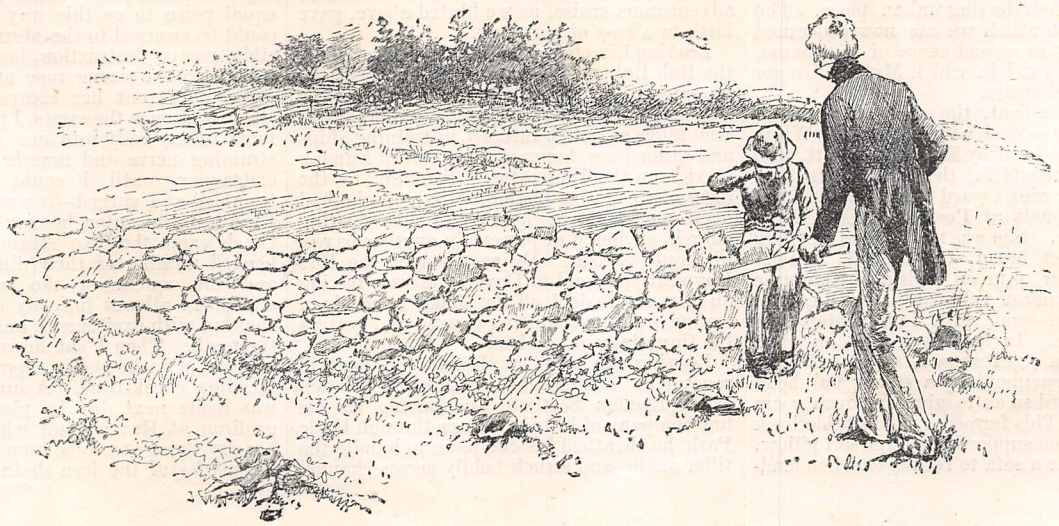
Yet Mr. Bowles dilated on the progress of the sap
Within the switch he carried, and he laid it on his lap,
And produced a pocket microscope and carefully explained
The extraordinary methods by which Nature's ends are gained.

VIII.

Next he lifted up his spectacles to ask his little class
Some questions on the method of the growth of meadow grass,
When, lo! the sight that met his eyes abruptly made him stop—
No boy was left but Jenkins, *who was sleeping like a top!*

IX.

So Mr. Bowles determined his new system wouldn't do
If boys preferred to climb a tree to learning how it grew.
He thrashed them all next morning, and they had no further chance
Of leading learned Mr. Bowles another such a dance.

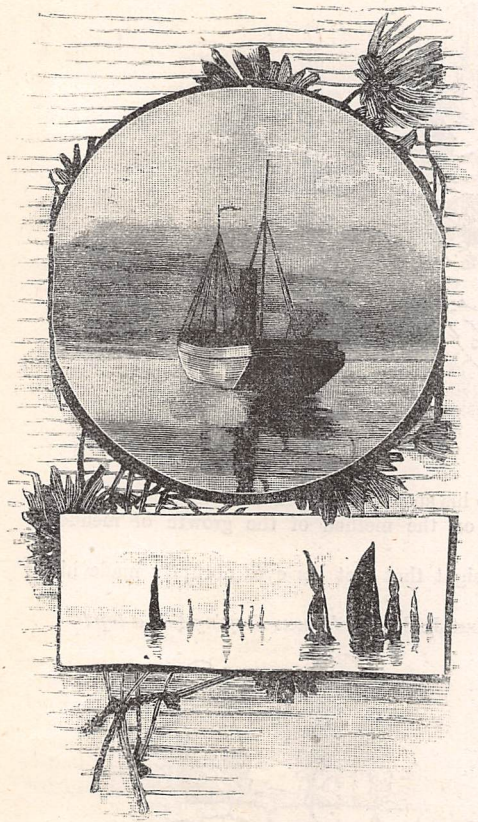


ALONE AT SEA:

A RECORD OF STIRRING ONE-MAN BOAT VOYAGES.

By W. J. Gordon,

Author of "A Race for a Christmas Cup," etc.



Our business in this summer article is with mere pleasure-cruising on summer seas. We have happily no thrilling tales to tell of shipwreck or disaster, nor do we purpose touching on the perilous boat voyages that of late years have become so frequent in the Atlantic. All we have to do is to dwell as lightly as possible on the logs of the chief cruises that have gradually brought into popularity a new and healthy way of spending a summer holiday.

The fashion of solitary sailing in this manner is of no very ancient date; the first to set it was Mr. John MacGregor of the Rob Roy. Of canoeing we have here no space to speak; we must keep entirely to the yachting side of the question, and so the voyages of the Rob Roy canoe must be passed by with the mere mention of their having taken place. The Rob Roy with which we are now concerned is not the first or second canoe of that name, but the little yawl in which Mr. MacGregor made his third cruise.

This famous boat, the pioneer of a new water craze, was designed by Mr. John White of Cowes, and built by Messrs. Forrestt, who make the lifeboats for the National Institution, and in whose yard at Limehouse the Boy's Own boats at Poole and Looe came into existence. She was twenty-one feet long by seven feet broad, full-decked, double-skinned—outer skin of polished Honduras mahogany, inner of yellow pine, with canvas between them—and with four water-tight compartments. In the stern was an open well about a yard square, separated from the next compartment by a strong bulkhead sloping forward so as to give as much room as possible. This formed a comfortable back inside the cabin supporting a large soft pillow, and serving as a sofa to recline on when reading or writing or as a bolster when lowered for the night. Fronting the seat was the binnacle with lamp, and above it the square of the chart, framed and glazed to keep it dry and legible. At the bottom of the well was a sharp axe ready for instant use to cut a rope or do some other deed of emergency, and near it the sounding-lead, with its line wound on a stick like a boy's kite string. In the left wall of the well there was a door a foot square, hinged so as to fall downwards and form a kitchen dresser, with the cooking apparatus—copper kettle, lamp, and what not—stowed away behind it. On the same side, but inside the cabin, were the portmanteaus and two tin boxes holding the necessary tools for dressing and reading and writing, and on the right side were the store cupboards. The rig was that of a yawl without topmast or topsail, and the sail-plan was so moderate that the Rob Roy only showed her real paces in half a gale of wind.

A voyage alone is not necessarily lonely, if the sailor is adapted for his place. As Mr. MacGregor says, "He must have good health and spirits, and a passion for the sea. He must learn to rise, eat, drink, and sleep as the waters and winds decree, and not his watch. He must have wits to regard at once the tide, breeze, waves, chart, buoys, and lights; also the sails, pilot-book, and compass, and more than all, to scan the passing vessels, and to cook, and eat, and drink in the midst of all. With such pressing and varied occupations he has no time to feel lonely, and indeed he passes fewer hours in the week alone than many a busy man in chambers. Of all those I have met with who have travelled on land or sea alone, not one has told me it was lonely, though some who have never tried the plan as a change upon life in a crowd may fear its unknown pleasures. As for myself, on this voyage I could scarcely get a moment to myself, and there was always an accumulation of things to be done, or read, or thought over when a vacant half-hour could be had. The man who will feel true loneliness is he who has one sailor with him, or a pleasant companion soon pumped dry, for he has isolation without freedom all day and night, and a tight cramp on the mind. However, each man to his taste; it is not easy to judge for others, but let us hope that, after listening to this log of a voyage alone, you will not call it lonely." Which very few did, for though Mr. MacGregor was not by any means the first to sail alone, yet his cheery, adventurous cruise, as we hinted above, gave birth to a host of imitators.

Leaving Limehouse on the 7th of June, 1867, the Rob Rob made her first halt at Erith, to be present at the first sailing match of the Canoe Club. Next day, as inevitable for one who takes so much interest in training-ships and sailor boys, her captain attended Sunday service on the Worcester, "listening to the clergyman of the Thames Mission, who had been rowed down here from his floating church, anchored at present in another bay of his liquid parish." By easy stages the Rob Roy cruised round to Dover, the crew having an afternoon's drill off the Goodwin Sands in reefing sails and shifting canvas and getting the tiny dingy out and in.

Leaving the yawl at Dover, the captain ran up to London for the annual inspection of the London Scottish, and having led his fine company of kilted riflemen through Hyde Park, he sheathed his claymore to handle the tiller again, and struck boldly across channel for the coast of France. At Boulogne a slight difficulty arose. "The police came in proper state to fill up the numerous forms, certificates, schedules, and other columned documents. I had hours of walking to perform, and most courteous and tedious attention to endure; and then paid for sanitary dues two sous per ton, that was threepence. Finally there was this insurmountable difficulty, that though all my ship's papers were *en règle*, they must be signed 'by two persons on board,' so I offered to sign first as captain and then as cook. They never troubled me again in any other port, probably thinking the boat too small to have come from a foreign harbour. In France the law of their paternal Government prevents any Frenchman from sailing all alone."

The Rob Roy went westward along the coast and then up the Seine to the Paris Exhibition, where her captain assisted in the good work of Bible and book distribution that was there carried on by the Religious Societies. It was at Quillebœuf, after being towed back, that the Rob Roy had her most dangerous adventure, and for it we must find room in her captain's own words. It was about one o'clock in the morning. "Then there came a new noise—a low, steady rap, tap, tap, tap on the boat, and from underneath. For a moment or two there was sensation without apprehension—a sort of mesmeric, irresistible spell; but a sudden thought burst through the trance, and with a powerful impression of what was doing—one no less horrid than true—I dashed off covering, roof, hatchway, and all, and stood on deck to meet a terrible scene. Our steamer had drifted in the dark until we closed upon another steamboat astern. My yawl, tied to the stern of one, was between that and the bows of the other, the anchor-chain of which had already got under the waist of the Rob Roy, and had been ringing the rap, tap, tap of a warning that undoubtedly saved her life. Light flashed from the riding lamp hanging at the steamer's bow full on my boat's deck, now heeled over deeply until the dark water rushed through her gunwale; and it seemed that only a few seconds more, and the poor little Rob Roy would sink in the flood or be ground into splinters by the two great iron monsters nearing each instant in the dark. All this was seen in the same rapid glance which in such dangers grasps a whole scene in a moment, and stamps it on the mind for years. My boat hung on the chain, yet wavered with equal poise to go this way or that. If she could be swerved to the stern she might possibly escape destruction, but if to the other side, then the strong rope at her bow would entirely prevent her escape. With a loud shout to arouse the crews, I put every atom of force in my body into one desperate shove, straining nerve and muscle in one desperate endeavour, until I could not see. She trembled and surged—it was successful, and I fell into the water, but my yawl was saved. Crash came the two steamers together. I heeded nothing of their din and smashing, and the uproar of the men, but I had scrambled all wet into my cabin, nervously shaking with excitement, and a chattering of the teeth. Then I sat down to sum up my bruises—a barked shin, sprained thigh, and bleeding cheek-bone. A survey of the yawl was made next day by placing her on the gridiron at Havre; and when the tide left her dry there was to be seen (as still there is) the marks of the iron-chain links impressed

deeply in the mahogany planks of her waist. The bowsprit also was found to have been nipped at the end (though it had been drawn in close to the stern) and the squeeze had quite flattened the strong iron ring upon it, and jammed up the wood into a pulp as if it were cork."

The next time the jib was hoisted the bowsprit broke off and the sail flew away into the air just like an umbrella blown inside out. It was soon secured, however, and the Rob Roy was off on her long channel passage, and after lying-to under storm mizen, while the crew slept, found herself off Littlehampton, whence she went to the Isle of Wight. Here she stayed awhile, and then she returned to Dover, where her crew went to the Lord Warden, to write home, dine, and go to bed, after fifty-three hours without sleep.

But while waiting for the servant to bring the hot water he lay down for a moment. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon. Soon, it seemed, he was awake again. It was still light and the sun was shining, but the watch had run down, the water-jug was cold, and it was a puzzle to make out how he felt so wonderfully fresh. It was *next day*, and he had soundly slept for seventeen hours!

When the Rob Roy reached Erith some fireworks she had brought from France were sent up to amuse the Worcester boys. "In a quiet night the rockets sped aloft, and the Roman candles ejaculated fireballs, and the Chinese floats spat flame as they blazed on the flowing tide, and the red light made our sails blush deeply, and the Jack-in-the-box caracoled over the deck, scorching us all inordinately. When everything pyrotechnic was burned out on the yawl the show was yet to begin; Worcester was not to be beaten by Rob Roy. Up sprang the blue-lights from her tops and yards. Ports blazed with lamps, and skyrockets whizzed into the ether. Then came, best of all, from young and gladsome hearts those ringing cheers, and the lively band roused up the quiet night waves with 'Rob Roy MacGregor, O!'"

As one of the original founders of the Chichester ship for poor lads without home or friends, Mr. MacGregor was successful in obtaining the 20-ton cutter Dolphin—a present from the Rev. C. Harrington of Bromyard—in which the lads could learn practical seamanship. And his yawl-book concludes with an account of how he brought the Dolphin up the Thames to her future owners. "Clouds withdrew from above as we neared the Chichester, and the full moon came out and looked upon the gift for boys with her long pendant streaming in the mild and onward breeze. Then to me, silent, lying on the deck as if in a summer eve, came many thoughts—the Rob Roy's rovings by river and sea in brightsome days and thunderous nights, the good seed sown by the shore, the thousand incidents of a charming voyage. But best of them all was the sail in the Dolphin. We may begin in faith, and continue in hope, but the greatest of the three is charity in the end."

The first to follow in Rob Roy's wake was Mr. E. E. Middleton, in the Kate. He was afloat from June to September, 1869, on a cruise round England from the Thames to the Thames, making the circuit to the north by way of the Bowling Canal. The Kate was a yawl, twenty-three feet along the deck and seven feet in beam. The hoist of her mainsail, from tack to jaws was thirteen feet, and the peak was just the height of the mast, twenty feet. Her mainboom was nearly twelve feet long, and her foresail was six feet in the foot. Like the Rob Roy, she was designed by Mr. White of Cowes, and like her she proved all that could be desired in the way of a sea-boat.

Mr. Middleton's cruise gave him plenty of variety in the way of wave and weather. From Limehouse he went to Ramsgate, on to Southampton, Dartmouth, and round the Land's End to St. Ives; from St. Ives to Boscastle, and thence to Milford Haven, whence he boldly struck across channel to Kingstown; thence he coasted to Ardglass, and through the race off the Copeland to Donaghadee, where he left the shores of Ireland and made for Ayr, and so on to Bowling Bay, and through the canal to the Firth of Forth, and along the eastern coast to the Thames. The cruise was a daring performance, as her captain kept straight ahead without troubling himself overmuch as to calm or storm, and his log gives much pleasant reading. But we must leave it, for a while at least, and hasten on to notice the experiences of Mr. R. T. McMullen, who is quite a veteran in solitary sailing.

In one of the harbour books at Penzance, under date August 10th, 1855, may be seen an entry, "The Leo, 3 tons, of London, McMullen master and owner, 6d." The Leo was 20 feet long and 6 feet broad, with 23 cwt. of ballast, and rigged as a cutter. To her in 1855 her owner fitted for running before a light wind what he called a "studding sail," which sail gradually came into use among larger yachts, and, from having been first sported in a race by the Sphinx, became by easy stages the Sphinxer, the Spinxer, the Spinker, the Spinnaker, such as it is called by us to-day.

In the Leo Mr. McMullen had a small boy with him, so that his first voyage "down channel" hardly comes within our ken. Nor does his cruise in the Sirius round Great Britain in 1863, the Sirius being an eleven-tonner carrying the owner, a man, and a boy. She is small enough, however, to be worth mentioning—32 feet over all and 9 feet 5 inches beam—and gradually leads us on to the most extraordinary voyage alone that we have on our list, as will presently appear. In the cruise round the island, 2,640 miles, Mr. McMullen was twenty-eight nights at sea; and altogether in the Sirius he sailed 13,503 miles, which added to 9,494 in the Leo and 5,984 in the Orion, yet to be noticed, gives a grand total for three boats up to date of 28,981 miles!

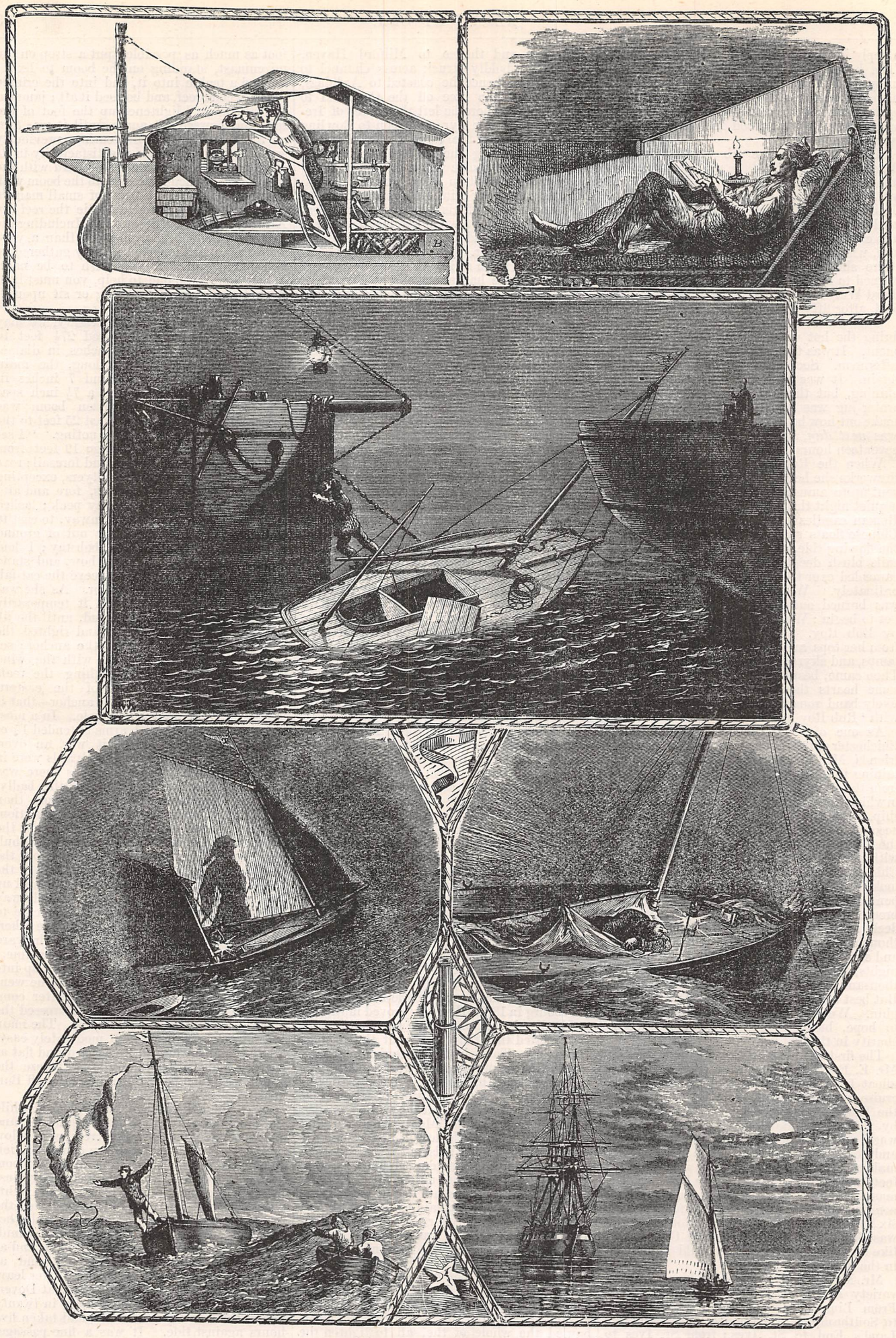
And now for the Orion, under her two rigs of cutter and yawl. And first as a cutter. She was of 16½ tons measurement, 42 feet over all, 10 feet 2 inches beam, of 5 feet draught forward and 7 feet aft, and carried nearly 12 tons of ballast. In her in August, 1868, Mr. McMullen with a superannuated coast-guardsman and a boy from the Chichester, started from Greenhithe for the Scilly Islands. Both down channel and up channel the weather was stormy, and the cruise was a lively one. But our business is with the Orion in her second phase, when she sailed as a yawl. In 1873 she was converted, and her dimensions then became 48 feet over all, 10 feet 2 inches beam, 5 feet 6 inches draught forward and 7 feet aft, and her measurement from 16½ was increased to 19 tons.

This 19 ton yawl, fully rigged, did Mr. McMullen bring home single-handed from Cherbourg in 1877. His crew proved mutinous and he dismissed them. They went delightedly and boasted that they had "put the captain in a hole." To their utter astonishment they beheld their captain set to work, get up his anchor, set all his lower canvas, mainsail, foresail, jib, and mizen, and quietly sail off alone. The way in which the work was done is fully described in Mr. McMullen's "Orion," and affords a valuable lesson in fore-and-aft seamanship, though it is not to be supposed that an attempt to master such a monster is ever likely to be made unless no other way out of a difficulty presents itself.

All night long the captain-cum-crew worked getting his boat ready for sea, and putting all his provisions within easy reach. In the mainsail alone there was a hundredweight and a half of canvas. "My intention was to take the first reef down completely, the second partially; to do that I left the boom in the crutch to have it in a line with the mizenmast; hoisted the peak a few feet, overhauled the whole of the sail to lighten the foot as much as possible; put a strop on the mizenmast, standing on the boom to fix it; hooked a tackle into it, and into the cringle of the second reef, and bowsed it aft; jammed the fall, while I lightened up the foot of the sail, and bowsed aft again until it was taut as a bar; rove the first earing, previously soaping it well; settled it satisfactorily in its place by hand, and then set up hard with the reef tackle; lashed the earing to the boom with about a dozen racking turns of small manilla line; and then proceeded to tie the reef up. All this is hand-cutting work. Including the slab reef, there is canvas more than a yard deep and 28 feet long to be partly gathered up and partly rolled if you wish to be neat. When there is no one to help, you must hold it on the boom with one leg or sit upon it, while tying the reef points."

To judge of the work necessary, we may note that the mast measured 27½ feet to the hounds and was 9½ inches in diameter, the gaff was 22 feet long, the main boom was 29 feet long and 7 inches in diameter, the bowsprit was a 7½ inch spar 16½ feet outboard, the mizen boom was 13 feet long, and the mizenmast 25 feet to the truck. The start is worth quoting. "I set the mizen, its head had to go 19 feet from the deck; unstopped the jib and foresail; rove foresheet; cast off all mainsail tyers, excepting the bunt; ran up my colours, fore and aft; hove the anchor a short stay peak; lashed the helm a-starboard, for sternway, to cast to the northward; broke anchor out of ground and hove up, foul of the bobstay; I had therefore to go out over the bow, and stand on the bobstay shackle to reeve the cat-fall through the ring of the anchor. As she was driving to leeward, I secured it temporarily to the weather bowsprit shroud, until the jib was set and sheeted. Aft, and righted the helm; forward, and catted the anchor; set the foresail and sheeted it, with the wind from N. by E. I was approaching the reefs of Ile Pelée, to leeward of the eastern entrance, and had to fish the anchor—that is to get the fluke on the gunwale. In a most awkward position, with arms extended 15 or 18 inches from the body, it was an overpowering lift. The foresail halyards were in use; to get the topsail halyards there was no time, as the mainsail wanted setting badly. It is needless to say that I was more than comfortably warm from previous exertion, but made another effort that succeeded at the expense of the fine fresh paint on the bulwark; secured it temporarily; cast off the bunt tyer; walked aft with the fall of the peak halyards, and steered the peak well up between the topping lifts, then hoisted away throat and peak alternately, taking care to let neither get much in advance of the other, springing up from the top of the halyard bolts, which gave me a six-foot haul at a time." And then having worked the mainsail up into its place and let the foresail draw, he went aft to the helm, and four hours after commencing work in the morning he crossed the breakwater and was fairly at sea. The main and mizen sheets were kept moderately easy, the head sails were sheeted hard and flat as boards, and with a seven-knot breeze the Orion was soon past Cape Levi and off Barfleur.

Often the helm had to be left lashed while the one-man crew was busy elsewhere, and on one occasion when the crew was below the boat gybed and the mizen came to grief. Repairing it took some time, and the boom was shipped and sail trimmed only just before it became too dark to see. The lights were set, and what with looking after the log, marking the chart, and a thousand other things, the night was spent busily. At midnight the Orion was off Beachy Head, and at daybreak Dungeness was passed, and at eleven o'clock, twenty-seven hours after leaving Cherbourg, anchor was dropped at Dover. The first 130 miles had been done in twenty hours, the last eighteen miles had taken five hours against tide. It was a fine passage,



Alone at Sea.

with a reefed mainsail and storm head-sails. The proper canvas, had there been men to tend the sheets and hand the sails in case of need, would have been whole mainsail, large mizen, jib-headed topsail, foresail, and No. 2 jib.

In 1873 Mr. McMullen, in another of his boats, the Procyon, voyaged from Greenhithe to the Isle of Wight. She was a 7-ton lugger, 28ft. 6in. long, and 7ft. 9in. in beam, and fitted with a small centreboard. Her mainmast was 21ft. high, her mizenmast 13ft., and she carried no headsails. In this boat he had another cruise in a subsequent year, of which he has published the log. Early in August he started from the Arethusa (for like the owner of the Rob Roy Mr. McMullen is well known amongst our training-ships), and sailed down Thames and round the Forelands to Dover. Here he was wrapped in a sea-fog. "From eight o'clock in the evening until eleven o'clock next day not a vestige of the town or any other object was visible from my anchorage. That I had ample opportunity of estimating the merits of every species of sound signal incidental to a fog on the great highway of nations, and could not plead sleep as an excuse for neglecting the riding light, can be gathered from the following. Ships' bells and foghorns, and steamers' whistles, in every key, according to size and power of steam employed in producing the blast, were going all night long. A deep-toned bell at the Admiralty Pier uttered a solemn warning at intervals of seven minutes and a half, its funereal tone most forcibly reminding one of the uncertainty of life. Every two minutes the South Sand Head Lightship contributed to the babel of sounds the guttural screech of its foghorn—a detestable noise, calculated to warn the careless of the existence of an evil place beyond. For some hours during the night a gun was fired from the inner pier-head at intervals of ten minutes, to direct an overdue mailboat if she should chance to be within hearing. Lastly, the wind was so light that the chain hung up and down, and a worrying little swell from the southward caused it to strike against the stem of the boat with every roll. Although a most unpleasant night, I consoled myself with the thought that it might have been worse; for, if I might have been in harbour, the chance was equally great I should have been drifting helplessly at sea, and the compromise was much in my favour." Mr. McMullen got out of his fog, but at Dover we must leave him, although he cruised back to Whitstable and back again to the Downs and Dover, and then home, after spending only twelve nights in harbour out of three weeks afloat.

There have been other one-man cruisers, but these three are the chief, and their logs are the best known. Most of the adventurous boat voyages of late years have, however, been accomplished by a man and a boy, one to watch while the other sleeps. This can hardly be called cruising alone, but it is near akin to it, and for that reason we will find space to say a few words concerning the pleasantest cruise of them all—the thousand miles' run of the Silver Cloud. The little Scotch lugger is fortunate in having had its log written with a silver pen, for of all the charming stories of life on the water, none has yet been launched to excel Mr. Forwell's. Rob Roy's book is a delightful one—it was, of course, responsible for the perils of the Silver Cloud—but it has hard work to retain its laurels when pitted against the masterpiece of the genial Scottish minister. The Dundee "Cruise" is a book to be lingered over, and to be read again and again.

The Silver Cloud was a square-sterned fisher's yawl, 19 feet in the keel and 7 feet 9 inches in beam. She was rigged with foresail, main lug, and mizen, and was decked over forward, leaving enough room aft for full purchase on at least one pair of oars. In her Mr. Forwell and his son of fourteen sailed from Dundee to France and back, a voyage of a thousand miles, leisurely accomplished in fourteen weeks.

The West Ferry Roads were left on Friday morning, the 18th of May, 1877. Berwick was passed, and then the passage outside the Farnes was taken. "A lighthouse beam is a gladsome thing," says the captain, "as it dances on the waves; but a steamer's lights, if you see them all, and especially on a calm night, are like the fierce eyes of a wild beast peering through the dark, possibly on the way to send you all to destruction. Although we were taking the more dignified course, we gave due heed and honour to these dangerous desperadoes. Wherever we sighted a steamer and discovered the course she was steering, although we knew it, we let the rule of the road go to the wind, and took the rule of the hare, unless it was dead calm. We threw ourselves on the tack that sent us farthest out of her way, and when her lights disappeared resumed our course."

There is little interest in a mere itinerary. The charm of the story is in the quiet humour with which the various small adventures are described and in the graphic jottings at the resting-places by the way. Take the digression at Whitby, for instance. "Reader, go back with me 400 years before the beginning of the Christian era. There we see a Grecian, Pytheas by name, on a voyage of discovery sail down the Mediterranean. He boldly passes the Pillars of Hercules, braves the Bay of Biscay, bears down the English Channel, rounds the Forelands of Kent; but how changed the boundaries of our island home since then! What side of the Goodwins he took—whether they then bridged over the four miles of water called the Downs, and were joined to Kent, I cannot say; but this we know, they were not sands under sea then—nay, 1,000 years after his cruise they were good solid land, being part of the Earl of Kent's estate. But Pytheas must have neared the coast off Whitby. A rumour runs among these hills that some strange spectre is heaving in view, moving northward along the waters. Let us suppose now that among our painted sires we repair for a view to this elevated rock. Oh, how my heart would swell as the illustrious stranger, under full sail, pressed past on the waters below! Hurrah! Hurrah! Pytheas! Blow softly on him, ye southern winds, he craves a close view of the coast. Here was daring and adventure! In six days from the English Channel he reached the Orkneys, without chart, compass, or lighthouse beam. But hush the promptings of ignorance, ye old women of Greece; call him not hard names, and say he is tempting Jove. He knows what he is doing. That man can read his road home by the sky. He is one of the profoundest mathematicians, a contemporary and fellow-countryman of the famous Aristotle. The stars his guides were then as steady. The sights of nature that met his eye must have been similar to those that greet our own. The firmament then glowed as bright with living sapphires. Nay, if this vesture of the Almighty waxeth old as doth a garment, the patines of bright gold that stud the canopy were brighter then—less worn by three-and-twenty hundred years. The Queen of Night, as peerless then, unveiled her light and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. As supremely beautiful then were the molten silver of a moonlit sea and the tints with which the headlands of the coast were touched."

Every pausing place has its history, every Sunday has its sermon, for the Silver Cloud always kept in port on the Sabbath, while her captain either took a service at some church on shore or else attended one incognito—and all along to Calais Harbour, by way of Dover, and back by way of the Goodwins, we are treated to those dainty gleams of playful humour lighting up the lucid prose with all sorts of quaint turns and queer reflections, which have placed the log in the forefront of holiday literature. It would be too cruel to boil all this down into a bald waybill, and so with two quotations, one large and the other little, we will end our notes on cruising alone.

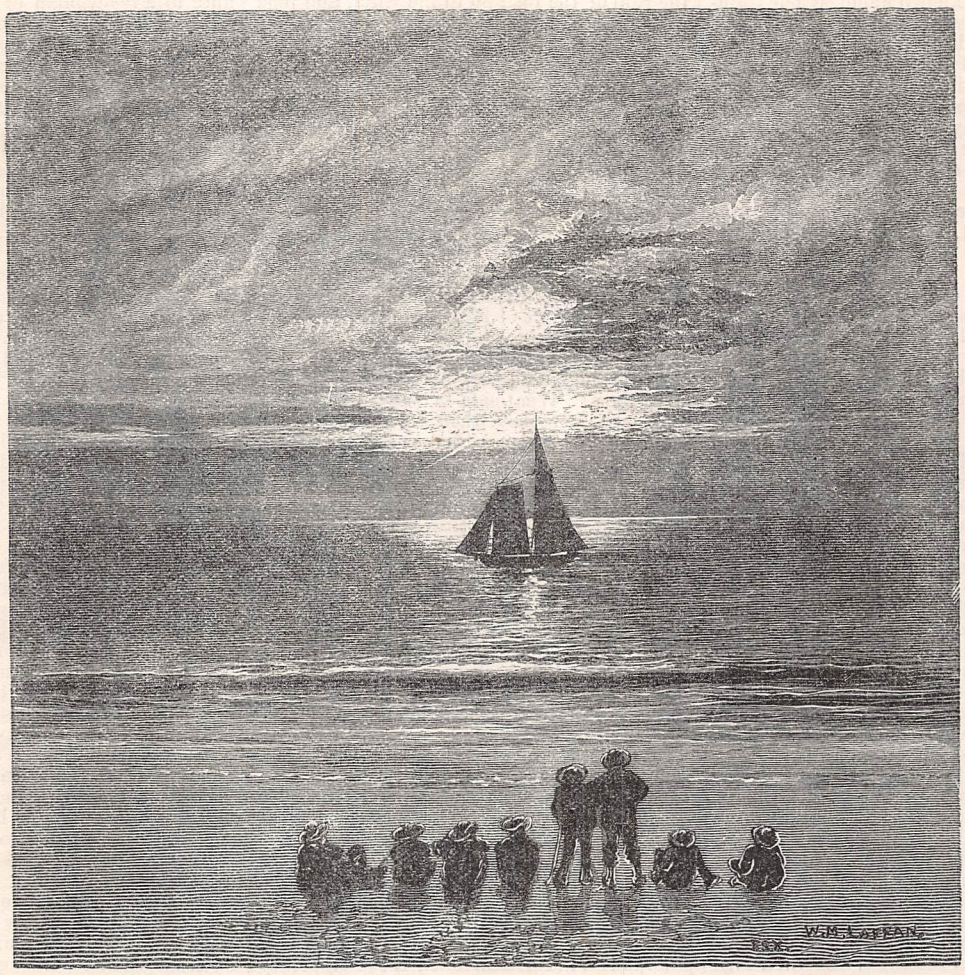
"The beauty of this morning's scenery is indescribable. So saith the log. Nine miles brings us to Filey Brig, which is guarded by a bell-buoy. Away behind is Filey Bay. Filey itself sits on the hill behind in lofty dignity and great beauty. The sun was peering through the early fleecy clouds, and six miles in advance now shone over the blue waters the white rocks of Flamborough Head. As the rocks whiten so does the sand of course, which is made from them, and so does the soil all as you go south. But this is the northern extremity, the first appearance to a Scotchman of the chalk rocks that gird the shores of England. When we started we had high hopes for the Humber, fifty miles on; but we get becalmed off Flamborough, and lie helpless in the hot calm noon just where James I. of Scotland, on his way to France for education, was taken captive, 472 years ago, by Bolingbroke, Henry IV. of England. The beautiful bay of Bridlington sweeps away from Flamborough in a westerly direction, the harbour being about six miles from the Head, and thither now we turn our thoughts—only our thoughts, however, for the wind is not strong enough to carry any more. By-and-by there is a little puff from the east, and along the lovely far-famed sand we enjoy a pure pleasure sail; then a sudden turn of the helm, and we are in a harbour of some acres, which we have nearly all to ourselves.

"Richard Bedlington is an old sailor, who lives partly by hiring himself and boat to pleasure parties. He had manifested a kindly spirit to us from the moment we rounded the pier. The simple dead-eye gear for the lug-sheet was slow murder in a breeze, and in replacing it with two blocks and tackle Richard's advice and information as to where these and other such things could be found was of some value. Hence gratitude invited him to tea on board the Silver Cloud. As the steward spread a towel on the low seat, 'Ah,' said Richard, ''ee's 'avin' company to-day, so we've to 'ave a covered table.' But when he saw, without coal or stick, smoke or soot, the kettle steaming in two minutes, and the ''am and heggs' fried in about the same time, he declared he 'ad been 'hover' a good bit of the world, but he 'adn't seen 'hanything' like that. Tea over, he lit his pipe, and gave the first scent of tobacco to the inside of the small cabin. Now that his *gun* was going, the combined effect of the two weeds sent Richard into that state of mind in which we contemplate things only on their sunny side—that is, if they have any sunny side at all to contemplate. Along with two or three big spittles he let some things fall which were picked up and remembered in all time coming with the deepest gratitude and comfort by the whole of the crew. Evidently eyeing the breadth of beam now that he was inside, the green cushions, nautical instruments, and cooking apparatus, he said, 'I wish I was going with ye to France. And look 'ere, skipper, I wouldn't be too particular about an off-shore wind. Them heasterly winds, especially this time of year, are often as steady and as nice as you please. Man, I could go with ye to France, ay, as 'appy as a laddie.' And it was often necessary to recall this speech. For in port after port, as we answered the question, 'From whence to where?' we got invariably such rejoinders as the following, 'You are not afraid!' 'You have a nerve!' 'Sell her now that you have done so well and go 'ome with the train.'. For several days groups of fishermen gathered on Scarborough pier discussing the subject, 'From Dundee to France in that!' One old boatbuilder in Yarmouth was more pointed. Lifting his mallet and suiting the action to the word, he said, 'Four young men built a boat themselves and rigged her. I told them she'd be their coffin.

Well, just as I said it they went out there, a squall upset them, and they were all drowned. And look 'ere, it will be the very same with you.' ''Ow,' yelled another at his back, ''ow would you do in a breeze of wind?' I generally assumed the learner's position and mentally took notes, but, feeling myself a little bitten, I answered the last question by submitting another, 'Do you think there has not been a breeze of wind since we left Dundee?' But sometimes they loaded me with the above crushing material so much that when I stepped on board again you would have thought she would sink in the harbour without going out to sea at all. When it came to the worst we shouted out, 'Remember Richard, "'appy as a laddie."' If it had suited to call at Bridlington Quay on my return (although I do not use tobacco) I certainly would not have denied myself the great gratification of purchasing a pound of the best black roll for Richard. Many a time we triumphantly mounted a threatening wave with the words, ''Appy as a laddie.'"

And to sum up the whole matter—

"Grand, honest old sea! She does in daylight precisely as she would do in the dark. She is no respecter of persons, takes no cognisance of human certificates, time has no effect on herself, and so to her it is no qualification. In the case of a tar of fifty years' experience, and especially if he has in a couple of glasses of grog, she will ignore the fact that she ever had seen him before. Nor does she regard your lingo. You may tie the rope, or bend it on; luff, or turn the bow to windward; turn to left, or port; it is all the same to her what is said if the thing is done. So we may sail and even sleep without a certificate on the broad, honest, fragrant bosom of the grand, fresh old sea!"



"The Molten Silver of a Moonlit Sea."

Some Holiday Thoughts.

MORNING.

REMEMBER all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

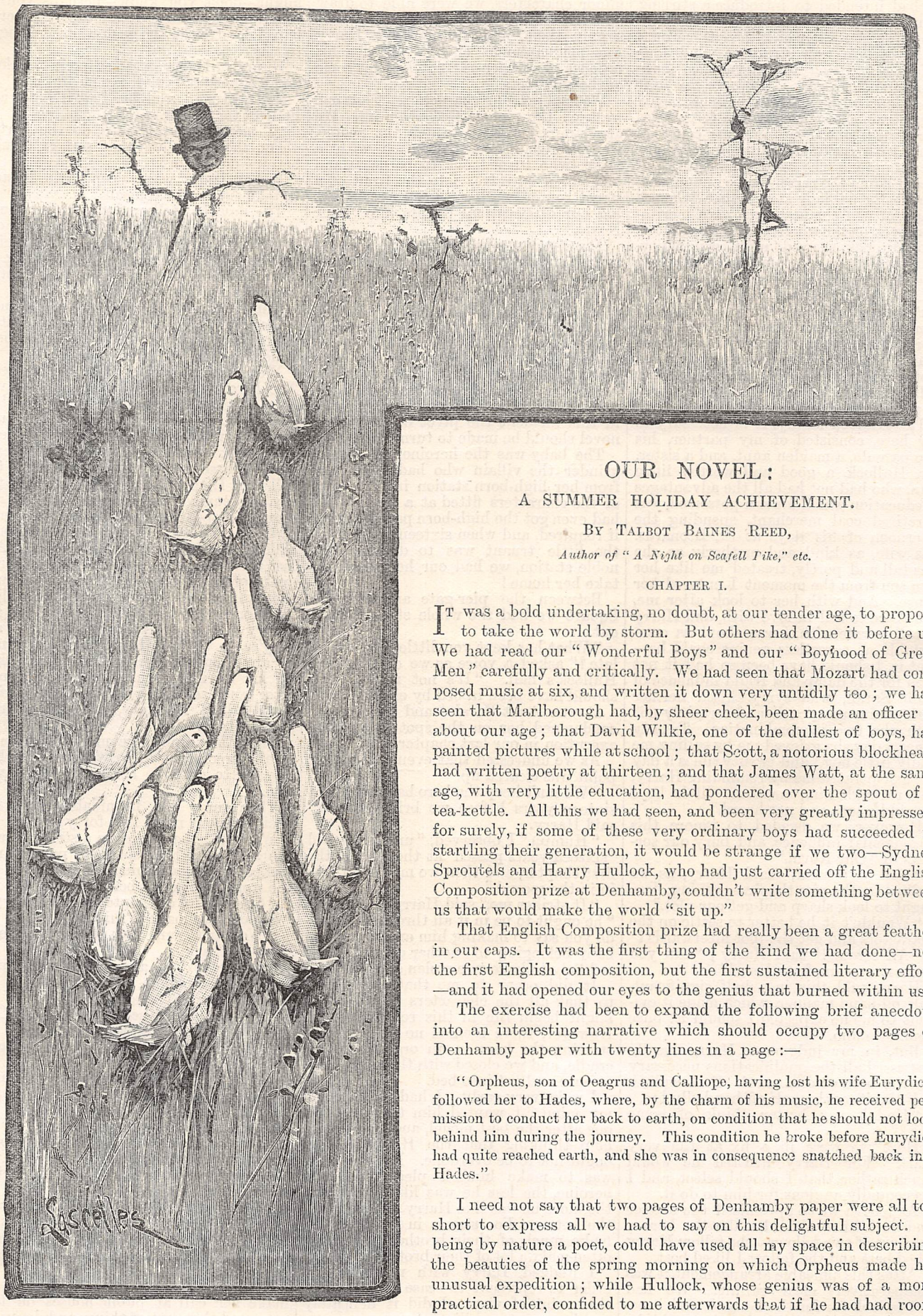
NOON.

Rejoice in the Lord! there is joy for thee ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to Him;
A bond, all of love, which no change can e'er sever,
A sun o'er thy head which no storm-cloud can dim.

NIGHT.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.



OUR NOVEL:

A SUMMER HOLIDAY ACHIEVEMENT.

By Talbot Baines Reed,

Author of "A Night on Scafell Pike," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bold undertaking, no doubt, at our tender age, to propose to take the world by storm. But others had done it before us. We had read our "Wonderful Boys" and our "Boyhood of Great Men" carefully and critically. We had seen that Mozart had composed music at six, and written it down very untidily too; we had seen that Marlborough had, by sheer cheek, been made an officer at about our age; that David Wilkie, one of the dullest of boys, had painted pictures while at school; that Scott, a notorious blockhead, had written poetry at thirteen; and that James Watt, at the same age, with very little education, had pondered over the spout of a tea-kettle. All this we had seen, and been very greatly impressed, for surely, if some of these very ordinary boys had succeeded in startling their generation, it would be strange if we two—Sydney Sproutels and Harry Hullock, who had just carried off the English Composition prize at Denhamby, couldn't write something between us that would make the world "sit up."

That English Composition prize had really been a great feather in our caps. It was the first thing of the kind we had done—not the first English composition, but the first sustained literary effort—and it had opened our eyes to the genius that burned within us.

The exercise had been to expand the following brief anecdote into an interesting narrative which should occupy two pages of Denhamby paper with twenty lines in a page:—

"Orpheus, son of Oeagrus and Calliope, having lost his wife Eurydice, followed her to Hades, where, by the charm of his music, he received permission to conduct her back to earth, on condition that he should not look behind him during the journey. This condition he broke before Eurydice had quite reached earth, and she was in consequence snatched back into Hades."

I need not say that two pages of Denhamby paper were all too short to express all we had to say on this delightful subject. I, being by nature a poet, could have used all my space in describing the beauties of the spring morning on which Orpheus made his unusual expedition; while Hullock, whose genius was of a more practical order, confided to me afterwards that if he had had room

he had intended to introduce a stirring conversation between the widower and his wife's ghost, in which the latter would make certain very stringent conditions before consenting to return once more to household duties. However, by dint of severe self-denial, we both managed to restrain our muses to the forty lines prescribed, and sent in our compositions with quite a feeling of envy for the examiner who would have to read them. When the results were announced, the Doctor publicly stated that "though many of the compositions were meritorious, yet, on the whole, those of Sproutels and Hullock showed most originality, and, indeed, gave considerable promise. The prize would be shared between them."

Of course, after that, all question as to our calling in life was at an end, and the sooner we "fleshed" our pens before the world the better. So it was arranged that Hullock was to get his father and mother to invite me for the midsummer holidays, and that before Denhamby saw us again, "Our Novel" should be started.

The Hullock family, it is necessary to say here, consisted of my partner, his two parents, a maiden aunt, and a sister. Mr. Hullock, a good and worthy little man, who had not had all the advantages of education which his son possessed, was a retired coal merchant, spending the afternoon of his days at St. Leonards. His wife, as kind and motherly as she was tall and portly, treated me like her own son from the moment I entered her house. And with her to look after me, and Alice to fall in love with, and Harry to collaborate with, I was about as comfortable as a restless genius could be—that is, I should have been so had it not been for the damp and frigid influence of Aunt Sarah, who sympathised neither with genius nor youth, and certainly not with the two in combination. Twenty times a day she grieved me by calling me "silly little boy," and twenty times a day she exasperated me by reminding Harry, and, through him, me, that "little boys should be seen and not heard."

However, we decided to ignore this uncongenial influence, and bury our sorrows in "Our Novel."

"Tell you what," said Harry, as we walked on the pier the first evening, "we ought to look sharp and get our plot."

"Wouldn't it be better to settle on the characters and get the plot afterwards?"

"All serene!" said Harry; "can you suggest any one for a hero?"

Harry said this in a half significant, half off-hand manner, which made it evident to me he expected I should at once nominate him.

But, in my judgment, Harry hardly possessed all the qualifications necessary for the hero of our novel. So I replied, half significantly, half off-handedly too,

"Hadn't *you* better think of some one?"

Here we were in a fix at the very start. For Harry insisted he would much rather that I should select, and I was equally anxious for him to do it.

At length we compromised the matter and decided we should make the hero a mixture of two fellows—the fellow Harry liked best and the fellow I liked best.

After this amicable arrangement it was comparatively clear sailing. We had not to look far for the heroine, and it occurred to both of us that it would be original as well as pleasant to make the villain a female and middle-aged. As for minor characters, we were able to draw on our acquaintance at Denhamby to supply them, and, failing that, Harry was magnanimous enough to offer his father and mother as "not bad for some of the side plots."

We had got our characters. That one walk on the pier settled them all. We also stopped a bit to watch the people, we entered into conversation with a sailor (who turned out to be deaf), and insinuated ourselves into the front of a street row, all with a view to reproducing our observations on life into "Our Novel."

The street row indeed furnished an inspiration for our plot. It was the arrest of a make-believe Italian female organ-grinder, whose offence appeared to be that she was carrying about in a cradle attached to the organ an infant that did not belong to her. And as the infant brought her in much more money than her music did, she protested in very strong English against having it removed.

With the quickness of genius we saw in this incident the pivot on which our novel should be made to turn.

The baby was the heroine, the organ-grinder the villain who had stolen her from her high-born station in life. Two of the characters fitted at a blow! We had even got the high-born parents ready if required, and when sixteen years later the little truant was to discover her noble station, we had our hero ready to take her home!

Between the pier-gate and Warrior Square we had the whole story worked out.

"What has kept you little boys out so late?" asked a voice as we entered Mr. Hullock's hall. "It's not right. You should have been in bed by eight."

It was Aunt Sarah! and we secretly condemned her on the spot to a public execution in our last chapter.

As we undressed that evening another point was cleared up.

"We can't keep the hero hanging about sixteen years before we bring him in," said Harry.

"Humph," I observed, "unless we said 'sixteen years passed' at the end of the first chapter, and then we might get him in in the second."

"It strikes me," said Harry, dubiously, "he ought to be in it all through. What do you say to making him another stolen baby belonging to another organ? Just as likely to have two stolen as one."

It did occur to me that if it came to that all the characters in the story might begin life in this romantic way. However, there seemed no objection to starting the hero in an organ-grinder's cradle, and we closed with the suggestion at once and got into bed.

I woke very early. I had the hero on my mind. I wanted him to be a good one after the best model, and I could not help thinking that the Harry in him ought not to be overdone. Besides, if he was to make himself pleasant to the heroine, the less he was like Harry and the more he was like Harry's chief friend the better. For sisters in fiction never make much of their brothers, but they often make a lot of their brothers' friends.

I nudged Harry with my elbow in order to represent the case to him from this point of view. I did it delicately and in a most conciliatory manner.

"I was thinking, old man, as Alice is the heroine and you're her brother I might—don't you know—perhaps you'd like if—well, what I mean to say is perhaps I'd better do the gush when it comes to that."

Happily Harry was scarcely awake and did not take in all my meaning.

"All serene," said he, "we'll have as little of that as we can."

"I mean I think you'd do the parts about the villain and that sort of thing better—don't you?"

But as Harry was asleep again I had to take silence for consent.

The day that followed was an anxious one. It is easy enough to get your characters, but it is awful having to fix their names. And it is simple work getting a plot, compared with the agony of dividing it up into forty chapters!

This was the task before us to-day, and we retired as before to the pier-head with pencils and paper, in order to do it beyond the sound of Aunt Sarah's voice.

We endured agonies over the names. The hero's name should naturally have been a judicious combination of the names of the two fellows we had in our mind's eyes. But neither "Sydrey Sproutock" or "Hardney Hulltels" exactly pleased us. Finally we decided to call him Henry Sydney, and, strange to say, it occurred to me it would be best as a rule to speak of him by his surname, while Harry was equally strong about calling him by his Christian name. At last we agreed that when we, the authors, spoke of him it should be as Sydney, and that when the heroine or any one else mentioned his name it should be as Henry — Harry explaining that "as they're to be kids together there won't be anything strange in her calling him by his Christian name." The heroine, after much searching of heart, we christened Alicia Dearlove, and the villain Sarah Vixen.

The other names we made up from a local directory which we were lucky enough to stumble across in the pavilion.

Then came the formidable work of slicing up our novel into forty pieces.

We wrote the figures in a string down the side of a long sheet of paper, and looked with something like dismay at the work we had set before us.

"Seems a lot of chapters," said Harry; "couldn't we make it thirty?"

"Wouldn't run into three volumes if we did," said I.

That settled it, and we set ourselves to fill up the blanks.

"Chapter I.," wrote I. "Theft of Alicia—Sorrow of her Parents—The Organ-grinder's Lodgings—Suspicions of the Police—The Hero in the Room Underneath."

"Hold hard!" cried Harry; "that's too much for one chapter. We shall have to make that do for four of 'em, or else we shall run out in ten."

"How on earth can you make four chapters of that?" said I.

"Well, you can make 'Theft of Alicia' spin out into one."

"Oh, ah! Why, all there is to say is that Aunt Sarah—I mean Mother Vixen—came across her in the square and collared her. However are you to make a dozen pages of that?"

"Oh," said Harry, "we shall have to make her call at public-houses on the way, and that sort of thing, and describe the scenery in the square, and have the nursemaid go off to see the militia band

go by and leave the baby on the seat. Bless you, it'll spread out!"

Harry seemed to know all about it. So we went on with our skeleton, trotting our little foundling round town on the organ, where she witnessed with infant eyes street rows, cricket matches, bicycle races, a murder or two, and such other little incidents of life which we deemed calculated to enliven our story. About the twelfth chapter she and our hero had already exchanged tender passages. In the twentieth chapter her real father and mother happen to see her in the street (she being then sixteen), and are immediately struck by her resemblance to their lost baby. By chapter twenty-five our hero had saved the lives of his future mother and father-in-law, and had rescued the heroine, single-handed, from a Hatton Garden mob. In the twenty-ninth chapter Aunt Sarah had committed her murder with every circumstance of brutality and unpleasantness, the victim being one of our schoolfellows whom we neither of us loved. Then for a chapter or two there was some very active police play, interspersed with a few love scenes between the hero and heroine, who—though it never occurred to us at the time—must have enjoyed independent means, which made it quite unnecessary for them to follow the ordinary avocations of organ-grinders. About the thirty-fifth chapter there was to be a sudden drawing-in of threads from all quarters. Chapter thirty-sixth was to be devoted to Sarah in the condemned cell. Thirty-seventh—Alicia discovers her name by seeing it marked on a pocket-handkerchief she had been using at the time she was stolen. Chapter thirty-eighth—The hero discovers his name by being told it by a solicitor who has known all about it all the time. Chapter thirty-ninth—All comes right; everybody goes back to their mothers and fathers, and a quiet wedding ensues. Chapter forty — Execution of Sarah, scenes on the scaffold, general execration. The hero and heroine witness it from a distant window. Finis.

We were tired and hungry by the time our paper was full, but we were jubilant all the same.

"Stunning fine plot!" said Harry. "If we only work it out it ought to be as good as 'Nicholas Nickleby.'"

"Rather! By the way, we ought to have one or two funny chaps in it to work off some of our jokes. There's that one about the sculptor dying a horrid death, you know—because he makes faces and busts! I'd like to get that in somehow."

"All serene! That might come in in the last chapters. I've got the 'Family Jest-Book' at home; we might pick a few things out of that, and then settle where they come in, and work in for them as we go on."

We accordingly made a judicious selection, and, having marked the initials of the character who was to bring them in against each, and also the number of the chapter in which they were to "come on," we really felt as if everything was now ready for our venture.

We went to bed early, so as to get a good night and arise fresh to our work, not, however, before we had made an expedition to the stationer's and expended half-a-crown in manuscript paper, J. and D. pens, blotting-paper, blue-black ink, and forty small paper-fasteners.

These provided, and the servant being particularly charged to call us at five o'clock, we retired to rest, and slept with our "skeleton" under the pillow.

CHAPTER II.

A GRAVE question arose the moment we opened our eyes next morning. Who was to write the first chapter? A great deal depended on how it was done. The style of the first chapter would give tone to the whole novel, and, so to speak, show the way for all the other chapters.

"I thought," said Harry, in his suspicious off-hand way, "if you took the even numbers and I took the odd, that might do."

Might it? That would mean he would write Chapter I. I wanted to write Chapter I. On the other hand, it would mean I should have Chapter XL., with the execution in it, which would suit me very well. I mentioned the fact, and could see that Harry had forgotten it, for he tried hard to back out of his arrangement.

"I think you'd do the first chapter best," said he. "There's some scenery in it, you know, and you're more of a dab at that than I am."

But my modesty preferred the even numbers, and our novel looked very like being water-logged before she had even been launched.

A compromise was, however, arrived at. As the question of style was very important, it was decided we should *both* write Chapter I., and then, after comparing the two attempts, arrange our further procedure accordingly.

So I with a J pen, and Harry with a D, retired to opposite corners of the room and plunged headlong into "The Theft of Alicia." It was a hard morning's work, and by the time the breakfast-bell rang we were both getting the steam up. The sight of Aunt Sarah brooding over the tea-tray had but one meaning for us, and Sister Alice's pretty face and soft voice spoke to me only of that baby I had left in my chapter lying on the seat in the square.

"Now, little boys, are you going to play on the beach to-day?" said the villain, as the meal concluded.

"No, aunt," said Harry. "Syd and I have got some work we are doing."

"What work?" demanded Aunt Sarah.

"English composition," said Harry, boldly.

And under cover of this truthful announcement we escaped.

It was midday before I laid down my pen and gathered my scattered sheets together. Harry had been done before me, but he had only written eleven sheets, so our pace was about equal.

"Done?" said he, as I sat back in my chair.

"Yes; lock the door," said I.

I must beg the reader's pardon if I do not lay before them the whole of the two lucubrations. They must be content with a few impartially chosen selections.

My chapter began with a poetical description of London in early morning.

"London in the morning! What a scene! The whistle of the workmen's trains sounds, and the noise of vegetable carts going to Covent Garden Market gives the place an animated appearance. Very few people are awake, and those that are look sleepy. In such a scene as this a hideous-looking woman, about fifty years old, with a long nose and a shabby barrel-organ, wended her way from some of the slums near Farringdon Street Station in the direction of Euston Square. It was not a very pretty walk. There were no birds twittering in the trees, or cuckoos. You could not hear the gentle roar of the ocean, and what flowers there were were in pots on window-sills. The ugly woman chose the road where there were most public-houses, and I am sorry to say that any one who had walked close beside her would have heard her talking to herself in very bad language."

Here followed the description of a few of the public-houses and their natural beauties, and my narrative proceeded.

"In this way the wicked woman reached Euston Square. She was greatly intoxicated and not able to play the tunes on her organ correctly. Nobody gave her anything, which was not surprising, and the police moved her on all round the square. At last it was plain she would have to do something to get some money. After thinking over all the different things, she thought she would steal a baby and get money that way. So seeing a baby lying on a seat close by, whose nurse had gone off to see a militia band marching towards Gower Street, she stole it and went off as fast as she could. There was a cradle hanging on to the organ, and when people saw the baby in it the wicked woman got as much money as she liked. My reader will have guessed by this time that the baby, which was of the feminine gender, is the heroine. She was really high-born. Her father was a retired coal merchant. He was a very little man, and dropped his h's. Her mother was what the vulgar would call a 'whopper.' Let not the reader think she whopped her baby or her husband. On the contrary, she was kind but big. They lived at Highbury, and the nurse always took the baby out for walks before breakfast."

It was at this point that it had suddenly flashed across me that I had left out the joke allotted to chapter one, and as the narrative was well advanced I ought to work up for it without delay. So I proceeded.

"We left Alicia, for that was the name of our heroine, being wheeled back on the organ to Hatton Garden. It was an unpleasant journey. The bad woman called at a lot more public-houses and left Alicia and the organ outside in the rain. It was a wonder Alicia was not stolen again. She began to cry. People who came by couldn't make out what it was, for she was hidden under the quilt, and some thought instead of an organ it must have been some strange animal. An organ that cried like a child would be a very queer animal, nearly as queer as an author whose tale comes out of his head; and some of the people said so."

I was hot and tired by the time I had worked off this piece of humour, and began to wish I saw my way to the end of my twelve sheets. Two more I occupied with a picture of the organ-grinder's quarters in Hatton Garden, and concluded with the following poetical passage:—

"Little thought the wicked Vixen as she huddled her stolen infant into a damp corner of the filthy room how much would happen before Alicia and her poor parents next met. We know very little of what is going to happen, and perhaps it is a good job. At any rate it was a

good job for Alicia as she lay fast asleep.

> The world is all before the little baby—
> It doesn't know what's all in store for it;
> If it did know, it seems to me that maybe
> It wouldn't like the prospect—not a bit.

End of Chapter I."

Harry looked a little uncomfortable as I finished reading my chapter aloud. I concluded he felt rather out of it, and I was not surprised. For on the whole it read well, and in some respects I flattered myself it had rather a pull on "Nicholas Nickleby."

Harry wisely reserved his criticisms until he had read his own chapter, which I awaited with a smile of brotherly resignation.

"You know," explained he, before he began, "I tried to get more incident than you, that's why I left out the scenery."

Aha! my scenery had fetched him, then! I wondered what his incident would be like.

"Fire away!" said I.

"Her name was Sarah Vixen—[I'm beginning now]—Her name was Sarah Vixen. She was a horrid old maid. One morning she went and played her organ in Euston Square. She played 'Wait till the clouds roll by,' and 'Sweethearts' waltz, and the 'Marseillaise,' one after the other, after which she paused and watched a tennis match which was going on in the square. It was a four-handed match between two rather good-looking boys who wore red and green ribbons on their straws — [those were the Denhamby colours]—and two big London fellows. The schoolboys won the toss, and the fair one served first. He put in a very hot service just over the net, which broke sharp as it fell, and bothered the Londoners completely. The dark hand-in played close up to the net, and was very neat in the way he picked up balls and smashed them over."

Harry paused and looked doubtfully at me for a moment, and then went on.

"The schoolboys pulled off the first three games, and then the Londoners scored a game owing to the wind. A large crowd collected to see the match, and shouts of 'Well put over' greeted the schoolboys on every hand. The Londoners didn't score another game in the first set, and scored nothing in the second. The crowd became thicker and thicker every moment. In the last game the fair schoolboy spun a ball into the far left-hand corner which the Londoner could not reach, and the match ended in a glorious victory for the two schoolboys, who, apparently unaware of the cheers of the crowd, walked home arm-in-arm as if nothing had happened. On their way they met a runaway horse, and loud cries of 'Take care,' 'Get out of the way,' met them on all sides. A nurse-maid was wheeling a child across the road at that moment, and quick as thought the fair boy sprang at the horse and brought him to a standstill just in time. The crowd seeing it, rushed with a great cheer to the young hero, but he seeing it, took his friend's arm and walked on as if nothing had happened.

"'What are you so pale for?' asked his friend.

"'Oh, nothing very much. I have broken my arm; but it really doesn't matter much.'

"While he spoke he fainted, and if it had not been for his friend, might have fallen.

"Meanwhile the baby, left to herself in the perambulator in the middle of the road, began to cry, which attracted the notice of Vixen, who, seeing she was a nice child, went and lifted her out of her perambulator and put her in her cradle on her organ while nobody was looking, and took her to her home."

"Whose home?" I asked.

Harry did not condescend to notice this interruption. He may have guessed I was jealous. All that about the heroic fair boy had been taking an unfair advantage of me, and I think he knew it. For I was of a dark complexion! His narrative went on to describe a fight in the organ-grinder's lodgings, and a burglary followed by a fire at the residence of the parents of the lost child. As a matter of course the fair boy with his broken arm turned up on the fire-engine, and brought most of the family down the escape with his sound arm. Then by a sudden transition the scene changed back to the organ-grinder's "cottage," on the ground floor of which in another cradle slept another infant, a boy, fair, of course, and beautifully made, showing great promise of physical force and heroism of disposition.

"He was older than Alicia, and could speak a little. There was no one in the room, and as he sat up in his cradle he felt very sad. Presently two young organ-grinders came into the room. One was dark and vicious, the other was fair [of course] and had a pleasant expression. They took no notice of the baby, but sat and smoked and asked riddles of one another. The fair one [of course!] was far the cleverer of the two, and caused much laughter by his wit.

"'Can you tell me,' said he, in a pleasant silvery voice very unlike an organ-grinder, 'why an author is a queer animal'?

"'Give it hup,' said the vulgar one, who always put his 'h's' wrong.

"'Because his tale comes out of his head!'

"It was long before the vulgar one saw it, and then he laughed so much that the baby began to cry, and they had to go into the next room for fear of disturbing it. Having left the door open, the fair baby got out of its cradle, and being old enough to walk, went quietly upstairs, and there what should he see in a cradle in the room above but Alicia. This was the first time the two met. They did not say much, but Cupid's arrow went through them both from that minute. That's all," said Harry.

There was a silence, which at last I broke.

"And which chapter do you think we'd better put in?"

"That's just what I was going to ask you," said Harry.

"You see," said I, cautiously, "you've got rather a lot about that fair chap in yours, and he's not in the plot."

"Oh, he turns out somebody," said Harry.

"Who?"

"I don't know yet."

"He's not the hero, of course?" said I, decisively; "he's to be a mixture of both."

"Oh, of course," said Harry. "But, I say, don't you think there's rather too much about scenery in yours? There's very little of that in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' or poetry either."

"No; that struck me as one of the weak points of 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" said I.

"I thought it was settled the hero was to be in it from the first?" said Harry, falling back on another line of defence.

"So he is. I shall say in the next chapter that he was in the room underneath all the time," said I, rather testily.

"Oh, well," said Harry, "of course if *you* think yours is the best, you'd better stick it in. I'm out of it if you're going in for poetry."

"You're not obliged to do any poetry," said I.

"Thanks. I shouldn't try unless I was sure of writing something that wasn't doggrel," said Harry.

This was hitting me on a tender point.

"Look here," said I, starting up, "do you mean to tell me I write doggrel?"

"I didn't say so."

"You meant it. I'd sooner write doggrel than stuff I'd be ashamed to read in a 'penny dreadful.' Call yourself a fair boy!"

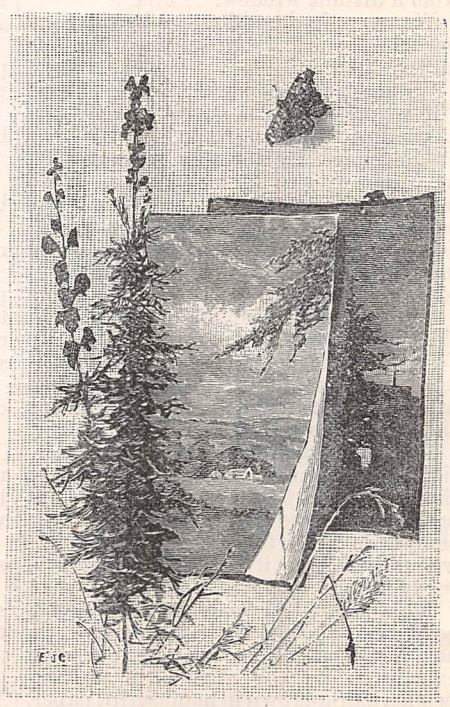
Alas for our novel! We spent half an hour that evening in anything but a literary competition.

Aunt Sarah remarked on Harry's black eye and my one-sided countenance at breakfast next morning, and inquired artlessly if English composition had caused them.

We truly answered "Yes."

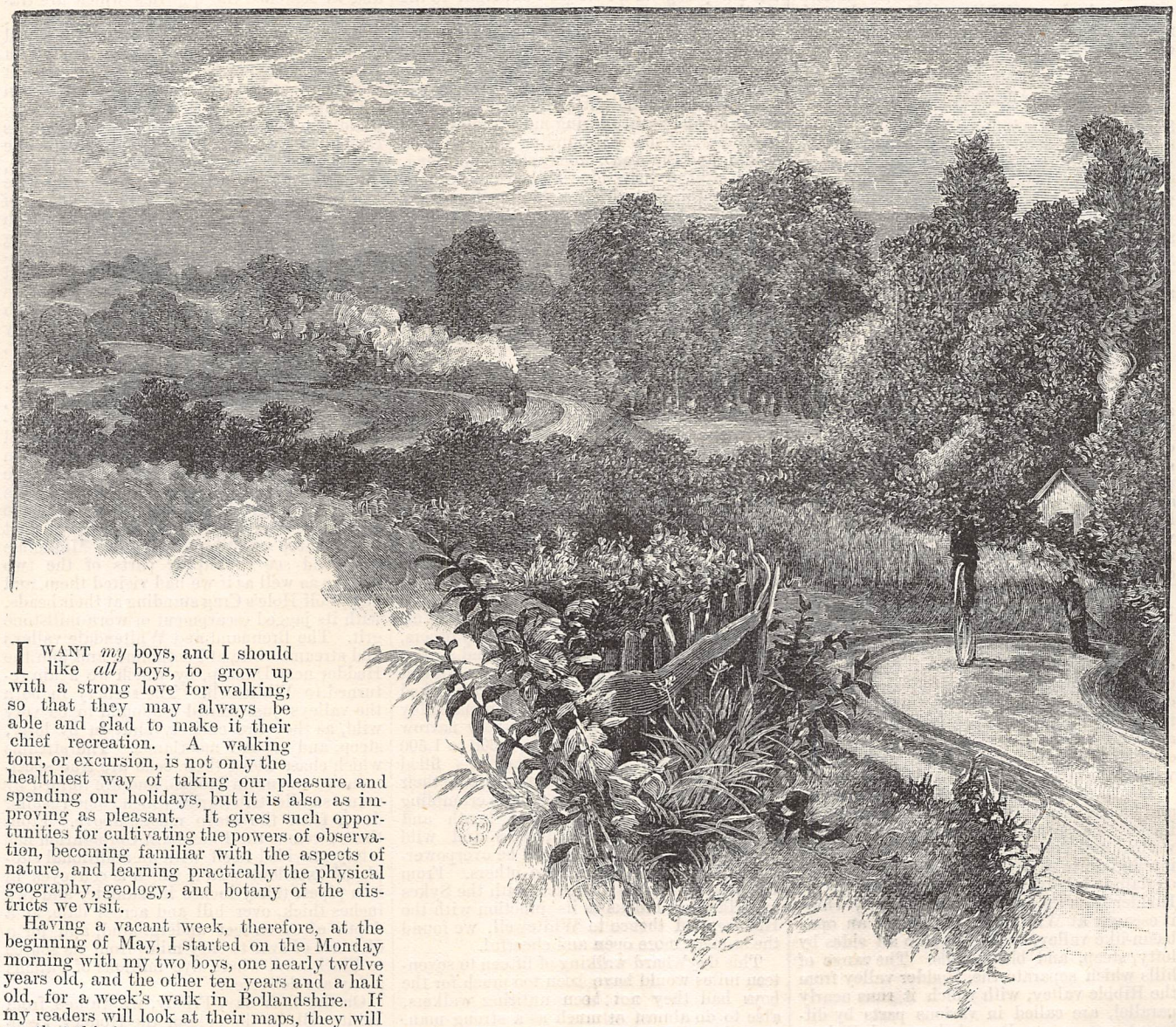
Our friendship was quickly healed; but our poor novel, after that one evening, has never lifted up its head again. We have sometimes vaguely talked of finishing it, but we have been careful to avoid all discussion of details, still less all reference to Chapter One. In fact we have come to the conclusion that it is better not to startle the world at too early an age. If you do you are expected to keep it up, and that interferes with your enjoyment of life.

When Our Novel does come out, the B. O. P. shall have an early copy for its readers!



A WEEK'S WALK IN BOLLANDSHIRE.

By the Rev. H. H. Moore, M.A.



I WANT *my* boys, and I should like *all* boys, to grow up with a strong love for walking, so that they may always be able and glad to make it their chief recreation. A walking tour, or excursion, is not only the healthiest way of taking our pleasure and spending our holidays, but it is also as improving as pleasant. It gives such opportunities for cultivating the powers of observation, becoming familiar with the aspects of nature, and learning practically the physical geography, geology, and botany of the districts we visit.

Having a vacant week, therefore, at the beginning of May, I started on the Monday morning with my two boys, one nearly twelve years old, and the other ten years and a half old, for a week's walk in Bollandshire. If my readers will look at their maps, they will see that this is one of the few extensive tracts in England which still remain unpenetrated by railways, and isolated from the great currents of commercial circulation, owing to their mountainous character and the absence of the conditions which attract manufacturers.

There is a circle of railways all round it, connecting Preston, Lancaster, Clapham, Giggleswick, Hellifield, and Blackburn. The best way of penetrating this little-known and little-frequented district is by Whitewell, which may be reached from Clitheroe either by road, or by field and river walks. The road is, of course, less varied and interesting than the latter route; the chief inducement to prefer the road would be to see Browsholme Hall, a fine old house which dates from the reign of Henry VII., and is the seat of the Parkers, who were the hereditary foresters of Bollandshire. For this region of high, desolate moorlands, furrowed by numerous streams and deep woodland valleys, has been from time immemorial famous for the chase, its old name being "Bowland Forest." It was probably called "Forest," like many other districts, not because of its sylvan character, but because it lay "*ad foras*," outside the cultivated lands, left in its primitive state and to the wild animals that found refuge there. A relic of the severity of the game laws of feudal ages is still kept at Browsholme Hall, namely the "forest stirupe." For the game laws, among other rules, provided that "the several tenants, as well leaseholders as fee-farmers, are bound to suffer the deer to go unmolested into their several grounds. They are also fyned, if anie without lysens keep anie dogg bigger than will go through a stirupe, to hunt the deer out of the corne."

As we should have another opportunity of seeing Browsholme, however, we chose the other route. After crossing the Ribble, by Edisford Bridge, we left the road about a quarter of a mile farther on for a field walk on the left hand, which conducted us more directly to the Upper Hodder Bridge. As we passed through the fields we stopped an hour at Withgill, an isolated boss of mountain limestone like that about Clitheroe and Chatburn, which protrudes through the overlying Yoredale shales of which the plain hereabouts consists. Here we got a number of large fossils, which could be easily extracted in a good state of preservation, the rock, which had once been quarried, being well weathered. When we arrived at the Upper Hodder Bridge we enjoyed for some time the sweet quietness of the situation and the lovely views up and down the stream.

From this point we walked all the way to Whitewell by the left (geographically) bank of the river. As well as can be judged from its numerous and extensive windings, I should think that the distance would be about twelve miles, but we took about six hours to do it, for the day was so fine and the scenery so delightful, that we were constrained to stop and look about admiringly every few yards. The Hodder is, indeed, deservedly famous both for its beauty and its fishing. It offers what is one of the greatest, and now, alas! one of the rarest charms of a country walk, namely, the picture of flowing waters perfectly pure, and sweet, and of a crystal clearness.

In this portion of its course which we were now exploring, the stream is one almost unbroken series of picturesque falls, reaches, and windings, and every pleasing feature of river scenery is repeated over and over again. In places the uptilted edge of its rocky bed makes the waters form one long curved line of fall stretching from bank to bank,

> "Where the waters bounded
> In a full curve rounded
> Like a mane of silver bright and clear."

In other places it rushes with manifold struggles and merry din between and over the great blocks of sandstone or limestone scattered irregularly across its course. Here it narrows between approaching hills to a deep, swift current like a millstream; there it spreads itself out over a broad pebbly shallow with numberless twinkling ripples, and manifold murmurings as of countless insect wings or rustling leaves, and

> . . . "gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
> O'erhung with wild woods thickening green."

Sometimes with scimitar-like curve it scoops out the base of a hill of Yoredale shales, which shiver themselves away by exposure into steep purple-fronted screes. At other times it cuts a miniature canyon-like gorge through limestone hills, whose craggy faces are clothed and decorated with a luxuriant growth of hanging wood. And, but rarely, the woods and banks receding from the stream, leave it an open course across sequestered basin-like dales, where—

> "Lonely slopes the lonely meadow
> From the undulating hill."

The valley also wore its brightest spring aspect, for in woods and fields, everywhere, there was an extraordinary profusion and delightful combination of primroses and forget-me-nots, celandines and wood-anemones, purple orchids and cowslips, dog-violets and strawberry blossoms; and about three weeks later, the matted breadths of wood-hyacinths would evidently cover the ground throughout the shady woods as with a veil of blue gauze or of cœrulean mist wonderful to behold. When we reached Whitewell we found that the hotel was a roomy, comfortable house, standing in a most picturesque position close to the Hodder, amid rocks, and woods, and encircling hills. Besides the hotel there are only half a dozen cottages and a very small church. Having done our day's walk according to our usual practice, on a lunch of bread-and-butter and water, we greatly enjoyed the excellent hot dinner (ordered beforehand) which was ready for us at half-past five.

The next day's walk, with the aid of maps and books, made the position and surroundings of this part of the Hodder valley which we had now entered upon at Whitewell quite intelligible to us, so it may be as well here to explain it briefly. The general course of the Hodder from its source to the gorge by which it escapes at Whitewell, is through an open basin-like valley, surrounded on all sides by lofty, steep, and bleak Fells. The range of hills which separate the Hodder valley from the Ribble valley, with which it runs nearly parallel, are called in various parts by different names, as Browsholme and Birkett Moors, the Easington, Newton, Harrop, Waddington, Grindleton, and Champion Fells. The range of hills which shut in the valley on the northern and western sides also form the dividing ridge between the counties and rivers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for this westward projection of Yorkshire reaches within fifteen miles of Morecambe Bay, and nearly cuts Lancashire in two. Some of the heights on this dividing ridge are of considerable elevation—Fairsnape Fell, 1,701 feet; Hawthornthwaite Fell, 1,568 feet; Whin's Brow, 1,550 feet; Wolf-Hole Crag, 1,731 feet; Bolton Head Fell, 1,784 feet. Our second day's work being to explore some of these Fells, we started after breakfast up Tottridge Fell, and a very hard climb it was.

Once on the top, we found that this and all the rest of the range which we afterwards explored are flat-topped hills with sides sloping very abruptly and steeply. These strongly-marked features, geologists tell us, are directly due to their geological formation. For the greater part of their bulk consists of the Yoredale shales, the softness of which causes them, when elevated and exposed, to rapidly disintegrate and crumble away. Thus high and very steep slopes are formed, on which trees cannot maintain a footing, and only coarse sedges and grass will grow. But overlying the Yoredale shales is a capping of hard millstone grit, which preserves the altitude of the hills, and forms a plateau covered with peat and heather. We walked all round the sharp edge of Tottridge Fell, right to the southern end of the promontory of Porlock Fell, back to Fairsnape Fell, and thence north to Hawthornthwaite Fell. The day was sunny, with a cool wind, and it was very enjoyable walking along the top of these huge hill-terraces at a height of 1,500 to 1,700 feet, inhaling the pure, bracing moorland air, and overlooking the surrounding valleys and plains, and the steep, woody slopes and long, sharp crest of Longridge Fell, which we now saw for the first time on his northern side, and at full length.* We could see the mouths of the Lune and Wyre, but a haze hindered us from seeing the whole expanse of Morecambe Bay and the Lake District mountains.

From Hawthornthwaite Fell we crossed the plateau to reach the head of one of the many streams that rise on the eastern side of the water-ridge, and unite to form the Langden stream. It was well for us that there had been previously a long season of dry weather, for at every few yards we came to a deep grip, down which we had to jump and slide, and then to climb up the opposite bank. After much rain these places must be impassable, as the peaty sides would be too slippery to get a firm footing on, and their boggy bottoms must be soft and yielding as sponges. As it was, the rough walking was most fatiguing, and we were glad when we had scrambled down an almost precipitous rocky slope into the bottom of a deep gorge, down which a brook rushed with hundreds of falls over the boulders in its bed. We walked all down this brook, which was joined by others, until they joined the main valley and stream of the Langden. Both the valley we walked down, and those branch ones which we looked up, were all characterised by remarkably wild, stern scenery, for they are very narrow gorges cut down into the hills, 1,300 to 1,500 feet deep, their trench-like bottoms filled with the roaring, tumbling streams, and their roof-like banks covered either with crumbling rocky screes or with sombre heath and grass. The utter desolateness and wild ruggedness and solitude would be overpowering to some and inspiring to others. From the junction of the Langden with the Sykes and Hareden brooks to its junction with the Hodder, and thence to Whitewell, we found the scenery more open and cheerful.

This day's hard walking of fifteen to seventeen miles would have been too much for the boys had they not been untiring walkers, able to do almost as much as a strong man. It will readily be believed that the yawning gulf which the first cut makes in a shoulder of mutton was considerably enlarged at a six o'clock dinner, after our appetites had had three such effectual whettings as moorland air, a long walk, and bread-and-butter lunch.

Our third day, Wednesday, was a comparatively easy one, being spent on the hill-sides immediately overlooking Whitewell, searching all the quarries, rockfaces, and walls for fossils. For two lines of upheaval traverse the Hodder valley from south-west to north-east, the principal of which brings the mountain limestone to the surface about Whitewell, Newton, and Slaidburn. Encrinites are found here by myriads, some of the walls being vast museums of them. Besides these, we also got the heads of Crinoids, which are rare, Rhynconellæ, Spirifera, Pentremites, Euomphalus, and Productus.

On the fourth day, Thursday, we walked to the Trough of Bolland by way of Dunsop, where there is a pretty little Roman Catholic chapel, with a fine marble figure of an angel, more than human size, in the graveyard. At Sykes, near the Trough, we could see the limestone belonging to the second and parallel upheaval cropping up in the bed of the brook, and we searched the quarries which are traversed by a vein of lead, now worked out. We found a few specimens of lead ore and plenty of calc-spar here. The Trough of Bolland has more fame than it deserves; it is only an ordinary pass over a depression in the watershed, by which the high road from Slaidburn and from Clitheroe to Lancaster is carried. From the Trough to Lancaster the road evidently passes through a wearisome, uninteresting country, not worth the time and trouble of walking. From the head of the Trough we climbed Whin's Brow, which overhangs its northern side, and, following the iron fence which marks the county boundary, passed over a high ridge of wild moorland, from which we had extensive views in every direction, seeing Ingleborough very plainly. We then descended a very steep declivity into the Brennand valley, where the limestone rock and lead veins reappear, and we got some more specimens. Then we climbed up a hill called Midholme, which like a promontory separates the Brennand and Whitendale valleys. We crossed this hill by a depression in its neck, and then descended into the Whitendale valley. We had once thought of going up the Croasdale valley to its very head, and coming down the whole length of the Whitendale valley. But from the top of Whin Brow and Midholme we could see the upper parts of the two valleys as well as if we had visited them, and also Wolf Hole's Crag standing at their heads, with its jagged escarpment of worn millstone grit. The Brennand and Whitendale valleys and streams unite at Footholme, and join the Hodder near Dunsop, by which we again returned to Whitewell. The scenery in both the valleys just named we found to be very wild, as they are entirely shut in by lofty, steep, and rugged moorlands. The streams which chase along their beds are true specimens of mountain brooks, and are formed by many smaller tributaries which come rushing down from the steep moors above. From these streams the Blackburn Corporation has lately provided itself with an additional supply of excellent water, which is conveyed in iron pipes, thirty inches in diameter and two inches thick, over hill and across dale, at a depth of seven feet underground, and for a distance of over twenty miles from its source to Blackburn, where five millions of gallons a day are delivered.

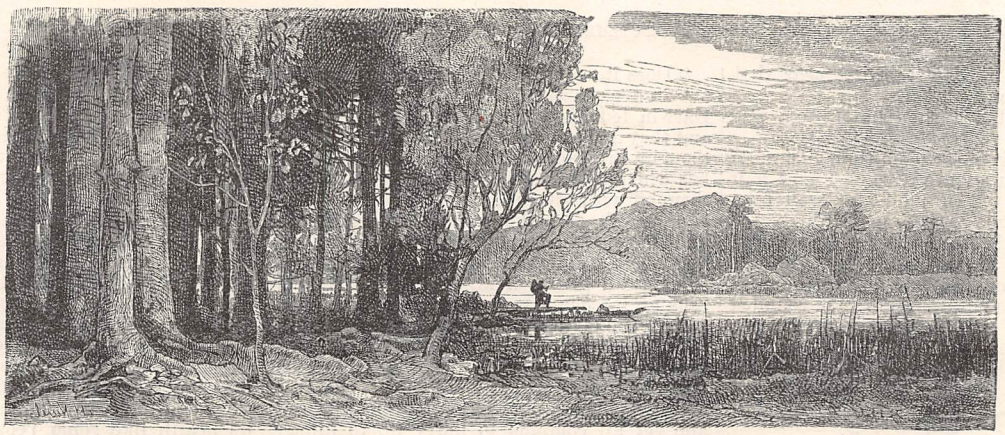
On the fifth day, Friday, we walked from Whitewell, by the side of the Hodder, keeping to its left bank as far as Newton, and to its right bank from there to Slaidburn. The walk is delightfully pleasant and very easy throughout its whole length. Between Whitewell and Newton we passed through a pretty park, Knowlmere, and between Newton and Slaidburn through another, still prettier, called Dunnow. This latter part of the walk runs between the river and some bold, well-wooded limestone crags. We passed through Slaidburn, the capital of Bollandshire, without stopping. It is a quiet little village with a large church, and a humble inn called "Hark to Bounty." From Slaidburn we hope, some day, to follow the Hodder to its fountain-head in the millstone-grit region of Catlow Fells and Bolland Knots, and to climb the latter hill in order to see the view from it, which is said to be the finest in the whole of the Bolland and Craven districts, including, as it does, Ingleboro, Pen-y-Ghent, Whernside, the hills about Kirby Lonsdale, and all the intervening country. On the rocky summit of this hill, also, we should like to see the scratches which have been made by a glacier coming from Ingleboro' direction.

Any one wishing to leave the Hodder valley in that direction can easily reach Clapham

* It is an interesting geological puzzle why the Ribble and Hodder do not make their way direct to the sea, *viâ* Chipping, along the deep troughlike depression between the northern face of Longridge and the southern face of the Bolland Forest Fells, instead of running as they do round the eastern end and southern base of Longridge *viâ* Ribchester.

station. We left the valley, however, after lunching at the bridge over the stream, by crossing the Harrop and Grindleton Fells to Chatburn. The walk is uninteresting, excepting for the fine views from the top of the Fells and from their southern slopes into the Ribble valley.

A night and day at Downham, near Chatburn, and easy strolls among the pleasant field walks about the foot of Pendle, brought the week to a close, and on the Saturday night we found ourselves comfortably at home, stronger and happier for our excursion, and longing for another as soon as may be permitted.



THE TARTAR HORSE AND THE ROBBERS:

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE IN THE EAST.

By David Ker,

Author of "The Boy Slave of Bokhara," etc.

"A letter, Barin" (master), said a Russian servant, coming up to the side of his master's horse just as the impatient man sprang into the saddle, eager to be off to his workmen upon the new railroad ten miles away, and thence to join a few friends on a holiday spin.

"Confound these letters!" growled the Englishman; "they always seem to come just when I'm in a special hurry. However, let's see what it's all about; it may be business. Hallo! what's this?"

"Look well to your safety. There are those who know where you are going to-day, and what you carry with you. If you ride out this morning you will never come back.

"A Friend."

Such a warning, even although worded in bad Russian, and clumsily scrawled upon a scrap of coarse paper, made Mr. Archer, brave though he was, feel rather "queer" for a moment. It could hardly be a joke, for there was no one anywhere near him who would have ventured to play such a trick; and if it spoke the truth he was in a very awkward scrape. The district in which he lived—a lonely tract among the hills that rise from the great plain between the Black Sea and the Caspian—was literally swarming with Tartar and Persian robbers, to whom the killing of a man meant no more than the crushing of a mosquito; and the money which he was carrying with him to pay his workmen would have tempted these ruffians to attack him had he had twenty men at his back instead of being quite alone.

But the stout-hearted overseer did not hesitate long. Come what might, it would not do for him to "show the white feather;" and he must not make his workmen wait for their pay just in order to save his own skin. Moreover, in broad daylight there was at least no fear of his being taken by surprise, and if the worst came to the worst, he would have a fight for it. He thrust his hand into his pocket to make sure that his trusty revolver was all ready for use; and then, touching his horse lightly with the whip, darted away across country at full gallop.

But he was soon forced to slacken speed, whether he liked it or not, for beyond the grassy uplands lay a broad belt of cornfields, and here galloping was quite impossible. He had got nearly half way through them, picking his way as best he might, when suddenly a hoarse, croaking voice, which seemed to issue from the thickest of the waving corn, called out to him,

"Go back, go back! Death lies in front of you!"

Mr. Archer started, and looked keenly around him; but he could see no one. Indeed, the corn was quite tall enough to hide any man who did not stand bolt upright. He raised himself in his stirrups, and called out sharply:

"Kto tam?" (who's there?)

But there was no answer, and when the echo of his shout had died away, all around him was as still as death.

Mr. Archer began to feel very uncomfortable. This second warning, so sudden and so mysterious, coming close upon the heels of the first, was anything but pleasant. That his route was known and watched, and that those who watched it were quite aware of his having a large sum of money with him, was plain enough; and when he remembered that half a dozen robberies and at least one murder had occurred in this very district during the last three months, he could easily guess what was in store for *him*.

But what was he to do? It would help him little to turn back, for the only other man in the house was his Russian groom, of whom he knew nothing whatever, having only taken him on trial about a week before. He might leave the money at home, but who could tell whether these mysterious warnings might not be a trick of the robbers themselves to frighten him into doing so, that they might have a chance of attacking the house and carrying off the gold in his absence?

"The money 's safer in this belt round my waist than anywhere else," said he to himself. "Whoever wants it must pull off my coat to get at it, and they won't do that very easily while my revolver can talk."

Away he went again, leaping yawning trenches, splashing through shallow brooks, rattling and crashing over gravelly ridges. Already four of the ten miles lay behind him—then five—six—seven—eight. A few minutes more, and he would be in safety; but there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The horse that Mr. Archer rode was of the true Tartar breed, small, rough, wiry, and swift as the wind. On open ground he might laugh at any attack of men on foot; but there was *one* spot in his road where they would have him at a disadvantage, and that spot was close in front of him now. Between him and the railway cutting whither he was bound rose a bold rocky ridge thickly covered with bushes, up the side of which zigzagged a narrow bridle path, so steep and broken that no horse could mount it faster than a quick walk. If the robbers really meant to waylay him, this would certainly be the place, where the thickets on either side would hide them till the very moment when they made their rush.

Mr. Archer felt for his revolver, but before he could draw it his horse began to stumble upon the loose stones, and both his hands were needed to keep it from falling outright. Just then came a crash among the bushes and a wild yell, and he found himself in the clutches of four of the ugliest ruffians that he had ever seen in his life.

The sturdy Englishman struggled fiercely with his assailants (who luckily had no firearms), and gave them so much to do in holding him fast that not one of them could spare a hand to draw a knife and stab him. But he knew that the moment his strength began to fail one of those long sharp blades would be buried in his heart.

Suddenly he remembered that the Tartar who had sold him his horse had warned him against touching a white patch on its back just in front of the saddle, which would at once make it rear and kick. Now was the time to try it? With one finger of his left hand, which was pressed down upon the saddle, he just managed to reach the white spot. A furious plunge, a rear, a kick, and one robber lay motionless under the horse's hoofs, with a second writhing and howling beside him. The third, who held the bridle, was dashed to the ground, while Mr. Archer's strong right hand knocked over the fourth like a ninepin; and then horse and rider went scrambling and stumbling up the breakneck path, over the crest of the ridge, and down into the crowd of astonished workmen beyond.

Our hero could never find out who was the author of the two mysterious warnings; but the story of his adventure soon got abroad, and from that day forth he and his horse were greatly reverenced by all the people of the district, robbers included.

I have only to add that this story is quite true, and was told me in Russia by the sister of its hero.

ROMANCE OF AN ENGLISH LANE.

A Summer Ramble at Selborne.

"There is a Sundew growing near that clump of moss."

"So there is, but I thought Drosera was bigger."

"Oh, no. It is never more than six inches high, and the leaves are always under half an inch across. You might as well take that; there are two or three near it."

And so the little insect-eater was torn from its mossy bed.

Not much to look at, but one of the most famous plants that grow. A circle of rounded leaves, slightly cup-shaped, covered with

Fig. 1.

glandular tentacles, whose tips are glistening with syrupy dew. The leaf is green, but the club-shaped hairs that crowd its surface are a curious purple. There is but little root, and the soil around is the boggiest of the boggy and the poorest of the poor, so that nearly all the nourishment the sundew gets must come from what it catches.

"A vegetable, but no vegetarian! How does it feed?"

"That one over there is feeding now. Watch it."

A tiny fly has fluttered on to one of the leaves, attracted by the light. It has been caught in the sticky moisture on a tentacle, and struggles to escape.

"It will never get away. If you were to wait here long enough you would see the tentacles all bend to it. The gland that caught it is secreting more and more of what looks like dew, and all the glands will slowly come into action. The fluid will stifle the life out of the fly, will gradually grow acid and suck the juices from the corpse, and when all the goodness has gone and been digested the tentacles will bend back again and leave only a little dust, which the wind will blow away."

"Does it only feed on insects?"

"In a state of nature, probably yes; but Darwin fed his sundews on chopped meat, and they got on very well, and then he fed them on infusions and they seemed to thrive, but when he tried them with cheese it killed them off with severe indigestion."

"Doesn't it make a mistake sometimes and shut up at a raindrop?"

"No. For it does not care for hard knocks. It wants a gentle tickling such as it gets from an insect's legs. It will act on a pressure of the eighty-thousandth of a grain, but a hard hit such as it must suffer from at times seems not to affect it. The curious thing is the sympathetic action of the tentacles. At first only one feels the pressure, and yet all combine to hurry up to dinner and shed their gastric juice in the good old animal way."

And so we walked off with the sundew, and when I reached home I drew it life-size, as shown in Fig. 1, and, magnifying one of the leaves, I made out the state of affairs much more clearly, as can be readily understood from the giant portrait which the printer has called Fig. 2.

An interesting subject is that of these insect-eating vegetables, as I soon discovered. The names of many of them are now household words—and household words of considerable length! There is Aldrovanda, a freely floating rootless water-plant, with broad leaf-stalks growing radially from the stem, each ending in four or six divergent spines with a bristle at each tip; there is Drosophyllum, of Portuguese extraction, with a well-furnished battery of tentacles and glands; there is the South African Roridula, with its sharp upright hairs in scores; there is the Australian Biblys, which, like Drosophyllum, has both tentacles and unstalked glands; and then there are the Flytraps.

Of the chief of the flytraps, *Dionœa muscipula*, we print four sketches which will make its structure clear. Fig. 3 shows the plant itself as it grows in its North Carolinian home; Fig. 4 is an enlarged lobe of its leaf which can be profitably compared with the enlarged leaf of the sundew in Fig. 2; Fig. 5 gives a portion of the leaf as seen from above, showing the sensitive filaments at *a*, the digestive glands at *b*, and the stellate hairs at *d*; Fig. 6 shows a section through the leaf, giving the glands at *b* and the hairs on the lower surface at *d*.

The flytrap means business, and is by no means a leisurely carnivore like the sundew. On each leaf are six filaments, three on the upper face of each half. The blade is divided by the midrib, and the halves stand at right angles to each other ready for action. As soon as the fly touches one of the filaments snap goes the leaf like a trap, and if instead of a fly something not worth eating has been caught, the blades spring apart again and let it fall. The spikes interlock but do not quite close, so that small insects can creep out, and the plant has only to begin digestive operations on a good square meal, and not injure its health like some people by injudicious worrying with trifling snacks.

Another meat-eating vegetable is our old friend the Butterwort, the greasy Pinguicula which the Lapps use for rennet, turning its pepsin to account in making their reindeer milk into cheese.

Pinguicula is not much of a plant to look at, though it has a pretty violet or yellow bloom. It shows best under the microscope, and we give three slides duly magnified. Fig. 7 gives the surface of the leaf with the glands at *g*, the hairs at *h*, the base of the hairs at *b*, and the stomata at *s*; and Fig. 8 shows a section of the same leaf with the glands at *g*; and in Fig. 9 we have these curious glands and hairs dissected out, *a* and *b* being the top and side views of a gland, and *c* being a stellate hair.

The Butterwort is not a very popular plant in Wales and Scotland; it is said to cause sheep-rot. And this is not improbable, for the greasy hairs from which it gets its name

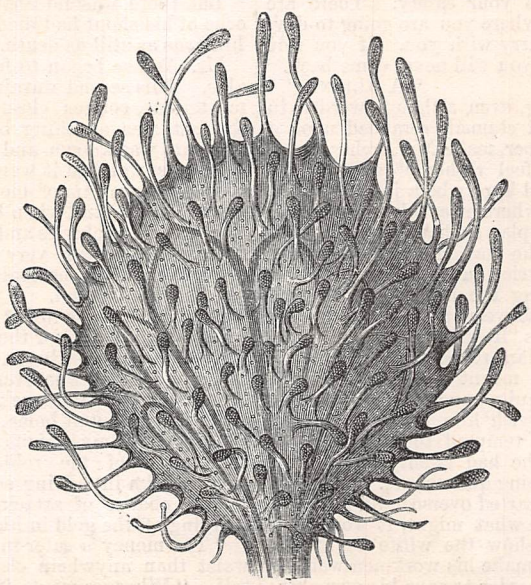


Fig. 2.

catch fast hold of any dead animal matter and absorb its juices. The margins of the leaves curve up and push this matter, whatever it may be, closer and closer to the centre, where the hairs are thickest, and thus the excitement is furnished which brings forth the secretion and ensures the digestion of the stuff. To the same botanical order—the Lentibulariaceæ—belongs another carnivore, the Bladderwort, the *Utricularia* whose feats in flesh-eating have only lately been recognised, and who seems to think as little of catching and bottling off a tiddlebrat as do

the boys with the worms round our park ponds.

The most graceful of the insect-eaters are the Pitcher plants. Of one of them, *Nepenthes distillatoria*, I have been favoured with a sketch numbered as Fig. 10, and a little

Fig. 3.

bit of the body wall of this ideal pitcher cut out after it was sketched I magnified, and obtained the glands displayed with pleasant truthfulness in Fig. 11.

But this will never do. I started to describe a walk which with my old Lewes friends I took last year through Gilbert White's territory, and instead of doing so I have plunged into the middle, and, ignoring poor old Scottie, have made a great display of myself—which I hate—and for the last ten minutes have been as prosy as a "Kicklopedaia," which I am assured is the proper pronunciation of that awkward-looking word our

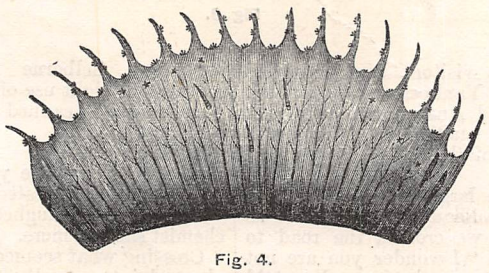


Fig. 4.

schoolmates used to clip so conveniently into the "Penny Sike."

"Come along!" said Scottie.

"Did you ever hear of the man-eating tree of Madagascar?" asked Rab.

"Is he any relation to the Infuriated Toothpick of St. Martin's Lane?"

"Oh, no, not at all; don't you know? He, she, or it was an aloe, and some fellow's negro attendant got too near, and the baneful gases, etc., overcame him, and the leaves fell down and clutched him, and he was clasped to its heart, and when his master shot the deadly bullet straight to the centre the leaves all dropped off like those of an artichoke, and in the centre was the whitened skeleton of the wretched Ethiopian."

"Oh! ah! That must have been in the reign of Queen Tolderiddleidorumtumididdleina."

"Exactly.

> 'But you might offend a nation
> In such a situation
> By mentioning their monarch's name
> In a rude abbreviation.'"

"Forward! by your left!" broke in our volunteering hero, who on the strength of being a full corporal presumed to order us about as if he had been a field officer.

We had left Petersfield in the morning, and were on our way to Selborne, and after toiling northward in the burning sun over the well-wooded greensward had stumbled over our insect-eaters in the flat plain of the gault, and were now toiling up a chalk hill by Prior's Dean to outflank the Hanger.

The hedgerows are aglow with a fringe of

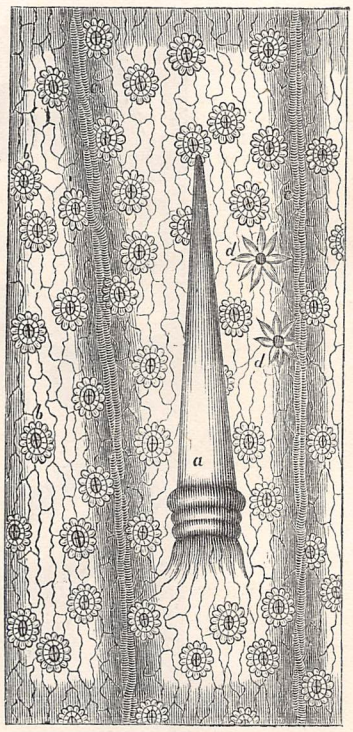


Fig. 5.

bloom, and at every break and in every copse we come across huge foxgloves a couple of yards high drawn up in martial array to form a rear rank, while less lanky beauties guard the front. There in a corner of the hedge stands another floral giant, the great primrose mullein, which, thanks to its own four feet and the hillock it stands on,

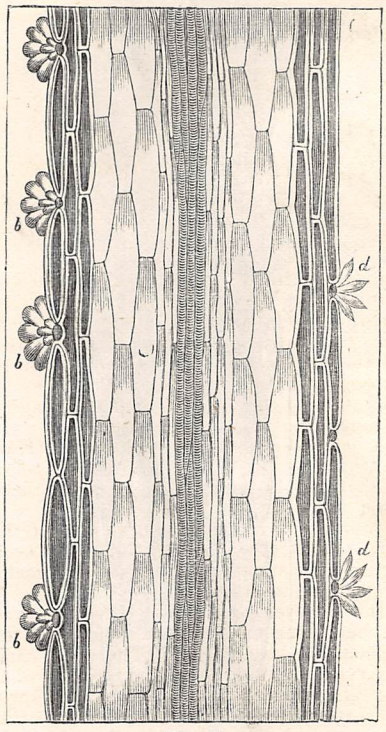


Fig. 6.

shines out like a lighthouse far up the path. And there at another break we come upon a clump of purple loosestrife as high as the

hedge itself, and a mass of colour rich as rich can be. We pluck the wild strawberries as we pass, and we give up collecting in despair, for our boxes have long since been filled. Such a wealth of wild flowers is the boast of no other district in Britain. All sorts of soil are here found side by side in narrow strips, and each of them appears in its barren and its fertile garb. Hill and plain, meadow and woodland, field and garden, follow each other in rapid succession,

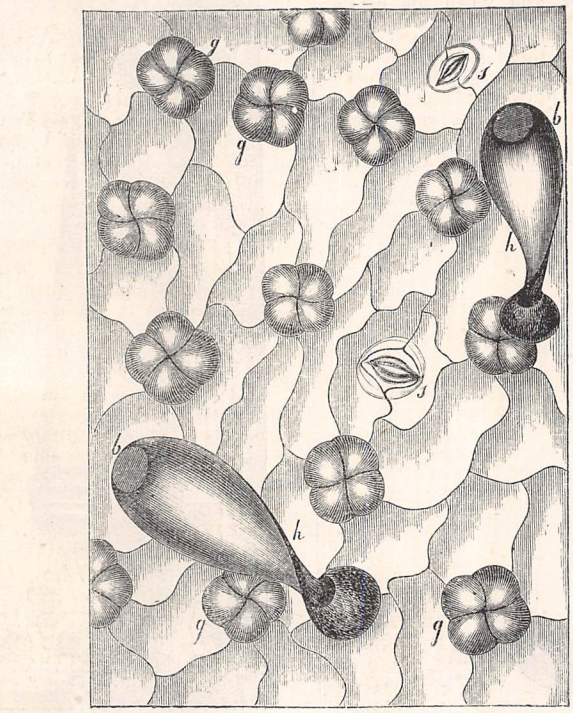


Fig. 7.

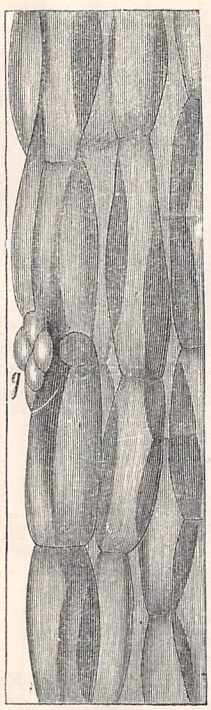


Fig. 8.

and as we rise across the common and from beneath the beech-trees on the Hanger look down the zigzag to Selborne we chant quite a song of praise at the beauty of the land, and envy old Gilbert White the pleasant fate that planted him in so congenial a spot, and forced him, whether he would or no, to write the first and most charming natural history book in the language.

He really could not help it! The birds are here in dozens, and each one seems to be the very original of the portrait in the dear old book. Here comes a wood-pigeon sweeping past, not a cricket-pitch away; a lark rises as he sings; a yellowhammer wants "a little bit of bread and no cheese" in the bush near the next tree; away to the left is a wise-looking magpie; and beneath us as we look through the foliage on to the road below three or four swallows come swiftly sailing.

Down the zigzag we go, stopping to fill our pockets with bunches of the sweet-scented woodroof that grows at the corners, and up the straggling street we make for the inn, where a genuine substantial early tea awaits us. For a few minutes we look through the various editions of "The Natural History of Selborne" that are there collected, and then glance through the visitors' book, crowded with the names of Yankees and Canadians, South Africans and Australians, who look upon Selborne as another Stratford, and reverence it as one of the old country's most sacred shrines.

"The meal it was large and the bill it was small, so give the landlady the thanks of us all," said Rab, as we crossed the road to White's old house; "I wonder you are not ashamed to look a hen in the face. You told the girl how many eggs you had, didn't you?"

"Yes; and she said it didn't matter."

"Splendid place, Selborne; commendable habits and customs of the inhabitants. What are those two trees in front of Gilbert's house?"

"Portugal laurels—and capital specimens they are. Professor Bell used to live here, and here he wrote his books."

"Did he know White?"

"No; but he edited him, as sixteen others have done."

And then we turned up to the church to find the old naturalist's grave, the simple

G. W.
26 June, 1793.

Then we measured the yew, "whose aspect bespeaks it to be of a great age; it seems to have seen several centuries, and is probably coeval with the church, and therefore may be deemed an antiquity. The body is squat, short, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina. As far as we have been able to observe, the males of this species become much larger than the females, and it has so fallen out that most of the yew-trees in the churchyards of this neighbourhood are males; but this must have been matter of mere accident, since men, when they first planted yews, little dreamed that there were sexes in trees."

I have let White describe his own yew, for it is the same tree. Men may come and men may go, but the yew lives on for ever. It is a couple of feet greater in girth now than in his time, although the size depends very much on where the measurement is taken. I need say nothing about the church, for all its history has been duly given by Gilbert himself, and since his time "nothing has occurred to chronicle."

"Now, my friends, there are three courses open to you. You can go to Alton by the straight road, you can go by the old round-about road, or you can go by an old English road that our forefathers used to tramp along in the days of King Edgar."

"I'll be a forefather," said Rab. "Let us follow the old folks."

"Not in all their ways."

"Well, in this one, then. Where is it?"

We wandered about for some time, but failed at first to strike the track. At last Scottie interrupted an interesting yarn of the youthful warrior's with, "There is a double hedge sort of place over there which ought to be our road."

"Yes," said Rab, "and a Chicago meat-tin to mark the spot."

"Left by one of the Americans, probably!"

"Yes, as a traveller's sample," suggested I.

"Avaunt, thou obelisk of beef!" said the leader, giving the tin a kick.

Fig. 9.

"These Selborne folks have not yet learned the right use of preserved provisions. You know why canned meats are so economical?"

"No."

"Perhaps because you eat the grub and save the tin," suggested Rab.

Whereat we laughed; and the learned chemist said no more.

Crossing what seemed to be a dusthole we plunged into a gully where the trees and bushes meeting overhead shut out the sunlight and hid us in their shade. This was the old road; rough under foot, narrow, worn deep down into the rock, and strewn and edged with shrubs and flowers, through which we had at times to almost fight our way. It was a hard task, but a delightful one, and we were sorry when it ended.

We did not long remain on the high road, but went off to a path through the cornfields curving round the foot of a wooded hill, where the orchids grew in brilliant patches, and the sun's rays shooting down through the foliage just tipped the spikes and made them gleam like spear-heads among the rich green grass. Then out on to the road we went, and then a sudden turn brought us in front of a small church. Surely there never was a stranger church in these dominions!

It still fulfilled its civic functions. In the porch were the usual parish and militia notices, as though the door had been locked and the congregation had left it but yesterday. But the morrow would seem to have been as long in coming as Rip Van Winkle's in the Kaatskills. We thought we ourselves had woke up after a sleep of a dozen years.

The windows were all broken and falling away. But inside these were the hymn-books and prayer-books still in the pews. The Bible was in the pulpit just as it had been left when the preacher closed it for his last sermon. But the spiders had been busy, and over all the desk hung the cobwebs in thick draperies. Between the joints in the stone floor the grass and netties were growing, and the mushrooms had forced up the flags. The roof was broken and the light streamed in through the holes. There were the hassocks and cushions left as they had been by the worshippers, but now all burst and rotten wi h the rain. The cloth still covered the communion table, but it looked like a dirty rag all spotted with filth and dust; and the carpet round the altar steps was green with mould. A tree had thrust its bough through one of the broken windows, and the birds were resting among its leaves inside the church and flying in and out as in a disused barn. A duck and her brood were grubbing in one of the aisles. Nettles and thistles had sprung up in the pews, and the weeds grew thickly in patches along the sides. The moss and the lichens were eating into the woodwork, the ironwork was a mass of rust, the open doors were dropping from their hinges. But the outer door was securely locked to prevent admission. It was the only part kept in repair!

"Here is the last vicar's grave!" said Scottie, pointing to a neat little headstone.

"What does it all mean?" asked I.

"That is the question. I do not know. This is the mystery of West Worldham."

"Out-of-the-world-ham I should call it," said Rab, and so with another wondering look through the shattered window we bade the mysterious ruin farewell.

"What a scene for a story! No one will believe me when I tell them that such a place exists."

"Tell a good many, then, and enjoy a grievance, and at the same time you may by chance wake up somebody whose business it is to open that locked door."

Soon we are in another gully, down, down for a mile or more with the stream running in and cutting its way deeper into the rock. Overhead we get stray glimpses of sunlight, and look up at the under sides of the leaves and petals, which glow like lovely transparencies with the light behind them. The path is barred by the nettles and briars, and the gully is even a greater wilderness than the old English road. But the lane, or the watercourse, whichever it is, comes to an end at last—in a quagmire as it happens. And with a series of reckless leaps on to widely-scattered stepping-stones we are out on the high road to the railway station at Alton.

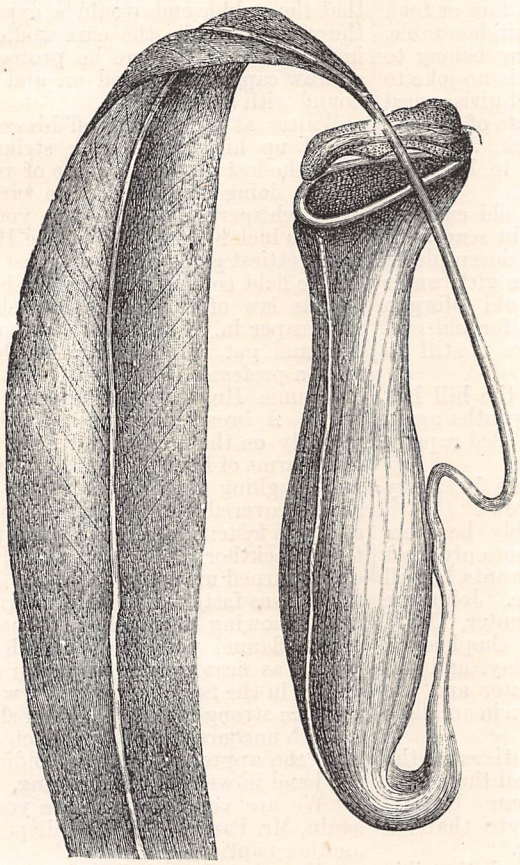


Fig. 10.

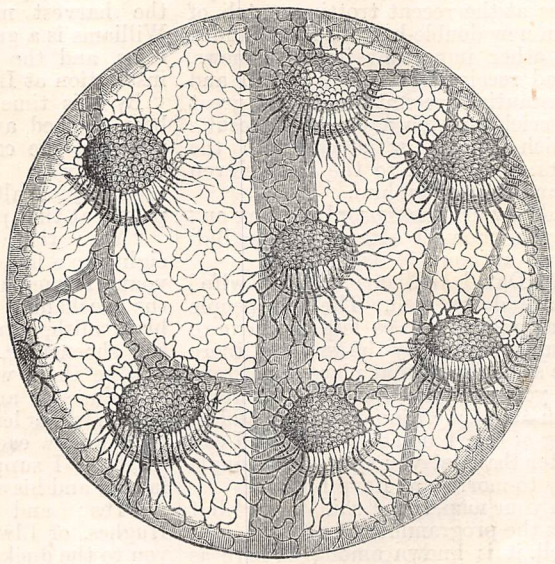


Fig. 11.

ANOTHER SUMMER HOLIDAY IN WALES.*

By Beriah Gwynfe Evans,

Author of "My Summer Holiday in Wales," "Bronwen," "Owen Hughes," etc.

HOW JACK PARRY RODE THE HARVEST MARE.

Jack Parry felt very much disappointed and "down in the mouth," as he called it, when, after alighting at the country station on that pleasant September afternoon, he found no one but the station-master awaiting him.

"I thought Walter would certainly have been here to meet me," said he to himself. "It will be no joke to have to tramp these seven miles of dusty road with this thing"—this thing being his portmanteau. "And I have only to-morrow to stay."

His reverie was broken upon by a loud whistle, and, turning towards the direction of the sound, he saw his cousin Walter Rhys driving the dogcart up to the inn, which is the invariable "next-door neighbour" to country railway stations.

"You thought I had sold you, I suppose?" asked Walter as he grasped his cousin's hand. "But it is harvest-time with us, and as we wanted to finish off to-day I could not get off sooner. Now

* See our last Summer Number.

pitch that bag of yours behind and jump up."

In another minute the cousins and friends were driving along at a rattling pace through the one straggling, sleepy village street, and out into the open country beyond, the fields on each side being now and again dotted with groups of peasant men and women, boys and girls, all busy cutting or stacking the golden grain.

Dolly's nimble hoofs soon covered the first three or four miles of level highway, and then the road branched off into a parish byway, leading to a steep hill, at the foot of which Walter, with his usual thoughtfulness for his pony, jumped down, followed by Jack, the hill being so steep that the pony was sufficiently tried in drawing the empty vehicle without the additional weight of passengers.

Long and steep as the hill was, it did not appear so to the two friends, who had so much to tell and ask each other, and before the top of the acclivity was reached Walter had told of Dolly's prowess at the recent trotting-match, of his own new double-barrelled gun, and a dozen other important items of news, and had received in return a full and circumstantial account of the last great school cricket-match, as one of the results of which Jack now stood with the honours of election to the first eleven thick and fresh upon him.

"And how are those people getting on? Those you know—I attended their Bidding last autumn?"* asked Jack.

"Oh! David Williams and his wife? They are doing well. The old people have retired, and have left the farm to the young couple. By-the-way, too, there will be some fun at that place to-morrow, and if you are good for a day of work, an open-air picnic, dinner and tea, and an evening of fun, I don't know that I can do better than let you spend your single holiday to-morrow at Love Lodge."

"I'm your man, then," said Jack; "but what is the programme to be?"

"Well, it is known among us here as 'Riding the Harvest Mare.'"

"Oh! that's all right. But who is to ride her? If she isn't too old to be good for a gallop, or if she isn't remarkably vicious, I should like to have the ride myself if it is possible. I am partial to horse-exercise."

Walter burst out laughing.

"You have been and gone and done it again, Jack, as you did last year when you thought a Welsh Bidding was a sale by public auction. There will be no horse there at all."

"No horse! Oh! I see, you play upon the word mare. Well, a mare is a sort of a horse, anyhow."

"No, that was not what I meant. There will be neither horse, nor mare, nor mountain pony, nor colt, nor any other form of four-footed animal."

"Well, how in the name of conscience can you speak of a harvest mare, without anything like a mare in the business? I hope you won't put me astride upon a broomstick and parade me about."

"Oh no, never fear. The harvest mare is a small sheaf of wheat, the last cut in the last field of the farm. The reapers have a curious ceremony in cutting this last sheaf, as you shall see to-morrow. Then it is a point of honour with the young men to carry this sheaf and to place it *dry* on the kitchen table. If that is done, the boys have then some special privileges in the subsequent feast and sports."

"But I don't see what difficulty there is in that, if it should not be raining, and even then you could wrap it up or hold an umbrella over it."

"But, my dear fellow, it is equally a point of honour with the girls to prevent its being placed dry on the table. If they can 'Water the Mare,' that is if they can wet the sheaf by any means, fair or foul, before it is placed on the kitchen table, the privileges of the evening belong to *them*, and I can tell you it is no joke to run the gauntlet of a score of girls armed with basins, jugs, and buckets of water."

"Whew!" whistled Jack. "What curious customs you have, to be sure! But it must be awful fun!"

"Ay, it is that! But the old customs are dying out, and you might search all Wales to-day and not find a dozen places where the boys ride and the girls water the harvest mare. But old Morgan Williams is a great stickler for old customs, and the harvest mare is still an institution at Love Lodge."

By this time the top of the hill had been reached, and the two youths again mounted the car, and proceeded rapidly on their way.

"I say, Walter, will there be many people at that place to-morrow?"

"Yes; there will probably be from eighty to a hundred there, not only most young farmers and farm servants, but all the mechanics of the place. John the blacksmith, Evan the carpenter, David the shoemaker, Jonah the shopkeeper, will be there working all day, and the schoolmaster and the minister and the parson will at least give a turn in and help build a mow each."

"Then I suppose the relatives of the farmer and his wife will be all there?"

"Yes; and among them Jeannie Hughes, of Llwynteg—the girl that led you to the ducking last year."

Jack turned away his head that his cousin might not see the tell-tale colour which mounted to his face.

"Well, I'm awfully lucky in getting such a chance for my single holiday."

"Yes, that you are. You might spend a dozen summers in a dozen different places without meeting with this chance. But you are born to luck. However, here we are!" and, with a whoop, Walter drove at full speed up to the house-door, where he drew up sharply.

Jack leaped out to receive his uncle's warm hand-clasp and his aunt's loving kiss on his forehead, and Walter, having left Dolly in the stable-boy's charge, followed the trio into the house and joined his father and mother in their plain-spoken complaints at the short stay Jack was going to make.

The following day dawned bright and clear. Jack appeared at the breakfast-table in a school suit, which he had brought for any contingency which might arise.

Soon after nine o'clock the cousins started, Walter, as a good reaper, being armed with his sickle, while Jack, as a novice at harvest-work, was obliged to be content to act as a super, and so to be unarmed.

The field when they reached it was already a scene of busy life. A score of stalwart country youths had already cut their way far into the rippling field of golden grain, each reaper attended by a brawny-armed damsel, who with deft movement and nimble hands bound the long straw as soon as cut into sheaves, which were again quickly picked up by a smaller army of boys and girls, or aged supers, and stacked four together, butt-end down, and with the heavy-laden ears intermingling. In the early afternoon these "stackings" would be gathered together and built into "mows," each containing a dozen "stackings," and built so that the stubble ends would be exposed to the weather, while the ears would meet in the centre, and there be protected by a straw cap, neatly fitted on and firmly bound with a straw plait.

Walter at once threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, striking in after the last of the long line of reapers. Before doing so, however, he turned to Jack, whispering, "I told you you were born to luck! Here is Jeannie Hughes, the prettiest girl and the quickest binder on the field, coming in now, and she falls, by the law of the field, to my share as last reaper in. You can follow me with her, and get a lesson in sheaf-binding from a professor in the art."

Jeannie Hughes now tripped up to them. A broad-brimmed straw hat set jauntily on the well-poised head set off the charms of her blue eyes, golden hair, and laughing features; a small square shawl covered the graceful shoulders, and was fastened in front by the regulation blackthorn pin; the skirt of the dress, turned up under the white canvas apron, was fastened in a loose knot behind, showing a portion of the short Welsh flannel petticoat, beneath which peeped as neat and pretty a pair of feet as any in the field, though they were encased in strong laced and nailed shoes.

With unconcealed and unaffected pleasure she approached Jack, holding out her hand in welcome, and saying,

"We are very glad to have you back again, Mr. Parry. Are you disposed for another baptism?"

"No—that is, yes—I mean that I am glad to see you again," blurted out poor Jack, in a sudden access of shyness, at which his cousin laughed.

"The truth is, Miss Hughes, Jack wants a lesson in sheaf-binding, and so I leave him in your care. I think you are my partner, are you not?"

"I suppose so, that is if you can give me anything to do, or else if not there comes Gwynne Vaughan with his sickle, and I can—"

"That is a hint that I am idling, I suppose, but Gwynne happens to be the day after the fair just now," and without more ado Walter struck in in the wake of the long line of reapers.

Jeannie seized the first armful that fell before his keen sickle, and in a moment she threw it, a neat, tightly bound sheaf, at Jack's feet, saying,

"There you are, Mr. Parry, that is your model and your first lesson. Now, sir, learn the lesson and imitate the model."

Jack immediately seized the next armful, but though he was keen enough at cricket and every sort of boy's play, he felt his fingers very clumsy as he tried to tie a knot upon his sheaf. At last he succeeded in forcing the brittle straw into the semblance of a bound sheaf, and looked up expecting to receive the approval he thought he deserved,

* See "At a Welsh Bidding," B. O. P. Summer Number, 1884.

but what was his surprise to find that half a dozen sheaves and a dozen paces now intervened between him and his companion, who greeted his second approach with an inquiring smile.

"Now, Jeannie, that isn't fair," said Walter. "Show my cousin how to do it."

"Well, now then, watch me closely," said she, and, lifting up an armful, she made what appeared to Jack's bewildered gaze to be one or two mystic passes, and then threw the completed sheaf down before he thought she had had time to prepare the binding straw ribbon.

"She is only laughing at you, Jack," said his cousin. "You had better go and join the supers at stacking."

"How can you say so, Walter Rhys!" pouted Jeannie. "Now, Mr. Parry, your cousin has put me on my mettle, and I am determined you shall learn the way to bind before dinner. Notice now how I do it," and with slower motion she went through the mystic passes—the lifting the armful of straw, the arranging it on the left arm, the half-dozen straws seized in the right hand, passed under the burden, seized by the left hand, twisted as the sheaf was placed on the left knee, and the ends pushed in under the binding straw ribbon completing the process.

"Now you take one and I will look on," said she. And Jack tried, she directing his movements and guiding his unpractised hand in sweet unconsciousness, or apparently so, of the thrill which ran through him as her fingers guided his in the process of twisting the sheaf round and pressing the ends of the binder in.

And so the morning passed, Jack making so apt a learner and Jeannie so able a teacher, that before the dinner-hour he could bind a sheaf deftly and firmly, if not quickly, and though his finger-nails ached and the finger ends pricked like a hundred needles from the thistle punctures in them, he thought this was not too high a price to pay for the lesson he had had.

A loud "Ahoy!" from the house served as a dinner-gong, and off they trooped in merry groups to find at Love Lodge long rough tables put up in the yard before the house, with seats ranged each side down the whole length. On the table stood the basins full of ready-filled broth, to which the workpeople all sat down, Jack electing to remain outside at the big table among the men, though invited into the house for a special table. No sooner was the basin of broth disposed of than its place on the table was supplied by a plate of boiled mutton, while immense dishes of potatoes and plates of broken bread were placed at intervals along the centre.

Never had Jack more thoroughly enjoyed a feast than he did this simple, homely meal in the open air amidst the music of laughter and talk and joke.

Dinner over, the whole party trooped back to the field, where the work of the morning was continued, some of the reapers, with their assistants, being told off to convert the now dried stackings into mows. Walter, having volunteered for this work, took Jeannie and Jack with him as his helpers, and a very pleasant couple of hours did the trio spend at this work before the tea was brought to the field.

And what a tea that was! It supplied Jack with matter for many a yarn among his schoolmates when he returned to his grind. The snow-white linen cloths spread on the stubble, with the five score people arranged in five separate circles, each around its own central cloth, the loose sheaves serving as stools for such as needed any but mother earth. The wheaten bread, the yellow butter, and the revivifying tea served out from the immense tin jugs in basins to each one, seemed to Jack to be an ambrosial feast which the gods might have envied, and was none the less enjoyable from the fact that sweet Jeannie Hughes was the presiding spirit of his circle.

A short hour's work followed tea, and then commenced the sport.

At one corner of the field a handful of growing corn had been left standing. This, made into a threefold plait, was the Harvest Mare.

The reapers, each with his re-sharpened sickle in his hand, stood at a distance of twenty paces, and each was to have his turn at "catching the mare." This was done by throwing the sickle at the plaited corn, and he who could, by so doing, cut it down, was deemed the victor, and could entrust the mare to whomsoever he wished to carry it home to the kitchen table.

Many were the futile attempts, and loud and repeated was the laughter which greeted each successive failure. Jack, of course, must needs try his hand, and, being an adept at all games of strength and skill, thought he would, if not actually catch the mare, come at least very near to doing so. In this, however, he was disappointed, his sickle flying far wide of the mark—throwing the sickle being very different from throwing a cricket-ball.

Gwynne Vaughan came nearest to it in the first round, his sickle grazing it as it whirled past. On the second bout, Walter Rhys, by as much luck, perhaps, as skill, proved to be the victor, the keen edge of the sickle catching the standing corn fairly, and cutting it off as if with a razor.

The girls and women now all left the field to prepare their reception for the men at the house, while the leaders of the youths met in earnest conference to decide who should ride the mare.

Gwynne Vaughan was first favourite, but before making the decision known to the rest, he called Walter aside, and said—

"The girls are safe to suspect that I have the mare, and I am safe for a ducking. Of course, I don't care a brass farthing for the ducking itself as far as I am concerned, but I *do* care for watering the mare. I've been thinking if your cousin were to ride the mare, he, as a stranger, would not be suspected. He is a keen chap, too. I remember how he found the bride for us last year. What do you say, Wat?"

"It is a good plan, and I think Jack will fall in with it."

Jack was summoned, and the plan broached to him.

"All serene," replied he. "I'll do it, and I'm much mistaken if we do not get the better of them between us."

"Don't be too sure," replied his cousin, "some of these girls have keen eyes."

So it was arranged. Gwynne Vaughan was to place a dummy mare in his breast, and to button up his coat as if to protect the precious treasure from the shower which was sure to greet him. He was to run the gauntlet of the girls, safe to be ranged each side of the yard up to the very door of the house, and draw upon himself the fire—or the "water," rather—of the assailants, in the hope that, even if they discovered their error, Jack would have time to reach the house and place the mare dry-shod on the table before a fresh supply of water could be procured.

The plan, as will be seen, was a good one, and deserved to be successful; and the assembled youths who were entrusted with the secret were unanimous in their approval of the stratagem.

Singing a harvest song, the party of youths, at least forty in number, marched together from the field to Love Lodge, Gwynne Vaughan and Walter Rhys heading the procession, being closely followed by Jack Parry and Tom Williams, the others following in a mixed group.

A pause was made for breath a dozen yards from where the girls, some two dozen in number, stood ready in a double line, some armed with basins, others with jugs full of water.

"Now, Gwynne," shouted Walter, and the young man started at a run, clearing the first two or three couples before they recovered sufficiently from their surprise to throw the water at him, and then impotently casting the contents of their vessels after him. The others, however, met him on each side, and, drenched and dripping, having drawn upon him all the water in the lines, he stood at the house door.

"Now, Jack!" whispered Walter, and the boy darted forward, unsuspected of all, until with a shout he reached the doorstep!

But, alas! "there's many a slip," etc. Having reached the doorstep dry, and with his hand already in his breast to draw out the mare, a musical voice said—

"It *is* with you, then!"

The next moment Jeannie lifted up the heavy bucket of water which she alone had kept in reserve inside the house door, and swashed it fair in his face and breast, causing him to sputter and gasp for breath, and effectually "watering the harvest mare!"

The dismay of the youths and the elation of the girls at this sudden change of fortune may be imagined, and it was with a somewhat sobered air that Jack, after a change of clothes, found himself, in company with all the other boys, obliged to wait at supper upon the girls, who were now treated as respected guests, and who ordered their bondsmen about at their sweet bidding all the rest of the evening.

WATER LILIES

WE know the spot where water-lilies lie,
Hid from the world, wide open to the sky;
Their broad green leaves with gentle motion float
As past their anchorage glides our little boat.

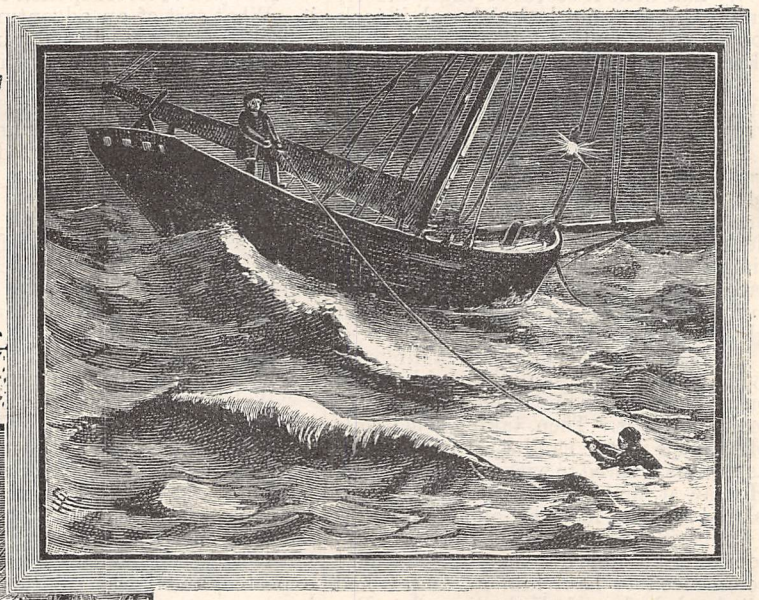
The "Water-lily" is our pet craft's name,
So called the day that Cousin Lilian came
And sailed with us beyond the rushes where
The lilies grew:—herself the fairest there.

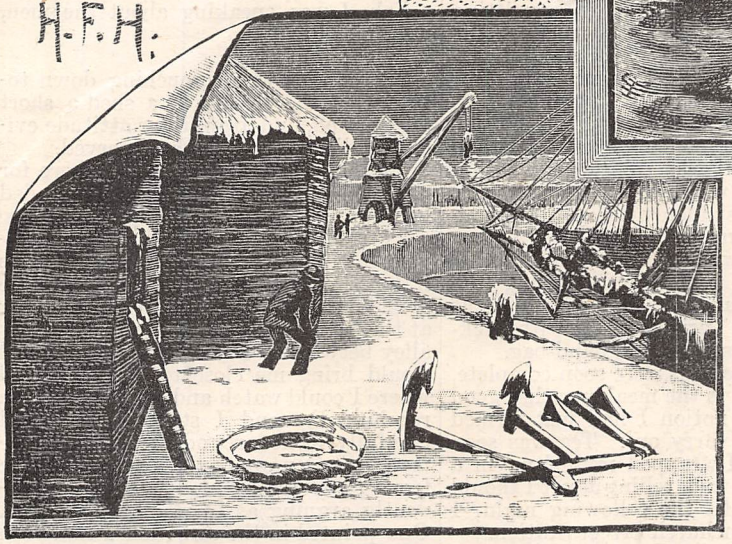
EAST by NORTH

OR A NIGHT'S SAIL A YACHTING REMINISCENCE.

BY

H. F. H.





"That's mate, then," said Frank, as he brought his queen's rook into position; "we're even now—two games each—and the next will show who's conqueror."

I had to own he had fairly beaten me, and proceeded to place the men for a fresh game.

We were sitting in the main cabin of his cutter-yacht the Emetic (christened so by Frank in consequence of the effect it usually had on his lady friends), a splendid little craft of thirty tons, as good a sea-boat as any one need wish for, with plenty of beam and power, and, as he used to proudly remark, fit to take you anywhere.

The cabin, or—as called amongst yachtsmen—the saloon, looked as cosy and comfortable as possible under the combined light and warmth of a powerful argand lamp that swung overhead from the central beam of the skylight, and the flicker from a sea-coal fire, which burnt in a neat little brass stove screwed to the floor at the forward end of the cabin, between two doors, one of which led by a short passage to the forecastle and pantry.

The door on the port side was slightly open, and the lamplight showed up the tigerskin rug thrown across the berth in my friend's sleeping-cabin, comfortable sofas on either side of the saloon, arranged to be turned into sleeping accommodation when necessary, and a recessed bookcase with drawers and cupboards at each end, well stocked with technical volumes of all kinds. Above, three long but narrow looking-glasses reflected the light, and gave an airiness to the cabin, that would have otherwise been rather sombre, in consequence of the doors and fittings being of old Spanish mahogany. A heavy swing table of the same wood was secured to the floor in the centre of the apartment.

Looking aft, folding doors led to the companion stairs, on one side to a store-room, and on the starboard side to another sleeping-berth, which was deputed to my use whenever I had any spare time to spend with Frank; and being very enthusiastic, not to say slightly crazed on yachting — and, moreover, Frank being an old school chum of mine—I always took every available opportunity of being with him, and many a pleasant cruise had we been together

Frank was a sturdy-built young fellow of twenty-five, very active, and a thorough seaman, who took charge of and worked his yacht with the help of one paid hand, who had the cooking and general cleaning up to do.

Now, although this individual's intentions might have been, and I have no doubt were, of the very best, his actions were seldom satisfactory, through his readiness to fall asleep at all hours of the day or night, and which usually happened when he was most wanted.

Mr. Patrick McCarthy, or Pat, as he was generally called, with all his faults (and they were not few) was an honest chap, and so Frank kept him on in his employ, putting up with his shortcomings with pretty good grace, as Pat could (when awake) take his trick at the helm, or cook a joint regardless of the weather or the motion of the Emetic.

We had anchored for the night off a creek on the east coast. Frank had determined to have some wild-fowl shooting, in spite of the expostulations and grumblings of Pat about the bad weather to be expected. I had joined Frank about a week previously, and although we had experienced the usual strong winds and cold nights to be looked for at that season of the year, we had had also some fairly good sport with our guns, which made up for any slight inconvenience.

"Before we begin this game I'll give a look round on deck," said I; "by the way she plunges the wind is getting up."

"Do," said Frank, "and I'll tell Pat to make some coffee for us."

I ascended the companion stairs, and pushing the slide back, stepped on deck. Just then she gave a lurch that nearly sent me off my legs, but grabbing at the side of the companion, I recovered myself.

It was a black night, the wind had risen considerably since we had brought up, and was bitterly cold and keen, and a nasty fine sleet was falling that made things more unpleasant still.

"Hullo!" said Frank, poking his head up the companion. "What do you think of things in general, especially the weather?"

"Well, I think it looks dirty, and the sooner the topmast's housed the better. The wind has shifted a couple of points since we brought up here this afternoon, and if it gets much more round to the east we shall have the treat of beating off in a hurry."

"Your words are the words of wisdom," said Frank, with mock gravity. "We'll do so at once."

"Shall I call Pat to lend a hand?"

"Never mind," said Frank. "Pat's asleep; at least he was. I went into the forecastle just now and found he had dropped off whilst washing up the plates, and as he had let his fire out I've set him to work at it or we should get no coffee."

"All right, old man; just slack up the

topmast forestay whilst I ease the shrouds. Now then, ready, both together on the heel-rope; that's enough, and down she comes."

We had done it scores of times before, and it was soon finished, although it took longer to do in the dark than usual, or than it does to write about it now.

The burgee halliards had been let go, and the wind blew them away from the yacht's side.

I was stooping down making the ropes fast, when the yacht gave a sudden plunge, and a loud splash alongside made me look up. I missed Frank from the deck at once and rushed to the side in time to see him just coming to the surface, where the light from the riding-lamp caught the top of the waves and glinted on his wet clothes.

I immediately caught up a lifebuoy lying on top of the skylight, and bending on a piece of spar-line, shouted to him to look out for it. Then, taking some coils of the rope in one hand, I threw the buoy as near as I dared to without hitting him. He saw it, and with a few strokes had placed it under his chest and clung on.

The tide and wind had taken him some considerable distance by the time I commenced to haul him in, and I had overhauled about half the line when Pat came on deck to say the coffee was ready on the table.

"Shure and it's a queer night to be a-fishing, sirr?"

"Yes. Just lend a hand on this line," said I.

"Be the powers, it's the guv'nor!" said Pat, as we got Frank on deck. "How on earth did ye fall in the watter, sirr?"

"I'm jolly glad to see you safe on board again," said I. "Get down below now, and change your clothes."

"Thanks, Jack; but I don't feel any the worse for my ducking; it's much warmer in the water than on deck, though, so I'll just get some dry things on. It was through standing on the edge of the bulwark rail trying to get hold of those burgee halliards, when she gave that lurch which overbalanced me, and my hand slipping at the same time, overboard I went."

"Well, when you've got your dry clothes on we'll finish that game," said I; "and in the meantime Pat and I will just get that punt on deck, or we may lose it during the night."

"Shure now," said Pat, as we were making the boat fast, "that was a lucky squake for the guv'nor, wasn't it, yer honour?"

"Lucky! Well, Frank was certainly lucky to get out, but he was as unlucky to get in. I don't see why you should call it lucky, Pat."

"Well, yer honour, if the guv'nor hadn't got in he'd never had the luck to get out," said Pat, quite satisfied with his logic.

I then went down to my berth for a dry coat, as the fine drizzle had damped me considerably, and heard Pat grumbling to himself about the weather and things in general as he disappeared down the forecastle hatch, where I expect he dropped off into peaceful slumbers.

When Frank came into the cabin we drew our chairs up to the fire, and it seemed extra cosy below after our recent experience on deck.

"Hot coffee is very acceptable just now," said Frank. "Draw the chess-board a little closer, old man, and go ahead with your first move."

I did so, and we played steadily on for some time, when Frank said, "Did I ever tell you of an adventure that befell me soon after I purchased this craft?"

"No; you've never spoken to me about it. What sort of an adventure was it?"

"Oh, not much; but my involuntary bath this evening put me in mind of it."

"I should like to hear about it."

"Should you? Well, then, here goes. Once upon a time—all tales begin in that way; it's the regular orthodox thing," said he—"it was about five years ago that the doctor told me I required a thorough change of air and scene, and being, as you know, always fond of the water, I thought I'd get a yacht; and so, after due examination, etc., I invested some money in this one, and a thorough good one she has turned out, as you are aware."

I assented, and he went on.

"Well, it was in January, a few weeks after I had purchased her, I was sitting alone one afternoon at home; all the others had gone to a party at a friend's in the country and would not return for at least a couple of days. Some business had prevented me starting with them, but it had been settled sooner than I had expected, and I was cogitating whether it was worth while to bowl down after them, when I suddenly thought of spending the time on the yacht.

"The idea was no sooner thought of than resolved upon, and, ringing the bell, I told Janet to make the tea at once, whilst I busied myself with packing a few necessaries in a hand-bag.

"My preparations were soon complete, and I sat down to the meal in rather good spirits at the notion I had just formed and meant to carry out. Tea was soon finished, and I wrapped myself up in a thick top-coat, and, telling Janet I should not return until the following night, I started for Fenchurch Street Station.

"The Emetic then lay in that part of the Victoria Docks principally used by yachts.

"By eight o'clock the train had taken me away from the bustle of the terminus, and landed me safe at the dock entrance. I had still over a mile to walk before I could reach the yacht. The official at the gates wished me 'good night'—he had got to know me by sight from my previous visits to the boat. Returning his salute, I passed on along by the side of the crowds of huge vessels that had arrived from all parts of the world, and they looked quite spectral in the coating of snow that lay upon everything and hung from their spars in all directions.

"Twice I stumbled over a rope or chain cable that lay hidden in the snow, which was several inches thick upon the ground. A queer, almost eerie sort of feeling came over me as I walked along, quite alone, and I thought of the different scene the place presented in the daytime, with crowds of men busy at work in various ways, and the contrast made it appear almost as if I were in a region of the dead. Not a person had I seen since leaving the gates. The policeman on his beat (as Pat would say) was off it, and the intense stillness was only broken by my own footsteps crunching through the snow, and I don't mind owning to you I began to wish I hadn't come, and on turning the corner of a storehouse stopped to consider whether I would go on or not, when suddenly my attention was arrested by the dim outline of two men I could faintly see through the still falling snow."

"Plaze, sirr," said Pat, putting his head in at the cabin door, "will you have the supper laid, or can I turn in?"

"You can lay the cloth at that end of the table," said Frank, "and make one of those tins of mutton hot, and whilst it's warming just give a look at the weather."

"Shure and I've just done so, yer honour; and it's blowing harder nor ever and getting more easterly."

"It's likely we shan't have a very quiet night of it," said Frank; "so when you've laid those things, Pat, get the trysail bent ready before you turn in."

"Ay, sirr," said Pat, and we soon heard his heavy tread on deck getting the sail in readiness.

"Well, cut along with the yarn, Frank; you can finish it while we have supper."

"Where did I leave off?" said Frank—"oh, I was speaking about the men, wasn't I?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, they were crouching down together in the shadow of a shed a short distance off, and from their attitude evidently did not want to be observed.

"I judged at once they were there for no good—very possibly they intended breaking into one of the adjacent stores.

"I resolved to watch them, and prevent it if possible. So, walking along as if I hadn't seen them, I turned the angle of the next building, and, creeping along at the back of it, passed down a narrow alley between two sheds, which I guessed would bring me close to the men, and where I could watch and not be seen. On reaching the end I stooped down and carefully looked round the corner. The men had risen and walked some distance from their hiding-place, and were evidently arguing as to which way to go. One pointed in the direction I had been walking, and after a short time they started off towards the yachts.

"I at once turned up the alley again, and, walking behind the storehouses, thought I should be able to keep level with them, but on coming to the end of the sheds, where I should be obliged to go into the open, they were not to be seen. I looked in every direction, but they had evidently given me the slip—that is, if they had seen me—so, after waiting some time on the chance of their turning up in an unexpected direction, I gave up the chase and walked on towards the yacht.

"I had to cross two boats before reaching the deck of mine, as she lay outside of them.

"I felt wretchedly cold, and it seemed more lonely than ever in that part of the docks.

"In pulling the key of the hatch from my pocket it dropped on deck, and, stooping to pick it up, I noticed the snow was disturbed round the hatchway, and found on trying to put the key in that the lock had been wrenched off and the hatch only drawn over again. I felt sure the yacht had been broken into, and hesitated about the best course to take.

"My first impulse was to fetch the police; but then, again, I should have a long way to go before I could get one of them.

"Further examination showed that the footprints led off to the other yachts, and then on to the shore, and from the stillness, and the fact of the hatch being

drawn over the companion, I came to the conclusion that the thief, whoever he might be, was not below then, but had left before I got there.

"So, pushing the slide back, I descended the stairs, and felt about in the dark for some matches I remembered having left on the glass rack the last time I was aboard.

"I at last found them, and had just struck a light, when I heard two persons whispering, and a violent blow on the head from behind laid me suddenly on the cabin floor.

"I must have lain there some considerable time, for as my senses gradually returned it seemed to me that I was wet, and, putting my hand down, I found I was lying in about an inch of water, which was over the cabin floor, and as I lay there it seemed to be increasing.

"She was sinking!

"The thought banished all drowsiness in an instant, and, sitting up, I felt myself over to see if I was hurt. A large bump on the back of my head, that ached badly, was the only damage received.

"The water was rising; there was no time to lose; and the excitement made me forget my headache for the time; so, groping for the matches, which I found had fortunately fallen on the table, I lit a candle, and looking in the store cupboard for the pump, I took the iron pump-rod for defence in one hand, and with the light in the other I searched all over her, but found the men had left. I then carefully surveyed the deck and the surrounding boats, but they were not in sight, so rigging the pump, I began working at it steadily.

"After a long time I took a rest, and on going down was very pleased to find the water had sunk below the flooring; that gave me renewed vigour, and after another long spell at the pump I had the pleasure of hearing it suck.

"I immediately descended into the forecastle, where on my previous descent I had noticed the flooring pulled up, and there I found the water rushing in at a circular hole evidently drilled with a centrebit.

"Well, to make a long story short, I cut a mop-handle to fit, and drove it in, effectually stopping the water from entering; and then, feeling thoroughly done up through the blow on the head and the extreme exertions I had undergone at the pump, I lay down on one of the sofas to rest, and almost immediately fell asleep. The winterly sun shining through the skylight awoke me the next morning, and on sitting up I felt much refreshed, and I'm glad to say I've never felt any bad effects of the blow or of sleeping in my damp clothes; and now, old man, that's the end of my adventure."

"But," said I, "didn't you catch the men? Was there no clue to them?"

"Oh, I put it in the hands of the police on the following morning, but the snow had fallen heavily during the night, hiding their footsteps; and, as they had stolen nothing, there was no clue to get hold of.

"My suspicions rested then, and do now, on two men whom I had found out to be dishonest at my father's works, and I had been instrumental in getting them discharged some few days previously; and no doubt they conspired to revenge themselves on me by sinking my yacht, and had I not been there that night they would have effected their purpose. I have no doubt they were the men I had seen hiding in the dock, and had broken into the yacht while I was waiting for them behind the shed, and they might have added murder to their other sins had my head not been so thick."

"Well, it's fortunate you got out of it as well as you did; but, you know, I always said you were thick-headed."

"Yes," said Frank, laughing. "What's the time, old man?"

"Wants two minutes to eleven," said I. "How quickly the time has gone by!"

"Yes, it's passed too quickly," said Frank, giving a look up on deck. "The wind's dead on shore. Pat ought to have been on the watch and told us before; now we shall have a nice bit of work to get away, I expect. Rouse Pat up at once."

I did so after considerable difficulty, and joined Frank on deck after putting on my oilskins.

He was busy hooking the sheets on to the trysail, which Pat had neglected to do.

The rain was still falling, and, driven by the strong easterly wind, seemed to strike the face like pins. The night was pitch dark; not a star showed; and the only thing to be seen was the curling heads of the seas as they occasionally broke close to us, smothering us with spray.

Pat was now doing his best to make up for his negligence as he became aware of the danger, and I went forward to help him at the winch. We got the storm-jib on her, but it was an uncertainty for some time whether we could get our anchor or have to slip it. At last we managed it, and Frank putting the helm up, her jib filled, and in another minute we were pounding into the head seas out into the black night and making the water froth around us.

Pat was told to look out forward, and I believe he did for once in his life, as even he could not have slept (on deck) that night, and it was well he did, for we had not been away on the port tack much over half an hour when he shouted to Frank to put up the helm.

"Hard over, sirr."

I had just gone below to retrim one of the side lights that was burning rather dimly. Hearing the shout, and without stopping to finish the lamp, I rushed up on deck in time to see a large square-rigged vessel bearing straight down for us out of the thick blackness of the night.

Frank had put the tiller hard over, and we all three shouted at the top of our voices. We could see no lights, and there seemed to be no men aboard her.

Seeing the danger, I began cutting the lashings which held the dingy to the deck with my pocket-knife, but it was too late to be of any use. On she came, towering high above us, when suddenly on the top of a sea she swerved, and in another instant we were alongside of her instead of under her bows, and as she rolled in the swell her mainyard came down on our truck, breaking it close off, but our topmast, being housed, was fortunately saved. The next sea parted us, and we noticed she was a brig, but could not see her name. I thought it very strange that she should have no canvas up and that no one had hailed us.

We all felt thankful to God for having escaped so well, and it was indeed a narrow escape.

"That was a close touch for us," said Frank, laying hold of the tiller again. "That's the second surprise we've had to-night, and I for one don't want any more."

"Don't you think we've been long enough on this tack? Let's go about," said I, putting up the side light.

"Yes," said Frank. "You take the tiller whilst I give a look at the chart below. I think we've made enough offing by now."

I did so; and Frank, after a little time, called out for me to heave-to and go down to him.

Pat helped me in with an extra bit of the trysail-sheets, and then checking the weather jib-sheet, I went down. Frank was bending over the chart which lay on the table.

"What's best to do?" said he. "Heave-to for the night? make for Harwich? or run for the Thames?"

"Do as you like, old man; but I can't help thinking of that brig. There's something wrong aboard her, I'm sure. Didn't you notice that no one answered our shouts? I vote we go in chase."

"If you think that, we'll go. I'm game for a chase; and then, if we find nothing wrong with her, we can run on for the Thames, it'll be all in the course."

"Just so. That's settled, then."

We went on deck at once, and letting go the jib and easing off the trysail-sheets, we were off before the wind, with the waves following up to the taffrail and looking as if they would come aboard, and then, quietly slipping under her counter, they would break in a smother of foam on each side of us.

We steered as near the direction the brig had been going as we could guess, and presently could see her looming ahead. We lowered the trysail, keeping on under the jib, as we wanted time to consider what to do.

"I don't like having to run alongside of her," said Frank, "but what else can we do? We're too short-handed to go aboard in the dingy in this sea and leave the yacht to one."

"Yes," said I. "Let's get the fenders over the side, and stand by to cast a line forward, Pat."

He got ready, and I made a bowline in a piece of line. As we came alongside we hailed her, and, not getting any answer to our repeated shoutings, Pat and I cast our ropes aboard.

We were fortunate, for in the first cast Pat's caught on the fluke of an anchor and mine landed over a bollard-head.

"I'll go aboard," said I, "and see what's the matter."

So I climbed up the side by the rope, and on reaching the deck shouted to any one who might be there, but there was no reply.

I went aft, and, striking a light, looked into the cabin, expecting to see the captain lying ill or dead; but no, the cabin was empty. I then went forward and searched the men's quarters, and found that was in the same condition. There was not a soul aboard except myself.

"What's to be done?" thought I. "Here's a valuable craft drifting about at the mercy of the winds, and she will, in all probability, get ashore on one of the numerous sandbars that lie all about here and become a total wreck. She'd be worth keeping if we could take her in tow. So thinking, I went on deck again and shouted down to Frank,

"There's no one aboard. What's to be done, old man?"

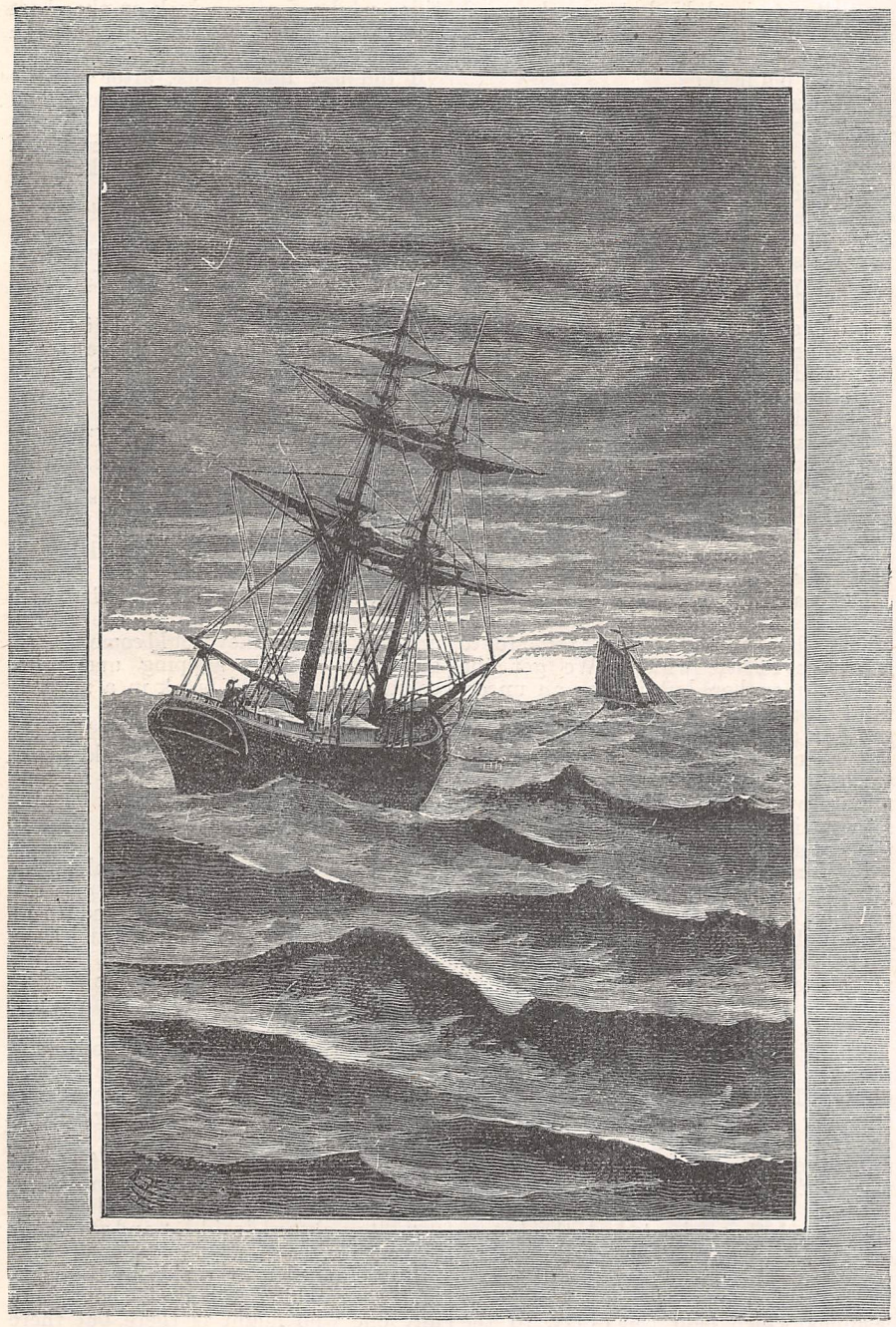
"Yes; by all means. We won't leave her," sung out Frank, not clearly understanding my question.

"Can you send Pat aboard with the trawl-warp?" shouted I again.

"Ay, ay."

"We shall want the mainsail," said he, "to tow that lump of a craft; the trysail wouldn't be any use."

"No, you're right; but with one reef in the mainsail she ought to tow pretty easily. We've given her plenty of line. By-the-bye, have you made your end of the trawl-warp fast?"



With the Derelict in Tow.

Frank had understood me this time and soon Pat came over the side with a thin line, by which we pulled up the end of the warp.

Pat and I then took it forward outside of everything, and knotted it on to a hawser we found lying by the bitts. We then made the other end of the hawser secure to them, and dropped the bight of the rope overboard all ready for towing. It was hard work and it made us wringing wet with perspiration. We then slid down to the yacht again and found Frank busy taking the trysail off the hanks.

"Yes, that's secure; but I think one of us ought to go aboard of her, she will tow as easily again if there's some one to steer her."

"I'll do that as soon as we are ready here," said I.

We were soon ready, for Frank offered Pat a ten-pound note if we got the brig safe into the Thames, and he accordingly did his level best and jumped about quicker than I had ever seen him do before.

"I think we're ready for the experiment now," said Frank "but I don't half like you being alone there. Supposing she was to break adrift?"

"You'll have to sail back and pick me up again; but we've made her well fast, so I don't anticipate it," said I, shinning up the side. "Good night, old man."

I let go the forward spring and stood by the after one, ready, whilst Pat pushed the yacht's head off, and then both of them worked at hoisting the mainsail, and the wind getting into it, I let go, and she was away into the darkness ahead. I then went forward to the brig's bowsprit and watched whether the yacht would have any effect over a so much larger vessel.

After a short time I saw the hawser tighten out, and found on going aft to the wheel she had steerage way.

Hurrah! the prize was ours, unless any accident occurred.

I stuck to the wheel the rest of that night, occasionally eating some biscuits I had in one of my pockets, and I was extremely glad of them, as it seemed extra cold standing at the wheel, after the previous exertions I had been making.

The yacht's binnacle light showed sufficiently for me to steer by, but it seemed a long night all by myself, without a fellow-creature to speak to.

The dawn broke at last, showing up cold and clear, and showing also that we were just off the mouth of the Thames.

As soon as it was light enough to see the yacht clearly I waved my cap and gave a cheer. Pat was steering and went through some pantomimic gestures, and Frank, coming up the companion, saw me and sent back three cheers in return.

We kept on, and with a fair wind passed the Nore light, the men on board having a good look at us, no doubt interested in the unusual sight of a yacht towing a brig.

The weather had cleared considerably since the night, and by the time we were up to Canvey Island it was quite bright, and correspondingly exhilarating to my spirits.

I could see Frank and Pat getting the dingy into the water, and soon Frank got in and dropped down to the brig. I had found the rope accommodation ladder and threw it over the side, and after making the boat fast he came on board.

"Top of the morning to you, old man. How have you enjoyed your night's sail?"

"It's been pretty cold, but we ought to congratulate ourselves on getting her here safely."

"Yes," said Frank. "Where shall we bring up?"

"I think close in shore at Mucking. We shall soon be there, and I want breakfast soon. I assure you I feel quite empty."

"All right, old man, you shall soon have it," said Frank, getting into the boat again.

We were soon close to our destination, and they rounded-to, dropped their anchor, and then taking the end of the warp into the dingy, got it fast to the buoy just in time before the brig swung round to the tide, very fortunately, for if we had not got it fast in time she would have overpowered us and drifted on.

We then went on board, and getting the tow-line round the windlass we shortened it up until we were near enough to the buoy to get a chain cable passed in its place. That done we went

back to the yacht and rested and had breakfast. Whilst sitting over the meal we arranged to leave Pat in charge of the brig during the time we took the yacht to Gravesend, and went up to London to see the owners of the brig, whom we had discovered from papers in her cabin to have offices in Queen Street.

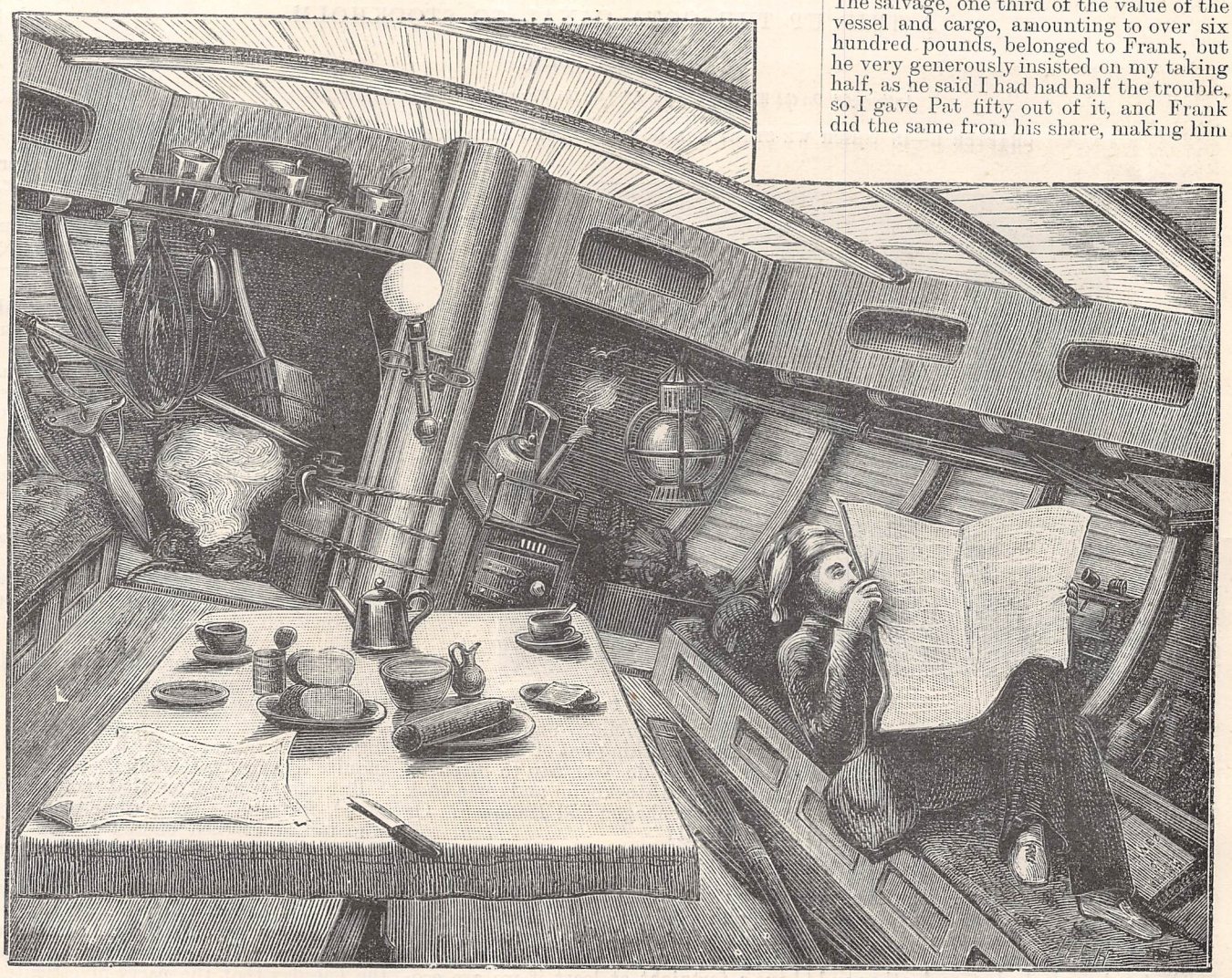
We did so, and they were very glad to hear of the safety of their vessel, and eventually the salvage which Frank claimed was paid over to him.

It was then that we heard about the first part of the brig's voyage. The Mary Ann had left Stockholm very short-handed, two of the crew being very ill at the start, and had died after being out three days. After a great deal of knocking about they brought up with a kedge anchor in the Yarmouth Roads, and the master, a Norwegian, determined to land, before going farther, for another hand or two, and leaving a boy in charge he went ashore with his small remaining crew of two.

Soon after five in the afternoon a shackle in the cable parted and she drifted along. The boy got alarmed, and, dropping into a boat that was hanging astern, he rowed off to the shore, leaving the brig to its fate. Being winter, it was quite dark, and no one knew what had occurred to the brig until the boy reached the town, and as it took him a long time getting there, the brig was well away and beyond their reach when he told them, so the master could only telegraph up to the owners, informing them of the loss, which we were very happy to be able to contradict on the following morning. The salvage, one third of the value of the vessel and cargo, amounting to over six hundred pounds, belonged to Frank, but he very generously insisted on my taking half, as he said I had had half the trouble, so I gave Pat fifty out of it, and Frank did the same from his share, making him promise he would not spend it all at once.

He gave his ready promise, but I very much doubt if he kept it, as Frank told me that for the rest of the winter he dressed in most extensive long-shore clothes and seemed to have discovered no end of relations, and now he seems as hard up as ever

But as Pat says, "Shure it was a slice of luck," and I shall always remember that night's sail



Pat's Cabin.

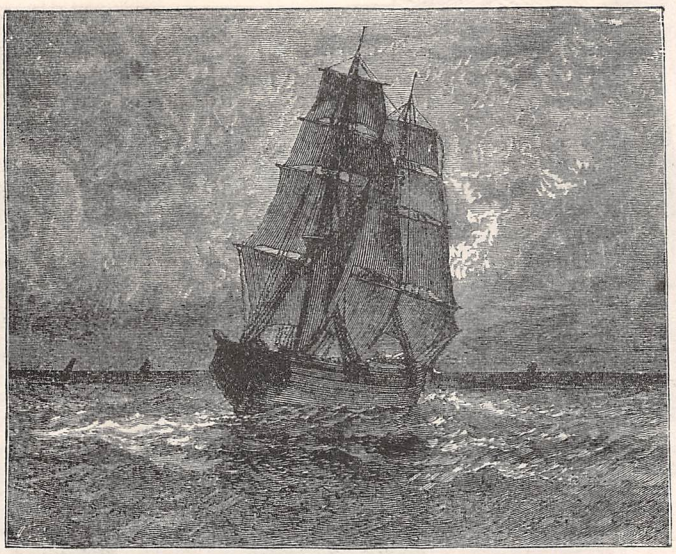
A BOY'S HOLIDAY IN SWEDEN:

A TRIP UP THE GOTA CANAL TO STOCKHOLM.

By Henry Frith,

Author of "On the Wings of the Wind," "On the War-path at Sandilands," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH WE START FOR GÖTEBORG, AND FIND OURSELVES AT TROLLHÄTTA.



"Is this the steamer of Yäteburg, please?" said Alfred.

"The steamer for *which?*" replied the English mariner addressed.

"He means Gothenburg," said Ernest. "I told you, Alfred, that your attempts at Swedish names would bring you to grief. Is this the Swedish boat?"

"No, sir; she's English. The Romeo is her name, and she trades to Sweden," said the mariner, who, having thus corrected Ernest, walked away.

The two boys looked at each other and laughed.

"One apiece for us," said Alfred. "Here is Mr. Basil; now we shall get along. Dick is with him. All serene!"

This little dialogue took place in the very early morning of a summer day a few years ago. Three boys, with an old friend in the capacity of "bear leader," had made up their minds to go somewhere where "no fellows had ever been before!" When the map of the world was consulted it was found that, with the little exception of some hundreds of square miles in the interior of Africa, there was no place so unvisited within reach of a fortnight's trip. Even the centre of Africa was considered too far—and (perhaps) too hot.

So said Mr. Basil, drily, when the remark was repeated to him.

"Of course, I don't mean uninhabited places," replied Alfred; "I mean places where none of *our* fellows have ever been, not travellers."

"Then," remarked Ernest, "you will have small difficulty in deciding. Very few of us have been anywhere except to Ireland and Switzerland, and bits of France or Germany."

"Try the Rhine," said Richard.

"Don't!" said Mr. Basil. "If you are going to have a holiday under my care, let us see something out of the common track. What do you say to Sweden? Shall we go to Stockholm, and come back through Copenhagen and Hanover? Or back to Hull?"

"Won't it be awfully expensive?" said Dick.

"No; cost about fifteen shillings a day each, all included; or even less. If your parents will give you, say, twelve or thirteen pounds apiece, boys, we can have a fortnight at least if we are economical."

So Richard Selwyn and Alfred and Ernest Middleton, cousins, all schoolfellows, petitioned the home authorities, and cheques for fifteen pounds for each lad were respectively forwarded. That sum was deemed sufficient, and, as Dick remarked, with some acumen, if "we telegraph for more when we find we can't come back without it, the governors will stump up!"

"We do not intend to bring forward any supplementary estimates," said Mr. Basil. "We will start on Saturday morning from Hull, and steam direct to Göteborg—which is pronounced very softly, like 'Yäteborg,'" he added.

It was in endeavouring to acquire this indescribable pronunciation that Alfred got "thrown" by the British mariner, as we have already told you.

The start was made under good auspices. The North Sea was fairly smooth. The Romeo, a fine vessel, behaved remarkably well; and though she rolled, as is the manner of screw steamers generally, the majority of the passengers were able to eat and drink at the prescribed times, and some even indulged in luxuries between meals.

"I never could see where the Humber rises," said Dick Selwyn. "I remember I lost a place about this rubbishy river, though I don't believe it rises at all."

"Oh, don't it!" interrupted a man who was standing by. "You should see the 'ager'—the tidal wave, I mean—you'd say it rose then!"

"I was thinking of the source," said Dick; "but it's a compound of other rivers, I believe."

No one cared to discuss the question. Every one seemed bent upon other topics. So Dick's pedantry met with no response other than Alfred's remark, "I say, Dick, I'm all for holiday-making, so let geography and any other 'ography' alone, please."

In due time the mail steamer approached the Swedish coast, and the sea got rougher.

On Monday morning the Romeo passed quietly up the Götaelf, and took up her moorings off the Skeppsbron at Göteborg.

"So this is Gothenburg," said Alfred, wisely returning to British pronunciation. "It looks rather nice."

"I believe it is a clean and interesting place," said Mr. Basil. "We will inquire concerning the hotel."

But any trouble on that point was saved, for an energetic commissionaire who talked English offered to conduct the party to the Hotel Haglund, where accordingly they proceeded in a "fly."

That afternoon was passed quietly. The young tourists walked about a little, but there was not much time—people are early in Gothenburg—so it was not until the Tuesday that the party investigated the town.

"Who is this old swell?" inquired Ernest, as they halted in front of a fine statue in the Gustaf-Adolf's-Torg.

"Surely you can guess that, even if the name of the square did not inform you," said Mr. Basil.

"Oh, Gustavus Adolphus, of course," replied Ernest. "I beg his pardon. He is a fine fellow, I must say! There is the Exchange and there is the Town Hall. I see there is a museum open. Let us go and see it."

There they went, and gazed at the whale, wondering how long the skeleton was, and whether he felt his tail inconvenient. So time passed in admiring the figures of the "Duellists," and gazing at the canals which penetrate into the town. It seemed strange to the lads to walk alongside the ships in the centre of the streets. But they forgot that the same effect can be experienced in old Bristol.

Suddenly Alfred, who was the pioneer of the party, came running up.

"I say, Mr. Basil, are we going up the Gotha Canal?"

"Certainly we are," replied the tutor. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the steamer leaves to-night."

"To-night! Are you sure?"

"Certain. The bill in the window there says 'Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.'"

"Well, we can wait till Thursday, eh?"

"Oh no," said Alfred. "Let us get on. We have only ten days, and I would rather stay in Stockholm than here. Wouldn't you, Dick?"

"I don't know," replied Dick. "I'll wait till I see Stockholm, anyway. But this place seems quiet, and as we know no one—"

"Let us get ahead," said Ernest. "I'm all for the canal. I believe it will be great fun!"

So a reference was made to the hotel people, who thought it impossible that berths could be obtained for that night's boat. There were such a number of people travelling, and so on. But Mr. Basil said he would try.

Being directed to the steamboat office, he found the hotel people were right. All the beds were already engaged, and the boys' faces fell, for, boy-like, they preferred to see new things to wandering about in a strange town in the broiling sun or heavy rain, even though the town were busy, prosperous, pleasing Gothenburg.

"What a bore," said Dick, as they passed out. "These people will be disappointed too," he added, as a lady and gentleman, very English-looking, with their two children, a boy and a girl about the ages of fourteen and sixteen, came into the office.

The English party went out and paused irresolutely, wondering what there was to be seen that evening. The country did not appear very attractive, and they were walking away, when a man from the office came running after them.

He spoke German, and Mr. Basil soon ascertained that the gentleman and his family were unable to proceed that night, and had come to change the tickets if possible. We need hardly say that Mr. Basil was delighted to accept them, and arranged the matter with the gentleman in the office at once.

This lucky hit made them all friends, and the boys looked at the Swedish party and wished they could talk Swedish. Dick said so aloud, and lamented his vile French.

The young lady smiled at Dick's bright open face and seemed to understand.

"I wish you could talk English, mademoiselle," said Dick. "Then I could perhaps amuse you. Stunning pretty girl, Ernest."

The young lady laughed merrily and replied without any boldness yet without shyness,

"I can understand English quite well. You are English, of course?"

"Rather," said Dick. "But how well you speak English. It's wonderful, Ernest, isn't it?"

"Not very," replied the Swedish boy for his sister. "We are English, or rather Scotch."

"English! Living here?"

"Yes," replied the lad. "Father is a merchant, and we live near the town. We were going up to Stockholm, only father has business to detain him."

"We are going to Stockholm too," said Alfred.

"Perhaps we shall see each other again," said the boy. "Come, Mary."

Meanwhile Mr. Basil had been chatting with the lady and gentleman, whose name was Trevor. (This is not the real name, so any one bearing the same name must not think the writer means to be personal. The kindness of his Gothenburg acquaintance would prevent any such rudeness.)

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were extremely pleasant, and gave Mr. Basil some hints concerning the transit to Stockholm. Moreover, with true Swedish hospitality, they invited the boys to come to their house to dinner, an invitation, after some demur, accepted. Then Mrs. Trevor took possession of the young people, and Mr. Trevor returned to the hotel with Mr. Basil to see about the bill and the baggage, which was already packed.

This gentleman's good-nature did not stop there. He examined the account and saw it was correct. He had the luggage carried to his house, and gave the young party a capital dinner; and to crown all he drove them to the pier whence the steamer started, and saw them off.

"We shall meet again," he said, "Mr. Basil. Your name is familiar to me. My brother was at Cambridge with a Lucius Basil, and they are still great friends, as of old."

"My cousin's name is Lucius," said Frank Basil, "and I have met his friend Alexander Trevor. Is he your brother? How singular!"

"Yes, indeed. My wife will be pleased to hear this. *Au revoir.* Good-bye, boys."

"Remember me to Miss Mary and Robert," shouted Dick.

"Dick's 'spooney' on Miss Mary," said Ernest. "Poor Dick! you've no chance with Alfred."

"Haven't I?" said Dick. "You'll see."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Basil. "If you quarrel concerning this very pretty and ladylike girl I will cut you all out and marry her myself."

"Oh, I say!" muttered Dick. "Let us look for our beds, I vote. It is nearly midnight."

"Nonsense!" cried Ernest. "Why, it's quite light still. It can't be more than ten o'clock."

"The steamer is moving, any way," replied Dick; "and it is timed to leave at 11.30, so it must be near midnight."

"It is five minutes to twelve," said Mr. Basil. "And now, if you boys will take my advice, you will get into your berths, and sleep till we reach the falls in the morning. The Trollhätta Falls are grand, and we shall have more than an hour to view them."

The lads took this advice and made their way down the companion-ladder. At the foot of the stairs, and along the sides of the vessel, were some long pantries, called rooms, which contain two couches, each about five and a half feet long.

These are the cabins. There is a small washing apparatus, and above it a port-hole for air and light shrouded by a curtain. A few pegs and a rack netting as in railway carriages form the available clothing conveniences. A lamp swings from the low ceiling. There are no chairs, and the only table is the flap of the wash-hand stand, which covers the basin. It is impossible for two persons to move about at the same time. One of the occupants must always be absent or in bed before the other gets up or undresses. So we need hardly remark that only good friends should be placed in these cabins, for disagreeable people would under such circumstances be intensely disagreeable, and there is no escape unless you forfeit your passage or lie on the deck or floor.

"This is a limited company's boat, I expect," said Ernest, as he looked into a cabin; "what a small place!"

A loud growl and some curious language informed him he had made a mistake and awakened some irascible foreigner.

"Which are our berths, I wonder?" he said, retreating.

"Here they are," said Mr. Bazil, opening first one door and then another on opposite sides of the lower deck. "Now, boys, be quiet and go to sleep till six o'clock at earliest. Good night."

"Good night," responded the cousins, who retired at once to the starboard side, while Mr. Basil and his young friend Dick Selwyn consoled themselves with the port cabin, and the other voyagers being by this time asleep, the English tourists followed their example. But not for long. At five o'clock Dick Selwyn rose, and of course disturbed Mr. Basil, who blessed him. Dick then, with much consideration, dressed, and stirred up Alfred and Ernest Middleton, who threw things at him from their couches. Two pairs of slippers, some soap, two sponges, some odd volumes of books, and finally a boot and two pillows, were each and all discharged at the youth who stood in the doorway. But with no useful effect. Richard remained, the Middletons were thoroughly awakened, and arose to pick up in succession the pillows, the boot, the books, the sponges, the soap, and the slippers. These articles being recovered, the lads dressed and found themselves within hearing of the grand falls of Trollhätta.

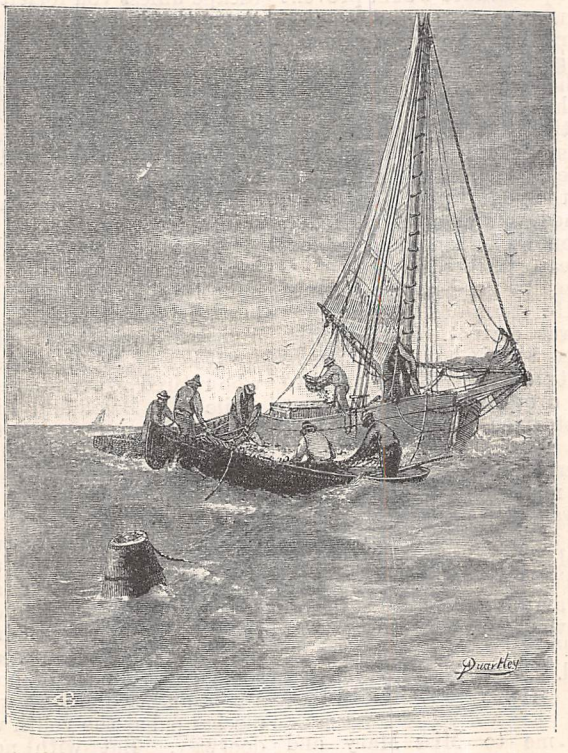
CHAPTER II.—THE GOTA CANAL—THE FALLS—THE LAKES—ARRIVAL AT STOCKHOLM.

WHILE the boys are gazing at the enormous stairs in the form of locks which seem to block up all navigation, but, in truth, assist it, we will in a few lines indicate the course of the celebrated waterway between Gothenburg and the Swedish capital. And do not let our young readers think we are inventing this trip for their amusement. We have done it with boys, and this narrative is one result of our expedition, which is truthfully described.

If you will look at your map of Sweden you will perceive that between Gothenburg, on the south-western coast, and Stockholm, near the eastern seaboard, there are numerous lakes, Wener, Wetter, Roxen, with streams and lakelets. The immense track of country which in Sweden is occupied by lakes can be appreciated by the traveller who journeys by the railway from Mälmo on the Baltic to Stockholm. Vast and beautifully wooded lakes succeed each other rapidly, and in the dim light of the Swedish summer night these lakes look weird and romantic indeed.

But to return to our Gota Canal. Early in the sixteenth century it occurred to Swedish engineers to unite the great lakes with the Baltic and the Cattegat, or rather to connect the two latter by

means of the lakes. There were many minor and mining difficulties to be encountered, but the chief obstacle was the great series of cataracts which the Gota river forms on its way from Lake Wenern to the sea.



The length of the waterway is just 260 miles (English). There are seventy-four locks *en route*. There are, however, only fifty miles of actual canal in the whole distance: the remainder of the navigation is through the lakes, the river, and the sea—the Baltic, We may add that the cuttings have an average depth of ten feet, with ninety feet width. The pace in the canals is slow. The fare is about twenty-five shillings, not including food, which is well served, plentiful, and cheap. The "krone" is the equivalent for our shilling—it is worth 1s. 1d. It is divided into one hundred parts ("öre"), and the British pound sterling is worth eighteen krone. A Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven of our miles. The generic name for female attendants seems to be Lovisa (Louisa), just as Mary or John has been adopted by us for our female or male domestics.

The first real attempt to make the canal was in the beginning of the eighteenth century. But more than a hundred years ago the idea was abandoned till 1800, when eight new locks were made. Telford, our engineer, assisted Baron von Platen; and about 1832 the route was completed, at a cost of five million krone. We will mention the various places of interest on the way, and our readers may find the course upon a good map.

The boys reached the deck as the steamer was advancing towards what appeared a series of enormous steps. The vessel takes two hours to ascend these locks, and "such a getting up stairs we never did see." The passengers did not, however, wait for the performance, but proceeded to view the falls.

Mr. Basil and his young friends followed a wooded path, dark pines o'ershading the rocky way. They were in turn followed by itinerant vendors of photographs, some of which were purchased. The roaring of the river in, creased; louder and louder it rose, until the party came out in view of the rapids and gazed upon the falls.

Some idea of the scene might perhaps be gathered from an engraved illustration, but it could give no complete notion of the grandeur, the massiveness, the rapidity, and majesty with which the river proceeds and with which it is surrounded. Over the rounded, water-worn rocks the current slides with a gruesome, glassy rush which makes one shiver. The cruel coldness of the sweeping power of the river can only be properly estimated when the traveller crosses a frail and dangerous bridge, and stands on the isolated rock above the stupendous cataract. Then the grandeur and might of our servant Water may be estimated. But he is his own master here, and lets us know it.

"The falls are not as high as Niagara," remarked Mr. Basil, smiling. "I am rather disappointed in the altitude, but the grandeur is incontestable. They are a fine sight!"

"Look at those rocks, and how the great waves roll and tumble over them!" said Dick. "One would have no chance of life a hundred yards up stream!"

"Isn't the water green!" remarked Alfred. "Let us ascend the tower yonder."

They climbed up, and were rewarded by a beautiful view of the wooded stream, which gradually slackened in its wild race as it turned the corner, panting after its fierce struggle with the rocks and boulders, and apparently endeavouring to arrange itself pending its arrival at quiet, respectable Gothenburg. Its wild leap was over—the maddening rush of its middle age was past. Henceforth the river will flow peacefully to its ending in the German Ocean.

"Well, it certainly is impressive," said Ernest. "But there is something more to see. The King's Grotto is here somewhere."

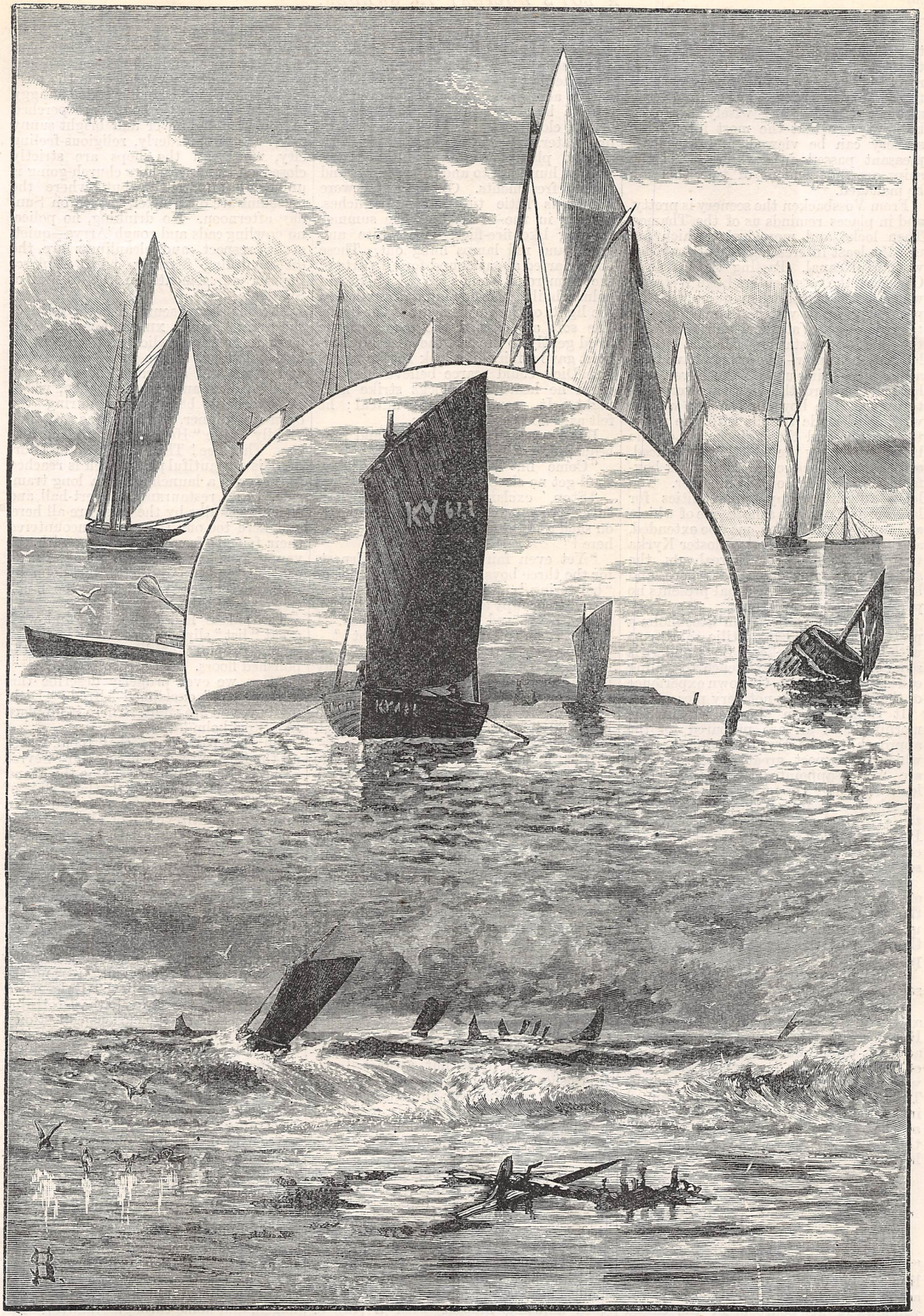
This grotto bears in its cavernous recess the names of royal personages who have visited the Falls. Our party did not add their names, as time would not permit. They then heard the legend of the tailor who sat on the rock making his wedding garments, for the cruel maiden had condemned him to that solitary shop-board in mid-stream; on no other condition would she marry him. The task was finished, the clothes were made, the maid was won. But, alas! the overjoyed tailor leaped to his feet too suddenly in his joy. He slipped, and in a moment was engulfed in the Falls of Trollhätta; only his new garments remained to attest to the close of his sartorial existence.

A loud whistle announced that the captain of the steamer was waiting for the passengers, who hurried through the barriers and emerged upon the quay or wharf at which the vessel was lying preparatory to her transit up the Stallbacka Canal, at the extremity of which, and at the southern limit of Lake Wenern, is Wenersborg.

Thence ensued a pleasant run in fine weather across the great lake. In stormy days the transit is dangerous, for the waves are high. The boys enjoyed the passage and ate their dinner, including the national introduction to it, called "smorgasbrod"—a relish consisting of sardines or other such smoked or oiled delicacies, washed down, by those who can stand it, with fiery liquor. Reindeer tongue, ham in slices, anchovies, radishes, and biscuits, form a good free lunch. Then immediately is served the dinner—soup, fish, and fowl and veal, with good öel, or beer, all of which is entered in an account by the young lady who waits on your party. At Stockholm she will bring her book and expect a krone for her attendance, which has been good and unintrusive.

The "regulations" are hung framed in various places on board. Cleanliness and proper behaviour are enforced. If any one is obnoxious, tipsy, or misconducts himself, he is put ashore then and there to find his way to his destination. There is no appeal, off he goes! Lights are supposed to be out at eleven, but there is daylight long after that. It seems odd to stand on deck at midnight and see the lake and the mist above it and the distant shore, and watch for the ruddy glow which announces the sunrise before you retire to your cabin. Time is annihilated! Darkness is not in it!

Across Lake Wenern the steamer made an easterly course, and then entered a shaded and narrow canal cutting, whereon trees nearly met overhead, and where navigation, in view of passing ships, is difficult. Then when the whistling has ceased the silence is great; the swishing of the water and the weeping weeds, which bow to us as we pass, are for a while the only sounds audible. Then comes a grim and rocky passage out of the lock. The vessel turns her nose in and out, never scraping, never touching, but often "shaving" the great porpoise-backed boulders which glint and glisten in the morning light.



Pleasure and Toil.—*See page 51.*

We have not space at our disposal to tell all the places nor the objects of interest the steamer passes. Töreboda was reached about midnight, and after that the scenery is not very interesting. The steamer transits are wisely arranged both ways, so that the most interesting scenery can be viewed, and the least pleasant passed in darkness. As the ships are independent of tide, this can be managed.

From Vossbacken the scenery is pretty, and in places reminds us of the Thames. Then locks and more locks, which are not the least interesting features of this wonderful canal. Passing the Castle of Carlsborg the vessel enters Lake Wettern, which is beautiful when quiet with its peculiarly clear water. The course is then across to Vadstena, and thence to the half-way station, Motala. Five locks descent now—the others have been all up hill—bring us to Lake Boren, and here and onward the views are very picturesque. The boys in the trip we are writing of made friends with the mate, the captain, and the engineer, sat on the bridge and blew the whistle, read, raced, or otherwise conducted themselves boy-fashion in and out of the steamer. The locks afforded many opportunities for landing and rambles ashore, one of which, at Berg, in Lake Roxen, may be extended, and the interesting Vreta Kloster Kyrka visited. At noon or thereabouts the steamers up and down pass here, and hence to Stockholm the canal presents no particularly novel features.

About twenty miles from Stockholm a pretty place called Södertilje salutes us with a battery of cakes. Boys and girls seem to devote their existence to selling cakes to passengers. Our own experience of these delicacies is not very pleasant.

It is now again six o'clock in the morning, and all are prepared for the approach to the Swedish capital, from which we expect great pleasure. Nor are we disappointed. Lake Mälaren looks its best. The numerous islands, the vessels, the steamers, the distant spires, the great promontory with the "King's Hatt," whence Olaf leaped, all unite in compelling our admiration for the inland sea which bears us to stately Stockholm.

Yes; Stockholm indeed! We are now at nine o'clock actually making fast to the wharf on Riddarholmen, and facing us is the celebrated church in which lie the ashes of the great Gustavus Adolphus.

"We will go there," said Mr. Basil; and so they did.

But first they had to land and persuade a flyman to carry them to the Grand Hotel. The fair Lovisa was paid her account, which amounted to an average of seven shillings a day for each traveller, with a little gratuity besides for herself. These duties performed, the party stepped into the carriage and found apartments at the excellent Grand Hotel opposite the Royal Palace and overlooking the lake.

CHAPTER III.—A LOOK AT STOCKHOLM—RETURN HOME.

"Be it never so humble, there is no place like Stockholm!" sang Richard Selwyn, as he gazed with great delight from the windows of his bedroom in the Grand Hotel that evening. The young party had been out all the afternoon sight-seeing and had returned rather tired.

Let us try to describe what he saw.

In the first place there was the King's Palace across the water, a fine and extensive building. To his right was a bridge, close to which, beside the sparkling water, was a garden restaurant, with a band playing, lights twinkling, and waiters hurrying to and fro with ices and other refreshments. On the water were numerous little tidy steam launches, looking in the twilight of the summer evening like fire-flies, with white and green and red lamps hung out. These boats darted about bound for all parts of the numerous islands on which Stockholm is built. The flowing water reflected the lights of the gardens and of the boats. The soft air carried the music of the band gently to the ear, the pleasant twilight gave a fairy-like look to the scene, and Dick could scarce believe his ears when he heard the clocks strike midnight. It seemed almost unreal; he felt as if he were in a dream.

But it was all real and true and very beautiful.

"Come in, Dick," said Alfred, "we shall get no sleep."

"Stop," exclaimed Dick, as he half turned to answer, "who wants to sleep on such a night as this? It is fairy-land here!"

"Yet even fairies sleep," said Ernest, for the three boys, for the convenience of "bolstering" and pillow combats preferred to occupy adjoining rooms. "Even fairies sleep, and I am going to bed. I have a room to myself. Good night!"

"It's a shame to shut out the scene," remarked Dick, sorrowfully. "We may never see it so fine again. I believe it rains here!"

"Really?" said Alfred, sleepily, from his bed; "I fancied all rain not British went to Spain!"

Dick made no reply in words. He merely cast a hair-brush at his friend, who in return placed the brush carefully in the water-jug, and lay down again without speaking a word. The lads seemed both perfectly contented, and Richard went to bed. But Alfred snored! Then Dick took the hair-brush from the jug and sprinkled his "chum" with cold water, which amused Alfred vastly when he woke and found himself extremely damp about the head and shoulders.

He immediately guessed what had happened, and the room being dark now, he rose with much caution and crawled across the floor with a damp sponge to Dick's bed. But lo! Dick had crawled out and was in Alfred's bed; whereupon Alfred gave him a *douche* which not only wetted Dick's dress but saturated Alfred's sheets, a fact which the "cold-pigger" did not discover till, flushed with victory, he lay down in his own bed, having cried "Pax," to which Dick, who knew what had happened, had consented, chuckling.

So the first portion of the first night that Dick and Alfred spent in Stockholm was passed in a very intellectual and pleasing manner. It is certainly true that English people carry their national traits abroad with them.

In the morning Dick was missing. Whither had he gone? Inquiries were made, and he was eventually found in the yard amusing himself with a pair of bears' cubs which inhabited a small tenement by the laundry. After breakfast, served *à la carte* at separate little tables, the party were conducted to the roof and had an excellent view all over the city. Islands bare and islands wooded, craggy rocks on which little houses are perched in the lake and river and bright sunny city, a quiet, orderly, religious-feeling city, where all the shops are strictly closed on Sunday, where church-going is universal apparently, but where the museums are open after service on Sunday afternoon. No drinking, no police, no howling cads and rough 'Arrys—quiet, order, respect, and cleanliness are the distinguishing features, with *al fresco* popular amusements, in the capital of Sweden.

There is the museum with the relics of the great Charles XII., and many other most interesting relics and objects of national value. Some good pictures too, and arms and armour. There are the Deer Gardens, and "Hasselbacken," where an excellent band plays during the open-air dinner, which was recalled vividly at the "Healtheries" in Kensington. This free! The Deer Park, or Djurgard, is a beautiful park which is reached by water in a launch, or by a long tram-ride. Cafés, restaurants, concert-hall, and charming walks by the river are all here, and here too our travellers encountered their friends from Gothenburg with the young people. How they met, dined, chatted, and finally left Stockholm by rail together, it would take too much space to describe.

The palace had to be seen, and with great "list" slippers over their boots the young people skated merrily over the polished floors.

"Can we ever properly describe this jolly place?" exclaimed Alfred; "Dick, my boy, you are right. There is no place like Stockholm!"

Oh, that palace and that room, where all the furniture and fittings are Sèvres china! Oh, the White Sea—as the grand ball-room is named! Oh, the "Hall of Mirrors," where you are reflected again and again, until you feel almost beside yourself at having all these reflections cast upon you! The queen's, the princes' apartments are all delightful, and you skim about on polished oak, in slippery slippers, enchanted! Yes, it is all real—all true—all delightful. Dick was right!

Mr. Basil thought so too. He found Miss Mary charming—an intelligent girl with cheery manners and most ladylike demeanour. Oh, that Djurgard, and the launches, and, above all, the Dalecarlian peasants in native dress in the Drottning Gata! There in the curious collection a whole afternoon was passed. Curious groups, looking extremely lifelike, illustrating Swedish manners and customs, may be seen, and two specimens are now in the Alexandra Palace, Wood Green. All kinds of national exhibits are at the Drottning Gata in Stockholm, and the extremely pretty and picturesque Dalecarlian maiden is also quite a pleasing feature of the show.

Tuesday has come. Away! away! Mr. Basil must leave, so must the Trevors, and Mary Trevor is quite sorry. So is Mr. Basil. Then fifteen hours' railway travelling through pretty flattish landscape, and then Göteborg again—with the Trevors—for two days.

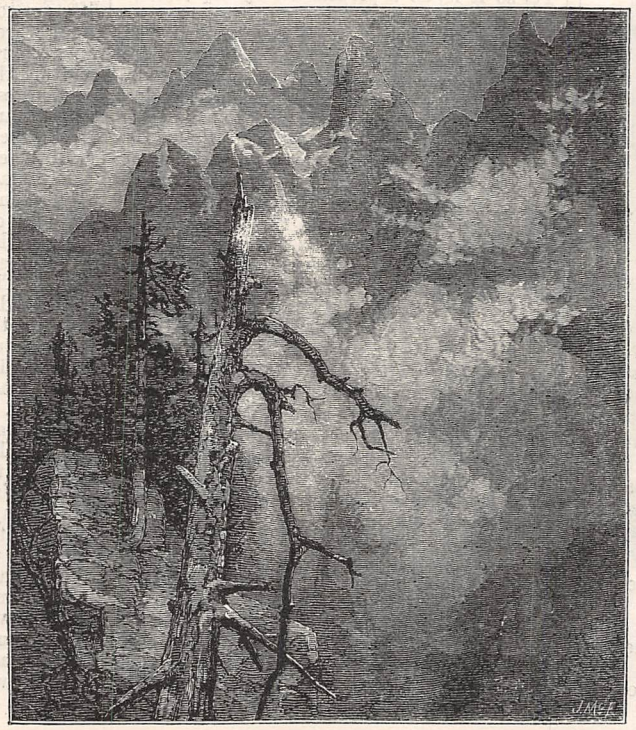
Then a run to Mälmö, steamer to Copenhagen, and home through Hanover. But upon this journey we must not dilate.

The great trip had been made, the Swedish capital had been visited, and worst (or best) of all, Mr. Basil was in love!

Whether he ever married I will not here relate, but I will tell you something in the strictest confidence. I, the writer—I, *moi que parle*—went that trip with my young friends a few years ago; and listen! My wife's name is Mary! *Verbum sap.*

Such a little trip, and an extremely interesting one it is, may be easily undertaken by lads with a tutor or guardian. The return ticket from Hull to Gottenburg is only £5 5s., and in Sweden the charges are moderate. If wines be not indulged in, and "Grand" hotels avoided, the prices may, particularly in the former case, be greatly reduced. The *best* hotel is, however, usually the *cheapest* in the end. Travelling is the chief expense everywhere, but the fares in Sweden are cheap. The sum per head we have named (£15) will be found ample, we still believe, for all ordinary requirement: and the Swedish capital will well repay a visit.

The return can be made *viâ* Copenhagen, Hanover, and Flushing, but this distance will entail much additional expense, and Jutland is uninteresting. Copenhagen and its environs are, however, worth a visit, and may be included in the tour.



Pleasure and Toil.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.

I.

The yachts that swing at the harbour mouth
Weigh anchor one by one;
A warm moist wind from the merry South
Springs up with the rising sun.
It follows us steady and close behind,
And furrows the foam capped sea—
The Kestrel lays her cheek to the wind
With all her courses free.

The clouds aloft are blue and soft,
Tight as a drum our sail;
Aloft, alow, no colour but blue,
No tempest in the gale.
With tiller in hand our skipper stands,
And lets the Kestrel run;
One wary eye on the Eastern sky,
As we sail into the sun.

II.

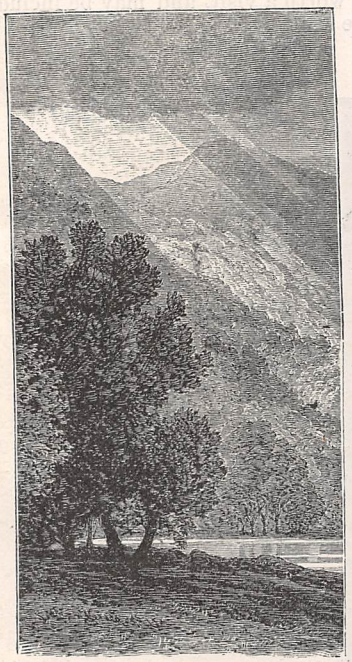
The fisherman rides o'er the harbour bar
With the first grey gleam of morning;
He steers his course by the morning star,
All thought of danger scorning.
He shakes his sail to the freshening gale
As his boat shoots through the foam;
Through midnights drear his heart to cheer
He thinks of those at home.

His smack sails not, like our bonny yacht,
For its master's ease and pleasure;
But he toils all night till dawn of light
To gather the ocean's treasure.
The fisherman's life is a daily strife
With forces wild and grim—
Kind Father above, in Thy great love
Spread sheltering wings o'er him!

AMONG THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE.

By Ralph Yates,

Author of "To Bingen and Back on a Bicycle," etc.



To many boys the title of my paper will suggest a tale of imagination rather than a narrative of actual experiences. Naturally so, for who would think that the land of snow-capped mountains, countless lakes, foaming torrents, precipices, avalanches, and glaciers was a choice field for a bicycle tour? Yet so it is, as a perusal of my experiences will, I think, show.

Before proceeding with my narrative I wish to give a few practical hints to those readers who may contemplate a similar tour. In the first place, I should not advise any but good and experienced riders to take their bicycles into Switzerland, although the roads, generally speaking, are quite as good as our English roads; but in all bicycle tours of any extent there are times when a skilful hand and a steady nerve are the rider's only hope; and nowhere in Europe is the bicyclist more likely to be suddenly beset by deadly peril than in Switzerland. Still the danger is, I believe, less than in Alpine climbing, and, since all English youths are naturally adventurous, I have no hesitation in strongly commending Switzerland as a grand country for the experienced bicycle tourist.

Taking it for granted, then, that any reader who has made up his mind to go into Switzerland on his bicycle will be in possession of a good strong "roadster," with thick tyre and reliable break, I shall not say more about the steed.

But about the time required for the tour and cost? You could do my tour from London, say, in fourteen days if you were very energetic. I did it in seventeen days, but if you can spare the time, take three weeks. I spent, exclusive of photographs and presents, fifteen guineas, and I do not think any rider could do it for much less; but if you are very "flush," and go in for the grand hotels at the fashionable places, you may spend fifty per cent. more.

For three months before starting I rubbed up my French and German, read all I could find on the subject of my projected tour, and corresponded with a Genevese bicyclist, whose name and address I obtained from the "Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette." Indeed, so courteous was Monsieur Bruel, that before starting I knew the character of the road even to the minutest details. I began my tour on the 1st of September, and found the weather very agreeable; but if I were going again I should choose the month of June. Then you have longer days, and the prolonged evenings are most enjoyable when spent in the saddle.

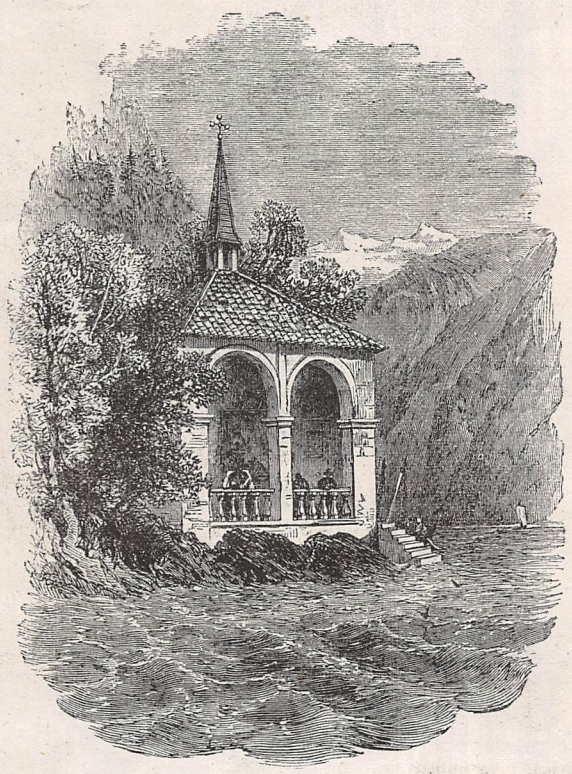
The route chosen was that of Newhaven, Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, and Bâle, but it is by no means the only one, although the cheapest. If preferred, the Rhine route could be used, and Switzerland entered at Schaffhausen. But my advice is, save yourself until you get to Bâle, and, if you have already seen Paris, do not be lured into wasting time in the gay French capital. Leaving London Bridge Station at 8 p.m., we arrived at Newhaven in two hours. I have here spoken in the plural, for I must tell you that I was accompanied to Paris by a splendid companion, who, poor fellow, had to abandon the trip through a serious flaw being discovered in his machine.

At Newhaven we had time for a supper,

Zurich Cathedral.

Sport in the Alps.

also to exchange a portion of our money at the little office lying conveniently near the railway station and the quay, which are in immediate juxtaposition. Dieppe was reached by breakfast-time next morning. Awaiting the boat is an express train, which starts as soon as the passengers have partaken breakfast and escaped the vigilant scrutiny of the *douaniers*, Paris being reached about noon. Leaving Paris, Station L'Ouest, at 8.40 in the evening, I arrived at Bâle at six o'clock next morning.



Tell's Chapel, Lake of Lucerne.

On the French railways bicycles are treated as common luggage, and as they are within the allowed weight, you simply pay for the booking of same, which is something like threepence from Dieppe to Bâle. The charges on Swiss railways are similar to our own. On arrival at the French port, make it clear to the custom-house authorities that your machine is not new, or they will attempt to impose duty upon you.

Just a word about the luggage, and then to my story without further preface. I still find the M. I. P. bag to answer very well. My luggage, which consisted in a couple of merino guernseys, ditto of flannel shirts, change of stockings, pair of light knickers, and a nightgown, weighed just nine pounds. Murray I carried by a strap across my shoulder, and my macintosh strapped to the handles of my machine.

The fishing port of Dieppe is situated between two high ranges of chalk cliffs, similar to those which fringe our southern shores, and which are doubtless indicative of a time far remote when our seagirt isle formed a part of the mainland of the continent of Europe. The staple trade of Dieppe is principally carried on by fisherwomen. Arriving on a market day, we saw to advantage the most interesting spectacle of the city. Seated in high-backed chairs, placed in rows behind the stalls, these *marchandes de poisson* vociferate in a most unladylike fashion, a strange contrast to the mellifluous accents of their national tongue, yet scarcely more marked than the incongruity of their bronzed masculine faces when seen adorned with the high snow-white caps peculiar to the province of Normandy.

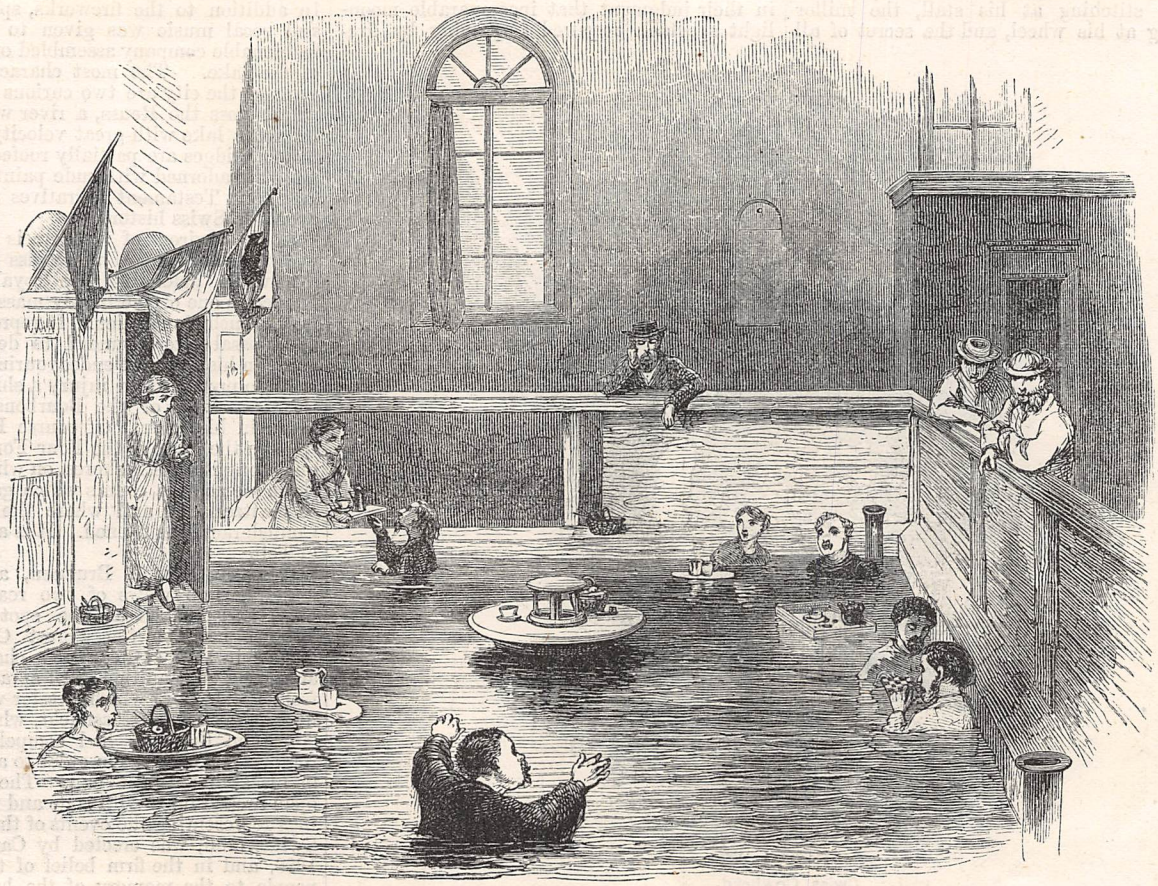
I cannot resist the temptation to linger a moment in the pretty Rouen valley. My imagination brings it vividly before me now with its long line of factories and tall chimneys, interspersed with villas, orchards, and gardens; or in Rouen city, the ancient capital of Normandy. It has been designated the French Manchester, although the atmosphere which envelopes it is not thickened with such dense smoke as we see daily hovering over the great Cottonopolis of England. Rouen, like Antwerp, is a place wherein the antiquary, or even the architect, must love to revel. Some relic of antiquity meets the eye at every turn, either in the form of a painted arch or the mutilated statue of some saint. Even the doorposts, window-frames, and woodwork of almost every building are chequered and ornamented with rich carving—grotesque heads, flowers, and other fanciful devices.

Of Paris it is superfluous to speak. Suffice it to say, that after lingering two days in the French capital I took a seat in the night express for Bâle, my friend having discovered the flaw in his machine that necessitated his remaining behind. Next morning, ere the sun rose above the dim violet mountains of the Vosges, I crossed the new Franco-German frontier. A numerous body of officials and soldiery, the latter wearing those gleaming Prussian helmets so hateful to the French eyes, awaited our arrival. While a most scrutinising inspection was being made of tickets and luggage, I feasted on the beauties of one of the fairest and most productive plains of Europe. Just discernible from the carriage window a flagstaff was to be seen planted amid cornfields, orchards, and vineyards. It is there to indicate the line of demarkation between France and the newly-acquired territory of the German Empire. How painful the sight of it must be to the great bulk of Alsatians, who, being wholly French at heart, are compelled through force of circumstances to remain subjects of a detested foe.

An all-night railway journey of about 300 miles landed me at Bâle, which place is considered the principal gateway into Switzerland. This quaint old town, the abode of many of the Swiss aristocracy, possesses numerous battlemented buildings, watch-towers, and other feudal fortifications, in a perfect state of preservation, which, coupled with its situation in an angle on the frontiers of Germany and Switzerland, constitute it a town of strategic importance. Leaving Bâle I rode over the colossal bridge which spans the Rhine, and over which Napoleon III. thought of sending troops from Belfort to Southern Baden during the Franco-German war of 1870, had not the whole of that grand federal army of the Swiss Republic instantly prepared to defend her soil from again being used as a battle-ground, as had often been the case in the wars between France, Germany, and Italy.

In spite of a weary night's railway journey I rode ninety kilomètres, or fifty-six English miles, on the first day. Although the morning opened beautifully fine I was caught in a drenching rain before Brügg was reached, which town was a most important settlement of the Romans in Helvetia, and still contains many monuments and relics of Roman conquests, feudal tyranny, and monkish superstition.

Monument to the Swiss Guards.



Baths at Lenkerbad.

There is a peculiar yet awful grandeur in a rapidly gathering storm among the mighty mountains of Switzerland. With startling rapidity the valleys where the Rivers Reuss, Limmatt, and Aar meet was enshrouded in black lowering clouds, not an accessible châlet was to be seen, and, with no place of shelter at hand, I rode at a break-neck pace down the winding valley. Being drenched to the skin, and oppressed with feelings of hunger and fatigue, the din of swollen torrents meeting with an angry roar in my ears, I felt quite overwhelmed and ready to drop from my steed. It was at a small wayside inn in Frick that I stayed for dinner, and as it may be worth your while to note the cheapness of living in Switzerland, I give you the *menu* of that first day's meal, which consisted of soup, beefsteak, bacon, eggs, vegetables, plain bread, and a bottle of wine, for which, including a couple of cigars, I paid eighteenpence.

It has been said that the French tongue is understood almost everywhere on the Continent, but at any rate the bicycle tourist finds it inadequate for all the nooks and byways of Switzerland. You will be amused when I tell you that nearly the whole business with the innkeeper was done by gesticulation. Save a very few words I am ignorant of German, and my host, who by the way was farmer and butcher as well as innkeeper, understood not a word of French or English. And, while on the subject of language, I would just incidentally quote the following figures as showing the predominance of the German language, which is spoken more or less in every canton, and which is taught in every public school. Families speaking German, 384,000; French, 134,000; Italian, 30,000; Romansch, 8,000.

In an hour's time I was in the saddle again. What a transformation scene! The heat of the sun at its meridian was intense, almost drying the macadamised road instantaneously. Having attained the rocky heights above the Swiss Baden, I experienced a great and dazzling change in the character of the scenery. It seemed as if summer and winter had united to produce that grand panoramic display of natural phenomena. By the roadside, geraniums, roses, and other flowers hung in great profusion from the window-ledges of every cot, fruit-trees and vineries being in rich harvest, richer last year I was told than the Swiss peasantry have experienced for many years past. In the far distance, perhaps sixty or seventy miles off, in the direction of Canton Schwtz,

"Hills over hills and Alps on Alps arose,"

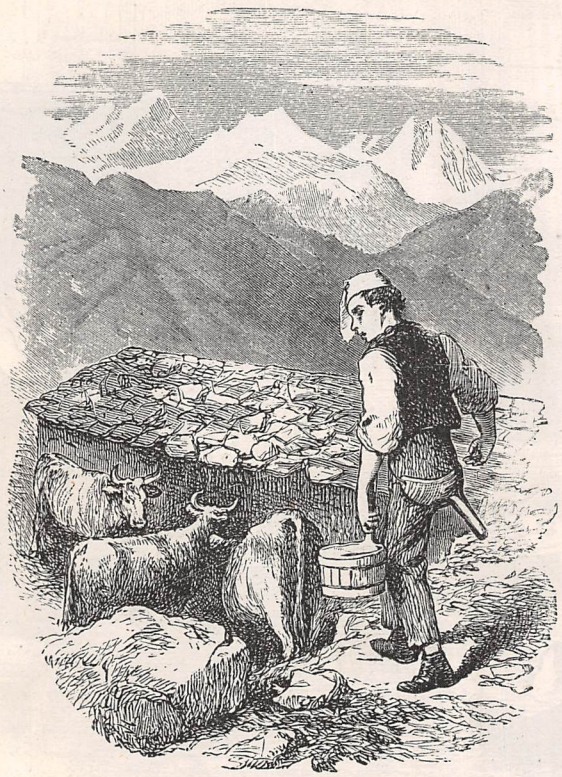
the snow-capped summits of which reflected the burning sun's rays with all the fire and brilliance of a myriad of diamonds. Nature has been cruelly hard with the Swiss agriculturist. With a wife and half a dozen children dependent on him for their coarse sustenance, how can he go into raptures like us tourists at the beauty and sublimity of the cold, heartless mountains? But the Swiss, unlike the Irish, do not repine at their lot. Without unremitting industry their small plots of land would not support them, and if these poor toilers had not a great deal more forethought and frugality than the average English workman their valleys would speedily become depopulated, and the ibex and chamois would soon return to them.

"Still even here content can spread a charm."

Most countries in Europe have within their borders some city which lays claim to the title of a modern Athens. That of Switzerland is Zurich. Since, however, it is nowhere recorded in history that Athens was intersected by tramways or that she carried on a brisk and thriving trade in cotton and silk goods, nor boasted of large iron foundries, it is necessary to split the Swiss Athens into two portions, which the pure crystalline and rapid River Limmatt may be said to divide. It is the lake portion of the city which is the centre of a Switzer's intellectual life, and which possesses academies of art and music, institutes of science, public libraries, an Alpine club, societies of commerce and agriculture, and a hundred colleges and schools. If the scenery of England may be regarded as a reproduction of the scenery of the Continent I should call the lake of Zurich the Swiss Coniston. Resting on the summit of the Ober-Albis, which rises 2,887 ft. above the sea, I spent some time viewing the grand panorama spread like a map at my feet. A calm bright-green lake, some twenty-six miles broad at the widest part, teems with populous hamlets, built on its gently sloping banks, engaged in the manufacture of cotton and silk goods. From the soil of those lake villages many objects have been unearthed which reveal habits, arts, conditions of life, and internal history of the time when Central Europe had not attained to a knowledge of metals, but was using implements of bone and stone for war, hunting, and domestic purposes. These relics of a remote past are now treasured in a public museum, and serve to show the rapid advances which the proud city has made in her commerce. Those tall factory chimneys emitting black smoke reveal a gradual development in the cotton and silk industries which has been going on for generations, and the power-looms and spindles of Zurich are now supplying not only home requirements, but are keenly competing with Lancashire manufactories in the markets of Germany and Italy.

Putting on the break very tightly, I rode carefully down the steep circuitous mountain path to Zug. Throughout the small canton of Zurich I heard at every turn the song of

life and work—the woodman felling trees, the milkmaid bringing home her pail, the cobbler stitching at his stall, the miller grinding at his wheel, and the secret of all



Swiss Cowherd.

this harmony is that the canton is composed of a brave, industrious, and law-abiding people, governed by a purely democratic constitution, in which every man feels that he is a living, active force. It was necessary to pass through Zug on my way to Lucerne. The town has a deserted look in spite of the vineries, cornfields, and orchards which are planted along the shores of the lake bearing the same name. Mention might just be made of one of its churches, which, like many others in the Roman Catholic cantons, has a bone-house attached to it, containing many hundred skulls. It is the custom for relations to cause the skulls of the dead to be taken up, cleaned, labelled with their names and date of birth and death, and then placed in the bonehouse.

Wherever I have roamed on the bicycle I have been pestered by assaults from dogs, but nowhere so frequently as in Switzerland. Throughout that country my appearance excited a great amount of curiosity and astonishment among the people, but the dogs of Helvetia, which are mainly large St. Bernards, universally regarded me as an innovator, and just before reaching Lucerne at dusk on a Saturday evening I had a narrow escape of being thrown violently to the ground by an attack of one of those splendid creatures of the canine race.

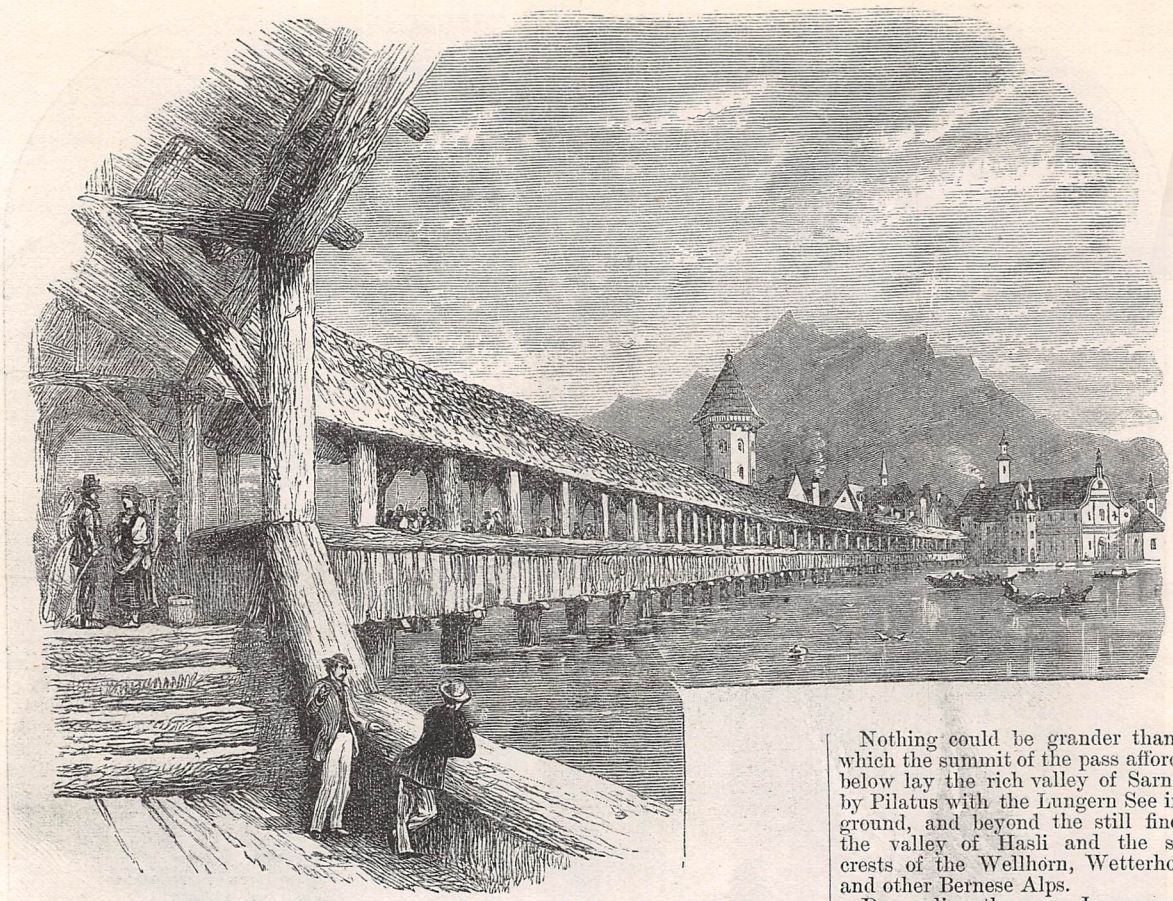
Lucerne by moonlight is one of the grandest sights in the world. The wild grandeur of the scenery of the Lake of the Four Cantons, apart from its legends and historical associations, is greatly enhanced in its effect on the mind when seen bathed in the mellow light of a full clear moon. Under such favourable conditions I saw it. The silver peaks of old Pilatus and the famous Rigi were distinctly visible, while the snowy Alps of Oberland, Unterwalden, and the Uri formed a vivid and spectral background. But the proprietors of these large white palatial hotels, who pride themselves that they have reduced their business to an exact science, evidently did not see the beauties of nature as I did, and in their judgment that incomparable moonlight spectacle required improving by fire-works, which for nearly two hours added conflicting illumination to the city and lake. The city is naturally cheerful and bright, and is in every respect a contrast to the dull and dirty towns to be found in the same canton, but that Saturday evening it was brilliant. In addition to the fireworks, splendid reed and vocal music was given to a gay and fashionable company assembled on the shores of the lake. The most characteristic features of the city are two curious old bridges which cross the Reuss, a river which rushes from the lake with great velocity and force. These bridges are partially roofed, and their sides are adorned with rude paintings of Old and New Testament narratives and famous events in Swiss history.

In the environs of Lucerne is a most interesting monument of the Swiss Guards who fell while defending the royal family of France in one of the bloody massacres of the first French Revolution. It represents a lion of colossal size wounded to death with a spear in his side, yet endeavouring in his last gasp to protect from injury a shield bearing the *fleur-de-lys* of the Bourbons, which he holds in his paws. Of course I spent some time on the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons and along its classic shores, on which occurred those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland, and where the first Swiss Confederacy was formed. It is also the land of Tell.

A little beyond Brunnen, a port commanding fine views of two reaches of the lake, and famous as the spot where the alliance between the Forest Cantons was formed in 1315, stands Tell's chapel. Here, according to tradition, Tell sprang on shore from the boat in which Gessler was carrying him a prisoner to Küssnacht, when a sudden storm on the lake had compelled him to remove Tell's fetters in order to avail himself of his skill as steersman. The chapel, an open arcade lined with rude and faded paintings representing the events of the delivery of Switzerland, was erected by Canton Uri in 1388, and in the firm belief of the country-people to the memory of the brave archer. But there have been fierce disputes as to the truth of the story of Tell. It is not mentioned by narrators of the events of the Revolution, nor for two centuries after their occurrence. It is pretty clear, however, that a Swiss named William Tell existed, and

Fruit-seller and Horn-blower.

The Wellhorn and Wetterhorn.



Bridge of Lucerne.

that he was held in honour by his countrymen, but there is nothing to prove his connection with the history of the Confederation. Among English schoolboys the fame of Tell is associated with the tradition of the shooting of an apple from his son's head. I went through Altdorf, the capital of Canton Uri, where it is said this incident occurred. It is a dull village without trade or manufactures, and still exhibiting signs of the conflagration which nearly reduced the village to ashes in 1779. Over the spot where Tell is said to have stood and taken aim is a stupendous plaster statue of the famous marksman, which has been erected by the riflemen of Zurich. Having spent the week in the manner described, and the following Monday's weather being unpropitious, I was obliged to leave Lucerne without making the ascent of the Rigi, whose summit affords a magnificent panoramic view of Central Switzerland extending over a circumference of three hundred miles.

From Lucerne I proceeded by the lake through Alpnach, where a crowd of fashionable English tourists were busy booking seats in the diligence, bound for Interlaken, lying some forty miles to the south-west. Rotzberg Castle was soon passed. This castle, by-the-way, situated on one of the Alpine passes over which Suvarof led the Russian troops in the war of the Austrians and Russians against the French in 1799, is remarkable as the first stronghold of the Austrians, of which the Swiss Confederates gained possession on New Year's Day, 1308. The valley of Sarnen, bounded by gently sloping hills, has nothing Alpine in its scenery. Those of you who have driven over Kirkstone Pass and along the vale of Brothers Water, will have a good idea of the character of the twenty miles of country lying between Alpnach and Brünig Pass, save that the whole is on a greater scale and is rendered more imposing by countless waterfalls leaping down gloomy precipices and bare mountains of rock.

The ascent of the famous Brünig I began at noon. Having decided to reach Brientz if possible before taking lunch, I imposed upon myself a forced march up the cruel mountain pass. Never did British trooper with his fifty-six pounds kit on his back feel more inclined to grumble, than I over that horrible grind of three miles up the delusive Serpentine Road; yet it is a lovely forest path, and although the season was too advanced to see the Alp rose and other Alpine flora and fruits in all their Sicilian wealth, there was a sombre beauty in the variegated tints of foliage of the oleander, fig, walnut, fir, and larch-trees. Having attained an altitude of 3,648 feet above the sea level, or 500 feet higher than Scaw Fell, I was able to mount my bicycle and ride some distance before commencing the descent to Brientz.

At this point I just escaped a terrible accident. A diligence containing a lady and gentleman came dashing along, and owing to the zigzag nature of the road were upon me before I could dismount. The horses, more restive than those I had previously met, shied towards an awful precipice some thousand feet in depth, and which was only bounded by stone boulders placed at intervals sufficient to allow the diligence to fall through. To ensure confidence in the spirited animals I ran my machine against the rocks on the opposite side. For a few seconds which seemed an age we all stood in deadly peril, but the young driver, with admirable courage and coolness of head, maintained his position, and by sheer strength of arm wheeled the horses round while their fore legs dangled in the air. I shall never forget the expression of despair depicted on the face of the lady inmate as she stood up in the vehicle and threw up her arms to Heaven for help.

Nothing could be grander than the view which the summit of the pass affords. There below lay the rich valley of Sarnen backed by Pilatus with the Lungern See in the foreground, and beyond the still finer view of the valley of Hasli and the snow-white crests of the Wellhorn, Wetterhorn, Eiger, and other Bernese Alps.

Descending the pass I was espied by a young waitress looking through a window of the Brünig Hotel, who rushed out and in alarming tones entreated me to stop. In breathless broken English she related how a young bicyclist from my own country was a short time ago killed in attempting the perilous descent of the Brünig Pass. The result was that she secured an extra customer for table d'hôte, while perhaps she also saved my neck.

Brientz, and the small villages clustered round the shores of the lake bearing the same name, are as attractive as the mountains, lakes, waterfalls, and luxuriant verdure which surround them. Through the open doors of neat and artistically-carved pine-wood châlets, built on the steep but easily-accessible wooded banks of Alpine pasture lands, I heard the "rickle-tick" of the hand-loom, and this too in a country where, in proportion to its population, cotton and silk are manufactured to a larger extent than any other country in the world. These Switzers are an interesting study. Their industry, coarse living, the simplicity of their wants, remind us of the race which has now become almost extinct in our own cotton districts. But in other respects they occupy a unique position. Next to that strong feeling of independence which every Switzer naturally inherits, the love of country and the love of education are dearest to his heart. Each man is a trained soldier, ever able and ready to defend his home and his country, and when his rifle is not required he can do something more. Not only is he able to read and write, but he is master of two languages. Education comes to him in his cradle, and it clings to him through life. He could not cast that love of learning away from him if he would, and he would not cast it away from him if he could. In this Brientz valley, a very hive of industry, not only in weaving, but in wood-carving, cheese-making, and hotel-keeping, situated on the high-road between two of the most noted centres of the Swiss lakes, the 150,000 tourists

who annually visit Interlaken must needs pass that way, and few out of this number fail to carry home some specimens of these Switzers' skill in the craft of wood-carving.

Of Interlaken I need scarcely speak. Does not our magazine literature teem with stories of Interlaken and the Jungfrau? It will be sufficient to say that it is a town of hotels and *pensions*, possessing a good main street lined with lofty walnut-trees, from which is obtained an excellent view of the mighty Jungfrau. Within easy reach of Interlaken is situated Giesbach, one of the prettiest of waterfalls. During the season this waterfall is illuminated at night with a beautiful rose-coloured light. The Steamboat Company of Lake Brientz have surrounded the spot with every comfort and luxury, and the scene altogether is quite romantic and dazzling. Very pretty maidens dressed in the costume of their native valleys flit to and fro among fashionable loungers, serving *café au lait* or anything else they please. That little ride up the Lauterbrunnen Valley would have repaid me for all the trouble and cost of reaching it.

A splendid macadamised road winds by the side of a foaming torrent of glacier water for a distance of nearly twenty miles. Approaching Staubbach, which Wordsworth describes as a "sky-born waterfall," the scenery increases in magnificence. The valley becomes narrower, the rocks higher, and there is greater rushing and roaring of glacier waters down the dark valley. Here I met a Yankee whose acquaintance I had previously made at Lucerne. He was standing at the foot of that "wonderful and indescribable waterfall," which, notwithstanding his own words to the contrary, Byron finely describes in "Manfred." The Yankee was a stern, practical man of business, but even he stood in hushed reverence under the appalling influence of that grand panorama of glacier, avalanche, rock, and snow. Indeed, the man is to be pitied who could stand in the midst of such overwhelming displays of nature's power as I saw in the majestic solitudes around Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald and not feel to a distressing degree how infinitesimally small he is as a unit in God's Universe.

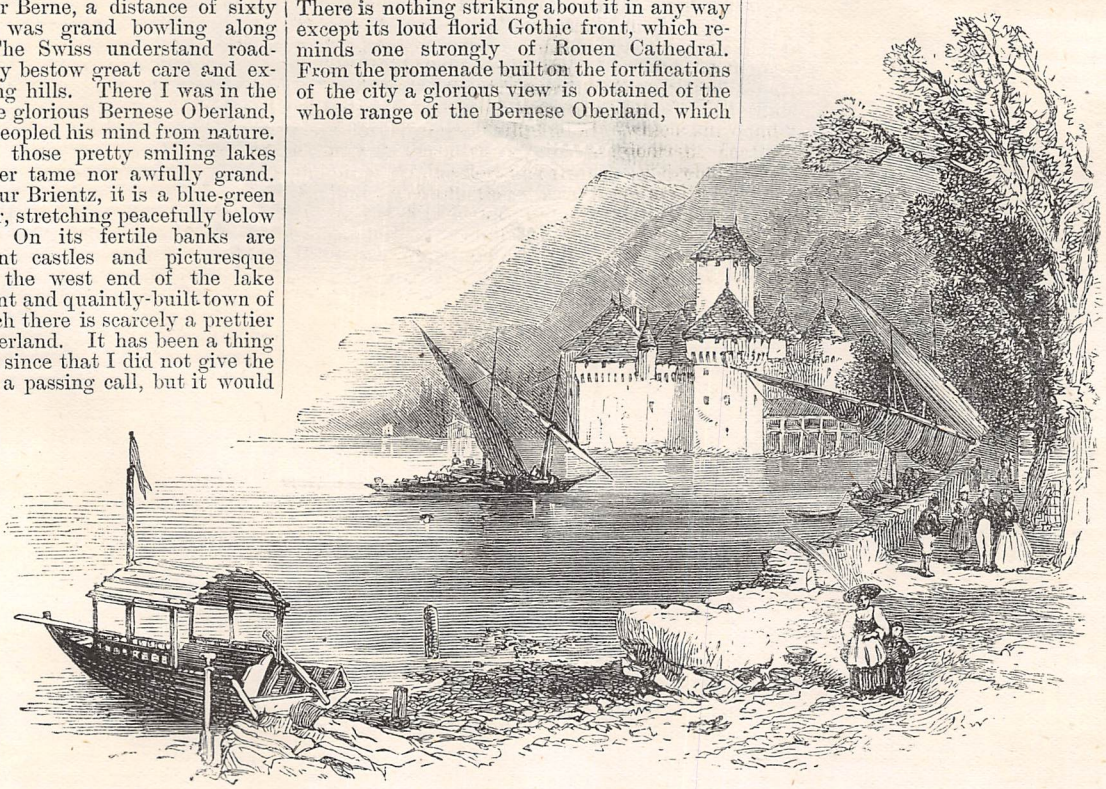
Leaving Interlaken at noon the following day, I set out for Berne, a distance of sixty kilomètres. It was grand bowling along Lake Thun. The Swiss understand road-making, and they bestow great care and expense in avoiding hills. There I was in the very heart of the glorious Bernese Oberland, where Byron repeopled his mind from nature. Thun is one of those pretty smiling lakes which are neither tame nor awfully grand. Like its neighbour Brientz, it is a blue-green expanse of water, stretching peacefully below the mountains. On its fertile banks are numerous ancient castles and picturesque châlets, and at the west end of the lake stands the ancient and quaintly-built town of Thun, than which there is scarcely a prettier spot in all Switzerland. It has been a thing of regret to me since that I did not give the place more than a passing call, but it would have been unwise to have yielded to the temptation to linger.

Even in Switzerland the weather is not always fine; indeed, it has a very varying climate, and, in relation to its latitude, is comparatively a moist country. At Thun it began to rain, and my only safety lay in action. I therefore donned my macintosh, leaned well over the handles, and rode at racing speed the twenty-eight kilomètres to Berne. Berne, which is the Federal capital, is not only a very notable city, but is considered one of the most handsome cities in Europe, being built on a lofty sandstone promontory some 1,700 feet above the sea. The appearance of the town from the Thun road, along which I travelled in approaching the Swiss capital, is certainly very imposing. Almost all the houses rest on arcades, which form covered walks lined with shops and stalls like the Rows in Chester. In the centre of the main street, which is very wide, an open sluice runs, quite a mountain rill in the force of its current. Its use is to do the scavenging work of the town and neighbourhood.

The citizens of Berne have shown gratitude to its founder, Berchthold, who, being once nearly destroyed by a bear, made a vow that he would build a town on the spot to commemorate the event. So to-day we find beardom signalised throughout the city. Not only is his effigy on signposts, fountains, and public buildings, but for several hundred years a few live bears have been kept, at the expense of the State, in a public bear-pit outside the town. Another object in Berne characteristic of the place is a town clock, similar to the famous Strasbourg clock. A few minutes before the hour a wooden cock crows and flaps his wings. In another minute a procession of bears passes round a seated figure of a bearded old man. The cock then crows again. The hour is struck on a bell by a harlequin with a hammer, while it is counted by the bearded figure, who turns an egg-glass, raises his sceptre, and opens his mouth, a bear inclining his head at the same time. The cock then crows again in conclusion, while a life-size figure of Berchthold on the top of the tower strikes the hour loudly with a large hammer. Berne also possesses a minster, built about the fifteenth century. There is nothing striking about it in any way except its loud florid Gothic front, which reminds one strongly of Rouen Cathedral. From the promenade built on the fortifications of the city a glorious view is obtained of the whole range of the Bernese Oberland, which Humboldt considers among the very finest in Europe.

From Berne I took the nearest route to Lausanne, through Canton Fribourg, which has nothing in the way of scenery such as that which has made Switzerland the playground of Europe. It is, however, interesting historically. Fribourg is in itself a dirty town of about ten thousand inhabitants; but, looked at from a distance, its quaint houses, feudal watch-towers, and romantic gorge give it a picturesque appearance. "Mon lac est le premier" are the words in which Voltaire vaunted of Lake Leman. Still, as a whole, it cannot be compared to Lucerne or Thun for sublime grandeur. But it is perhaps the most interesting and attractive lake in Switzerland, on account of its combination of soft beauty in scenery, historical interest, and famous names indissolubly associated with its shores. On the evening of my arrival on its shores there was a lovely sunset. In company of a young student from Heidelberg, I stood on the heights above Clarens, drinking in the beautiful picture presented by the Dent du Midi, Vevay, Clarens, and Montreux, all situated at the very base of the Alps.

Very early next morning I rode down to Chillon Castle, situated at the eastern extremity of the lake. I rode my bicycle over an old drawbridge, and right up to the very doors of the castle itself. Finding it converted into a powder magazine, a little of the romance was at once knocked out of that unromantic-looking whitewashed building, whose origin we are told is buried in the darkness of the Middle Ages. Nor was the keeper one of those long-grey-bearded old men whom we sometimes meet in similar situations in our own country, and who detail the histories of our own castles with great reverence and solemnity. He was a young soldier, and at that early hour his presence impressed me with the idea that he had had early fellowship with another kind of barrel other than the Government had confided to his care. The interior of Chillon is singularly like the representations often found in Byron's poems. You are shown the pillar in the dungeon to which Bonnivard was chained, and the stone floor at its base, worn



Castle of Chillon.

by his pacing to and fro; also the state-room, torture-chamber, and chapel. The walls of the interior are literally crowded with names of different languages — German, French, Italian, and English—among which there are three illustrious Englishmen—viz., Byron, Shelley, and Dickens.

The journey from Chillon to Geneva, embracing the whole extent of the crescent-shaped north bank of the lake, was my last day's ride. It was real enjoyment cycling along the water's edge for a distance of sixty-two miles, gazing on the glassy expanse of water, so full of life, beautiful white birds flitting hither and thither, gaily-painted rowing-boats with little Union Jacks, trim yachts, and fine steamers; young men and young ladies in sociable tricycles on its shores; lawn-tennis and music and much fashionable society. Lausanne, once the famous Protestant canton of Vaud, is beautifully situated on a gently rising eminence three miles from the lake. Although its streets are narrow, crooked, and in some places roughly paved, and its houses are dingy-looking, there is an air of calm repose about the town, and it would appear that its inhabitants were in easy circumstances. Its environs are dotted over with delightful residences, surrounded by sunny woods and a succession of vineyards. Here Voltaire held his court of wit, here Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," and here Gibbon completed his twenty-three years' work of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." I passed over the spot on which the last sentence was written, and concerning which Gibbon has left particulars which will cause Lausanne to be regarded as classical ground as long as his great historical work is read.

Geneva is a handsome town, gracefully laid out on the shores of the lake. On the day of my departure Mont Blanc and the whole chain of the Savoy Alps were quite visible, though some fifty miles distant. The trade of Geneva, which consists in watchmaking, shopkeeping, and hotel-keeping, is largely supported by English money. The watch manufactories at Geneva, where girls and women are very largely employed, are particularly interesting. So also is the school life of Geneva. I was told that boys and girls of tender age often devote thirteen hours per diem to school-work, drill, and home-work. Lying close to Savoy, the streets of Geneva are a little infested by the tramps and beggars who come from that province, but as a rule the inhabitants are a refined, polite, and well-dressed people. The young Genevese have good tastes. Their education and training have been received in the very cradle of that society which has long attracted many of the greatest minds in Europe.

From Geneva I had intended making a detour to Chamounix, lying at the foot of Mont Blanc, and fifty miles distant, but time would not permit me to do so. The members of the Geneva Velo Club assured me that the road, although rather hilly, was a good one.

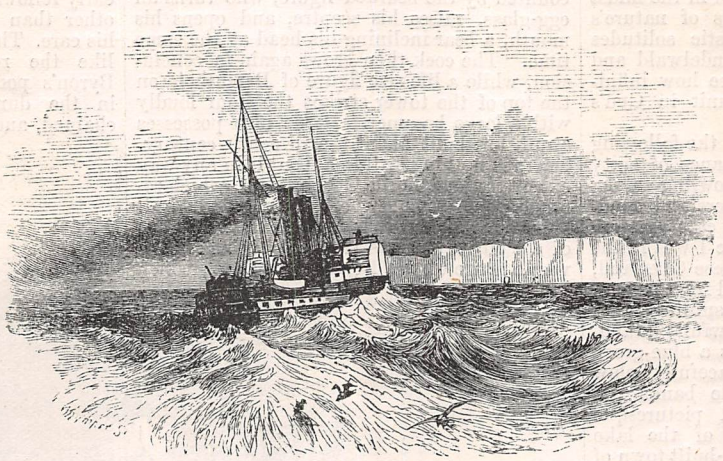
My stay in Geneva was very enjoyable, greatly owing to the kindness shown to me by the members of the Geneva Velocipede Club. Leaving Geneva exactly at twelve midday on a Saturday, I travelled by express trains to Dieppe, which port was reached on a Sunday evening, and London early the next day.

I was away from home just seventeen days, and although I was alone nearly the whole time I never felt lonely. In spite of the violent exercise which such a long bicycle ride entails, I returned home with increased energy and vigour as well as a mind improved and freshened by the thousand and one sights, scenes, and incidents which I saw and experienced in my wanderings.

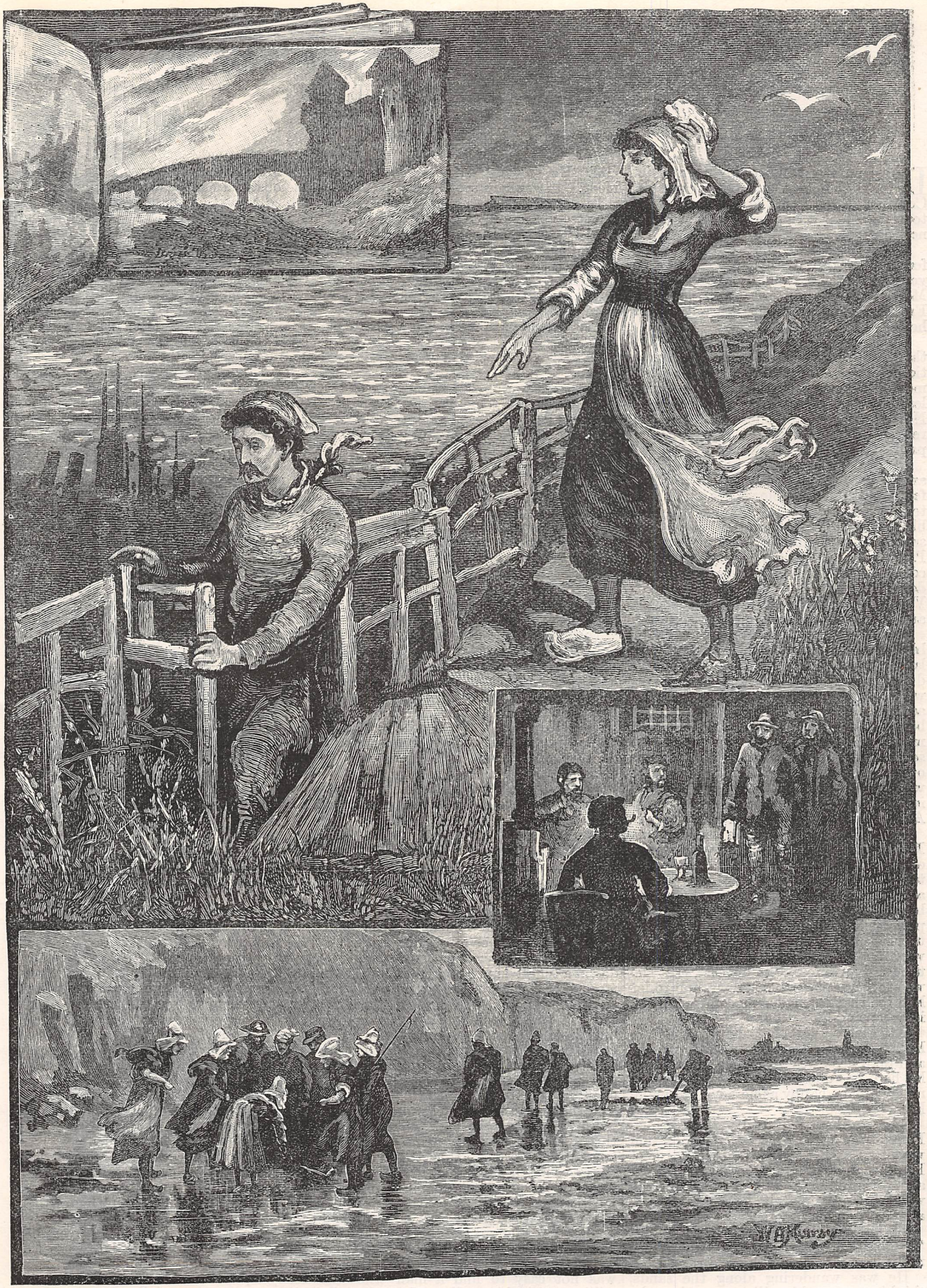
TABLE OF ROADS, THEIR CHARACTER AND DISTANCES.

Bâle to Brugg, 53 kilomètres.	Undulating, but good.
Brugg to Zurich, 32 kilomètres.	Rather hilly near Brugg, improves near Baden, indifferent nearing Zurich.
Zürich to Zug, 38 kilomètres.	Very good road, although the Albis has to be crossed.
Zug to Lucerne, 28 kilomètres.	Fair near Zug, very good approaching Lucerne.
Lucerne to Altdorf, return by boat from Fluellan, 41 kilomètres.	Good road close to Lake of Lucerne, and almost level.
By boat to Alpnacht.	
Alpnacht to Brünig Pass, 40 kilomètres.	Very good road, 1½ hours' walking up Brunig Pass.
Brünig to Brientz, 10 kilomètres.	Capital road, sloping gently along Lake Brientz.
Brientz to Interlaken, 17 kilomètres.	Level, capital surface.
Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen and back, 32 kilomètres each way	Considering the nature of the country, very good road, rises gradually from Interlaken.
Interlaken to Thun, 26 kilomètres.	Splendid surface road along the edge of Lake Thun.
Thun to Berne, 28 kilomètres.	Ditto, almost level.
Berne to Fribourg, 32 kilomètres.	Good road, no difficult hills, scenery comparatively tame.
Fribourg to Lausaune, 63 kilomètres.	Ditto.
Lausaune to Chillon, 30 kilomètres.	Very good macadamised road, close to the shores of the lake nearly the whole distance.
Chillon to Geneva, 99 kilomètres.	

Total, 534 kilomètres, or 334 English miles.



Home again.



Pierre and Pauline.—*Page 62.*

PIERRE AND PAULINE:

A HOLIDAY STORY.

LAST summer, while enjoying a quiet fortnight's rest and change on the Continent away from the beaten tracks of tourists, I learnt the details which I will now narrate.

Pierre Daudet was in a difficulty—not for the first time in his life. He was a young fisherman, living in the village of Marny-sur-Bois, on the west coast of France, and a far from pleasant village he found it.

He had discovered some years ago that, though fishing was the ostensible occupation of most of his fellow-villagers, their more lucrative profession was one of a less innocent kind. They were wreckers. Now Pierre was an honest man, and had refused all invitations to join his companions in their nefarious deeds.

Naturally he was the object of their aversion. This was not pleasant for him, for he was of a sociable nature, and hated to find men avoiding him and giving him black looks. More than that, they often succeeded in spoiling his fishing for him. Pierre wished heartily enough that he could leave Marny for ever and settle down at some pleasanter village—say Vercamps, where the fishing was better, and where wrecks were almost unknown.

But there were two things which kept him at Marny-sur-Bois. The first was lack of money. He had inherited from a deceased uncle a tumbledown cottage, which was just good enough to live in, and a share in a boat. His fishing brought him in a living, but not much more. He had scraped and pinched to save money to purchase a boat of his own, which would enable him to live where he pleased, but had only succeeded in putting by half the required sum. And he had been saving for four years!

The other reason why he remained at Marny was Pauline. She was the only daughter of a small farmer who lived two miles inland. Pauline was pretty, and had half the fishermen of the neighbourhood for her admirers; but she had promised to marry Pierre, who was thoroughly devoted to her. She was a very charming girl in many respects, though Pierre found, to his cost, that she was rather apt to be jealous, and to let him see that she had done him a favour in accepting him.

But Pierre knew that she was good at heart, and if only he could marry her and take her away from her old friends he had no doubt but that she would make him as happy as he hoped to make her.

The particular difficulty with which Pierre was struggling on this occasion was this. He had promised to meet Pauline at dusk and take her for a walk along the cliffs, and then home by the wood. Unfortunately he would be unable to keep his promise.

"What shall I tell her?" he thought. "I hope she won't be angry. She would not if I could tell her the real reason."

He was wandering along the sands, thinking over his dilemma, when he heard some one calling to him from the cliff. He recognised the voice in a moment. It was Pauline's.

In a few seconds he had clambered up the steep path and reached her side.

"I've come down early," she said; "but as you have returned from fishing, let us set off now. It is almost dusk."

"I'm very sorry, Pauline," he said, sorrowfully, "but I can't come with you to-night."

"Not come with me? Then where are you going?"

"I have to meet some men," he replied.

She looked annoyed. He began to try and make arrangements for meeting her the next day, but she interrupted him.

"Who are you going to be with to-night?" she asked.

Pierre looked uncomfortable, and hesitated. She saw his hesitation, and insisted. After some beating about the bush he was obliged to tell her plainly that he had promised to keep it a secret.

Pauline was in a temper. She began to accuse her lover of wanting to go off with another girl—of trying to deceive her. In vain Pierre protested; she met all his protestations with the question, "Where are you going to-night?"

To this he could give no answer.

At last he grew weary of repeating that he had promised to tell no one, and, finding it hopeless to induce her to listen to reason, he said good-bye, and prepared to descend to the village.

"Good-bye," retorted Pauline; "and I do not mind if it is good-bye for ever! I do not care to have a lover who is ashamed to tell me where he is going!"

"You will be sorry for this to-morrow," said Pierre, cheerily, "when you shall know all."

"So will you," she cried back, "when you see me on the arm of Jacques!"

Pierre would listen no longer. He ran down to the beach, and then home.

He had the best of reasons for silence, though he wished he could have told them to Pauline. The dangerous state of the coast had been brought under the notice of the Government, who had sent down a small surveying party to take measures for ensuring the safety of vessels. It was well known that the cause of the wrecks was a rock about a mile from the shore, standing only a few feet above the water, too small to erect a lighthouse on, and quite invisible in a storm. The surveying party, headed by Captain Dubois, had come to the conclusion that this rock must be blown up.

But it was not so easy to accomplish this. The coast was intricate and the currents dangerous. It was not advisable to try to reach the rock without a pilot. Captain Dubois had hired a fisherman, but he had nearly wrecked the whole party, and would have done so quite had he dared, for he was peculiarly interested in keeping the rock as it was.

The captain soon discovered that it was not easy to find a man who was willing to aid him. More than that, he had heard well-grounded rumours that when the attempt was made to demolish the obstruction the wreckers had determined to do their best to frustrate it.

Now Captain Dubois was not a man to be intimidated. He was not going to neglect his duty because of the threats of a parcel of scoundrels. He discovered that Pierre was a man to be trusted, so he took him aside and made him an offer.

"Two hundred francs to you, my friend, if you will take me out to the rock to-night and bring me safe back again."

Two hundred francs! Added to what he had already saved, that would be enough to enable him to purchase a boat. Then he could leave Marny for ever and marry Pauline.

He did not hesitate long. It was not till after he had accepted the offer that he recollected he had promised to meet Pauline that evening.

"Mind now, not a word to a living soul," said the captain. "Meet me just after dark two miles west of the village; my boats will be there. One night's hard work ought to do the job."

Pierre promised to keep his tongue still and be there sharp to time. He spent the next hour in wondering how he should explain his absence to Pauline. As may be imagined from the result of his interview, he did not come to a very satisfactory solution of the problem.

It was a dark night, but fairly calm. Pierre found the captain waiting for him. There were two well-appointed boats and seven men. Pierre steered the first boat and the other followed close in her wake.

There was no moon, so that the chance of their being observed from shore was small. Captain Dubois had taken every precaution to make their departure as secret as possible. After the first half-mile the dangers from currents and shoals were over and the men could give way freely.

Pierre was the first on the rock, which was now some two feet out of the water. He was astonished at the discipline and energy of the crew. Everything had been foreseen. The captain had learnt the formation of the rock, and knew exactly where to work. There was a deep rift in the very centre, open at the side facing the sea. This rift was closed on the open side with a mass of rubbish and cement, and the water baled out in a few minutes, leaving a hole which ran far below the level of the sea.

Down this hole the machinery was fixed, and the men set to work with a will, three at a time, to bore.

The captain encouraged them by word and deed; Pierre was lost in admiration at the skill and rapidity with which the boring proceeded. In four hours there was a very respectable hole, in five they had gone deep enough. At the very bottom the orifice was made larger, so that the explosive might not explode harmlessly upwards. Then a vast charge of gun-cotton was carefully placed in position: it was in a case from which ran a

wire connected with an electric apparatus in the boat.

"That's all right," said the captain. "We've no time to lose."

He was quite right. The sea had risen considerably; there were signs of an approaching storm. Pierre had given warning of it, but every one was too excited to think of leaving the work when it was on the eve of completion. But now that it was over the men leapt into the boats and pulled off to a safe distance.

They had barely left the rock when a wave submerged it. Pierre gave a cry of dismay, thinking all their labour had been in vain. But the explosive was in a water-tight case, and could come to no harm.

The captain gave the word to cease rowing. He had his hand on the button to fire the charge, when Pierre gave a shout.

"Stop!" he cried.

But it was too late. There was a swift line of flame, a terrific explosion, and the rock rent in a hundred directions; masses of stone flying into the air and falling with heavy splashes into the sea. One fragment of considerable weight fell near the boats but did no harm. The sea heaved convulsively, rocking the boats as if with a mighty swell. There was a loud shriek and then came silence.

* * * *

When Pauline found herself left alone on the cliff she was in a great rage. She would teach Master Pierre she was not to be treated in this way; she would show him that if he chose to neglect her there were plenty of others as good as he who would be only too glad of the chance of a walk home with her and a draught of her father's cider afterwards.

As if to give her an opportunity of carrying her threats to Pierre into effect, who should come into sight but Jacques Fromont, the most dangerous of Pierre's would-be rivals. In five minutes they were talking together, and Jacques had promised that when he had just fastened up his boat for the night he would come back to her and see her home.

He was as good as his word. Farmer Barbe welcomed him with effusion; the reason being that he wanted some assistance in fixing up a slab of stone as a gate-post, and meant to make use of Jacques. In the dark the job was no easy one, and by the time Jacques had finished he was heartily tired of it, and wished he had not had the luck to supplant Pierre. However, Pauline was sitting up when they returned to the house, and gave him a draught of cider with her own hands.

As he wandered home he thought over what Pauline had been telling him about Pierre. What was Pierre doing?

He did not at first connect his absence with the proposed destruction of the rock, for the wily captain had given out that he had abandoned all intention of carrying out his design. But it now suddenly struck Jacques that Pierre was piloting the captain through the shoals, and for all he could tell the rock was on the point of being blown up.

Tired as he was, Jacques ran to the cottage of Garnier, a congenial companion of his, and knocked him up. In less than an hour later two boats were being swiftly pulled towards the rock.

"If they haven't done it we shall be in time," said Jacques in a whisper. "A storm's rising; the rock will be under water in half an hour."

"Pull, and don't chatter," replied Garnier.

The men gave way bravely. Suddenly they perceived a light on the rock. So carefully had Captain Dubois taken his measures for concealment that the light by which the work was done had been invisible, but at the end concealment was unnecessary.

So excited were the captain and his crew that they did not hear the approach of the other boats. It was only Pierre's practised ear that in the moment of silence before the explosion had distinguished the sound of oars.

His cry to the captain had come too late. The explosion sent a mass of rock on to the leading boat, and instantly swamped it.

In a moment the captain ordered the boats forward, and every effort was made to rescue the men. The wreckers' second boat turned round and made for shore. It was time for their safety, for the storm was on them earlier than anticipated.

Four men were dragged from the water after considerable search, but one was still missing—Jacques.

There was no chance of finding him now. Every effort was required to keep the boats afloat. Pierre pronounced it impossible to reach the harbour; the only chance of safety was to make for the bay round the point where the shoals were less numerous. To reach even this seemed impossible; the waves rose higher and higher.

"All is lost!" cried Garnier; "we shall never make land!"

And, indeed, even Captain Dubois was for once in his life frightened.

* * * * *

The village was startled at early morn by a report that some boats had been out all night, and that one had not returned. In a short time half the population were on the beach, asking what had happened and who was missing.

One of the men on Farmer Barbe's farm had been early at the village, and brought back word that a boat had been lost in the storm. Pauline had spent a miserable night, thinking over the unkind way in which she had treated her lover and blaming herself for her want of confidence. When she heard of the catastrophe a terrible fear rose in her heart, and she could scarcely ask who was missing.

The old man hesitated before he told her that Pierre was, it was feared, lost.

In a frenzy of despair Pauline ran to the beach. She saw in the distance a group of men and women standing around something; what, she could not see.

She ran swiftly along the wet sands, from which the sea had just retired.

"Who is it?" she gasped, as she neared the group.

"Poor Jacques Froment," replied an old woman. "This will be a lesson to young fellows not to go out at night when they've no business."

Pauline's heart was relieved for a moment; but, after all, where was Pierre?

No one had seen him? They told her as much as was known, which was confined to the report of those in the wreckers' second boat, which had reached land safely. It seemed probable that not only Jacques, but Pierre and the whole of the captain's crew had perished, as well as the occupants of Garnier's boat.

Pauline set out on a pilgrimage along the coast. If Pierre's body were cast up by the cruel sea she would be the first to find it and weep over it. Oh, if she could only recall those unkind words of hers!

Suddenly she heard a shout above her. She looked up, and could scarcely believe her eyes. It was Pierre! He clambered down to her, and it was not long before the estrangement was over.

The boats had been driven on shore four miles from the village, and Pierre had started the first to bring the tidings of their safety. Later on the others arrived, and Captain Dubois was loud in his praise of Pierre. More than that, he added fifty francs out of his own pocket to the promised sum, and Pierre was able to buy his boat and marry Pauline. Not long after they left Marny-sur-Bois for Vercamps, and found the change a pleasant one.

Garnier and his fellows were allowed to escape punishment; indeed, it would have been difficult to prove anything against them. The rock destroyed, their principal means of livelihood was gone; the best of them turned their attention to honest work, the rest became vagabonds, and of their ultimate fate the less said perhaps the better.

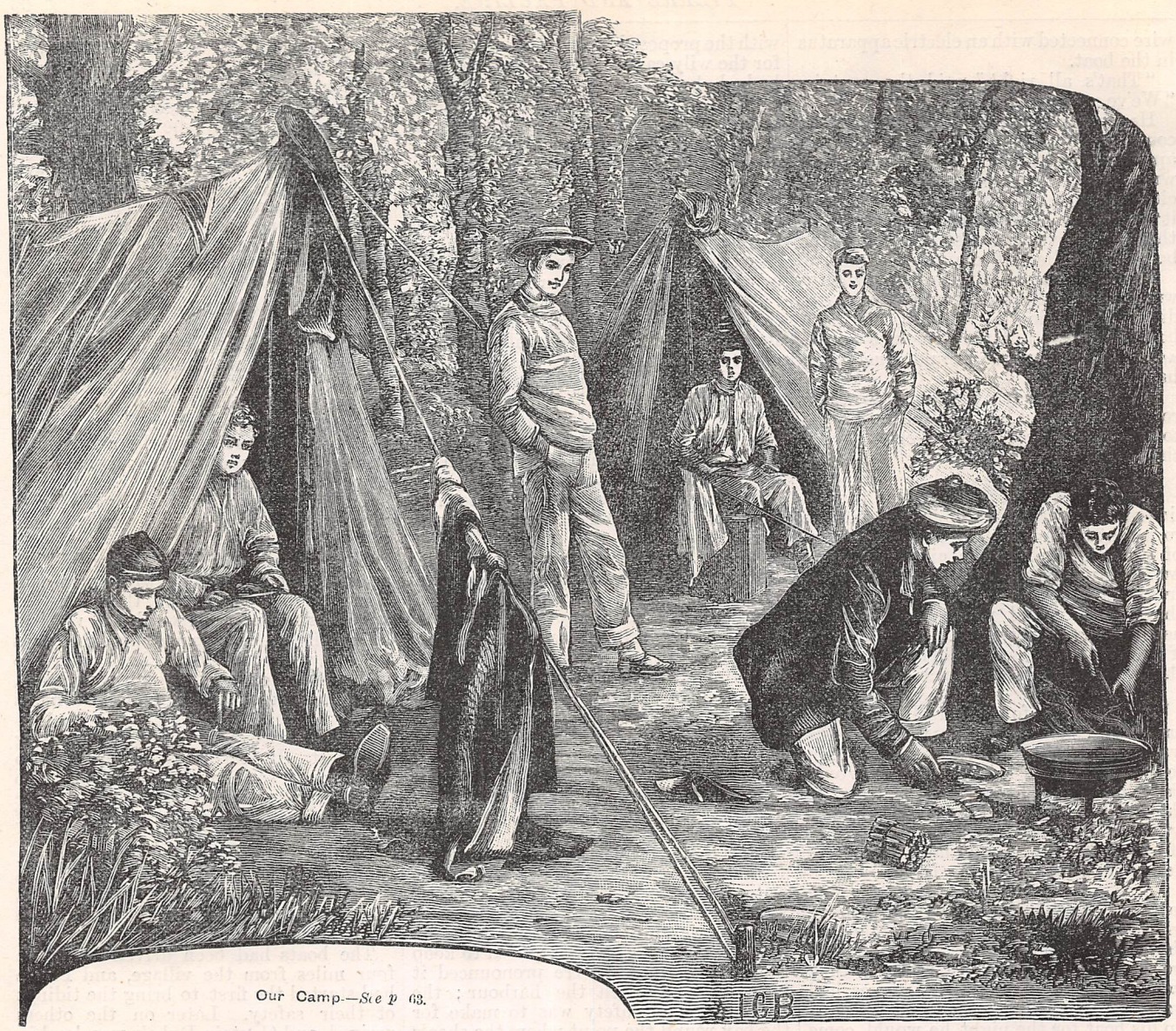
H. M. P.

Our Camp.

Ah! now is the time for a week on the river!
O'er meadows and roads you can see the heat quiver,
But here you can lie in a cool, shady nook,
Refreshing your mind with a not-too-deep book
Till warmed by a growing sensation of cramp
You push off your boat and pull to the Camp.

There comes up the Swan, with four good fellows in her,
All eager for work and more eager for dinner:
Jones has promised a salad; he pulls out his knife
And slices up lettuce and egg for his life;
Smith is cooking to-day, so we hope for a treat,
For Smith as a cook isn't easy to beat.

Now dinner is over, so put on the kettle,
(Hot water is best to take grease off the metal;)
A final cold plunge, next a row to the lock,
Then back before ten by the old village clock.
One glee round the fire and then out with the lamp,
A hearty good night; then all's still in Our Camp.



Our Camp.—*See p 63.*

"BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

THE readers of the B. O. P. are now engaged in raising a Boys' Memorial to General Gordon, a project in which we hope all the readers of this Summer Number will assist.

From the moment of Gordon's death being reported in England, quite a number of letters reached us from various parts of the country, and from writers of all ages and conditions in life, urging that we should open such a Boys' Gordon Memorial Fund in our columns.

To so many earnest appeals we felt we could hardly turn a deaf ear, even if our own sympathies had been less warmly identified with the object espoused; and we resolved, therefore, at once to start a Boys' Fund, the proceeds to be wholly applied in accordance with Gordon's known wishes—that is, *for the benefit of poor boys. A Working Boys' Home of Rest, at the Seaside,* is included in the scheme, should the funds received enable it to be carried out in its entirety. We have received many congratulations on having taken this Memorial in hand. In a sympathetic message from her home at Southampton, Miss Gordon herself says :—

"*She hopes very much that the Boys' Memorial will succeed: it has her best wishes. A Home for poor boys is what would be most in accordance with General Gordon's desires.*"

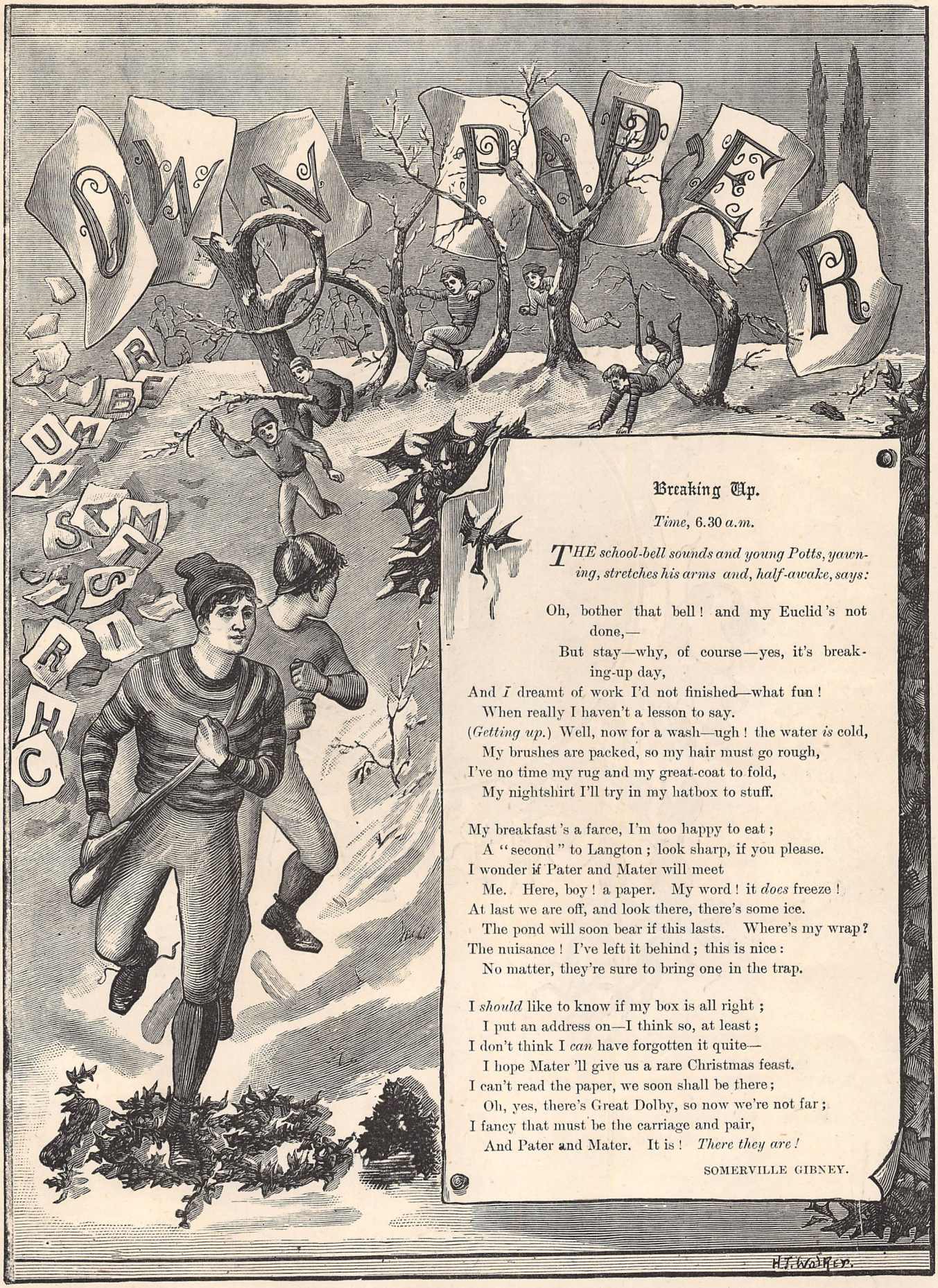
Ours is essentially a *Boys' Memorial to one whose memory English-speaking boys the world over may well delight to unite to honour. Our Fund is intended to be thoroughly representative of British boyhood—a memorial raised by boys for boys, in fond memory of a noble boy-lover.* We hope that boys of all ages and conditions of life will take it up heartily and make it their very own.

Collecting Cards will be furnished to all who, in applying for them, enclose a properly addressed and stamped envelope, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from head master, clergyman, employer, or other responsible person. The necessity for this must be obvious. *All cards thus sent out will be duly numbered, and registered with the names and addresses of the applicants, and thus the chances of any cards getting into the wrong hands will be guarded against.*

Donations may be sent at once, and all amounts received will be acknowledged in the columns of the "BOY'S OWN PAPER." Cheques should be crossed, and P.O.O. made payable to H. WILLIAMS, BOY'S OWN PAPER Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper," by F. W. Burton.)



Breaking Up.

Time, 6.30 *a.m.*

THE school-bell sounds and young Potts, yawning, stretches his arms and, half-awake, says:

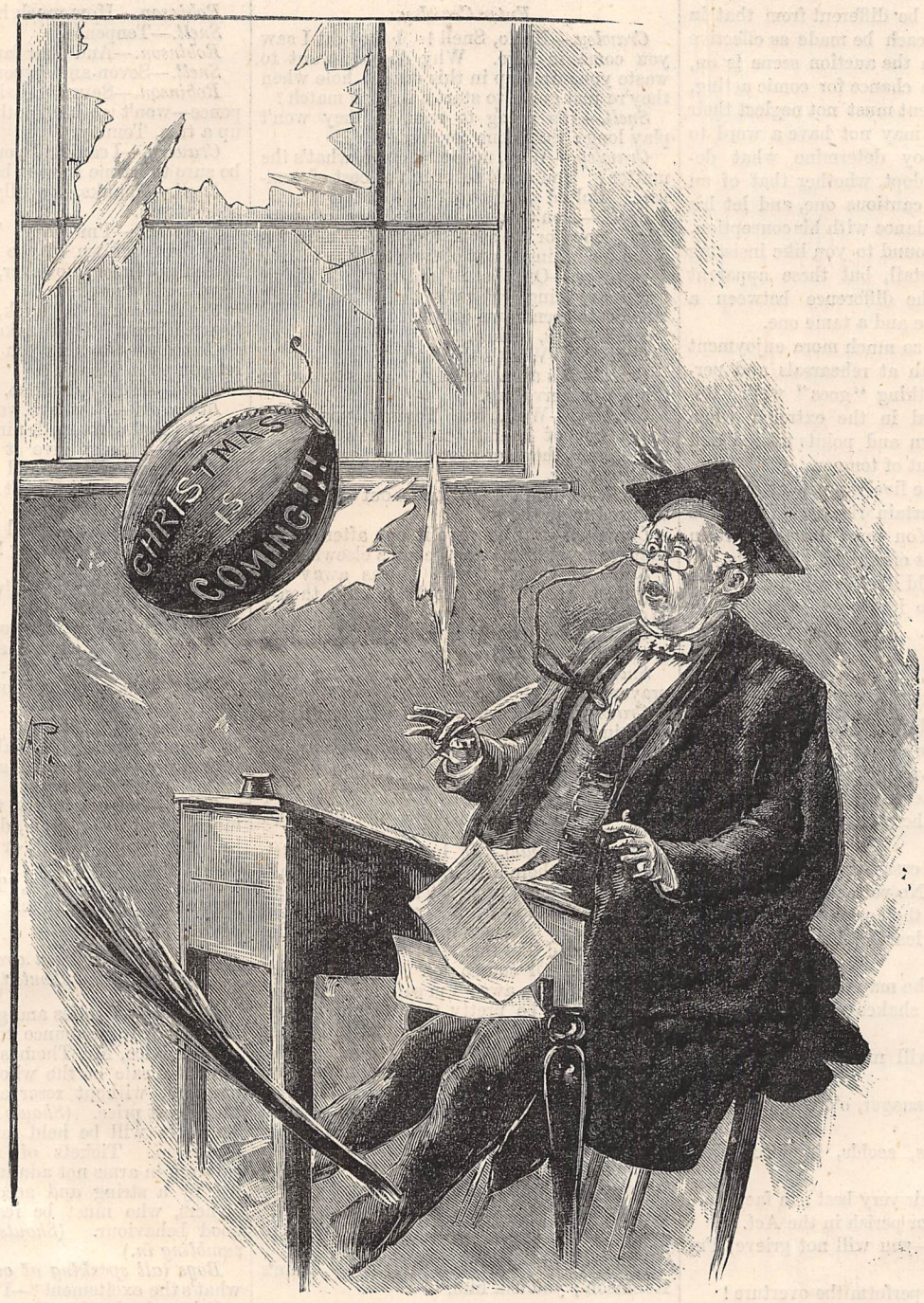
Oh, bother that bell! and my Euclid's not done,—
But stay—why, of course—yes, it's breaking-up day,
And *I* dreamt of work I'd not finished—what fun!
When really I haven't a lesson to say.
(*Getting up.*) Well, now for a wash—ugh! the water *is* cold,
My brushes are packed, so my hair must go rough,
I've no time my rug and my great-coat to fold,
My nightshirt I'll try in my hatbox to stuff.

My breakfast's a farce, I'm too happy to eat;
A "second" to Langton; look sharp, if you please.
I wonder if Pater and Mater will meet
Me. Here, boy! a paper. My word! it *does* freeze!
At last we are off, and look there, there's some ice.
The pond will soon bear if this lasts. Where's my wrap?
The nuisance! I've left it behind; this is nice:
No matter, they're sure to bring one in the trap.

I *should* like to know if my box is all right;
I put an address on—I think so, at least;
I don't think I *can* have forgotten it quite—
I hope Mater 'll give us a rare Christmas feast.
I can't read the paper, we soon shall be there;
Oh, yes, there's Great Dolby, so now we're not far;
I fancy that must be the carriage and pair,
And Pater and Mater. It is! *There they are!*

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.


A PROSPEROUS
AND
CHRISTMAS



AN ACTING PROVERB.

By Paul Blake,

Author of "Birchington Academy," "Christmas at Halehurst," etc., etc.

Those readers who bought the last Christmas number of the Boy's Own Paper will probably recollect the Acting Proverb which formed a part of the festivities at Halehurst. This year we present them with another, specially adapted for boys to perform, as there are only male parts, and of these but one is that of a grown man.

Not that a boy need have any difficulty in making himself up to resemble one of his elders. A pair of false whiskers (not too large), a line or two carefully drawn with a sable pencil under the eyes, and a pair of spectacles, are usually quite enough to make a youngster "pass" as a man.

In previous Christmas numbers we have given instructions as regards the preparation of similar pieces, and these apply equally well to the present one. But certain advice cannot be too often repeated. First in importance is the necessity for efficient management. Learn to obey your stage manager. It is impossible for you to judge of the general effect as you are acting. Do not shirk work. You have no right to present an entertainment to your audience which will not entertain them. Have plenty of rehearsals and come to the very first of them letter-perfect. Speak very distinctly; it is no good to say a funny line if it is not heard!

Be careful and painstaking in the "business" of your part. For example, Snell has to climb out of the window twice. Let the

action in one case be different from that in the other, and let each be made as effective as possible. When the auction scene is on, Robinson has a fine chance for comic acting, but the others present must not neglect their parts, though they may not have a word to say. Let each boy determine what demeanour he will adopt, whether that of an eager bidder or a cautious one, and let his by-play be in accordance with his conception. All of which may sound to you like insisting on unnecessary detail, but these apparent trifles make all the difference between a spirited performance and a tame one.

Besides, there is so much more enjoyment for the actors, both at rehearsals and performance, if everything "goes" well. Rehearsals are dismal in the extreme when parts are not known and points missed and the manager gets out of temper.

Let there be some lively music as an overture, and let the curtain rise and fall at the proper moment. You must let the curtain have a rehearsal; it often wants it badly.

Perhaps you would like a prologue to your performance. If so it should be spoken in front of the curtain. The following is suited to the occasion:—

PROLOGUE.

The custom 'twas, I'm told, in former days,
To speak a prologue before all our plays,
In which apology was made for those
Who faced the critics in their serried rows.
How much more, then, should I indulgence ask
For those who now essay the pleasing task
Of pleasing you? No veteran actors these;
Their only merit is their wish to please.
Although they've learnt their words and cues by heart,
Each trembles lest he may forget his part.
Each separate he shakes in his separate shoes
For fear that he will miss his well-conned cues;
Whilst the stage manager, o'erwhelmed with cares,
By turns beseeches, scolds, implores, despairs.
Still, all will do their very best; in fact,
Succeed they will, or perish in the Act.
My speech is done—you will not grieve, I'm sure;
The band will now perform the overture!

ACTING PROVERB.

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST!"

Characters:

Tom Snell.	George Purkiss.
Charlie Crawley.	Mr. Scott.
William Robinson.	Boys *ad lib.*

Scene—A Classroom. Door on left, window on right to open. Forms, high desk.

Properties—Bat, telescope, books, money, purse.

Enter Snell, hands in his pockets, head down, looking very miserable.

Snell.—What a brute that Scott is! Who's he, I should like to know? He's always down on me. Suppose I were a master and he were a boy, how would he like it? I've got a jolly good mind to tell him what I think of him, only I suppose I should get another swishing.

Enter Crawley.

Crawley.—Hullo, Snell! I thought I saw you come in here. Why do you want to waste your time up in this dismal hole when they're just going to start a scratch match?

Snell.—It's going to rain, so they won't play long; that's one comfort.

Crawley.—Why, my sweet child, what's the matter? You don't seem in the best of tempers. Bolted a bullseye?

Snell.—Don't you give me any of your cheek, now, or I'll soon stop you. I'm in the mood for taking it out of somebody.

Crawley.—Oh, bosh! old man. I didn't mean anything. What's the shine about? Has Scott been down on you?

Snell.—Yes, he has.

Crawley.—What's the latest?

Snell.—It's all a swindle. He saw me in the old conservatory.

Crawley.—Well, but, Tommy, you know that's out of bounds, now. He's growing mushrooms there, or beetroot, or some sort of fruit or other.

Snell.—I didn't know it was out of bounds; we used to go there.

Crawley.—But he gave it out after school that we must take our pleasures elsewhere.

Snell.—I wasn't there; I was away one day last week. It must have been then—Wednesday.

Crawley.—'Twas Wednesday. Well, that is too bad! What's he given you?

Snell.—Told me to go to the Doctor after prayers.

Crawley.—You know what that means; a swishing.

Snell.—Yes, I know; the first this half; I'm as savage as I can be; I should like to kick him. And I've been trying hard to keep out of rows. (*Goes to window and looks out, half crying.*)

Crawley (*aside*).—If he gets into Scott's black books there'll be a chance of my pulling off the Euclid prize after all.

Snell.—'Pon my word I've got a good mind to run away. I know my pater wouldn't let me be treated like this.

Crawley.—Of course not. (*Aside.*) Now, if he *were* to run away I'm safe for the prize, and I should be pretty sure to get elected into the second eleven. I wonder if I could persuade him to hook it?

Snell (*coming down*).—It's begun to rain. I thought it would.

Crawley.—I say, Tommy, do you remember when Hawkins ran away? He was a plucky chap!

Snell.—I remember.

Crawley.—I know I'd never stand getting a lathering for a thing I didn't know about.

Snell.—Would you run away if you were me?

Crawley.—I should think so! Here's Robinson; you ask him.

Enter Robinson.

Robinson.—What's the row, you fellows?

Crawley.—Keep it dark; Snell's going to run away.

Robinson.—Is he? He's a lucky beggar. I wish I had the chance! I should have been off a dozen times, only my father lives in India, and that's too far to run, and the passage-money is a little too stiff.

Snell.—I'll go; I will. I'm sick of this place. (*Jumping up and holding out his hands.*) Good-bye, you fellows, I'm off now.

Robinson (*going to door and shutting it carefully*).—Don't be in a hurry, my boy. It's easy to see you're new at this kind of thing. How are you going?

Snell.—By train, of course; the station's close.

Robinson.—Do you know the time of the train?

Snell.—There's one about this time, I think.

Crawley.—I can find that out from one of the day-boys. But I say, Snell, have you got enough money for your fare?

Snell.—I'm afraid not. (*Feels in pockets.*)

Robinson.—How much have you got?

Snell.—Tenpence.

Robinson.—And your fare is—?

Snell.—Seven-and-sixpence.

Robinson.—Seven-and-sixpence into tenpence—won't go and nothing over. You're up a tree, Tommy.

Crawley.—I can lend you a shilling. You'll be sure to let me have it back?

Snell.—Thanks, awfully; I'll be sure to send it you.

Robinson.—I'm sorry, Tommy, but I've only half-a-crown in the world, and I owe fifteen shillings; however, you may as well have a shilling of it.

Snell.—You're a brick, Rob., a tender-hearted brick. That makes two-and-ten.

Crawley.—Couldn't you bribe the guard to let you go in his van?

Snell.—I don't think so.

Robinson.—How are you going to do it, then? You can't walk ninety miles.

Snell.—I must give it up unless I can borrow some money, and fellows know I'm always hard up, so I don't expect they'll lend me anything.

Crawley.—It's an awful nuisance. Just as we'd arranged everything!

Snell.—Yes.

Crawley (*suddenly*).—I've got it! Eureka! Hold an auction!

Robinson.—Good for you, Crawley. You won't want your things any more, you see, Tommy, when you've left.

Snell.—No, of course not. I'll go and get my things out.

Robinson.—We'll hold the sale in here. I'll be auctioneer; I'll make 'em bid.

Crawley.—I'll go and see the time of the train. (*Exit Crawley.*)

Snell.—I'm afraid my things won't fetch much. And I say, Rob., don't let the fellows know I'm going to cut, or they'll be sure to let it out somehow.

Robinson.—All right, Tommy; you get your things out. I'll tell the fellows what's going to happen.

Exit Snell. Robinson drags form to door, mounts it, and shouts to room beyond.

Robinson.—Ladies and gentlemen! I have the honour to announce to you that, acting under advice, Mr. Thomas Snell has resolved to hold a sale of the whole of his valuable property, without reserve and considerably under cost price. (*Shouts in the schoolroom.*) The sale will be held immediately in this classroom. Tickets of admission gratis; children in arms not admitted; dogs must be led by a string and accompanied by their owners, who must be responsible for their good behaviour. (*Shouts, and boys come tumbling in.*)

Boys (*all speaking at once*).—I say, Rob., what's the excitement?—I'll bid half-a-crown—Bring forth the fiery untamed stock—Going, going, gone!—etc., etc.

Robinson (*mounts desk*).—Order, gentlemen, please! Tommy is at present engaged in cataloguing his possessions.

Purkiss.—Is he going to leave?

Robinson.—Never you mind, Purky; it's none of your business.

Purkiss.—It's as much mine as yours.

Robinson.—I'll come and punch your head if you cheek me. Come along, Tommy.

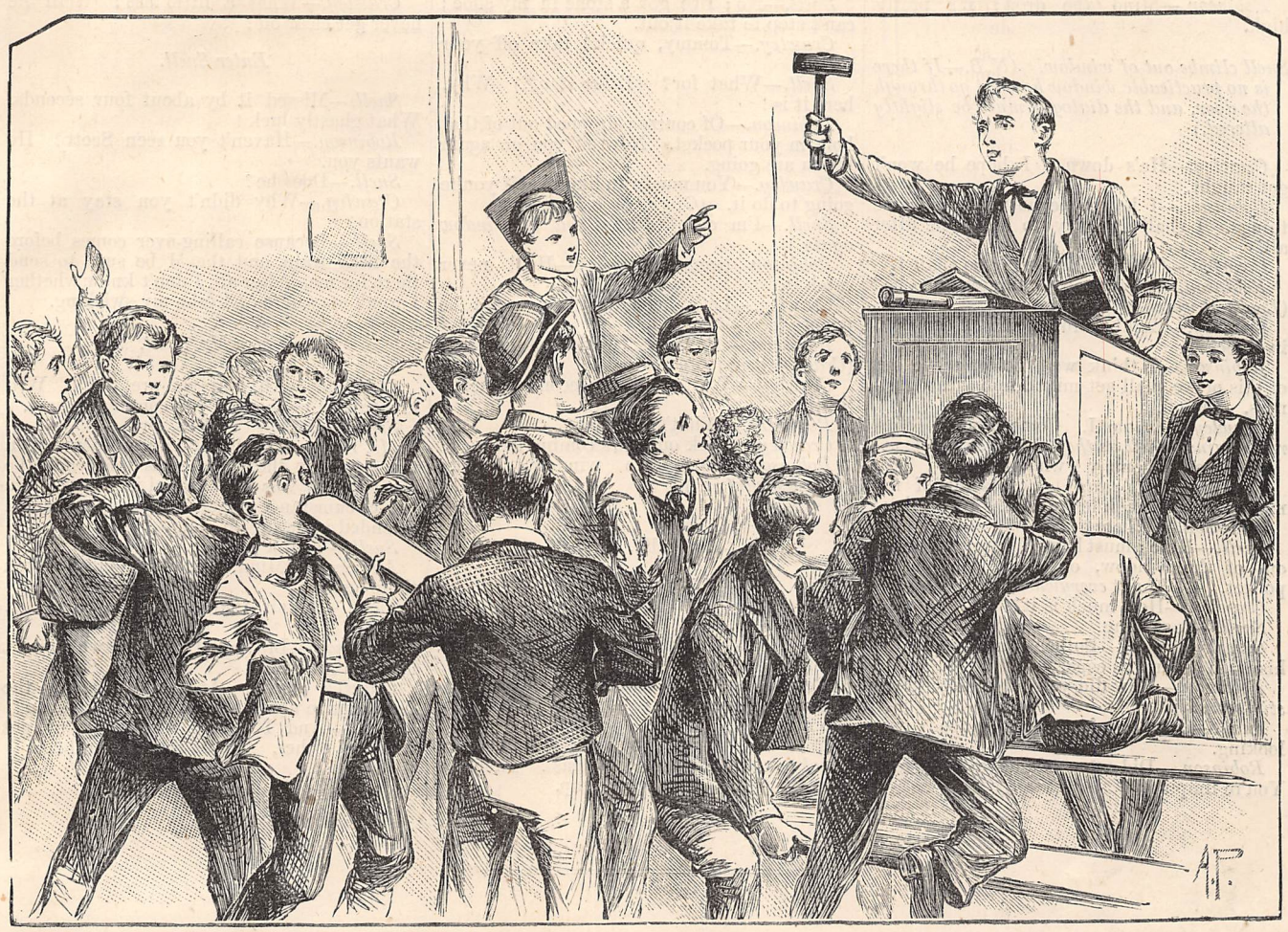
Enter Tommy, laden with bat, books, telescope, etc. Robinson puts them behind him. Enter Crawley.

Crawley (*aside to Robinson and Snell*).—Plenty of time; the train doesn't start for half an hour.

Snell (*to Robinson*).—Do you think these things will fetch enough?

Robinson (*surveying them*).—I doubt it, Tommy, but we'll see. (*Aloud.*) Now, gentlemen, the first lot is an excellent cane-handled match-bat, presented to our worthy young friend on his attaining the age of fourteen. Who bids ten shillings?

Purkiss.—Why, it's sprung!



The Auction.

Robinson.—Sprung? Of course it is. What would the world be without a spring? A watch wouldn't go if it hadn't a spring, and you complain that the bat's sprung!

Boy 1.—I'll go sixpence.

Boy 2.—Sevenpence.

Robinson.—Bosh! Why, I'll bid a shilling, though I haven't got the money. Come, some of you!

Boy 1.—Ninepence.

Robinson.—That's better. Purkiss, you want a bat, I know.

Purkiss.—I'd sooner have a broomstick than that one.

Snell.—It's a better one than *you've* ever had, anyhow!

Robinson.—Come, gentlemen, we've no time for foolery. Any more bids? Going, going, gone! (*Knocks the table.*) Jordan, that's yours; hand over the money. (*Jordan pays Snell.*)

Robinson.—The next article on the programme is an excellent Latin dictionary, very little used owing to the fact that its possessor has a rooted objection to the language. It's a dead language, and he is of opinion that it shouldn't be disturbed. How much shall I say for this excellent dictionary?

Boy 3.—Is his name written in it?

Robinson.—Yes; which renders it all the more valuable.

Boy 4.—Fourpence.

Boy 5.—Fourpence-halfpenny.

Robinson.—Come, gentlemen, wake up! This book's worth five shillings.

Boy 2.—Never mind the dic., Rob.; put up the telescope.

Crawley.—You shut up, young un.

Boy 2.—Do it yourself. (*Scuffle.*)

Robinson.—Order, gentlemen! Fivepence bid, sixpence, sixpence-halfpenny, sevenpence; any more? Going, going, gone! Simpson, yours. Pay up and look pleasant.

Simpson searches every pocket and at last makes up the sum, the boys jeering.

Snell (*to Robinson*).—Put up the telescope next.

Crawley (*to Robinson*).—You needn't tell them one of the lenses is gone.

Robinson.—Now, gentlemen, comes *the* lot of the sale, a fine double-jointed, extra-polished brass telescope, through which Jupiter's satellites are distinctly visible and the time can be told by a church clock twenty yards distant. Who says a pound?

Purkiss.—A shilling.

Boy 1.—Eighteenpence.

Boy 2.—Two shillings. (*Snell rubs his hands.*)

Boy 3.—Two-and-two.

Boy 1.—Two-and-six.

Boy 2 (*wildly*).—Five shillings! (*Boys cheer.*)

Robinson—Five shillings is bid. Any one say six? (*Pause.*) No one? (*Knocks it down.*) Yours, Turnbull.

Boy 2.—Hand it over, please.

Snell.—Where's the money first?

Boy 2.—I can't pay you now; I can give you sixpence now and the rest next half.

Robinson.—You little idiot! Why didn't you say so before? If Snell could wait till next half he wouldn't be selling-off. Up it goes again, gentlemen. A shilling—eighteenpence—no one going higher than eighteenpence?

Crawley (*aside*).—Money down makes all the difference.

Robinson.—Sold at eighteenpence! Only two more lots, gentlemen; schoolbooks, various. How much?

Boys (*quickly*).—Twopence, threepence (*up to ninepence, when it is knocked down*).

Robinson.—Last lot! A purse for which the owner has no further use. A nice present for a mother as a hint you want it filled.

Purkiss.—A penny.

Robinson.—Any one bid higher? (*Pause.*) Yours, Purkiss. There's a hole in it and the catch is broken, but what can you expect for a penny?

Crawley.—Now clear out, you fellows.

Boy.—It's stopped raining. Come along. (*All rush out but Snell, Robinson, and Crawley.*)

Crawley.—What have you got now?

Snell.—All but a shilling.

Crawley.—Oh, here you are. I'll stand it for an old chum. It's getting on time to start. How are you going?

Robinson.—You mustn't let the fellows see you.

Snell.—I might drop out of this window.

Crawley.—Yes, and over the low wall by the fowl-house. No one can see you there.

Snell.—All right. Good-bye, you two. Don't let the fellows think I ran away because I was afraid of a caning.

Crawley.—We won't. Look sharp, or you won't have time to take your ticket. (*Opens window.*)

Robinson.—Mind the drop; it's pretty high.

Snell climbs out of window. (*N.B.—If there is no practicable window he must go through the door, and the dialogue must be slightly altered.*)

Crawley.—He's down. I hope he won't get caught.

Robinson.—I half hope he will, for some things. I shall be sorry to lose him after all.

Crawley.—Oh, yes, of course; so shall I.

Robinson.—How many minutes has he? (*Looks at watch.*)

Crawley.—Eight minutes, and he can do it in three.

Robinson.—I think we'd better move out of this or we shall get mixed up in this business. I'm off.

Crawley.—So am I. Come along. (*They run against Snell as they approach the door.*)

Robinson.—Tommy! what's up?

Snell (*out of breath*).—Lost some of my money; not enough left. Look for it, quick!

Robinson.—Where?

Snell.—Here; must have dropped it getting out of the window, or got a hole in my pocket. (*All hunt everywhere.*)

Crawley.—How much is it?

Snell.—A shilling.

Crawley (*aside*).—Bother it all! he'll miss his train as sure as eggs.

Robinson.—How did you get back? (*They still search.*)

Snell.—Over the front gate; nobody was looking.

Robinson.—Did you damage yourself? You're limping.

Snell.—No; I've got a stone in my shoe; can't stop to take it out.

Crawley.—Tommy, quick! take off your shoe.

Snell.—What for? (*Takes it off.*) Why, here it is!

Robinson.—Of course; dropped out of that hole in your pocket. Now off you go again if you are going.

Crawley.—You must run like mad if you're going to do it. (*Gives him a leg up.*)

Snell.—I'm off. (*Jumps out of window again.*)

Robinson (*watching him*).—He'll never catch it.

Crawley.—Let's hope the train won't be punctual.

Robinson.—Anyhow we'd better cut. (*Crawley goes to door.*)

Crawley.—Wait half a second; there's Scott.

Robinson.—What's he want?

Crawley.—Look out, he's coming here.

Robinson.—Shut the window, quick! (*Crawley shuts it.*)

Enter Mr. Scott.

Mr. Scott.—Is Snell in here?

Both.—No, sir.

Mr. Scott.—When you see him tell him I want to speak to him.

Both.—Yes, sir. (*Exit Mr. Scott.*)

Crawley.—He'll have to wait a long time, I'm afraid.

Robinson.—Unless Tommy misses his train. (*Looks out of window.*) He has! There he is in the yard. He's coming up.

Crawley.—What a little ass? Will he never get clear off?

Enter Snell.

Snell.—Missed it by about four seconds. What ghastly luck!

Robinson.—Haven't you seen Scott? He wants you.

Snell.—Does he?

Crawley.—Why didn't you stay at the station?

Snell.—Because calling-over comes before the next train, and they'd be sure to send there for me. After all, I don't know whether I won't stay here and take my swishing.

Enter Mr. Scott.

Mr. Scott.—Ah, here you are, Snell. Wilkinson told me he saw you coming up here.

Snell (*frightened*).—Yes, sir.

Mr. Scott.—I find that you were away on the day that the school was told that the conservatory was to be closed in future, so in the circumstances I remit the punishment I intended inflicting on you.

Snell.—Thank you, sir.

Mr. Scott.—Mind, though, I don't find you there again.

Snell.—No, sir, thank you, sir. (*Exit Mr. Scott.*)

Robinson.—Bravo! Tommy; we shan't lose you after all.

Crawley (*aside*).—And I shan't get the Euclid prize nor get into the second eleven!

Snell.—And I shan't run away or get whacked either. That's best after all!

CURTAIN.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

BY EDMUND MITCHELL, M.A.

I AM a medical man, settled in a suburb of London. The story I am about to relate carries me back to my early student days. Indeed, at the time the incident occurred I had not begun my regular medical studies, but previous to doing so, and for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of drugs, was spending a year in the shop of an uncle, who was a chemist in one of our large provincial towns.

My uncle was a man of strictly business habits, and insisted that, notwithstanding our relationship, I should occupy the same position as the other young men in his employment, sharing in all the hard work and extra duties.

In common with other large businesses of the kind, provision had to be made for the sale of medicines in the night time. There were four assistants in the shop, and each of us in rotation took a week of night duty. A very comfortable truckle bed, that during the day was pushed under a side counter, served as our couch. The door bolted on the inside, and but a peep of gas was left burning in the shop. It might be—though this rarely happened—that from the hour of turning-in till morning not a single summons was sounded by the night-bell.

Well, I had been about six months with my uncle, and had got quite accustomed to this part of my duties. I could fall asleep as readily on the truckle bed behind the counter as in my comfortable room in my uncle's house. I had also acquired the habit of turning out at a moment's notice, attending to a customer, and getting to sleep again almost without the consciousness of having had my rest disturbed. So, everything considered, I did not dislike my spell, one week each month, of night duty, as it broke the even tenor of my life, and, moreover, gave me extra off-time during the day.

On the night which at the present moment specially recurs to my memory I, as usual, bolted the shop-door from the inside at nine o'clock. I then repaired to my little recess behind the side counter and whiled away a couple of hours in perusing some chapters of a recently published medical work. Beginning to feel drowsy about eleven o'clock, I, according to wont, divested myself of my upper garments, and, putting out the gas by which I had been reading, so that there was left only one faint peep at the centre of the chief counter, got under the blankets; and then, with a long overcoat and a pair of slippers near me, in case of being called, I composed myself for slumber. My head had not been many minutes on the pillow when I was sound asleep.

I had no distinct idea of how long I had been sleeping, though I knew it must have been several hours, when the sharp "Ting, ting, ting!" of the night-bell close to where I lay, roused me to a consciousness of my surroundings. To spring from my couch, pull on my slippers, and get into my long top-coat was the work of a minute. I then at once sallied from the sleeping recess, screwed up the gas at the central counter, and unbolted the door. The sleet and rain were beating down pitilessly, and the cold gust that entered by the door held ajar chilled me to the marrow.

I found outside a woman, of slight size, and closely muffled up in a black shawl. She slipped in, and I at once reclosed the door, without, however, bolting it.

"I want some laudanum," she said, partly withdrawing the shawl from her face.

I saw it was that of a lady—white and pinched, indeed, but bearing the distinct traces of former beauty. There was a strange gleam about her eyes, and she seemed to drop them the moment I looked her in the face.

"What quantity?" I asked, getting behind the counter.

"Sixpennyworth," was the answer.

"That is a pretty large supply," I said. "Of course you are aware that laudanum is a poison, and that a very few drops constitute an ordinary dose?"

"Yes, yes," she replied. "I know all that; I have got the same quantity here before. I buy it for outward application to remove a pain here;" and she placed her thin white hand on the side of her face where *tic douloureux* usually makes itself felt.

On reference to the books I found this was so, and while I was selecting a phial in which to place the drug I was conscious that the woman's restless eyes were roaming over the place. Then, as I turned my back slightly towards her, in the act of measuring out the proper quantity in a graduated glass, I heard her move away from the counter, and the cold gust of air and the momentarily louder sough of the wind told me the door was open. I as quickly as possible completed the operation of filling up the measure, and then turned to her rather sharply, to find her in the act of closing the door and coming back to the counter.

"You should not have needlessly opened the door," I said; "it is very cold."

"Yes," she replied; "I never thought of that. I wished to see if it was still raining."

Thinking no more of the incident, I filled the phial, affixed the label marked "Poison" in big letters, and wrapped the whole in paper, tipping the ends with sealing-wax in the usual way. The woman handed me a florin, from which I deducted sixpence and the usual extra night charge. I then accompanied her to the door, and, without another word, she slipped out into the cold night air. I immediately bolted the door, screwed down the gas again to a peep, kicked off my slippers and whipped off my big coat, and in a trice was once again snug under the blankets.

Contrary to custom, I did not get to sleep at once; the woman's face, and especially the gleam of her eyes, seemed to haunt me. Again and again I dismissed the absurd phantasy from my mind, but again and again it returned. At last I became drowsy, and was in that blissful stage, just conscious that sleep was stealing o'er my senses, when—

I shall never forget how my heart gave a great bump, and then seemed to stand still, while my blood trickled coldly down my back. I felt—I *knew*—I was not alone in the shop. There, as I lay breathless, straining my ears, I could hear a soft stockinged foot on the tesselated floor on the other side of the counter. The incident of the woman having returned to the door while my attention was engaged recurred to my mind like a lightning flash, and I at once took in the whole situation. She had admitted an accomplice—some one bent on robbery, perhaps on murder. While my mind was thus active I felt incapable of moving a single muscle. I tried to reason with myself that it was all a fancy—an imaginative creation. But no! hark! Pat, pat, pat went the soft footfall, and I almost fancied I heard the breathing of a human tiger on the other side of the counter. The sound receded from where I lay, then crash! down came a bottle, and thereafter all was still. At the sound of the shattering glass my heart once more gave a great jump, then sank within me. There could be no longer any doubt. The woman with the gleaming eyes had come on a mere pretext for the purpose of admitting an accomplice on blood or booty bent.

He evidently realised that the fall of the bottle might have awakened me, for I heard no further movement. I lay, bathed in a cold perspiration, absolutely incapable of moving even my little finger, far less of springing from my couch and making for the door. Besides, I felt that before I could get to it and unbolt it I would be overpowered—stabbed or garotted, perhaps.

So I lay, breathless, nerveless, almost lifeless, each tick of the clock seeming to mark the passage of an hour. I thought of my past life; how my mother and sisters would weep when they came to learn in what manner its youthful promise had been cut short; and I felt that I should have liked one more kiss from my darling Ethel, when "Ting, ting, ting!" went the night-bell above my head. But I could not move. The thought flashed through my mind that this might be another of the gang, and I lay still, frozen with fear. After a minute, "Ting, ting, ting!" again went the bell, but still I felt powerless to respond. "Ting, ting, ting!" this time with more force. Yet I lay, paralysed and motionless. Then I heard, slowly coming along the pavement outside, the measured heavy footfall of the night policeman, and for the first time a glimmer of hope entered my heart. Tread, tread, tread, and the steps paused outside the door. Then came some muttered words, followed by one loud, long ring of the night-bell that made it quiver in its socket. This time I felt that it was the policeman himself that had rung it, and with a vague, uncontrollable desire to be near and gain the attention of the guardian of the law, I threw off the nightmare bonds that tied me to my couch, sprang to the floor, and, unmindful of slippers, top-coat, or anything else, rushed to the door, and, with terror-stricken face, looking over my shoulder all the while in the expectancy of seeing my would-be murderer dart after me, I convulsively undid the bolt and staggered out into the street.

The policeman and a young boy, who had evidently first rung the bell, started back at the strange apparition—for I was without coat, trousers, or boots. I gasped out the words "Robber—murderer!" pointing into the shop. The policeman at once closed the door, and blew his whistle several times. Before many minutes—all the while there was no sound from within—two other constables joined us. In a few hurried words I explained the state of matters—how the lurking assassin was within. The policemen spoke among themselves, and then threw open the door. Two of them entered, and I followed. The bull's-eyes were flashed all round the shop, but no intruder was to be seen. Then I whispered to one of them, "Under the counter!" The policeman advanced, stooped down, and flashed his light into the dark recess, and there sprang forth, with a fiendish, blood-curdling yell, a lean, hungry, rain-bedraggled tom-cat, that with one bound darted through between our legs and out of the door and away into the darkness of the night. The policeman, I believe, got a greater fright than if it had been a real live burglar, for his face turned pale and his lantern dropped from his paralysed fingers.

As for myself, I saw it all in a moment. I without delay got in the boy and the third policeman outside, supplied the former with the blue-pill required, and then, tipping each of the stalwart guardians of the law, asked them to say nothing about the matter. As for myself, I lit up half a dozen jets of gas and got off my wet underclothing, for the few minutes' exposure had soaked me to the skin. Then I tried to begin again on my medical book, but it was no use. I alternately felt chilled with fear and then convulsed with laughter, and even to this day the mere recollection of that night similarly affects me.

The First Day of the Season.

Now get out your skates, boys, the ice is all ready,
As firm as a rock, with a surface like glass;
You'll have to look out or your legs will get "*spread-y*,"
In that case you know what will *next* come to pass.

A click, and a snap, and secure is each "Acme;"
Now gently at first, till you get your ice feet;
Look there at young Smith, I half think he could whack me
At cutting an "eight," he's so plucky and neat.

But stay, my young friend, till I try. What a cropper!
The ice is much harder, I find, than my head;
But just for that trifle I'm not going to stop, or
Give up; no, I'll practise the figure instead.

There, that is much better, "a three" is as *nought* now
To me, for you see my old form's coming back,
The figures and dodges last year I was taught, now
Seem easy to do, for I've got in the knack.

"The grape-vine" and "scissors" I glide through securely,
Perform the "spread-eagle" and "flower-pot" too;
The "rocking turn" stumps me completely, but surely
It is to be done, though it's managed by few.

I *will* not be beaten, success lies in trying
Again and again; I'll go at it until
I conquer the figure, I'll take no denying—
That's better already, I had not one spill!

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

THE DERELICT BRIG:

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

By Dr. Gordon Stables, C.M., R.N.,

Author of "Stanley O'Grahame," "The Cruise of the Snowbird," etc.

It is just five years come Christmas, 1884, since I heard the strange story that I am now about to relate to you—heard it from the lips of honest Farmer Deane himself, as he sat by the fireside of his own comfortable red-papered parlour, his wife in the easy-chair beside him knitting, and the younger children sound asleep upstairs.

For some months previous to my acquaintance with Mr. Deane I had been living in a romantic little village in the East Riding of York, and close to the sea. I had had the misfortune to sprain my ankle by getting spilled from my iron horse when turning a corner at too great a rate of speed. But I was determined that no number of sprained ankles should prevent me from taking exercise in the fresh air, so I looked about for a conveyance.

"There is Tommy," said my landlady—"Tommy, of the Mower's Rest. A nice little pony, and a handsome bit of a trap."

To the Mower's Rest I went—a queer, old-fashioned inn, with a wooden dais and table in front of it, besides two immense great shells of trees, for they were quite hollow in the centre, and any number of boys could have crept into them, curled up, and gone to sleep.

"Certainly, sir," said the burly host; "you can have Tommy as often as you please."

So I concluded a bargain forthwith.

It was all through Tommy I got acquainted with Farmer Deane. Tommy was a character in his way, and probably still remains so. A dark chestnut, about twelve hands high, a hog mane, a smallish head, and a very wise face, which always assumed a double amount of wisdom when, after being "put in," he took an inquiring glance over his shoulder at the trap, to see who was going to drive him.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he would seem to say, when he saw me, whip in hand, ready to mount.

"Yes, Tommy," I would reply; "and, mind you, I'm not going to stand any nonsense, so I tell you."

"All right, measter," Tommy seemed to answer, with a saucy whisk of his tail.

So off we would start. But from time immemorial Tommy had been in the habit of taking out little pleasure-parties, generally of fisher folks or farm people, bent on a day's enjoyment.

A thirsty lot they must have been as a rule, and I'll tell you how I know. I never could get Tommy to pass a public-house without considerable difficulty.

I'm afraid that before I got back that day Tommy must have come to the conclusion that I was a strange customer, for not even the Jolly Tapsters had charms for me, nor the Sow and Magpie, nor the Bull and Bottle, nor the Huntsman's Delight. We returned as we had gone forth, only Tommy had some water and a dog-biscuit that I had taken in my pocket specially for him.

But this old pony and I became thorough friends in less than a week. If he did need the stimulus of the whip sometimes when first starting, he went well afterwards, and at any time when his nose was turned homewards Tommy went like a bird.

One nasty trick which Tommy had was that of hooking the rein under his tail. This necessitated a stop, and that was precisely what Tommy wanted.

Thus one day, when right opposite a fine old farm-steading, while admiring it I let the reins get slack. Tommy hooked the off one at once, and I used the whip.

The next thing I remembered was crawling out of the ditch into which Tommy had backed the trap. The old rascal took good care not to fall himself, though.

The splashboard was broken, the wheel-guard split, and an axle bent.

"I can put ye all right in a brace o' shakes," said a manly and cheerful voice beside me. I looked up, and there was Farmer Deane.

"Come in, sir, and rest ye," he added.

What a pleasant little wife he had! What darling children! and what a rambling, rumbling dear old house and farm it was altogether! The "brace of shakes" got extended to two hours somehow, and then he made me stop to dinner, and it was ten o'clock and bright moonlight when I drove into the inn yard with Tommy again.

This was only the first of many and many a happy evening I spent at Greenleas, as Mr. Deane's farm was called. It lay about twelve miles inland from the village where I lived. The road took us across a rolling kind of a country, without a very great abundance of trees, but very beautiful for all that; and the lanes were often high-banked and shady, their sides carpeted with a wealth of wild flowers, with energetic-looking sturdy Yorkshire bees doing business among them, and butterflies of every hue, pretty enough to make the heart of any young naturalist beat high with pleasure.

Yes, the lanes were lovely; and so quiet and lonely, too, for sometimes for miles on miles you would hardly see a house or hut. The lanes led you up to nearly the tops of the broad, breezy uplands, then left you to wonder, as you went onwards, at the acres—nay, but the square miles of rich green wheat, waving in the wind, so that the sunshine, in long lines of glittering white, seemed for ever travelling across it. There were patches here and there where the wheat was not so tall, and in June and July these were all ablaze with crimson poppies; while, far beyond, the woods and hills on the horizon would be bathed in the purple mist of distance.

Winter came on early that year, but Tommy and I might have been met on the uplands all the same, months after all the grain was cut and carted and stacked, and the hills white with snow. For I was always welcome at Greenleas, and I spent that Christmas there.

As I said, the young children had all gone to bed, for it was wearing late; only the oldest boy, a bright, bold lad of twelve, leant over his mother's chair, and little Winnie sat on a footstool close to her father's knee.

"Hark!" said Farmer Deane, holding up his finger; "listen to the wind! How it roars aroon' the chimneys, and dindles the window-sash! Stir the fire, wife. Eh, lad, you and your Tommy pony are as well at Greenleas to-night. It's a fearful night. Puts one in mind o' being at sea."

"You've been to sea, then?" I said.

"Once," he said, "only once, really at sea. It was enough. It was the making o' me, though; but I shouldn't like to have another such experience. No, lad, no!"

Then bit by bit I wormed his story out of Farmer Deane, and tell it you now in my own words. Perhaps you will like it none the less when I assure you it is a true one.

Many, many years ago, then, about a mile along the coast to the nor'ard, and right on the top of one of the tallest cliffs, though some distance back from its actual brink, there stood a fisherman's cottage. Its ruins are still visible enough, though nearly grown over with gravel and wholly covered with weeds. There was attached to the cottage a good garden, that grew plenty of vegetables, and flowers were never scarce within it, with land enough besides for a cow's keep.

Having no family except one boy, who was about fifteen years of age at the time our story opens, the fisherman's wife could easily afford the time to look after cow, garden, land, and house as well, for Edward the boy was nearly always at sea with his father—that is, out in a boat fishing. Dangerous enough is this kind of life too, although it does not entitle the person engaged in it to call himself a sailor. But I believe little Neddie could steer the boat and shift the mainsail sheet before he was five years of age.

When the winds blew very high and the sea was rough and stormy, the old fisherman did not venture forth, but stayed at home with his boy and mended nets, or looked after the grass land, and helped to dig the garden. Yet many an evening the boat left the little cove near the sandy beach at the cliff-foot in weather that promised both fair and fine, and yet before midnight starless darkness would settle down upon the ocean, the clouds would gather close around the little boat, and the gale would break before they could run for their harbour, driving them mayhap out to sea, to slave all night cold and wet and wretched—baling, baling, baling to keep themselves afloat. Sad and terrible nights of suspense these for the wife, the mother, who sat at home alone in the cottage, the bright lamp burning in the gable window that looked seaward; or rising oft to go anxiously out to the cliff-

"Catch me if you can!"

top, and gaze away into the storm and mist, trying to catch a glimpse of the longed-for light in the boat that held the only two beings she loved on earth.

On nights like these the roaring of the wind about the cot on the cliff, or the noise of the waves breaking on the rocks beneath, or chafing and tumbling down in the bay with a sound so sullen, so merciless, used to make the heart of this fisherman's wife feel cold with fear. She had but one consolation—she could pray. Ah! there was a Friend on high to whom she could always appeal, and who never deserted her in her loneliness.

Teddie Deane was a strong, hardy, wiry lad. No extra fat or superfluous flesh about Teddy. He could hold his own with far bigger boys than himself at the village school, which he attended every forenoon of week days. He had a bright, open face, and such an abundance of fair soft ringlets waving round brow and neck, that his *confrères* usually called him "Curly."

Teddie's constant companion at school, and out of doors as well, was Willie Brown—a simple name enough, yet Willie was not a simple lad for all that, but daring—not to say audacious—in the extreme. He was not so tall as Ted, but more strongly built, and even more firmly knit together. He was well named Brown, for his eyes were brown, his hair was brown, and his skin, from constant exposure to the sun and salt sea-spray, was brown also.

The cliffs were very high along the seashore; inland the trees were very tall. Great birds built in both; the seagull or kittiwake in the rocks, the hawk and hoody crow in the lofty branches of the waving pines. But gull nor crow never yet found a place to build its nest out of the reach of Willie Brown. He could "speel" the highest larch-tree, and hang in mid-air to the side of a rock, one hand grasping a shrub-root, with the beach and its breaking waters far, far beneath him, and the wide ocean spread out before him like a picture, dotted with many a boat and many a sail.

"I feel like a bird," he would tell Teddie, "when high up there. And oh, Curly, if I were to die I shouldn't mind being a seagull! No, I wouldn't mind it a bit!"

Willie's father had a boat, in which the two lads used often to go out fishing on their own account on school holidays and Saturday afternoons, when they were not wanted at home.

The "harvest play," as it was called, was always a joyful time with these lads. Willie's father owned no more land than Teddie's did, and so, while other farmer-boys had to work in the fields during this school recess, these two spent most of the day afloat, or in the woods or among the rocks.

One day Willie appeared at the fisherman's cottage carrying under his arm a little mysterious parcel.

"Curly, are you ready for a sail?" he said.

"All ready!" was the reply. "But what have you got there? Gingerbread?"

"Gingerbread? No!" said Willie. "Don't ask till we are fairly afloat."

So down the cliff they went by the little zigzag path that led to the beach, where Willie's boat was moored; and once they had hoisted their morsel of sail, and put about a quarter of a mile between them and the shore, Willie unfolded his parcel, and also his plans.

The former was a chart of the coast that he had found in an old closet in his father's house.

"Now look you here," said Willie. "Well, that is Holy Island, and on it is a monastery, mind you. And there are monks in the monastery—this little old book will tell us all about it. Jolly old monks, Curly, that live like fighting-cocks, but hardly ever see any one. And won't they be glad when we call on them!"

"But do you mean we are to go there now?"

"Certainly I do! I've made it all right, Curly—don't stare so! In under the seat there are lots o' water and prog, and I've given a little girl a halfpenny to go and tell your dad and mine that we've gone to the island. So all is correct, you see. This bit o' wind will run us down to the island before sunset. We'll stop and dine with the monks, if they'll let us—oh, it will be fun!—then come home tack and half-tack in the moonlight."

"Well," said Teddie, "I'm not afraid; and as you've made it all right at home, here is for off—"

"That's a man! Now shake out that bit o' reef, we'll fill and start; then we'll have something to eat."

Willie had laid up quite a store of things—biscuit and meat and cheese and bread and milk, and nuts and fruit besides. So the two boys were as happy as happy could be.

It was a glorious day; the sun shone bright above them, and his silvery beams were reflected from every wavelet that danced and rippled around them. A delightful breeze was blowing them straight on their course—a breeze that the boat could feel and seemed to rejoice in as she went skimming over the blue sea—a breeze the very gulls appeared to revel in as they whirled and whooped and screamed in air or dipped their snowy pinions in the sea.

No wonder the boys were happy!

The breeze increased, and the boat positively flew across the water and along the rock-girt shore. Willie was wonderfully good at telling Old-World stories that he had read in books found in his father's attic, and Teddie kept him at it all day during the intervals of conversation.

As the sun began to decline behind the distant hills the boys dined—and dined right royally; then they both began to sing.

"But I say," said Teddie, presently, "shouldn't we be nearly there now? Isn't the sun about setting? and isn't the wind getting up and the sea getting a bit rough?"

"That's nothing," said Willie, laughing; "give us another song."

But even Willie Brown awakened at last to the peril of the situation, when the sun went down among lurid, threatening clouds, when the seas began to dash inboard, and the ever-increasing wind threatened every moment to tear the mast out of their boat, and the island with the monastery on it which they had come to seek seemed as far away as ever—seemed only a myth, in fact.

Land on that iron-bound coast they dared not; return they could not. There was nothing for it but to fly on. Perhaps some ship might pick them up.

Night fell at last; then the round moon rose, but was almost immediately afterwards swallowed up in the storm-clouds that came sweeping across from the west.

So darkness was all around them—darkness and danger. They had close-reefed their little sail, and so before the wind — nearly dead before it — they scudded, the great waves racing up behind them and threatening each moment to poop and swamp the boat.

I believe that at midnight, when the storm was at its very worst, and the sea a wild chaos of foaming water, poor Ted thought more of the misery his mother must be enduring than of his own danger.

"Willie," cried Teddie, at last, "hadn't we better pray?"

"Yes, Curly; but I've got a hold o' the tiller. Just kneel down beside me, yet keep your hand on the sheet."

Teddie's prayer was a very simple one, but very much from the heart.

"Curly," said Willie, about an hour after this, "the wind is getting higher; I don't think that mast can stand long. Now just do as I tell you. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Well, tie the oars tightly together with a bit o' rope you'll find there. No granny knots now! our lives depend upon their security. Done, you say? Now tie the oars to the painter, by the middle. Leave about a yard and a half of rope between the boat's bow and the tied oars. Done again? Right! And now stand by to heave the oars over the bows to windward when I shout, and let go the sail. All clear? Stand by, then! Heave!"

Down went the sail and over went the oars. A sea broke on board the frail craft that filled her to the gun'ales, but she swung round all the same, and rode in the teeth of the gale to the oars that Teddie had so neatly lashed and so cleverly thrown overboard.

The mast was unstepped and the water baled out, the boys having to use their hats for the purpose.

The danger now, though not quite so extreme, was still very great. And oh! it was a long and bitter night they spent; and with what joy they hailed the first glimpse of the grey dawn only those who have been in a similar situation can fully understand.

No land in sight anywhere, only the great, tumbling, froth-crested waves, and the wind still raged and blew with all the force of a gale. But see down to leeward of them! Each time they rise on the top of a mountain billow a tall-masted brig is in sight. They are being wafted right upon her. Yet a strange craft she looks. Deep in the water, her topmasts and bowsprit gone, and never a rag of sail upon her.

"We'll get in those oars," cried Willie, "and up sail, and rush straight for her. We must board at the weather side; so stand by to grapple for your very life!"

Only fisher-boys—and British fisher-boys at that—could have managed a boat in that sea as Willie and Ted now did. But they managed it so well that in five minutes more they both stood safely on the deck of the brig.

The first thing that met their gaze, to their horror, was the body of a man, then another, and still a third; and from the appearance of the bodies, the torn clothes, and the blood about, which the

breaking waves had not sufficed to wash away entirely, it was evident enough that murder had been done—murder on the high seas.

There was no evidence, on a hurried glance around, that anything else alive was on board, but ropes dangling from the davits showed that a boat must have been lowered and left the ship.

From his dress one of the dead men appeared to have been the captain, another probably the mate.

Hardly knowing what they did, Ted and Willie drew the three bodies close together and covered them up with a tarpaulin. Then, hand-in-hand, stepping silently and fearfully, they took their way aft, and with much hesitation descended the companion-ladder and peeped into the saloon. Not a soul in it, but the things in the adjoining state-room all tumbled and confused—drawers broken open and their contents scattered about the deck. By degrees the boys examined every corner of the ship. It was all deserted, no one was there to tell the story of this doomed ship, or of the fearful tragedy that must have been enacted on her deck.

The wind and sea went down, and, working all the afternoon, towards evening the lads were able to clap a little sail on the brig, and, water-logged though she was, steer away for the southward and west. Nothing occurred all that night, and the breeze, blowing steadily, seemed to waft them homewards. They saw several ships next day, but none came near enough to speak. About ten o'clock on the second night, as Teddie and Willie stood together at the wheel, they started and clutched each other in sudden fear, for forward there in the moonlight, close to the spot where lay the dead, stood a female figure robed in white! It bent low to the deck. Then a corner of the tarpaulin was lifted, and a shriek rang through the ship—a cry of terror, anguish, grief.

It was no ghost, then. Teddie ran forward at once, and soon afterwards carried below to the saloon the fragile form of a beautiful young girl of some thirteen summers old.

Pitiful indeed was the tale she had to tell, in her broken English—she was a Spaniard—too pitiful, indeed, to repeat in detail. The brig had been bound for Norway from a foreign port, laden with mahogany and specie. Her father was captain and owner, and her only earthly relation. All went well till the storm came on, when the brig was reported sinking. The captain and mates refused to leave her; mutiny was the result, and a fearful fight on deck. Then the crew came below and ransacked and robbed the ship, while poor Rosie hid for her life.

Teddie and Willie did all they could to comfort the unhappy child, but, alas! what consolation is there for sorrow such as hers?

Let me finish this ower true tale in the language of Farmer Deane himself.

"Dear heart," he said to me, "*I* was the fisherman's boy Teddie, and here sits by my side the poor lass we (Brown and I) found on the derelict.

"You see, my mother adopted her. For the matter o' that, she could well afford it, for the price o' the brig went all into the bank to be saved for Rosie. But, bless you, sir! how I did come to love the wee lass! and I was never so happy as when sailing in the bay with Rosie by my side.

"But I was sent away for four years to a distant school, only I found time to say something to Rosie the night before I started.

"'I love ye, lass!' I said; 'and when I come back I'm going to ask you to marry me, and if you don't I'll just go off to sea.'

"Well, sir, I didn't have to run off to sea. Heigho! how time flies! Stir the fire, sir. Listen to the wind! Isn't it fearful?"

I had never spent a quieter Christmas than that one, but it was none the less a very happy one, and the memory of it even now is pleasant.

A MIDNIGHT SWIM.

By Robert Richardson, B.A.,

Author of "Christmas in the Bush," etc.

The very good ship Cawarra, homeward bound from Sydney, was sailing through a phosphorescent sea under starlit skies. We had crossed the line a few days previously, the brave trade winds had followed us as faithfully as the albatross followed the ship of the Ancient Mariner, and had not yet deserted us.

Willie Balgarnie and I were seated in the lee of the skylights, I watching the mast-heads slowly rocking among the stars. All the other passengers had gone below. The night was very still. Nothing broke the soft hush save the creaking of the cordage, the chief officer's occasional voice from the quarter-deck as he gave some orders, and two voices coming up through the open skylight from the saloon below, where the captain and the doctor were chatting.

"Tell us that yarn, Willie, you had just begun the other day when something interrupted you," I said.

Balgarnie and I had become close chums during the voyage. He was going to England for a year's visit. A fair blue-eyed fellow, tanned brick-brown, not above the middle height, but of a conspicuously well-knit and supple frame, clear fearless eyes, and a clean-cut firm chin, looking altogether the sort of man you do not easily score off.

"All right." And Willie began without more ado.

* * * * * *

It was early in the seventies—seventy-two, I think—that I was at Waneroo, the Driscolls' Run. Squatters had not yet recovered from the "black years," and economy and thrift were the order of the hour. Waneroo is an out-of-the-way place, as you perhaps know, and the Messrs. Driscoll had been a good deal bothered by the blacks. Soon after I went on to the station they again became troublesome, several times attacking the sheep at an out-station at one of the remotest parts of the run, and killing and carrying off a considerable number. This was a thing not to be tolerated at any time, but especially not in hard times.

There were two men in charge of this out-station, but one was an old fellow, a shepherd, and it was thought expedient to replace him by a younger and more active man. I, therefore, who was at this time doing almost everything by turn on the station, was told off for this post.

My companion was a man named Furlong, a good-natured, easy-going Irishman, who had been many years in the colonies, and we got on very well together. It is necessary that I should try and make you understand here, old man, how our hut was situated. It was the rudest possible little shanty of a place, built of unbarked logs after the most approved and elementary bush fashion. It stood back a few yards only from the river. This stream led with many a bend and circuit from our hut through bush and scrub and plain land right past the home station. Its breadth and volume made Waneroo one of the best-watered runs in northern Queensland, and compensated largely for its remoteness and inaccessibility.

Dan Furlong and I kept a sharp look-out for our black neighbours, but we ceased almost altogether to be troubled by any of their neighbourly attentions. We made a nightly patrol of the vicinity, but never caught even a glimpse of a black shadow among the gums. We began to hope that the natives, either satisfied with the quarry they had already secured, or warned off by the increased vigilance of our watch, had decamped altogether from the neighbourhood.

The summer had been a long one, but at last the winter rains had begun. We were not sorry for that, for we were beginning to want them. The rain fell steadily for three days without pause or break, a perpendicular rushing downpour, such as those only who have lived in tropical or semi-tropical lands can conceive. On the second day Dan Furlong said at breakfast,

"Do you know, old man, the tea's nearly out? Hardly enough to last us another twenty-four hours." To most Australian bushmen short commons in tea is an infliction indeed.

"What'll we do? A ride to the head station in rain like this isn't a very lively business," I said.

"We'll wait a bit longer to see if it lightens at all. To-morrow morning I'll make for headquarters and get a fresh store, though it should pour bandicoots and bunyips."

And so it was settled. About noon on the following day the rain was falling less threateningly, and Dan mounted horse and set out. But by nightfall it was coming down as heavily as ever, with a dull heavy thud on the earth like the roar of a distant cataract, and a swishing lashing beat on the roof of the hut like a hail of leaden bullets. I expected Dan back by midnight, but midnight came and past and there was no sign of my mate. I concluded that he had found himself too comfortable at headquarters to desire to face a night ride through that bleak cold hail of water; and I could not find it in my heart to blame him.

By this time the river was almost level with its banks. Looking out from the door of the hut was to look across a vast area of flooded country, a cheerless and melancholy prospect in any case, but trebly so when it was remembered that a little further continuation of the flood meant the destruction of thousands and thousands of sheep upon our own and adjoining runs. Rain we had wanted, but floods were a worse extreme.

I did not wait longer than an hour for Dan, for I felt pretty sure that he had stayed over the night at the head station. I had had a

long and dull day in the hut, and the unceasing sound of the beating rain outside had at last produced a dull, blank, vacant feeling in my mind. In such circumstances bed seems the one thing left in the world. I lay down in my Crimean and trousers, kicking my boots into the corner of the hut with a slightly vicious feeling, as though kicking against the fate that had left me stranded in a wretched little hut in the middle of a flood, without a companion. But at least I could sleep; and to sleep I went in less than five minutes, in spite of the unceasing rataplan of the rain overhead.

I could not have been asleep more than two hours, when I was awakened by a chill feeling in my extremities. For a moment I thought that I had merely kicked off my blanket, and was feeling the cold air on my feet. I sat up with the idea of readjusting my blanket, stretched out my hand to the foot of the bed, and touched something cold. It was water! I could scarcely believe it, and for an instant thought I was hardly yet fully awake. I reached my hand out to the side of the bed—water! The next moment a cold tide flowed in over me; I sprang to my feet and found myself standing above my knees in water on the floor of the hut.

You may believe I was thoroughly awake now, yet it took me a minute or two to gather my senses together. It was clear enough what had happened. The river had risen during the last few hours far more rapidly than I had counted on, had burst its banks, rushed up the low slope on which the hut stood, and in a little more would probably wash it clean away. There was no time to be lost if I wished to avoid being involved in the wreck of the falling hut.

It was pitch dark, but in a moment or two I had reached the door. Outside thick darkness rose up before me like a solid black wall; black impenetrable night and a wild roaring of waters all around. It was a moment to daunt the boldest heart, and a deathly cold shaft struck suddenly home to mine.

With a strong effort I pulled my courage together, tried to keep my head, and prepared to face the peril. I waded out into the black night before me and the blacker flood beneath. Half a dozen steps took me above the waist, half a dozen more up to the armpits, and presently I was swimming. I made for the river. My idea was to trust myself to its current, wild as that was, and to let it drift me on eastward in the direction of the head station.

But what a desperate and forlorn hope it was, to think that I could possibly last—keep breath and warmth in my body, till I reached the home station. And even should I succeed in doing this, how should I be able to judge in this black darkness when I had reached the station? In very truth it seemed like hoping for a miracle. But at least it was better than trusting myself vaguely to the blind pathless flood of waters that stretched around me on all sides; and the instinct of self-preservation bade me fight my fight to the last and banish despair.

I was soon in the current of the river, and being borne along upon its wild torrent. I have been a good swimmer from my earliest boyhood, and it was now much in my favour that I had not to waste my strength and breath in actual swimming. What I had chiefly to do—and it was task enough—was to keep myself well above the rough and broken water, and not allow it to beat and buffet the breath out of me. A great deal of the time I was treading water, and the current was carrying me along in an almost upright position. This, of course, was not so much exertion as if I had had to swim. Had I been obliged to stem such a current, practised swimmer as I was, I could not have lasted half an hour.

On and on I was borne on the mad eddying flood, the black night continually opening its weird arms to receive me, closing again as swiftly behind me. My difficulty chiefly was not to make progress, but to prevent myself being borne too swiftly and rudely along. Another danger was from uprooted and floating trees which were being swept headlong down the raging river, more than once striking me sidelong in their rapid passage.

The water was not so cold as you might suppose. The cold of a flood like this in northern lands would have soon become unendurable, but in our latitudes the water seldom reaches that death-chill temperature. Moreover, the very swiftness of the flow—its state of angry commotion like a vast churn—made it less cold; just as you have observed at the seaside that the water seems warmer on rough days than when it is quite smooth and waveless. I thought I could last some time yet, as far as insensibility to cold went. But I could not be sure. I was still comparatively fresh. Exhaustion might come upon me suddenly and swiftly at any moment. It was all uncertain how long I could actually last.

It took me all I knew, I assure you, keeping up my heart. The roar of waters in my ears was deafening and terrible, striking awe and horror to the heart; while the sensation of being swept on through black space, never seeing two yards before you, always with a vague terror of I know not what before you, was like being hurried into the pit of death itself.

All this time my mind was neither altogether vacant, nor, curious as it may seem, entirely absorbed in my situation. All sorts of strange thoughts went flitting and drifting through my brain in a mingled and confused progression. Scenes and places and people and fancies came back to me that I had not thought upon for years, just as they so often do in dreams, and with just as little apparent reason or connection. But every few moments I was brought up again, so to speak, to the reality and awful danger of my situation; and thus my mind oscillated in a strange way between memories of the past that I had thought were dead and buried for ever and my present and instant peril.

And now, perhaps, the strangest part of an eventful night happened. I had been, I should say, nearly an hour in the water when I was struck on the back by some heavy bulk. I caught instinctively at the object as it swept past me, and grasped the trunk of a large tree, much larger than any that had been drifted near me hitherto. The moment I seized the tree I saw that something else had hold of it too. A dark form was grasping it on the other side a little nearer the trunk.

In a moment or two more I had made out the figure. To my amazement it was a black man. We were so close that there was no possibility of mistake; so close that even in the thick darkness I saw his wild eyes gleam red and savagely, it seemed to me with mingled hate and rage. I had usurped his property, perhaps his hope of safety, and he was at once prepared to resent it.

It was easy to guess at the black man's position. He had in some way been surprised by the flood like myself; and though the Australian aborigines are splendid swimmers, the man had perhaps been maimed or incapacitated for some reason from swimming, and was trusting for safety to the trunk.

The tree was a large one, and would have proved a most helpful buoy and support to me also; but still I think I should have left my new acquaintance in undisturbed possession of his raft if he had allowed me. But he did not. Thinking probably that my intention was to oust him from his position and seize the tree for myself, he slipped along the trunk until he was right opposite me, and before I was well aware of his intention, grasped me by the head and shoulders, and endeavoured to force me under the water. There was nothing for it now but to shake off my new-found foe. I raised myself upon the tree almost half out of the water and seized the black man in turn.

And now began a strange and deadly struggle. We wrestled and strove in the grim darkness across the trunk that rolled and swayed and turned beneath us, like two wild water creatures. Now we were on top of the trunk, now underneath and struggling and striving in the foaming water, both grasping the tree with our legs twisted about it, while each endeavoured to thrust the other off with arms and shoulders. Had it been a hand-to-hand encounter on dry land I feel sure that by some trip or ruse in wrestling I could soon have mastered my swarthy foeman; but under the present circumstances we were more evenly matched. He fought like a wild beast; but I, too, was fighting with the strength of despair, and at last I effected what from the first I had been aiming at. I got my hands clasped about the savage's throat, and he was in my power.

But even at that moment, when my blood was up, and all the worst passions in one's heart were supreme, I did not wish to kill him, even though in self-preservation. A little more pressure upon his throat and he was a dead man; but I refrained. Putting all my remaining strength into the effort, I flung him from the tree, and in a moment he vanished from my sight in the darkness. It was my only alternative. He had still the same chance for his life as I had previously, for the strength he had displayed in his struggle with me had convinced me that he was still able to make some fight for his life against the river.

The force I had used in dislodging my foe from the tree sent me nearly off also, spinning the trunk round, and plunging me backwards in the water. But I now changed my position in regard to the tree, resting my arms across as one does with a life-preserver, and allowing my body to float as upright as possible in the water.

I was much exhausted by my recent struggle, faint and breathless, and all I could now do was to keep fast hold of the tree and allow myself to be carried along with it. A most uneasy sort of progression it was, for the trunk rolled and lurched and twisted in the tumbling waters, and it was the utmost that I could do sometimes to prevent its being swept from under me.

Thus things went with me for some time, when I became aware, with a dread sinking of the heart, that my last remaining strength was going from me. The cold of the water, the beating and buffeting of the mad current, the struggle with my black foe—was it any wonder that I was spent? My own marvel was that I had lasted so long. I could not be mistaken. I felt sure that I was at the end of my physical resources. A numbness was creeping alike over body and mind. Now and then I lost entire consciousness for a moment or two, awaking again from the brief stupor with a sudden painful start.

These periods of unconsciousness were becoming of longer and longer duration. I was grasping the tree almost mechanically, my sense of touch having become nearly extinct; the deadness of feeling was spreading all through my frame, and clutching it seemed at my very heart. The wild black world about me was growing even blacker and blacker, when suddenly I was roused to new feeling by striking my head sharply against a hard substance. I was jerked at the same moment from my trunk. I raised my arms and caught at the branch of a tree bent low over the river, full consciousness again returned to me for a few moments, and with the last remaining remnant of strength I lifted myself out of the water, scrambled into the branches of the tree, and settled in a cleft. At that instant consciousness finally deserted me, and I knew no more.

I awoke to life and feeling with a sensation as of some warm liquid trickling slowly through my veins. All my limbs were numb,

stiff, dead. It was only that creeping warmth about my heart that told me that I was still alive. Then I looked up and beheld the sun shining out strong and brilliant from a clear blue sky. It was that that had waked me to thought and sensation again; it was the kind vivifying warmth of the great life-source that was penetrating my faint and frozen frame, and reviving it.

I looked around me, and lo! at a distance of not more than three or four hundred yards were the huts, houses, fences, and paddocks of the home station, standing still well out of the reach of the flooded river on the grassy rise. Between me and the station rolled a yellow, turbid, foaming flood, which now, however, under the vivid beams of the sun, looked a very different thing from the terrific torrent in the wild darkness of the night.

My object was now to signal in some way to my comrades, for it was almost impossible that, without looking directly towards me, they should discover me hidden amid the boughs of my she-oak-tree. I stripped myself of my Crimean shirt, climbed with considerable difficulty as high as I could up the tree, and fastened the shirt like a flag to a bough. The morning breeze caught and filled it, and it floated wide in the wind.

I had not long to wait. In a few minutes a number of figures had gathered in front of the overseer's house, and presently the boat, which was always kept at the head station for use on the river, was launched upon the flooded waters. Two men jumped in and rowed towards me. My perils were over at last.

I was taken to the superintendent's own house, given some hot drink—I knew not what—and at once put to bed in heated blankets, when I immediately fell asleep again and slept on till past midday. It was probably the best that could have happened to me, better than food or drink. I awoke feeling much better, warmer, stronger, with a less vacant, dazed, and dreamlike feeling in my brain, and able to take food. I was nursed and tended during the next few days like a child, but it was many weeks before I quite got over the effects of that night's adventures; indeed occasional slight twinges of ague that I am liable to to this day I attribute to that midnight swim.

* * * * * *

"And now, old man, everybody below there's gone to roost, it's going eight bells, and I think you and I'll turn in too."

THE MIDDY'S PLUM PUDDING;

OR, A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON BOARD A SLAVER.

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day," remarked Lieutenant Hill to Harold Browne, the midshipman of his watch, as the latter made his appearance on the quarterdeck of her Majesty's ship Foam, to report to his superior officer that he had gone the rounds, and found the look-out men on the forecastle on the alert and doing their duty.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Browne, with a smile, "and I hope it's the last we shall spend on the West Coast of Africa."

"How is your mess looking up for Christmas fare?" inquired the lieutenant; "better off, I trust, than we are in the ward room?"

"I don't know, sir, but I expect it'll be a case of 'salt horse' at one end of the table and salt pork at the other; you know what an 'empty belly' station this is."

"Yes, it's pretty bad that way, Browne, but I should have thought that your caterer might have laid in a stock of fresh provisions when we anchored off Jella Coffee the other day."

"Nothing to be got there," replied the midshipman, "but a few 'Jella Coffee runners' (the name given to African fowls), and we finished the last of 'em yesterday, old and tough as they were."

"Well, I'm afraid you are worse off than we are; however, the purser has plenty of flour and raisins in the hold, so at any rate there'll be the orthodox plum pudding to fall back on, my boy."

"Sail on the weather bow, sir," hailed the "look-out" in the foretop.

It was a lovely night, such a one as is only met with in the tropics. In the bright moonlight the long low line of the African coast down which the Foam was running was plainly visible on the beam, and the dull roar of the heavy surf breaking on the white sands might be heard from time to time above the wash of the sea and moaning of the wind through the ship's cordage.

The good ship was spanking along under "all plain sail," every stitch of canvas drawing. For over three years had she ploughed her way up and down the coast of the Dark Continent assisting to keep down the infamous slave trade; but the Foam's had been very unfortunate in comparison with the crews of other vessels forming the African squadron; as yet they had never succeeded in making a capture, and consequently they were very anxious to retrieve their fortunes before the termination of the commission.

So when the cry of "Sail on the weather bow" was heard it had an electrical effect on the lieutenant and the youngster.

The former jumped quickly into the hammock netting, and with his night glass carefully scanned the horizon, and said in excited tones,

"Young'un, if this turns out to be the craft we are in search of, I congratulate you on the Christmas box you'll get."

"What does she look like, sir?" exclaimed the mid, scrambling up to the side of the lieutenant.

"Long black hull, schooner rigged, and —'pon my word, I believe we're in luck at last. Boatswain's mate!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Hands make sail; call the skipper, Browne."

"Tumble up there, lads, tumble up, men," roared the boatswain's mate, as he stood at the top of the fore hatch.

Up they came in response to the shrill pipe, and quickly flew to their stations.

As they busied themselves making sail Captain Harris, the commander of the Foam, appeared on deck.

"Hullo, Hill, what's up now?" were his first words.

"Schooner right ahead, sir, crossing our bows, and if I'm not mistaken it's the Raven."

"You don't say so," rejoined the captain, rubbing his hands with glee, and, mounting a gun-carriage, he took the lieutenant's glass and looked in the direction indicated by that officer.

"I believe you're right, Hill, but I'll very soon know. Mr. Courtney," addressing the first lieutenant, "is the bow gun loaded?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then fire across her bows at once, and if that doesn't make her heave-to we shall understand each other. Stand by forward there to fire the bow gun."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Fire!"

Bang! The flash lit up the rigging of the Foam, making all the ropes and shrouds look as if they were traced in fire; while a wreath of white smoke rolled across the moonlit waters, and as the breeze carried it far away officers and men strained their eyes to see the effect on the schooner.

"That doesn't look like heaving-to," said Mr. Hill to the captain; "they're clapping on more canvas—why, she goes like a witch."

"She does indeed; we must give her another shot, but don't fire low—aim for her foremast. I don't want to hurt any of the poor wretches that may be stowed away below."

Once more the gun sent its iron missile hurtling through the air, but the shot fell short, and it was evident to all on board the Foam that the Raven was fast showing the man-of-war a pair of clean heels.

"This will never do, Hill," said the captain, casting his eyes aloft. "Has she got all the sail on she can carry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Foretop there."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Keep a sharp look-out on that schooner."

"I think, Captain Harris," said Mr. Rowe, the master, who for the past ten minutes had been as attentively watching the horizon to windward as his shipmates had been regarding the movements of the supposed slaver to leeward, "we must shorten and furl."

"Why, Rowe?" answered the captain, and there was a slight shade of annoyance in the tone of his voice.

"There's a tornado brewing over the land," replied the master, pointing to the coast.

"Yes, you are quite right. Hands shorten sail!"

On the African coast the atmospherical changes are rapid and frequent. At one moment the sky may be perfectly clear, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond; a few moments later a dark cloud in the form of an arch is seen rising quickly over the land towards the zenith. The temperature, which has been unbearably hot and stifling, falls fast, as cold currents of air laden with the scent of earth and perfume of flowers are wafted seaward. At last the arched cloud, on attaining its highest elevation, suddenly bursts asunder, and with a wild, whistling, screeching sound the wind comes roaring furiously across the waters, tearing them into sheets of foam and whirling the white crests before its path.

Woe betide the ship caught unprepared in the track of the tempest.

But, fierce as it is, the storm is of short duration. It appears quickly to exhaust itself, and frequently in a quarter of an hour it has blown itself out, and is succeeded by a deluge of rain, to be followed by the bright sunlight and gentle breeze.

The ship's company of the Foam very soon stripped their ship of her white pinions, and presently, when the tornado bore down upon her, it found little more than bare poles to wreak its wrath on; so it raged and roared round the ship in impotent fury, in concert with the artillery of heaven; while high above in the black vault the lurid flashes of lightning darted here and there discovering the frightened clouds that were scurrying madly across the sky, and lighting up the dark billows that heaved and tossed as if in agony below.

When the tornado was over the Foam's men were not at all pleased at finding that the chase was no longer in sight. Eager looks were directed to the quarter in which she had last been observed, but nothing was visible on the now calm waters, which were rising and falling in long gentle undulations.

The bluejackets, who were drenched to the skin by the heavy downpour, were quickly aloft, and once more the vessel was arrayed in all the glory of her white wings, but the wind had fallen so light that she made little headway.

It was now close upon eight bells (midnight), so the hands were piped down and the middle watch mustered.

Lieutenant Hill and Mr. Midshipman Browne having been duly relieved by their "opposite numbers," upon whom they impressed the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out for the schooner, wished each other a "merry Christmas," which both appeared to think a good joke as they shook hands together and smiled at the "drowned-rat"-like appearance they presented. After this ceremony they disappeared below, the one to his cabin, the other to his hammock.

* * * * *

"Now then, Browne, out you shoot; show a leg, there, show a leg, you sleepy head," shouted a chorus of noisy young mids as they stood round Mr. Browne's hammock at five a.m., and at last succeeded by jerking the lanyard in precipitating the midshipman of the first watch to the deck, where he lay for a few seconds under a pile of pillows which his lively messmates in the exuberance of their spirits shied at his head.

"Come along, you duffer; here's the schooner that you lost last night in sight again, and old Fizzle the gunner is going to give her a slight touch of the 'Excellent.' Look sharp, or you'll lose the sight."

Away scampered the noisy lot to the forecastle, and Browne, having got inside his jacket and trousers, followed in a high state of excitement.

He arrived just in time to form another unit in an anxious group of spectators who were watching Mr. Fizzle, as that good gentleman, bursting with professional ardour and standing in the approved attitude behind the bow gun, was taking a careful sight along the metal at the schooner that was seen through the bow port scudding gaily over the blue waters.

"Aim for the foremast, Mr. Fizzle," called out the captain, who was watching the schooner from the mizen shrouds.

"All right, sir. Hélevate."

"I say, Charley," said a saucy-looking mid to another, "is 'hélevate' in the gunnery book?"

"What's that you remarked, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Fizzle, who overheard the question.

"Oh, nothing particular, Mr. Fizzle; I didn't know 'hélevate' was in the gunnery book, that's all."

"Certainly it is, sir," seriously answered that worthy. "Hélevate, my man. Hélevate! Well!"

A dead silence followed the gunner's "Well!" as that officer, placing his left hand on his hip and holding the lanyard loosely in his right, stepped quickly aside, jerking the trigger sharply and—

The gun missed fire!

"Shiver my tarry toplights," roared Mr. Fizzle to one of the gun's crew; "you rascal, you forgot to prick the cartridge."

"Axin' yer pardon, sir—"

"What's the matter there, Mr. Fizzle, with that gun?" sang out the captain.

"Why, sir," spluttered the gunner, "this—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the roar that followed.

"Well done, gunner."

A cheer went up from the crew of the Foam as they saw the shot strike the main gaff of the schooner, bringing it down and causing considerable confusion. Before the damage could be repaired by the slaver's crew the man-of-war was alongside her, and the master of the Raven (for it was that vessel), seeing that resistance was useless.

In a few minutes the boats of the Foam were manned, and the slaver was boarded, the master and his villainous-looking crew were secured, and the hatches thrown open to liberate the poor negroes from their stifling dungeon.

Over two hundred of the wretched creatures were brought up, many of them in a dying state, only just released in time to save them from the fate of a dozen of their less fortunate companions in misery, who were found dead at the bottom of the hold.

As soon as the negroes were transferred to the Foam the slaver was taken in tow, and a guard of marines left on board her until Captain Harris could make up his mind as to whether he would proceed with her to Sierra Leone or despatch her to St. Helena.

Eventually he decided on conveying the negroes to Sierra Leone in the Foam, and sending the Raven in charge of Lieutenant Hill to St. Helena.

"You need not leave till the afternoon, Hill," said the captain to the lieutenant, "as the half-dozen hands I shall send with you to navigate the schooner may as well enjoy their Christmas dinner with their messmates before starting."

As soon as all the necessary arrangements had been made as regards the schooner, the Foam's crew settled down to the usual Christmas Day routine, delighted with the prospect of a good lump of prize money and at the good morning's work they had accomplished.

Christmas Day was accordingly kept in accordance with the time-honoured custom that prevails in her Majesty's ships, whether they be sailing under the burning sun of the tropics or ice-bound in the frozen regions of the north.

After breakfast, and directly the crew had had the regulated time to clean, all hands "fell in" at divisions on deck arrayed in their best clothes, looking as neat and trim as possible. And after being inspected by the captain and dismissed, church was "rigged." A curious expression perhaps to any but nautical personages, but the meaning of it is that a certain number of fire buckets or buckets of any description are arranged along the quarter-deck from the mainmast aft, which support the capstan bars that are placed across them, and on these bars the men sit; a reading desk is then improvised out of a couple of conning stools placed one above the other; over these a flag is thrown, and the arrangements for "Divine Service" are complete, or in other words "Church is rigged."

The ship's bell now tolls for a few minutes, and as soon as the officers and men are seated the first lieutenant informs the captain, who emerges from his cabin, and, taking his place behind the desk, commences with the prayers that are enjoined by the articles of war to be read daily; the proper lessons follow, and in some vessels hymns are sung, and well sung too, by the bluejackets.

On board the Foam this Christmas morning, as the ship under easy sail drifted along the African coast, *the* Christmas Hymn was joined in heartily; and depend upon it that many a weather-beaten old sailor, as he raised his voice in the chorus of praise, thought of the days long past when in some pretty village church in the dear old country as a youngster he had sung the self-same words.

The negroes who were gathered together in the waist looked on with wonder as the service proceeded, and although they did not quite comprehend what was going on, their faces beamed with pleasure when they heard the ringing music "Hark, the Herald Angels" proceeding from the three hundred throats.

The service concluded, the order was given to "pipe down," and then Captain Harris and his officers, at the invitation of the petty officers and seamen, walked round the lower deck to inspect the men's dinners.

The lower deck was tastefully decorated fore and aft with palm leaves and bunting, while each table was groaning under the weight of enormous plum puddings, pasties, and eatables of various descriptions, among which I am sorry to say "salt junk" was very conspicuous.

At the head of the tables stood the cooks of the messes, holding plates overflowing with huge slices of plum pudding, of which the captain and officers were

begged to partake. As the gallant officer had to pass a great number of these mess tables in his passage round the decks, and would scarcely like to hurt the feelings of his men by refusing the proffered "duff," he had some difficulty in stowing away the dainty. Not so the young middies who followed in his train but well in the rear; they had a fine time of it, and the only wonder is how they managed to get through their own dinner which took place later in the day.

Having visited all the messes the captain addressed a few kind words to the crew, wishing them a "Merry Christmas," and expressing a hope, which was joined in by every one on board, that the next would be spent in England.

Then he retired to his cabin and wrote out the "sailing orders" for Lieutenant Hill.

* * * *

About three o'clock Captain Harris sent for his lieutenant, gave him his orders, saying, "I have picked out six of the steadiest of the crew to accompany you, and in addition to these men you had better take Duncan, the quartermaster, and one of the young gentlemen to keep watch."

Lieutenant Hill selected Mr. Midshipman Browne, and as soon as that "sucking Nelson" was informed his delight was unbounded, notwithstanding the pretended commiseration of his messmates.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed one; "you'll get no pudding aboard that filthy old tub! How I pity you!" but he knew his pity was thrown away.

"Who's that as will get no pudding?" exclaimed Jenkins, the gun-room steward, from his pantry. "Don't be quite so fast, Mr. Crofton. You didn't think, Mr. Browne, that I was a-going to let you go aboard the slaver without your Christmas dinner? No, sir! You'll find in the cutter as big a duff as your brother hofficers will see on their table to-night."

"Thank you very much, Jenkins," replied the youngster. "Good-bye, you fellows! Hill 's singing out for me. Here, help me up with my traps, or I shall lose my passage!"

On reaching the quarter-deck Mr. Browne found the lieutenant ready and waiting to shove off. Captain Harris saw them over the side into the cutter, and gave a parting word of advice to Lieutenant Hill to keep a good look-out on the master and crew of the slaver. "Don't like the look of the skipper at all, Hill," were his last words. "Keep your eye on him!"

Lieutenant Hill's first care on reaching the Raven was to see that her late crew and the master, a swarthy Spaniard, were properly secured in the slave-hold, where Captain Harris had directed them to be kept during the passage; and, being satisfied on this head, he sent the marine guard back to the Foam, and while his own men, under the direction of the quartermaster, were splicing a few ropes that had been cut away by Mr. Fizzle's lucky shot, he made a careful survey of the ship, finally bringing up in the master's cabin.

"This will be our den," remarked Lieutenant Hill to the middy; "and a filthy place it is at present. Faugh! look at the cockroaches! The ship swarms with them!"

The master's cabin was indeed a contrast to the neat ward-room of the Foam. It was fitted up as a sleeping-cabin, having two bunks on either side, with not even a curtain to screen them. The only furniture it contained was a couple of chairs, a table, and a greasy oil-lamp, suspended by rusty chains from a brass rod under the small skylight. There were lockers at the after end, but they were fastened, and the keys were not visible. Beneath the table there was a small square hatch, and, lifting the cover, the lieutenant desired the mid. to jump down and see what there was below.

"It's only an empty store-room," reported Mr. Browne. "There are a few old bottles down there, and any number of rats!"

"All right, my boy! Now tell Duncan to order one of our people to light the galley-fire; and as soon as we get under weigh we must see what can be done towards getting something cooked for dinner."

Mr. Hill repaired to the upper deck, and, finding that everything was ready, hailed the Foam, and asked that the hawser which bound the schooner to her captor might be cast off. This was done. Sails were hoisted, and in a few minutes the Raven was gliding quietly along in the opposite direction from the course of the man-of-war. The lieutenant and his subordinate paced the deck of the schooner together until dark, and as the lights of the Foam were just fading away in the distance across the wide stretch of waters, he remarked that it was nearly time that they should think about getting something to eat.

"We shall have a very quiet Christmas dinner together, Browne—not quite such a lively party as they'll have on board the Foam to-night."

"Never mind, sir, we shan't do badly; Jenkins sent such a whopper of a pudding on board!"

"I'm glad to hear it, for there's precious little of anything else, I fear, except a few pots of preserved meat and pickles."

"Dinner's ready, sir," said the bluejacket who was doing duty as steward, cook, and valet.

"All right! Duncan, take charge for an hour while I go below. Keep her head due south for the present."

Lieutenant Hill and Mr. Browne once more retired to the master's cabin, and found that Tom Snell, the bluejacket, who combined in his own person the three functionaries above mentioned, had laid the table to the best of his ability.

The midshipman's pudding occupied the centre, and was supported at one side by a box of sardines, on the other by a pot of lobster, while at the foremost end of the table reposed a four-pound piece of salt pork, faced at the after end by an eight-pound piece of salt beef.

But when the two officers entered the cabin they observed a few delicacies that Tom Snell had not provided. The cloth was literally swarming with huge cockroaches, and not until these unpleasant and uninvited guests had been disposed of did Lieutenant Hill and young Browne commence the attack.

"I expect, Browne, that this is about the slowest Christmas dinner-party you ever sat down to," remarked Mr. Hill as he looked into the depths of the sardine-box and brought to light one of their uninvited guests.

"After that, I think we had better commence on the lobster. Pass your plate this way."

"You can remove the fish, Snell," said the lieutenant. "We'll try the next course."

"Shall I give you some beef, sir?" said Mr. Browne.

"Thank you, no, Browne; I'll help myself. Salt horse I never could tackle, even in my young days, and my teeth were pretty good too."

After the two officers had played with their salt fare for a few minutes, they looked up at each other and burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at, young un?"

"Oh, I was only thinking whether we shall manage to get through that piece of junk before we reach St. Helena."

"Was that all? Come now, let's try the duff."

Mr. Jenkins's Christmas pudding was found to be excellent; at any rate, the midshipman thoroughly appreciated it.

"Now, Browne," said the lieutenant, "fill your glass; here's some good claret which our dear old skipper gave me, and now I must ask you to drink the same toast that our shipmates no doubt are drinking—

"'Absent friends.'"

The middy duly honoured the toast, and then the lieutenant requested Tom Snell to remove the banquet.

"The what, sir?" said the astonished A.B., looking around.

"The banquet, you donkey! Well, the grub, then."

"Ay, ay, sir; but where shall I put it?"

"Isn't there a safe in the schooner?"

"No, sir."

"Well, put it in one of the lockers."

"They're all locked, sir."

"Oh, well, put it on top of one of the upper bunks till the morning; and look here, Snell, throw the tablecloth over all, or the cockroaches will walk off with the lot before the morning."

Tom Snell did as he was ordered, and when he had completed his job returned to the upper deck.

"Just look at the way that fellow has arranged the gear," said the lieutenant to Mr. Browne, pointing to the bunk.

"I see," said the middy; "looks exactly as if some fellow was asleep under the cloth."

"Yes," laughed the lieutenant; "the pudding at one end makes a capital head and the lobster-pots at the other you might with a very small stretch of imagination suppose to be the gentleman's trotters. Shall we go on deck?"

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All was quiet on deck. Duncan, the quartermaster, was steering the schooner, and two others of the crew were looking-out forward, while the remainder of the men were lying down on the forecastle asleep.

It was a lovely night, almost as bright as day. The schooner was riding with an easy motion over the silver-crested waves with a nice steady breeze on her quarter, leaving in her wake a sparkling track of phosphorescent water.

Mr. Hill looked aloft at the white sails, and then turning to the quartermaster asked him if the slaver's crew had been at all noisy in the hold.

"They wos gettin' rayther obstreperous about half an hour ago, sir," replied Duncan, "singing out for water. That

Spanish skipper was swearin' 'orrid, but I told 'em all if they didn't hold their jaw I'd shy a bucketful on their heads, and they've bin quiet enough ever since."

"But mind you let them have sufficient, Duncan."

"Why, bless you, sir, they've got plenty below, and it's a jolly sight more than they desarve."

"I think," said the lieutenant, "I shall go below now and turn in till eight bells. You can take charge of the watch till then, Browne; it's all plain sailing. Call me if the wind shifts, and, mind, on no account take off the main-hatch without first apprising me."

The lieutenant went below, and Mr. Browne, feeling proud of his responsible position as officer of the watch, strutted to and fro on the little quarter-deck of the schooner, occasionally stopping for a few minutes in his walk at the main-hatch to listen and ascertain whether the prisoners were quiet.

Once or twice he heard a few sounds as if some slight altercation was being carried on, but as the hours passed all was quiet as death; only the rippling of the sea against the schooner's bows broke the silence of the night.

Just about seven bells, as his watch was drawing to a close, he noticed through the little glass skylight over the cabin that the oil-lamp was burning very low, and as he stooped down and peered into the cabin he caught sight of the covered-up remains of his Christmas dinner, and was forcibly struck with the really strong resemblance it bore to a human being stretched out in the bunk; more so than ever now in the dim light. He smiled to himself and was on the point of getting up and telling one of the crew to go down and trim the lamp, when something that he saw below riveted him to the spot with horror. There beneath him he saw stealthily crawling out from beneath the table a man, and as the fellow rose to his feet he saw in the man's hand a hatchet or axe. The swarthy face and red sash showed him at once that it was the master of the slaver, and it flashed across the boy's mind immediately that he must have obtained admittance into the cabin through the hatch.

"He'll murder Hill," muttered the middy; but berore the youngster could raise his voice the Spaniard swung the axe round his head and brought it down with a terrific crash on the pudding. At the same moment the stalwart form of the lieutenant leaped across from the opposite side, and, clutching the would-be murderer by the throat, dragged him backwards across the table.

"Take that, you cowardly skunk," exclaimed the lieutenant, giving the astonished Spaniard a blow with his clenched fist across the face. "Quick, Browne; jump down here and secure the hatch, I hear the whole lot of them below!"

In a minute the midshipman was beside the lieutenant, and, crawling under the table, he was just in time to slip the bolt, and prevented the raising of the hatch.

The cry of the lieutenant had brought all the Foam's crew to the rescue. In very short time the master of the slaver was heavily manacled with some of the irons used for the slaves; and, this done, Hill, taking a revolver in his hand, and followed by Duncan and Browne, went to the main-hatch and directed the slaver's crew to come up singly, saying as he stood over the aperture that the first man who attempted to make a rush he would shoot. One by one they appeared, and each in turn was placed in irons.

Mr. Hill, then taking a lantern, went below, and on examining the hold ascertained that one of the planks forming the bulkhead that separated the store-room from the other part of the ship had been carefully removed, thus affording a means of ingress to the cabin.

I have little to add to the story beyond stating that during the remainder of the voyage Lieutenant Hill took particular care that neither the captain nor the crew should have another opportunity of making use of the formidable axe which Mr. Browne declared was just the thing they required for chopping up their "salt horse."

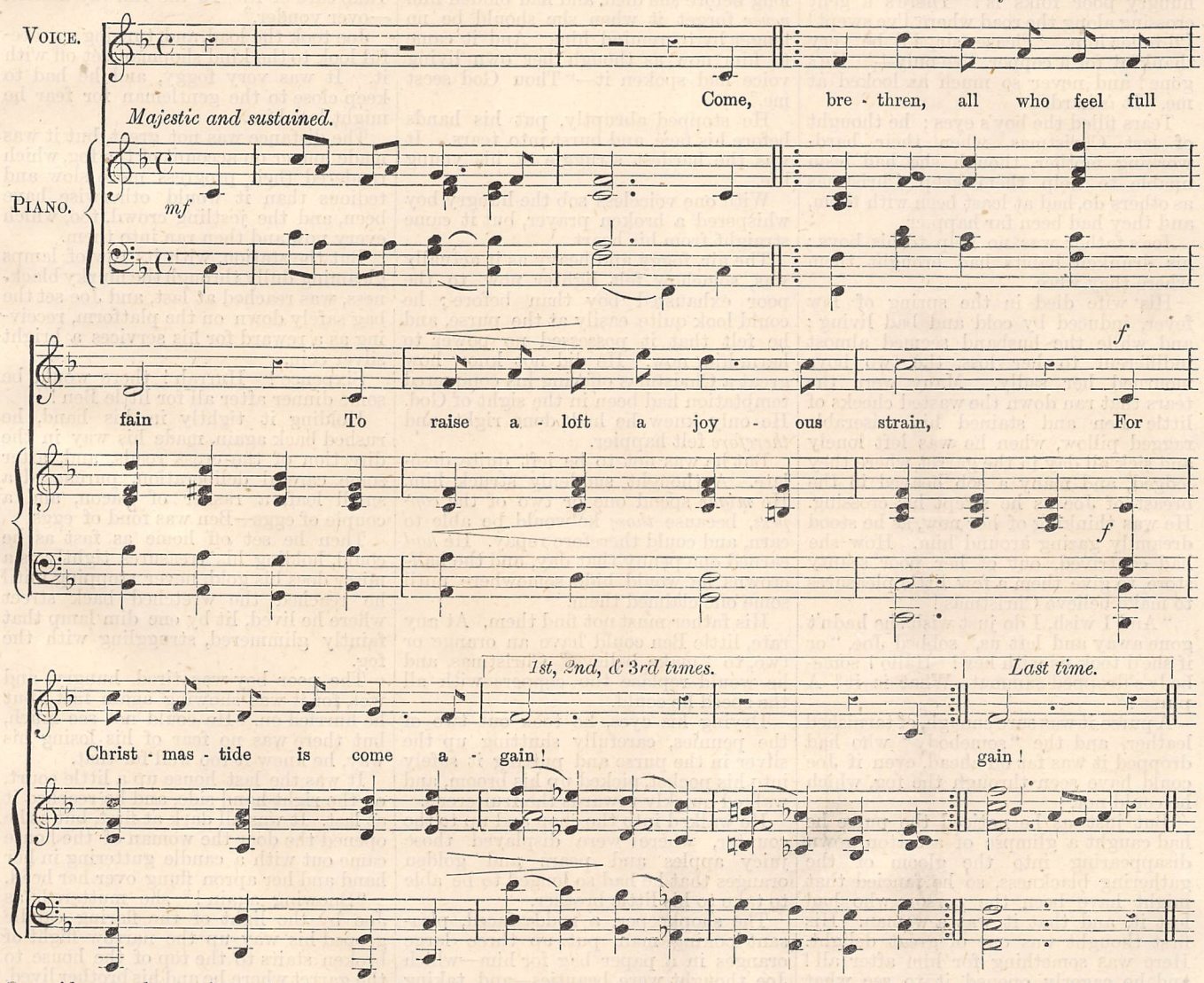
The Raven reached St. Helena in due time, and the slaver and her captain having been safely handed over to the authorities, and the latter well punished for his baffled attempt on the life of the lieutenant, Mr. Hill and his party proceeded in the mail steamer to Ascension, where they rejoined the Foam, and shortly afterwards sailed in her for England, where we hope they may have spent their next Christmas Day, and enjoyed a better Christmas dinner than they had to put up with on board the slaver.

J. C.

"Footprints of Memory."

CHRISTMAS MATIN SONG.

Words by PAUL BLAKE. Music by ARTHUR HUDSON.



Ope wide your sleepy, sluggard eyes,
With heartfelt joy from couch arise,
Though night still shrouds the midnight skies.

Sing not as if ye sang for hire,
But e'en on this cold earth aspire
To emulate the heavenly quire.

Chant loudly ! Let your holy mirth
Attest your gladness for His birth
Whose coming brought goodwill to earth.

FINDINGS NOT KEEPINGS: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By F. L. Rowton.

CHAPTER I.

"CHRISTMAS time! 'Tain't much of a Christmas time to me, anyway. Great folks may manage to keep themselves warm, I can't."

He was a poor ragged boy standing at the corner of a London street where crossings joined, and he had been plying his broom diligently, sweeping away the thick snow which had fallen to the depth of quite a foot.

He had only earned one penny that day, and his cheeks looked pinched with hunger and the biting cold, while his dark hollow eyes eagerly scanned every face that passed by. But scarcely a glance fell upon him in return; people seemed in too great a hurry and too much interested in their own affairs to bestow a thought upon him just now.

"'Tain't so much for me," he said to himself, as he wiped away a tear that stole down his grimy cheek, "as for little Ben. I *would* have liked to take him something home. 'Twould make believe Christmas." And a sob caught his breath.

"I wonder if people ever think how hungry poor folks is? There's a gent crossing along the road where I've swept! I'll foller him. 'Please, sir, I'll be very thankful for a copper, I've only—' He's gone! and never so much as looked at me. It *is* hard."

Tears filled the boy's eyes; he thought of last Christmas, when their hard-working mother, though she had been unable to help them keep Christmas as others do, had at least been with them, and they had been far happier.

Joe's father was no help to his boys; his drunken habits had brought them where they were.

His wife died in the spring of low fever, induced by cold and bad living; and while the husband seemed almost indifferent to her loss, the two boys mourned her sadly. Many were the tears that ran down the wasted cheeks of little Ben and stained his miserable ragged pillow, when he was left lonely and sick all day in the garret where they lodged, and many a sob heaved in the breast of Joe as he swept his crossing. He was thinking of her now, as he stood dreamily gazing around him. How she had contrived, out of her poor scanty store, to give them a few little pleasures to make believe Christmas!

"And I wish, I do just wish she hadn't gone away and left us," sobbed Joe, "or if she'd took us with her! Hallo! somebody's dropped summat. What is it? A purse!"

A purse it was sure enough, of tarnished leather, and the "somebody" who had dropped it was far on ahead, even if Joe could have seen through the fog, which he could not.

But just as he noticed the purse he had caught a glimpse of a cotton gown disappearing into the gloom of the gathering blackness, so he fancied that might have been the person who had lost it, and that it was a woman. His first thought was one of great delight. Here was something for him after all! and he eagerly opened it to see what money might be inside.

Two half-crowns and three penny-pieces! It seemed a fortune to Joe.

"Now we can have some dinner to-morrow!" he cried, in great glee, "and Ben can have some o' them oranges!"

As he shut the purse again he paused, and looked doubtfully at it, while a shade crossed his eager face.

The purse was not his. He had no right to take the money.

Poor Joe! it *was* hard; and as that little reminding thought assailed his conscience, he tried to shake it off, to put it away from him, and to think only of little Ben having a good dinner. But no, it would not do; the purse was not his, and he must not touch the money!

And in all that crowd of careless, bustling people around him, not one knew the bitter temptation that had come to him. He felt as if he *must* have the money—and once even, holding, almost crushing, the purse in his trembling hand, he was proceeding towards the shops—but a sudden remembrance swept across his mind and stayed his progress.

It was only a little text of four words, but his mother had taught it to him not long before she died, and had bidden him *never* forget it when she should be no longer by to remind him. And it came to him now as though her own living voice had spoken it—"Thou God seest me."

He stopped abruptly, put his hands before his face, and burst into tears. It was the hardest struggle of his young life.

With one voiceless sob the hungry boy whispered a broken prayer, but it came straight from his heart.

The air, foggy and heavy as it actually was, somehow felt lighter now to the poor exhausted boy than before; he could look quite easily at the purse, and he felt that it possessed no power to harm him now. He did not know how great a Christmas offering his conquered temptation had been in the sight of God. He only knew he had done right, and *therefore* felt happier.

But he was not to be left quite desolate. A thought suddenly struck him. He *might* spend one or two of the *coppers*, because *those* he would be able to earn, and could therefore repay. He *had* earned one penny that day, and the half-crowns he would hide somewhere until some one claimed them.

His father must not find them. At any rate, little Ben could have an orange or two, to "make believe" Christmas, and he would replace the coppers with all the speed he could.

Drying his eyes, he took out two of the pennies, carefully shutting up the silver in the purse and putting it safely into his pocket, picked up his broom, and walked quickly towards the fruiterer's.

He walked into the shop and up to the counter, where were displayed those juicy apples and pears and golden oranges that he had so longed to be able to take to his little brother.

The shopkeeper, a ruddy-faced, pleasant-looking man, put up three large oranges in a paper bag for him—which Joe thought were beauties—and, taking up two or three rosy apples, slipped them in too, saying, "There, my boy, that's a Christmas-box for luck!"

Before the boy could recover sufficiently to thank him he turned to speak to an old gentleman who, unseen by Joe, had been making a good many purchases at the other end of the shop, and now came forward, bearing a heavy, well-filled bag, in addition to several brown-paper parcels, which he carried under his arms.

"It isn't very far," he was saying to a man who had been serving him; "but I can't carry it, my arm is quite stiff and cramped now."

"Want your bag carried, sir?" briskly asked the shopkeeper. "Here's a boy who will be glad of a job, I'm sure;" for he knew Joe by sight, his crossing being nearly opposite his shop; and, having noticed the boy's sad face all that day, felt sure he was safe in what he said.

Joe looked radiant. "I'll carry it, sir! I'll carry it!" he cried, delighted, and stuffing his own paper bag into his worn pocket. "Where to, sir?"

"Stop a bit, my lad," said the old gentleman, releasing his arm carefully from the heavy bag and giving it a gentle shake. "There, that's better. Take care of it. To the railway station—over yonder."

Joe took the load, and, turning a grateful look to the kind shopman, set off with it. It was very foggy, and he had to keep close to the gentleman for fear he might lose him.

The distance was not great, but it was made longer on account of the fog, which rendered their progress more slow and tedious than it would otherwise have been, and the jostling crowd, too, which every now and then ran into them.

But the station, with its row of lamps gleaming dully through the murky blackness, was reached at last, and Joe set the bag safely down on the platform, receiving as a reward for his services a bright silver coin.

Sixpence! Hurrah! there would be some dinner after all for little Ben!

Holding it tightly in his hand, he rushed back again, made his way in the direction of the cross roads, and, after some careful deliberation, purchased a small loaf, a rasher of bacon, and a couple of eggs—Ben was fond of eggs.

Then he set off home as fast as he could, holding his treasures tightly as a miser does his gold, never stopping until he reached the wretched back street where he lived, lit by one dim lamp that faintly glimmered, struggling with the fog.

The poor boy was tired, hungry, and wet, for it was snowing again fast; but he hurried on. He could not see much, but there was no fear of his losing his way, he knew it too well for that.

It was the last house up a little court, on the right-hand side, and he reached it at last. It was all dark at first, but as he opened the door the woman of the house came out with a candle guttering in her hand and her apron flung over her head.

"Snowing again!" she muttered, as Joe by the light of the flaring candle groped his way up the narrow flight of broken stairs to the top of the house to the garret where he and his brother lived. Turning the handle softly, he entered the room.

It was dreary enough, being lighted

only by a window or skylight in the roof, and now the snow had lodged on it thickly, dripping here and there through the cracked panes on to the floor below. How scantily it was furnished! Two chairs, a truckle-bed, and a table were all it contained. There was a cupboard in one corner, and that held all their necessaries—a few plates, cups, and an old teapot—and a small supply of firing. This was all; but, desolate as the place looked, it was "home" to poor tired Joe, and he gave a sigh of relief as he put down his armful of things on the table, and then turned to the bed whereon his brother lay.

"Is that you, Joe?" said a faint, weary voice. "Oh, I thought you wos never comin': it's all *so* dark and cold!"

You could hear from the trembling tones that Ben was near crying.

"Never mind, Bennie," Joe replied, cheerily; "I'll soon get a light, and I've got summat here for you. Just wait a minit; you can't see yet; three oranges! Think of that, and all for you!"

"Oranges!" said the child, raising himself in his bed, with eager, longing eyes. "Oh, Joe, how *did* you get them?"

'Ah, I'll tell you all about it," said Joe, who was busy raking in the grate and putting some sticks in to boil the kettle. "And the man at the shop he giv' me four apples, he did, for a Christmas-box; and an old gent as wanted his bag carried to the station giv' me a sixpence; and I've got two eggs here for you. There, that's better," as the wood began to crackle. "Now for the kettle; that's it." So saying, Joe placed the kettle firmly on the embers, and then began to unpack his treasures, displaying them before the admiring eyes of his brother. "There they are, ye see," holding up the eggs, one in each hand, "and all whole. I was afeard they'd break, what with the loaf and broom and all, but they ain't. Now you shall have a tea presently. Here's this 'ere rasher too."

"But, Joe, hadn't we better save that for to-morrow?" put in little Ben, looking at it, nevertheless, with hungry eyes.

Poor child! Sad experience had taught him to be careful, *so* careful of their meagre food, and he knew that Joe would probably not earn anything on the morrow, being Christmas Day.

"P'r'aps we'd better," agreed Joe, eyeing it with loving glances, but he put it on a plate and set it on the shelf in the cupboard. "No one's been, I s'pose, Ben?"

"No; oh, no; nobody comes to see *me*," said the sick child, with tears in his eyes, and yet a faint smile struggling on his pallid lips.

Joe shook his rough head sorrowfully as he coaxed up the fire under the kettle, which was beginning to give a faint yet significant little hum.

While it was progressing Joe caught up his ragged cap and sped away again to fetch some milk with his last penny. He was soon back, and knelt down to watch the now nearly boiling kettle.

"How's the pain been to-day, Bennie?"

"Oh, very bad, Joe—sometimes. I feel my limbs all twisted with it. And my head aches too now," added the poor little fellow, lying down again upon his torn pillow with a weary sigh. The tone went to his brother's heart, but he said, as cheerfully as he could,

"Never mind, Ben, you shall have some tea; it will be better after that. You're tired and hungry, that's what 'tis. Now, this is just a-goin' to boil."

It would have done any one's heart good to see Joe in the midst of his preparations, putting a pinch of tea (it was all they had) in the teapot, filling up with boiling water, and standing it on the rusty hob, cutting slices of bread off the loaf, and setting on the egg that was to be Ben's dinner as well as tea, in a little tin pot to boil. The sick child lay back and watched him with a look of wistful affection in his large hollow blue eyes. He had evidently been a pretty-looking child, about eight years of age, with delicate features and fair hair, pretty curling locks, which his poor mother used to praise; but now his face had a pinched, careworn expression, the result of suffering, for a very lingering disease arising from exposure to cold and damp had almost crippled his limbs, and he was unable to move from his bed.

His father paid little heed to him, and had it not been for Joe the poor child would have been badly off indeed, but all the warm affection of Joe's heart was poured out on this helpless little brother. He would not have minded a bit going without food himself if only he could have got Ben what was needful. But Joe's means were so small. To-night, however, seemed to be quite a jubilee to the two boys.

"Now," said Joe, as he carefully drew off the pot and took out the egg, "he's done. Ain't he prime? You shall have a reg'lar tea, Ben. Here you are—there, now!" bringing it to the bedside, "what do you say to that?"

"It's beautiful, Joe!" said the child, eagerly. "Oh, how good you are!"

"Well, eat it up, Bennie, it'll do you heaps of good; and here's a cup of hot tea."

The child-boy pressed his hand with a sigh of gratitude and obeyed swiftly, eating the egg, and drinking the tea with the feverish zest of one half famished.

"That's right," said Joe, as he saw the faint colour come to the pallid cheeks; "and while we're eating, Ben, I've got summat to tell you."

Then sitting down with his own tea close beside his brother, Joe gave an account of how he had found the purse, and what it contained, adding,

"Oh, Ben, I was very near taking it, and spending it, and I don't know but what I should ha' done it too if it hadn't been for—mother," he added, in a choked voice.

"Oh, Joe, I'm so glad. I knew you wouldn't, but it must have been hard." And Ben raised his eyes to his brother's face in tearful admiration.

The little expression of sympathy did Joe good; he felt that his brother understood him, and he returned to his tea with greater relish than before.

"But," said Ben, with a face of anxious thought worthy of an older person, "we mustn't let father know. We must hide it, Joe; and where? I don't know of any safe place, do you?"

Joe reflected as he munched his slice of bread.

"We might hide it under your pillow, Ben. I can't think of no other place as safe. He wouldn't look there."

So it was finally agreed, and the purse was transferred thither at once from Joe's pokcet, little Ben seeming greatly delighted with having the charge of it.

"Father ain't been in, I s'pose, Ben?"

"No," replied Ben, shaking his head; "p'r'aps he'll be away to-morrow till the day arter. He had some money, I know."

"P'r'aps he will," said Joe, beginning to busy himself in putting away what was left of their frugal meal. He washed up the cups, and made up the little fire with some odds and ends of wood, and then came and sat down beside his brother again.

After a time he was called out. He was gone some little while, and returned in high glee.

"Look'ee here, Ben. Mrs. Clapp downstairs 'as had a sack o' coals giv' to her as a Christmas-box, and she 'ave given me this 'ere basket full. See them lumps! Ain't that glorious?"

Ben admired as Joe held and displayed the lumps of coal to the best advantage.

"It's a snowin' awful," said Joe, "and it's nearly nine o'clock."

"Father won't come," said Ben; "hadn't you better read, Joe? Mother's Bible is there on the shelf."

"Father's gone to the Stag's Head, Mrs. Clapp heard him say so," said Joe, as he sat down and reached off the shelf the worn and tattered volume, doubly sacred to them on account of being mother's Bible.

"I think, Ben, I'd better read about Christmas time and Jesus a-comin'," suggested Joe, thoughtfully; and, Ben agreeing, he turned over the leaves to St. Luke's Gospel, and read the second chapter to the twentieth verse.

CHAPTER II.

THE snow was falling thick and fast on Christmas morning when Joe got up and found Bennie still fast asleep.

"He won't hear me a-lightin' this 'ere fire," said Joe to himself as he proceeded to wash his face and don his ragged clothes. It'll be real easy to light it with them jolly lumps o' coal."

It proved so, for he soon had a cheerful fire burning in the rusty grate, and the kettle on before Ben showed signs of waking up.

When he did, however, he seemed feverish and complained of his head and limbs aching terribly. Joe was dismayed.

"I thought you'd a been better for that bit o' fire yesterday, Ben, and the egg—and there's another a-waitin' for you in the cupboard. And then there's them beautiful oranges, too! Well, maybe they'll do you good." Joe got the scanty meal ready, talking as cheerfully as he could all the while.

"It ain't snowin' much arter all now; p'r'aps I'll get to church, if you don't want me and if you can sleep. I think mother would like one of us to go, and you can't. It's Christmas Day, you know, Ben."

Poor little Ben could not eat much breakfast, and Joe looked sorrowfully at his pale face and weary wistful eyes.

"Now I'll tell ye what, Ben," he said, as he put away the breakfast things and made up the fire. "I think you'll go to sleep, cos you look half asleep a'ready. So I'm a-goin' to church. Hark how the bells are ringing! And I'll get Mrs. Clapp to come up and look arter you and the fire, so I'll be able for to cook that 'ere

rasher when I get back, and we'll have them apples and oranges arter dinner as dessert, like the grand folks do." Ben smiled faintly at the idea, and Joe added, "But I'll leave one o' them oranges to keep by you, cos you eat nothin' hardly, and you might like it presently." And Joe cut one with infinite care and put it ready.

Then he brushed his hair, and put on his Sunday jacket, as he called it; but, alas! poor boy, it was hardly a bit better than his everyday one, worn and shabby to the last degree, but he fancied it was more respectable; and it was his mother who had carefully patched it thus. Then with a very clean face he prepared to go forth.

"Good-bye, Ben; ha' you got that purse safe?"

"Yes, Joe," and Ben put his hand under his pillow and drew it forth. "Look."

"That's all right; put it back, Bennie, and mind you go to sleep, cos the time won't seem so long till I get back."

Left alone, Ben lay quietly watching the flames as they leaped and sparkled in the sooty chimney. How silent the place seemed, as if there were no one in the house besides himself; and he wondered if they had all gone to church, or out to spend the festive day. He had not been long alone, however, before the door opened, and Mrs. Clapp, with her cap awry, came bustling in.

"I thought I'd jist mak' up yer bit o' fire afore I begins to see arter the dinner," she observed, vigorously poking at the flaring coals. Having carefully banked it up, and poured a little cold water on the top, "just to make it last longer, and not burn away so soon," she affirmed, she came up and looked not unkindly at the boy's flushed face. "Poor creeter, ye don't feel up to much," she said, with rough sympathy. "Hasn't yer father been in?"

"No," sighed Ben, shaking his head, "not since yesterday morning."

"Hum! a nice father indeed to leave his childer ill and starvin'! Ugh! but ye're better without him, I'm thinking, arter all." With this expression of condolence the good woman departed.

Left alone again, Ben fell into a heavy doze, which lasted some time, and from which he was awakened by the sound of footsteps in the room. He opened his eyes, thinking Joe had returned, and saw — his father; and, oh horror! gazing with half-tipsy delight upon—*the purse*! Yes, in turning over, Ben had dislodged it from its hiding-place, and it had slipped to the floor, where it caught the avaricious eye of his father, who had seized it with avidity and counted its contents. Ben gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh, father, don't take it!" he pleaded.

"You're a nice child, to hide money and leave your parent to starve or beg!" growled Davids with an oath that made the child shiver. He covered his face with his wasted hands and burst into tears.

"It isn't ours," he sobbed. "Joe found it in the street, and he gave it to me to keep until he could find the person it belongs to. Oh, *do* give it me back."

His father replied by a brutal laugh.

"You think I believe all that rubbish? A pack of lies! Joe tells you that story to keep it from me; it belongs to me by rights, and I mean to have it."

"No, no; it *is* true!" cried Ben; "he did find it last night, and he wanted so to spend the money; but he thought of mother, and wouldn't touch it, and he —gave it me to keep safe."

"Hold your tongue, you!" shouted his father, clenching his hand as though he would have struck him, while a livid look passed over his face at the boy's words. For an instant he hesitated, holding the money at arm's length, as though it burned his fingers; then the sight of the glittering silver hardened his heart again, his momentary remorse vanished, and, putting the money in his pocket, he flung the purse on the bed with a hoarse laugh. "There, that'll do you as much good as the money!" and he rushed from the room, with his eyes averted from his child's anguished face and terrified look, but they nevertheless haunted him for many a long day.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, Bennie, wot's the matter?" said Joe, as he entered the room half an hour later, and found his brother weeping hysterically and sobbing as if his heart would break. At his voice the child looked up.

"Oh, Joe, the purse—father has got it, and he has taken the money!" he gasped.

Joe stood thunderstruck.

"Where did he find it?" he said at length.

"Oh, Joe, it must have tumbled on to the floor when I was asleep. I woke up and saw him with it. Oh, what shall we do?" and he fell to sobbing again.

"I say, Ben, don't 'take on' so," said Joe, putting his arm round him; "it ain't your fault, we can't help it; but it do seem a pity, it do, that I should ha' let it alone jist for him to take it arter all! But don't cry, Ben, you'll be so bad presently; he's left the empty purse," taking it up with a rueful shake of his head, "but that ain't no use to us. I'd better keep it, p'r'aps; maybe we might get the money ag'in one o' these days."

Exhausted with crying, Ben let Joe place him comfortably on his pillow, and lay there quietly watching his brother, who busied himself (but with a very brave face) in the scanty preparations for dinner. But though Joe cooked the 'rasher' with his best skill, poor Ben could not eat a morsel.

"I can't, Joe dear; you must eat it," he said, sorrowfully.

"'Tain't more'n enough for you," said Joe, looking very dissatisfied, "and you eat nothin' at breakfast; it won't do, ye know, Ben, but p'r'aps you'd like another o' them oranges?" To this the child consented, and Joe prepared one nicely for him. "And I'll bring out them apples, and we'll bring up the table nearer to you, and have a rare dessert."

The poor rickety table was easily moved up to the bedside, and Joe put on a plate and a broken knife and the brown-paper bag with the rosy apples.

"Ain't it a spread, Bennie! That 'ere greengrocer have given me four beauties. Look'ee!" and Joe cut one of the apples with care, "ain't he prime?'

Ye Olde Christmasse Carol

God rest you Merry Gentlemen

God rest you merry gentle men, Let nothing you dis-maye, Remember Christ our Sa-vi-our
Was born on Christmasse Daye; To save us all from Satan's power When we were gone a-stray.

Chorus

O ti-dings of com-fort and joy O ti-dings of com-fort and joy.

In Bethlehem in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed Morne;
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn
From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certaine Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
Chorus.

The Shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoiced much in minde,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest storme and Wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightwaye,
The Son of God to find.
Now to the Lord sing praise. Chorus.
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmasse
All other doth deface. Chorus.

Yet the feast was somehow a failure. The loss of the purse was on his mind, and Ben guessed as much from his face as he sat silent, now and then giving a heavy sigh.

And all that afternoon and evening, which was spent by his two poor, half-starving boys in that miserable garret, with no comfort but in their warm love for each other, William Davids had spent at the ale-house, whither he had staggered, with the two half-crowns in his pocket.

In the taproom of the Stag's Head he remained with several boon companions, drinking and smoking; but though he tried hard to drown the remembrance in liquor, and to shout and jest with the others, the thought of Ben's agonised face would rise up and haunt him. He could not get away from it, and it made him more angry. He had a horrible idea, too, that the boy had told him the truth about the money, and the child's mention of his mother had stricken him like the sword of an avenging angel. He tried to stifle his conscience, and drank on until a late hour; but he had still enough remorse not to dare to return home and face his innocent children—Joe, who had proved himself so honest and strong in the hour of temptation, he felt he could not meet. And Ben's face! No! Clenching his hand, the wretched man staggered away down the street—away he knew not whither.

CHAPTER IV.

THE week after Christmas set in snowy and bitterly cold. Joe earned a few pence by sweeping the snow from people's doorways, but that was scarcely sufficient to buy them bread, and for want of warmth and proper food Ben grew daily worse. He tried to be cheerful not to distress his brother; but at last it became impossible to hide what he felt, and Joe saw how very ill he really was.

Added to this, since Christmas Day their father had not been home; no one knew anything of him; he had not been seen at the Stag's Head, and they supposed some accident had befallen him, but they could do nothing. Now therefore Joe had to bear the weight of their whole support. Sometimes—how long ago it seemed!—Davids had brought home a trifle towards paying the rent, but now Joe had to do it all, and each day the task grew harder.

The last week in January came, and Ben was so ill that the landlady, of her own accord, fetched the parish doctor to him. He was a kind, humane man, and it grieved him to see the mute anguish depicted on Joe's face as he read what the doctor's opinion was of his little brother.

"He ought to be in the infirmary; there is a chance for him there, he will have good nursing—and that, my poor boy, you cannot give him," the doctor said, when he had finished his examination of the sick child.

"But, sir, would he be sure to get well—there?" asked Joe, stifling a sob.

The doctor hesitated. "That is in higher Hands than ours," he said. "I dare not say that he would; but he cannot get well, or even better, here. In the hospital every chance will be given him. He ought to go without delay."

Joe's heart sank. "But, sir, should I be let to see him? We's allers been together, and I—can't bear—to let him go."

Joe fairly broke down now, and sobbed aloud.

"My good boy, you can see him every day if you like," said the doctor, laying a kind hand on his shoulder. "I will give you a 'pass'-letter, and you can go any time."

Joe raised his head and dashed his tears away. "Then, sir, I'll let him go, and glad; I knows as I ought to. When shall he go, sir?"

"As soon as he can be got ready—in a couple of hours," said the doctor, briskly. "I will take him in a cab. I must see that a bed is got ready for him. Cheer up! you are doing the very best thing you can, under the circumstances," with a smile at Ben's white face.

He had lain quite still and silent during the interview, except to answer the questions put to him by the doctor. He seemed to feel no anxiety about himself, and though he grieved at being parted from his brother, yet he made no objection; he felt too ill to care what they did with him.

True to his word, the doctor came that afternoon, and Ben was well wrapped up and carried down to the cab, and as the hospital was quite near they soon reached it.

The parting between the brothers made the kind-hearted doctor sigh as he thought how soon another parting would come.

He had persuaded Joe not to accompany them then, as he could pay Bennie a long visit the following day, when the child would be comfortably settled, and Joe passively acquiesced. But when he heard the cab drive away with all he loved on earth, he flung himself on Ben's empty bed, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

The next afternoon Joe washed his face and dressed himself with great care in his Sunday jacket, and set off for the infirmary. When he reached it the porter showed him which way to go, and without much difficulty he found the ward where Ben was.

A pleasant-faced nurse, with clean cotton gown, apron and cap, came forward as Joe stood hesitating in the doorway.

"This is the way," she said, beckoning to him as if she had been expecting him; "you will find him at the other end of the ward—No. 27." She walked along beside Joe as he advanced up the long room. "He has been sleeping nicely, and asked for you a few minutes ago." Joe thanked her, and she went away to another patient, and he walked slowly along the ward to find his brother.

How fresh and clean it all looked, with its white scrubbed floors and the long windows letting in plenty of light, and the rows of beds with their blue-and-white check curtains. There were illuminated texts and pretty pictures on the whitewashed walls, and a large fire burned in the wide grate at the end. It was not the usual visitors' day, so it was all very quiet and orderly; only a nurse or two moved noiselessly about attending to some of the patients, and several convalescents were seated on a bench beside the cheerful fire. Joe thought how comfortable it all looked as he went on, looking up at the card above each bed for No. 27. At last he found it, and sprang forward to meet Ben's eager face and smile of welcome.

"Oh, Joe, dear, I am so happy here! they are all so kind to me. Isn't it a nice place?" said Ben, holding Joe's hand as he sat beside his bed.

"Why, you're lodged like a prince, Ben; I *am* glad, I am, that you're here, 'cos it's so good for you, and maybe you'll soon be better, and then it'll be jolly, though there's only the garret that we can call home for you to come to."

Ben smiled and stroked his brother's hand, but he did not reply directly.

"Is it *very* dull at home, Joe dear?" he asked presently.

Poor Joe! It was hard to answer; he did not want to make Ben unhappy, and it *was* so lonely!

"Never mind that, Benny dear," he said, bravely. "I'm out, you see, pretty nigh all day, so 'tain't so long."

Ah! but Ben knew all that the brave heart wanted to conceal. That little husky tone of voice told him so well Joe's real feelings that he turned his head quickly away to hide the tears that sprang to his eyes.

But both boys struggled with themselves, and tried each of them not to cloud their meeting by sorrow or depression.

While they were thus sitting, the tinkle of a bell was heard, and the nurses began to move about briskly preparing the patients' tea. The same nurse who had spoken to Joe approached them now with two large cups of tea and a plate of thick bread-and-butter. "There is some tea for you," she said to Joe, with a kind smile, for she had noticed his pinched face; "you would like to have it with your brother, wouldn't you?"

Joe was so astonished and touched that he could only look at her pleasant face in speechless gratitude, but she understood him, and nodded as if in reply. "There," she said; "mind the tea doesn't upset on to the sheet," and then went off, leaving them in a state of great delight.

"Now, ain't that kind!" ejaculated Joe, as he took a bite out of one of the slices with great relish. "I didn't expect it."

"I'm so glad," said Ben; "she is so kind; every one of us likes her. She is Nurse Emily."

The boys enjoyed their tea, especially Joe, for Ben could take but very little, yet he liked to see his brother have a good meal, and as they finished, Nurse Emily came to take away the tray.

"You can always have your tea with him when you come in the afternoon," she said to Joe, as she saw how the hot tea and substantial bread-and-butter had brought a faint colour to his thin cheeks.

Joe thanked her warmly and gratefully both by word and look, and after shaking up Ben's pillow she went away.

Then after a little more talking it grew to be time for Joe to go.

"I'm real sorry, Ben, I couldn't bring you nothin', but you don't want it, and I hadn't anything."

"Oh, Joe dear, don't say that!" said Ben, eagerly; "you want it all. You haven't heard anything of father, I s'pose?" lowering his voice.

Joe shook his head. "Not a sign. Well, good-bye, Bennie; I'll come ag'in soon."

One of the most frequent visitors at the hospital was the Rev. Charles Maitland, the clergyman of the church where Joe had gone on Christmas Day. He was greatly beloved there by the poor

patients of the different wards, and much esteemed for his upright and pious life by all the authorities of the hospital.

It was not long, you may be sure, before he found out Ben Davids, and was deeply interested in the poor child's case and the simple details of his pitiful history, which were told him in broken accents by the poor little fellow himself.

The boys became quite friendly with some of the other patients in the ward, especially those whose beds lay on either side of Ben's, and they were pleased all of them to see Joe whenever he came.

One day, it was the visitors' day, some people came to see the woman who was in No. 26; one was an elderly woman (sister to the one who lay on the bed suffering from a bad foot which was tightly bandaged), and they began talking together earnestly. Joe and Ben tried not to seem to overhear their conversation, yet a word or two now and then caught their attention, and one sentence made Joe stop short in what he was saying to Ben and look across with an arrested gaze.

"Yes," the elder woman observed, "I dropped it on Christmas Eve, the first thing I've ever lost. It had two half-crowns and some coppers, and I could ill afford to lose it, Lizzie, I can tell you. I haven't heard anything of it; of course some dishonest person picked it up and kept the money."

Could it be possible? Was this the person who had owned the purse! Joe stared, and Ben, who had also heard the words, touched his hand.

"Joe, dear, did you hear? the purse was *hers*. Oh, if we only had the money you might give it back to her."

"I must tell her about it," said Joe, with a sudden determination, "and let her know as it wasn't a dishonest person as picked it up."

He rose and came a few paces forward towards the woman, who looked hard at him as he approached. Joe stood a minute, looking himself rather uncomfortable as to how he should broach the subject; he fidgeted uneasily with his cap, and the sick woman turned her head slightly towards her sister.

"What does he want?" she said to her, half aloud.

Joe caught the words and came a step nearer.

"I heard you say just now as how you'd lost a purse, didn't you?" he said, rather awkwardly and colouring.

"Well, what then?" asked the woman, sharply. "What if I did? Can't I speak a word to my own sister without you a-listening?"

Poor Joe hung his head a little at the sharp tone, but he contrived to go on with what he had to say.

"I didn't mean to listen, but I found it."

The woman started and her face flushed angrily.

"Found it! Ah, I dare say; you picked my pocket of it, I'll warrant you, you young rascal!"

"That I didn't," said Joe, warmly, roused by the accusation; "you dropped it just by my crossin' where I sweep, and I'd have given it back to yer an' welcome only you got clear off in the fog."

"A likely story!" said the woman, scornfully; "boys in the street like you ain't so honest as all that comes to."

"But *I* am," said Joe, scarcely able to restrain his tears; for it was hard, cruelly hard, after the sacrifice it had been to him to give up the money and the temptation he had so nobly conquered, to be accused of being a thief.

"Well, if you found it, as you say, where is it?" asked the sick woman, who seemed a little softened at the boy's evident distress.

"Ay, where is it," added the other; "'tis hard for a poor creature to lose her bit of earnings."

Joe struggled with himself, but it must be told.

"My brother an' I we kep' it safe, but—but—an accident happen'd an' it's gone." That was all he could say, he could not tell of his father, and he fairly burst into tears when he had finished speaking.

"Gone! yes, of course, you stole it and spent it; I knows the like of yer!" cried the woman, in a passion.

"I never stole it or spent it!" cried Joe, "an' I mean to work to get it paid back to yer."

She burst out laughing.

"It's likely, ain't it?" she said. "A long day it'll be before you earn it, or try to, you young thief. If I had my will I'd have yer put into the hands of the perlice!"

"Stop!" said a voice close by, and Dr. Evans, the head physician of the hospital, stepped forward from behind a screen which had been drawn round the bed of one of the patients whom he had been attending to—"stop!" and he laid his hand upon Joe's shoulder. "I know all this story of the lost purse," addressing the woman, who looked rather uncomfortable, "and I know this boy, and I will not have him abused in this way. I will tell you the whole affair." And, still keeping his hand on the boy's shoulder, and pressing it kindly when he came to the mention, which Joe had omitted, of his father, the physician recounted the history of the finding of the money—how bravely Joe had resisted the temptation of keeping it; how it had been safely secreted by himself and his little brother in the hope of one day returning it to its owner, and how, through his father, it had been lost to them.

Joe's tears glistened on his flushed cheeks and in his grateful eyes as he looked up thankfully into the good man's face.

"Thank ye, sir—thank ye," he said, brokenly, "for rightin' of me; indeed, I wouldn't never have took it."

"I know it, my lad, I know it; and to end the matter I will pay the money to you," addressing the woman, who looked heartily ashamed of herself; and taking five shillings from his own purse, Dr. Evans gave them to her.

"Indeed, sir, I ask pardon; but I didn't know—" she began. "You see—"

"Enough; yes, I *do* see," he returned, gravely, "that there is very little charity in the world. But this poor boy has shown an example of truth and honesty that ought not to be forgotten, and I shall make it my business to remember it."

"Oh, sir!" cried Joe; and in his gratitude he caught the physician's hand and kissed it with joy; "but I did borrow them two coppers, sir, to get Ben some oranges; and I thought I could earn them again. Oh, sir, you are so good!"

"Well, well, my boy, that part of the debt I leave you to pay," said Dr. Evans, smiling.

Here the woman interposed to the effect that she did not want the coppers; she would rather not have them; and begged Joe's pardon.

But Joe resolved, as he returned to the bedside of his brother, that he would bring and pay those pennies at the very first opportunity.

* * * * *

Ben grew hourly worse; and, knowing that the end was near, Joe scarcely ever left his side. The child was patient to the last; he never complained, but even strove to cheer his stricken brother, and had the same sweet grateful smile and look for all who attended on him. Even when the dreaded time actually came the boy did not look worse. Joe could not see much change in the little white face, but to professional eyes it was too evident that the child would not live another hour. Dr. Evans, seeing the state of the case, remained in the ward, but he could do nothing for Ben; and Nurse Emily devoted herself to the dying child and to the weeping Joe.

The little boy's eyes were closed, and he was lying very still and motionless, but his face was calm and peaceful. Joe's tears were running fast, and as Dr. Evans drew near, he sobbed out,

"Oh, sir, don't you really think he might live a bit longer? I can't a'bear to let him go."

"My boy," said the physician, a little huskily, "there is *no* hope—he is dying fast."

"But, sir, you don't think he is in any pain?" Joe bent over his little brother as he spoke, his tears falling on the placid face.

"No, he is in no pain; he does not suffer," was Dr. Evans's answer, as he laid his hand kindly on Joe's shoulder.

"Thank God—for that!" said Joe, brokenly. "Oh, Bennie, *do* speak to me!"

The sound of his voice roused the child. He opened his eyes and put his arms feebly round his brother's neck. "Oh, Joe, dear—don't cry—I am so happy—I am going to Jesus—and I shall—see—mother—and tell—her—how—good—you—have been—to me—and you—will come—too—" His voice died away into a faint whisper.

"Oh, Ben!" sobbed Joe, holding him fast; "I can't get along without you! I knows I'll never get to heaven all alone!" He could say no more.

With a last dying effort the child put up his cold lips and kissed Joe's wet cheek. "Yes—dear, you will—come—we shall—wait—for—you."

The child sank back on his pillow; then, suddenly opening his eyes, while a radiant smile beamed over his face, said, "Oh—Joe—there is *mother!*" and, holding out his arms, he fell back, his eyes closed, and poor little Ben was dead, the happy smile still lingering on his lips.

CHAPTER V.

After Ben's burial Joe was placed by Mr. Maitland at a good school a little way in the country, not far from the spot where his brother was buried, and he often went to visit the grave, and kept the little grassy mound fresh and in order, sometimes taking a few flowers to lay reverently upon it—Ben used to be so fond of flowers.

He was at school three years, and at the end of that time the physician took

him into his own house, and Joe served his kind employer and his family well, fully deserving all the trust they placed in him.

One evening in summer Joe was standing beside Ben's resting-place, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the rays of the setting sun, as they seemed to fall lovingly upon the little grave, when a hand placed upon his shoulder made him look up.

A man in decent clothes, with a hale-looking face, stood beside him, but Joe did not recognise him, and gave him a glance of wonder as he saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"Joe, don't you remember me?" said the man, in a choking voice, as he held out his hands almost deprecatingly.

Joe gazed as if he were in a dream. "Father!" he said, in a half whisper; "is it you?"

"Oh, Joe, my boy, forgive me! I can hardly expect it after—"

But Joe had his arms round him, and the pent-up feelings of the last few years gave way in a burst of tears.

"We thought you were dead," he said at last, wiping his eyes.

"Ay, I did not dare to come back to you after—" He paused and looked down at the grave at their feet.

"Yes, he is there; you knew he was dead?" said Joe, in a low voice."

"They told me about him," said the father, putting his hand across his eyes. "Oh, Joe! can you ever forgive me for this?" and he fairly sobbed aloud.

"Ben is happy now, father; he would not want to remember it," said Joe, softly.

"Joe, my boy," said Davids, after a few minutes, "I am in a good berth now; will you come to me and share the home I can give to you, my son, now

Joe looked up with a troubled face, which his father saw with a pang of self-reproach.

"Joe, my lad, I don't wonder that you doubt me; but hear my story first, and don't judge me hastily. It was all your doing; that money I took—God forgive me! though I knew *his* account of it was true—" He looked reverently towards the grave as he spoke of the dead child. Then he continued, "I drank it all away, but I could not forget that look on his face, and your honesty shamed me. Joe, I was haunted by it! it drove me nearly mad! I dared not come home; I felt I could not even stay near you. I determined to go abroad, and I worked my way out to New Zealand. I began life there anew, but it was a better one, Joe. I made a friend there, who proved a good one to me, and by degrees I got on, and now I have a little farm out there, and it works well. I determined to atone (God helping me) to my poor boys, and came back to fetch them."

He paused, his voice trembled, then he said,

"Will you not come, Joe? Cannot you forgive me?"

"Oh, father, don't talk so," said the boy; "it isn't that; but Dr. Evans has been so good to me!"

"Ah, Joe, more than your father has been," said Davids, sadly; "but God will reward him. I'll perhaps see this gentleman and explain matters;" and that very evening he saw the doctor, and the doctor, finding him sincere, decided to part with Joe.

Some three weeks later Joe was sailing from the shores of England, and as he stood on deck looking longingly after the good doctor on shore, he was happy with a happiness almost akin to pain. His eyes were moist as he thought of the little grave also left behind.

"I shall meet them in heaven," he whispered reverently to himself, as he turned towards his father, "and now I'll try and think of that, and how to make father happy. It must make mother glad indeed to see him now, and Bennie too! and all through that purse, after all! How much good it did. It taught me to be true and honest, it gave me two of the kindest and best friends I can ever know; and more than that," he added, softly, "it brought father back to God."

Joe and his father prospered well out in New Zealand. They owned a thriving sheep farm and some valuable land. They made many friends in the colony; but none, to Joe's affectionate heart, were to him like the kind friends of his youth, to whom he felt he owed a debt of gratitude that he could never repay.

Four years after he had left England he was able to pay a brief visit back to the shores he loved.

He visited Ben's little grave, and the hospital, to see the nurse who had been so good to his brother. Nurse Emily was delighted to see him again, and they talked lovingly of the child who had died there seven years before, but whom she still remembered. Joe paid a visit too to the house where he and Ben had spent the greater part of their young lives. In that wretched garret, Joe looked around, and thought as he did so how all the sorrows they had there endured had been changed by the loving hand of God, which had taken his little brother to His rest, and had crowned the lives of his father and himself "with His loving-kindness and tender mercies"!

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

THE Canadian year really consists of but two seasons—summer and winter. True, there are two periods dignified with the names of spring and autumn, or "fall," but they are so short in duration, summer gliding so rapidly into winter, and winter into summer, that the time of transition is hardly worthy of the name of season.

In the principal province, Ontario, snow usually falls throughout the last half of October and the early part of November, and by the middle of the latter month it comes down prepared to stay, and stay it does until the middle or end of April. Then it begins to go in good earnest, and in the course of a very few days all traces of the snow are lost.

In the country the average depth of the snow is from three to five feet; in many places drifts of ten times that depth are frequently met with. All out-of-door farming pursuits are of course suspended. Everywhere, in city and country, the wheeled vehicles are stored away, and sleighs and sledges, from the light one-horse "cutter" to the big "family carry-all," take their place. Even the omnibuses and tramcars have their wheels removed and runners substituted. In every street and road is heard the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells as the horses fly rapidly past, the runners noiselessly gliding over the frozen snow.

Winter is the Canadian boy's favourite season. The summer has its joys and pleasures, but even the "average schoolboy" tires of games when the thermometer registers ninety-five to a hundred in the shade. The winter is equally extreme in temperature, but then it is easy for a boy to warm himself in cold weather, while it is often very difficult for him to cool himself in a Canadian summer. Most distinctively Canadian sports, too, are solely practicable in the winter, depending upon the snow and ice for their very existence; so altogether winter is the boy's halcyon time.

In the hope that boys in England may be interested in hearing something of the games and sports of their Canadian brothers, I will try and describe some of the more common and enjoyable of the many practised in the Dominion.

Foremost in popularity comes "Tobogganing," or as a modified form of it in the States is called, "Coasting." For tobogganing all that is required is a toboggan and a snow-covered hill, the longer the better. The toboggan, or sled, is made of a strip of birch-bark. It varies in size, but the most usual dimensions are about seven feet in length and twenty inches in width. At the front end the bark is curved up and back, the section resembling the old-fashioned curved skate-iron. The bark is strengthened by three or four longitudinal strips of white wood, and along each side runs a light rail of the same material raised an inch or so from the surface. The whole toboggan only weighs a very few pounds.

In using it the toboggan is dragged to the top of the hill, and the crew embark. They sit one behind the other, knees drawn up to the chin, and grasping the side rails with their hands. The captain kneels at the stern on one knee, the other leg being allowed to hang behind and acting as a rudder. Then, when all are on board, the captain gives a good push, and down the hill flies the toboggan, leaping over obstacles, curling in and out, obedient to the steering foot of an accomplished captain.

The speed and duration of the journey depend, of course, entirely on the length and incline of the hill, but even on moderate slopes the rate attained is marvellous. As the riders sit the air rushes past them with

1. Moose Hunting. 2. Sleighing by Moonlight. 3. Snow-Shoe Tramp by Torchlight. 4. A Moose Hunter's Camp.

the speed of a whirlwind; objects seem to appear and disappear like flashes of lightning, and it is not until the toboggan, shooting out far over the level at the foot of the hill, begins to slacken its pace, that an ordinary deep breath can be drawn.

Accidents of course occur, even sometimes under the most skilful steering. At the tremendous speed attained, the least bit of careless management may upset the toboggan, and its occupants are flung far and wide. But the snow is soft and powdery, and the sensible garments worn by both sexes render any accident of a serious nature very improbable.

As well as being sensible, the tobogganing costume is very picturesque. The men wear long tunics of white blanket, confined by a brilliant-hued scarf at the waist. Stout flannel knickerbockers and two or three pairs of bright-coloured stockings worn one above the other, and deerskin moccasins, cover the lower extremities, whilst the head is protected by a red or blue woollen "tuque," which resembles nothing so much as the old-fashioned nightcaps worn by our grandfathers. The ladies wear similar tuques, tunics, and moccasins, and two or three stout woollen skirts reaching half way below the knee.

In many places, where natural facilities do not exist for the sport, artificial slides are erected. At Rideau Hall, near Ottawa, the seat of the Governor-General of the Dominion, there are two very fine artificial slides. High wooden stagings are erected, and a sloping wooden way of some two hundred yards in length leads to the top of a slight natural declivity, so that the toboggan has a clear descent of some seven or eight hundred yards.

During the winter tobogganing parties are frequent at Rideau, and occasionally torch-light *fêtes* are held, when the slides are illuminated with coloured lanterns, and the effect as toboggan after toboggan glides swiftly down the slope, each carrying one or more torch-bearers, is picturesque and weird in the extreme. The gay dresses, the variegated lights, the flashing torches, accompanied by the music of a good band, and the cheery laughter of the sliders, form a scene not easily to be forgotten.

Somewhat similar to tobogganing is the more American sport of "coasting." But whereas in Canada nobody ever seems to grow too old to enjoy a toboggan slide, in the States coasting is almost entirely confined to the young folk.

For coasting, a sled proper is used—that is, a framework consisting of two runners and a platform. The boy drags his sled to the top of the hill, and then, running a few yards with it, precipitates himself upon it, and flies to the bottom. In some cases a sled called a "double runner" is used. These are usually gorgeous affairs, consisting of two short sleds connected by a long bench gay with cushions and brightly painted. The hindmost of the sets of runners works on a pivot, and is steered by a horizontal wheel above the bench. A double runner is doubtless a more comfortable vehicle than a toboggan to travel on as long as all goes on well, but in case of an upset the heavy wood and iron work is apt to cause a considerable amount of injury to the riders, whilst the light and frail toboggan bounds over its late occupants like a soap-bubble.

Toboggans, too, can travel over any path where snow lies, even if it be soft and powdery, whilst the iron runners of a sled require a firm icy surface if any speed is to be attained.

Next to tobogganing, in popular estimation, comes snow-shoeing. Perhaps this can hardly be termed a sport, as in the country snow-shoes are a part of the every-day winter equipment. Without them it is impossible to make any way through the lanes and fields where there is not constant traffic. Still, in the cities, where snow-shoes are not articles of necessity, many clubs exist whose members are of both sexes and all ages, devoted to the practice of snow-shoeing. And there are many ways of spending a fine clear moonlight evening less agreeably than in a tramp across country—to the expert that is, for the neophyte should beware of attempting cross-country work until he is thoroughly at home on his shoes. Probably the mass of my readers are familiar with the general appearance of the snow-shoe, but for the benefit of the less well-informed I may briefly describe it.

Imagine a huge lawn-tennis racket, very closely strung, and with about two inches of handle; about three feet long and a foot or fifteen inches wide at the broadest part; the front rounded, and very slightly turned up; behind tapering to a point.

In walking in snow-shoes, the foot, encased in a soft deerskin moccasin instead of a boot, is placed on the shoe, the toe being a little bit forward of the broadest part. A long deerskin thong is passed through the gut and bound around the toes, and then carried up round the ankle. The foot is only attached to the shoe in front of the ball of the great toe, so that in walking the sole of the foot can be easily raised without lifting the shoe. Supposing then the shoes on, and the neophyte starting. In all probability he will find his shoes catching in each other and himself sprawling in a deep drift, whence it will be almost impossible for him to extricate himself without assistance.

Care must be taken at every stride to lift foot and shoe clear of its fellow, and to take long strides, then with a little practice all will be well.

The costume worn by snow-shoers resembles that of the tobogganers, and a pretty sight it is to see a long string of boys and girls, men and women, winding in and out, across fields, over hedges, along streams, up hill and down dale. And more especially striking is it to meet such a procession on a calm clear night, bearing torches and carolling some old Canadian lyric with a good old-fashioned chorus which wakes the echoes far and near.

Skating, of course, has no claim to be considered a purely Canadian sport, but the facilities for practice afforded by the long winters have rendered "Kanucks" the finest skaters in the world. Every village has its rink, kept clear by regular and constant work, and every village has its one or more skating festivals or fancy dress carnivals. A fancy dress ball is a pretty sight, but not for a moment comparable to the scene at a skating carnival. The grace of the skaters, their daring and wonderful evolutions, seem marvellous, and the speed of their motions, with the consequent rapid and constant changes of the pictures presented, resembles rather the cha ges of the kaleidoscope. At one instant Sir Walter Raleigh is seen beside Queen Elizabeth; before the eye can follow him almost he is gliding along with a Galatea or a Marie Antoinette. A Clown is waltzing round Night, only to find her place usurped in a second by a Cavalier or "Jumbo."

Skating races, too, are frequent, and some of the records attained are remarkable. Hockey and lacrosse on the ice are common amusements, but the most exciting ice sport by far is that known as "Ice-boating."*

A huge frame, varying from twelve or fifteen to forty feet long, is built in the form of a T. At each of the three extremities a runner is placed, that at the tail of the T being moveable and attached to a tiller like a boat's rudder. At the junction of the cross-pieces a mast is stepped, rigged with sails of any pattern the builder approves. In front of the rudder a sort of tub or box is contrived, capable of holding from two to ten people. Ballast is attached to the arms of the T to keep the runners down on the ice, but frequently in a stiff breeze this is found insufficient, and it is then the duty of the crew to perch themselves on the arm to windward and keep it down by their united weight.

The speed attained by these vessels is enormous. A rate of one hundred miles an hour is sometimes reached, and fifty and sixty miles per hour are common. The sport is very exciting and demands great nerve and coolness, but accidents are frequent, and many fatal ones occur. The tremendous speed at which the boats travel renders a collision with one another, or with some fixed object, a certain disaster. The occupants are flung for yards along the hard ice, and in all probability dashed against the frames of their own or another boat. Still ice-boating has many votaries, and ice-boat regattas are regularly held wherever a sufficiently large sheet of water is available.

These, then, are a few of the principal winter sports of Canada. Of course there are countless others, but the above are the more distinctively Canadian.

In future papers I may tell you of some of their summer sports and camping-out adventures, feeling assured that English boys will take as deep an interest in their transatlantic brothers as Canadian boys do in the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

C. M.

* See the last Christmas Number for full details, with sections, of the ice-boats.

CHRISTMAS IN A TREE-STUMP.

By THEODORE WOOD,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Legs and Wings," etc.

A CURIOUS place in which to spend Christmas, perhaps, and yet one which is evidently considered by insects and many allied beings as all that can possibly be required in the way of a winter habitation. It is really wonderful to see the quantities of creatures which sometimes take up their abode in a decaying tree-stump during the colder months of the year, and which yield to the mild persuasion of the jack-knife or the chisel when the entomologist is taking his walks abroad, and casts the fatal glance upon their place of concealment which dooms many of them to premature death, and all to a somewhat rude awakening from their slumbers. Specimen after specimen is disclosed to view as the work of demolition goes on, and ere the stump is reduced to fragments the collecting-bottle is generally filled with a more or less excited batch of captives, which, aroused from their torpor by the warmth of the pocket, diligently scour their prison in search of a means of escape, and sometimes, sad to say, beguile the monotony of the journey homewards by dining upon their companions in misfortune. More than once did we lose valuable insects in this way,

until bitter experience taught us to place some crumpled paper in the bottle, when laurel leaves were not obtainable, in order to serve as a foothold, and also to relegate the more predaceous species, such as ground beetles, etc., to solitary confinement in pill-boxes, where their cannibalistic propensities could not be exercised upon their weaker brethren.

Many a decaying tree-stump have we pulled to pieces in the winter months, and seldom have we been unrewarded by the capture of more or less desirable specimens. Some stumps, of course, are more productive than others, but there are very few which yield absolutely nothing, and these, generally, are not sufficiently decayed to afford the required protection to creatures in search of a winter home.

Some insects are almost always present. It is the exception, and not the rule, for instance, to find a stump in which that brown, sluggish beetle scientifically known as *Helops striatus* is not to be seen in more or less abundance, either resting beneath the bark, or embedded in the wood itself. I do not know a more irritating insect than this, for it is always turning up at every possible opportunity, in every conceivable situation. If one works with the sweep-net, *Helops striatus* is sure to be one of the first inmates. If the umbrella or the beating-sheet is used, *Helops striatus* will probably fall at the first blow of the stick. If one pulls the bark off a tree, there is *Helops* again, clinging to the wood, and, if a tuft of grass is shaken, two or three specimens are tolerably sure to tumble out from among the roots. After dark it swarms at sugar, and is, generally speaking, such a nuisance that the entomologist is often tempted to wish that its total extermination could be brought about, and he be no more troubled by incessantly finding it foremost among his captures.

Then there will probably be a wire-worm or two, generally in company with the perfect insect, the long, black, down-covered *Melanotus rufipes* being, perhaps, the species most commonly found. This, unlike many of its kin, is decidedly a useful insect, helping to clear away any rotten wood which encumbers the earth, and so to leave the soil clear for the growth of fresh vegetation.

In the bark itself, or lying just beneath it, one is almost sure to find some of the smaller wood-boring beetles, whose little tunnels radiate in all directions from the large central passage in which the parent insect laid her eggs. Perhaps only the grubs will be found, fat, sluggish, white objects, perfectly helpless when removed from their burrows, and seeming hardly capable of eating their way through the hard wood with the tiny jaws which are their only tools. The dead body of the mother, however, is nearly invariably present, for she has seldom sufficient strength remaining after her eggs are deposited to make her way back into the outer world, and generally dies in the entrance to her burrow, her body blocking up the way, and preventing the various enemies of her offspring from obtaining admission.

Almost certain to be found, too, are some of the *Dromii*, those flat, delicate beetles which live in the chinks of or beneath the bark, and which prey upon the various minute creatures inhabiting the same situation. Many of these are prettily spotted with yellow, and, in spite of their small size, are very conspicuous objects, even when resting motionless among the *débris* always to be found in decaying wood.

If the stump is that of a pine-tree, we shall very possibly meet with some of the handsome *Rhagium* beetles, belonging to the group of the Longicorns, as they are lying huddled up in their curious cocoons, from which, although perfect insects, they have not yet emerged. These are the best specimens which can be obtained for the collection, for, as they have not been knocking about in the world, they retain all their natural beauty, and have suffered none of the losses of antennæ or legs which are not uncommon in examples found roaming at large. It is rather curious that they should emerge from the pupal shell so long before leaving their retreat, but this peculiarity is shared by many other beetles, notably the cockchafer and the stag-beetle, which become perfect insects in mid-winter, although they do not appear on the wing until May or June.

If the stump be covered with fungoid growth, certain other beetles are almost sure to be present, most conspicuous among them being perhaps the very handsome *Scaphidium quadrimaculatum*, a polished black insect of rather singular shape, with long, slender limbs, and with wing-cases diversified by four large crimson spots. This, although not a very common species, is generally tolerably plentiful in the localities which it inhabits, so that when one is found others should always be looked for.

So much for the beetles. Now for the other orders of insects.

PUPÆ of various moths are not at all uncommon, either in decaying stumps or in logs lying upon the ground. As a general rule, they will be found resting just beneath the bark, but sometimes a caterpillar, wishing to "make assurance doubly sure," will penetrate to some little depth in the rotten fibres before feeling contented with its choice of the abode in which its pupal existence is to be passed. Some of these may be seen lying fully exposed when the bark is removed; others form a cocoon of silk, fragments of wood, etc.; and a common plan is to hide themselves in some chink or cranny, and to cover the entrance so neatly that a sharp eye is necessary to detect it.

Hymenoptera, in the shape of ants, ichneumon flies, etc., turn up frequently, and it is by no means unusual to find a humble bee or a queen wasp lying huddled up in some snug corner, and perfectly torpid from the effects of the cold. Sometimes, but more rarely, a dipterous insect or two may be discovered, and hemiptera, or, as they are less politely termed, bugs, are usually common enough. These will generally be found to possess the flattened bodies and short limbs which at once point them out as destined for an existence beneath the bark, and show that they have not resorted thither in search of a winter retreat alone.

Earwigs, of course, are a certainty, and sometimes tumble out almost by the pailful when the bark is stripped away. These are generally more lively than is usually the case with hibernating insects, and seldom waste much time in hunting up another retreat. Woodlice are often even more abundant still, and when all the living specimens have made good their retreat a number of bleached corpses will mostly be seen, showing that the mortality during the winter months has been tolerably high. Then there will be a centipede or two, winding their scaly length slowly along as they awake from their slumber, and insinuating themselves into the first crevice which they can find, while spiders, hastily unpacking their long legs, which have been compactly tucked up beneath their bodies, rush hurriedly away as soon as they realise what has happened to their abode. Probably a web or two, plentifully stocked with wings, legs, etc., will bear testimony to the doings of these gentlemen while the weather was warm enough to allow of active work.

THESE, as will be quickly found by any one who cares to experiment for himself, are but a very few of the living creatures which resort to decaying stumps for protection during the winter months, and which are well worth examination by the collector of almost all orders of insects. Great rarities sometimes turn up in unexpected situations, and reward one for a lot of hard work in discovering their habitat. Only last January, for instance, I found beneath the bark of a rotten pine-stump a beetle which had never been taken before, and there are few entomologists who cannot point to a number of good things as being among their winter captures from logs, etc., given over to decay. The necessary apparatus is simple and limited, the work interesting, and the results tolerably sure, so that the collector can safely be recommended to take advantage of a spare hour or two, and at the first opportunity to discover for himself something of what Christmas is like in the tree-stump.

FASCINATED BY A FAKIR.

BY JAMES COX, R.N.,

Author of "How I Saved my Aunt's Diamonds," "Nearly Garotted," etc.

WE are slowly steaming through the Suez Canal *en route* to Bombay, in her Majesty's ship Crocodile. On board the great white trooper are a number of military officers, representing various branches of the Service—dragoons, hussars, dapper little riflemen, heavy artillerymen, and smart linesmen.

Many of them are on their way East for the first time, while others have spent the best of their days there in the service of their country, and are now returning after leave of absence to add fresh laurels to those already won under the burning sun of her Majesty's Indian Empire.

Among the latter there is a handsome grey-haired old colonel. At the present moment he is the centre of a group of young subalterns, sitting in listless attitudes on the quarter-deck under the sun-awning listening to the experiences of the old soldier.

"Curious-looking object that squatting on the bank there," lisped one of the youngsters named Devenish, pointing to a solemn-looking Arab who was sitting on the Canal bank intently watching the passing vessel.

"Yes," assented the colonel; "but not half so queer-looking as some of the fakirs you'll see in India. Did I ever tell you, by the way, a little adventure of mine with one of those gentry? No? Ah, well, it happened many years ago—at a time when you were cutting your teeth, I expect, Devenish," and the colonel smiled a grim little smile. "I think most of you know," he continued, "that before I entered the army I belonged to the sister

service, and served under the gallant Peel at Lucknow in the Shannon's naval brigade. It was owing to our being landed and thrown so much together with the soldiers that I became smitten with a longing to exchange my blue jacket for a red coat. However, I must tell you that after we had thrashed the sepoys, and once more settled down to a quiet life on board the frigate, I found the midshipman's berth very monotonous, and made up my mind when I got home to get into the army.

"But my story is connected with my naval life. I was rather a green young middy, notwithstanding that I had seen a little hard service before I was sixteen. It was just after we had returned to Calcutta, and had gone through a heavy course of festivities which the good people there insisted upon honouring us with, that while pacing the deck of the Pearl, then anchored in the Hoogly, off Garden Reach, the quartermaster of the watch brought me a letter from a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at a dinner-party, inviting me to come and spend a couple of days with him at his bungalow a few miles out in the country and eat my Christmas dinner there.

"Having succeeded in obtaining leave, I packed up a few articles of clothing in my portmanteau, and the same evening transferred myself and effects to a native boat, and soon found myself at one of the numerous landing-places in the 'City of Palaces,' where I understood my friend, a Mr. Vernon, would meet me with his carriage 'at six o'clock precisely.'

"I was punctual as to time, but I saw no signs of Mr. Vernon, and after kicking my heels about for a quarter of an hour I decided to wait no longer, but to hire a gharry and drive out to his place.

"Looking round for some one to carry my traps, I saw, crouching in one of the angles of the ghat, a hungry-looking native, and, having a slight knowledge of Hindoostani, I told him to take up the portmanteau and conduct me to a part of the town where I should be most likely to find a conveyance.

"'This way, sahib,' said the fellow, trotting along a few paces in advance as he led the way along the river's bank through a long, badly-lit street; and he was about to plunge into what I knew to be the native quarter of the city, when I bade him halt—or, as I probably then expressed myself in nautical language, to 'heave-to.'

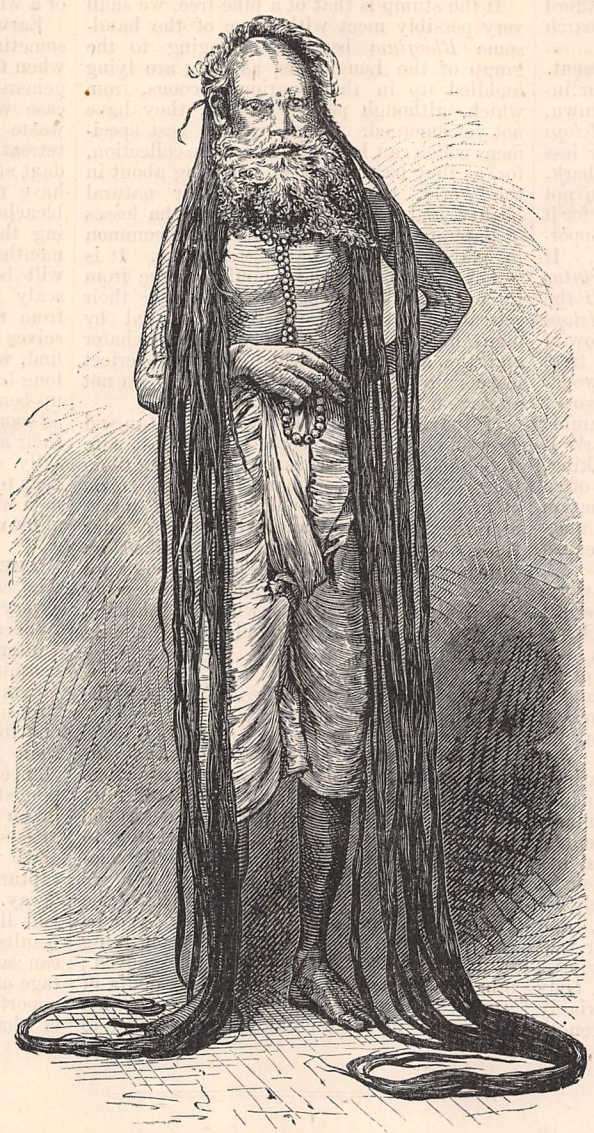
"'Why do you go in this direction?' I asked.

"'Pardon, sahib,' was the reply. 'Your servant's brother has one of the best horses in Calcutta; his humble abode is close at hand, if the sahib will condescend to come this way.'

"'Oh, very well,' I answered. 'If that's the case, go ahead!' and so I followed him through the bazaar and up a tortuous labyrinth of narrow, ill-smelling lanes, where it was so dark, owing to the scarcity of lamps and the overhanging eaves of the squalid buildings, that the dusky natives who were seated on their haunches at the open doors, enjoying the cool night air, looked like the shadowy forms of ghosts in their white garments.

"This part of the town was as silent as a city of the dead, save for the occasional deep boom of a tom-tom, beaten by some musical Hindoo who may have been entertaining a small party of friends in a back-yard.

"After stumbling over a few of the ghosts, my guide presently pulled up before a hut, and, after lowering my gear from its resting-place on his head, tapped at the door, and informed me that we had reached the 'humble abode.'



The Fakir.

"The brother, however, appeared to be in no immediate hurry to admit us, so to accelerate his movements I hammered away heartily with my stick on the bamboo framework of the house, when suddenly out popped a head and shoulders from a hole at the side of the door which did duty for a window.

"'The sahib wants you to drive him to ——,' said my guide.

"'And look sharp about it,' I added.

"'What will the sahib give his servant?'

"'One rupee.'

"The head began to shake from side to side in a deprecatory fashion.

"'Well, two, then,' I said. 'But come along; don't keep me waiting.'

"The head and shoulders disappeared for a few seconds, and presently the door was opened and out came an ancient Hindoo, very much run to seed about the lower extremities. He made a profound salaam, and then hastened off to the rear of the premises to put his nag into harness.

"While waiting for his return several natives gathered round my guide and entered into conversation with him. I caught a few words here and there, and comprehended from their talk that they were curious to know who I was, where I came from, and whither I was going—in fact, they wanted to know all about my business.

"One particularly dirty individual, ornamented with a string of beads, from which hung a gourd and brass dish—a tall, lean, cadaverous-looking fellow, with long, attenuated arms and legs, and a shock of tangled black hair that fell some distance over his shoulders, and whose eyes glittered and gleamed like those of a wild cat—seemed really most anxious to find out where I was bound to, and plied my companion with questions on the subject.

"The light from the open door fell full on his features, which were hideous, and I observed that his naked body down to the waist was coated with a quantity of mud or clay. In my innocence I concluded from this that he had recently taken a mud bath in the river, and had omitted to scrape the dirt off. At the time his appearance puzzled me not a little, but I afterwards learned that a certain class of religious devotees in the East are addicted to smearing their bodies with the mud of the Ganges, a custom that, as may be imagined, does not add to their personal beauty, though it has certain advantages, inasmuch as it protects them from mosquito-bites, keeps the cold out, and is a very economical description of clothing.

"Why this mud-beplastered personage should take so much interest in me I could not imagine. At last, apparently satisfied with the information he had elicited, he leaned on his staff and gazed earnestly, and, as I considered, impertinently, at me. I was relieved when the guide's brother at last arrived with his horse and gharry, for I felt that the fixed stare of the fellow was beginning to exercise a kind of magnetic influence over me.

"Jumping into the gharry—a ramshackle affair, a compound of a bath-chair and bathing-machine—I threw a few annas to the guide, and we drove off in the presence of the admiring crowd.

"I was very glad when we emerged from the narrow streets, with their un-

savoury smells, and reached the open country.

"Our road lay for some time parallel with the river, and after proceeding along its bank for some considerable distance I thought it probable that we might be in the vicinity of my friend's bungalow, so I interrogated the driver on the subject.

"'Very near now,' was the answer. 'The sahib will be able to get a boat at the next village.'

"'Get a boat! What on earth do you mean?' I exclaimed.

"'The bungalow of the Sahib Vernon is on the other side.'

"'Oh, then, that accounts for my missing him!' I muttered to myself. 'What a donkey I am!'

"'Plenty boats, sahib,' said the Hindoo, in a cheerful tone, meant to relieve my apprehension.

"We were now approaching a cluster of native houses, and were welcomed by a number of half-wild dogs that rushed forth from their lairs and greeted us with yelps and howls. A crack of the driver's whip sent them flying into the background, and as they disappeared a couple of natives came forward and inquired what was wanted.

"After a great deal of talking and haggling the two men agreed to row me across the water and carry my traps up to Mr. Vernon's house, which they said was only a short distance from the landing-place.

"This being settled, I jumped out of the gharry, and was rather taken aback at seeing, just behind the wheel, the figure of the dirty native who had taken so much interest in my movements!

"Yes, there he was, in the road, leaning on his staff regarding me with the same look I had noticed when we drove away from the city.

"'How ever did you get here?' I asked, in some surprise.

"No reply; only a prolonged stare from the fierce eyes.

"'Come, speak out, man!' I continued, feeling unaccountably irritated at the presence of the filthy object; 'and don't stand staring at me in that way!'

"Still no reply, and so I turned to the coachman and asked him if he could tell me where the Hindoo had so suddenly sprung from.

"'Cannot say, sahib,' he answered, and there was a startled expression on his face as he gathered up the reins and drove off in the direction of Calcutta, leaving me alone with the boatmen and the object of my disgust.

"I felt almost inclined to shout to the driver of the gharry to return and take me back to the city, but on second thoughts decided to proceed on my journey. So, telling the men to lead the way to the boat, I followed, looking back once or twice at the gaunt figure in the road, who remained standing there in the same position watching our movements.

"'Don't you know how that man got here?' I asked the boatmen.

"'He must have come behind the sahib's carriage,' said one of them, with a laugh.

"'But what does he want? and who is he?'

"'One of the holy men, sahib.'

"'A fakir, I suppose?'

"'Yes, sahib.'

"We had now reached the boat—a large roomy craft, partly housed over with matting stretched over a light framework of bamboo, which formed a kind of upper-deck cabin, entered from either end. A small oil-lamp suspended from a batten illuminated the interior.

"The boatmen having deposited my portmanteau in this place, I sat down and proceeded to unstrap it in order to get out my pipe, as I thought a little tobacco smoke would keep off the swarms of mosquitos and sand-flies, whose attentions were anything but pleasant.

"While thus engaged, the boatmen commenced to unmoor their craft, and presently I heard the splash of their oars in the water and felt the boat gliding across the stream.

"Having re-strapped the portmanteau and lit my pipe, I went to the after end of the cabin, intending to go out into the fresh air. As I drew back the curtain of matting you may imagine my surprise at seeing, perched up in the stern-sheets, the hideous fakir!

"There he sat, glaring at me with the same fierce expression in his eyes that I had observed on the two former occasions!

"For a moment I stood returning his stare, with the corner of the curtain in my hand; then, dropping it to shut out the unpleasant sight, I walked towards the opposite end of the boat, intending to find out what the boatmen meant by permitting him to come on board. But I had scarcely taken three paces across the deck when my attention was arrested by the sound of a stealthy footstep behind, and the clattering of the fakir's brass dish against his beads. Turning quickly round, I saw my gentleman quietly perched on the top of the portmanteau, and as the flickering rays from the lamp played over his disgusting features, his eyes met mine, and I seemed suddenly fascinated by his gaze, just as the bird is said to be fascinated by a cobra.

"The shout of anger that I was about to raise died on my lips, my legs seemed to be weighted with lead, I could neither advance nor retreat, a sense of utter helplessness stole over me, and my mind appeared to be benumbed.

"I endeavoured once by a desperate effort to withdraw my eyes from those of the fakir, but found, to my horror, that I was powerless to do so.

"I could, however, distinctly hear the measured dip of the oars in the water, and the gurgling of the rushing tide against the sides of the boat, and would have given all I was possessed of to be able to cry out to the men in the bows for assistance, but my tongue refused to give utterance to speech, and every moment my mind became more and more concentrated on the object before me, and oblivious to everything else.

"There before me sat the image, silent, immovable, like an image carved in stone.

"Yet the eyes of the old fakir were full of life and energy, all his vitality seemed to be centred in them. At one moment they grew to an enormous size, then the great luminous orbs would dwindle into two fiery sparks, scintillate for a few seconds, and gradually enlarge again.

"Presently he stretched one of his long skinny arms towards me, and, pointing with a finger that resembled the claw of a vulture to a stool at his feet, motioned me to seat myself.

"I felt compelled to obey. Then, unfastening the dish from the string of beads, he placed it on the deck between us, and, holding the gourd above it, shook out a small quantity of white powder. This done, he touched the powder with the end of his staff, and instantly a tiny spiral column of smoke commenced to ascend from the dish, which, on attaining a height of about three feet, expanded and filled the cabin with a strong, pungent, though not altogether unpleasant odour. Very soon a veil of smoke hid the form of the fakir, but through the veil I saw the eyes glaring as fiercely as before—in fact, they appeared more luminous than ever. I began to feel extremely drowsy, and slightly alarmed as I noticed that the eyes were slowly but surely approaching my own. At last I actually thought I could feel them scorching my face, and then I became unconscious.

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"When I came to myself I was lying alone on a mat in the cabin, and it was broad daylight.

"I struggled to my feet and endeavoured to collect my thoughts. Was it possible that I had fallen asleep and had been suffering from nightmare! My first impulse was to rush out of the cabin and call the boatmen.

"I did so, and, glancing towards the bows, expecting to see them there, I was amazed to find that although the boat was speeding swiftly through the water, there was no sign of them! I looked, then, towards the stern, and was completely bewildered at the sight of the old fakir, who was perched up on the gunwale sculling the boat with his long staff. As my eyes met his he greeted me with a mocking smile.

"'What does it all mean?' I exclaimed, as I turned my back on him with a feeling of disgust, and now noticed for the first time that we were no longer on the broad bosom of the Ganges.

"We appeared to be flying along the surface of a narrow stream through the middle of a dense forest. On either bank, growing close down to the water's edge, were colossal trees, whose enormous branches stretched right across, and, interlacing each with the other, formed a roof of foliage some hundreds of feet overhead.

"Never before had I seen or believed that there were such monsters in existence.

"While lost in amazement, the boat's bows suddenly inclined towards the embouchure of a creek, and, entering where it was only just wide enough to admit the boat, we continued until all further progress was arrested by the creek terminating at the foot of an avenue of magnificent palms, that stretched far away until lost to sight in the distance.

"The fakir now left his seat at the stern, and, without noticing me, at once stepped on shore. No sooner had he landed than he threw himself flat on his face, and, after remaining in that position a short time, rose to his feet, and, turning towards me, fixed me with his eyes and beckoned me to follow, which I felt impelled to do.

"Immediately after I had landed, the fakir strode off up the centre of the avenue, and I could not resist following him.

"I was again struck with awe and wonder at the size of the trees and vege-

tation, and the beauty of the flora. The forest appeared to be full of life; I could actually see the tall palms and the broad-bladed grass that fringed our path *growing;* the circulation of the sap in the great leaves and petals of the gorgeous flowers was plainly visible through the network of veins. I cannot pretend to describe the surpassing beauty or the brilliant hues of the birds and insects that flitted to and fro; the plumage of the former was different from anything I had ever beheld, while the bodies of the latter glittered with scales of gold, and their eyes sparkled like precious stones.

"There was apparently no end to this long arcade and its marvels. For hours we sped rapidly through it, and, strange to say, that, notwithstanding the pace, I felt no sense of fatigue. On the contrary, as we proceeded I thought my body was getting lighter, and that, with very little effort, I could skim over the surface of the ground like the winged forms that hovered about us.

"At last the sun, like a globe of fire, was visible at the end of the vista, and as it slowly sank below the horizon, and the twilight commenced to darken into night, a mysterious change came over everything. The hues of the lovely flowers faded, and the sweet perfume gave place to a nauseous odour; the leaves of the palms no longer spread their plumes in graceful curves to the breeze, but hung flat and dank against their shafts, while the foliage of other varieties of trees shrivelled and fell in showers to the earth, and on reaching it became metamorphosed into noisome beetles and huge squat toads, that scurried off into black stagnant pools.

"The beautiful feathered denizens of the forest also changed into abominable forms, some taking the shape of enormous vampire-bats, others horned owls and flying monstrosities resembling nothing that I had ever conceived possible.

"The leafless branches of the trees now swarmed with monstrous apes and creatures of the monkey tribe, that chattered as they leaped from bough to bough, and gnashed with their teeth, while they paused in their exercise to shake their long arms at us in a threatening manner. In the deep recesses of the woods I heard the crash and fall of great trees as if mighty brutes were tearing paths for themselves through the forest, and at intervals above the buzz of insects, croaking of toads, and the growling of many animals, a terrific roar would shake the air, and reverberate through the tall columns. None of these sights or sounds made the slightest impression on the fakir, who strode steadily along in silence.

"Presently the moon appeared and threw a long silvery beam of light along the road, disclosing immediately ahead of us a dark square building of great size. Approaching it I observed that it looked like a block of black marble standing on the top of a flight of seven white stone steps forming a kind of pyramid, and that it was approached on three sides by avenues of palms similar to the one we had just traversed.

"Ascending the steps the fakir touched the face of the building with his staff, and instantly an opening seven feet square disclosed itself. He entered and I followed. On gaining the interior I saw nothing for a few moments, for all was dark as Erebus, but by-and-by I perceived a faint light in the centre of the building, which gradually became brighter, until an intense white light illuminated the place, which appeared to emanate from a crystal globe that revolved in the air apparently without support of any kind. I now saw that the walls, ceiling, and floor of the building were of highly polished black marble, similar to the exterior, and that at equal distances round the walls were four black marble cubes placed on white marble steps, models in fact of the building itself, while in the centre exactly under the globe was another but somewhat larger. They looked very much like tombs.

"The fakir advanced to the central tomb, and, springing up the steps, leaped on the top of it and sat there cross-legged. I was about to follow him, but found that immediately my feet touched the first step I was unable to move.

"The crystal globe now revolved more rapidly than ever on its axis, and the white light began to fade, and was succeeded by a deep red glow; after this the crystal exhibited in succession all the primary colours, then came an interval of total darkness.

"Afterwards a faint white light appeared once more, and as it grew in intensity what was my astonishment to behold perched on the other tombs four fakirs, the very image of my dirty acquaintance!

"I started at the sight, and my astonishment increased at hearing one of the fakirs shout in a loud voice,

"'What news, great Mahabárata, dost thou bring from the north?' But there was no reply to this question from the old fellow.

"A fakir at the opposite side now called out,

"'What from the south?' No reply.

"Number three then roared in a voice that shook the building,

"'What from the east?' Still no reply.

"The fourth now howled in a voice of thunder,

"'From the west?' This stirred up the fakir; he sprang to his feet and exclaimed,

"'Brothers. Woe, woe, woe! to the children of the sun; the spears of the warriors of Ind have been broken, and the chieftains swept before the winds like the dust, by the lightnings of the Feringees.' A simultaneous groan from the fakirs.

"'My brothers,' continued the fakir, 'do not the Vedas tell us that the children of the Empress of the West shall conquer the Orient? Already like a torrent that nought can stem they have rushed over the four quarters. Behold, my brothers, one of the race of the mighty conqueror.'

"All eyes were now levelled at me, and fierce expressions of hate gleamed on the faces of the fakirs.

"'Come, my friends,' I remarked, feeling that something was expected from me, 'I'm naturally of a retiring disposition, and—'

"My speech was cut short by the fakirs suddenly jumping off their tombs and advancing towards me in a menacing manner. In another minute they had seized me by the arms and legs and laid me flat on my back on top of the central tomb, and to my horror I found the old fakir who had brought me, flourishing a bright broad-bladed knife in the region of my throat.

"With a violent effort I disengaged my arm from the clutches of one of the wretches, and, doubling my fist, struck out and hit the 'dirty one' fairly between the eyes.

"At this moment there was a sudden crash, the crystal globe fell to the ground and was shattered to pieces on the marble floor, leaving us in total darkness, while the building appeared to commence swaying and heaving as if rocked by an earthquake.

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"I staggered to my feet, and was bewildered to find myself once more in the river boat with the oil lamp lying broken on the deck. The boat was rocking to and fro as if in a heavy sea, and the voice of one of the boatmen reached me, shouting in excited tones,

"'Quick, sahib! quick! The steamer has run us down.'

"The next moment I was struggling for dear life in the cold dark water of the river. I caught a glimpse of the bright stars shining calmly above me and felt that I was being dragged under as the boat sank. My feet were entangled in a rope.

"I gave myself up for lost, but in another minute (which seemed an age), I rose to the surface, and being a good swimmer struck out for the bank, which was close at hand.

"As I scrambled up I found the two boatmen already at the top, wringing their hands and bewailing in Eastern fashion the loss of their boat, while the cause of it, a large paddle-wheel steamer, was clearly visible heading up the river at full speed.

"As soon as I could make myself heard I asked anxiously what had become of the fakir.

"Both men looked astonished at the question.

"'The fakir, sahib? What does the sahib mean?' they exclaimed, almost simultaneously.

"'Mean!' I answered; 'the fakir who embarked with us from the other side?'

"The boatmen evidently thought that the accident must have demented me, and stared at each other.

"'Do you mean to say,' I continued, 'that that dirty old chap who turned up so suddenly at the village never entered the boat?'

"'Never, sahib,' they both exclaimed, with a look of alarm.

"But, as if to give the lie to their assertion, there suddenly appeared on the surface of the river, apparently clinging to a piece of wreckage, the dark body of the fakir himself. As the swift tide bore his lifeless form along, the boatmen sprang into the water and dragged it to the land. It *was* the fakir, and he was dead; there was no mistake about that. One of the paddle-wheels of the steamer must have struck him on the head, for there was an ugly mark across his face.

"The boatmen were evidently surprised, and appeared somewhat startled when they recognised him, but they still persisted that he had never entered their boat.

"I could not stop on the bank arguing with them all night in my wet clothes, so desired one to go to the nearest village for help to remove the body, and requested the other to take me at once to Mr. Vernon's bungalow.

"The house was close at hand, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was

under the hospitable roof of my friend, who was considerably astonished at my appearance and plight.

"His first words to me were,

"'Why, Seymour, my boy, I had almost given you up; what on earth have you been doing to yourself?'

"I was about to explain, but he insisted on my first changing my dripping garments for some dry clothing which he procured for me, and while I dressed I heard one of the boatmen telling my host about the accident in voluble language, and Mr. Vernon directing him to go to the village to find his companion; so when I entered the dining-room my friend congratulated me on my narrow escape, and was very indignant at the conduct of the captain of the steamer in proceeding up the river and leaving us to our fate; but while he rattled on my own thoughts were not so much engaged on that subject as on the extraordinary and mysterious journey I had taken with the fakir.

"Seeing how preoccupied I was, Mr. Vernon asked me if I felt all right, hoped my ducking had not done me any harm, etc., and proposed that we should have dinner at once.

"'I am expecting a very old friend directly,' he added, 'Mr. Bell, one of the judges; he promised he would come here this evening; but we won't wait, as he is an uncertain bird.'

"However, we had hardly seated ourselves at the table when a servant announced the judge, and a very pleasant and agreeable addition to our party he proved.

"But notwithstanding the amusing conversation of the new arrival, my mind *would* revert to the fakir, and I kept puzzling my brain in trying to account for his appearance in the boat. At last I told the whole story to Mr. Vernon, who listened with an amused smile on his face to my description of the journey through the forest. When I had concluded he laughingly asked me whether I was addicted to smoking opium.

"On my replying in the negative, he said,

"'Well, the only explanation I can give is that you must have fallen asleep and dreamt it all.'"

"'No,' I said, 'that won't do, for there's no doubt that I saw the fakir in the stern sheets of the boat after we left the village, and if you like you can see his body yourself after dinner. I must confess that I feel extremely puzzled,' and added that I should like to be able to explain the mystery.

"'Perhaps,' said the judge, who had been listening attentively to my story, 'I may be able to throw some light on it.'

"'I wish you would, then,' I rejoined.

"'In the first place,' he responded, 'it is evident that the fakir *did* get into the boat, although the boatmen may not have been aware of it, and in the second place you saw him.

"'Now you know, Vernon, that the Orientals are supposed to be acquainted with all sorts of magical arts; whether they are or no is of course a matter of opinion; at any rate, they pretend they can do many marvellous things. That they are very clever jugglers cannot be denied, and it is well known that they are able to exercise a species of fascination over serpents and animals. We Westerns are inclined to look upon these fellows as impostors; but we are unable to offer a satisfactory explanation of the most common and interesting of their performances. This man may have been a fakir who was an adept in the art of fascination. In my opinion he was anxious to ascertain whether your young friend's portmanteau contained anything worth walking off with, and in order to satisfy himself first commenced operations by mesmerising him, but his performance was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the steamer running the boat down.'"

* * * * *

"That, gentlemen," said the colonel, "was the judge's theory, and I'm inclined to believe he was right. Whenever I meet any of the fascinating gentry now I always look the other way. By Christmas morning I had quite recovered my spirits, and hope I was not the least merry of a very merry party."

"Very curious story," drawled Lieutenant Devenish, as he screwed his eyeglass into its usual place and regarded the colonel with interest.

"Come, Devenish," said the colonel, as a smile played over his rugged features, "none of that; don't you try it on. Once in a lifetime is quite sufficient to have been 'fascinated by a fakir.'"

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

ROMAN PUZZLES.

1.

Take nought from eleven and leave nine.

Eleven = XI.

Nine = IX.

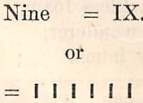
or

Eleven = IIIIIIIIIII

Nine = NINE.

2.

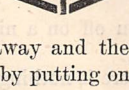
From the following figure



to take three away and then complete the figure as before by putting only two back.

Take three away and you get

Put two—*these two*—back and you get



3

Take six from nine and leave nineteen.

Nine = NINE.

Take six away and five (IIIII) are left, which arranged thus XIX give nineteen.

4.

To prove that seven is the half of two.

Two = II

Halve it = ||

Make seven = VII

5.

To prove that twelve is equal to a thousand.

Twelve = XII

One thousand = M

6.

To make ten out of four without adding or subtracting anything.

Four = IIII

Ten = X

7.

To prove that four is equal to five thousand.

Four = IV

Five thousand = $\overline{V}$

8.

To make ten thousand out of three.

Three = III

Ten thousand = $\overline{X}$

9.

To convert ten into fifty thousand.

Ten = IIIIIIIIII

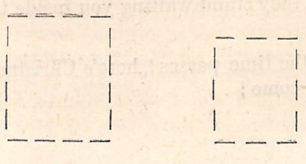
Fifty thousand = Iↄↄↄ

10.

To prove that $4^2 + 3^2 = 1884$.

1884 = MDCCCLXXXIV

Or 28 strokes, which arrange



"Var da Vaigher" (GUIDE THE WANDERER).

[*** *The foreign words are old Shetlandic, spelt phonetically, and still used in the Shetland Isles.*]

PALE and passion-moved a woman
Cowers beneath the rocky wall
Where the wild and fitful glimmers
Of the "northern streamers" fall;
Round her roar the tempest-voices,
At her feet the billows rave,
And a Marool* rides triumphant
On each phosphorescent wave.
Upward then her hands beseeching,
And her auber† glances rise,
"Var da Vaigher! Var da Vaigher!"
To the Polar Star she cries.

Wild around her native Norland
Rolls the cradle of her race.
Wherefore should a sea-king's daughter
Fear the ocean's wrathful face?
Ah! upon those vexéd waters
Rocks a lonely barque the while,
Bearing—rude and fragile refuge—
Him, the darling of the Isle.
This is why her pale lips murmur,
As she bends a trembling knee,
"Var da Vaigher! Var da Vaigher!
Lead my sailor-on-the-sea!"

* Marool—Sea-fiend.
† Auber—Eager; longing to obtain something.

Var da Vaigher! Var da Vaigher!
Long and weary are the days
Since his vessel, drifting seaward,
Vanished from her lauger* gaze.
Long and weary are her vigils,
Oft and wistfully her eyes
Turn, with love's beseeching language,
To their magnet in the skies.
Constantly her prayers are carried
Further than the furthest star:
"Var da Vaigher! Var da Vaigher!
Guide the soul that wanders far!"

On the tjordon†-haunted ocean,
On its islands wrapt in night,
Through the curtains of the cloud-land
Shone the Pole Star's holy light.
On the ship, and on the woman,
Whose strong hope no storms could kill,
On the voyager, whose glances
Seek that faithful beacon still,
Did the symbol of God's guidance
Beam: and o'er that trackless foam,
Vard da vaigher—led the wanderer,
Brought the sailor safely home.

* Lauger—painfully intense.
† Tjordon—thunder.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

Home for the Holidays.

YES! home for the holidays! Pack up your box,
What matters its bursting if only it locks?
Purchase your ticket and jump in the train,
Rattle away to the country again.
There is old Tim with his worm-eaten fly
(One of those things that will never say die);
Ask him to just let *you* handle the reins,
Nothing can happen in these country lanes;
Mother and father and sister and all,
There they stand waiting you inside the hall.

How the time passes! here's Christmas Day come;
Jack Frost is at work and your fingers are numb;
Off down the pond for a skate, and you'll find
Your extremities soon leave their numbness behind.
If *that* wont do try a snowball or two,
It's wonderful what a good pelting will do.

Then homewards for dinner, with tales round the fire,
Snapdragon and all that your heart can desire.
Don't gourmandise, though, or when lying in bed,
When the fire has sunk down to a dim dusky red,
The fiend Indigestion will make his attack,
And gallop you off on a nightmare's broad back.
Never mind, there is nothing that always can last,
If that night is too long the next day goes too fast,
So enjoy it, and we will in pity refrain
From hinting that schooldays must soon come again!

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Home for the Holidays.—*p.* 32.

BILK'S FORTUNE.

A GHOST STORY.

By T. B. Reed,

Author of "My Friend Smith," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc.

CHAPTER I.—SUPERSTITION.

We had a fellow at Holmhurst School who rejoiced in the name of Alexander Magnus Bilk. But, as sometimes happens, our Alexander the Great did not in all respects resemble the hero to whom he was indebted for his name. Alexander the Great, so the schoolbooks say, was small in stature and mighty in mind. Bilk was small in mind and lanky in stature. They called him "Lamp-post" as a pet name, and as regarded his height, his girth, and the lightness of his head, the term conveyed a very fair idea of our hero's chief characteristics. In short, Bilk had very few brains, and such as he had he occupied by no means to the best advantage. He read trashy novels, and believed every word of them, and, like poor Don Quixote of old, he let any one who liked make a fool of him if he only took the trouble to get at his weak side.

I need hardly say the fellows at Holmhurst were not long in discovering that weak side and getting plenty of fun out of Alexander Magnus. He could be gammoned to almost any extent, so much so that after a term or two his persecutors had run through all the tricks they knew, and the unhappy youth was let alone for sheer want of an idea.

But one winter, when things seemed at their worst and it really appeared likely that Bilk would have to be given up as a bad job, his tormentors suddenly conceived an idea and proceeded to put it into practice in the manner I am about to relate in this most veracious history.

* * * * *

The neighbourhood of Holmhurst had for some weeks past been honoured by the presence of a gang of gipsies, who during the period of their sojourn had rendered themselves conspicuous by their diligence in their triple business of chair-mending, fowl-house-robbing, and fortune-telling. In the last of these three departments they perhaps succeeded best in winning the confidence of their temporary neighbours, and the private séances they held with housemaids, tradesmen's boys, and schoolgirls had been particularly gratifying both as to attendance and pecuniary result.

It had at length been deemed to be for the general welfare that these interesting itinerants should seek a change of air in "fresh fields and pastures new," and the police had accordingly hinted as much to the authorities of the camp, and given them two hours to pack up.

More than ever convinced that gratitude is hopeless to seek in human nature, the gipsies had shaken the dust of Holmhurst from the soles of their not very tidy feet, and had moved off, no one knew whither.

These proceedings had, among other persons, interested Alexander Magnus Bilk not a little, and no one mourned the rapid departure of the gipsies more than he. For Bilk had for some days past secretly hugged the idea of presenting himself to the oracle of these wise ones and having his fortune told. He had in fact gone so far as to make a secret observation of their quarters one afternoon, and had resolved to devote the next half-holiday to the particular pursuit of knowledge they offered, when, lo! cruel fate snatched the cup from his lips and swept the promised fruit from his reach. In other words, the gipsies had gone, and, like his great namesake, Alexander, Magnus mourned.

Among those who noticed his dejection and guessed the cause of it were two of his particular persecutors. Morgan and Dell had for some months been suffering affliction for lack of any notion how to get a rise out of their victim. But they now suddenly cheered up as they felt the force of a mighty idea moving them once more to action.

"Old chap," said Morgan, "I've got it at last!"

"What have you got?" asked the "old chap;" "your back tooth, or measles, or what?"

"I've got a dodge for scoring off the Lamp-post."

"Have you, though? You are a clever chap, I say! What is it?"

What it was Morgan disclosed in such a very low whisper to his ally that the reader will have to guess. Suffice it to say, the two dear lads put their heads together for some time, and were extremely busy in the privacy of their own study all that evening.

Bilk, little dreaming of the compassion and interest he was evoking in the hearts of his schoolfellows, retired early to his sorrowful couch, and mourned his departed gipsies till slumber gently stepped in and soothed his troubled mind. But returning day laid bare the old wound, and Alexander girded himself listlessly to the duties of the hour, with a heart far away.

He was wandering across the playground after dinner, disinclined alike for work and play, when Dell accosted him. Bilk might have known Dell by this time, but his memory was short and his mind preoccupied, and he smelt no rat, as the Irish would say, in his companion's salutation.

"Hullo! where are you off to, Lamp-post? How jolly blue you look!"

"I'm only taking a walk."

"Well, you don't seem to be enjoying it, by the looks of you. I've just been taking a trot over the common."

"I suppose the gipsies have all gone?" inquired Bilk, as unconcernedly as he could.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Dell, offhand. "Anyhow, they've cleared off the common."

"But I was told," said Bilk, rather nervously, "they'd gone quite away."

"Not all of them, anyhow," said Dell. "But of course they can't now show up the way they used to."

"Where are they, then?" asked Magnus, with a new hope breaking in upon him.

"How can I tell? All I know is there are some hanging about still, and I shouldn't wonder if they weren't far from here."

"Really, I say! I wonder where?"

"I'd as good as bet you'd come across one or two of them after dark in Deadman's Lane, or up at the cross roads, any evening for a week yet. They don't clear out as fast as fellows think. But I must be off now, as I've a lot of work to do. Ta, ta!"

Alexander stood where the other left him, in deep meditation. Those few casual observations of his schoolfellow had kindled anew the fire that burned within him. Little could Dell guess how interesting his news was! After dark! The afternoon was getting on already. The school clock had struck half-past four nearly a quarter of an hour ago, and by five it would be quite dark. Tea was at a quarter-past five, and for half an hour after tea boys could do as they liked. Yes, it would be foolish to throw away such a chance. At any rate, he would take the air after tea in Deadman's Lane, and if there he should meet— Oh! how he wondered what his fortune would be!

Tea was a feverish meal for Bilk that evening. He spoke to no one, and ate very little; and as the hand of the clock worked round to a quarter to six he began to feel distinctly that a crisis in

his life was approaching. He was glad neither Dell nor Morgan, whose studies probably kept them in their study, were at tea. They were such fellows for worrying him, and just now he wanted to be in peace.

The meal was over at last, and the boys rushed off to enjoy their short liberty before the hour of preparation. Bilk, who had taken the precaution to put both a sixpence and a cricket-cap in his pocket, silently and unobserved slid out into the deserted playground, and in another minute stood beyond the precincts of Holmhurst.

Deadman's Lane was scarcely three minutes distant, and thither, with nervous steps, he wended his way, fumbling the sixpence in his pocket, and straining his eyes in the darkness for any sign of the gipsies. Alas! it seemed to be a vain quest. The lane was deserted, and the cross roads he knew were too far distant to get there and back in half-an-hour. He was just thinking of giving it up and turning back, when a sound behind one of the hedges close to him startled him and sent his heart to his mouth. He stood still to listen, and heard a gruff voice say—or rather intone—the following mysterious couplet—

Ramsdam pammydiddle larrybonny-wigtail
Wigtaillarrybonny keimo.

This could be no other than an incantation, and Bilk stood rooted to the spot, unable to advance or retreat. He heard a rustling in the hedge and the incantation suddenly ceased. Then a figure like that of an old man bent with age and clad in a ragged coat which nearly touched the ground advanced slowly, saying in croaking accent as he did so,

"Ah, young gentleman, we've waited for ye. We couldn't go till we'd seen ye; for we've something to tell ye. Come quietly this way, and say not a word or the spell's broken—come, young gentleman; come, young gentleman;" and the old man went on crooning the words to himself as he led the way with tottering steps round the hedge and discovered a sort of tent in which sat, with her face half shrouded in a shawl, an old woman who wagged her head incessantly and chattered to herself in a language of her own. She took no notice of Bilk as he drew near tremblingly, and it was not until the old man had nudged her vehemently, and both had indulged in a long fit of coughing, that she at last growled, without even lifting her head,

"I see nothing unless for silver."

It said a great deal for Bilk's quickness of apprehension that he at once guessed this vague observation to refer to the sixpence he had not yet offered. He drew it out and handed it to the old woman, and was about to offer an apology at the same time, when the man put his hand to his mouth and snarled,

"Not a word."

The old woman took the coin in her trembling hand, and bent her head over it in silence. Bilk began to get uneasy. The time was passing and he would have to start back in a very few moments. Could it be possible these gipsies, now they had his sixpence, were going to refuse to tell him the fortune for which he had longed and risked so much?

No! After a long pause the old woman lifted up her hand and said something in gibberish to her partner. It was a long time coming, for they both coughed and groaned violently during the recital. At length, however, the old man turned to Bilk and said, gruffly,

"Kneel."

The boy obeyed, and the old man proceeded.

"She says a great danger threatens you this night. If you escape it you will live to be a baronet, or member of parliament, and perhaps you will marry a duke's daughter; but she can't be certain of that. If you don't escape it you will be in a lunatic asylum next week, and never come out. Not a word," added he, as Bilk once more showed signs of breaking silence. "Wait till she speaks again."

Another long pause, and then another long recital in gibberish by the old woman, broken by the same coughing and groaning as before. Then the man said,

"Stand up and hold your hands above your head."

Bilk obeyed.

"You want to know how to escape the peril?" said the man.

Bilk, with his hands still up, nodded.

"To-night at nine o'clock you will hear a bell."

Again Bilk nodded. Fancy the gipsies knowing that!

"You will go up to a small room with a chair and a bed in it, and undress."

A pause, and another nod from the astonished Bilk.

"You will put on a long white robe coming down to your ankles. At half-past nine the place will be dark—as black as pitch."

Bilk shuddered a little at the prospect.

"Then will be the time to escape your peril or else to fall a victim. To escape it you must go quietly down the stairs and out of the house. The Being who rules your life will be away for this one evening, and you will escape through his room by the window, which is close to the ground."

Bilk started once more. *He* knew the doctor was to be out that evening, but what short of supernatural vision could tell the gipsies of it?

"You must escape in the long white robe, and run past here on to the cross roads. No one will see you. At the cross roads there is a post with four arms. You must climb it and sit on the arm pointing this way until the clock strikes twelve. The peril will then be past, and your fortune will be made. Not a word. Go, and beware, Alexander Magnus Bilk!"

The legs of the scared Alexander could scarcely uphold him as he obeyed this last order, and sped trembling towards the school. The gipsies sat motionless as his footsteps echoed down the lane and died slowly away into silence.

Then they rose to go also; but as they did so other footsteps suddenly sounded, approaching them. With an alacrity astonishing in persons of their advanced age they darted back to their place of retreat, but too late. The footsteps came on quickly, and followed them to their very hiding-place, and next moment the light of two bullseyes turned full upon them, and the aged couple were in the hands of the police.

CHAPTER II.—SCIENCE.

DR. PRUDHOM did not often allow himself the luxury of an evening out during term time. But on this particular evening he was pledged to fulfil a long-standing engagement with an old crony and fellow-bachelor, residing about two miles from the school. By some mysterious means the worthy Dominie's intentions had oozed out, and Bilk was by no means the only boy who had heard of it. Mice seem to find out by instinct when the cat is away, and fix their own diversions accordingly.

I merely mention this to explain that as far as Alexander Magnus was concerned no night could have been more favourable for carrying out the intricate series of instructions laid down by the gipsy for the making of his fortune. With this reflection he consoled himself somewhat as he ran back to the school.

The doctor had already started for his evening's dissipation, if dining with Professor Hammerhead could be thus described. This eccentric old gentleman combined in one the avocations of a bachelor, a man of science, and a justice of the peace. He rarely took his walks abroad, preferring the solitude of his library and the occasional company of some old comrade with whom to talk over old times, and unburden his mind of the scientific problems which encumbered it. On the present occasion he had lit upon a congenial spirit in worthy Dr. Prudhom, and the two spent a very snug evening together over the dessert, raking up memories of the good old days when they lived on the same staircase at Brasenose; and plunging deep into abstruse questions of natural and physical science which even the sherry could not prevent from being dry.

The professor's present craze was what is commonly termed ethnology—anything connected with the history and vicissitudes of the primitive races of mankind excited his enthusiasm, and he was never tired of inquiring into the languages, the manners, the customs, the dress, the ceremonies, and the movements generally of various branches of the human family, of whom the most obscure were sure to be in his eyes the most interesting.

It was only natural therefore that when Dr. Prudhom made some casual reference to the recent incursion of gipsies, his host should seize the occasion to expatiate on the history of that extraordinary race; tracing them from the Egyptians downwards, and waxing eloquent on their tribal instincts which no civilisation or even persecution could eradicate or domesticate.

"Fact is," said he, with a chuckle, "they had me to thank that they were allowed here so long. Police came to me end of first week and said they were a nuisance. I told the police when I wanted their opinion I'd ask it. End of second week police came again and said all the farmyards round had been robbed. I said must inquire into it. He! he! All the time I was making glorious observations, my boy, a note-book full, I declare. End of third week inspector of police came and said he should have to apply at headquarters for instructions if I wouldn't give them. Not a place was secure as long as the vagabonds stayed. Had to cave in then, and issue a warrant or so and get rid of them. Sorry for it.

Much to learn yet about them, and the few specimens brought before me weren't good ones. Young gipsies, you know, Prudhom, aren't up to the mark. You only get the true aboriginal ring about the old people. Yes, I'm afraid they're breaking up, you know. Sorry for it."

Dr. Prudhom concurred, and mentioned as a somewhat significant fact that very few old gipsies had accompanied the late visitation, which consisted almost altogether of the young and possibly degenerate members of the tribe.

The discussion had reached this stage, and the professor was about to adduce evidence from history of a similar period of depression in the race, when there came a ring at the front bell, followed by a shuffling of feet in the hall, which was presently explained by the appearance of the servant, who announced that there were two constables below who wished to see his worship.

Now his worship was anything but pleased to be interrupted in the midst of his interesting discussion by a matter of such secondary importance as an interview with the police.

"Can't see them now," said he to the servant; "tell them to call in the morning."

The servant retired.

"Strange thing," observed the justice of the peace, "you can shut up your school at five o'clock every night, and every cheesemonger and tinker in the place can do the same; but we've got no time we can call our own. Pull your chair up to the fire, old fellow. Let's see, what were we saying?"

The servant appeared again at this point and said,

"Please, sir, they've got a couple of the gipsies, and want—"

"Eh, what!" exclaimed the professor, jumping up. "Why didn't you say so before? Gipsies! Why, Prudhom, my boy, could anything be more opportune! Show them into the library and set a chair for the doctor, do you hear? How fortunate this is! Now while I'm examining them, watch closely and see if you do not observe the peculiar curve of the nostril I was speaking to you about as characterising the septentrional species of the tribe. Come away, doctor!"

And off trotted the man of science to his library, closely followed by the scarcely less eager Dominie.

At the far end of the dimly lighted room stood the constables, on either side of an aged couple of vagabonds. The old man was arrayed in a long coat which nearly reached the ground, leaving only a glimpse of a stained and weather-beaten pair of pantaloons and striped parti-coloured stockings beneath. The old woman wore a shawl, gipsy fashion over her head and reaching to her feet, which were shod in unusually large and heavy hob-nailed boots. The faces and hands of both were black with dirt and bronzed with heat, and as they stood there trembling in the grasp of the law, with chattering teeth and tottering knees, they looked a veritable picture of outcast humanity.

"Prudhom, my boy," whispered the magistrate to his guest, with a most unjudicial nudge to emphasise his remarks, "they're old ones. Was ever such luck! Knowing ones too, I guess: they'll try to trick us with their gammon, you see; he! he! Now, constable, what have you got here?"

For the first time the elderly couple lifted their heads and looked towards the Bench. As they did so they uttered an incoherent ejaculation and attempted to spring forward. But the active and intelligent servants of the law checked them by a vigorous grip of their arms, and crying "Silence!" in their most majestic and menacing tones, reduced them at last to order.

"See that?" whispered the professor to the doctor; "most characteristic. Simulation is of the very essence of their race. Oh, this is beautiful! Did you catch what they said just then? It was an expression in the Mæso-Shemitic dialect, still to be found in the south of Spain and on the old Moorish coast of Africa. I know it well. Well, constable?"

"If you please, your honour, I was passing near the school about half-past five this afternoon along with my brother officer when I observe the defendants crawling along beside the wall. I keeps my eye on them, and observe them going in the direction of Deadman's Lane. I follows unobserved, and observes them crawl behind a hedge. I waits to observe what follows, and presently I observe a young gentleman walking down the lane. As I expects, the male defendant comes out and offers to tell him his fortune, and I observes the young gentleman give the parties money. I waits till he leaves, and then with my brother officer we arrest the parties. That's all, your worship. Stand still, you wagabone you, do you hear?"

This last observation was addressed not to his worship, but to the female prisoner, who once more made an effort to step forward and speak. The grip of the constable kept her where she was, but, heedless of his threatening gesture, she cried out, in a shrill, trembling voice,

"Please, sir—please, doctor, we're two of your boys."

The doctor, who had been intently looking out for the curved nostril alluded to by his host, started as if he had been shot.

"Eh, what?" he gasped; "what was that I heard?"

"Why," said the professor, in ecstasy, "it's just as I told you. Dissimulation is second nature to the tribe. No lie is too big for them. The old lady says she and the other rogue are your children. Doctor, there's a notion for you!—an old bachelor like you, too! He! he!"

"We are, indeed!" cried the old man, echoing the shrill tones of his helpmeet. "I'm Morgan, Dr. Prudhom, and he's Dell. Indeed, we're speaking the truth. We only did it—"

"There, you see," once more observed the delighted professor; "it's the very thing I knew would happen. They know you are a schoolmaster, and they want you to believe— Oh, this is really most interesting."

The doctor seemed to find it interesting. He changed colour several times, and looked hard at the two reprobates before him. But their weather and dust-beaten countenances conveyed no information to his mind. Their voices certainly did startle him with something like a familiar sound, but might not this be part of the deep dissimulation dwelt upon with so much emphasis by his learned friend?

"I wouldn't have missed this for twenty pounds," said the magistrate, beaming on his guest; "my theories are confirmed to the letter."

"We only did it for a lark, sir, and we're awfully sorry," cried the old man. "We really are, aren't we, Dell?"

"Yes, sir," cried the old lady; "please let us off this time."

"Upon my word," said the doctor, getting up and advancing towards the prisoners. "I don't know—"

"Don't be a fool, Prudhom; I know them of old. Sit down, man. Constable, I shall commit the prisoners. Where are my papers?"

"Oh, doctor, please save us!" cried the old lady again. "We are speaking the truth. Let us wash our faces and take off our cloaks, and you'll see we are. Oh, we'll never do it again!"

And before the doctor could reply, or the scandalised constables could prevent it, the two gipsies cast off their outer garments, and presented themselves to the bewildered spectators in the mud-stained jerseys and knickerbockers of the Holmhurst football club!

I draw a veil over the explanations, the lectures, and the appeals which followed, as also I forbear to dwell upon the consternation of the man of science, and the cruel disorganisation of all his cherished theories. It is only fair to say that the professor bore no malice when once he discovered how the matter stood, and used his magisterial influence with the doctor to procure at any rate a mitigated punishment for the culprits.

The delinquents were ordered off to the lavatory, and left there with a can of hot water and a cube of soap, to remove the wrinkles and sunburn from their crestfallen countenances. Which done, they humbly presented themselves in the library, where the doctor, looking very stern, stood already accoutred for the journey home. The leavetaking between the two old gentlemen was subdued and solemn, and then in grim silence Dr. Prudhom stalked forth into the night, followed at a respectful distance by his trembling disciples.

Till that moment the thought of Bilk had never once crossed the minds of the agitated amateur gipsies, but it flashed across them now as the doctor strode straight for the cross roads. What if the miserable Alexander Magnus should have swallowed the absurd bait laid for him, and be in the act of making his fortune on the very spot they were to pass!

They held a hurried consultation in whisper on this terrible possibility.

"We shall be expelled if it comes out," groaned Dell.

"Yes; we may as well tell him at once," said Morgan.

"He may not be there, you know; perhaps we'd better wait and see, in case."

So they went on in the doctor's wake, nearer and nearer to the fatal cross-roads at every step.

Suddenly, as they came within a hundred yards of the sign-post, the doctor stood still and uttered an exclamation, the meaning of which they were able to guess only too readily. Straining their eyes in the direction indicated, they could discern a white shadowy form hovering in the road before them.

"What's that?" exclaimed the doctor, in a whisper.

Dell was conscious of a secret nudge as Morgan gasped,

"Oh, it looks like a ghost! Oh, doctor!" and the two boys clung wildly to the doctor's arm, trembling and gasping with well-feigned terror.

Dr. Prudhom trembled too, but his agitation was unfeigned. The three stood still breathless, and watched the dim figure as it hovered across their path and then vanished into the darkness.

"What can it be?" said the doctor, bracing himself up with an effort, and preparing to walk on.

"Oh, please, sir," cried the boys, "don't go on! do let us turn back! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Foolish boys!" said the doctor; "haven't you sense enough to know that no such thing as—ah! there it is again!"

Yes, there it was again. A faint beam of the moon broke through the clouds and lit up the white figure once more where it stood close to the signpost. And as they watched it seemed to grow, rising higher and higher till its head nearly touched the cross-bars. Then suddenly, and with a groan, it seemed to drop into the earth, and all was darkness once more.

The boys clung one on each side to the doctor, who trembled hardly less than themselves No one dared move or speak or utter a sound.

Again the moon sent forth a beam as the figure once more appeared and slowly rose higher and higher. For a moment it seemed as if it would soar into the air, but again, with a dull crash, it descended and vanished.

"Boys," said the doctor, hoarsely, "I confess I—I am puzzled!"

"I—I wonder," said Dell, "if I ever dare go and see what it is. I say, M-m-organ, would you g-g-go with me—for the d-d-doctor's sake?"

"Oh, Dell! I'm afraid. But—yes, I'll try."

"Brave boys!" said the doctor, never taking his eyes off the spot where the ghost last vanished.

The two boys stole forward on tiptoe, holding one another's arms; then suddenly they broke into a rush straight for the signpost.

There was a loud shriek as the white figure rose up to meet them.

"Bilk, you idiot, cut back for your life! here's the doctor! We were only having a lark with you. Do cut your sticks, and slip in quietly, and it'll be all right. Look alive, or we're all three done for!"

The ill-starred Bilk needed no further invitation. He started to run as fast as his long legs would carry him, his nightgown flapping in the evening breeze, and his two persecutors following him with cries of "Booh!" "Scat!" "Shoo!" and other formulæ for exorcising evil spirits.

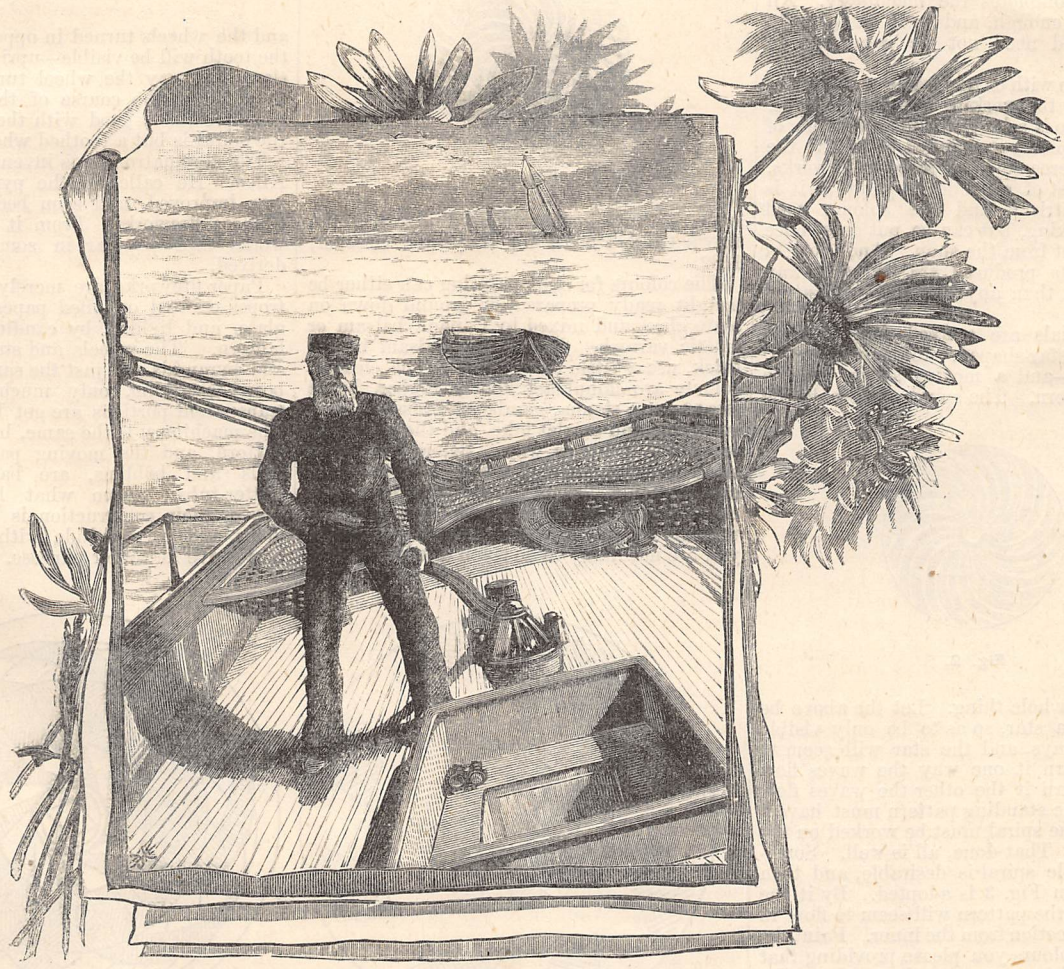
After a hundred yards or so the two heroes gave up the chase and returned to the slowly-reviving doctor.

"Come along, sir," said Dell, "there's nothing there; it vanished as soon as we got to it. Let us be quick, sir, in case it comes back."

The remainder of the walk home that evening, I need hardly observe, was brisk, but it was not so brisk as the same journey accomplished by Alexander Magnus Bilk, who had reached the school a full quarter of an hour before his pursuers, and was safe between his blankets by the time that they peeped into his room on their way to bed and whispered, consolingly, "It's all up with the duke's daughter now, old man!"

The doctor may have had some dim suspicion of the real state of affairs; but if so, he gave no sign, and the boys, happy in their escape from what might have proved a grave matter, were content to forego all further practical jokes of the kind for the rest of the session.

(THE END.)



Homeward Bound for Christmas.

CHROMATROPES AND PAPER FIREWORKS.

In the October part of the Boy's Own Paper for 1883 there is an article on revolving slides for the magic lantern, from which we take the following diagram. It shows very clearly the principle on which such slides are constructed. (Fig. 1.)

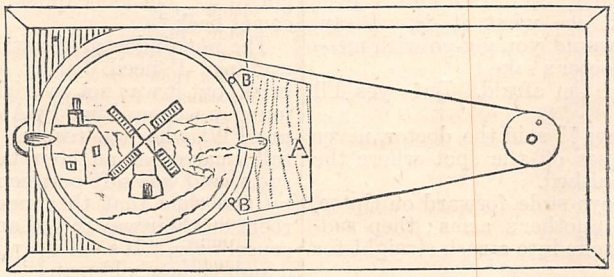


Fig. 1.

Round the slide runs a wooden border half an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. The right-hand part of the slide is wood, the left glass, and the moving part showing towards us is also of glass, and fits into a circular wooden ring that is kept in position as it turns by the two tiny buttons on each side of it. One of these buttons works on the frame, the other is fastened to a piece of wood glued on to the wooden part of the slide. Farther to the right is a small silk reel, into which a handle is fixed, and an endless band from the reel round the circle in the buttons completes the machinery. All this is simple enough, and as it has already been described need not be gone into in detail.

The question with us now is how to apply this contrivance to the working of a chromatrope. A chromatrope is a lantern slide consisting of two or more pieces so painted as to give the effect on the screen of a set piece of fireworks. It is the easiest of all slides to paint, as it is purely geometrical, and the colours used require no mixing, but can be put on at once as they are got from the shop. And, best of all, the effects produced are far and away more brilliant than anything else in lantern practice.

The essentials are a fixed slide of some bold design—star-shaped, circular, octagonal, or what not—and a moving shade that is of spiral pattern. The spiral pattern is the

Fig. 2.

secret of the whole thing. Let the above be spun behind a star, so as to be only visible through its rays, and the star will seem to be alive. Turn it one way the waves flow outwards; turn it the other the waves flow inwards. The standing pattern must have a centre, and the spiral must be worked on the same centre. That done, all is well. Sometimes a double spiral is desirable, and then the pattern in Fig. 3 is adopted. By it the outer part of the pattern will seem to flow in a different direction from the inner. Paint the spirals any colours you please providing that they are bright and you get the results. Let reverse spirals appear in your fixed pattern and you improve the effect. Have two revolving rings worked by the same wheel, one over the other, and the whole device will glow with life and brilliancy.

To begin modestly, take some simple design, such as that of the fountain in Fig. 4. Paint it on your slide, and stop it out all round with asphaltum or any dense black. Then fix to it a simple spiral disk, such as that given in Fig. 2, and the instant the spiral spins the water will begin to flow.

In all designs remember that the fixed slide must be broken up with black and colour so as not to show the whole of the spiral at once. The waves should as it were sweep over the windows. For front designs nothing is superior to a good knighthood star

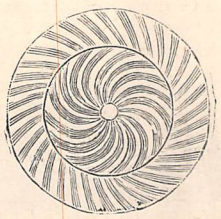


Fig. 3.

such as those in the coloured plates of the Boy's Own Paper for May and October, 1882.

The colours for slide-painting can either be bought ready prepared, or ground down on plate glass and mixed by Canada balsam or mastic varnish. Should the balsam be too thick, use a little turpentine. The clearest colours are lampblack, burnt umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, gamboge, Prussian blue, verdigris, and scarlet lake, and these are put on in the ordinary way. Before you begin clean the glass carefully with a little water and ammonia. Copy the design through the glass, and it would be as well not to forget that unless you can draw properly on paper you are not likely to do so on a lantern slide, where in the intense light and enlargement every mistake and shakiness of line is exaggerated for the benefit of the spectators. For those who cannot draw, figures of men and animals can be cut out with scissors and pasted on the slide so as to give a shadow entertainment as a change from the bought slides. Others can buy transparencies and stick them on for themselves, but the result will never equal hand-painting. One more caution before leaving hand-painting, and that is, do not be in a hurry, and give your slides at least a fortnight to dry.

If the spaces of the chromatrope are too narrow or the design is worked too fast you will only produce a fog, just as you do when you spin a toothed wheel. If, however, the teeth of the two wheels be fixed on the slant

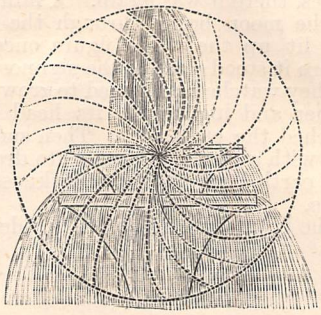


Fig. 4.

and the wheels turned in opposite directions the teeth will be visible—upright if the teeth slant the way the wheel turns, slanting if they follow the course of the wheel. The principle holds good with the chromatrope; the spiral is but a toothed wheel.

The chromatrope was invented by Mr. W. Allen. He called it the pyreidotrope. It was improved, and soon became known as Chinese fireworks. From it the paper fireworks still popular in some circles were derived.

Paper fireworks are merely large chromatropes painted on oiled paper instead of on glass, and lighted by candles instead of a lantern. The wheels and stars and plumes and pyramids are just the same as we have been describing, only much larger. The transparent portions are got by perforations. The machinery is the same, but of a rougher pattern, and the moving parts, instead of reels and bobbins, are barrel-hoops and butter-tubs. From what has been said above, their construction is sufficiently obvious, and we conclude with a design that may serve for either purpose.

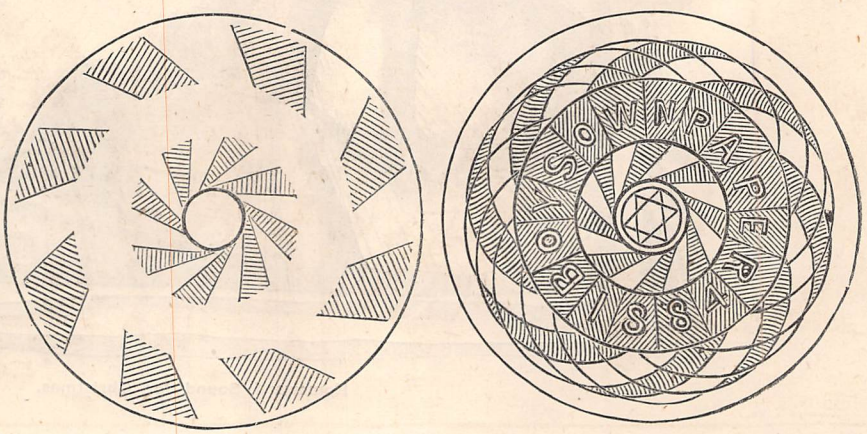


Fig. 5.

A RACE FOR A CHRISTMAS CUP;

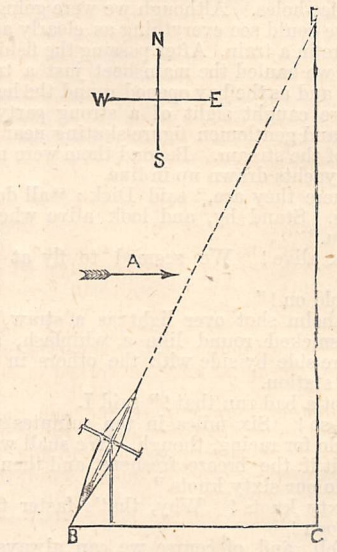
OR, THE ICE-YACHTSMAN'S DREAM.

By W. J. Gordon,

Author of "The Thrones of the Ice King," etc.

Christmas Eve, 1883, I spent at home at Brickbury. I had sat myself down and rang the bell for tea, when I saw among the papers on the table a large-sized magazine, folded back so as to display an illustrated page, headed, "The Playground of Ice." I carelessly glanced at the cuts; then I picked up the magazine, became at first interested, and then absorbed in what I was reading.

Whether it was the fire or not I cannot say, but I fell asleep; and when I awoke the snow was on the ground, King Frost was undisputed monarch of the weather, and all promised well for a glorious ice-time. I made the most of it; I was out every day for a week, and then, behold! with my morning letters a telegram from Dick:—



"Come to Upton at once River right Ripplet out Race for the B I Y C Cup to-morrow at eleven."

I was off by the next train south, caught the night mail, reached Coughester at four in the morning, had an hour or two's sound sleep, and, chartering a trap, was at Upton by ten.

"Master 's down the river on the Ripplet, sir," said the servant when I arrived.

"Then I'll go to him as soon as I have changed my coat."

And in a few minutes I had donned my sea togs, well lined with duffel, and made my way to the boat-yard.

"Here you are, old man!" said Dick, as he came round from the other side of the ice-yacht and cordially shook hands. "Glad you've come. Had your breakfast? Thought I should have been back before to meet you, but I have been having a look at the starboard runner and easing it a bit. The craft is all right now."

And she looked a beauty! Many a pleasant day had I had on her, but where and when I did not for the moment remember; I was too excited to tax my memory closely then.

A graceful sloop was the Ripplet—four-and-twenty feet over all, with light, broad arms of about two-thirds of her length, that seemed to clutch the runners in their outstretched hands and bear the boat upwards on their shoulders. Beyond us was the ice-sheet—silent and still except for the faint ringing of a distant sledge-bell and the fleecy cloud of finely-powdered snow that floated through the Ripplet's rigging as her slender, tapering mast towered some twenty feet above us.

"Yes, she is all right now. Want you to be my crew. We can start at once."

And we did start. The foresail was run up, the sheet hauled in, we swung the stern round, set the mainsail, the canvas filled, and the Ripplet was off down stream. Dick, in fur-lined cap, barnacles, and respirator, was at the tiller; I, as crew, took up my position on the weather outrigger, which had begun to lift to the breeze.

"Splendid fun this!" said Dick.

"Yes; but it doesn't seem to have been invented very long."

"Well, perhaps it doesn't. But don't you know—"

I don't know, for just at that moment the outrigger gave me a sudden hoist in the air. We flew past quite a fleet of sloops, sailing about in all directions, and narrowly escaped demolishing a sledge that was doing duty as a ferry-boat. Down sank the runner for an instant, to rise before another gust, which swept us through a group of lads skating about to the trimmers they were fishing with in the ice-holes. Although we were going so fast, we could see everything as clearly as if we were in a train. After passing the fishing-people we hauled the mainsheet just a trifle closer, and as the bay opened round the headland we caught sight of a strong party of ladies and gentlemen figure-skating near the bank of the stream. Beyond them were nine or ten yachts drawn up in line.

"There they are," said Dick; "all down but us. Stand by, and look alive when I tell you."

Look alive! We seemed to fly at the boats!

"Hold on!"

The helm shot over light as a straw, the sloop snicked round like a whiplash, and we were side by side with the others in our proper station.

"Not a bad run that!" said I.

"So-so! Six miles in ten minutes will never do for racing, though. We shall wake up a bit if the breeze freshens, and then we shall do our sixty knots."

"Sixty knots! Why, that's faster than a typhoon!"

"Well, and of course we can always go faster than the wind!"

"And why?"

"Easy enough. She makes no leeway, and the running friction is on the sharp outside edge of the lee skate, and she is so light you can tow her with a piece of clothes-line. The consequence is, she sails the hypothenuse of a triangle in the same time as the wind travels the base. Here"—and he chalked a triangle on the tiller-cap—"A is the wind; B C, parallel to it, the base of a triangle; B D the course, and D C the perpendicular. The yacht offers no resistance, and spills no wind, and is carried from B to D in the same time as the air travels from B to C. Her speed, therefore, is to that of the wind as B D is to B C, or as many times as great as the perpendicular is to the base. That's lucid enough, isn't it?"

"Well. Yes. It—er—sounds plausible. It—"

"You'll understand it better when you see it done. But now let us give a parting look round and see that we are all 'right and tight and aisy oh!'"

And carefully did we examine every rope, and block, and nut, and screw. Then casting off the foresheet to prevent her taking a cruise on her own account, we left the Ripplet and strolled down to greet and chat with our coming antagonists.

A pleasant set of fellows they seemed, and up to the eyes in skate-yacht lore. Of it the stock was inexhaustible. In vain I endeavoured to recollect when the B I Y C was started. I felt sure it was in my time, but I could not remember the year, and I did not like to ask Dick for fear of showing my ignorance in a way that I thought might vex him.

Here was Leader, who piloted the Haze in her famous match with the Breeze, when the twenty miles were completed in the fifteen minutes. By his side was Davids, who took the short cut down the Jubilee back-water and actually ran the Marikie for two miles over a sheet of ice that was nowhere more than an inch thick. And with them were many more whose achievements will probably fill a portly volume "in the coming by-and-by."

But time was getting on, and the preparation signal was given. The yachts were all in position, head to wind, and just far enough apart to allow each other room to swing. As the word was given to go, the Phantom, as outside vessel, swung round her stem till the sails filled, and she glided off on the port tack. As she finished her swing we followed, and left the line but a few seconds after her. And thus did all the yachts get under way, streaking across the ice in a long echelon, each beginning to swing as soon as the canvas of the vessel on her lee had ceased to shake. I have no doubt it was a very pretty sight, that brisk right-about-face and sudden flashing of the white wings in the cold rays of the sun that were just struggling through the clouds overhead, but I was too excited to attend to it. The wind was blowing strong from the northward, and the clouds breaking up around told us of a coming storm.

The Ripplet was soon in trim, running before the quartering wind with the sheets rather tight aft, and hence "luffing up as she beat to leeward"—to use the rather curious lingo of the ice track—and needing all Dick's skill with the twiddling stick to keep her on her course.

Oh, the glorious excitement of that race! As the wind rose the weather runner rose. As I steadied myself by the shrouds my whole frame thrilled responsive to the wail of the breeze as it sang through the rigging and the hum of the runner as it shot its glittering streak along the ice. Swaying up and down with every modulation of the gale, it seemed as though I was circling through the air on the pinion of some giant petrel. Past the headlands, over the thicker ice we sped, yawing from side to side of the river valley, as at every touch of the sensitive helm the Ripplet writhed back into her course. At times as we skimmed over the clear new ice we could see the water foaming and flowing beneath it; at times above the storm-song we could hear a sharp crick-crack as the ice sheet stretched and grew again in the piercing cold.

Side by side with us raced three of the sloops who seemed to follow our every motion. One, the blue-starred Phantom, was just a trifle ahead—the trifle she had gained at the start. The Reverie had crept up to our crossbeam, the Crystal was about a length behind. The rest were nowhere; the winding of the river had brought us round to the wind, and at the last headland an unlucky slant had caught the stragglers and sent them a-board to the bad. We flew from side to side of the river as if bewitched.

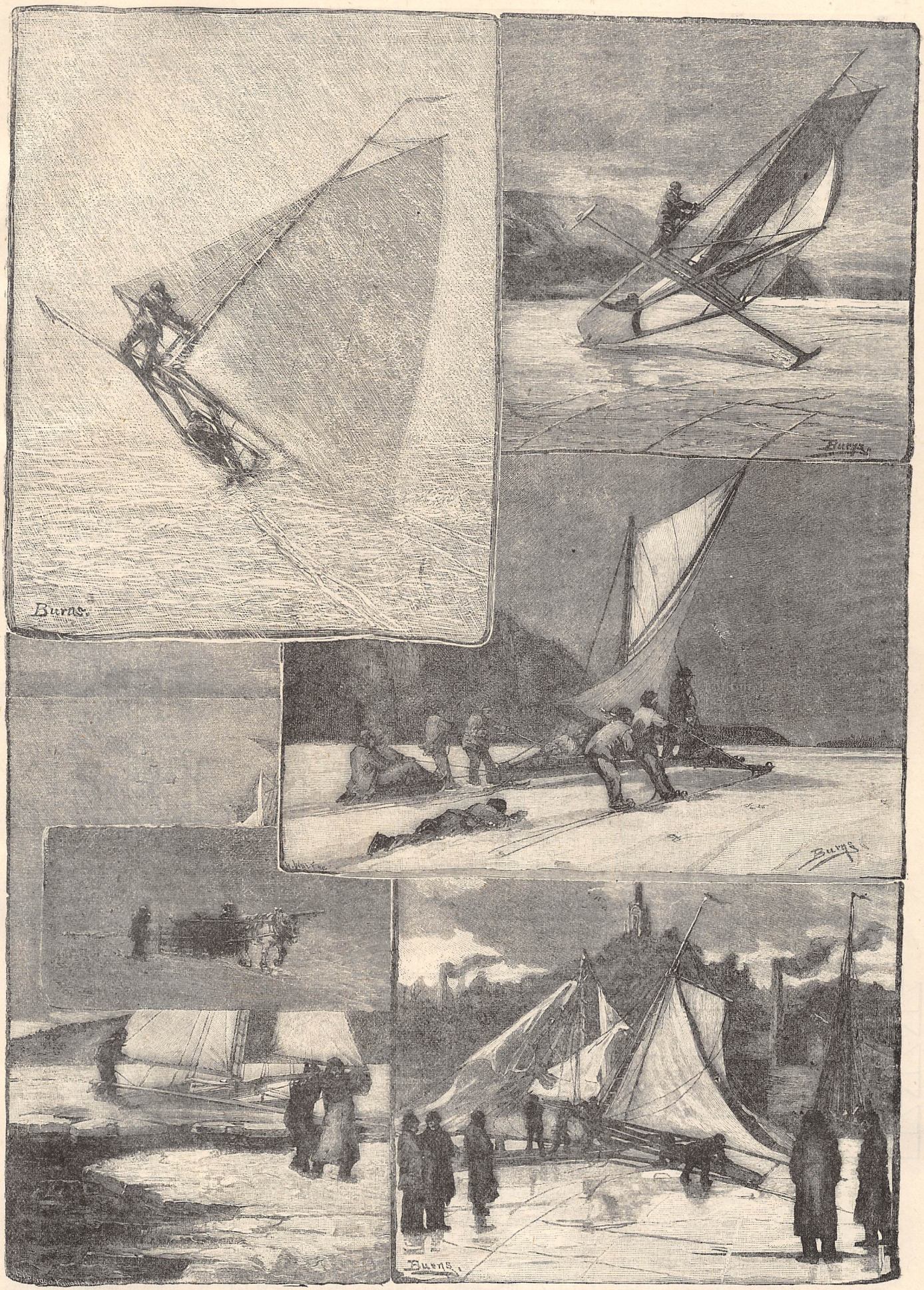
"Ready about!" and for an instant the foresheet hung to the cleat by only its last turn.

"Let her draw!" and I was over like a shot, the lee sheet was home, and the Ripplet swooped away on the other tack like a swallow over a forest pool. And tack by tack we were answered by the three. At times the Phantom would seem to come back to us, then the gust would lull, the angle of the runner lessen, and all we had gained we would lose. There was no bungling on either ship, board after board we hung together, and about we went as true and sure as if vessels and crews were one piece of machinery.

Again the river curved and we had the wind on the quarter. The speed was terrific, the runner rose till it was at half a right angle from the track, the breeze had increased to half a hurricane, and we flew through a shower of crushed ice that sprinkled up from the skate-iron fine as the spindrift from the sea. Ahead of us we could see the snow falling; in a second or two we were in the thick of the storm, and our three antagonists were hid in the falling flakes. On we went alone. Suddenly as we passed where one of the cross valleys should have opened on to the stream, the Ripplet luffed up and headed on to a piece of hummocky ice. I seemed to be shot off into space. My legs flew from under me, and I swung out like an acrobat, holding on to the shroud like grim death. The lee runner had mounted a hummock, and the yacht had whipped round on one foot like a gate on a pivot. With a quick turn of the tiller Dick brought her back as soon as the rudder touched the ground, and with a leap and a jump or two we slid off into safety.

Soon we were through the snow and out into the sunshine. Our mishap on the hummocks had lost us quite half a mile, and there, away ahead, streaked our three competitors, while the others were closing up behind. Never before did I travel at such a speed as then. The Ripplet seemed to know what was expected of her, and barely touched the ice as she swayed away in pursuit of the leaders. One was soon out of the race. In endeavouring to round a headland the Crystal cut matters too fine, got on to rough ice, swung round as we did, and found herself only able to escape by running under the lee of the hill, where she was stopped by a huge crack that she was being lifted across as we passed. The Phantom and the Reverie held on, and the Reverie was in front.

And so we passed St. Agarics, where the ice was crowded with people, who cheered us as we went by. Who heard the cheers intended for us I know not; so fast were we going that we came in for the applause that greeted the leading boats. For an instant my blood seemed to freeze with horror. We were running rather close to the shore, and as we neared the point opposite to the church a man skated out right in our road! He saw us, and seemed bewildered. Down on him we swooped like an eagle, but as we passed he had the presence of mind to jump upwards, and the lee runner passed under him in safety.



A Race for a Christmas Cup.—*See p.* 39.

The express was steaming along the river-bank; we overlapped carriage after carriage, and when we curved apart the train was hopelessly beaten. A skating-race was in progress down one of the reaches; we flew by the skaters as if they were standing still. In another reach a spritsail yacht was giving some skaters a tow; we literally leapt past them in our wild pursuit!

The river had widened, and the leaders were no longer close together. Which was in front we could not tell, but the Reverie seemed to have kept her advantage. The gale had become more gusty, and in the gusts more powerful. At times the runner rose so that I had to stoop down and bend outwards to give all the extra leverage I could to keep the yacht from capsizing; for there was now no thought of reducing sail, we must either carry on or lose all chance of the prize. And as long as we could stagger I knew that Dick would not give in.

As it was with us so it was with those ahead. Every now and then they heeled over as if going on their beam-ends. The Phantom had two men in her weather outrigger, and her mast was bending like a whip.

On we drove, and we seemed to be closing up. A bend in the river brought the wind on the other quarter, and as we wore my attention was called off for a moment from the chase. When I looked again the Reverie had capsized, and her sails were just vanishing!

I shouted to Dick; a puzzled look stole over his face. Again I turned. The Phantom was in difficulties, and yawing about in the strangest manner. What did it mean? We were soon to know. There was a loud crackling all round us. The track split into fragments! The Reverie had sunk in the river, and we and the Phantom were racing to our doom on floating islands of ice!

To stop was impossible! To go about was impossible! The only thing we could do was to drive on and steer for the bank! Down went the helm, the Ripplet luffed up a bit, and then—the rudder caught in a crack, and the tiller broke off short like a piece of glass. At the same moment we passed the cape where the gorge opens and the shores trended away on each side of us, putting safety farther than ever from our grasp.

The rudder being useless, Dick seized the mainsheet and I the fore, and we set to work to steer by the sails. Frightful work it was among the breaking ice, whose fragments got smaller and smaller as we went! On we leapt from one to the other, expecting each instant to be our last. The wind came down in furious slammers; and I had to keep my position on the outrigger for fear of an overturn. The gaps between the floating bergs grew wider and wider, and every chasm leapt seemed hopeless.

"Jack!"

"Dick!"

"Look!"

There in front of us was the bank! And there was the Phantom barring the way on a sheet of unbroken ice!

We were on the only island left, but between us and the shore-strip was a lane of water that looked a foot across. To jump it meant to dash at full speed into the Phantom.

The Ripplet was in full career; to stop or turn her was now beyond our powers. The gust caught her. We leapt.

There was a crash, and all was over!

* * * *

Susan had accidentally tripped up over Rover, and shot tea-tray, teacups, and teapot flying under the table, and I woke to pick up from the broken crockery the "Playground of Ice" that had dropped from my hand when I fell asleep in my elbow-chair.

PICTURE PLAITING.

AMONG the many amusements for winter evenings picture plaiting is not unworthy of attention. Take three pictures. Suppose we call them for the nonce A, B, and C, and cut them into strips, pasting the strips down on a sheet of paper side by side in the following order:—

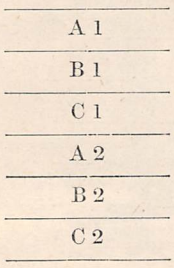


Fig. 1.

And so on. The effect is remarkable, and to those who have not seen it before somewhat bewildering. Take the paper, however, and fold it properly, and the picture is formed as it appeared before it was cut. The folding in this case—a very simple one, but sufficient to show the principle—is as follows:—.

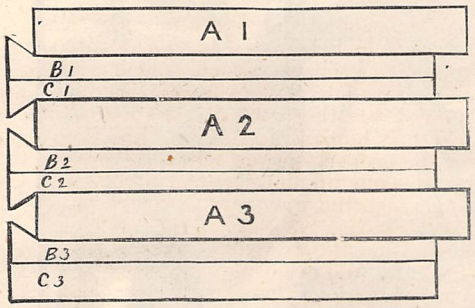


Fig. 2.

Each of the pictures can be formed in a similar manner, and as the back of the slip can be also decorated, and there is no limit to the number of subjects, a somewhat complicated puzzle can be built up with very little trouble.

This is rather folding a picture than plaiting it, plaiting proper consisting of slips interwoven on a chess-board arrangement made by cutting the sheet into squares and pasting these alternately on strips. The principle employed is most clearly shown by cutting the slips of paper first, plaiting them into a mat, and then affixing the squares of the dissected picture.

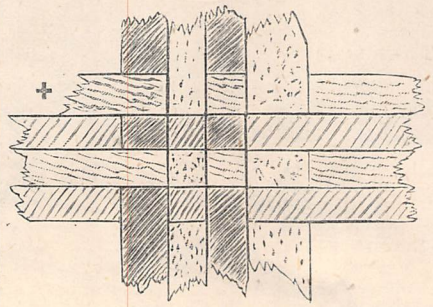


Fig. 3.

Here is the mat as prepared before pasting on the small squares, and below is the strip marked as it appears when taken away from the group,

Fig. 4.

the shaded portion representing that covered by the picture. The picture having been satisfactorily accounted for, the mat is again built up so as to only show the blanks on the strips, and as these view the second is placed. Then on the reverse side two pictures are similarly pasted, and the puzzle is complete, the difficulty in solving it increasing with the number of strips of which it consists.

It was probably this picture plaiting which suggested the idea of "triplicate views." Here three pictures identical in size are taken and cut into vertical strips. The width of the strips matters but little, though an inch is a very fair dimension. On the last occasion we tried the experiment we had chromo-lithographs of the lugger, the landscape, and the hussar, shown on the next page. Having cut the pictures into strips and carefully numbered them on the back, we proceeded to paste down No. 1 of the lugger on a sheet of cartridge paper. By the side of it we pasted No. 1 of the landscape; and by the side of that came No. 1 of the hussar.

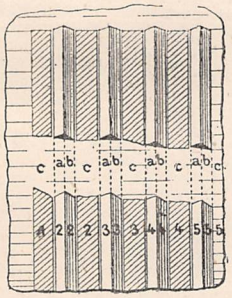


Fig. 5.

Having exhausted the three first strips, we treated the three second strips in the same order in the same way, and the result was that shown in Fig. 5, when A does duty for the lugger, B for the landscape, and C for the hussar.

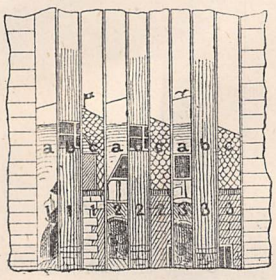


Fig. 6.

The strange medley thus obtained was of course three times the length of one of the originals, and the same height. When it was dry we proceeded to fold it up in the concertina bellows fashion as sketched in Fig. 6, where the folding is shown as only half completed. We, however, pressed the edges

close up together until they stood out at right angles from the landscape, and then having blacked the edges slightly to hide the glaring white line at the joins, we achieved the effect shown in Fig 7.

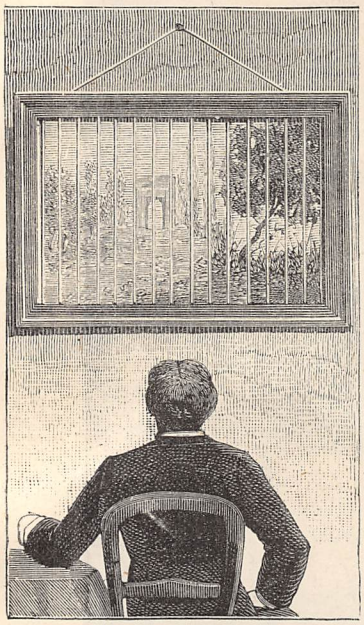


Fig. 7.

This was satisfactory, and so moving our chair to the left we shut out the landscape and beheld the hussar looking none the worse for having been cut into slices.

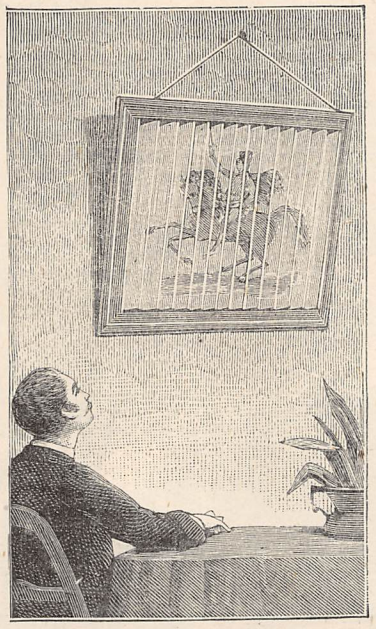


Fig. 8.

Another move of the chair gave us another view of our "tria juncta in uno," and behold! the lugger breasting the waves as gallantly on thirteen uprights as she did on the single flat.

Fig. 9.

FOLLOW MY LEADER!

By the Author of "Joe Sieg," etc.

This cold weather reminds me of a little affair that took place many years ago, when I was very different, but boys were much the same. It was in this wise.

There were two schools in our village, both of them day schools. One was for the more respectable boys—that is, for us—the other for the villagers. We were constantly in a state of armed neutrality during the summer with the cads, as we called them, which always culminated in winter, as a snowball-fight enabled us to try our prowess in a regular set-to.

On the day in question we had our usual encounter, in which we had decidedly the best of it. Not content with our victory, we turned it into a rout, and, chasing the fellows down the street, brought them to bay in a yard belonging to a stonemason, the father of the village ringleader. With a reckless disregard of consequences, we stormed the yard, drove our enemies helter-skelter out of it, and finished by destroying a magnificent snow-man, which the youngsters had spent a couple of days in erecting.

By that time the stonemason, Mr. Higgs, appeared on the scene with a thick stick and a couple of apprentices, seeing which and whom we beat a hasty retreat. Not so hasty, however, but that we heard Mr. Higgs administering summary chastisement to his son Jim, who did not find his punishment lessened by our derisive shouts.

"I'll pay you out for this to-morrow!" he yelled at us from over the wall when his chastisement was over.

"How did you like it?" we shouted back. "Give our love to Mr. Higgs and say we'll call again to-morrow!"

With this parting shot we scuttled to our various homes through the twilight.

At the back of the school premises ran a fence which bordered a narrow ditch dividing the school-grounds from the adjoining meadow. The ditch was a shallow one, and was the first water frozen. By all rights, human and divine, this ditch was the property of our school—at least, that was our opinion—and as a rule the village boys did not venture to trespass on it. Skating was out of the question, but the smooth ice made a splendid place for sliding, and every play-hour saw most of us flying along the whole length (some eighty feet), till we were pulled up short by the termination of the ditch in a small round pond used for watering cattle. It was the one drawback to our sport that just when we had a good pace on we "stubbed" our toes against the end bank and toppled over ignominiously on our hands and faces.

The morning after the snowball-fight

we all hastened to the ditch directly after breakfast to have a good turn before school. It was completely deserted. We had had several days of ordinary sliding the whole length of the ice, so this morning we began by some fancy sliding. Putting two bricks about six inches apart, we endeavoured to slide between them on one foot without touching them, occasionally varying the performance by attempting the "cobbler's knock," which is done by tapping the ice with one foot whilst sliding on the other. All were not equally successful, and I remember that more than once I polished my waistcoat buttons against the slippery surface.

"Time's going on!" cried Lewis, one of our biggest boys. "Let's have one good turn right up to the top to finish with. No crowding now; all come one after the other, steadily."

We formed ourselves in line, ready to follow him. We were anxious to do our best, for we noticed Higgs and several others of the cads seated on the fence at a little distance watching us.

"Ready?" asked Lewis. "Go!"

He took a sharp run down the bank and shot quickly forward on to the ice, feet not too wide apart, body upright; everything in first-rate style. The rest of us followed him at about a yard apart; those who had not sufficient impetus were caught up by the more rapid, and then the unwilling friends travelled along together. The pond was reached; another moment and Lewis would execute the usual half-somersault as he fetched up on the bank. Suddenly a fearful yell was heard, there was a tremendous crash, and one after the other of us fell through the ice upon the unfortunate leader.

Six of us went through before the procession could be stopped—I know this because I was the sixth. Then those who had escaped began to pull out their unfortunate companions. Lewis was soaked through, and was choking with mud and water; the rest of us had not fared so badly, for the pond was only about eighteen inches deep. However, we all had our boots and trousers wet, at least, and that was far from comfortable with the thermometer at 21° Fahrenheit. The village boys departed as we crawled out, and it was not till the afternoon that we discovered the connection between their presence and our accident. Higgs, it appears, galled by his defeat and chastisement, had paid a visit to our pond late on the previous evening and broken a big hole in the ice. It froze sufficiently hard during the night to cover the hole with a thin coating of ice, which at a distance looked just like the rest, which it was not. Hence the untoward mishap of which we were the victims.

We might have taken a deep revenge, but the next night came a tremendous thaw. That put a stop to snowballing, and consequently to open hostilities, for we determined to wait till more snow came, and then—

But the winter was a mild one, and no snow fell worth speaking of. So nature acted the peacemaker, and before next winter our animosity had happily died out.

H. M. P.

A SNOWSKATE RACE IN LAPLAND.

In Nordenskjold's last expedition to Greenland two Laplanders were employed, and when the sledge-party had made their way as far as was deemed advisable across the inland ice-sheet, these two men were sent forward to explore farther on their snowskates. Their adventures were unique. As some doubt was cast on the distance they claimed to have traversed, and as snowskating generally was somewhat of a mystery to a good many scientific celebrities, it was resolved by Mr. Oscar Dickson and the baron to arrange a "ski" race early in the year, as a test of speed and endurance. The course was marked out, timekeepers were appointed under the command of Colonel Bergman, the Rev. C. Læstadius was told off to umpire at the turning-point, and much

trouble was taken to make the trial as conclusive as possible.

The meeting took place on the third of last April, and, after some delay in waiting for a favourable surface of snow, the men were dispatched about six in the evening on the first long-distance snowskate race on record. The course was from Lake Purkijaur in Lule Lappmark, Swedish Lapland, to Kruthol-men and back, crossing several lakes on the journey. This had to be twice traversed, and as the distance out and home measured sixty-eight miles, the full run was one hundred and thirty-six. There were sixteen competitors, but of these six fell out during the race.

The times for the first half of the race, sixty-eight miles, were as follows:—Pava Lars Tuorda, a Laplander, 10h. 10m.; Per Olof Ländta, Laplander, 10h. 10m.; Apmut Andersson Arrhman, Laplander, 10h. 10m. 20s.; Nils Petter Nilsson Tuorda, Laplander, 10h. 10m. 40s.; Johan Gustafsson, colonist, 10h. 41m. 45s.; Anders Katison, Laplander, 10h. 10m. 50s.; Amma Ammasson Ländta, Laplander, 10h. 13m. 31s.; Paulus Nils Jacobsson, colonist, 11h. 21m.; Nila Ribbja, Laplander, 26h. 21m.; and lastly, Johan Paulus Larsson, also a colonist, 11h. 45m. Of the ten in the race it will be noticed that three were colonists and seven Laplanders. Of these latter the two Tuordas belonged to the Tuorpen tribe, whose migrations centre about Lilla Lulevatten, and extends from Quickjork forestwards; the two Ländtas, Arrhman, and Katison, belonged to the Sirkas tribe, who haunt the lower mountains on the south side of Stora Lulevatten as their spring and autumn grazing-ground, and have the reputation of being rather more civilised than their fellows. The other Laplander, Nila Ribbja, represented the Jockmocks, who dwell on the watershed that divides the Perl and Pite. Some of the men had come in on their skidor the night before from distances of forty miles and over.

No difference took place in the position of the men after the half distance, and the race was won by P. L. Tuorda in 21h. 22m., P. O. Ländta coming in a good second in 21h. 22m. 5s. The last man, Larsson, accomplished the journey in 26h. 34m. One of the competitors, A. A. Ländta, was a man of over fifty years of age; his time was 23h. 38m. 5s.

The winner, Tuorda, had been on the Nordenskjold expedition; his time—21h. 22m.—includes an hour and a half for rest and refreshments, so that he skated the hundred and thirty-six miles in 19h. 52m., or at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. One of the chief objects of the meeting was to demonstrate the advantages of the ski for polar exploration, and this it is considered to have established. Of course, as mentioned in our Christmas part last year, where a description was given of the annual snow-skate sports before the King and Royal Family, the use of the ski is well known, and the novelty of the race herein noted consisted in its being the first long-distance competition and the first properly-timed trial.

In wolf-hunting and other sports snow-skates are constantly used; and in our illustration we have shown a couple of sportsmen returning from capercailzie-shooting in full swing down one of the snow-slides in which they delight. A not altogether inappropriate title for the sketch would be "The Descent of Skidor!" For directions how to make a pair of these wooden skates see BOY'S OWN PAPER monthly part for May, 1883.

Homeward Bound.

MIRROR MAGIC.

A PIECE of looking-glass is a famous toy. Even when reflecting the sun in Jack-o'-lantern fashion, giving impromptu flashing-signals across the street, or used in grim earnest as an aid to warfare, there is always something pleasant about it. It does not, however, require a looking-glass to reflect, plain glass will do that at a pinch. Witness the "drawing instrument" sold for a shilling, which consists of a piece of common window pane, at right angles to a drawing-board, with the copy on one side of it and the paper on the other; and the reflection of the copy appearing on the paper, its tracing is thereby reduced to child's play. When light passes from one medium to another a portion of it is always turned back or reflected.

Next to a Jack-o'-lantern, perhaps the simplest optical toy is a Magic Gallery. Take a long box or trough and place a piece of ordinary looking-glass at each of its ends. At one end bore a hole to look through, and rub the silvering off the back of the glass that stands against it. Now fill up the length of the box with grooves, and have a few card trees jutting out for an inch or two from each side, at intervals of two or three inches apart. On the spot on the mirror where the reflection of the spy-hole comes arrange a tree or curtain, so as to hide it. On looking through the spy-hole an endless gallery will be revealed—an avenue of untold length, in which a few tin soldiers or dolls judiciously placed will be repeated till they form an army. A most effective peep-show can be devised on this principle, more especially if the pictures are brilliantly lighted from above, for in all optical experiments it is worth remembering that a good deal of the success depends on having the objects well illuminated and the eyes well shaded.

Having made a Magic Gallery with two mirrors, try one with four. Here the reflections and cross-reflections will be even more startling, and as you advance to six, eight, or a greater number of sides, you will find the results increase in geometrical proportion. There is no better or pleasanter way of commencing the study of optics than that of trying the effect of these combinations of the simple mirror. The cost is trifling, odd pieces of looking-glass being obtainable for a few pence. At first it is best to try with common thin glass, as with the thicker varieties there may be some trouble with the multiple images caused by the reflections from the upper and under surfaces. It is owing to these confusing multiple images that scientific instruments are fitted with metal instead of glass reflectors; and in trying over the experiments of the ancients, with whom mirror manipulation was a fine art, the qualified success is not seldom due to the imperfections of the tools used. For the mirrors of old were costly specimens of perfectly polished silver or steel, or copper and tin mixed, whose reflections were peculiarly sharp and true.

The fundamental law explaining the enlargements and multiplications due to the mirror is the very simple one that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. We may as well prove this before we go any further, and we can hardly do so in a simpler manner than that described by Professor Tyndall:—

"Fill a basin with water to the brim, the water being blackened by a little ink. Let a small plummet—a small lead bullet, for example—suspended by a thread, hang into the water. The water is to be our horizontal mirror, and the plumb-line our perpendicular. Let the plummet hang from the centre of a horizontal scale, with inches marked upon it right and left from the point of suspension, which is to be the zero of the scale. A lighted candle is to be placed on one side of the plumb-line, the observer's eye being at the other.

"The question to be solved is this: How is the ray which strikes the liquid surface at the foot of the plumb-line reflected? Moving the candle along the scale, so that the tip of its flame shall stand opposite different numbers, it is found that to see the reflected tip of the flame in the direction of the foot of the plumb-line, the line of vision must cut the scale as far on the one side of that line as the candle is on the other. In other words, the ray reflected from the foot of the perpendicular cuts the scale accurately at the candle's distance on the other side of the perpendicular. From this it immediately follows that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection."

Now this is a very simple experiment, easily done and never forgotten, and should be tried by every lad who desires to be anything of a mirror magician. It is the key to nearly all the illusions.

Take the decapitated head, for instance, as given in our last Christmas number, or in its latest form as here shown. The head looks quite isolated. It is really thrust through a mirror inclined at half a right angle as shown along the sides, the hole in the glass being hidden by the frill round the neck.

Having settled with the galleries and the boxes, the next thing to try should be the hinged mirrors. Two pieces of looking-glass are hinged together with a strip of tape glued to one of each of their sides. They are then opened at various angles on any brightly coloured objects, such as flowers or fabrics, so as to disclose the most charming geometrical designs.

One of the most beautiful objects to place between the hinged mirrors, or indeed anywhere, is an ordinary soap bubble shielded by a tumbler from the air. The changing colours of the lessening film baffle all description.

The effect is improved if the mirrors are enclosed in a box and gazed at through a sight-hole as in the gallery. The principle is the same as that of the kaleidoscope, whose construction we have fully described on p. 63, and some of the prettiest patterns produced are those from the reflection of old nails and buttons and scraps of cotton dresses. For suggestions for chromatropic and firework designing the hinged mirrors have no superior. If the sight-hole is fitted with a multiplying-glass, a lens cut in facets like a jewel, the wealth of form and colour is immensely increased; the patterns are the same, but their multiplication seems to refine and improve them.

After thus digressing into ornament the

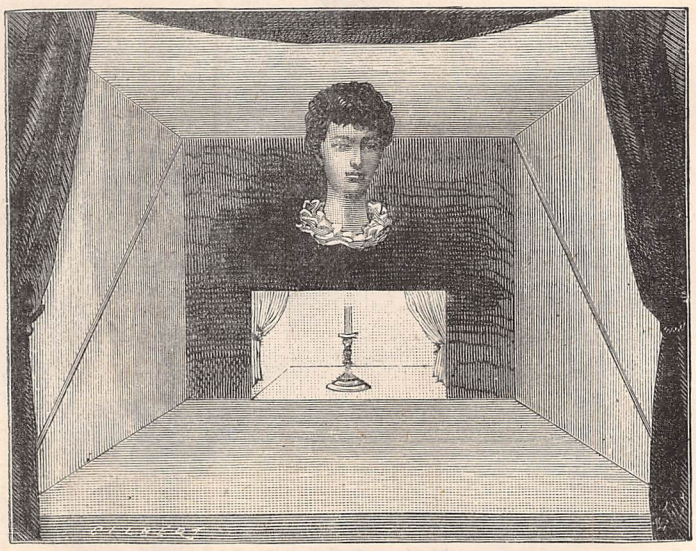


Fig. I.—The Maiden's Portrait.

On this system nearly all the physiological impossibilities are worked by our conjurers. Talking heads, living busts, quarter lengths and half lengths, whole heads, half heads, two heads, and three heads, all owe their origin to the angle of reflection. And even in cases, as at the Egyptian Hall, where the doctor cuts off the patient's head, and the disconnected head and body keep time together in threatening gesture, the "forty-five mirror" is the responsible agent. If ever a saint did nurse his head on his knees we may rest assured it was "through the looking-glass."

A few experiments with slanting mirrors should be tried, and the various appearances they give rise to in a partially closed box carefully studied, as more likely than anything else to lead to new developments. You will end by hardly believing your own eyes. There is no more heartless deceiver than a looking-glass.

experimenter may next try his hand at a little mischief, and though he may not equal Archimedes he may certainly succeed à la Buffon.

That Archimedes burnt the ships of Marcellus is generally admitted, but it is by no means clear how he did it. Did he use a lens or a combination of plane mirrors?

When Kircher went to Syracuse with Scheiner, he came to the conclusion that the ships could not have been farther than one hundred and fifty feet from Archimedes at the time the attempt was made, and that a combination of plane mirrors was quite equal to the task.

To prove that the achievement was not impossible, Buffon took one hundred and sixty-eight pieces of looking-glass, each six inches by eight, and connected them so as to throw the light on to one spot. With twenty-one of these mirrors he burnt a beech plank at a distance of twenty feet; with forty-five he

melted a six-pound pewter flask; with one hundred and seventeen he melted thin pieces of silver; and with two hundred and twenty-four mirrors he melted plate silver at forty feet. On the strength of these experiments a Mr. Peyrard, during the long French war, proposed to unite the beams from five hundred and ninety mirrors, and from the distance of a mile and a half destroy the British fleet.

Buffon, it may be mentioned before we leave this burning question, also experimented with lenses. He it was who discovered that the longer the focal length the better. A lens of thirty-two inches in diameter and six inches in focal length, with a diameter of focus of eight lines, melted copper in less than a minute.

This sounds rather sharp work for a burning-glass, but is nothing to what Parker, the Fleet Street optician, achieved. He made out of a mass of flint-glass a lens a yard in diameter, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds. It was three inches and a quarter thick at the centre, and had a focus of six feet eight inches, and the diameter of the focus was one inch. The rays refracted by the lens were received on a second lens, weighing twenty-one pounds, in whose focus the objects for fusion were placed. The diameter of the smaller lens was thirteen inches, and its central thickness an inch and five-eighths, giving a length of focus of twenty-nine inches and a diameter of three-eighths of an inch. The combined focal length of the two glasses was five feet three inches, and the diameter of the focal image half an inch. This was the most powerful burning-glass ever built. Nothing could resist it. Platinum, gold, silver, copper, tin, quartz, agate, jasper, flint, topaz, garnet, and asbestos, were all liquefied in a few seconds. Its "focus" was indeed the hearth that the name implies. Hearths, however, need not necessarily be hot. Witness the damp blotting-paper slope down which sodium globules are run, bursting into flame as they feel the moisture!

And now let us take our flat mirror and bend it into a cylinder, or, what is the same thing, let us silver the inside of an ordinary glass tube, such as is procurable from any druggist's shop. But before we do so we may as well try an experiment with a tumbler and a plate, and turn a shilling into three-and-sixpence.

Rather more than half fill the tumbler with water. Drop the shilling into it tail side upwards. Place the plate on the top, and briskly and steadily turn tumbler and plate upside down so that the shilling drops head upwards on the plate. On placing it on the table the shilling will be seen at the top of the water, and on the plate there will appear a magnified image as large as a half-crown. Refraction has lifted up the shilling, reflection has magnified it.

There is no danger of making a mess. Some years ago a few members of a scientific society visited a certain well-known seaside resort, and one of the party, feeling dissatisfied at the entertainment at the inn, amused himself by filling the tumblers with water to the brim, and by holding a sheet of paper on the top, turning them upside down upon the table. There they were left, seemingly empty, to be removed by the unsuspecting waiter, who doubtless found his task rather a difficult one. To turn them over is easy enough, but to turn them back again under such circumstances—?

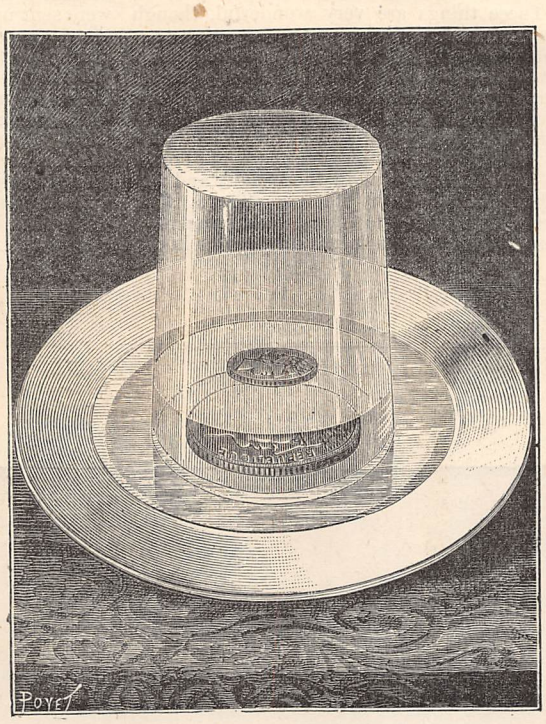


Fig. 2.—Coin Growing.

Having bent round our mirror, and thus obtained a large segment of a circle, or, what is better, become possessed of a piece of silvered tube such as is sold for gasfitting purposes, stand it upright on a picture. The result will be to pinch up the image and distort it out of all recognition. Why? Let us alter the drawing so as to get a proper representation of it, and we shall see. Divide the sketch into squares, as in Fig. 3. Then take a line the

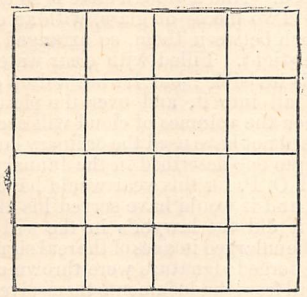


Fig. 3.

length of one of the sides of the square, and from its centre let fall a perpendicular equal to the focal length of the mirror. From its end draw another line at right angles to it, half the length of the bisected line, and then join the lines so as to form the triangles in the annexed figure. Now divide the base of your triangle in the same way as you have divided the sides of your square, and run the divisions down to the apex. Where they are cut by the cross-line draw the parallels which answer to the parallels on your picture, and cut the triangle up into trapeziums, as in Fig. 4. Now place your mirror on the apex of the triangle, and you will find that these trapeziums will appear as the squares from which you constructed your distorted design. This is quite enough to show the principle of anamorphosis, as it is called. With a little thought about our old angular friends of incidence and reflection the mystery of the image in the glass will soon vanish. The appearance of the two sketches when finished is as in Figs. 5 and 6, and of course landscapes and figure-subjects are prepared in the same way. And now we must hasten on. Still more wonderful distortions are effected by conical mirrors, but the drawings

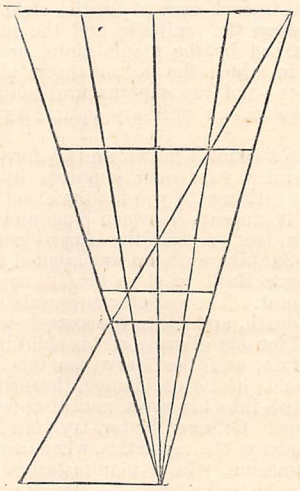


Fig. 4.

have to be arranged on a rather more elaborate system.

All boys are familiar with the distortions effected by convex mirrors, such as are familiar to them in the teapots and spoons. Cylindrical mirrors are used but as curiosities. Like unto them are spherical mirrors and

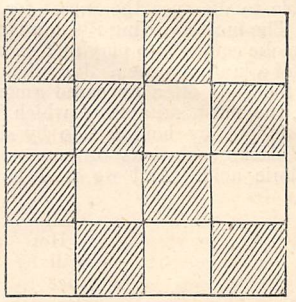


Fig. 5.

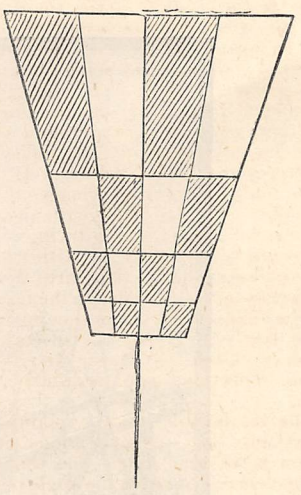


Fig. 6.

convex mirrors generally. With concave mirrors it is very different. They are the true magic mirrors. It is with them that all the triumphs of the charlatanism of old and the science of to-day have been achieved.

All the wonderful appearances of the gods in the ancient temples can be explained by referring them to the concave mirror. At Tyre there was a temple to Hercules in which, according to Pliny, there was a con-

secrated seat from which the gods arose. At Tarsus was a temple where Æsculapius appeared to his worshippers. At Enguinum, in Sicily, was a temple in which nearly all the recognised goddesses could be shown at will. And in each case, given the right distance between the audience and the mirror focus—marked by the magic figure or ring of skulls in which the necromancers placed their dupes—and the supernatural manifestation becomes an ordinary optical experiment.

Hang up a concave mirror and try for yourself, and raise your own phantom by advancing or retiring till you hit the exact spot in which it appears between you and the glass. In fact, repeat the experience of Theodore Santabaren, who was applied to by the Emperor Basil to show him his son but for an instant. The emperor, inconsolable at the boy's death, applied to the miracle-working pontiff for one glimpse of his child in his present state, and the story recounts how Basil beheld his son's image, beautifully dressed, rush into his arms and disappear—out of focus! Or, even better, try your hand at the wonder of the mysteries, when, according to Damasius, "in a manifestation that should not be talked about, there appeared on the temple wall a mass of light, at first seeming very remote, and then transformed as it came nearer into a face divine and supernatural, of severe aspect, but mixed with gentleness, and extremely beautiful."

In the Christmas parts of the BOY'S OWN PAPER for the last and previous years are the diagrams showing the way in which these ghostly illusions are most easily worked, and to them reference should be made by all who are unable to discover the secret for themselves. The most startling illusion is that in which smoke comes into play and serves the purpose of a lantern-screen. Jamblichus tells us how the gods often appeared among the vapours, the most suitable of which for the purpose is got by boiling side by side, in separate flasks, solutions of ammonia and hydrochloric acid. And we read how one Maximus, the sorcerer, eclipsed all predecessors by making the statue of Hecate laugh in the smoke of the burning incense. If Maximus had only had a magic lantern what wonders would he not have effected? Had he only placed a prism in the beam, he could not only have made the statue laugh, but cut off its head into the bargain! And had he used a trough slide, by colouring the water he could have raised round the laughing head additional clouds of any form and colour that he pleased. And a trough slide is so easy to make! Two pieces of glass, with an eighth of an inch between them, so arranged as to be water-tight. Filled with clear water, the trough is invisible; but let but a drop of ink or dye fall into it, and over the picture on the screen the volumes of cloud will ascend.

He need not have used the ordinary lantern, the opaque one described in the January part of the B. O. P. for this year would have done as well, and it would have served his turn as well as it did the lawyer's in the will case, where the enlarged images of the real signature and the forged signature were thrown on the court wall from the documents themselves, and the patchings and scratchings of the forgery revealed to all, to the dire confusion of the ingenious gentleman in the dock. An opaque lantern Maximus doubtless did have, but it was of considerable size, and consisted merely of a bright light, whose rays were concentrated on the living figure by a concave mirror, and from the figure reflected on to the other silver mirror, from whence the phantom was floated on the smoke.

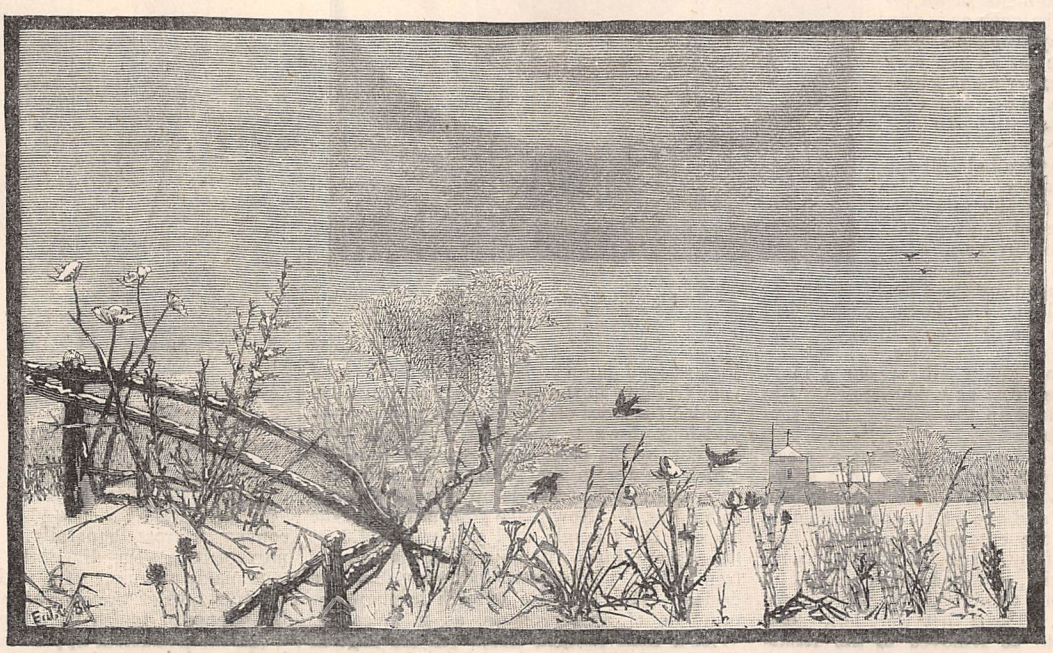
These things are very wonderful, though we can "explain" them. Our ancestors may not have been acquainted with quite as many laws of nature as we are, but some of them were keen students of phenomena. One great difference there is, however, between their ways of thinking and ours. Our discoveries we think it best to trumpet abroad, so that all may share in the wonder and win other victories over matter. Theirs they deemed it wisest to keep secret amongst a certain class, as too sacred for popular knowledge, and employed them only as a means of mystification.

Mirror magic is strange enough, but the sorcerers are run very close by the professed jugglers. Of the feats of sleight-of-hand recorded in the past, and even in more modern days, some are just as hard of belief until the explanation is forthcoming. We read of just as many curious appearances and disappearances with which the eye was deceived, only as a rule the juggler avowedly produced them for the sake of the amusement, unlike the sorcerer, who carried on his little entertainment for the sake of the dread.

We have in the course of our short paper alluded to many strange things, but none of them are more surprising than the twenty-eight tricks of the Bengalee jugglers, which the Emperor Jehangir in his autobiography says were performed before him. Among these were the basket-trick, the cutting of a man in pieces and then producing him all safe and sound, the putting of seeds into the ground and growing them immediately to the height of a foot or so, and, most extraordinary of all, a masterpiece that the Emperor of Hindostan shall relate in his own words.

Says his Imperial Majesty, "They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and, in my presence, threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, ran up, and reaching the other end disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were sent up, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising."

And so say all of us. Though we think it a pity that the jugglers did not themselves climb the chain, draw it up after them, and "equally disappear."



Please to Remember the Hungry Birds.

Our Christmas Penny Readings.

IN THE SIGNAL-BOX: A STATIONMASTER'S STORY.

By G. R. Sims.

YES, it's a quiet station, but it suits me well enough;
I want a bit of the smooth now, for I've had my share o' rough.
This berth that the company gave me, they gave as the work was light;
I was never fit for the signals after one awful night.
I'd been in the box from a younker, and I never felt the strain
Of the lives at my right hand's mercy in every passing train.
One day there was something happened, and it made my nerves go queer,
And it's all through that as you find me the stationmaster here.

I was on at the box down yonder—that's where we turn the mails,
And specials, and fast expresses, on to the centre rails;
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and local slows.
It was rare hard work at Christmas, when double the traffic grows.
I've been in the box down yonder nigh sixteen hours a day,
Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my thoughts went all astray;
But I've worked the points half-sleeping—and once I slept outright,
Till the roar of the Limited woke me, and I nearly died with fright.

Then I thought of the lives in peril, and what might have been their fate
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth of a tick too late;
And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through my frame
As I fancied the public clamour, the trial, and bitter shame.
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the mangled slain—
And the picture was seared for ever, blood-red, on my heated brain.
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I couldn't shut out the thought
Of the lives I held in my keeping, and the ruin that might be wrought.

That night in our little cottage, as I kissed our sleeping child,
My wife looked up from her sewing, and told me, as she smiled,
That Johnny had made his mind up—he'd be a pointsman too.
"He says when he's big like daddy, he'll work in the box with you."
I frowned, for my heart was heavy, and my wife she saw the look;
Why, bless you, my little Alice could read me like a book.
I'd to tell her of what had happened, and I said that I must leave,
For a pointsman's arm ain't trusty when terror lurks in his sleeve.

But she cheered me up in a minute, and that night, ere we went to sleep,
She made me give her a promise, which I vowed that I'd always keep—
It was ever to do my duty. "Do that, and then, come what will,
You'll have no worry," said Alice, "if things go well or ill.
There's something that always tells us the thing that we ought to do"—
My wife was a bit religious, and in with the chapel crew;
But I knew she was talking reason, and I said to myself, says I,
"I won't give in like a coward—it's a scare that'll soon go by."

Now, the very next day the missus had to go to the market town;
She'd the Christmas things to see to, and she wanted to buy a gown.
She'd be gone for a spell, for the parly didn't come back till eight,
And I knew, on a Christmas Eve, too, the trains would be extra late.
So she settled to leave me Johnny, and then she could turn the key—
For she'd have some parcels to carry, and the boy would be safe with me.
He was five was our little Johnny, and quiet, and nice, and good—
He was mad to go with daddy, and I'd often promised he should. [It

It was noon when the missus started—her
train went by my box;
She could see, as she passed my window, her
darling's curly locks.
I lifted him up to mammy, and he kissed his
little hand,
Then sat, like a mouse, in the corner, and
thought it was fairyland.
But somehow I fell a-thinking of a scene that
would not fade,
Of how I had slept on duty, until I grew
afraid;
For the thought would weigh upon me, one
day I might come to lie
In a felon's cell for the slaughter of those I
had doomed to die.

The fit that had come upon me, like a
hideous nightmare seemed,
Till I rubbed my eyes and started like a
sleeper who has dreamed.
For a time the box had vanished—I'd worked
like a mere machine—
My mind had been on the wander, and I'd
neither heard nor seen.
With a start I thought of Johnny, and I
turned the boy to seek,
Then I uttered a groan of anguish, for my
lips refused to speak;
There had flashed such a scene of horror swift
on my startled sight
That it curdled my blood in terror and sent
my red lips white.

It was all in one awful moment—I saw that
the boy was lost:
He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some child
from a train had tossed;
The local was easing slowly to stop at the
station here,
And the Limited Mail was coming, and I had
the line to clear.
I could hear the roar of the engine, I could
almost feel its breath,
And right on the centre metals stood my boy
in the jaws of death;
On came the fierce fiend, tearing straight for
the centre line,
And the hand that must wreck or save it, O
merciful God, was mine!

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's. 'Twas
that! what could I do?
Up to God's ear that moment a wild, fierce
question flew—
"What shall I do, O Heaven?" and sudden
and loud and clear
On the wind came the words, "Your duty,"
borne to my listening ear.
Then I set my teeth, and my breathing was
fierce and short and quick.
"My boy!" I cried, but he heard not; and
then I went blind and sick;
The hot black smoke of the engine came with
a rush before,
I turned the mail to the centre, and by it flew
with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror, and hid
my ashen face—
I had given my child to Heaven; his life was
a hundred's grace.
Had I held my hand a moment, I had hurled
the flying mail
To shatter the creeping local that stood on the
other rail!

Where is my boy, my darling? My boy! let
me hide my eyes.
How can I look—his father—on that which
there mangled lies?
That voice!—O merciful Heaven!—'tis the
child's, and he calls my name!
I hear, but I cannot see him, for my eyes are
filled with flame.

I knew no more that night, sir, for I fell, as I
heard the boy;
The place reeled round, and I fainted—
swooned with the sudden joy.
But I heard on the Christmas morning, when
I woke in my own warm bed,
With Alice's arms around me, and a strange
wild dream in my head,
That she'd come by the early local, being
anxious about the lad,
And had seen him there on the metals, and
the sight nigh drove her mad—
She had seen him just as the engine of the
Limited closed my view,
And she leapt on the line and saved him just
as the mail dashed through.

She was back in the train in a second, and
both were safe and sound—
The moment they stopped at the station she
ran here, and I was found
With my eyes like a madman's glaring, and
my face a ghastly white:
I heard the boy, and I fainted, and I hadn't
my wits that night.
Who told me to do my duty? What voice
was that on the wind?
Was it fancy that brought it to me? or were
there God's lips behind?
If I hadn't a-done my duty—had I ventured
to disobey—
My bonny boy and his mother might have
died by my hand that day.

THE "YÜLE-BAU."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SHETLAND ISLES.

By Jessie M. E. Saxby,

Author of "The Song of the Cal-Loo," etc.

CHAPTER I.

YÜLE-MORNING dawned clear, keen, and exhilarating. There was plenty of crisp snow on the ground, so crisp and firm that walking over its sparkling surface was no difficulty, but a pleasure.

As the first streaks of daylight established themselves an acknowledged fact upon the face of the earth the Manse door opened gently and three boys stole out. One was quite four years older than the others, who were nearly the same size and age. The big gap had been occasioned by a death in the family, and the face of the eldest lad was more sober for thinking of past Yüles when gay-hearted Frank had been the "mainspring o' a' mischief," as well as the head and front of every game. Happily for youth, sorrow sits lightly on it, and though the younger boys had not forgotten Frank, they were prepared to enjoy their Yüle game. Eric was carrying a fine new fishing-rod. Not a slim jointed thing such as we all know, but a long, tapering, sturdy wand known as a "sillack rod." Harry's hands were in his pockets. Bill, the youngest, had a gigantic football in his arms, and this he hugged with infinite delight.

"I hope there will be a good number of fellows on the loch," said Harry, the middle boy.

"Not a doubt about that," answered Eric, swinging the fishing-rod from one hand to the other. "I know that they've got a hint—I suspect from Fred Garson—that a better 'bau' than usual may be expected on the ground to-day, so there will be a good turn-out."

"What a jolly day it is going to be!" exclaimed Bill; "and I like the Shetland game much better than either Rugby or Association. Don't you?"

"I am not sure," replied Harry, sententiously; "it is not so rough, if less scientific than the others; but I do wish they had goals and regular rules of some sort."

"Every man for himself is the motto of Shetland football," remarked Eric, adding thoughtfully, "Father says that *that* is the Shetlanders all over. They don't understand working together shoulder to shoulder."

"*We* do," said Harry; "it is always the Manse boys, never 'boy.'"

His brothers laughed, and then they reached a stile leading to their humble neighbour's (Ned Harper's) cottage.

As they neared the house Ned came out—for you must remember that sunrise during mid-winter in the Shetland Isles is as late as nine o'clock—and as soon as he saw the lads he called out,

"A happy Yüle to you."

"Changed times with Ned," muttered Harry, while Eric thanked the fisherman for his good wishes, and then with a little hesitation in his manner said,

"We wanted to give you a small Yüle present, Ned, and we couldn't think of

anything better than a fishing-rod—just a small remembrance of—of dear Frank, you know."

"How gude o' you!" exclaimed surly Ned, in a grateful tone, quite unlike his old manner of addressing the Manse boys. "It is very very gude o' you—"

"Are you coming to the loch to see the fun?" Eric interrupted, wishing to cut short Ned's thanks.

"Yea! yea! It's Yüle morning," answered Ned, as if that were reason enough for any escapade; so, handling his new rod with much pleasure, the man accompanied his young friends to the rendezvous.

They had not far to go, for "the ground" was a loch not more than a mile from Westervoe, though hid from it by rising ground. The loch was very beautiful, winding among hills and covered by smooth, firm ice. There was enough of snow on the surface to make a good footing for even cautious fellows who valued their skin, and already some thirty boys and lads were assembled and were greeting each other with all the hearty wishes of the season.

A game of football is one of *the* institutions of Yüle in Shetland, and every man and boy who can move a leg is expected to show himself upon the ground on Yüle Day, but only the more enthusiastic spirits met at such an early hour.

Two balls were on the ground already, one purchased by subscription—and a mighty effort it had cost the youths to save enough for the purchase—the other last year's ball, carefully mended for the occasion.

Both were good "baus," home-made, of course, but none the worse for that. However, Eric saw with pride that *their* ball was by far the best of the three.

Their father had given it to the Manse boys a few days before Yüle as a reward for good conduct, and their little mother with tears in her eyes had said at the time, "Boys, I don't feel quite able to have much fun indoors this Yüle, the first without—without my Frank," and then she had broken down and the minister had finished the speech for her.

"We wanted you," he said, "to have some pleasure at this season as usual. We felt that was what dear Frank would wish, and so we took the money which would have been used for—for his new Christmas suit, and got this football and some other Christmas gifts for you. I hope you will have much fun out of it. We don't want you to have sorrowful thoughts at Yüle, though we do not feel equal to joining your fun at present."

At first Eric had felt that he could have no pleasure out of Christmas amusements, remembering Frank, but wiser reflections came to his aid, and (as we have seen) he was ready to join the younger boys in the Yüle game when Yüle Day arrived.

"Hurrah! here are the Manse boys!" shouted the laird's son, and immediately the young Mitchells were surrounded, loud praise bestowed upon their ball, and the game began. A party of small urchins seized upon the last season's ball and off it went skimming along the ice, followed by the excited party.

Some of the older and more sedate youths took possession of the subscription ball and pursued a dignified game of their own on a retired corner of the loch. A mixed army of the more venturesome and energetic souls joined the Manse boys, whose "bau" was soon flying up a long arm of the loch pursued by a wild and eager crowd.

As I have already hinted, the Shetland game of football has few rules and no system. The ball must never be lifted or touched by hand, but is simply kicked along anyhow and anywhere, and as long as the lads can hold out, so that the fleet foot and long wind are sure to win. The Manse boys were always on their mettle when they took the field on Yüle Day, and the remembrance of Frank, who had been "king o' the bau" a year before, added to their wish to have "one of themselves" foremost again. They soon left the greater number of their companions behind, and after an hour's hard running up and down the winding loch, they found themselves with only two rivals contending for the first place.

Eric, though so much older than his brothers, was scarcely Harry's match at a race, for the latter was a compact, tough little man, wiry and long-enduring, and Eric had grown so rapidly in height that his strength was not equal to his inches. He gradually fell behind Harry, but Bill kept well up to his brothers, and soon the Manse boys believed they would outstrip all their comrades. Fred Garson (the laird's son) was breathing hard and showing some signs of fatigue, though toiling on with unflagging courage, and Gloy Winwick's staying powers were becoming exhausted. Poor chap! He was a humble widow's son, and did not often find his meals sufficient to allay his appetite; little wonder if his powers of endurance should fail before those of Fred and the young Mitchells! But Gloy had some pluck, and he continued to follow the bau long after many a stouter lad had paused to breathe and rest.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT an hour after the boys had left the Manse Mrs. Mitchell stole into the study, where her husband was sitting by the window with a look of sad abstraction on his face.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," said his wife, kneeling by his chair and laying her head on his arm. "I did not mean to interrupt you, dear; but the truth is I have got such a curious, frightened feeling about the boys. It seems *so* foolish and unreasonable, but I can't get rid of it."

"How strange!" exclaimed the minister. "I have been feeling the same thing for half an hour past, and I can't shake it off, do what I will."

"It almost feels like a presentiment or foreboding," Mrs. Mitchell faltered. "Oh! I hope nothing will—will happen on the—on the loch to-day."

"Our boys are in God's keeping, my dear. Now shall we pray together for them?"

The parents knelt together and besought God to avert all danger from the lads—to keep them from evil if they were being tempted to do wrong; to deliver them from harm if their lives were in peril. We cannot doubt that such prayer is heard and answered.

Mrs. Mitchell's composure returned, and the cloud left her husband's face after that. Then each returned to the duty of the hour with hearts lightened of a load, though a vague anticipation of some startling event taking place remained with them.

Meanwhile the eager lads pursued their game, unknowing of danger, thinking no fear. Now one and now another of the five foremost runners obtained the proud right to send the ball ahead. On they flew, and were taking their way up a devious arm of the loch, when a man came running down the slope, and shouted to them, "Dinna gang up by Soderfiel! The burn is fu', and rinning into the loch there, and the ice is no' bearing! Dinna gang up yon way. Keep aff the holme!"

Eric Mitchell heard the warning—heard, and paused at once, for it was Ned Harper who spoke, and he knew what he was speaking about. Moreover, Eric remembered that his father had cautioned them about skating on the Soderfiel arm of the loch, as it was well known to abound in springs and deep pools.

"Stop Harry!" Eric shouted, as he drew up near Ned; but Harry was flying ahead like a hare, and did not hear his brother's words, and in a moment the curving banks hid the runners from sight.

"It's no' safe, Master Eric!" exclaimed Ned, in excited tones, and flourishing his sillack rod above his head in a fantastic manner, which made Eric smile. "I tell you it's no' wise o' them to gang yon way. I brought a load o' peats ower the loch last nicht, and I had to gang round Soderfiel, for the waters abune here wadno' bear me."

"I had better run on and try to recall them," said Eric, preparing to start forward, but Ned stopped him. "Na, never try to follow after, but rin across frae here to the brae, and ye'll overtake them at the bend o' the loch."

Acting on the hint, Eric dashed across the narrow strip of land, followed by Ned, and running up the brae indicated came in sight of the four laddies scouring over the ice in hot pursuit of the ball.

They were beyond reach of his voice, but, as Ned had shown, the crooked twistings of the loch would soon bring them nearer. On they came flushed and excited, Harry ahead sending the ball before him in fine style, and Eric regretted that he must arrest his brother in such a victorious progress.

Needless regret, for as they advanced Harry caught sight of Eric standing on the shore, no longer one of the players, and he stopped abruptly just as an unerring kick from his light-shod foot had sent the ball flying up the dangerous ground.

Pulling up by Eric, Harry looked ruefully after the ball, and then Fred shot past, closely followed by Bill and Gloy.

"Stop, Bill!" cried Eric, but Bill was gone like a whirlwind.

Harry groaned. "I'd have been king o' the bau," he panted. "I'd have held the first place to the end."

"It is hard, old man," said Eric, "but—well, I don't feel like being reckless or—or foolhardy to-day."

"Nor I," answered Harry, staring at Eric with a perplexed air.

At that moment back across the ice came Bill, sliding and whistling, with a curious crestfallen look, half comic, half regretful.

"Hullo!" cried Harry, "have you given in?"

"No," answered Bill, twisting his nose with one hand and his hair with the other. "No, but somehow I had to pull up. Something seemed hauling me back."

"That's how I feel just now," said Harry, gazing wistfully after the two lads who had the field to themselves and were competing for the ball like heroes.

"It looks safe enough," said Eric, doleful at sight of their own ball won and worn by others than the Manse boys, and he took a step forward, then paused.

"I *must* go," exclaimed Harry, as another curve in the loch turned the runners, bringing them still nearer and giving him a chance of retrieving his lost position. "I *must* go," and he stepped forward as Eric had done, then stood still and pulled at his curls as Bill was still doing, and gazed blankly before him.

"I wonder what possesses us?" Bill remarked, in an awe-struck tone.

"I declare I don't know what's up," said Eric. "It is very queer. Do you know I almost fancied I heard father tell us to stay back, just as if he were at my elbow."

"And I," whispered Harry, softly—"I thought mother was crying, 'Come back, boys.' How strange it is!"

Just then Ned joined them again, and, taking advantage of the approach of the two runners, called out,

"Come back, Master Fred. Dinna gang near the holme. Come back, Gloy! Oh, the lads are mad! Come back! come back!"

Vainly he spoke. On the couple went, kicking the ball and chasing it backwards and forwards along the tortuous loch, now approaching one bank, now another, sometimes out of reach of Ned's voice, sometimes quite close to the Manse boys, who stood in a silent group watching the play and powerless to join it, yet too interested to think of anything else.

Fred Garson was in front, and he gave the ball a kick which sent it flying to lodge among the crags of a small islet that rose out of the loch, and was surrounded by deep water and eddying currents. This was the holme which Ned Harper had vainly warned the players to avoid, and his excitement on beholding the ball settle there is more easy to imagine than describe.

As for Fred, he was rushing after the ball when he stumbled and fell flat on the ice. Taking advantage of his rival's blunder, Gloy darted impetuously forward heedless of Ned's reiterated cries of warning.

Then crack! crash! The ice broke below his feet, a black chasm yawned, and down he went.

CHAPTER III.

As Gloy disappeared Fred started back with a cry of horror, which was echoed by Ned Harper and the Manse boys, and all strained their eyes upon the spot where Gloy had gone down. He was under water for only a brief moment, and as soon as his head appeared again he clutched wildly at the ice, which broke, however, when he attempted to lean upon it.

Not for many seconds did Fred Garson's generous heart allow him to stand by while his unfortunate companion struggled and cried for help. Fred's school days were spent at an English public school, and his play-time among the wild rocks and rough waves of his native isles. Fearlessness, courage, and generosity of soul are the natural result of such training.

Moreover, he knew himself to be a good swimmer, while Gloy could not keep himself afloat at any time. In a moment Fred's coat was off and he was beside his luckless companion.

Alas! it is one thing to plunge into flowing water with free limbs and power to use them, quite another matter to find one's self struggling in an ice-bound hole with a frantic drowning creature clutching you with legs and arms and hampering every motion.

In vain Fred tried to bring Gloy to his senses by encouraging words; the poor youth was beside himself with terror, and could only cling and shriek, and the two went down closely twined together in a death-grip. As they rose to the surface again a fierce instinct of self-preservation came to Fred's assistance, and by a mighty effort he tore his arms free; then a thought occured to him. Clutching Gloy's throat firmly he said,

"I'll strangle you if you don't let go my feet."

The pressure more than the words compelled obedience, and Gloy's hold relaxed sufficiently to allow Fred to extricate himself, and to "tread water," which kept him afloat.

He slackened his hold upon Gloy's windpipe, and, speaking in determined tones, he said,

"I'll hold you afloat as long as I keep myself up if you lie still, but—"

He tightened his fingers again for an instant, which was warning enough. Moreover, Gloy was chilled through and through by that time, and half stupid with despair, so he remained passive, and only convulsive moanings showed him to be alive.

All this had occurred in a very brief time, of course, but the onlookers had not been inactive. Ned Harper was a man advanced in life, no swimmer, and heavily made, so *he* was of no use on the spot, and he knew it.

"I'll rin for the men!" he cried, flinging down his new and so much valued sillack rod, and making off at once to summon more efficient aid than his own. Then Harry, fleet of foot, and with all his wits always at his command, bounded away to procure a rope from the nearest habitation.

Unfortunately Soderfiel was quite a mile from the cottages, so that some time must elapse before Harry could return; but he went over the white-clad braes at headlong speed, knowing that one rope would do more for the drowning lads than an army of fishermen who could not swim.

Meanwhile Eric and Bill went fearlessly on the ice and drew as near to the holme as they dared. Indeed, Eric was much tempted to follow Fred's example, but the latter kept shouting to them, "Don't come near us. Keep off, Eric!"

"Oh, Fred!" cried Eric, frantically, "how can I see you there and not try to reach you?"

"Don't! don't!" was all Fred could gasp; and Eric knew he was right, for Eric was not at home in the water, and in all probability would only have embarrassed Fred yet more.

"Help is coming; can you hold out?" asked the Manse boy.

"It will need to come *soon*," said Fred, hoarsely.

He had managed to lay hold of an edge of ice which seemed stronger than the rest, and the support thus afforded gave him a moment to recruit his failing energies.

"Oh, Eric, I can't keep up much longer!" he said, presently.

"Bill!" Eric suddenly cried, as he saw the treacherous ice break again under the pressure of Fred's hand—"Bill, Ned's sillack rod!"

No sooner had he spoken than Bill was off to where Ned had dropped the rod, which was brought to Eric in a few minutes. Hope revived in Fred's breast as he marked Eric's movements, but he called out, "Careful, Eric; don't risk too much for us!"

Laying himself flat on the ice, Eric took the sillack rod and slowly pushed it before him, wriggling himself all the time nearer and nearer to the dark pool where the lads were. The rod was about fourteen feet long—a strong, supple young tree, capable of bearing a heavy strain—and Fred knew that he would receive efficient aid when it came within his reach. How eagerly he watched his comrade's approach we can imagine. The surface of the ice was smooth, and Fred's head was well above the water still, so that he could see Eric creeping nearer and nearer, encouraged by Bill, who kept calling after him, "That's it, old fellow! Oh, you'll do it like that! The ice holds well! Take heart, Fred, he's getting near you!"

At last Eric felt that he had gone as far as he dared, for the ice was beginning to groan ominously ahead of him; so he grasped the rod, and asked, "Now, Fred, can you get hold of the other end? Be sure I'll hold fast upon this one!"

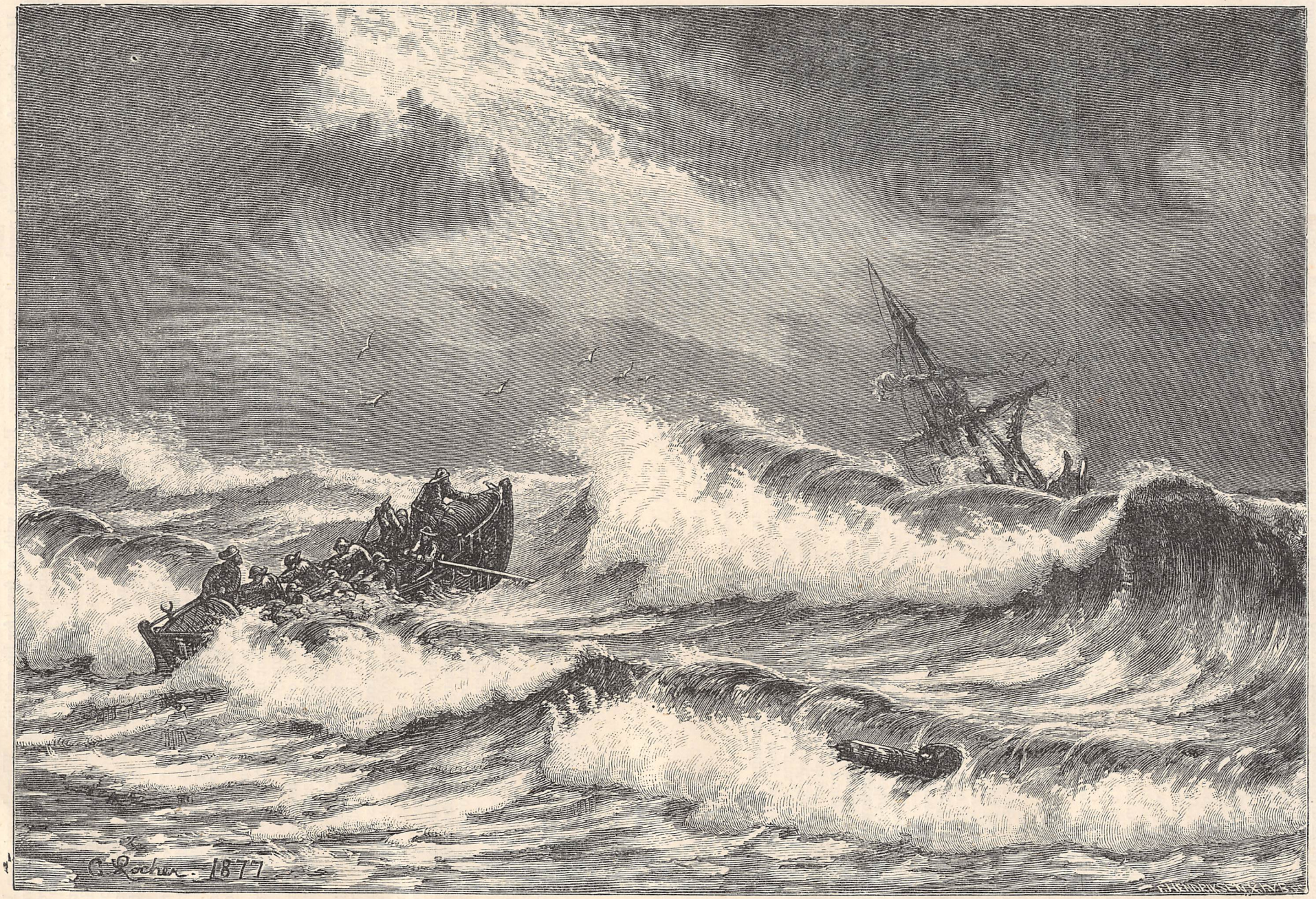
For answer, Fred set his teeth firmly, and, exerting all his remaining strength, managed to raise himself far enough to catch at the rod. It required a great effort, for we must not forget that Gloy, a helpless burden, was in his one hand.

Bill shouted for joy when he saw the two, Eric and Fred, in possession of Ned's rod, and then his brother cried, "Are they coming yet—those fellows? What an age they take!"

"They *are* coming," said Bill; "I see men running along the loch; some will be here in a few moments. Ah! better still; here's Harry with the rope."

To be sure, wise Harry had run well, and to the purpose. He came on the ice at once, and took in the situation at a glance. Skirting the pool, so as to avoid the side on which Eric lay, he coiled the rope, and called to Fred, "Look out, old chap!" Then with sure aim he flung his trusty cord, which fell in a loop over Fred's shoulders. Well for Fred that it did so, for he was quite unable to have adjusted it himself. He was numbed by the cold, and both hands were occupied. He turned his white face to Harry's glowing one, and gasped, "No good! Take care of yourself! Don't risk more!"

"Catch it in your teeth, man!" roared Harry, and Fred, taking the good advice, seized upon the rope as directed, but was too much exhausted to find it of much service after all.



Christmas round our Coast.

Harry stood for a moment perplexed, then, brightening up again, and keeping hold on the rope, he ran round to where Bill stood.

"Now, Bill," he shouted, his usually cool blood up to fever heat—"now for it! We've got to drag Eric back!"

The two boys then cautiously approached their prostrate brother, and, admonishing him to *hold on*, they seized upon his feet and slowly drew him along the surface of the loch.

The ice cracked, and broke off in front of Fred, and once it threatened to split under Eric, but there always remained the length of Ned's fishing-rod between them, which made a certain safety. But by that time Fred had become quite exhausted, and hope was at its lowest ebb, when the clamour of voices reached his ear, and the whole football-players were around the spot, brought by Ned Harper. Incoherent suggestions were made; men asked each other what was to be done. How was the rescue to be effected, after all, without appliances of any sort? Could any man do more than the Manse boys were doing? Harry showed the panic-stricken crowd what was to be done at once. He had observed Fred's eyes close once or twice, and his fingers twitch about the rod in a nervous manner, and the acute lad felt that one moment *then* was worth a life.

"Here," said Harry, flinging the end of the rope he held to Ned—"here! keep a stiff hand on *that!* Get up when you like now, Eric," and with a few light bounds he cleared the broken ice, and was in the water beside Fred, fastening the loop of his rope around Gloy, and cheering his friend by saying, "It's all right now; they'll have you ashore in a jiffy!"

But there was still some difficulty and even danger to be encountered before the lads were hauled ashore. Nor was the necessity for Eric's "wriggling" quite over, and Harry was glad to attach himself to the sillack rod, while it remained unsafe for men to venture near the widening pool and cracked ice upon which Eric lay.

Indeed, it seemed as though the adventure was to end in a tragedy after all, for when at last the lads were landed Gloy lay with closed eyes cold and senseless, and Fred was unable to move hand or foot.

By that time the alarm had reached one or two cottages, and women came running to the loch carrying blankets and cordials—for it was Yüle morning, you know, and even the poorest cottager has on his breakfast-table that day a little of "something by ordinar" in honour of the season.

Under Eric's directions, Fred and Gloy were "taken in hand," and before long both were revived enough to assure their friends that "it was all right." After that they were carried to their homes by the sympathetic fisherfolk.

As for Harry he was none the worse for his wetting. When he got upon his feet he shook himself like a retriever, and as soon as the other adventurers showed signs of convalescence he said to his brothers, "I say, let's run to the Manse. It will warm me, and, besides, the alarm may reach home. If it does, mother will certainly believe, if she hears that some boys are half drowned, that it must be some of us."

"Yes," said Bill, "but for once the Manse boys were not head and front of a scrape, though their ball was!"

"Oh, the ball! It will have to remain on the holme till a thaw comes," exclaimed Eric, regretfully.

"Not if I know it," answered Harry, resolutely.

Then off they set helter-skelter, and rushed into the Manse breathless and eager to tell their story.

But when they narrated how inexplicably they had been "held back" from going upon the dangerous ground, their father told them of what their mother and he had felt, and then the Manse boys learned that it was the prayers of their parents, which the Hand of God had changed into a restraining power, that curbed their wild young spirits and kept them from harm.

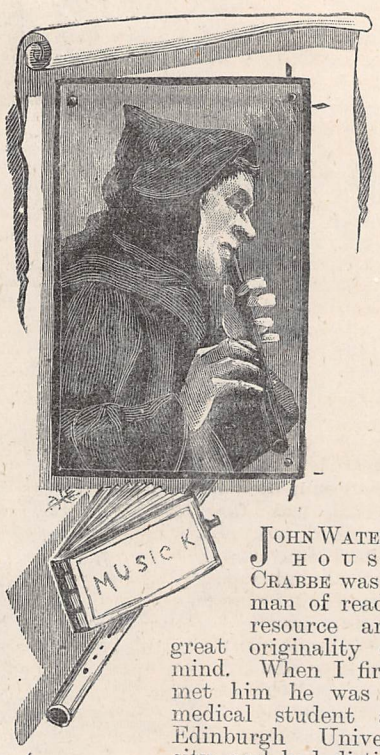
This may seem almost incredible to some of you, careless boys and young men, but in telling these adventures I have adhered to *facts* within my knowledge throughout.

(THE END.)

CRABBE'S PRACTICE.

By A. Conan Doyle, M.B., C.M.,

Author of "An Exciting Christmas Eve," etc.



John Waterhouse Crabbe was a man of ready resource and great originality of mind. When I first met him he was a medical student at Edinburgh University, and had distinguished himself in the classes. The circumstances of this first meeting were so characteristic that I shall preface my story by narrating them.

It occurred somewhere in the early part of the year 1877, when the Bulgarian atrocities were engaging the public attention, and indignation meetings were being held throughout the country. One of these was arranged to come off in the music-hall at Edinburgh, and as Scotch feeling ran very high upon the subject, the great building was densely crammed by an enormous crowd. Curiosity had led me to be present, but I had taken the precaution to come late so as to obtain a place in the doorway and be able to beat a retreat whenever I wished.

From this coign of vantage I could hear the speeches of the successive orators, and could look with pity upon the crowded thousands densely packed in the main body of the building. The meeting had been an enthusiastic one. Every point which told against the Government of the day had been applauded to the echo, and not one dissentient murmur had been heard until the most important part of the proceedings had been reached, when the chairman had to submit the first resolution to his audience. Then in the midst of the hush with which every one listened to his words a stentorian voice in the centre of the hall suddenly roared out,

"What did Gladstone do in the year '66?"

From every part of the great meeting there came angry cries of "Silence! Order! Turn him out!" but in spite of these hostile demonstrations the inquisitive gentleman was still heard to be loudly demanding an answer to his question. At last matters reached a climax. There was an eddy in the great crowd, a confused struggle, and then a current which set in towards the door, on which the noisy politician was borne violently forward and ejected from the room, still bellowing his thirst for knowledge as to the movements of the great Liberal statesman in the year named.

Some little time afterwards, becoming tired of the proceedings, I left for home. When I descended into the street the very first thing I saw was the gentleman whom I had seen borne past me, standing with his back against a lamp-post, puffing away very contentedly at a cigar.

"Excuse the liberty I take," I said, going up to him, "but would you mind telling me what it was that Gladstone *did* do in the year '66?"

He looked at me for a moment with a most comical expression on his face, and then putting his arm through mine turned down the street with me.

"You're a medical, like myself," he remarked; "I know you by sight. To tell you the truth I have not the least idea what Gladstone did, nor do I care. I wanted to get out into the fresh air, and as it seemed impossible to do it by fair means, I had to get them to put me out, which they very promptly did."

We walked home together, and that evening began a friendship which lasted for several years. Crabbe, however,

shortly afterwards took his degree, and having married a dear little wife started a practice in a large English watering-place, which we shall call Bridport. He sank out of my sight for some time, though I had every reason to believe that he was doing well.

One day, nearly two years after I had heard from him last, I received a telegram in which he begged me to run down to Bridport, as he wished to consult me on a matter of importance. I was very busy myself at the time, but I determined to make an effort and get a couple of days clear. When I arrived there I was met at the station by Crabbe himself, his hat upon the back of his head, his frock coat flying in the wind, and in every way the same eccentric, careless fellow that he had been in his student days. He shook me heartily by the hand, and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him.

"My wife will be delighted that you have come," he said—or rather roared, for his voice was a most powerful one. "We have a great deal to talk to you about. Come along up to my house."

The house in question proved to be a large substantial building in a fashionable neighbourhood. I was surprised at such magnificence, knowing as I did that Crabbe's means were limited, and still more astonished was I when I saw the sumptuous hall and splendid consulting-room which he had had fitted up for his patients.

"You have a delightful place," I remarked to his wife after supper.

"Yes," she replied, somewhat dubiously, as it seemed to me.

"There's only one thing we want," Crabbe said.

"What is that?" I asked, imagining that he meant a conservatory or some other additional piece of luxury.

"A patient," he remarked, solemnly. "Oh, don't suppose I'm joking. I'm thoroughly in earnest, I assure you. Not a patient has crossed the threshold for more weeks than I can count."

"But the furniture—the consulting-room?" I stammered.

"Yes, there they are," Crabbe said, with a somewhat bitter laugh. "They look very nice, and we have spent our capital on them, but as a speculation they are a decided failure. My earnings in two years would not pay for the carpet in the front room, and now our money is coming to an end. That is what we want your advice about, for we both respect your opinion."

"A very pretty problem too," I thought to myself, disconsolately.

"You see, Hudson," Crabbe remarked, "the fact is that my father used eight or nine years ago to do a great practice in this town. It seemed to me that I had only to come down here and set up in the same style in which he used to live, and I should have all his old patients rallying round me. I accordingly came down and set up, but there has been no appreciable rally as yet. I can go out for a walk without any very great dread of missing anything important by my absence."

"Perhaps they may come yet," I hazarded.

"When they do they'll find me gone," Crabbe replied. "You can't go on living for ever on a small capital while nothing is coming in. It does rile me," he continued, giving the fire a lunge, "to see the people flocking into Maxwell's across the road there. He was ploughed twice for his final, to my certain knowledge, and was reckoned the stupidest man of his year, and yet he does all the practice about here. Why, only yesterday I saw my milkman strain his ankle when coming down my garden steps, and you'll hardly believe me when I tell you that he actually limped across the road in order to consult Maxwell as to his injuries."

"That was very hard," I said.

"Oh, we have got pretty well used to hard things," Crabbe remarked. "The only really good patient that I have had went away without paying his bill, and I have never heard of him since. However, the question is, Hudson, what should our next move be? I want your unbiased opinion on the matter."

"Leave it open until to-morrow," I said, "so as to give me time. In the meanwhile, let us drop the subject altogether." So we began talking about old times and college reminiscences until the fire was low and the night far advanced.

On the next day Crabbe and I sat in the bow-window of his drawing-room watching the people passing, and discussing the question which we had left the night before.

"Do you think?" I asked him, "that there is any chance of your succeeding here?"

"I am bound to succeed," he said, "if I could only hold on until people become aware of my existence, and realise that I am my father's son."

"But surely they can read your plate!" I said.

"Not they," he answered. "Look at all these people passing. How many of them glance at it; and of those that do, how many give the matter a second thought, or connect me with the Doctor Crabbe of ten years ago? If I had some means of letting them know how matters stand I would soon have a practice. Unfortunately we are not allowed to advertise, and I see no other way of letting them know."

"Why don't you have an accident in front of your door?" I said, laughingly, the joke provoked by Crabbe's preternaturally solemn face. "That would get into the papers, and draw attention to you."

"My dear fellow," Crabbe remonstrated, "do be practical. There are a good many philanthropists in the world, but no one quite so kind as to break his limbs to order in front of my house to get me a practice."

"Wait a bit," I said, warming up to the subject. "Supposing that the street was crowded, just in the busiest part of the day—"

"Quite so," said Crabbe, impatiently.

"And suppose just at that time a fashionably-dressed young man was to fall down before your gate. And suppose the said young man to be carried in here, and you to treat him with such skill that he walked out again as well as ever in a few minutes, and suppose all this to get into the papers, don't you think it would attract the attention of the citizens of Bridport to the fact of your existence?"

"It would be the making of me," Crabbe said, emphatically.

"Then I'm the fashionably-dressed young man!" I cried, entering into the spirit of the thing. "So mind that you are on the alert, and don't let them carry me over to Maxwell's."

"But, my dear fellow," said Crabbe, "I had no idea you were an epileptic."

"Neither I am," I answered; "but I intend to become one."

"It's awfully good of you!" Crabbe exclaimed, taking the matter gravely. "Do you mean to say that you will really have an attack?"

"Fifty if you like," I answered, cheerfully. "By the way, would you like an epileptic or an apoplectic one, or would you prefer something more ornate—a sudden attack of multiple sclerosis or locomotor ataxia? You may command me in anything."

"You've hit on an excellent idea," my friend said, thoughtfully; "but don't you think it might be improved upon? We can only do it once, for it wouldn't do to have the same young man continually turning up and having fits in front of my gate. Don't you think an accident might be more effective?"

"Quite so," I answered. "But I draw the line at falling out of windows or being run over by waggons in your service."

"Have you seen those two letters lately in the medical papers," Crabbe asked, "in which a man claims to have caused the heart to beat after it had stopped by running a fine needle into it, and so stimulating it?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are!" cried Crabbe, triumphantly. "If I ran a needle into you, and so restored life, that would be something worth talking about."

"Something worth shouting about, from my point of view!" I remarked.

"Can you swim?"

"Like a duck!" I answered.

"Then we'll do it!" Crabbe said, resolutely. "Come along out for a walk, and I'll explain as we go;" and, taking our hats, we set off in the direction of the docks.

As we went Crabbe explained to me his idea. It was that I should take a wherry next morning, and while rowing in the harbour should manage to fall overboard. I was to remain under water as long as possible, and when I was eventually fished in by the boatman I was to give no sign. Crabbe was to be on the bank, as though by accident, and was immediately to apply every known restorative, but without avail. A survey of the spot showed that we could rely upon unlimited stimulants, and also that a convenient chemist in the vicinity kept a galvanic battery, with which Crabbe might endeavour to bring some spark of life into me. Eventually, when all other means had failed, he was to pretend to plunge a needle in between my ribs, on which I was at once to sit up and begin conversing as though quite recovered.

This was the plan which Crabbe sketched out, and to which I, in the innate fun of a nature bubbling over with thoughtless mischief, though really meaning no wrong, immediately gave my cordial assent.

We went over the scene of operations together, and arranged every preliminary of what I then thought a capital joke.

"Remember," said Crabbe, as I left him that night, "it is my last chance in Bridport. If we fail, there is nothing for it but bankruptcy."

"All right," I answered, cheerfully. "Be steady with that needle."

"No fear! Ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Ten o'clock," I repeated, and with a hearty shake of the hands I parted from him, and sought a bed at the hotel.

We had agreed that this was the best course, in order that there might be no suspicion of collusion between us.

On the eventful morning I was up betimes, and, having taken a couple of strong cups of coffee to fortify me against the troubles in store, I set off for the docks. It was market day, and the town was particularly full of people, more especially near the scene of our operations. As I came along the Apostles' Wharf, and so to the lower dock, I saw a man attired in a dark coat and professional hat standing listlessly upon the swinging bridge and looking down upon the water beneath. It was Crabbe, but I gave him no sign of recognition. Close to the bridge were some steps, where the wherrymen plied their trade. There was a chorus of shouts of "A boat this morning, your honour?" as I approached them.

"That seems a smart craft of yours," I remarked to one of them.

"She is that, sir. Won't your honour come out in her and have a row round the shipping?"

"I don't mind if I do have a short spin," I said, and stepping into her we shot out into the harbour. The stagnant brown water looked particularly uninviting, but it was too late to retreat.

"Turn round," I said, "and row up under the bridge."

We were just under the spot where Crabbe was standing, and about fifty yards from the shore, when I rose in the boat and said,

"Here, change places with me and let me manage the sculls."

"All right, sir," said the boatman, and then "Hullo! Look out, sir, look out, you'll be over as sure as fate!"

His warning came too late, however, for in changing places I had tripped over a thwart, given a stagger, and fallen headlong into the water.

I have seldom felt a more unpleasant sensation than when the thick turbid stream closed over my head. I was an excellent swimmer, however, and knew that even with my clothes on I was as safe in the water as upon dry land. I kept down accordingly as long as I could. When I rose to the surface I heard the boatman shouting frantically for assistance, and he made a plunge at me with his boathook, which I managed to avoid by sinking again.

Three times I rose and three times I went down, and when at last I suffered myself to be hauled aboard the boat and so conveyed to *terra firma*, I flatter myself that I looked blue enough and cold enough to make a most creditable "subject."

A sympathising crowd gathered round me in a moment as I was laid motionless and dripping upon the hard round stones of the quay.

"Run for a doctor," roared one.

"He's dead, poor fellow!" cried another.

"Run for Mr. McCluskey the chemist."

"Get some brandy!" "Turn him upside down!" "Shake him!" "Roll him!" "Put him on a mustard plaster!"

These and a few other remedies were suggested, and no doubt would have been put into practice had it not been for the arrival of my accomplice.

"Excuse me, my good people," I heard him say, as he approached, "I am a medical man? Can my services be of any avail?"

"Clear the way for the doctor," shouted a chorus of gruff voices.

"Dear me! Dear me!" ejaculated Crabbe. "This is very sad. Stand back, my friends, and give him air. All that medicine can do shall be done. Poor young man!"

"Please, doctor," remarked an inquisitive bystander, who had thrust his hand inside my shirt, "His heart is a-beating like anything."

"The last convulsive flutter, perhaps," Crabbe said, solemnly, pushing the man aside; "but we are bound not to throw away a chance. Get some brandy. Inspector," to a policeman who had appeared on the scene, "I am Dr. Crabbe, the son of Dr. Crabbe who used to practise in Melville Terrace."

"It's the son of old Dr. Crabbe," chorused the crowd. "Run for the brandy. He'll pull him through."

The brandy was duly brought and held to my lips, with the effect of a perceptible diminution in the contents of the glass, for I was beginning to feel cold, and to repent of our wild, thoughtless escapade.

"He's a-drinkin' it!" exclaimed the meddlesome individual who had previously spoken.

"That's no sign he's alive," Crabbe answered, with the greatest serenity. "It may be a post-mortem phenomenon, depending upon contraction of the œsophageal muscles."

I was so much amused by this barefaced statement that I could not prevent an internal gurgle of merriment from escaping from me.

"There's the death rattle!" some one exclaimed, and then Crabbe, seizing me, began hauling my arms furiously about.

"Marshall Hall's method of artificial respiration," he panted for the benefit of the crowd. Then, as that had no effect, he proceeded to roll me backwards and forwards upon the stones, after the fashion recommended by Sylvestre. To this day I have an uneasy feeling about the spine when I think of it."

"It is all in vain!" Crabbe exclaimed after he had bumped and bruised me for ten minutes without eliciting the slightest sign of animation, "but the resources of science are not yet exhausted. Who has got a galvanic battery?"

"You'll get one up at Mr. McCluskey's the chemist," some one answered.

"Run for it, then. In the meantime, let us carry this unfortunate young man up to the inn, where we can lay him upon a bed."

I was hoisted upon a shutter, and carried up to the Mariner's Arms, escorted, as it seemed to me, by an appreciable percentage of the population of Bridport. As far as I could see through my half-closed lids the great crowd extended, all craning their necks to get a glimpse at me. Crabbe followed the shutter with a most funereal expression upon his face, shaking his head dolorously. Behind him came about a dozen prominent citizens of the town, all deeply interested in the proceedings.

I was carried up the stairs of the Mariner's Arms and laid upon a bed, where I was muffled up in thick blankets. The twelve prominent citizens stationed themselves in the room and upon the stairs, while the general public filled the passage and extended right down to the water's edge.

"We have now tried the effect of artificial respiration," said my friend, as though he were lecturing to a class; "we have also used stimulants and friction. We shall next endeavour to stimulate the heart's action by the use of electricity. If that fails we have still one resource left which we can fall back upon."

There were murmurs of applause from the audience at this display of erudition upon the part of the doctor, and a hush of suspense ensued as a shining mahogany case was handed upstairs, which contained the galvanic battery.

"Oh, look!" said the landlady of the Mariner's Arms, who had been most assiduous in piling blankets upon me. "Hain't he got a colour! Wouldn't you say there weren't nothing the matter with him!"

"Yes, such cases may be deceptive," Crabbe answered demurely. "Now, gentlemen," he continued, addressing the prominent citizens who blocked up the door of the room, "I am about to apply the negative pole of this battery over this young man's phrenhic nerve, while I place the other in the region of his heart. This treatment is sometimes attended with surprising results."

It certainly was upon that occasion. Whether Crabbe did it accidentally, or whether a mischievous impulse suddenly overcame him, I have never been able to determine, but certain it is that next moment he sent a tremendous electric shock crashing and jarring through my system. The effect upon me was extraordinary. I shot out of bed, my hair bristling with indignation and electricity.

"You stupid ass!" I roared, seizing Crabbe by the throat. "Isn't it enough to bang me and thump me on the stones, without turning me into a lightning-conductor! Take this thing away!" with which I kicked viciously at the mahogany box.

It chanced, however, that some well-meaning individual had removed my boots while I lay upon the bed, so that my kick, though it had no perceptible effect upon the box, had a very considerable one upon me. Consequently I danced furiously round the room, holding my injured toe in my hand, and roaring lustily, forgetful of all my former injuries. I was thus punished smartly after all for my share in the adventure.

My sudden resurrection had a wonderful effect upon the crowd. The landlady fainted, two of the prominent citizens lost their equilibrium, and, rolling down upon the others, the whole twelve, like a pack of cards, went clattering down the stairs. The housemaid, who had been dandling the baby out of the window and conversing with a friend below, was so startled that she nearly dropped the infant upon the head of her acquaintance. In the meanwhile the crowd outside, having a vague idea that something wonderful had happened, and that I was coming round, set up an enthusiastic whooping and cheering.

Crabbe was quite equal to the occasion. "Don't be a fool, Bob!" he whispered in my ear as he supported me back to the bed. "This is a most gratifying result," he continued, addressing his considerably diminished audience—"an extraordinary case! Our young friend will recover,

but"—here he tapped his forehead ominously—"these wild words and actions of his show temporary mischief here. I shall accompany him to his hotel and see that he is cared for. Remember, gentlemen, in case there should be any inquiries about this matter, that my name is Crabbe, the son of the late Dr. Crabbe, of Melville Terrace."

A cab was quickly obtained, and Crabbe and I drove off together, amid tremendous cheering from the crowd.

I left early by the next morning's train, but received a letter in a few days from Crabbe, in which he gave me the news. "You will be surprised to hear," he said, "that I have seen more patients during the last week than during the preceding two years! There is no chance of any one not knowing of my existence now. I enclose cuttings from the 'Bridport Gazette' and the 'Bridport Evening News,' together with a leader on the 'Extraordinary Rescue' in the 'Dumpshire Chronicle.' The practice promises to be a great success."

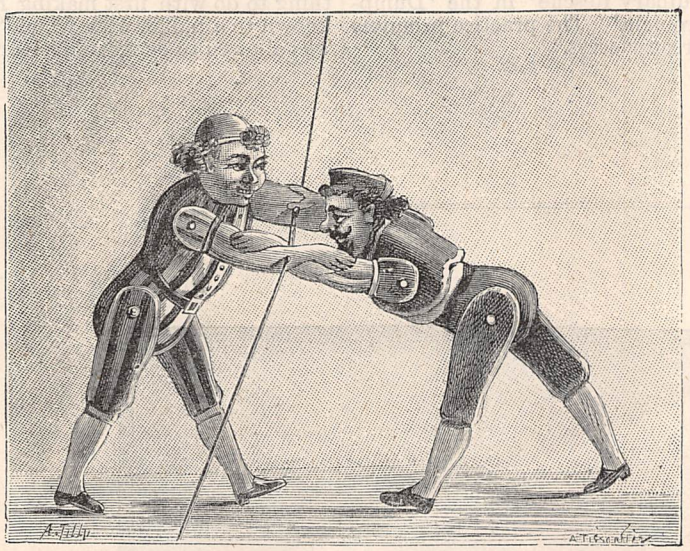
It has really become so, and Crabbe, it is only fair to say, richly deserves it as a clever as well as hardworking practitioner. He always stood high in the classes at college, and he now occupies an equally enviable place in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. If he has any regret, it is because that what now in his calmer moments he feels to have been an unjustifiable *ruse* should have had anything to do with first making his merits known to a public with whom "fashion" was allowed to overshadow merit.

"With the compliments of the season!"

YULE-TIDE AMUSEMENTS.

Model Wrestlers

A good deal of amusement can be had out of a pair of model wrestlers. The way in which the dolls are fitted and worked is sufficiently shown in the accompanying illustration. The legs are in one piece, and the arms are joined so that each doll has only four working parts. The feet are loaded to keep the figures upright on the string, but it is not necessary that this should be done, as they can be kept firmly on the table without. The device is a very old one. Curiously enough, in the "Hortus Deliciarum" of Herrade de Lansberg, Abbess of Hohenburg—a manuscript over seven hundred years old, now in the Paris Library—a man and woman are represented playing with a couple of figures arranged very much on the same principle, the only difference being that the dolls are separate, and worked with two strings instead of one. The figures are knights in complete armour, with swords and shields. They are hung close together, so that the swords are crossed, and the heels are loaded to keep them upright. The strings are crossed, and held one in each hand by the man and woman. The cross comes between the figures, so that the string that is attached to the waist of one figure is fastened to the knee of the other, and any motion forward is balanced by one backward, and a most realistic encounter can be fought out almost automatically.



The Wrestling Dolls.

With the substitution of thin cap wire for the thread an excellent marionette or shadow show could be easily arranged, it being much easier to work horizontally than vertically in all cases where vigorous action is required to be simulated.

Puff and Dart.

The best tube is a glass one, obtainable at a druggist's or chemical appliance manufacturer's at so much per ounce. The best dart is a darning-needle, with a clump of worsted tied on to it and round it like a petticoat, or, rather, an artificial fly. The worsted should be thick enough round to fill the tube, and should have a hard head towards the point and a fluffy tail. Put into the tube head first and blown across a room it will be found to shoot as straight as a pistol, and, with the aid of a wooden target, counting so much per ring, a very capital game can be devised. Of course the tube must never be pointed at any one, as the sharp needle may do serious damage.

The Flying Coin.

Attach a piece of black horsehair to a coin by means of a small patch of beeswax. Loop the horsehair on to your foot, and leave the coin on the ground. In the course of your remarks pretend to find and pick up the coin, laying it on the table so as to tauten the line to the foot. Proceed to talk about something else, and in the middle of a sentence jerk your foot so that the coin will fly on to the ground. Be much surprised, and replacing the coin continue the same game until the risk of discovery becomes imminent.

Watch Bending.

Borrow a watch, and taking it in your two hands with the fingers away from you, and the dial towards you, proceed to move your hands backwards and forwards as if bending it, letting your finger-tips approach and recede as you do so. To a spectator at a distance the different shadows on the engine-turning will make it appear as if the watch were really bending, as you, of course, lead him to suppose it is. In all illusions of this sort it is better to look fixedly at the object and seem thoroughly to believe in what you say.

Heads or Tails.

Cut a tiny notch in a florin, or any other coin, so that the least bit of metal will project from one of its sides. Then spin it on a table having no cloth on it, and you will find that if it goes down notched side up it will make the usual long whirr as it does so; but if the notched side be downwards the coin will stop almost dead, and go down with a flop. The knowledge of this fact will enable you to tell, even when blindfolded, if the coin falls tail or head upwards.

Money Growing.

Get a packet of new sixpences—or, indeed, any coin alike in date and appearance—and by means of a little beeswax stick half a dozen or so on to the bottom bar of a table-top so that your audience cannot see them. Then take one out of your waistcoat pocket and hand it round to show that there is no deception, and then, placing it on the edge of the table, proceed to rub it up and down with your thumb above and your fingers below the table until you pronounce it warm enough, and at the same time produce one of the other sixpences from underneath. Having placed this in your pocket, proceed as before until you have "grown" all the coins you had previously stuck under the table.

Candle-Eating.

Candle-eating is not a very agreeable mode of refreshment when the candles are of tallow and have to be attacked in the manner of the northern nations, but for conjuring purposes the proceedings are somewhat different. An apple or a turnip is cut into the shape of a candle and fitted with a wick made of almond and just blackened at the top. The wick is steeped in oil of carraways, and the candle, after being allowed to burn for a second, is blown out and munched with great enjoyment, to the anything but complimentary remarks of a large portion of the audience.

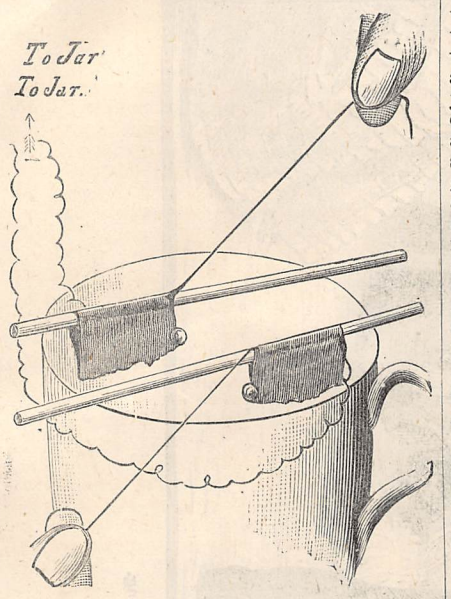
Quack.

Quack is an eccentric game for two performers and a large number of spectators. One boy sits on a chair with his hands on his knees. Another boy kneels on the ground, and bobs his head up and down between his friend's legs, and quacks and shouts as suddenly and vociferously as he can to throw him off his guard. The endeavour of the boy on the chair is to box the ears of the other as they bob past him, and this is so difficult a thing to do that often half an hour will elapse before he can nip the active head. As a novel forfeit penalty quack is by no means to be despised, though, like a good many other games, it must not be played roughly enough to lead to unpleasantness.

A STORM IN A TEACUP.

Electrical machines are not always as persistently popular as they might be, owing to their possessors being at a loss for novel experiments. The apparatus is put through its facings like soldiers at drill, the bells are rung, the little men are danced up and down between the plates, the lady's hair is stiffened like quills upon the maligned porcupine, the sparks are extracted on the glass stool, a few shocks are given, and the round ends in a certain weariness, to be repeated at ever-lengthening intervals. The apparatus is

always the same, the experiments are the same, and to a good many boys the constant repetition becomes monotonous. Some, of course, take sufficient interest in the matter to master the theory of the experiments and gain a living pleasure in what they do; the majority, less sturdily endowed, require to be



led more gently on and have their paths made smoother. All, however, are invariably interested in using their hands as well as their heads, and for their benefit we offer the following hints, and relate how we last raised our storm in a teacup.

We took two pieces of glass tube and laid them side by side on a cup. The tubes had been bought for threepence from the druggist's across the street, and had been used as peashooters, for which they are most excellently adapted. They are true, smooth, and to the ordinary tin peashooter very much what the modern rifle is to the old brown bess. They carry a pea—but it suddenly occurs to us that we ought not to have said anything about such objectionable practices, which of course took place a good many years ago, as witness the "had been used" with which the digression was introduced.

The pieces of glass tubing were then thoroughly dried and laid on the cup side by side. Over each of them a piece of tinfoil was pinched to represent the storm-clouds, and in one of the corners of each cloud, in order to make things easy for the electricity, we squeezed in a brass ball. To each cloud we attached a piece of silk twist out of the workbox, and then, by means of some copper wire—brass chain would have done just as well—we connected one cloud with the inside and one with the outside of a laden Leyden jar or jar charged from the machine, whichever word-combination may appear preferable. We then proceeded to pull the silken strings, the tinfoil clouds slipped along their glassy ways, approached each other slowly, and then—a flash of lightning passed from each to each, and the thunder rolled in the form of the tiny snap which sounded as the discharge took place.

The theory of the thunderstorm suddenly awoke new interest in us, and having succeeded so well in the air, we resolved to advance further and do some damage. We took away one of the tubes, and resting the other on two cups—one at each end—placed a model house between for us to strike. The house was very loosely put together, the walls being only leant up against each other, and so arranged as to fall at the slightest jerk. In the chimney we placed a brass ball for the electricity to gather on instead of streaming off into the air, as it does on an ordinary lightning-conductor, and then, having joined up to the jar, we brought the cloud over and got our flash as we had hoped.

Then we soared to higher flights and put a pinch of gunpowder in the way of the flash in the hope that we should have a little blow up, but, alas! The flash went through so quickly that the powder was scattered. Then we remembered the wet string with which our lecturer used to operate, and placing that in the path of the current, we slowed the rate, kept the flash in the powder long enough to ignite it, and blew down the walls of our house in grand style.

Then we worked up to our crowning success in the experiment line. We had a small model of a ship, and we resolved to strike it by lightning. We hung our cloud over a basin. Into the basin we put our ship, having first connected the foremast with our jar, and placed the least pinch of powder in a hole, where it entered the deck. The jar was charged, the cloud hung in the sky, the ship came "sailing, sailing o'er the sea;" it neared the storm; it passed into it; it came within striking distance; there was a flash, a crack, and "the saucy frigate floated on the bosom of the waves"—in the wash-hand basin—"a helpless wreck."

"What was the use of all that?" Well, the use was that we clearly understood what before we had half doubted because we had only taken it for granted. We left off talking about the "electric fluid" and "thunderbolts;" we no longer looked upon electricity as something liquid which dropped out of a cloud with a bang; we ceased to imagine that lightning-conductors should be *insulated*, "to lead the fluid." And we saw that the "stroke" went up from the earth as well as down from the sky; that the flash took place at the meeting, and was simply due to the necessary transference in attaining equilibrium.

A good deal of the success of the experiment was due to the size of the jar, the quantity of electricity it accumulated being proportionate to the extent of the coated surface, while the intensity depended on the thickness of the glass. Ours was a fair sized jar, but its strength was nothing like that of Cuthbertson's famous battery, which he built for the Tylerian Society at Haarlem, which consisted of a hundred jars each of five and a half square feet, so that the total amount of coated surface was five hundred and fifty square feet, sufficient to magnetise large steel bars, rend four-inch blocks of boxwood in pieces, melt into red-hot globules iron wires twenty-five feet long, and dissipate eight-inch tin wires in a cloud of smoke. Of course with an ordinary battery we could have done as well, but even with frictional electricity distance is of little importance. Did not Bishop Watson, of Llandaff, send a discharge from a Leyden jar through 2,800 feet of wire and the same distance of earth? Did he not, at Shooter's Hill, send a discharge through 10,600 feet of wire supported on insulators of baked wood? Did not Franklin, in 1748, send a Leyden jar discharge across the Schuylkill? and did not De Luc discharge a jar across the whole width of the Lake of Geneva? We may not be Watsons, Franklins, or De Lucs, and have their wealth of apparatus and dexterity of manipulation, but the poorest and clumsiest lad amongst us is quite capable of arranging the necessary device for securing a "storm in a teacup."

TWO STRIKING EXPERIMENTS!

Lay a flat rule or piece of cigar-box wood, about nine inches long and two broad, on a flat table, so as to project just far enough to prevent its falling off. Then lay on it a copy of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, so as to bring the wood lengthways in the centre of the paper and the bottom of the paper up to the edge of the table. Then with a stick or hammer hit the projecting wood as hard and sharply as you can. You will find, instead of the wood jumping up like a tipcat, as you might have expected, that the sudden compression of the air on the flat paper will give such force that the stick will break short off rather than leave the table. Press on the wood gradually, and it will lift the paper easily; hit it roughly, and it will seem to be glued in its place. The same experiment is more forcibly shown with a larger paper, such as the "Times," but in all cases the table must be flat, the wood flat, and the paper free from creases.

The knowledge of this fact can be worked in very easily for conjuring purposes. "Here is a piece of stick, and the BOY'S OWN PAPER. Behold! I place the stick on the table, and I place the paper on it—so! Dere is no decepseon, I azure you, mes amees! I press on the stick, and the paper lifts. I make a pass. I—will you please pass the poker, sir?—I hit it with the poker with all my might—so! and you see the stick will not leave the table. I make another pass. Still the good solid matter in the paper will not let it rise. One more pass, and it is free!"

Here is another striking experiment. Take a broomstick, and into the centre of each end drive an ordinary pin, say about an inch and a quarter long, allowing the head to project a quarter of an inch, Take two wine-glasses and place them on the edges of two tables of equal height, just wide enough apart for the broomsticks to rest on them by the pins Leave a clear space beneath. Now fill the glasses up to the brim with water, and look over the whole to see that you have all right, the pins in the centre of the broomstick ends projecting not more than a quarter of an inch, and resting on the glasses, so that the wood only just fails to touch them

Now take a thick stick or a poker, and with all your might, without fear or hesitation, hit the centre of the broomstick as if you wished to cut through it. You will find the stick smash in half, and, so far from the glasses being broken, not even a drop of water will be spilt!

No matter how fine or slight the glasses may be, no damage will be done to them, providing always that the instructions have been accurately attended to. If the slightest deviation is made, the result will be that the broomstick, instead of breaking, will jump off and the glasses fly into fragments. The blow, as in the case of the paper, must be sharp, decided, and severe.

Our Christmas Festivities.—A Comic Song.

THE OBEDIENT CANE.

"Gracefully attentive to the word of command."

It is very curious how a person gifted with sufficient assurance can make even an ordinary walking-stick obedient to his will. Seated at a reasonable distance from his friends, with a space kept clear around him, "so as not to worry the susceptible cane with any strong counter-attraction," he makes a few mystic passes in front of the unsuspecting stick, and behold! the unsuspecting spectators see it suddenly stand upright, advance in front of him, and nod and bow in reply to all his polite questionings and cross-questionings. A little music, if you please! And then the malacca begins to dance—and keeps most excellent time. Then it rolls round on itself, falls and saves itself, shakes and straightens itself, and finally leaps into the magician's arms, to be returned, "safe and well," to the fortunate owner.

In the illustration we see the cane in its most successful attitude, gracefully attentive to the word of command, and looking lithe and graceful as an educated rattlesnake. How very wonderful it all is! Very! The gentleman has got half a yard of horsehair or fine black thread attached by a black pin to each knee; the cane is held up in the loop, and dances and bows as he jerks his legs in sympathy with the movement of his hands. Very wonderful? Very!

But what looks still more wonderful is when the cane performs on a table. Take about a foot of black horsehair and loop it on to one end of the cane, and loop a similar piece on to the other. Then bend two black pins into hooks and tie one to each hair. Then have the cane on the table, and while explaining the wonderful power with which you are gifted, hook the hairs on to your coat-cuffs. Then begin to attract the cane, and as you draw your hand upwards the hair will lift it towards you. Having manœuvred it with one hand, let it lie down, and repeat the performance with the other. Then, as a concluding effort, stretch your hands wide apart and let the obedient cane hang in mid air between them.

Should your little device be discovered, extract another hair from the cane in the presence of the company. Hold the cane in both hands and put it to your lips. Turn it round slowly and solemnly on your tongue, and suddenly exclaim, "I have it!" Shut your teeth tightly, as though you had at last got hold of the end of a fibre off the stick, and gradually draw the stick away, as if extracting the hair was very hard work. When you get it about nine inches from your mouth call on one of the company to come and catch hold of it. Grasp the cane firmly in both hands. Look fixedly at where the hair ought to be, and the victim is sure to think he sees it. As he stretches his hand out to grasp it let go one of your hands and with the other give him a rap on his knuckles, which the company will agree with you serves him right for being so easily deceived.

The relative sizes of the rapper and the rappee have a good deal to do with the ultimate success of this new experiment in "the physics of credulity."

Out in the Snow.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

Bright shines the sun though the wind whistles cold,
Nature is clad in a mantle of white,
Stretching unbroken o'er valley and wold,
Sprinkled with jewels that flash in the light.
Come, get your caps, boys, before it grows dark;
Button your jackets, it's sharpish, you know.
Let us be off, now 's the time for a lark
Out in the snow.

Let's have a battle—so snowballs prepare,
Squeeze them up tight, and now give it them hot
(Give it them hot, that's a "bull"—I don't care),
Look sharp, and blaze away; that's right—good shot!
Now for a rush that will make them give way;
One crushing volley, well aimed, then they go.
Those are the tactics that always will pay
Out in the snow.

Out in the snow, boys! for *you* 'tis good fun,
Warm and well clad, and with plenty to eat;
Yet mid your mirth think of many a one
Starving and freezing to death in the street.
Have you got *nothing* to spare from your store?
Nought on the friendless and poor to bestow?
Christmas finds many not far from your door
Out in the snow.

S. G.

How not to spend Christmas!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

THE kaleidoscope is the most successful scientific toy of modern times. Immediately after its patenting by Sir David Brewster over three hundred thousand were sold in three months. Essentially it consists of a couple of mirrors arranged at an angle forming some even sub-multiple of three hundred and sixty. The angle usually chosen is the sixth, or sixty degrees.

Before proceeding to make a kaleidoscope for home use, it would be well to try a few experiments with two common pieces of looking-glass. Arrange them as in the diagram,

Fig. 1.

and placing an object at A, or standing them on a piece of colour work, notice the beautiful geometrical pattern formed by the various reflectors. A modification of this arrangement is described in "Mirror Magic," on page 46. Having experimented with various articles at the angle given, try the effect at another angle, and note how the slightest change affects the design.

Having grasped the general principle you can proceed to make one of the commoner varieties of the instrument as usually sold. These have three mirrors.

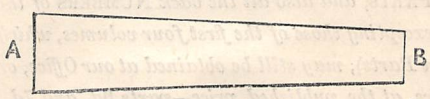


Fig. 2.

Cut three pieces of common glass into the shape here given. Let them be seven and a half inches long, one inch and five-eighths wide at A, and one inch wide at B. If they are silvered on the back so much the better; if they are not, paint them black on one side. A very good black paint for the purpose is made by mixing vegetable black with gold size until it is as thick as cream. Seven pennyworth of gold size and a pennyworth of vegetable black, obtained from the nearest oil shop, will give you enough paint for a dozen kaleidoscopes, and be useful for other purposes into the bargain. The three mirrors are to be arranged in a tube, with their blackened sides outwards in the following fashion:

Fig. 3.

and the tube is to be made accordingly. An old copy-book cover can be rolled into the shape, or a well-pasted strip of newspaper rolled round and round on a stick as described in our articles on the telescope will give the tube with very little trouble. To fit the mirrors we have cut the tube should be eight and a quarter inches long, two inches in diameter at the broad end, and one inch and an eighth in diameter at the narrow. Of course the tube is not absolutely necessary; a square box two inches wide and eight inches and a quarter long will answer every purpose, but then the mirrors, instead of being kept in position by the sides of the case, will have to be wedged up by pieces of cork or balls of paper.

Having made the case, fix an eyepiece of tin or cardboard at one end, so that a hole a quarter of an inch in diameter comes in the centre of the angle made by the mirrors. This hole is shown in position in Fig. 4,

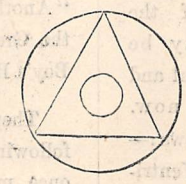


Fig. 4.

which represents the top of the tube or box.

At the other end of the tube a round piece of clear glass is to be fixed, and if the box is used a square piece will take its place. The round can be easily made from the square by chipping off the corners. An American glass-cutter, costing sixpence, can be obtained from most tool-shops, which will be found very useful in cutting glass for this and many other purposes. The secret in working wheel glass-cutters of all kinds is to keep the handle as nearly upright as possible and to bear firmly and equally on all parts of the work.

Having cut the plain glass end and fitted it close up against the broad end of the mirrors, the next thing is to cut a piece of ground-glass of the same size to fit over it. This ground-glass may be patterned, as in the kaleidoscopes of commerce. It is, however, more satisfactory to have it plain. Between the glasses you place the pieces of broken glass to form the designs.

"The objects which give the finest outlines by inversion are those which have a curvilinear form, such as circles, ellipses, looped curves like the figure eight, curves like the figure 3 and the letter S; spirals and other forms, such as squares, rectangles, and triangles, may be applied with advantage. Glass, both spun and twisted, and of all colours and shades of colours, should be formed into the preceding shapes; and when these are mixed with pieces of flat coloured glass, blue vitriol, native sulphur, yellow ochre, and differently coloured fluids, enclosed and moving in small vessels of glass, they will make the finest transparent objects for the kaleidoscope. When the objects are to be laid upon a mirror plate, fragments of opaquely-coloured glass should be added to the transparent fragments, along with pieces of brass wire, of coloured foils, and grains of spelter. In selecting transparent objects the greatest care must be taken to reject fragments of opaque glass, and dark colours that do not transmit much light; and all the pieces of spun glass, or coloured plates, should be as thin as possible."

As far as the harmony of colour is concerned, it may be as well to note that the deepest red harmonises with an equal mixture of blue and green; that red goes best with green and blue, the blue being predominant; that orange-red requires a blue with a good deal of indigo; that orange-yellow wants pure indigo; that light yellow is best with violet and indigo half and half; that greenish yellow shows off best by the side of pale violet; that green goes with a full violet; that greenish-blue combines with violet-and-red; blue with orange-and-red; indigo with orange-yellow; and violet with green.

Satisfactory effects can, however, be produced with almost anything bright and shining. The first kaleidoscope we, in the thirst for knowledge, took apart was found to have for its objects about forty pieces of red, green, blue, and brown stained glass, smashed up into irregular fragments of about a quarter of an inch in width and length, and as the shapes were varied and the colours crude, the patterns at every shake were almost as startling as those produced by a sixpenny catherine-wheel on the 5th of November.

The ground-glass should be fitted into a cap, so as to be removable at pleasure, and the fragments of coloured glass to form the patterns should be left free to move between the glasses.

Having made this kaleidoscope, and coaxed it into acting properly, experiments with other contrivances should be made. Mirrors should be arranged at ninety, forty-five, and forty-five; at ninety, sixty, and thirty, and other angular combinations. A lens should be fitted at the end of the tube for magnifying purposes, and the tube should be attached to a magic lantern, and the patterns, almost equalling the chromatrope, thrown on the screen.

Having worked the fixed mirrors to the point of weariness, shifting mirrors should be tried, and then two mirrors made to alter their angles by the following arrangement of screws, as in the adjustable form of the instrument, should be experimented with.

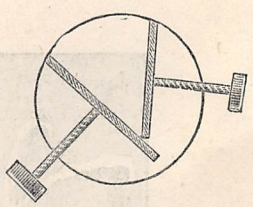


Fig. 5.

You will soon find that when the inclination of the mirrors is not an aliquot part of 360 the reflections will not join, and then the following table from Sir David Brewster's manual of the kaleidoscope may prove useful:—

Inclination.	No. of Reflections.	No. of Pictures.	No. of Direct Pictures.
120	3	2	1
72	5	2	3
$51\frac{3}{7}$	7	4	3
40	9	4	5
$32\frac{8}{11}$	11	6	5
$27\frac{9}{13}$	13	6	7
24	15	8	7
$21\frac{3}{17}$	17	8	9
$18\frac{18}{19}$	19	10	9
$17\frac{1}{7}$	21	10	11

CHRISTMAS FARE.

addition to the seasonable games, etc., supplied in the present CHRISTMAS NUMBER, a rich variety of Christmas fare has been provided by the BOY'S OWN PAPER during the last six seasons. We will mention a few of the articles that may be found specially useful and interesting just now. They are as follows:—"How I became a Ventriloquist," Nos. 16, 17, and 18 BOY'S OWN PAPER; "Conjuring," Nos. 5, 9, 10, etc.; "John Spooner's Great Human Menagerie" (showing how to get up a most amusing entertainment), Nos. 11, 12, and 13; "Ghosts at Holly Court" (illustrated articles, fully explaining the tricks of so-called Spiritualism, and showing how every boy may become his own ghost-raiser), Nos. 47, 48, 49, and 50; "Some Holiday Spectres, and How to see Them," No. 50; "Galanty Shows," and "Chemical Experiments," No. 50; "Amusing Optical Effects," No. 51; "Marionettes," No. 52; "Second Sight"—full instructions and code of signals—Nos. 101 to 104; "Our Own Christy Minstrels," with Dialogues, Songs, and Music, etc., No. 102; "Natural Magic; or, Every Boy his own Ghost-raiser," No. 153; "Optical Toy Sports," No. 153; "Birchington Academy, a Proverb in one Act, No. 153; "Our Christmas Masque," and "Christmas Eve at Fairlight Lodge," No. 153; "Cryptograph or Cipher," No. 206; "Some More Optical Toy Sports," and "Common Optics of the Back Room," No. 206; "Another Christmas Eve at Fairlight Lodge," No. 206; "Alfred the Great; or, the Royal Baker," No. 206; "Tom's Dream: a Boy's Burlesque" (with Music and Topical Songs), No. 206.

Then, in our last year's CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be found the following specially seasonable papers:—"Christmas at Hazlehurst once more," including the "Fine Art Show" and "Our Own Christy Minstrels," with Songs and Music; "No End of a Pickle," a Proverb in one act; "Joe Sieg," a capital recitation; "How to make a Portable Stage and Figures for the Living Marionettes;" "Some Uncommon Games;" "The Playground of Ice;" "Christmas Fireside Amusements;" "Talking Heads, and How to make Them;" "Mechanical Toys," and "Familiar Phantoms," etc.

OFFICE: 56, Paternoster Row, London

*** ALL *the back* PARTS, *and also all the back* NUMBERS *of the* BOY'S OWN PAPER (*excepting those of the first four volumes, which can only be supplied in Parts*), *may still be obtained at our Office, or through the booksellers, at the published price—parts* 6*d. and* 7*d., numbers* 1*d.*